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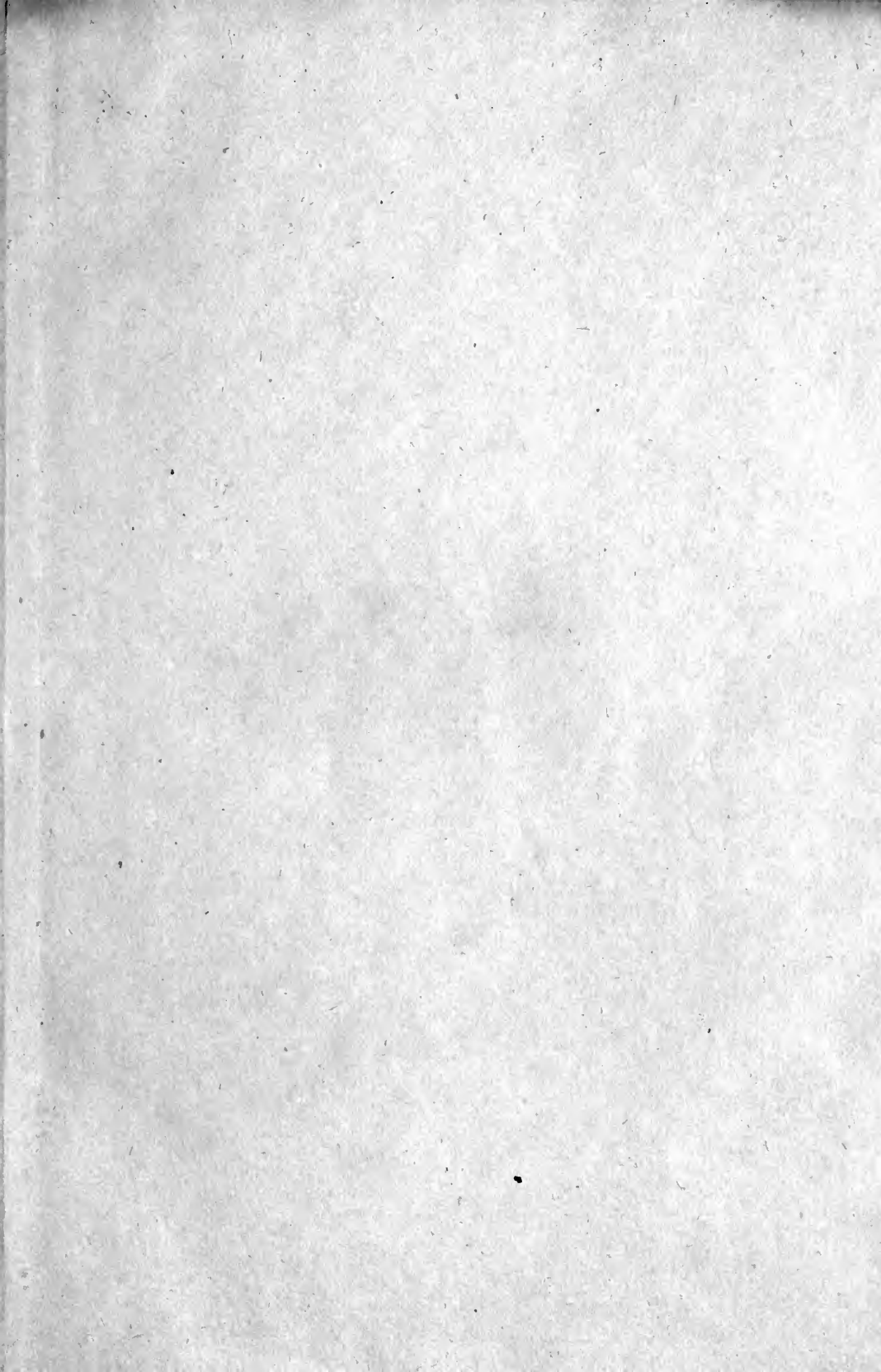
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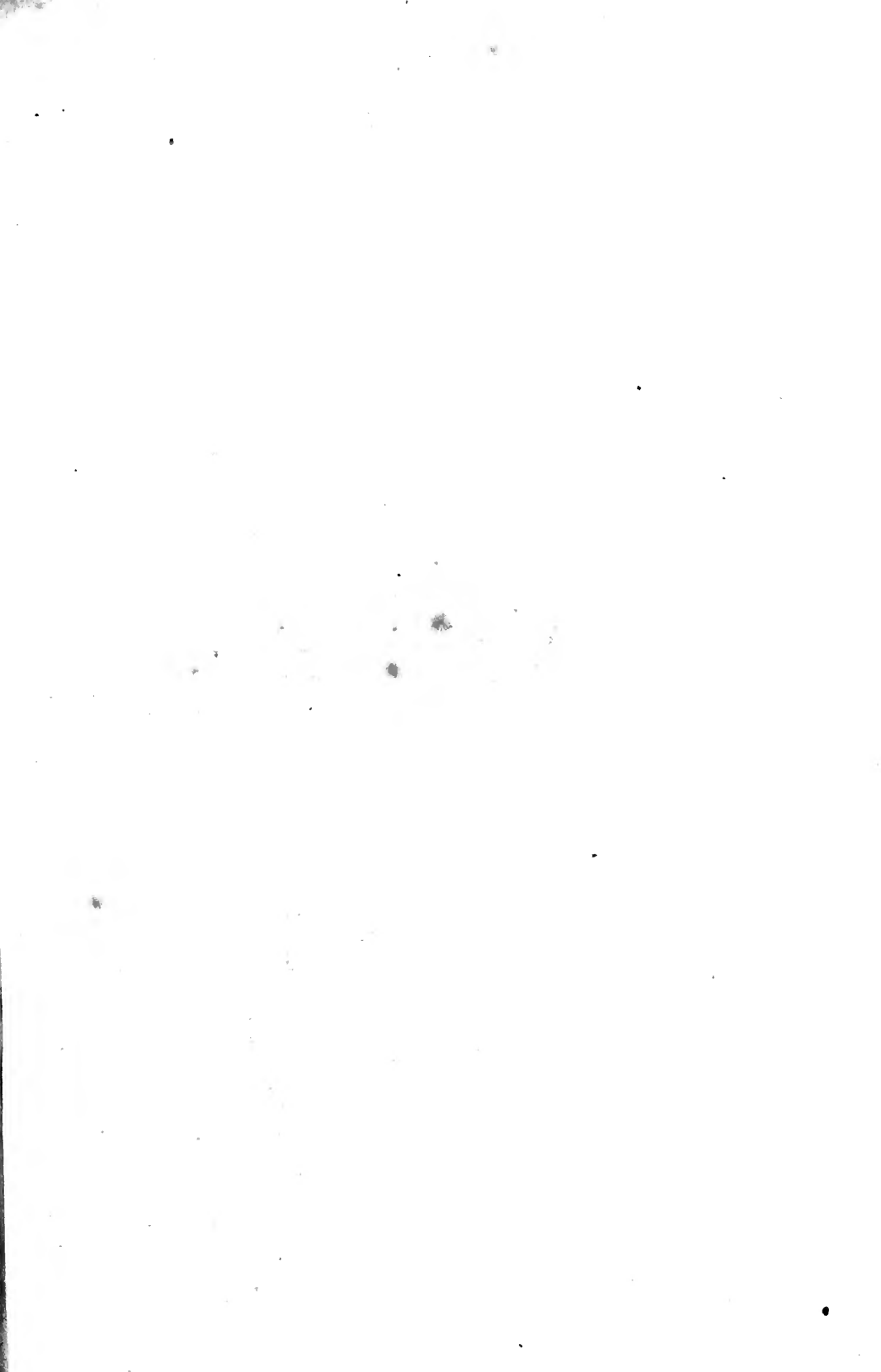


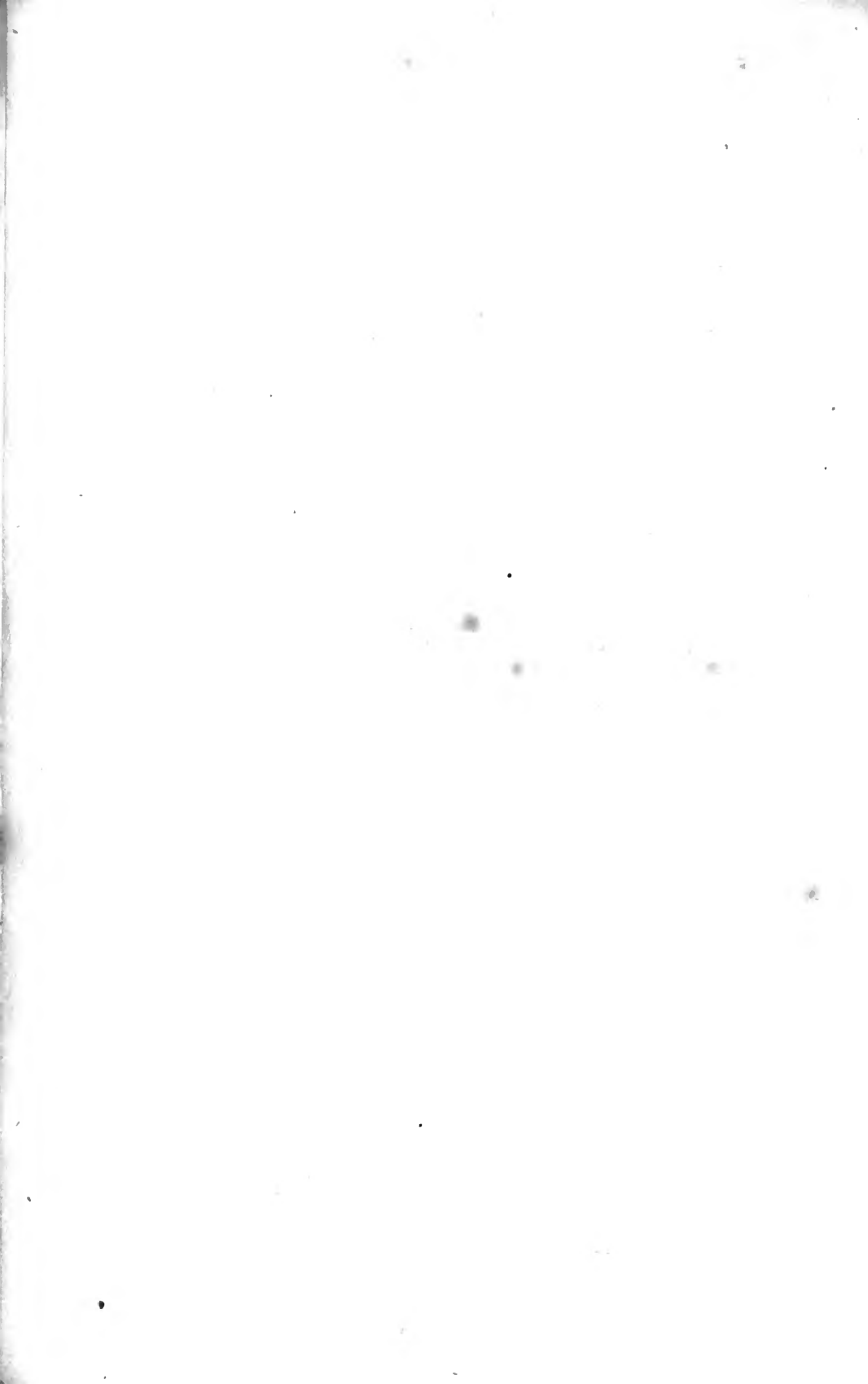
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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS." —SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME I.

FROM MARCH 30 TO SEPTEMBER 21.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N^o. 1.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1850.

[PRICE 2d.]

A PRELIMINARY WORD.

THE name that we have chosen for this publication expresses, generally, the desire we have at heart in originating it.

We aspire to live in the Household affections, and to be numbered among the Household thoughts, of our readers. We hope to be the comrade and friend of many thousands of people, of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions, on whose faces we may never look. We seek to bring into innumerable homes, from the stirring world around us, the knowledge of many social wonders, good and evil, that are not calculated to render any of us less ardently persevering in ourselves, less tolerant of one another, less faithful in the progress of mankind, less thankful for the privilege of living in this summer-dawn of time.

No mere utilitarian spirit, no iron binding of the mind to grim realities, will give a harsh tone to our Household Words. In the bosoms of the young and old, of the well-to-do and of the poor, we would tenderly cherish that light of Fancy which is inherent in the human breast ; which, according to its nurture, burns with an inspiring flame, or sinks into a sullen glare, but which (or woe betide that day !) can never be extinguished. To show to all, that in all familiar things, even in those which are repellant on the surface, there is Romance enough, if we will find it out :—to teach the hardest workers at this whirling wheel of toil, that their lot is not necessarily a moody, brutal fact, excluded from the sympathies and graces of imagination ; to bring the greater and the lesser in degree, together, upon that wide field, and mutually dispose them to a better acquaintance and a kinder understanding—is one main object of our Household Words.

The mightier inventions of this age are not, to our thinking, all material, but have a kind of souls in their stupendous bodies which may find expression in Household Words. The traveller whom we accompany on his railroad or his steamboat journey, may gain, we hope, some compensation for incidents which these later generations have outlived, in new asso-

ciations with the Power that bears him onward ; with the habitations and the ways of life of crowds of his fellow creatures among whom he passes like the wind ; even with the towering chimneys he may see, spirting out fire and smoke upon the prospect. The swart giants, Slaves of the Lamp of Knowledge, have their thousand and one tales, no less than the Genii of the East ; and these, in all their wild, grotesque, and fanciful aspects, in all their many phases of endurance, in all their many moving lessons of compassion and consideration, we design to tell.

Our Household Words will not be echoes of the present time alone, but of the past too. Neither will they treat of the hopes, the enterprises, triumphs, joys, and sorrows, of this country only, but, in some degree, of those of every nation upon earth. For nothing can be a source of real interest in one of them, without concerning all the rest.

We have considered what an ambition it is to be admitted into many homes with affection and confidence ; to be regarded as a friend by children and old people ; to be thought of in affliction and in happiness ; to people the sick room with airy shapes ‘that give delight and hurt not,’ and to be associated with the harmless laughter and the gentle tears of many hearths. We know the great responsibility of such a privilege ; its vast reward ; the pictures that it conjures up, in hours of solitary labour, of a multitude moved by one sympathy ; the solemn hopes which it awakens in the labourer’s breast, that he may be free from self-reproach in looking back at last upon his work, and that his name may be remembered in his race in time to come, and borne by the dear objects of his love with pride. The hand that writes these faltering lines, happily associated with *some* Household Words before to-day, has known enough of such experiences to enter in an earnest spirit upon this new task, and with an awakened sense of all that it involves.

Some tillers of the field into which we now

come, have been before us, and some are here whose high usefulness we readily acknowledge, and whose company it is an honour to join. But, there are others here—Bastards of the Mountain, dragged fringe on the Red Cap, Panders to the basest passions of the lowest natures—whose existence is a national reproach. And these, we should consider it our highest service to displace.

Thus, we begin our career! The adventurer in the old fairy story, climbing towards the summit of a steep eminence on which the object of his search was stationed, was surrounded by a roar of voices, crying to him, from the stones in the way, to turn back. All

the voices *we* hear, cry Go on! The stones that call to us have sermons in them, as the trees have tongues, as there are books in the running brooks, as there is good in everything! They, and the Time, cry out to us Go on! With a fresh heart, a light step, and a hopeful courage, we begin the journey. The road is not so rough that it need daunt our feet: the way is not so steep that we need stop for breath, and, looking faintly down, be stricken motionless. Go on, is all we hear, Go on! In a glow already, with the air from yonder height upon us, and the inspiriting voices joining in this acclamation, we echo back the cry, and go on cheerily!

LIZZIE LEIGH.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

WHEN Death is present in a household on a Christmas Day, the very contrast between the time as it now is, and the day as it has often been, gives a poignancy to sorrow,—a more utter blankness to the desolation. James Leigh died just as the far-away bells of Rochdale Church were ringing for morning service on Christmas Day, 1836. A few minutes before his death, he opened his already glazing eyes, and made a sign to his wife, by the faint motion of his lips, that he had yet something to say. She stooped close down, and caught the broken whisper, 'I forgive her, Anne! May God forgive me.'

'Oh my love, my dear! only get well, and I will never cease showing my thanks for those words. May God in heaven bless thee for saying them. Thou'rt not so restless, my lad! may be—Oh God!'

For even while she spoke, he died.

They had been two-and-twenty years man and wife; for nineteen of those years their life had been as calm and happy, as the most perfect uprightness on the one side, and the most complete confidence and loving submission on the other, could make it. Milton's famous line might have been framed and hung up as the rule of their married life, for he was truly the interpreter, who stood between God and her; she would have considered herself wicked if she had ever dared even to think him austere, though as certainly as he was an upright man, so surely was he hard, stern, and inflexible. But for three years the moan and the murmur had never been out of her heart; she had rebelled against her husband as against a tyrant, with a hidden sullen rebellion, which tore up the old land-marks of wifely duty and affection, and poisoned the fountains whence gentlest love and reverence had once been for ever springing.

But those last blessed words replaced him

on his throne in her heart, and called out penitent anguish for all the bitter estrangement of later years. It was this which made her refuse all the entreaties of her sons, that she would see the kind-hearted neighbours, who called on their way from church, to sympathise and condole. No! she would stay with the dead husband that had spoken tenderly at last, if for three years he had kept silence; who knew but what, if she had only been more gentle and less angrily reserved he might have relented earlier—and in time!

She sat rocking herself to and fro by the side of the bed, while the footsteps below went in and out; she had been in sorrow too long to have any violent burst of deep grief now; the furrows were well worn in her cheeks, and the tears flowed quietly, if incessantly, all the day long. But when the winter's night drew on, and the neighbours had gone away to their homes, she stole to the window, and gazed out, long and wistfully, over the dark grey moors. She did not hear her son's voice, as he spoke to her from the door, nor his footstep as he drew nearer. She started when he touched her.

'Mother! come down to us. There's no one but Will and me. Dearest mother, we do so want you.' The poor lad's voice trembled, and he began to cry. It appeared to require an effort on Mrs. Leigh's part to tear herself away from the window, but with a sigh she complied with his request.

The two boys (for though Will was nearly twenty-one, she still thought of him as a lad) had done everything in their power to make the house-place comfortable for her. She herself, in the old days before her sorrow, had never made a brighter fire or a cleaner hearth, ready for her husband's return home, than now awaited her. The tea-things were all put out, and the kettle was boiling; and the boys had calmed their grief down into a kind of sober cheerfulness. They paid her every attention they could think of, but received little notice on her part; she did not resist—she rather submitted to all their

arrangements; but they did not seem to touch her heart.

When tea was ended,—it was merely the form of tea that had been gone through,—Will moved the things away to the dresser. His mother leant back languidly in her chair.

‘Mother, shall Tom read you a chapter? He’s a better scholar than I.’

‘Aye, lad!’ said she, almost eagerly. ‘That’s it. Read me the Prodigal Son. Aye, aye, lad. Thank thee.’

Tom found the chapter, and read it in the high-pitched voice which is customary in village-schools. His mother bent forward, her lips parted, her eyes dilated; her whole body instinct with eager attention. Will sat with his head depressed, and hung down. He knew why that chapter had been chosen; and to him it recalled the family’s disgrace. When the reading was ended, he still hung down his head in gloomy silence. But her face was brighter than it had been before for the day. Her eyes looked dreamy, as if she saw a vision; and by and by she pulled the bible towards her, and putting her finger underneath each word, began to read them aloud in a low voice to herself; she read again the words of bitter sorrow and deep humiliation; but most of all she paused and brightened over the father’s tender reception of the repentant prodigal.

So passed the Christmas evening in the Upclose Farm.

The snow had fallen heavily over the dark waving moorland, before the day of the funeral. The black storm-laden dome of heaven lay very still and close upon the white earth, as they carried the body forth out of the house which had known his presence so long as its ruling power. Two and two the mourners followed, making a black procession, in their winding march over the unbeaten snow, to Milne-Row Church—now lost in some hollow of the bleak moors, now slowly climbing the heaving ascents. There was no long tarrying after the funeral, for many of the neighbours who accompanied the body to the grave had far to go, and the great white flakes which came slowly down, were the boding fore-runners of a heavy storm. One old friend alone accompanied the widow and her sons to their home.

The Upclose Farm had belonged for generations to the Leighs; and yet its possession hardly raised them above the rank of labourers. There was the house and out-buildings, all of an old-fashioned kind, and about seven acres of barren unproductive land, which they had never possessed capital enough to improve; indeed they could hardly rely upon it for subsistence; and it had been customary to bring up the sons to some trade—such as a wheelwright’s, or blacksmith’s.

James Leigh had left a will, in the possession of the old man who accompanied them home. He read it aloud. James had be-

queathed the farm to his faithful wife, Anne Leigh, for her life-time; and afterwards, to his son William. The hundred and odd pounds in the savings-bank was to accumulate for Thomas.

After the reading was ended, Anne Leigh sat silent for a time; and then she asked to speak to Samuel Orme alone. The sons went into the back-kitchen, and thence strolled out into the fields regardless of the driving snow. The brothers were dearly fond of each other, although they were very different in character. Will, the elder, was like his father, stern, reserved, and scrupulously upright. Tom (who was ten years younger) was gentle and delicate as a girl, both in appearance and character. He had always clung to his mother, and dreaded his father. They did not speak as they walked, for they were only in the habit of talking about facts, and hardly knew the more sophisticated language applied to the description of feelings.

Meanwhile their mother had taken hold of Samuel Orme’s arm with her trembling hand.

‘Samuel, I must let the farm—I must.’

‘Let the farm! What’s come o’er the woman?’

‘Oh, Samuel!’ said she, her eyes swimming in tears, ‘I’m just fain to go and live in Manchester. I mun let the farm.’

Samuel looked, and pondered, but did not speak for some time. At last he said—

‘If thou hast made up thy mind, there’s no speaking again it; and thou must e’en go. Thou’lt be sadly potted wi’ Manchester ways; but that’s not my look out. Why, thou’lt have to buy potatoes, a thing thou hast never done afore in all thy born life. Well! it’s not my look out. It’s rather for me than again me. Our Jenny is going to be married to Tom Higginbotham, and he was speaking of wanting a bit of land to begin upon. His father will be dying sometime, I reckon, and then he’ll step into the Croft Farm. But meanwhile’—

‘Then, thou’lt let the farm,’ said she, still as eagerly as ever.

‘Aye, aye, he’ll take it fast enough, I’ve a notion. But I’ll not drive a bargain with thee just now; it would not be right; we’ll wait a bit.’

‘No; I cannot wait, settle it out at once.’

‘Well, well; I’ll speak to Will about it. I see him out yonder. I’ll step to him, and talk it over.’

Accordingly he went and joined the two lads, and without more ado, began the subject to them.

‘Will, thy mother is fain to go live in Manchester, and covets to let the farm. Now, I’m willing to take it for Tom Higginbotham; but I like to drive a keen bargain, and there would be no fun chaffering with thy mother just now. Let thee and me buckle to, my lad! and try and cheat each other; it will warm us this cold day.’

‘Let the farm!’ said both the lads at once,

with infinite surprise. 'Go live in Manchester!'

When Samuel Orme found that the plan had never before been named to either Will or Tom, he would have nothing to do with it, he said, until they had spoken to their mother; likely she was 'dazed' by her husband's death; he would wait a day or two, and not name it to any one; not to Tom Higginbotham himself, or may be he would set his heart upon it. The lads had better go in and talk it over with their mother. He bade them good day, and left them.

Will looked very gloomy, but he did not speak till they got near the house. Then he said,—

'Tom, go to th' shippon, and supper the cows. I want to speak to mother alone.'

When he entered the house-place, she was sitting before the fire, looking into its embers. She did not hear him come in; for some time she had lost her quick perception of outward things.

'Mother! what's this about going to Manchester?' asked he.

'Oh, lad!' said she, turning round, and speaking in a beseeching tone, 'I must go and seek our Lizzie. I cannot rest here for thinking on her. Many's the time I've left thy father sleeping in bed, and stole to th' window, and looked and looked my heart out towards Manchester, till I thought I must just set out and tramp over moor and moss straight away till I got there, and then lift up every down-cast face till I came to our Lizzie. And often, when the south wind was blowing soft among the hollows, I've fancied (it could but be fancy, thou knowest) I heard her crying upon me; and I've thought the voice came closer and closer, till at last it was sobbing out "Mother" close to the door; and I've stolen down, and undone the latch before now, and looked out into the still black night, thinking to see her,—and turned sick and sorrowful when I heard no living sound but the sough of the wind dying away. Oh! speak not to me of stopping here, when she may be perishing for hunger, like the poor lad in the parable. And now she lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

Will was deeply grieved. He had been old enough to be told the family shame when, more than two years before, his father had had his letter to his daughter returned by her mistress in Manchester, telling him that Lizzie had left her service some time—and why. He had sympathised with his father's stern anger; though he had thought him something hard, it is true, when he had forbidden his weeping, heart-broken wife to go and try to find her poor sinning child, and declared that henceforth they would have no daughter; that she should be as one dead, and her name never more be named at market or at meal time, in blessing or in prayer. He had held his peace, with compressed lips and contracted brow, when the neighbours had noticed to him how poor Lizzie's death had aged both his father and his mother; and how they thought

the bereaved couple would never hold up their heads again. He himself had felt as if that one event had made him old before his time; and had envied Tom the tears he had shed over poor, pretty, innocent, dead Lizzie. He thought about her sometimes, till he ground his teeth together, and could have struck her down in her shame. His mother had never named her to him until now.

'Mother!' said he at last. 'She may be dead. Most likely she is.'

'No, Will; she is not dead,' said Mrs. Leigh. 'God will not let her die till I've seen her once again. Thou dost not know how I've prayed and prayed just once again to see her sweet face, and tell her I've forgiven her, though she's broken my heart—she has, Will.' She could not go on for a minute or two for the choking sobs. 'Thou dost not know that, or thou wouldst not say she could be dead,—for God is very merciful, Will; He is,—He is much more pitiful than man,—I could never ha' spoken to thy father as I did to Him,—and yet thy father forgave her at last. The last words he said were that he forgave her. Thou'lt not be harder than thy father, Will? Do not try and hinder me going to seek her, for it's no use.'

Will sat very still for a long time before he spoke. At last he said, 'I'll not hinder you. I think she's dead, but that's no matter.'

'She is not dead,' said her mother, with low earnestness. Will took no notice of the interruption.

'We will all go to Manchester for a twelvemonth, and let the farm to Tom Higginbotham. I'll get blacksmith's work; and Tom can have good schooling for awhile, which he's always craving for. At the end of the year you'll come back, mother, and give over fretting for Lizzie, and think with me that she is dead,—and, to my mind, that would be more comfort than to think of her living; he dropped his voice as he spoke these last words. She shook her head, but made no answer. He asked again,—

'Will you, mother, agree to this?'

'I'll agree to it a-this-ns,' said she. 'If I hear and see nought of her for a twelvemonth, me being in Manchester looking out, I'll just ha' broken my heart fairly before the year's ended, and then I shall know neither love nor sorrow for her any more, when I'm at rest in the grave—I'll agree to that, Will.'

'Well, I suppose it must be so. I shall not tell Tom, mother, why we're fitting to Manchester. Best spare him.'

'As thou wilt,' said she, sadly, 'so that we go, that's all.'

Before the wild daffodils were in flower in the sheltered copses round Upclose Farm, the Leighs were settled in their Manchester home; if they could ever grow to consider that place as a home, where there was no garden, or outbuilding, no fresh breezy outlet, no far-stretching view, over moor and hollow, —no dumb animals to be tended, and, what more than all they missed, no old haunting

memories, even though those remembrances told of sorrow, and the dead and gone.

Mrs. Leigh heeded the loss of all these things less than her sons. She had more spirit in her countenance than she had had for months, because now she had hope ; of a sad enough kind, to be sure, but still it was hope. She performed all her household duties, strange and complicated as they were, and bewildered as she was with all the town-necessities of her new manner of life ; but when her house was 'sided,' and the boys come home from their work, in the evening, she would put on her things and steal out, unnoticed, as she thought, but not without many a heavy sigh from Will, after she had closed the house-door and departed. It was often past midnight before she came back, pale and weary, with almost a guilty look upon her face ; but that face so full of disappointment and hope deferred, that Will had never the heart to say what he thought of the folly and hopelessness of the search. Night after night it was renewed, till days grew to weeks and weeks to months. All this time Will did his duty towards her as well as he could, without having sympathy with her. He staid at home in the evenings for Tom's sake, and often wished he had Tom's pleasure in reading, for the time hung heavy on his hands, as he sat up for his mother.

I need not tell you how the mother spent the weary hours. And yet I will tell you something. She used to wander out, at first as if without a purpose, till she rallied her thoughts, and brought all her energies to bear on the one point ; then she went with earnest patience along the least known ways to some new part of the town, looking wistfully with dumb entreaty into people's faces ; sometimes catching a glimpse of a figure which had a kind of momentary likeness to her child's, and following that figure with never wearying perseverance, till some light from shop or lamp showed the cold strange face which was not her daughter's. Once or twice a kind-hearted passer-by, struck by her look of yearning woe, turned back and offered help, or asked her what she wanted. When so spoken to, she answered only, 'You don't know a poor girl they call Lizzie Leigh, do you ?' and when they denied all knowledge, she shook her head, and went on again. I think they believed her to be crazy. But she never spoke first to any one. She sometimes took a few minutes' rest on the door-steps, and sometimes (very seldom) covered her face and cried ; but she could not afford to lose time and chances in this way ; while her eyes were blinded with tears, the lost one might pass by unseen.

One evening, in the rich time of shortening autumn-days, Will saw an old man, who, without being absolutely drunk, could not guide himself rightly along the foot-path, and was mocked for his unsteadiness of gait by the idle boys of the neighbourhood. For his

father's sake Will regarded old age with tenderness, even when most degraded and removed from the stern virtues which dignified that father ; so he took the old man home, and seemed to believe his often-repeated assertions that he drank nothing but water. The stranger tried to stiffen himself up into steadiness as he drew nearer home, as if there were some one there, for whose respect he cared even in his half-intoxicated state, or whose feelings he feared to grieve. His home was exquisitely clean and neat even in outside appearance ; threshold, window, and window-sill, were outward signs of some spirit of purity within. Will was rewarded for his attention by a bright glance of thanks, succeeded by a blush of shame, from a young woman of twenty or thereabouts. She did not speak, or second her father's hospitable invitations to him to be seated. She seemed unwilling that a stranger should witness her father's attempts at stately sobriety, and Will could not bear to stay and see her distress. But when the old man, with many a flabby shake of the hand, kept asking him to come again some other evening and see them, Will sought her down-cast eyes, and, though he could not read their veiled meaning, he answered timidly, 'If it's agreeable to everybody, I'll come—and thank ye.' But there was no answer from the girl to whom this speech was in reality addressed ; and Will left the house liking her all the better for never speaking.

He thought about her a great deal for the next day or two ; he scolded himself for being so foolish as to think of her, and then fell to with fresh vigour, and thought of her more than ever. He tried to depreciate her ; he told himself she was not pretty, and then made indignant answer that he liked her looks much better than any beauty of them all. He wished he was not so country looking, so red-faced, so broad-shouldered ; while she was like a lady, with her smooth colourless complexion, her bright dark hair and her spotless dress. Pretty, or not pretty, she drew his footsteps towards her ; he could not resist the impulse that made him wish to see her once more, and find out some fault which should unloose his heart from her unconscious keeping. But there she was, pure and maidenly as before. He sat and looked, answering her father at cross-purposes, while she drew more and more into the shadow of the chimney-corner out of sight. Then the spirit that possessed him (it was not he himself, sure, that did so impudent a thing !) made him get up and carry the candle to a different place, under the pretence of giving her more light at her sewing, but, in reality, to be able to see her better ; she could not stand this much longer, but jumped up, and said she must put her little niece to bed ; and surely, there never was, before or since, so troublesome a child of two years old ; for, though Will staid

an hour and a half longer, she never came down again. He won the father's heart, though, by his capacity as a listener, for some people are not at all particular, and, so that they themselves may talk on undisturbed, are not so unreasonable as to expect attention to what they say.

Will did gather this much, however, from the old man's talk. He had once been quite in a genteel line of business, but had failed for more money than any greengrocer he had heard of; at least, any who did not mix up fish and game with greengrocery proper. This grand failure seemed to have been the event of his life, and one on which he dwelt with a strange kind of pride. It appeared as if at present he rested from his past exertions (in the bankrupt line), and depended on his daughter, who kept a small school for very young children. But all these particulars Will only remembered and understood, when he had left the house; at the time he heard them, he was thinking of Susan. After he had made good his footing at Mr. Palmer's, he was not long, you may be sure, without finding some reason for returning again and again. He listened to her father, he talked to the little niece, but he looked at Susan, both while he listened and while he talked. Her father kept on insisting upon his former gentility, the details of which would have appeared very questionable to Will's mind, if the sweet, delicate, modest Susan had not thrown an inexplicable air of refinement over all she came near. She never spoke much; she was generally diligently at work; but when she moved it was so noiselessly, and when she did speak, it was in so low and soft a voice, that silence, speech, motion and stillness, alike seemed to remove her high above Will's reach into some saintly and inaccessible air of glory—high above his reach, even as she knew him! And, if she were made acquainted with the dark secret behind, of his sister's shame, which was kept ever present to his mind by his mother's nightly search among the outcast and forsaken, would not Susan shrink away from him with loathing, as if he were tainted by the involuntary relationship? This was his dread; and thereupon followed a resolution that he would withdraw from her sweet company before it was too late. So he resisted internal temptation, and staid at home, and suffered and sighed. He became angry with his mother for her untiring patience in seeking for one who, he could not help hoping, was dead rather than alive. He spoke sharply to her, and received only such sad deprecatory answers as made him reproach himself, and still more lose sight of peace of mind. This struggle could not last long without affecting his health; and Tom, his sole companion through the long evenings, noticed his increasing languor, his restless irritability, with perplexed anxiety, and at last resolved to call his mother's attention to his brother's

haggard, care-worn looks. She listened with a startled recollection of Will's claims upon her love. She noticed his decreasing appetite, and half-checked sighs.

'Will, lad! what's come o'er thee?' said she to him, as he sat listlessly gazing into the fire. 'There's nought the matter with me,' said he, as if annoyed at her remark.

'Nay, lad, but there is.' He did not speak again to contradict her; indeed she did not know if he had heard her, so unmoved did he look.

'Would'st like to go back to Upclose Farm?' asked she, sorrowfully.

'It's just blackberrying time,' said Tom.

Will shook his head. She looked at him awhile, as if trying to read that expression of despondency and trace it back to its source.

'Will and Tom could go,' said she; 'I must stay here till I've found her, thou know'st,' continued she, dropping her voice.

He turned quickly round, and with the authority he at all times exercised over Tom, bade him begone to bed.

When Tom had left the room he prepared to speak.

VALENTINE'S DAY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

LATE in the afternoon of the 14th of February last past, an individual who bore not the smallest resemblance to a despairing lover, or, indeed, to a lover in any state of mind, was seen to drop into the box of a Fleet Street receiving-house two letters folded in flaming covers. He did not look round to see if he were observed, but walked boldly into the shop with a third epistle, and deposited thereon one penny. Considering the suspicious appearance of this document—for it's envelope was green—he retired from the counter with extraordinary *nonchalance*, and coolly walked on towards Ludgate Hill.

Long paces soon brought him to St. Martin's-le-Grand, for he strode like a man who had an imminent appointment. Sure enough, under the clock of the General Post-Office, he joined another, who eagerly asked,—

'Have you done it?'

The answer was, 'I have!'

'Very well. Let us now watch the result.'

Most people are aware that the Great National Post-Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand is divided into halves by a passage, whose sides are perforated with what is called the 'Window Department.' Here huge slits gape for letters, whole sashes yawn for newspapers, or wooden panes open for clerks to frame their large faces, like giant visages in the slides of a Magic Lanthorn; and to answer inquiries, or receive unstamped paid letters. The southern side is devoted to the London District Post, and the northern to what still continues to be called the 'Inland Department,' although foreign, colonial, and other outlandish correspondence now passes through it. It was with

the London District Branch that the two gentlemen first appeared to have business.

Having been led through a maze of offices and passages more or less dark, they found themselves—like knights-errant in a fairy tale—in an enormous hall, illumined by myriads of lights. Without being exactly transformed into statues, or stricken fast asleep, the occupants of this hall (whose name was Legion) appeared to be in an enchanted state of idleness. Among a wilderness of long tables, and of desks not unlike those on which buttermen perform their active parts of legerdemain in making 'pats'—only these desks were covered with black cloth—they were reading books, talking together, wandering about, lying down, or drinking coffee—apparently quite unused to doing any work, and not at all expectant of ever having anything to do, but die.

In a few minutes, and without any preparation, a great stir began at one end of this hall, and an immense train of private performers, in the highest state of excitement, poured in, getting up, on an immense scale, the first scene in the 'Miller and his Men.' Each had a sack on his back; each bent under its weight; and the bare sight of these sacks, as if by magic, changed all the readers, all the talkers, all the wanderers, all the liers-down, all the coffee-drinkers, into a colony of human ants!

For the sacks were great sheepskin bags of letters tumbling in from the receiving-houses. Anon they looked like whole flocks suddenly struck all of a heap, ready for slaughter; for a ruthless individual stood at a table, with sleeves tucked up and knife in hand, who rapidly cut their throats, dived into their insides, abstracted their contents, and finally skinned them. 'For every letter we leave behind,' said the bag-opener, in answer to an inquiry, 'we are fined half-a-crown. That's why we turn them inside out.'

The mysterious visitors closely scrutinised the letters that were disgorged. These were from all parts of London to all parts of London and to the provinces and to the far-off quarters of the globe. An acute postman might guess the broad tenour of their contents by their covers:—business letters are in big envelopes, official letters in long ones, and lawyers' letters in none at all; the tinted and lace-bordered mean Valentines, the black-bordered tell of grief, and the radiant with white enamel announce marriage. When the Fleet Street dispatch appeared, the visitors tracked it, and the operations of the clerk who separated the three bundles of which it consisted were closely followed. With the prying curiosity which now only began to show itself, one of the intruders actually took a copy of the bill which accompanied the letters. It set forth in three lines that there were so many 'Stamped,' so many 'Prepaid,' and so many 'Unpaid.'

The clerk counted the stamped letters like lightning, and a flash of red gleaming past

showed the inquirers that one of their epistles was safe. Suddenly the motion was stopped; the official had instinctively detected that one letter was insufficiently adorned with the Queen's profile, and he weighed and taxed it double in a twinkling. Having proved the number of stamped letters to be exactly as per account rendered, he went on checking off the prepaid, turning up the sender's green missive in the process. He then dealt with the unpaid, amongst which the lookers-on perceived their yellow one. The cash column was computed and cast in a single thought, and a short-hand mark, signifying 'quite correct,' dismissed the Fleet Street bill upon a file, for the leisurely scrutiny of the Receiver-General's office. All the other letters, and all the other bills of all the other receiving-houses, were going through the same routine at all the other tables; and these performances are repeated ten times in every day, all the year round, Sundays excepted!

'You perceived,' said one of the two friends, 'that in the rapid process of counting, our stamped letter gleamed past like a meteor, whilst our money-paid and unpaid epistles remained long enough under observation for a careful reading of the superscriptions.'

'That delay,' said an intelligent official, 'is occasioned because the latter are unstamped. Such letters cause a great complication of trouble, wholly avoided by the use of Queen's heads. Every officer through whose hands they pass—from the receiving-house-keeper to the carriers who deliver them at their destinations—has to give and take a cash account of each. If the public would put stamps on *all* letters, it would save us, and therefore *itself*, some thousands a-year.'

'What are the proportions of the stamped to the prepaid and unpaid letters which pass through all the post-offices during the year?'

'We can tell within a very near approximation to correctness:—337,500,000 passed through the post-offices of the United Kingdom during last year, and to every 100 of them about fifty had stamps; 46 were prepaid with pennies; and only 4 were committed to the box unpaid.'

While one of the visitors was receiving this information, the other had followed his variegated letters to the next process; which was that of stamping on the sealed face, in red ink, the date and hour of despatch. The letters are ranged in a long row, like a pack of cards thrown across a table, and so fast does the stamper's hand move, that he can mark 3000 in an hour. While defacing the Queen's heads on the other side, he counts as he thumps, till he enumerates fifty, when he dodges his stamp on one side to put his black mark on a piece of plain paper. All these memoranda are afterwards collected by the president, who, reckoning fifty letters to every black mark, gets a near approximation to the number that have passed through the office.

It was by this means that our friends

obtained the following account of the number of district letters that passed through this office on St. Valentine's Day :—

Feb. 14th, 1850.	Paid.		Unpaid.		Stamped.	Total.
	1d.	1d.	1d.	2d.		
Collections.						
8 o'clock.	6,872	52	1,216	20,082	28,222	
10 "	6,212	19	607	13,629	20,467	
12 "	7,069	36	612	15,240	22,957	
1 "	2,989	17	277	6,395	9,678	
2 "	6,520	39	535	13,696	20,790	
3 "	2,456	36	328	6,909	9,729	
4 "	4,573	36	375	13,478	13,478	
5 "	3,340	28	317	8,207	11,892	
6 "	9,300	129	958	27,950	38,337	
8 "	3,903	32	812	6,650	11,487	
	53,624	424	6,037	126,952	187,037	

To this total are to be added 6,000 'bye' letters—or those which passed from village to village within the suburban limits of the district post without reaching the chief office—and 100,000 destined for the provinces and places beyond sea, which were transferred to the Inland Department. The grand total for the day, therefore, rose to nearly 300,000. Thus the sacrifices to the fane of St. Valentine—consisting of hearts, darts, Cupid peeping out of paper-roses, Hymen embowered in hot-pressed embossing, swains in very blue coats and nymphs in very opaque muslin, coarse caricatures and tender verses—caused an augmentation to the revenue on this anniversary equal to about 70,000 missives; 123,000 being the usual daily average for district and 'byes' during the month of February. This increase, being peculiar to cross and district posts, does not so much affect the Inland Office, for lovers and sweethearts are generally neighbours. The entire correspondence of the three kingdoms is augmented on each St. Valentine's day to the extent of about 400,000 letters.

'Is it possible?' exclaimed one of the visitors, regarding the piles of epistles on the numerous tables, 'that this mass of letters can be arranged and sent away to their respective addresses in time to receive the next collection, which will arrive in less than an hour?'

'Quite,' replied an obliging informant, 'I'll tell you how we do it. We have divided London into seventeen sections. There they are, you perceive.' He then pointed to the tables with pigeon-holes numbered from one to seventeen; one marked 'blind,' with a nineteenth labelled 'general.' It was explained that the proper arrangement of the letters in these compartments constitutes the first sorting. They are then sorted into sub-divisions; then into districts, and finally handed over to the letter-carriers, who, in another room, arrange them for their own convenience into 'walks.' As the visitors looked round they perceived their coloured envelopes—which were all addressed to Scotland—suddenly emerge from a chaotic heap,

and lodge in the division marked 'general,' as magically as a conjurer causes any card you may choose to fly out of the whole pack. 'These letters,' remarked the expositor, 'being for the country will be presently passed into the Inland Office through a tunnel under the hall. The "blind" letters have superscriptions which the sorters cannot decypher, and are sent to the "blind" table where a gentleman presides, to whom, from the extreme sharpness of his vision, we give the *lucus à non lucendo* name of the "blind clerk." You will have a specimen of his powers presently.'

While this dialogue was going on there was a general abatement of the noise of stamping, and shuffling letters, and when the visitors looked round, the place had relapsed into its former tranquillity. It was scarcely credible that from 30,000 to 40,000 letters had been received, stamped, counted, sorted, and sent away in so short a time. 'A judicious division of labour,' remarked one of our friends, 'must work these miracles.'

'Yes, sir,' was the reply of an official, 'and there are from 1200 to 1700 of us to do the work of the district post alone. When it was removed from Gerard Street to this building there was not a quarter of that number. For instance—then, three carriers sufficed for the Paddington district; but, by the dispatch you have just seen completed, we have sent off 2000 letters to that single locality by the hands of twenty-five carriers.'

'The increase is attributable to the penny system?' interrogated one of our inquiring friends.

'Entirely.'

The questioner then referred to a Parliamentary paper of which he had obtained possession. It showed him the history of general postal increase since the era of dear distance rates. In 1839—under the old system—the number of letters which passed through the post was 76,000,000. In 1840 came the uniform penny, and for that year the number was 162,000,000, or an increase of 93,000,000, equal to 123 per cent. That was the grand start; afterwards the rate of increase subsided from 36 per cent. in 1841, to 16 per cent. in 1842 and 1843. In 1845, and the three following years, the increase was respectively, 39, 37, and 30 per cent. Then succeeded a sudden drop; perhaps the culminating point had been attained. The Post-Office is, however, a thermometer of commerce: during the depressing year 1848, the number of letters increased no more than 9 per cent. But last year 37,500,000 epistles passed through the office, being an augmentation of 8,500,000 upon the preceding year, or 11 per cent. of progressive increase. Another Parliamentary document shows, that, although the business is now exactly four-and-a-half times more than it was in 1839, the expense of doing it has only doubled. In the former year the cost of the establishment was not quite 690,000*l.*; in 1849 it was about 1,400,000*l.*

While one visitor was poring over these documents, the other deliberately watched the coloured envelopes. They were, with about 2000 other General Post letters, put into boxes and taken to the tunnel to be conveyed into the Inland Office upon a horizontal band worked by a wheel. The two friends now took leave of the District Department to follow the objects of their pursuit.

It was a quarter before six o'clock when they crossed the Hall—six being the latest hour at which newspapers can be posted without fee.

It was then just drizzling newspapers. The great window of that department being thrown open, the first black fringe of a thunder-cloud of newspapers impending over the Post-Office was discharging itself fitfully—now in large drops, now in little; now in sudden plumps, now stopping altogether. By degrees it began to rain hard; by fast degrees the storm came on harder and harder, until it blew, rained, hailed, snowed, newspapers. A fountain of newspapers played in at the window. Water-spouts of newspapers broke from enormous sacks, and engulfed the men inside. A prodigious main of newspapers, at the Newspaper River Head, seemed to be turned on, threatening destruction to the miserable Post-Office. The Post-Office was so full already, that the window foamed at the mouth with newspapers. Newspapers flew out like froth, and were tumbled in again by the bystanders. All the boys in London seemed to have gone mad, and to be besieging the Post-Office with newspapers. Now and then there was a girl; now and then a woman; now and then a weak old man; but as the minute hand of the clock crept near to six, such a torrent of boys, and such a torrent of newspapers came tumbling in together pell-mell, head over heels, one above another, that the giddy head looking on chiefly wondered why the boys springing over one another's heads, and flying the garter into the Post-Office with the enthusiasm of the corps of acrobats at M. Franconi's, didn't post themselves nightly, along with the newspapers, and get delivered all over the world.

Suddenly it struck six. Shut Sesame! Perfectly still weather. Nobody there. No token of the late storm—Not a soul, too late!

But what a chaos within! Men up to their knees in newspapers on great platforms; men gardening among newspapers with rakes; men digging and delving among newspapers as if a new description of rock had been blasted into those fragments; men going up and down a gigantic trap—an ascending and descending-room worked by a steam-engine—still taking with them nothing but newspapers! All the history of the time, all the chronicled births, deaths, and marriages, all the crimes, all the accidents, all the vanities, all the changes, all the realities, of all the civilised earth, heaped up, parcelled out, carried about, knocked down, cut, shuffled,

dealt, played, gathered up again, and passed from hand to hand, in an apparently interminable and hopeless confusion, but really in a system of admirable order, certainty, and simplicity, pursued six nights every week, all through the rolling year! Which of us, after this, shall find fault with the rather more extensive system of good and evil, when we don't quite understand it at a glance; or set the stars right in their spheres?

The friends were informed that 70,000,000 newspapers pass through all the post-offices every year. Upwards of 80,000,000 newspaper-stamps are distributed annually from the Stamp-Office; but most of the London papers are conveyed into the country by early trains. On the other hand, frequently the same paper passes through the post several times, which accounts for the small excess of 10,000,000 stamps issued over papers posted. In weight, 187 tons of paper and print pass up and down the ingenious 'lift' every week, and thence to the uttermost corners of the earth—from Blackfriars to Botany Bay, from the Strand to Chusan.

As to the rooms, revealed through gratings in the well, traversed by the ascending and descending-room, and walked in by the visitors afterwards,—those enormous chambers, each with its hundreds of sorters busy over their hundreds of thousands of letters—those dispatching places of a business that has the look of being eternal and never to be disposed of or cleared away—those silent receptacles of countless millions of passionate words, for ever pouring through them like a Niagara of language, and leaving not a drop behind—what description could present them? But when a sorter goes home from these places to his bed, does he dream of letters? When he has a fever (sorters *must* have fevers sometimes) does he never find the Welch letters getting into the Scotch divisions, and the London letters going to Jericho? When he gets a glass too much, does he see no double letters mis-sorting themselves unaccountably? When he is very ill, do no dead letters stare him in the face? And yonder dark, mysterious, ground-glass balcony high up in the wall, not unlike a church organ without the pipes—the screen from whence an unseen eye watches the sorters who are listening to temptation—when he has a nightmare, does he never dream of *that*?

Then that enormous table upon which the public shoot their letters through the window-slits—do the four men who sit at it never fancy themselves playing at whist, gathering up an enormous pack of red aces, with here and there a many-hued Valentine to stand for a Court card? Their duty is termed 'facing,' or turning the ace-like seals downwards, ready for stamping.

The system of stamping, sorting, and arranging, is precisely similar to that in the District Branch, and by his recently acquired knowledge of it, the person who posted the

coloured letters was able to trace them through every stage, till they were tied up ready to be 'bagged,' and sent away. While thus employed, his companion made the following observations:—

In an opposite side of the enormous apartment, a good space and a few officials are devoted to repairing the carelessness of the public, which is—in amount and extent—scarcely credible. Upon an average, 300 letters per day pass through the General Post-Office totally unfastened; chiefly in consequence of the use of what stationers are pleased to call 'adhesive' envelopes. Many are virgin ones, without either seal or direction; and not a few contain money. In Sir Francis Freeling's time, the sum of 5000*l.* in Bank notes was found in a 'blank.' It was not till after some trouble that the sender was traced, and the cash restored to him. Not long since, an humble post-mistress of an obscure Welch post-town, unable to decipher the address on a letter, perceived, on examining it, the folds of several Bank notes protruding from a torn edge of the envelope. She securely re-enclosed it to the secretary of the Post-Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand; who found the contents to be 1500*l.*, and the super-scription too much even for the hieroglyphic powers of the 'blind clerk.' Eventually the enclosures found their true destination.

It is estimated that there lies, from time to time, in the Dead-Letter Office, undergoing the process of finding owners, some 11,000*l.* annually, in cash alone. In July, 1847, for instance—only a two months' accumulation—the post-haste of 4658 letters, all containing property, was arrested by the bad super-scriptions of the writers. They were consigned—after a searching inquest upon each by that efficient coroner, the 'blind clerk'—to the Post-Office *Morgue*. There were Bank notes of the value of 1010*l.*, and money-orders for 407*l.* 12*s.* But most of these ill-directed letters contained coin in small sums, amounting to 310*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.* On the 17th of July, 1847, there were lying in the Dead-Letter Office bills of Exchange for the immense sum of 40,410*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.*!

'I assure you,' said a gentleman high in this department, 'it is scarcely possible to take up a handful of letters without finding one with coin in it, despite the facilities afforded by the money-order system. All this is very distressing to us. The temptation it throws in the way of sorters, carriers, and other humble *employés* is greater than they ought to be subjected to. Seventy men have been discharged for dishonesty from the District Office alone during the past two years.'

'But the public do use the Money-Order Office extensively?'

This question was startlingly answered by reference to a Parliamentary Return which showed that there were issued and paid in England and Wales alone, during the year which ended on the 5th of January, 1849,

6,852,911 Post-office orders for sums amounting to the enormous aggregate of 13,678,377*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.*

Taking up a thin card-board box of artificial flowers, which had been shaken into the form of an irregular rhomboid, under the pressure of several pounds' weight of letters and newspapers, a 'sub-president' remarked—'The faith the public have in us is extraordinary. Here is an article which is designed to go safely to Dublin; yet not one single precaution, except this thin piece of twine, is taken by the sender to ensure its preservation. Here, again, is a pair of white satin shoes, fast losing their colour from friction with damp newspapers and the edges of books. The other day the toe of a similar packet protruded from its very thin casing, and the stamper not being able to stop his hand in time, ornamented it, in vividly blue ink, with the words, "York, Feb. 1, 1850, D." You will see by this Parliamentary Return of the articles found in the Dead-Letter Office what curious things are trusted to our care.'

The obliging gentleman then produced the document. Its lists showed, amongst other articles,—tooth-picks, tooth-files, fishing-flies, an eye-glass, brad-awls, portraits, miniatures, a whistle, corkscrews, a silver watch, a pair of spurs, a bridle, a soldier's discharge and sailors' register tickets, samples of hops and corn, a Greek MS., silver spoons, gold thread, dinner, theatre, and pawn tickets, boxes of pills, shirts, night-caps, razors, all sorts of knitting and lace, 'doll's things,' and a vast variety of other articles, that would puzzle ingenuity to conjecture.

'Besides carelessness we have to contend against ignorance,' was remarked as the visitors were introduced to the 'blind' table, and to the hawk-eyed gentleman who presides at it. 'He is provided, you perceive, with a small library of local and general Directories, Court Guides, Army, Navy, and Clergy Lists; and much he needs them, as will be seen by these fac-similes.' Several transcripts of curiously addressed letters were then produced. 'Where would you or I have sent a letter

To

George Miller
boy on board H. M. S.
Amphitrite Vallois
de Ruyssse or Ellesmere

certainly not to its proper destination, which turned out to be the "Amphitrite," Valparaiso, or elsewhere? Who but our friend here would have found out that another boy

in her Majesty's naval service said to be on board

*H. M. Steem Friegkt
Vultur Uncon or els ware,*

belonged to the Steam Frigate Vulture, at Hong Kong? Few would think that

*Mr. Weston
Osburn Cottage
Ilawait*

was a neighbour of her Majesty, and lived at Osborne Cottage, Isle of Wight.

The following additional epistolary puzzles were then read, amidst, as reporters say, 'loud laughter':

*Mr. Laurence
New Land
Ivicum (High Wycombe).*

*W. Stratton
Commonly
Ceald teapot*

(We presume as a total abstinence man.)
Wedin (Welwyn).

*Thom Hoodless
3 St. Ann Ct
Searhoo Skur (Soho Square).*

The ingenious orthographies *Ratlifhaivai* and *Ratlef Fieway* went straight to the proper parties in Ratchliffe Highway; but it is a wonder how—

*Mr. Dick
Bishop Cans
ner the Wises*

got his letter, considering that his place of abode was near Devides.

For the next specimen of spelling there is some excuse. 'In England,' says a French traveller, 'what they write "Greenwich," they pronounce "Grinitch," and I am not quite sure that when they set down "Solomon," they do not pronounce it "Nebuchadnezzar."' 'I much question,' continued one of the amateur Post-Office inspectors, 'if either of us had never seen the name of the place to which the following superscription applies, that we should not have spelt it nearly similarly to the correspondent of—

*Peter Robertson
2 Compney 7 Batilian
Rolyl Artirian
Owilige
England.*

'Although the writer's ear misled him grievously in the other words, he has recorded the sound into which we render *Woolwich* with curious correctness.'

'Innocent simplicity baulks us as much as ignorance,' remarked the head of the hieroglyphic department. 'Here are one or two specimens of it:—

*To Mr. Michl
Darcy
In the town of
England.*

'A schoolboy sends from Salisbury,

*To My Uncle Jon
in London.*

'Another addressed the highest personage in the realm—no doubt on particular business—as

*Miss
Queene Victoria
of England.'*

While this amusement was going forward, the bustle in the adjoining rooms had reached its climax. It was approaching eight o'clock, and the 'Miller and his Men,' above stairs were delivering their sacks from the mouth of the ever-revolving mill at an incessant rate. These, filled nearly to the mouth with newspapers, were dragged to the tables, which the brass label fastened to the corner of each bag marked as its own, to have the letters inserted. Our friends rushed to where they saw 'Edinburgh' painted up on the walls, and there they beheld their yellow, green, and red letters in separate packets, though destined for the same place; just as they had come in at first from Fleet Street. The bundles were popped in a trice into the Edinburgh bag, which was sealed and sent away. Exactly the same thing was happening to every bundle of letters, and to every bag on the premises.

The clock now struck eight, and the two visitors looked round in astonishment. Had they been guests at the ball in 'Cinderella,' when that clock struck they would not have been more astonished; for hardly less rapidly did the fancy dresses of the postmen disappear, and the lights grow dim. This is the most striking peculiarity of the extraordinary establishment. Everything is done on military principles to minute time. The drill and subdivision of duties are so perfect, that the alternations throughout the day are high pressure and sudden collapse. At five minutes before eight the enormous offices were glaring with light and crowded with men; at ten minutes after eight the glass slipper had fallen off, and there was hardly a light or a living being visible.

'Perhaps, however,' it was remarked as our friends were leaving the building, 'an invisible individual is now stealthily watching behind the ground glass screen. Only the other day he detected from it a sorter secreting 140 sovereigns.'

It is a deplorable thing that such a place of observation should be necessary; but it is hardly less deplorable—and this should be most earnestly impressed upon the reader—that the public, now possessed of such conveniences for remitting money, by means of Post-Office Orders and Registered Letters, should lightly throw temptation in the way of these clerks, by enclosing actual coin. No man can say that, placed in such circumstances from day to day, he could be steadfast. Many may hope they would be, and believe it; but

none can be sure. It is in the power, however, of every conscientious and reflecting mind, to make quite sure that it has no part in this class of crimes. The prevention for this one great source of misery is made easy to the public hand; and it is the public's bounden duty to adopt it. They who do not, cannot be blameless.

Such is the substance of information obtained by our friends before they took leave of the mighty heart of the postal system of this country.

In conclusion, they beg it to be understood that their experimental letters were *not* Valentines.

ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPPER.

A Dramatic Parable.

SCENE—*The inside of a Tent, in which the Patriarch ABRAHAM and a PERSIAN TRAVELLER, a Fire-Worshipper, are sitting awhile after supper.*

Fire-Worshipper (aside). What have I said, or done, that by degrees Mine host hath changed his gracious countenance, Until he stareth on me, as in wrath! Have I, 'twixt wake and sleep, lost his wise lore? Or sit I thus too long, and he himself Would fain be sleeping? I will speak to that. (*Aloud.*) Impute it, O my great and gracious lord, Unto my feeble flesh, and not my folly, If mine old eyelids droop against their will, And I become as one that hath no sense Ev'n to the milk and honey of thy words.— With my lord's leave, and his good servant's help, My limbs would creep to bed.

Abraham (angrily quitting his seat). In this tent, never. Thou art a thankless and an impious man.

Fire-W. (rising in astonishment). A thankless and an impious man! Oh, sir, My thanks have all but worshipp'd thee.

Abraham. And whom Forgotten? like the fawning dog I feed. From the foot-washing to the meal, and now To this thy cramm'd and dog-like wish for bed, I've noted thee; and never hast thou breath'd One syllable of prayer, or praise, or thanks, To the great God who made and feedeth all.

Fire-W. Oh, sir, the God I worship is the Fire, The god of gods; and seeing him not here, In any symbol, or on any shrine, I waited till he blessed mine eyes at morn, Sitting in heaven.

Abraham. Oh, foul idolator! And darest thou still to breathe in Abraham's tent? Forth with thee, wretch: for he that made thy god,

And all thy tribe, and all the host of heaven, The invisible and only dreadful God, Will speak to thee this night, out in the storm, And try thee in thy foolish god, the Fire, Hark with his fingers he makes lightnings of. Hark to the rising of his robes, the winds, And get thee forth, and wait him.

[*A violent storm is heard rising.*]

Fire-W. What! unhousted! And on a night like this! me, poor old man,

A hundred years of age!

Abraham (urging him away). Not reverencing The God of ages, thou revoltest reverence.

Fire-W. Thou hadst a father:—think of his grey hairs, Houseless, and cuff'd by such a storm as this.

Abraham. God is thy father, and thou own'st not him.

Fire-W. I have a wife, as aged as myself, And if she learn my death, she'll not survive it, No, not a day; she is so used to me; So propp'd up by her other feeble self. I pray thee, strike us not both down.

Abraham (still urging him). God made Husband and wife, and must be own'd of them, Else he must needs disown them.

Fire-W. We have children, One of them, sir, a daughter, who, next week, Will all day long be going in and out, Upon the watch for me; she, too, a wife, And will be soon a mother. Spare, oh spare her! She's a good creature, and not strong.

Abraham. Mine ears Are deaf to all things but thy blasphemy, And to the coming of the Lord and God, Who will this night condemn thee.

[*ABRAHAM pushes him out; and remains alone, speaking.*]

For if ever God came at night-time forth upon the world, 'Tis now this instant. Hark to the huge winds, The cataracts of hail, and rocky thunder, Splitting like quarries of the stony clouds, Beneath the touching of the foot of God. That was God's speaking in the heavens,—that last

And inward utterance coming by itself. What is it shaketh thus thy servant, Lord, Making him fear, that in some loud rebuke To this idolator, whom thou abhorrest, Terror will slay himself? Lo, the earth quakes Beneath my feet, and God is surely here.

[*A dead silence; and then a still small voice.*]

The Voice. Abraham!

Abraham. Where art thou, Lord? and who is it that speaks So sweetly in mine ear, to bid me turn And dare to face thy presence?

The Voice. Who but He Whose mightiest utterance thou hast yet to learn? I was not in the whirlwind, Abraham; I was not in the thunder, or the earthquake; But I am in the still small voice.

Where is the stranger whom thou tookest in? *Abraham.* Lord, he denied thee, and I drove him forth.

The Voice. Then didst thou do what God himself forbore.

Have I, although he did deny me, borne With his injuriousness these hundred years, And couldst thou not endure him one sole night, And such a night as this?

Abraham. Lord! I have sinn'd, Will I go forth, and if he be not dead, Will call him back, and tell him of thy mercies Both to himself, and me.

The Voice. Behold, and learn!

[*The Voice retires while it is speaking; and a fold of the tent is turned back, disclosing the FIRE-WORSHIPPER, who is calmly sleeping, with his head on the back of a house-lamb.*]

Abraham. O loving God! the lamb itself's his pillow, And on his forehead is a balmy dew,

And in his sleep he smileth. I, meantime, Poor and proud fool, with my presumptuous hands, Not God's, was dealing judgments on his head, Which God himself had cradled!—Oh, methinks There's more in this than prophet yet hath known, And Faith, some day, will all in Love be shown.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

As one half of the world is said not to know how the other half lives, so it may be affirmed that the upper half of the world neither knows nor greatly cares how the lower half amuses itself. Believing that it does not care, mainly because it does not know, we purpose occasionally recording a few facts on this subject.

The general character of the lower class of dramatic amusements is a very significant sign of a people, and a very good test of their intellectual condition. We design to make our readers acquainted in the first place with a few of our experiences under this head in the metropolis.

It is probable that nothing will ever root out from among the common people an innate love they have for dramatic entertainment in some form or other. It would be a very doubtful benefit to society, we think, if it could be rooted out. The Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, where an infinite variety of ingenious models are exhibited and explained, and where lectures comprising a quantity of useful information on many practical subjects are delivered, is a great public benefit and a wonderful place, but we think a people formed *entirely* in their hours of leisure by Polytechnic Institutions would be an uncomfortable community. We would rather not have to appeal to the generous sympathies of a man of five-and-twenty, in respect of some affliction of which he had had no personal experience, who had passed all his holidays, when a boy, among cranks and cogwheels. We should be more disposed to trust him if he had been brought into occasional contact with a Maid and a Magpie; if he had made one or two diversions into the Forest of Bondy; or had even gone the length of a Christmas Pantomime. There is a range of imagination in most of us, which no amount of steam-engines will satisfy; and which The-great-exhibition-of-the-works-of-industry-of-all-nations, itself, will probably leave unappeased. The lower we go, the more natural it is that the best-relished provision for this should be found in dramatic entertainments; as at once the most obvious, the least troublesome, and the most real, of all escapes out of the literal world. Joe Whelks, of the New Cut, Lambeth, is not much of a reader, has no great store of books, no very commodious room to read in, no very decided inclination to read, and no power at all of presenting vividly before his mind's eye what he reads about. But, put Joe in the gallery of the Victoria Theatre; show him doors and windows in the scene that will open and shut, and that people

can get in and out of; tell him a story with these aids, and by the help of live men and women dressed up, confiding to him their innermost secrets, in voices audible half a mile off; and Joe will unravel a story through all its entanglements, and sit there as long after midnight as you have anything left to show him. Accordingly, the Theatres to which Mr. Whelks resorts, are always full; and whatever changes of fashion the drama knows elsewhere, it is always fashionable in the New Cut.

The question, then, might not unnaturally arise, one would suppose, whether Mr. Whelks's education is at all susceptible of improvement, through the agency of his theatrical tastes. How far it is improved at present, our readers shall judge for themselves.

In affording them the means of doing so, we wish to disclaim any grave imputation on those who are concerned in ministering to the dramatic gratification of Mr. Whelks. Heavily taxed, wholly unassisted by the State, deserted by the gentry, and quite unrecognised as a means of public instruction, the higher English Drama has declined. Those who would live to please Mr. Whelks, must please Mr. Whelks to live. It is not the Manager's province to hold the Mirror up to Nature, but to Mr. Whelks—the only person who acknowledges him. If, in like manner, the actor's nature, like the dyer's hand, becomes subdued to what he works in, the actor can hardly be blamed for it. He grinds hard at his vocation, is often steeped in direful poverty, and lives, at the best, in a little world of mockeries. It is bad enough to give away a great estate six nights a-week, and want a shilling; to preside at imaginary banquets, hungry for a mutton chop; to smack the lips over a tankard of toast and water, and declaim about the mellow produce of the sunny vineyard on the banks of the Rhine; to be a rattling young lover, with the measles at home; and to paint sorrow over, with burnt cork and rouge; without being called upon to despise his vocation too. If he can utter the trash to which he is condemned, with any relish, so much the better for him, Heaven knows; and peace be with him!

A few weeks ago, we went to one of Mr. Whelks's favourite Theatres, to see an attractive Melo-Drama called *MAY MORNING, OR THE MYSTERY OF 1715, AND THE MURDER!* We had an idea that the former of these titles might refer to the month in which either the Mystery or the Murder happened, but we found it to be the name of the heroine, the pride of Keswick Vale; who was 'called *May Morning*' (after a common custom among the English Peasantry) 'from her bright eyes and merry laugh.' Of this young lady, it may be observed, in passing, that she subsequently sustained every possible calamity of human existence, in a white muslin gown with blue tucks; and that she did every conceivable and inconceivable thing with a pistol, that

could anyhow be effected by that description of fire-arms.

The Theatre was extremely full. The prices of admission were, to the boxes, a shilling; to the pit, sixpence; to the gallery, threepence. The gallery was of enormous dimensions (among the company, in the front row, we observed Mr. Whelks); and overflowing with occupants. It required no close observation of the attentive faces, rising one above another, to the very door in the roof, and squeezed and jammed in, regardless of all discomforts, even there, to impress a stranger with a sense of its being highly desirable to lose no possible chance of effecting any mental improvement in that great audience.

The company in the pit were not very clean or sweet-savoured, but there were some good-humoured young mechanics among them, with their wives. These were generally accompanied by 'the baby,' insomuch that the pit was a perfect nursery. No effect made on the stage was so curious, as the looking down on the quiet faces of these babies fast asleep, after looking up at the staring sea of heads in the gallery. There were a good many cold fried soles in the pit, besides; and a variety of flat stone tattles, of all portable sizes.

The audience in the boxes was of much the same character (babies and fish excepted) as the audience in the pit. A private in the Foot Guards sat in the next box; and a personage who wore pins on his coat instead of buttons, and was in such a damp habit of living as to be quite mouldy, was our nearest neighbour. In several parts of the house we noticed some young pickpockets of our acquaintance; but as they were evidently there as private individuals, and not in their public capacity, we were little disturbed by their presence. For we consider the hours of idleness passed by this class of society as so much gain to society at large; and we do not join in a whimsical sort of lamentation that is generally made over them, when they are found to be unoccupied.

As we made these observations the curtain rose, and we were presently in possession of the following particulars.

Sir George Elmore, a melancholy Baronet with every appearance of being in that advanced stage of indigestion in which Mr. Morrison's patients usually are, when they happen to hear, through Mr. Moat, of the surprising effects of his Vegetable Pills, was found to be living in a very large castle, in the society of one round table, two chairs, and Captain George Elmore, 'his supposed son, the Child of Mystery, and the Man of Crime.' The Captain, in addition to an undutiful habit of bullying his father on all occasions, was a prey to many vices: foremost among which may be mentioned his desertion of his wife, 'Estella de Neva, a Spanish lady,' and his determination unlawfully to possess himself of May Morning; M. M. being then on the eve of marriage to Will Stanmore, a cheerful sailor, with very loose legs.

The strongest evidence, at first, of the Captain's being the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime was deducible from his boots, which, being very high and wide, and apparently made of sticking-plaster, justified the worst theatrical suspicions to his disadvantage. And indeed he presently turned out as ill as could be desired: getting into May Morning's Cottage by the window after dark; refusing to 'unhand' May Morning when required to do so by that lady; waking May Morning's only surviving parent, a blind old gentleman with a black ribbon over his eyes, whom we shall call Mr. Stars, as his name was stated in the bill thus * * * * *; and showing himself desperately bent on carrying off May Morning by force of arms. Even this was not the worst of the Captain; for, being foiled in his diabolical purpose—temporarily by means of knives and pistols, providentially caught up and directed at him by May Morning, and finally, for the time being, by the advent of Will Stanmore—he caused one Slink, his adherent, to denounce Will Stanmore as a rebel, and got that cheerful mariner carried off, and shut up in prison. At about the same period of the Captain's career, there suddenly appeared in his father's castle, a dark complexioned lady of the name of Manuella, 'a Zingara Woman from the Pyrenean mountains; the wild wanderer of the heath, and the pronouncer of the prophecy,' who threw the melancholy baronet, his supposed father, into the greatest confusion by asking him what he had upon his conscience, and by pronouncing mysterious rhymes concerning the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime, to a low trembling of fiddles. Matters were in this state when the Theatre resounded with applause, and Mr. Whelks fell into a fit of unbounded enthusiasm, consequent on the entrance of 'Michael the Mendicant.'

At first we referred something of the cordiality with which Michael the Mendicant was greeted, to the fact of his being 'made up' with an excessively dirty face, which might create a bond of union between himself and a large majority of the audience. But it soon came out that Michael the Mendicant had been hired in old time by Sir George Elmore, to murder his (Sir George Elmore's) elder brother—which he had done; notwithstanding which little affair of honour, Michael was in reality a very good fellow; quite a tender-hearted man; who, on hearing of the Captain's determination to settle Will Stanmore, cried out, 'What! more bel-ood!' and fell flat—overpowered by his nice sense of humanity. In like manner, in describing that small error of judgment into which he had allowed himself to be tempted by money, this gentleman exclaimed, 'I ster-ruck him down, and fel-ed in er-rror!' and further he remarked, with honest pride, 'I have lived as a beggar—a roadersider vaigerant, but no ker-mine since then has stained these hands!' All these sentiments of the worthy man were hailed with showers of

applause; and when, in the excitement of his feelings on one occasion, after a soliloquy, he 'went off' *on his back*, kicking and shuffling along the ground, after the manner of bold spirits in trouble, who object to be taken to the station-house, the cheering was tremendous.

And to see how little harm he had done, after all! Sir George Elmore's elder brother was not dead. Not he! He recovered, after this sensitive creature had 'fel-ed in er-orrer,' and, putting a black ribbon over his eyes to disguise himself, went and lived in a modest retirement with his only child. In short, Mr. Stars was the identical individual! When Will Stanmore turned out to be the wrongful Sir George Elmore's son, instead of the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, who turned out to be Michael's son, (a change having been effected, in revenge, by the lady from the Pyrenean Mountains, who became the Wild Wanderer of the Heath, in consequence of the wrongful Sir George Elmore's perfidy to her and desertion of her), Mr. Stars went up to the Castle, and mentioned to his murdering brother how it was. Mr. Stars said it was all right; he bore no malice; he had kept out of the way, in order that his murdering brother (to whose numerous virtues he was no stranger) might enjoy the property; and now he would propose that they should make it up and dine together. The murdering brother immediately consented, embraced the Wild Wanderer, and it is supposed sent instructions to Doctors' Commons for a license to marry her. After which, they were all very comfortable indeed. For it is not much to try to murder your brother for the sake of his property, if you only suborn such a delicate assassin as Michael the Mendicant!

All this did not tend to the satisfaction of the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, who was so little pleased by the general happiness, that he shot Will Stanmore, now joyfully out of prison and going to be married directly to May Morning, and carried off the body, and May Morning to boot, to a lone hut. Here, Will Stanmore, laid out for dead at fifteen minutes past twelve, P.M., arose at seventeen minutes past, infinitely fresher than most daisies, and fought two strong men single-handed. However, the Wild Wanderer, arriving with a party of male wild wanderers, who were always at her disposal—and the murdering brother arriving arm-in-arm with Mr. Stars—stopped the combat, confounded the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, and blessed the lovers.

The adventures of 'RED RIVEN THE BANDIT' concluded the moral lesson of the evening. But, feeling by this time a little fatigued, and believing that we already discerned in the countenance of Mr. Whelks a sufficient confusion between right and wrong to last him for one night, we retired: the rather as we intended to meet him, shortly, at another place of dramatic entertainment for the people.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MAD^{LLE} CLAIRON.

THE occurrence related in the letter which we are about to quote, is a remarkable instance of those apparently supernatural visitations which it has been found so difficult (if not impossible) to explain and account for. It does not appear to have been known to Scott, Brewster, or any other English writer who has collected and endeavoured to expound those ghostly phenomena.

Clairon was the greatest tragedian that ever appeared on the French stage; holding on it a supremacy similar to that of Siddons on our own. She was a woman of powerful intellect, and had the merit of effecting a complete revolution in the French school of tragic acting; substituted an easy, varied, and natural delivery for the stilted and monotonous declamation which had till then prevailed, and being the first to consult classic taste and propriety of costume. Her mind was cultivated by habits of intimacy with the most distinguished men of her day; and she was one of the most brilliant ornaments of those literary circles which the contemporary Memoir writers describe in such glowing colours. In an age of corruption, unparalleled in modern times, Mademoiselle Clairon was not proof against the temptations to which her position exposed her. But a lofty spirit, and some religious principles, which she retained amidst a generation of infidels and scoffers, saved her from degrading vices, and enabled her to spend an old age protracted beyond the usual period of human life, in respectability and honour.

She died in 1803, at the age of eighty. She was nearly seventy when the following letter was written. It was addressed to M. Henri Meister, a man of some eminence among the literati of that period; the associate of Diderot, Grimm, D'Holbach, M. and Madame Necker, &c., and the *collaborateur* of Grimm in his famous 'Correspondence.' This gentleman was Clairon's 'literary executor;' having been intrusted with her Memoirs, written by herself, and published after her death.

With this preface we give Mademoiselle Clairon's narrative, written in her old age, of an occurrence which had taken place half a century before.

'In 1743, my youth, and my success on the stage, had drawn round me a good many admirers. M. de S—, the son of a merchant in Brittany, about thirty years old, handsome, and possessed of considerable talent, was one of those who were most strongly attached to me. His conversation and manners were those of a man of education and good society, and the reserve and timidity which distinguished his attention made a favourable impression on me. After a green-room acquaintance of sometime I permitted him to visit me at my

house, but a better knowledge of his situation and character was not to his advantage. Ashamed of being only a *bourgeois*, he was squandering his fortune at Paris under an assumed title. His temper was severe and gloomy: he knew mankind too well, he said, not to despise and avoid them. He wished to see no one but me, and desired from me, in return, a similar sacrifice of the world. I saw, from this time, the necessity, for his own sake as well as mine, of destroying his hopes by reducing our intercourse to terms of less intimacy. My behaviour brought upon him a violent illness, during which I showed him every mark of friendly interest, but firmly refused to deviate from the course I had adopted. My steadiness only deepened his wound; and unhappily, at this time, a treacherous relative, to whom he had intrusted the management of his affairs, took advantage of his helpless condition by robbing him, and leaving him so destitute that he was obliged to accept the little money I had, for his subsistence, and the attendance which his condition required. You must feel, my dear friend, the importance of never revealing this secret. I respect his memory, and I would not expose him to the insulting pity of the world. Preserve, then, the religious silence which after many years I now break for the first time.

At length he recovered his property, but never his health; and thinking I was doing him a service by keeping him at a distance from me, I constantly refused to receive either his letters or his visits.

Two years and a half elapsed between this period and that of his death. He sent to beg me to see him once more in his last moments, but I thought it necessary not to comply with his wish. He died, having with him only his domestics, and an old lady, his sole companion for a long time. He lodged at that time on the Rempart, near the Chaussée d'Antin; I resided in the Rue de Bussy, near the Abbaye St. Germain. My mother lived with me; and that night we had a little party to supper. We were very gay, and I was singing a lively air, when the clock struck eleven, and the sound was succeeded by a long and piercing cry of unearthly horror. The company looked aghast; I fainted, and remained for a quarter of an hour totally insensible. We then began to reason about the nature of so frightful a sound, and it was agreed to set a watch in the street in case it were repeated.

It was repeated very often. All our servants, my friends, my neighbours, even the police, heard the same cry, always at the same hour, always proceeding from under my windows, and appearing to come from the empty air. I could not doubt that it was meant entirely for me. I rarely supped abroad; but the nights I did so, nothing was heard; and several times, when I came home, and was asking my mother and servants if they had heard anything, it suddenly burst

forth, as if in the midst of us. One night, the President de B——, at whose house I had supped, desired to see me safe home. While he was bidding me "good night" at my door, the cry broke out seemingly from something between him and me. He, like all Paris, was aware of the story; but he was so horrified, that his servants lifted him into his carriage more dead than alive.

Another time, I asked my comrade Rosely to accompany me to the Rue St. Honoré, to choose some stuffs, and then to pay a visit to Mademoiselle de St. P——, who lived near the Porte Saint-Denis. My ghost story (as it was called) was the subject of our whole conversation. This intelligent young man was struck by my adventure, though he did not believe there was anything supernatural in it. He pressed me to evoke the phantom, promising to believe if it answered my call. With weak audacity I complied, and suddenly the cry was heard three times with fearful loudness and rapidity. When we arrived at our friend's door both of us were found senseless in the carriage.

After this scene, I remained for some months without hearing anything. I thought it was all over; but I was mistaken.

All the public performances had been transferred to Versailles on account of the marriage of the Dauphin. We were to pass three days there, but sufficient lodgings were not provided for us. Madame Grandval had no apartment; and I offered to share with her the room with two beds which had been assigned to me in the avenue of St. Cloud. I gave her one of the beds and took the other. While my maid was undressing to lie down beside me, I said to her, "We are at the world's end here, and it is dreadful weather; the cry would be somewhat puzzled to get at us." In a moment it rang through the room. Madame Grandval ran in her night-dress from top to bottom of the house, in which nobody closed an eye for the rest of the night. This, however, was the last time the cry was heard.

Seven or eight days afterwards, while I was chatting with my usual evening circle, the sound of the clock striking eleven was followed by the report of a gun fired at one of the windows. We all heard the noise, we all saw the fire, yet the window was undamaged. We concluded that some one sought my life, and that it was necessary to take precautions against another attempt. The Intendant des Menus Plaisirs, who was present, flew to the house of his friend, M. de Marville, the Lieutenant of Police. The houses opposite mine were instantly searched, and for several days were guarded from top to bottom. My house was closely examined; the street was filled with spies in all possible disguises. But, notwithstanding all this vigilance, the same explosion was heard and seen for three whole months always at the same hour, and at the same window-pane, without any one being able to discover from whence it proceeded.

This fact stands recorded in the registers of the police.

‘Nothing was heard for some days ; but, having been invited by Mademoiselle Dummesnil* to join a little evening party at her house near the *Barrière blanche*, I got into a hackney-coach at eleven o’clock with my maid. It was clear moonlight as we passed along the Boulevards, which were then beginning to be studded with houses. While we were looking at the half-finished buildings, my maid said, “Was it not in this neighbourhood that M. de S—— died ?” “From what I have heard,” I answered, “I think it should be there”—pointing with my finger to a house before us. From that house came the same gunshot that I had heard before. It seemed to traverse our carriage, and the coachman set off at full speed, thinking we were attacked by robbers. We arrived at Mademoiselle Dummesnil’s in a state of the utmost terror ; a feeling I did not get rid of for a long time.’

[Mademoiselle Clairon gives some further details similar to the above, and adds that the noises finally ceased in about two years and a half. After this, intending to change her residence, she put up a bill on the house she was leaving ; and many people made the pretext of looking at the apartments an excuse for gratifying their curiosity to see, in her every-day guise, the great tragedian of the *Théâtre Français*.]

‘One day I was told that an old lady desired to see my rooms. Having always had a great respect for the aged, I went down to receive her. An unaccountable emotion seized me on seeing her, and I perceived that she was moved in a similar manner. I begged her to sit down, and we were both silent for some time. At length she spoke, and, after some preparation, came to the subject of her visit.

“I was, mademoiselle, the best friend of M. de S——, and the only friend whom he would see during the last year of his life. We spoke of you incessantly ; I urging him to forget you,—he protesting that he would love you beyond the tomb. Your eyes which are full of tears allow me to ask you why you made him so wretched ; and how, with such a mind and such feelings as yours, you could refuse him the consolation of once more seeing and speaking to you ?”

“We cannot,” I answered, “command our sentiments. M. de S—— had merit and estimable qualities ; but his gloomy, bitter, and overbearing temper made me equally afraid of his company, his friendship, and his love. To make him happy, I must have renounced all intercourse with society, and even the exercise of my talents. I was poor and proud ; I desire, and hope I shall ever desire, to owe nothing to any one but myself. My friendship for him prompted me to use every endeavour to lead him to more just and reasonable sentiments : failing in this, and persuaded

that his obstinacy proceeded less from the excess of his passion than from the violence of his character, I took the firm resolution to separate from him entirely. I refused to see him in his last moments, because the sight would have rent my heart ; because I feared to appear too barbarous if I remained inflexible, and to make myself wretched if I yielded. Such, madame, are the motives of my conduct,—motives for which, I think, no one can blame me.”

“It would indeed,” said the lady, “be unjust to condemn you. My poor friend himself in his reasonable moments acknowledged all that he owed you. But his passion and his malady overcame him, and your refusal to see him hastened his last moments. He was counting the minutes, when at half-past ten, his servant came to tell him that decidedly you would not come. After a moment’s silence, he took me by the hand with a frightful expression of despair. ‘Barbarous woman !’ he cried ; ‘but she will gain nothing by her cruelty. As I have followed her in life, I shall follow her in death !’ I endeavoured to calm him ;—he was dead.”

‘I need scarcely tell you, my dear friend, what effect these last words had upon me. Their analogy to all my apparitions filled me with terror, but time and reflection calmed my feelings. The consideration that I was neither the better nor the worse for all that had happened to me, have led me to ascribe it all to chance. I do not, indeed, know what chance is ; but it cannot be denied that the something which goes by that name has a great influence on all that passes in the world.

‘Such is my story ; do with it what you will. If you intend to make it public, I beg you to suppress the initial letter of the name, and the name of the province.’

This last injunction was not, as we see, strictly complied with ; but, at the distance of half a century, the suppression of a name was probably of little consequence.

There is no reason to doubt the entire truth of Mademoiselle Clairon’s narrative. The incidents which she relates made such a deep and enduring impression on her mind, that it remained uneffaced during the whole course of her brilliant career, and, almost at the close of a long life spent in the bustle and business of the world, inspired her with solemn and religious thoughts. Those incidents can scarcely be ascribed to delusions of her imagination ; for she had a strong and cultivated mind, not likely to be influenced by superstitious credulity ; and besides, the mysterious sounds were heard by others as well as herself, and had become the subject of general conversation in Paris. The suspicion of a trick or conspiracy never seems to have occurred to her, though such a supposition is the only way in which the circumstances can be explained ; and we are convinced that this explanation, though not quite

* The celebrated tragedian.

satisfactory in every particular, is the real one. Several portentous occurrences, equally or more marvellous, have thus been accounted for.

Our readers remember the history of the Commissioners of the Roundhead Parliament for the sequestration of the royal domains, who were terrified to death, and at last fairly driven out of the Palace of Woodstock, by a series of diabolical sounds and sights, which were long afterwards discovered to be the work of one of their own servants, Joe Tomkins by name, a loyalist in the disguise of a puritan. The famous 'Cock-lane Ghost,' which kept the town in agitation for months, and baffled the penetration of multitudes of the divines, philosophers, and literati of the day, was a young girl of some eleven or twelve years old, whose mysterious knockings were produced by such simple means, that their remaining so long undetected is the most marvellous part of the story. This child was the agent of a conspiracy formed by her father, with some confederates, to ruin the reputation of a gentleman by means of pretended revelations from the dead. For this conspiracy these persons were tried, and the father, the most guilty party, underwent the punishment of the pillory.

A more recent story is that of the 'Stockwell Ghost,' which forms the subject of a volume published in 1772, and is shortly told by Mr. Hone in the first volume of his 'Every Day Book.' Mrs. Golding, an elderly lady residing at Stockwell, in Surrey, had her house disturbed by portents, which not only terrified her and her family, but spread alarm through the vicinity. Strange noises were heard proceeding from empty parts of the house, and heavy articles of furniture, glass and earthenware, were thrown down and broken in pieces before the eyes of the family and neighbours. Mrs. Golding, driven by terror from her own dwelling, took refuge, first in one neighbouring house, and then in another, and thither the prodigies followed her. It was observed that her maid-servant, Ann Robinson, was always present when these things took place, either in Mrs. Golding's own house, or in those of the neighbours. This girl, who had lived only about a week with her mistress, became the subject of mistrust and was dismissed, after which the disturbances entirely ceased. But the matter rested on mere suspicion. 'Scarcely any one,' says Mr. Hone, 'who lived at that time listened patiently to the presumption, or without attributing the whole to witchcraft.' At length Mr. Hone himself obtained a solution of the mystery from a gentleman who had become acquainted with Ann Robinson many years after the affair happened, and to whom she had confessed that she alone had produced all these supernatural horrors, by fixing wires or horse-hairs to different articles, according as they were heavy or light, and thus throwing them down, with other devices equally simple, which the terror and confusion

of the spectators prevented them from detecting. The girl began these tricks to forward some love affair, and continued them for amusement when she saw the effect they produced.

Remembering these cases, we can have little doubt that Mademoiselle Clairon's maid was the author of the noises which threw her mistress and her friends into such consternation. Her own house was generally the place where these things happened; and on the most remarkable occasions where they happened elsewhere, it is expressly mentioned that the maid was present. At St. Cloud it was to the maid, who was her bed-fellow, that Clairon was congratulating herself on being out of the way of the cry, when it suddenly was heard in the very room. She had her maid in the carriage with her on the Boulevards, and it was immediately after the girl had asked her a question about the death of M. de S—— that the gun-shot was heard, which seemed to traverse the carriage. Had the maid a confederate—perhaps her fellow-servant on the box—to whom she might have given the signal? When Mademoiselle Clairon went a-shopping to the Rue St. Honoré, she probably had her maid with her, either in or outside the carriage; and, indeed, in every instance the noises took place when the maid would most probably have been present, or close at hand. In regard to the unearthly cry, she might easily have produced it herself without any great skill in ventriloquism, or the art of imitating sounds; a supposition which is rendered the more probable, as its realisation was rendered the more easy, by the fact of no words having been uttered—merely a wild cry. Most of the common itinerant ventriloquists on our public race-courses can utter speeches for an imaginary person without any perceptible motion of the lips; the utterance of a mere sound in this way would be infinitely less difficult.

The noises resembling the report of fire-arms (very likely to have been unconsciously, and in perfect good faith, exaggerated by the terror of the hearers) may have been produced by a confederate fellow-servant, or a lover. It is to be observed, that the first time this seeming report was heard, the houses opposite were guarded by the police, and spies were placed in the street, but Mademoiselle Clairon's own house was merely 'examined.' It is evident that these precautions, however effectual against a plot conducted from without, could have no effect whatever against tricks played within her house by one or more of her own servants.

As to the maid-servant's motives for engaging in this series of deceptions, many may have existed and been sufficiently strong; the lightest, which we shall state last, would probably be the strongest. She may have been in communication with M. de S——'s relations for some hidden purpose which

never was effected. How far this circumstance may be connected with the date of the first portent, the very night of the young man's death, or whether that coincidence was simply accidental, is matter for conjecture. The old lady, his relative, who afterwards visited Clairon, and told her a tale calculated to fill her with superstitious dread, *may* herself have been the maid-servant's employer for some similar purpose; or (which is at least equally probable) the tale may have had nothing whatever to do with the sound, and may have been perfectly true. But all experience in such cases assures us that the love of mischief, or the love of power, and the desire of being important, would be sufficient motives to the maid for such a deception. The more frightened Clairon was, the more necessary and valuable her maid became to her, naturally. A thousand instances of long-continued deception on the part of young women, begun in mere folly, and continued for the reasons just mentioned, though continued at an immense cost of trouble, resolution, and self-denial in all other respects, are familiar to most readers of strange transactions, medical and otherwise. There seem to be strong grounds for the conclusion that the maid was the principal, if not the sole agent in this otherwise supernatural part of this remarkable story.

THE WAYSIDE WELL.

O! THE pretty wayside well,
Wreathed about with roses,
Where, beguiled with soothing spell,
Weary foot reposes.

With a welcome fresh and green,
Wave thy border grasses,
By the dusty traveller seen,
Sighing as he passes.

Treads the drover on thy sward,
Comes the beggar to thee,
Free as gentleman or lord
From his steed to woo thee.

Thou from parching lip dost earn
Many a murmured blessing;
And enjoyest in thy turn
Innocent caressing.

Fair the greeting face ascends,
Like a maid daughter,
When the peasant lassie bends
To thy trembling water.

When she leans upon her pail,
Glancing o'er the meadow,—
Sweet shall fall the whispered tale,
Soft the double shadow!

Mortals love thy crystal cup;
Nature seems to pet thee,—
Seething Summer's fiery lip
Hath no power to fret thee.

Coolly sheltered, hid from smirch,
In thy cavelet shady,
O'er thee in a silver birch
Stoops a forest lady.

To thy glass the Star of Eve
Shyly dares to bend her;
Matron Moon thy depths receive,
Globed in mellow splendour.

—Bounteous Spring! for ever own
Undisturbed thy station,—
Not to thirsty lips alone
Serving mild donation.

Never come the newt or frog,
Pebble thrown in malice,
Mud, or withered leaves, to clog
Or defile thy chalice;

Heaven be still within thy ken,
Through the veil thou wearest,—
Glimpsing clearest, as with men,
When the boughs are barest!

A BUNDLE OF EMIGRANTS' LETTERS.

A SCHEME has been propounded by MRS. CHISHOLM, a lady to whose great exertions in reference to the emigration of the poor, especially of her own sex, the public is much indebted,—for the establishment of what it is proposed to call 'A Family Colonisation Loan Society.'

The design is based, in the main, upon three positions. First 'that it is melancholy to reflect that thousands of British subjects should wander about, more like spectres than beings of flesh and blood; and that hundreds should die from starvation, while our vast colonies could provide abundantly for them.' Secondly, 'that in England a society is much needed, the great moral aim of which should be to check crime, by protecting and encouraging virtue.' Thirdly, 'that the zealous endeavours of the charitable, *combined with the industrious and frugal efforts of the working classes themselves,*' could accomplish great ends in the way of emigration.

For these leading considerations, it is proposed that the projected society should assist persons desiring to emigrate, by loans of money for two years or longer without interest. That these loans should be made to friendly parties or groups of approved individuals, acquainted with the character of each other, and becoming jointly and severally responsible for the loans made to them. That agents should be appointed in different parts of Australia, to maintain a general knowledge of the emigrants so assisted, and a general communication with them; and that the advances should always bear a certain proportion to the amount of the funds raised by the emigrants themselves, or by their friends in the Colonies, at the time of their making application for assistance to quit this country.

The re-uniting of various members of one family when some have emigrated, while others have been left at home; and the removal of the difficulty too often found in raising sufficient funds to effect this re-union, is one important object of Mrs. Chisholm's

scheme. And it must not be forgotten that money lent and repaid, would be lent again and again; and thus the good effected by one small sum would become quite incalculable.

It is admitted in the published letter setting forth the design, that the friends and well-wishers of the society can hardly expect the full confidence of the public at its commencement; the great moral problem being yet to be solved; whether the various grades of our working classes can be trusted, or whether, with all our religious, moral, social, and commercial advantages, we are rearing rogues or honest men; at the same time it is understood on the authority of the projectress, that in numerous cases where private advances have been made with similar objects, the rule has been gratitude and honesty—not ingratitude and dishonesty; and that her personal experience on this point, under many disadvantageous circumstances, is powerfully encouraging.

There may be difficulties in the details of such a plan; and it is possible that many persons who would retain an honourable sense of an obligation to an individual, would subside into a more lax morality, if the obligation were to a Board. The observation is trite enough, that a number of individuals united in an association will do, without any scruple, in the name of the society, what each of them would deem unworthy of his own character; but there are two sides to this question, and it is equally certain that many persons will take advantage of an associated body, if they can, who would hesitate to cheat any single member of it.

Reserving such questions, there can be little doubt, we apprehend, of the soundness of the three positions we have briefly stated. It is unquestionably melancholy that thousands upon thousands of people, ready and willing to labour, should be wearing away life hopelessly in this island, while within a few months' sail—within a few weeks' when steam communication with Australia shall be established—there are vast tracts of country where no man who is willing to work hard (but that he must be, or he had best not go there), can ever know want. That we have come to an absurd pass, in our costly regard for those who have committed crime, and our neglect of those who have not, must be every day more manifest to rational men whose thoughts are not confined within the walls of prisons, but can take the air outside. Nor is it to be contested—either that where it is possible for the poor, by great self-denial, to scrape together a portion of the means of going abroad, it is extremely important to encourage them to do so, in practical illustration of the wholesome precept that Heaven helps those who help themselves; or that they who do so help themselves, give a proof of their fitness for emigration, in one essential, and establish a strong claim on legitimate sympathy and benevolence, to do the rest.

Besides which, it appears to us that there are strong reasons in favour of this emigration

of groups of people. It is not only that colonial experience, acting on this side of the water, can wisely proportion the amount of strength and the amount of weakness in each group—the number of single people, the number of married people, the number of men, the number of women, and the number of children—but it is, that from little communities thus established, other and larger communities will rise in time, bound together in a love of the old country still fondly spoken of as Home, in the remembrance of many old struggles shared together, of many new ties formed since, and in the salutary influence and restraint of a kind of social opinion, even amid the wild solitudes of Australia.

These remarks have originated in the circumstance of our having on our desk certain letters from emigrants in Australia, written to relatives and friends here—to serve no purpose, to support no theory, but simply to relate how they are doing, and what they know about the country, and to express their desire to have their dearest relatives and friends about them. As the truth, whatever it may be, on such a subject, cannot be, we think, too plainly stated or too widely diffused in this country, we consider ourselves fortunate in the possession of these documents. We are responsible, of course, for their being genuine, and we write with the originals before us. The passages we shall give are accurately copied, with no correction, and with no omission, but that of names when they occur.

The first is from a man in Sydney, who writes to his brother. He 'would like to come to England for one day and no more to see the Railways and the baptist chappel.'

If you can emigrate out i shall be able to provide for you Send me word in your next what progress you are making toward finding your way out here do not stop there to staarve for as bad as Sydney is no one that is willing to work need want i am beginning to think of expecting some or all of you out i have told you what i can do and look to God and he will do the rest for you dear brothere send answer to this as soon as Possible that is if you can understand it but it is wrote so bad i think it will take some time to make it out.

The next is from a man at Melbourne writing to his wife:

My Dear and most beloved Wife this is the 7th letters I have written and sincerely hope this may find you and my dear children in good health likewise all my friends and acquaintances but I have not yet received one from you excepting the one Mr W brought I am realy very anxious about you particularly as I hear such bad accounts from homo you are in my thoughts day and night Oh that I could see you here then you would spend the happiest days you have ever yet spent there is not the care and trouble on your mind here as there is at home but God knows I have my share of it about you but I persevere for your benefit. My dear wife do keep up your spirits and come as soon as you can you will not have to study wich is the cheapest way to get a meal here you can judge for

yourself when I tell you that the best flour is only 20 shillings the sack and such quality that you cannot buy in England the bread is the best bread I ever eat in my life and the meat very fine and no price at all for instance I saw a man on Saturday night last buy a very fine round of beef and a fine leg of mutton for 2 shillings and for all that Butchers is a very good trade here there are several Establishments called the boiling down houses where they boil down Bullocks and sheep for the fat only and one house alone will boil down 800 and sometimes a 1000 in one day this may seem almost incredible to you but it is a fact and the beast must be of the best quality sheeps heads and plucks you can have by wheel barrows full for fetching away for people never think of eating such stuff as they call it ox tails you can have for fetching away but you must skin them yourself so much for meat. Tea is 1s 6d lb but it can be bought for 1s by the chest Coffee is 9d lb wich can be bought for 5d but you must roast yourself or send it to the roasters but you can do it at home very well for every body has what is called a lamp oven here which costs about 7 or 8 shilling and you can bake your bread or your dinners at your own fireplace Potatoes are rather dear they are 1d lb but they are butifully fine onions the same price Cabbages 1½ and 2d each fresh butter 1s 6d lb and salt do 1s 2d lb Mushrooms grow very plentiful you may go and get a bushell some time before breakfast I have taken a deal of notice in the people here they do not study economy as they ought if you where here we could save money fast I am determined to buy a peice of ground shortly and I intend joining the building society but I dont know what to do untill I heare from you I am daily expecting a letter from you I know I could not have had one much sooner for I recon upon ten months to get an answer. I am still living in the little cottage and I have worked very hard lately I dare say you will be suprised when I tell you that I have been at work as a joiner the last 3 months and I have made 3 Chests of drawers at home in my over time since for a Master Cabinet Maker I expect a winters work at the carpentering as there are a great many Buildings going on here I am happy to say that I enjoy most excellent health indeed it would be a sin to wish for a better state of health I never have had the slightest cough since I came here I have had a slight touch of my old Complaut in the legs but I have got a presription which cures it directly the Chemist that made it up told me that my stomach must be like iron and my Constitution as strong as a horse to take it the doctor told me to wear flanell drawers so I got 2 pair and since then I never have it. Rents are rising rapidly here you cant get a cottage with 2 rooms under 7 or 8 shillings a week they have rose my rent to 5s I almost forgot to say that I shall have 10s monthly to pay in the Building Society and 10s entrance it began in january so I shall have the back money to pay and it is expected that it will run out in six years and then you will get 120 pounds out if you let it lay the whole time there is two of them and they are going on flourishing. I have been at work at the builders now 11 weeks and have not lost an hour till last week and then I only lost a quarter which was 1s 6d but I got 10s profit for I had an infant to bury. I made the coffin after I done work that is the first funeral I have been to they never keep a corpse more than 2 days. I

have been thinking a great deal about Alfred wether his master will give him his time out to come with you Tell my dear sarah that I have got a beautiful parrot for her I tried hard to rear some to send home to jane and one for poor C. but they died I think of Mr and Mrs C. and fameley very often I wish he was here to have a glass of ale and a pipe with him but he must not expect a long pipe here for they smoke nothing but short pipes about 6 inches long and the blacker they are the better they like them and you have to give ¼ each for them give my best respects to him I shall always be glad to hear of his welfare I do hope it will be in my power to reward him for his kindness before long and to Mrs C. and fameley give my love to my brothers and sisters with one exception tell master he would do well here it is an excelent business here indeed one of the best give my love to my dear children. Oh that the day may not be far distant when my happiness may be more Complete by seeing them and you on the happy shore in the *Province of Victoria* this is the new name given by the Queen for Port Phillip. My dear as soon as I get a letter from you letting me know that you are coming then I shall begin to make up things for my selfe but untill then I am unsettled which way to act for I have saved a few pounds wich will be very much wanted to lay out and I have bought myself several things since I have been here that I could not do without, I have been very carefull and am almost a Teetotaler I very seldom drink anything but I will live well and I feel the benefit of it in my strength for I have lately often worked from 4 in the morning till 11 at night and dont feel half so tired as I used with half a days work but sometimes I am almost couppelled to go and get a pint of beer for the sake of company as I am at home by my selfe and no one to speak to. I get very dull there is no notice taken of Easter here. I worked all day on Good friday and Easter monday the Melbourn races are thought the most of it lasts 3 days but I worked all the time and did not go to see them I cant enjoy pleasure untill you come to share it with me.

This poor fellow seems to be possessed of an appetite which must have been very inconvenient to him at home. This is his account of a light supper he had one night :

I almost forgot to say that I wanted something for my supper saturday night so I went to the butchers to get some chops and I had a pound and half of the loin 2d fine sheep hearts and a sheep kidney and how much do you think they was why only 4d the lot a fine bullocks kidney is only 2 and a very fine shin of beef 4d or 6d what will the London butcher say to this. Poultry is rather dear but it is about the same price as at home.

Finding himself not quite well, and perhaps a little affected in his digestion by the trifling meal just described, he put himself on short commons as follows :

Yesterday being sunday I took some medecin so I got 4lbs ½ of the neck of mutton and made myselfe some nice broth and some suet dumplings the meat only cost me 4d½ I think my dear I have stated facts wich ought to cheer you up and you must consider that the sun has been clouded from

us a long time but thank God that cloud I hope is being removed and our sunny day are yet to come. I have no doubt about it I can assure you I have not the slightest wish to see England again I dont know wether I told you that all sorts of clothing is much about the same here as home there is some very fine linen drapers shops here there is one thing that is very dear here and that is artificial flowers the comonest is a shilling a sprig flannel is 18 a yard the ladies dress very fashionable here My dear as I have nothing more to say at present I must conclude with hoping you will keep up your spirits and that you may have a pleasant and prosperous Voyage wich there is no fear of for it is considered the best voyage out of london. I shall write directly I receive your letter which I am sure will not be long.

A gentleman, who has been ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England, writes thus of Sydney at present :

Sydney is at present crowded with *respectable* young men,—Bankers and merchants' clerks, artists and such kind of people, are not wanted at all, so that many of them having but small means are quite in despair. They are almost useless to the settlers and people in the Bush and can find no occupation in town and are therefore liable to every temptation. I hope you will exert all your influence in preventing such people from coming out here, unless they come prepared to go into the Bush as shepherds, &c.

A vast number of the orphans who have come out here have turned out ill in consequence of the bad training at home. They fancy they are young ladies and that they ought to sit and knit or just take a walk on the race course or in the domain, with children. They have not the slightest idea of industry, nor do they understand what household work is. All this they should be practically taught in the old country, and it would save much disappointment and misery when they arrive here.

A poor woman at Sydney, re-united to her children, writes,—

Dear Friend,

Your kind note of Dec. 4th I have received informing me that you had obtained passage to this port for my children. They safely arrived by the Castle Eden all in good health. They however left their box of clothes behind at Plymouth and I have not as yet been able to get any account of it. It appears to be lost, but as they arrived safe I do not care to trouble any one to enquire for this. The oldest girl got married about five months since to a respectable young man a tradesman, a pretty good match—the next boy is apprenticed six months ago to the wheelwright business and the next boy is four months apprenticed to a boot and shoemaker—the other the little one I have myself. My own health is pretty good, and although times are rather dull just now yet I hope that I shall find enough to do to keep along with. Many ships have arrived here with emigrants and this for a time causes rather more to be looking for situations than there are situations to be filled, but most of them go into the country.

An orphan girl at Bathurst, to whom the Emigration Company granted a free passage,

writes thence to a lady in Ireland, 'If in case any emigrants were coming to Sydney, to send me my little sisters which I left at home.' Another sighs from 'Patrick's Plains, New South Wales,' for another sister. In these cases, and in that of the wife of the good fellow with the appetite, it seems to us that a society on the proposed plan would do great service, and run little risk. Also in such an instance as the following :

Melbourne, Port Phillip

My Dear Brother and Sister

I now take this opportunity of writing a more lengthened letter than my last which I wrote in haste in which I Enclosed a Draft for the sum of twenty five pounds £25 payable to you on the Bank of Australasia in Austin Friars London thirty days after sight, which I hope you will get Safe. I also send by this ship's Mail another Draft for the same money only to Ensure the money safe in case one ship might get lost on the passage to London and one Draft I Keep myself. I hope as soon as you receive my letter that you will not make any Delay but write to me Immediately and I hope and trust you will send me a long letter for nothing will give me more pleasure than to hear a little about you all not Omitting one of you who wrote to me for £30 but £25 is all I can spare for the present. I have been perfectly aware of the state of England Ever Since I left or I should have been among you many years since but now I have banished all thoughts from my mind of ever seeing England, the way to Say it is don't want, for ever since I have been here I have not seen anybody in want but at the present time wages is not quite so good as they were when I wrote to you first that is in Consequence of the late Influx of Emigration of late, you say you have not left a stone unturned to try to get to me the reason is you dont understand farming nor sheep, I am sorry poor mother has met with the accident of which you Say poor Creature Mother must by this time be quite Infirm, and I am happy to hear my sister marys Child I will now say a man Thomas is quite well I suppose he cannot recollect me 20 years since I saw him, I have often thought of him when he first Called me uncle, If I am not mistaken you are the only one who had written anything to me about him I was very fond of him and my Kind love to him and I hope he has the use of his feet. I was not aware of you being married you never stated how long you had been so whether girls or boys what age, now this is unkind of you was it my case I should have told you all particulars with their age and Everything, assist poor Mother all you Can for what kindness I have received from her now think of that. It appears to me that you are all in a thriving way you four Children and your Sister Eight, as I stated in my last letter here I am Tom nobody but myself but you must Endeavour to Increase your family to the same number. I suppose your wife will laugh at me making so bold to Say so but she must forgive me and she must Say so in your next Letter to me my kind love to her and your Children and I hope I shall have that happiness of seeing you all with me before this time 12 months. I will try to make you all as comfortable as my circumstances will admit please the Almighty to spare me but I have my troubles in another way to yours. I be-

lieve I told you I had separated from my wife some years since In Consequence of her taking to Drink but she followed me over to port phillip of late since you recd my letter. I gave her another trial and I expended about £20 but all to no purpose therefore I have left her about four months since she has kept me back considerably in pocket but still I Care not, so long as the almighty spares my health how happy I should be if you was with me, but please God in the meanwhile I will Endeavour to purchase about an Acre of Land on some of the Townships so that it will at all times be your Own and a home as long as you live but at the present time I hold a Ticket for which I gave five Guineas for landed property to be drawn in a Lottery in the port phillip District at present belonging to the Bank of Australasia when you take your Draft for the £25 which I remit to you ask any of the proprietors of the Bank and no Doubt they will Explain all to you about the Drawing for they are all prizes from 640 acres of land in a prize to $\frac{1}{2}$ an acre as also Dwelling houses. should I be fortunate to get a grand Drawing it shall be all for the sole benefit of you and yours I do certainly expect things will get rather worse that is as far as regards wages, but at the present time when all things is considered now being the middle of winter the slackest time of year but still should it be as I anticipe, then it will be Ten times better than England as you Say you can scarcely keep the wolf from the Door but here you can for you Can and we do buy a sheep at a time from 4s 6d to 6s each oftentimes a milking cow from £1,0,0, to thirty shillings sometimes less a Sack of flour of 200 weight of the best quality for one pound sugar 2d $\frac{1}{2}$ per lb 1s 6d per lb for Tea Everything will seem Quite strange if you come I must Initiate you in our colonial ways you will not be like many who arrives here strangers that know no one. I hope should you come you will bring as many newspapers as you can as also books should you have any for I am very fond of reading should you Engage with the Emigration agents to come Out you will Immediately post a letter in London to me stating the name of the Ship you will be likely to arrive in so that on her Arrival in port phillip I will come on board for you as also on your arrival here you will send a letter Directly from the Ship to me by the post as probably by that means I may get one Safe for where the Shipping Come to anchor is nine miles from Melbourne Just off williams Town. I sent you the first Draft for the £25 by mail that went to London in the ship General Palmer as I am to send by two separate Ships on the receipt of any of my letters you will write to me Immediately you will if you possibly can to bring some recommendations they may be a service to you att all Events they will do you no harm should it cause you any trouble never mind. I suppose I told you in my last Letter of my cousin Williams Death some years since the Bank here charged me £1,0,0 to send you the £25 Mr C. or Mrs C. will no Doubt put you in the way to come to me as I have remitted all I Can spare, had I have recd your letter one Month Earlier I would have sent you £40 they say farm labourers is all they want here I Say no I Consider that my Judgment and Experience of 20 years will allow me to say something on that head for I have seen persons and that many who arrived from London I can safely Say never knew what a plough was

meant for untill they came to these Colonies they have made far better farm servants in all its Branches than people from the rural Districts of England who had been brought up to a farm from their Infancy and that in the space of a Couple of years in fact the Londoners is Considered the best working men in the Colonies upon an average they so soon pick anything up and they are I may say the majority of them are the hardest working men such as Bush carpententers splitters and fencers. I stated in one of my letters some years Since to Mother about me being Deaf but I am happy to say that I am now but very slightly and that in my right hear first through a Cold but this last four Months I have been at times been slightly troubled with spitting blood and palpitation of the Heart but I am under a Course of Medicine and getting bether I expect all through a cold that I Caught, Medicine and Doctor's Charges are very Dear here all has to be paid for. I also Enclose to you the second Draft for the £25 in this Letter as also a memorandum of the present rate of wages for working people as you must expect there has been a great reduction since you received my first letter the Consequence of so many arriving of late from England but still if you was here it would not Interfere materially with you while I am alive please God to see that you and yours would be more comfortobly situated than many who Arrives entire strangers to this province.

The writer of the next, sent out as a labouring man, and then very poor, now holds an influential position at Sydney. The reader will smile at his description of 'mean and unmanly occupations :'

In Sydney times are rather dull at present—various causes have given rise to this; the disturbed state of Europe has sensibly affected commerce. The Gold hunting Mania of Chalarina has put to flight many small capitalists, who will ultimately return if permitted by the daring freebooters of that Country. The steady stream of immigration pouring into Sydney has brought down to a fair standard the exorbitant wages given to female Servants. For this the Public are mainly indebted to you. It would be well if possible to advise all persons before leaving home, not upon any account to hang about the purlieus of Sydney, or the other Towns of the Interior for a dislike is generally acquired in those places for a bush life. It is deplorable to see the Number of able bodied men who eke out a miserable subsistence in Sydney in mean and unmanly occupations, such as hawking through the Public Street fish, fruit, vegetables, pies all hot—and various other things as equally disreputable, whilst they could if they possessed a spark of Manliness or common euergy of mind obtain respectable employment in the interior, but their Weak and fantastic minds conjure up a thousand Hobgoblins in the Shape of Blacks, Snakes, flying foxes, Squirrels, Mad Bulls, and other dreaded Animals, as equally ridiculous. A man coming to New South Wales 16000 miles in search of a living and remaining in Sydney after he lands, is like to an individual who digs all day long in search of some hidden treasure, who when he discovers it declines to take it up, because it would be too burtheinsome to take home.

The letter with which we shall conclude our extracts, is from a convict—the only one before us, from any member of that class.

New South Wales.

Dear Affectionate Wife and family

I with pleasure embrace this first Opportunity of addressing these few lines to you hoping by the blessing of God they will find you in the perfect enjoyment of Good Health as it leaves me at present thank God for it. I wrote you a letter to you while our stay at the Cape of Good Hope which I hoped you received. We abode there one week and we arrived at Port Jackson in Sydney on the 8th day of June after a fine and pleasing voyage for 4 Callender Months wanting two days only. Nothing worth Mentioning happened all the Voyage. Only 2 of our unhappy Number was taken away from us by death. While lying in Sydney Harbour I engaged for one twelve Month and am now for the present time situated up in the country, in not so quite a comfortable position as I should wish but I must bear it for a short time, and as conveniences will allow I shall be in Sydney to work. Dear Wife You can come out to Me as soon as it pleases you and also my Sister and I will provide for you a comfortable Situation and Home as a good one as ever lies in my power, And When you come or send You must come to My Masters House at Sydney. He is a rich a Gentleman known by every one in this colony, and you must come out as emigrants, and when you come ask for me as an emigrant and never use the word Convict or the ship Hashemy on your Voyage never let it be once named among you, let no one know your business but your own selves, and When you Land come to my Masters a enquire for me and thats quite sufficient. Dear Wife do not you cumber yourself with no more luggage than is necessary for they are of no use out here you can bring your bed and bedclothes and sufficient clothes for yourself and family. You can buy for yourself a tin hook pot to hang on before the fire in the Gally to boil tea at times when it is required. And a few Oranges and lemons for the Sea Sickness or any thing you please. Dear Wife this is a fine Country and a beautiful climate it is like a perpetual Summer, and I think it will prove congenial for your health, No wild beast nor anything of the Sort out here, fine beautiful birds and every thing seems to smile with pleasure Cockatoos as plentiful and common as crows in England Provisions of Every kind is very cheap you can buy Beef at 1d penny per lb flour 1½d per lb tea 2s per lb and Sugar at 2d per lb and other things as cheap. but this is every poor mans diet. Wages is not so very high out here not so much as they are in England. I have Nothing more to Say at Present more than this is just the country where we can end our days in peace and contentment when we meet. I send my kind love and best of wishes to you all and every one related to you and me, to your father and Mother. Sisters and Brothers, acquaintances and friends and to every one who may ask for me. I send my kind love to you all and especially to my wife and children.

Farwell.

These 'simple annals of the poor,' written for no eyes but those to which they were addressed, are surely very pleasant to read, and very affecting. We earnestly commend to all

who may peruse them, the remembrance of these affectionate longings of the heart, and the consideration of the question whether money would not be well lent or even spent in re-uniting relatives and friends thus parted, and in sending a steady succession of people of all laborious classes (not of any one particular pursuit) from places where they are not wanted, and are miserable, to places where they are wanted, and can be happy and independent.

MILKING IN AUSTRALIA.—This is a very serious operation. First, say at four o'clock in the morning, you drive the cows into the stock-yard, where the calves have been penned up all the previous night, in a hutch in one corner. Then you have to commence a chase after the first cow, who, with a perversity common to Australian females, expects to be pursued two or three times round the yard, ankle deep in dust or mud, according to the season, with loud halloas and a thick stick. This done, she generally proceeds up to the *fail*, a kind of pillory, and permits her neck to be made fast. The cow safe in the fail, her near hind leg is stretched out to its full length, and tied to a convenient post with the universal cordage of Australia, a piece of green hide. At this stage, in ordinary cases, the milking commences; but it was one of the hobbies of Mr. Junsorew, a practice I have never seen followed in any other part of the colony, that the cow's tail should be held tight during the operation. This arduous duty I conscientiously performed for some weeks, until it happened one day that a young heifer slipped her head out of an ill-fastened fail, upset milkman and milkpail, charged the Head Stockman, who was unloosing the calves, to the serious damage of a new pair of fustians, and ended, in spite of all my efforts, in clearing the top rail of the stock-yard, leaving me flat and flabbergasted at the foot of the fence.—*From 'Scenes in the Life of a Bushman.'* (Unpublished.)

METAL IN SEA-WATER.—The French savans, MM. Malaguti, Durocher, and Sarzeaud, announce that they have detected in the waters of the ocean the presence of copper, lead, and silver. The water examined appears to have been taken some leagues off the coast of St. Malo, and the fucoidal plants of that district are also found to contain silver. The *F. serratus* and the *F. cerasmoides* yielded ashes containing 1-100000th, while the water of the sea contained but little more than 1-100000000th. They state also that they find silver in sea-salt, in ordinary muriatic acid, and in the soda of commerce; and that they have examined the rock-salt of Lorraine, in which also they discover this metal. Beyond this, pursuing their researches on terrestrial plants, they have obtained such indications as leave no doubt of the existence of silver in vegetable tissues. Lead is said to be always found in the ashes of marine plants, usually about an 18-100000th part—and invariably a trace of copper. Should these results be confirmed by further examination, we shall have advanced considerably towards a knowledge of the phenomena of the formation of mineral veins.—*Athenæum.*

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh very very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there

was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But, there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the Home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader :

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said :

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader :

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago :

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

THE TRUE STORY OF A COAL FIRE. IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

ONE winter's evening, when the snow lay as thick as a great feather-bed all over the garden, and was knee-deep in the meadow-hollows, a family circle sat round a huge fire, piled up with blocks of coal of that magnitude and profusion which are only seen at houses in the neighbourhood of a coal-mine. It appeared as if a tram-waggon had been 'backed' into the room, and half its load of great loose coal shot out into the enormous aperture in the wall which lies below the chimney and behind the fire-place in these rural abodes. The red flames roared, and the ale went round.

The master of the house was not exactly a farmer, but one of those country personages who fill up the interval between the thorough farmer and the 'squire who farms his own estate,—a sort of leather-legged, nail-shoed old gentleman, whose elder sons might easily be mistaken for gamekeepers, and the younger for ploughboys, but who on Sundays took care to 'let us see the difference' at church. Their father was therefore never called Farmer Dalton, but old Mr. Dalton, and almost as frequently Billy-Pit Dalton—the coal mine in which he held a share being named the 'William Pitt.' His lands, however, were but a small matter; his chief property was a third share he had in this coal mine, which was some half a mile distant from the house. His eldest son was married, and lived close to the mine, of which he acted as the charter-master, or contractor with proprietors for the work to be done.

Among the family group that encircled the huge coal fire was one visitor,—a young man from London, the nephew of old Dalton. He had been sent down to this remote coal country by his father, in order to separate him from associates who dissipated his time, and from pursuits and habits that prevented his mind settling to any fixed occupation and course of life. Flashley was a young man of kindly feelings and good natural abilities, both of which, however, were in danger of being spoiled.

Various efforts were made from time to time to amuse the dashing young fellow 'from town.' Sometimes the old gentleman related the wonders of the coal-mines, and the perilous adventures of the miners; and on more than one occasion the curate of the village endeavoured to interest him in the grand history of the early world, and especially of the period of antediluvian forests, and their various transmutations. All in vain. He paid no attention to them. If anything they said made any impression at all, it was solely due to the subtle texture of the human mind, which continually receives much more than it seeks, or has wit enough to desire.

'You don't find the coal countries quite so bright and merry as London town, do ye,

Flashley?' said old Dalton, with a good-natured smile.

'I can't say I do, uncle,' answered the youth, frankly. 'As to merriment, that is all very well at the present moment, in front of that great family bonfire; but all the rest of the day—' and here Flashley laughed with easy impudence and no small fun; 'the house and garden are in a state of dingy mourning, so are all the roads, and lanes, and hedges,—in fact, the passage of lines of little black waggons to and fro, rumbling full of coals, or rattling by, empty, seems like the chief business of life, and the main purpose for which men came into the world.'

'And so they be!' ejaculated old Dalton, jocosely; 'so far as these parts are concerned. You know, Flashley, the world is made up of many parts, and this be the coal part. We be the men born to do the world's work of this sort; and we can't very handsomely pass all our time a-sitting before a shiny fire, and drinking ale,—though, that's good o' nights, after the work's done.'

With this laconic homily, old Billy-Pitt Dalton rose smiling from his chair, emptied his mug of ale, and, shaking the young man kindly by the hand, trudged off to bed. With much the same sort of smiling 'good night,' the sons all trudged after him. The good dame and her daughter went last. Flashley remained sitting alone in front of the great fire.

He sat in silence for a long time, watching the fire decline into great dark chasms, black holes, and rugged red precipices, with grim smouldering chaotic heaps below.

A word or two about this young man. Flashley Dalton had some education, which he fancied was quite enough, and was very ambitious without any definite object. His father had proposed several professions to him, but none of them suited him, chiefly because, to acquire eminence in any of them, so long a time was needed. Besides, none seemed adequate to satisfy his craving for distinction. He looked down rather contemptuously on all ordinary pursuits. The fact was, he ardently desired fame and fortune, but did not like to work for either. One of the greatest injuries his mind had sustained, was from a certain species of 'fast literature,' which the evil spirit of town-life has squirted into the brains of our young men during the last three or four years, whereby he had been taught and encouraged to laugh at everything of serious interest, and to seek to find something ridiculous in all ennobling efforts. If a great thing was done, he endeavoured to prove it a little one; if a profound truth was enunciated, he sought to make it out a lie; to him a new discovery in science was a humbug; a generous effort, a job. If he went to see an exhibition of pictures, it was to sneer at the most original designs; if to see a new tragedy, it was only in the hope of its being damned. If a new work of fiction were admirable, he talked spitefully of it, or with supercilious patronage;

and as to a noble poem, he scoffed at all such things with some slang joke at 'high art;' besides, he wrote himself, as many a young blade now attempts to do, instead of beginning with a little study and some decent reading. To Flashley all knowledge was a sort of absurdity; his own arrogant folly seemed so much better a thing. He therefore only read books that were like himself, and encouraged him to grow worse. The literature of indiscriminate and reckless ridicule and burlesque had taught him to have no faith in any sincere thing, no respect for true knowledge; and this had well-nigh destroyed all good in his mind and nature, as it unfortunately has done with too many others of his age at the present day.

After sitting silently in front of the fire for some half an hour, Flashley gradually fell into a sort of soliloquy, partaking in about equal degrees of the grumbling, the self-conceited, the humorous, and the drowsy.

'So, they're all snoring soundly by this time—all the clodpole Billy Pittites. Uncle's a fine old fellow. Very fond of *him*. As for all the rest!—Wonder why the mine was called the William Pitt? Because it is so black and deep, I suppose. Before *my* time. Who cares for him now, or for any of the by-gones! Why should we care for anybody who went before us? The past ones give place to the fast ones. That's *my* feather.'

'But a pretty mess I've made of my affairs in London! My father does not know of half my debts. Hardly know of half of them myself. Incontinent contractions. Tavern bills, sixty or seventy pounds—may be a hundred. Tailors? can't calculate. Saloons and night-larks, owing for—don't know how much, besides money paid. Money borrowed, eighty or ninety pounds. Books—forget—say sixpence. Like Falstaff's ha'pennyworth of bread to all that quantity of sack! Think I paid ready money for all the light reading, and young gent's books.'

The fire sank lower and lower, and so did the candles, one of which had just gone out, and began to send up a curdling stream of yellow smoke.

'What a place this is for coals. What a smutty face Nature wears! From the house upwards, all alike,—dull, dusky, and detestable. Pfeu! Smell of fried mutton fat! Now, then, old Coal-fire, hold up your head. I'm sleepy myself. This house is more like a harse than a dwelling-place for live stock. The roadway in front of the house is all of coal-dust; the front of the house is like a sweep's; it only wants the dangling sign of his "brush." The window-ledges have a constant layer of black dust over them; so has the top of the porch; so have the chimney-pieces inside the house, where all the little china cups and gimcracks have a round black circle of coal-dust at the bottom. There is always a dark scum over the water of the jug in my bedroom. How I detest this life among the coals! Where's the great need

of them? Why don't the stupid old world burn wood?'

The fire had by this time sunk to dull red embers and grey ashes, with large dark chasms around and behind. The shadows on the wall were faint, and shifting with the flickering of the last candle, now dying in the socket. Flashley's eyes were closed, and his arms folded, as he still continued to murmur to himself. Sooth to say, the ale had got into his head.

'Margery, the housemaid, has large black eyes, with dark rings of coal-grime round them. Her hair is also black—her cap like a mourning mop—and she has worn a black patch on one side of her nose since last Friday, when I gave her a handful from the coal-scuttle for comparing me to the lazy young dog that lay asleep before the fire. Margery Daw!—you shall slide down to the lower regions,—on an inclined plane, as the Useful Knowledge books would say.

'Ale is a good thing when it is strong; but a coal-mine is all nonsense. Still, they seem to make money by it, and *that's* some excuse—some reason for men wasting in work lives which ought to be passed in pleasure. Human time—human—I thought something touched my elbow.

'Human time should not be passed—why there it came again! I must be dreaming.

'Old Billy-Pitt Dalton understands brewing. But human time should not be passed in digging and groping, and diving and searching—whether to scrape up coals, or what folks call "knowledge." For the fuel of life burns out soon enough of itself, and, therefore, it should not be wasted over the baser material; because the former is all for one's self, while coal-fuel, and the search after it, is just working for other people. Something *did* touch my elbow! There's something astir in the room out in the darkness! It was standing at my side!'

Flashley made an effort to rise; but instead of doing so, he fell sideways over one arm of the chair, with his arms hanging down. Staring up helplessly from this position, he saw a heavy dwarfed figure with shining eyes, coming out of the darkness of the room! He could not distinguish its outline; but it was elf-like, black, and had a rough rocky skin. It had eyes that shot rays like great diamonds; and through its coal-black naked body, the whole of its veins were discernible, not running with blood, but filled with stagnant gold. Its step was noiseless, yet its weight seemed so immense, that the floor slowly bent beneath it; and, like ice before it breaks, the floor bent more and more as the figure came nearer.

At this alarming sight, Flashley struggled violently to rise. He did so; but instantly reeling half round, dropped into the chair, with his head falling over the back of it. At the same moment the ponderous Elf in took one step nearer; and the whole floor sank

slowly down, with a long-drawn moan, that ended in a rising and rushing wind, with which Flashley felt himself borne away through the air, fleetly than his fast-fleeing consciousness.

In the progress of generations and cycles—in that wealth and dispensation of Time ordained by HIM, before whose sight 'one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day'—mere grains of sand running through the glass that regulates the operations of never-ending work—the bodies of all living things, whether animal or vegetable, fulfil their destinies by undergoing a gradual transmutation into other bodies and things of the most opposite kind to their own original being. Original being, accurately to speak, there is none; but we must call that thing original to which some other thing is traced back as to its ultimate point, or starting place, and at which we are obliged to stop, not because it is the end, but because we can go no further; nevertheless, up to that antediluvian period, and during a great part of it, we are moving in the dusky yet demonstrable regions and tracts of substantial facts, and scientific knowledge.

Not daring to unclose his eyes, Flashley gradually returned to consciousness, and heard a voice speaking near to him, yet in tones that seemed like the echoes of some great cavern or deep mine.

'Man lives to-day,' said the voice—and the youth felt it was the black Elf in, with the diamond eyes and golden veins, that was speaking—'man lives to-day, not only for himself and those around him, but also that by his death and decay fresh grass may grow in the fields of future years,—and that sheep may feed, and give food and clothing for the continuous race of man. Even so the food of one generation becomes the stone of another. And the stone shall become a fuel—a poison—or a medicine. Awake, young man!—awake from the stupor of an ignorant and presumptuous youth—and look around you!'

The young man, with no little trepidation, opened his eyes. He found he was alone. The strange being that had just spoken was gone. He ventured to gaze on the scene that surrounded him.

The place in which he found himself seemed to partake, not in distinct proportions, but altogether, so far as this was possible, of a wild forest of strange and enormous trees—a chaotic jungle—a straggling woodland, and a dreary morass or swamp, intersected by a dark river, that appeared to creep towards the sea which embraced a part of the distant horizon with a leaden arm. The moist mound whereon he stood was covered with ferns of various kinds—the comb-fern, the wedge-fern, the tooth-fern, the nerve-fern—and of all sizes, rising from a crumpled crest bursting through the earth, to plants of a foot high, of several feet, and thence up to lofty trees of forty or fifty feet in height, with great stems and

branching crowns. The green-stemmed and many-pointed mare's-tail was also conspicuous in number and in magnitude; not merely of two or three feet high, as in the present period of the earth, but large green-jointed trees, shooting up their whisking spires to fourteen or fifteen feet. Thickly springing up in wild and threatening squadrons over the morass, they bent their heads in long rows after rows over the edge of the muddy river, with sullen, moveless, and interminable monotony. Here and there, enormous sombre shrubs oppressed the scene. The collective clumps resembled the inextricable junction of several of our thickest-foliaged trees, as though several oaks had agreed to unite their trunks, and make one—several beeches, the same—several poplars—several limes—though not one of them bearing likeness in trunk or foliage to oak, or beech, or poplar, or lime, or any known tree of present date.

Clumps also were there, of a rank undergrowth, out of which limp bare stems shot up to a great height, covered with a sickly white mealy powder, and terminating, for the most part, in coarse brown swollen heads, or gigantic black fingers, varied with dull red bosses at the tops of the great stems, broken cups, or red and grey forks and spikes,—a sort of monstrous club-moss and cup-moss, with lichens, coarse water-weeds, and water-grasses at the base.

Uncouth and terrible as were the forms to the young man's eyes, there were some things not without grace. Large trees, having their entire trunks and boughs elegantly fluted, bearing leaves at regular intervals on each fluting upwards and along every bough, rose up amidst the disordered vegetation. Where the leaves had fallen from the lower part of the trunk, marks were left, like seals, at regular intervals on the flutings.*

In many places, close to the trees just described, huge tortuous succulent roots † protruded from the ground, as if anxious to exchange their darkness and want of air for the light, and for the warm atmosphere, attracted by the strong gases with which it was impregnated.

Round the feet of the young man lay intertangled bunches and bundles of wood-weeds, river-weeds, and other weeds that seemed to partake equally of the river and the sea; long rank grasses, sword-like, spear-like, or with club-like crowns of seeds, and fungi of hideous shapes, gross, pulpy, like giants' heads, hairy and bearded, and sometimes bursting and sending forth steamy odours that were scarcely to be borne, and which the youth felt to be a deadly poison, but that for the time he, somehow, was endowed with a 'charmed life.'

Spell-bound, he turned from these dismaying sights, to trees that rose, to altitudes of from

sixty to eighty feet, having leaves in long rows upon all the boughs, from which they shot forth direct, and without the intervention of any small twigs or other usual connecting medium of foliage. The same course of leaves had existed on the trunk, from which they had fallen as the tree rose up to maturity, and had left scars or scales, like a Mosaic ornament, and a sign of their progressive years.*

Gazing through and beyond all these lofty trunks, Flashley beheld in the distance a sort of palm-like and pine-like trees, standing against the pale blue sky, which far transcended all the rest in altitude, and seemed indeed, here and there, to rise to a hundred feet above the whole range of other lofty trees! His eyes ached as he stared at them. It was not their altitude alone that caused a painful impression, but the feeling of their unbroken solitude—a loneliness unvisited by a single bird, and with nothing between them and the heavens, to which they seemed to aspire for ever, and in vain.

No flowers on any of the trees and shrubs around him were to be seen—and no fruits. The tone of colour was grave, sullen, melancholy. It was a solitude that seemed to feel itself. Not only no bird was visible, but no quadruped, insect, creeping thing, or other form of animal life. The earth was devoted solely to the production of enormous vegetation.

To complete the pregnant solemnity of the scene, there were no sounds of life or motion in the air; all was silence.

Looking round with a forlorn and over-awed yet enquiring face, he discerned something like two keen stars of arrowy light at the foot of a gigantic fern-tree, at some distance from him. The darting rays seemed directed towards him. They were eyes; they could be nothing else! He presently perceived that the rough black elfin figure, with the veins of stagnant gold, was seated there, and that its eyes were fixed upon him!

'The scene amidst which you stand,' said the Elf in his echo-like voice, and without moving from his seat beneath the tree, 'is the stupendous vegetation of the elder world. The trunks and stems of the antediluvian earth erect their columns, and shoot up their spires towards the clouds; their dull, coarse foliage overhangs the swamps, and they drink in, at every pore, the floating steam impregnated with the nutriment of prodigies. No animal life do you behold, for none is of this date, nor could it live amidst these potent vapours which feed the vegetation. And yet these vast trees and plants, this richly poisoned atmosphere, this absence of all animal life of man, and beast, and bird, and creeping thing, is all arranged in due order of progression, that man may hereafter live, not merely a savage life, but one civilised and refined, with

* These trees are known in fossil botany as the *Stigmaria*.

† The *Stigmaria*.

* The *Lepidodendron*.

the sense of a soul within—of God in the world, and over it, and all around it—whereof comes man's hope of a future life beyond his presence here. Thus upward, and thus onward ever.

'And all this monstrous vegetation above ground shall be cast down and embedded deep in the dark bowels of the earth, there under the chemical process of ages to become a fuel for future generations of men, yet unborn, who will require it for their advance in civilisation and knowledge. Yes; these huge ferns, these trunks, and stems, and towering fabrics of trees, shall all crash down—sink deep into the earth with all the rank enfolding mass of undergrowth—there to be jammed and mashed up between beds of fiery stone and grit and clay, and covered with oozy mud and sand, till stratum after stratum of varied matter rises above them, and forms a new surface of earth. On this surface the new vegetation of the world will commence, while that of the old lies beneath,—not rotting in vain, nor slumbering uselessly in darkness, but gradually, age after age, undergoing transmutation by the alchemy of Nature, till verdure becometh veriest blackness, and wood is changed to coal.

'Then man is born, appearing on the earth only when the earth is ready to receive him, and minister to his wants. At first he useth wood for his fuel; but as his knowledge expands and deepens he penetrates far below the surface, and there finds forests of fuel almost inexhaustible, made ready for his various needs and arts. And when, in far-off ages, these vast stores become exhausted, others will be discovered not only of the same date, but which have been since accumulated; for the same process of transmutation is constantly going on. Thus present time always works for future ages.

'Slowly as moves the current in my veins,'—the Elfín rose up as he said this—'veins which seem to your eye to contain a stagnant gold, but whose metallic current, in its appointed period of years, performs each several circulation within me,—yea, slowly as this, or any other invisible progression, move these mighty forest trees towards their downward course, to rise again in coals,—in fire,—and thence ascend to air. Yes, this invisible motion is as certain withal, as that immediate action which mortal nature best can comprehend.'

As the Elfín uttered these last words, the great trees around sank with crashing slant one over the other!—then came rushing, like a sudden tempest, down upon the earth; and the young man was overwhelmed with the foliage, and instantly lost all further consciousness.

The traveller who has journeyed for many days across the fertile levels and shining flats of Holland, must often have bethought him that all this was surging ocean, but a few years ago; in like manner, by an inverse

process, the voyager up the Mississippi or Missouri rivers, or the wayfarer for many days through the apparently interminable and dense forests of North America, might look forward to a period when all these masses of vegetation would become coal, if left to be dealt with by the regular process of nature.

The rapid advances of civilisation into these wooded solitudes may prevent the transmutation to which they were otherwise destined; and the same may be said of the forests even on many of the vast tracts, as yet scarcely trodden by the foot of man, in New Zealand and Australia; but many other giant forest tracts exist in unknown regions, which are destined to follow the law of transmutation, and secretly become a carbonic fuel for future ages of discovery.

But what does young Flashley now behold? He is aroused from his trance, and is again conscious of surrounding objects. He is seated, so that he cannot move, on a little wooden bench beneath a low wooden shed, such as labourers 'knock up' by way of temporary shelter in the vicinity of some great works. Great works are evidently in hand all around him.

Labourers with pick-axes and spades came hurrying to the spot, and began to dig a circular hole of some seven feet in diameter. Then came others with a great wooden roller on a stand, with a thick rope, like a well-rope, wound round it; and fixing this across the top of the hole, they let down a basket, ever and anon, and brought it up filled with earth and stones. It was evident that they were employed in sinking a shaft.

They worked away at a prodigious rate, the descending baskets continually taking down men with pickaxes and spades; and next with carpenter's tools and circular pieces of wood-work, with which they made an inner frame round the sides of the shaft below. Bricklayers, with hods of bricks, were next let down in the baskets, and with the support of the circular frame beneath, they rapidly cased the inside of the shaft with brickwork up to the top. More and deeper digging out then took place—more wooden frame-work below, with more brickwork round the sides, and gradually sinking lower and lower. This was continued again and again, till suddenly loud cries from below announced some new event. The diggers had arrived at springs—water was gushing in upon them!

Up came the rope and basket with three men standing up inside and holding on the rope, and two men and a boy clinging round rope and basket, and round each other as they best could, and with no small peril to all. Leaping, scrambling, or lugged to the side, they relieved the basket, which rapidly ran down again to bring up others.

Meanwhile came labourers heavily trotting beneath the weight of pumps and pump-gear; and they rigged up the pump, and as soon as

all the men and boys were out of the shaft, up came the water pouring in a thick volume, now mud-coloured, now clay-coloured, and now grey and chalky. At length the volume became less and less, and soon there was no more. Down again went basket after basket, with men or boys in them. Flashley shuddered, as something within him seemed to say 'Your turn will come!' Up came the clay, and the sand, and the gravel, and the chalk as before; and soon a mixture of several earths and stones. Thus did they toil and toil below and above, winding up and winding down, till at last a shout of success was heard faintly echoing from the deep pit beneath, and presently up came a basket full of broken limestone, and grit, and red sandstone—and coals!

Flashley now observed a great turmoil above, but all with definite intention, and preparations for new and larger works. A steam-engine was fitted up in a small brick edifice at a hundred yards distance, from which came a strong rope that passed over a large drum or broad wheel. The rope was then extended to the shaft, over the top of which a small iron wheel was erected; and over this they carried the rope, which was to take down men and bring up coals. A larger measure than the basket, called a *corve*, was fastened to this rope by chains, and up and down it went bringing great heaps of coals to the surface. After a time, wood-work and iron-work of various kinds were sent down, and sledges and trucks with little wheels; and then broad belts were put round horses, by means of which they were raised, kicking and capering wildly in the air, and staring with horrified eye-balls into the black abyss, down which they were lowered, every limb trembling, and their ears sharpened up to a single hair.

At this sight Flashley's ears began to prick and tingle in sympathy, for he felt that he should not much longer remain a mere spectator of these descents into the lower regions of the earth.

And now *corve* after *corve* full of coals rose in regular succession from the mine, and tram-roads were laid down, upon which little black waggons constantly ran to and fro, carrying away the coals from the pit's mouth. While all this had been going on, a second shaft was sunk at no great distance; but no coals were seen to issue from it. It was for air, and ventilation of the mine.

The men sometimes went down standing up in the *corve*, but generally each man sat in the loop of a short chain which he hooked on to the rope; and, in this way, six or seven went swinging down together in a bunch; sometimes ten or twelve in a bunch; and now and then, by some using longer chains than the others, in a double bunch, amounting to as many as twenty, men and boys.

A voice, which seemed to come from beneath the earth, but which poor Flashley

recalled too well as that of the Elfin who had carried him so recently into the antediluvian forests and swamps, now called him by his name, with a familiarity that made him shudder. Instantly he found himself borne away from the wooden shed, and placed on the brink of the first shaft. A strange apparatus, composed of a chain with a loop at bottom, and an iron umbrella over head, was now attached to the rope by three chains. It had very much the look of some novel instrument of torture. Into this loop Flashley's legs were placed in a sitting posture.

'Straddle your legs!' cried an old black-visaged miner, as the young man was swung off from the brink, and suspended over the profound abyss below. Not obeying, and, indeed, not instantly understanding the uncouth injunction, Flashley had omitted the 'straddling;' in consequence of which the chain loop clipped him close around, and pinched his legs together with a force that would have made him utter a cry, but for the paramount terror of his position. Down he went. Round and round went the shaft-wheel above—faster and faster—and lower and lower he sank from the light of day between the dark circular walls of the shaft.

At first the motion was manifestly rapid. It took away his breath. It became more rapid. He gave himself up for lost. But presently the motion became more smooth, and more steady—then quite steady, so that he thought he was by no means descending rapidly. Presently, again, he fancied he was not descending at all—but stationary—or, rather, *ascending*. It was difficult to think otherwise. The current of air rising from below, meeting his swiftly descending body, gave him this impression.

He now saw a dim light moving below. It became stronger, and almost immediately after he saw three half-naked demons of the mine, as he thought, who stood ready to receive him.

For the first time he ventured to cast a forlorn look upwards. He beheld the iron umbrella with a light from beneath flashing upon it. Again, he turned his eyes below. He was close down upon the demons. One of them held a lamp up to his face as he descended among them. Whereupon these three demons all uttered a jovial laugh, and welcomed him.

'Oh, *where* am I?' exclaimed Flashley, in utter dismay.

'At the first "workings" of the Billy-Pitt Mine!' shouted a voice. 'Steady the chains!'

The chains were steadied, and in a moment Flashley felt himself launched into a new abyss, down which he descended in utter darkness, and in utter silence, except from the rushing of the air-currents, and the occasional grating of the iron umbrella against the sides of the shaft.

LIZZIE LEIGH.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

‘MOTHER,’ then said Will, ‘why will you keep on thinking she’s alive? If she were but dead, we need never name her name again. We’ve never heard nought on her since father wrote her that letter; we never knew whether she got it or not. She’d left her place before then. Many a one dies is —’

‘Oh my lad! dunnot speak so to me, or my heart will break outright,’ said his mother, with a sort of cry. Then she calmed herself, for she yearned to persuade him to her own belief. ‘Thou never asked, and thou’rt too like thy father for me to tell without asking—but it were all to be near Lizzie’s old place that I settled down on this side o’ Manchester; and the very day at after we came, I went to her old missus, and asked to speak a word wi’ her. I had a strong mind to cast it up to her, that she should ha’ sent my poor lass away without telling on it to us first; but she were in black, and looked so sad I could na’ find in my heart to threep it up. But I did ask her a bit about our Lizzie. The master would have her turned away at a day’s warning, (he’s gone to t’other place; I hope he’ll meet wi’ more mercy there than he showed our Lizzie,—I do,—) and when the missus asked her should she write to us, she says Lizzie shook her head; and when she speered at her again, the poor lass went down on her knees, and begged her not, for she said it would break my heart, (as it has done, Will—God knows it has),’ said the poor mother, choking with her struggle to keep down her hard overmastering grief, ‘and her father would curse her—Oh, God, teach me to be patient.’ She could not speak for a few minutes,—and the lass threatened, and said she’d go drown herself in the canal, if the missus wrote home,—and so—

‘Well! I’d got a trace of my child,—the missus thought she’d gone to th’ workhouse to be nursed; and there I went,—and there, sure enough, she had been,—and they’d turned her out as soon as she were strong, and told her she were young enough to work,—but whattin kind o’ work would be open to her, lad, and her baby to keep?’

Will listened to his mother’s tale with deep sympathy, not unmixed with the old bitter shame. But the opening of her heart had unlocked his, and after a while he spoke.

‘Mother! I think I’d e’en better go home. Tom can stay wi’ thee. I know I should stay too, but I cannot stay in peace so near—her—without craving to see her—Susan Palmer I mean.’

‘Has the old Mr. Palmer thou telled me on a daughter?’ asked Mrs. Leigh.

‘Aye, he has. And I love her above a bit. And it’s because I love her I want to leave Manchester. That’s all.’

Mrs. Leigh tried to understand this speech

for some time, but found it difficult of interpretation.

‘Why should’st thou not tell her thou lov’st her? Thou’rt a likely lad, and sure o’work Thou’lt have Upclose at my death; and as for that I could let thee have it now, and keep mysel by doing a bit of charring. It seems to me a very backwards sort o’ way of winning her to think of leaving Manchester.’

‘Oh mother, she’s so gentle and so good,—she’s downright holy. She’s never known a touch of sin; and can I ask her to marry me, knowing what we do about Lizzie, and fearing worse! I doubt if one like her could ever care for me; but if she knew about my sister, it would put a gulf between us, and she’d shudder up at the thought of crossing it. You don’t know how good she is, mother!’

‘Will, Will! if she’s so good as thou say’st, she’ll have pity on such as my Lizzie. If she has no pity for such, she’s a cruel Pharisee, and thou’rt best without her.’

But he only shook his head, and sighed; and for the time the conversation dropped.

But a new idea sprang up in Mrs. Leigh’s head. She thought that she would go and see Susan Palmer, and speak up for Will, and tell her the truth about Lizzie; and according to her pity for the poor sinner, would she be worthy or unworthy of him. She resolved to go the very next afternoon, but without telling any one of her plan. Accordingly she looked out the Sunday clothes she had never before had the heart to unpack since she came to Manchester, but which she now desired to appear in, in order to do credit to Will. She put on her old-fashioned black mode bonnet, trimmed with real lace; her scarlet cloth cloak, which she had had ever since she was married; and always spotlessly clean, she set forth on her unauthorised embassy. She knew the Palmers lived in Crown Street, though where she had heard it she could not tell; and modestly asking her way, she arrived in the street about a quarter to four o’clock. She stopped to inquire the exact number, and the woman whom she addressed told her that Susan Palmer’s school would not be loosed till four, and asked her to step in and wait until then at her house.

‘For,’ said she, smiling, ‘them that wants Susan Palmer wants a kind friend of ours; so we, in a manner, call cousins. Sit down, missus, sit down. I’ll wipe the chair, so that it shaan dirty your cloak. My mother used to wear them bright cloaks, and they’re right gradely things again a green field.’

‘Han ye known Susan Palmer long?’ asked Mrs. Leigh, pleased with the admiration of her cloak.

‘Ever since they comed to live in our street. Our Sally goes to her school.’

‘Whattin sort of a lass is she, for I ha’ never seen her?’

‘Well,—as for looks, I cannot say. It’s so long since I first knowed her, that I’ve clean forgotten what I thought of her then. My

master says he never saw such a smile for gladdening the heart. But may be it's not looks you're asking about. The best thing I can say of her looks is, that she's just one a stranger would stop in the street to ask help from if he needed it. All the little childer creeps as close as they can to her; she'll have as many as three or four hanging to her apron all at once.'

'Is she cocket at all?'

'Cocket, bless you! you never saw a creature less set up in all your life. Her father's cocket enough. No! she's not cocket any way. You've not heard much of Susan Palmer, I reckon, if you think she's cocket. She's just one to come quietly in, and do the very thing most wanted; little things, maybe, that any one could do, but that few would think on, for another. She'll bring her thimble wi' her, and mend up after the childer o' nights,—and she writes all Betty Harker's letters to her grandchild out at service,—and she's in nobody's way, and that's a great matter, I take it. Here's the childer running past! School is loosed. You'll find her now, missus, ready to hear and to help. But we none on us frab her by going near her in school-time.'

Poor Mrs. Leigh's heart began to beat, and she could almost have turned round and gone home again. Her country breeding had made her shy of strangers, and this Susan Palmer appeared to her like a real born lady by all accounts. So, she knocked with a timid feeling at the indicated door, and when it was opened, dropped a simple curtsy without speaking. Susan had her little niece in her arms, curled up with fond endearment against her breast, but she put her gently down to the ground, and instantly placed a chair in the best corner of the room for Mrs. Leigh, when she told her who she was. 'It's not Will as has asked me to come,' said the mother, apologetically, 'I'd a wish just to speak to you myself!'

Susan coloured up to her temples, and stooped to pick up the little toddling girl. In a minute or two Mrs. Leigh began again.

'Will thinks you would na respect us if you knew all; but I think you could na help feeling for us in the sorrow God has put upon us; so I just put on my bonnet, and came off unknownt to the lads. Every one says you're very good, and that the Lord has kepted you from falling from his ways; but maybe you've never yet been tried and tempted as some is. I'm perhaps speaking too plain, but my heart's welly broken, and I can't be choice in my words as them who are happy can. Well now! I'll tell you the truth. Will dreads you to hear it, but I'll just tell it you. You mun know,—but here the poor woman's words failed her, and she could do nothing but sit rocking herself backwards and forwards, with sad eyes, straight-gazing into Susan's face, as if they tried to tell the tale of agony which the quivering lips refused to utter. Those wretched stony eyes forced the tears

down Susan's cheeks, and, as if this sympathy gave the mother strength, she went on in a low voice, 'I had a daughter once, my heart's darling. Her father thought I made too much on her, and that she'd grow marred staying at home; so he said she mun go among strangers, and learn to rough it. She were young, and liked the thought of seeing a bit of the world; and her father heard on a place in Manchester. Well! I'll not weary you. That poor girl were led astray; and first thing we heard on it, was when a letter of her father's was sent back by her missus, saying she'd left her place, or, to speak right, the master had turned her into the street soon as he had heard of her condition—and she not seventeen!'

She now cried aloud; and Susan wept too. The little child looked up into their faces, and, catching their sorrow, began to whimper and wail. Susan took it softly up, and hiding her face in its little neck, tried to restrain her tears, and think of comfort for the mother. At last she said:

'Where is she now?'

'Lass! I dunnot know,' said Mrs. Leigh, checking her sobs to communicate this addition to her distress. 'Mrs. Lomax telled me she went'—

'Mrs. Lomax—what Mrs. Lomax?'

'Her as lives in Brabazon-street. She telled me my poor wench went to the work-house fra there. I'll not speak again the dead; but if her father would but ha' letten me,—but he were one who had no notion—no, I'll not say that; best say nought. He forgave her on his death-bed. I dare say I did na go th' right way to work.'

'Will you hold the child for me one instant?' said Susan.

'Ay, if it will come to me. Childer used to be fond on me till I got the sad look on my face that scares them, I think.'

But the little girl clung to Susan; so she carried it upstairs with her. Mrs. Leigh sat by herself—how long she did not know.

Susan came down with a bundle of far-worn baby-clothes.

'You must listen to me a bit, and not think too much about what I'm going to tell you. Nanny is not my niece, nor any kin to me that I know of. I used to go out working by the day. One night, as I came home, I thought some woman was following me; I turned to look. The woman, before I could see her face (for she turned it to one side), offered me something. I held out my arms by instinct: she dropped a bundle into them with a bursting sob that went straight to my heart. It was a baby. I looked round again; but the woman was gone. She had run away as quick as lightning. There was a little packet of clothes—very few—and as if they were made out of its mother's gowns, for they were large patterns to buy for a baby. I was always fond of babies; and I had not my wits about me, father says; for it

was very cold, and when I'd seen as well as I could (for it was past ten) that there was no one in the street, I brought it in and warmed it. Father was very angry when he came, and said he'd take it to the workhouse the next morning, and flyted me sadly about it. But when morning came I could not bear to part with it; it had slept in my arms all night; and I've heard what workhouse bringing up is. So I told father I'd give up going out working, and stay at home and keep school, if I might only keep the baby; and after awhile, he said if I earned enough for him to have his comforts, he'd let me; but he's never taken to her. Now, don't tremble so,—I've but a little more to tell,—and maybe I'm wrong in telling it; but I used to work next door to Mrs. Lomax's, in Brabazon-street, and the servants were all thick together; and I heard about Bessy (they called her) being sent away. I don't know that ever I saw her; but the time would be about fitting to this child's age, and I've sometimes fancied it was her's. And now, will you look at the little clothes that came with her—bless her!

But Mrs. Leigh had fainted. The strange joy and shame, and gushing love for the little child had overpowered her; it was some time before Susan could bring her round. There she was all trembling, sick impatience to look at the little frocks. Among them was a slip of paper which Susan had forgotten to name, that had been pinned to the bundle. On it was scrawled in a round stiff hand,

'Call her Anne. She does not cry much, and takes a deal of notice. God bless you and forgive me.'

The writing was no clue at all; the name 'Anne,' common though it was, seemed something to build upon. But Mrs. Leigh recognised one of the frocks instantly, as being made out of part of a gown that she and her daughter had bought together in Rochdale.

She stood up, and stretched out her hands in the attitude of blessing over Susan's bent head.

'God bless you, and show you His mercy in your need, as you have shown it to this little child.'

She took the little creature in her arms, and smoothed away her sad looks to a smile, and kissed it fondly, saying over and over again, 'Nanny, Nanny, my little Nanny.' At last the child was soothed, and looked in her face and smiled back again.

'It has her eyes,' said she to Susan.

'I never saw her to the best of my knowledge. I think it must be her's by the frock. But where can she be?'

'God knows,' said Mrs. Leigh; 'I dare not think she's dead. I'm sure she isn't.'

'No! she's not dead. Every now and then a little packet is thrust in under our door, with may be two half-crowns in it; once it was half-a-sovereign. Altogether I've got seven-and-thirty shillings wrapped up for

Nanny. I never touch it, but I've often thought the poor mother feels near to God when she brings this money. Father wanted to set the policeman to watch, but I said No, for I was afraid if she was watched she might not come, and it seemed such a holy thing to be checking her in, I could not find in my heart to do it.'

'Oh, if we could but find her! I'd take her in my arms, and we'd just lie down and die together.'

'Nay, don't speak so!' said Susan gently, 'for all that's come and gone, she may turn right at last. Mary Magdalen did, you know.'

'Eh! but I were nearer right about thee than Will. He thought you would never look on him again if you knew about Lizzie. But thou'rt not a Pharisee.'

'I'm sorry he thought I could be so hard,' said Susan in a low voice, and colouring up. Then Mrs. Leigh was alarmed, and in her motherly anxiety, she began to fear lest she had injured Will in Susan's estimation.

'You see Will thinks so much of you—gold would not be good enough for you to walk on, in his eye. He said you'd never look at him as he was, let alone his being brother to my poor wench. He loves you so, it makes him think meanly on everything belonging to himself, as not fit to come near ye,—but he's a good lad, and a good son—thou'lt be a happy woman if thou'lt have him,—so don't let my words go against him; don't!'

But Susan hung her head and made no answer. She had not known until now, that Will thought so earnestly and seriously about her; and even now she felt afraid that Mrs. Leigh's words promised her too much happiness, and that they could not be true. At any rate the instinct of modesty made her shrink from saying anything which might seem like a confession of her own feelings to a third person. Accordingly she turned the conversation on the child.

'I'm sure he could not help loving Nanny,' said she. 'There never was such a good little darling; don't you think she'd win his heart if he knew she was his niece, and perhaps bring him to think kindly on his sister?'

'I dunnot know,' said Mrs. Leigh, shaking her head. 'He has a turn in his eye like his father, that makes me —. He's right down good though. But you see I've never been a good one at managing folk; one severe look turns me sick, and then I say just the wrong thing, I'm so fluttered. Now I should like nothing better than to take Nancy home with me, but Tom knows nothing but that his sister is dead, and I've not the knack of speaking rightly to Will. I dare not do it, and that's the truth. But you mun not think badly of Will. He's so good hissel, that he can't understand how any one can do wrong; and, above all, I'm sure he loves you dearly.'

'I don't think I could part with Nancy,'

said Susan, anxious to stop this revelation of Will's attachment to herself. 'He'll come round to her soon; he can't fail; and I'll keep a sharp look-out after the poor mother, and try and catch her the next time she comes with her little parcels of money.'

'Aye, lass! we mun get hold of her; my Lizzie. I love thee dearly for thy kindness to her child; but, if thou can'st catch her for me, I'll pray for thee when I'm too near my death to speak words; and while I live, I'll serve thee next to her,—she mun come first, thou know'st. God bless thee, lass. My heart is lighter by a deal than it was when I comed in. Them lads will be looking for me home, and I mun go, and leave this little sweet one; kissing it. 'If I can take courage, I'll tell Will all that has come and gone between us two. He may come and see thee, mayn't he?'

'Father will be very glad to see him, I'm sure,' replied Susan. The way in which this was spoken satisfied Mrs. Leigh's anxious heart that she had done Will no harm by what she had said; and with many a kiss to the little one, and one more fervent tearful blessing on Susan, she went homewards.

WORK! AN ANECDOTE.

A CAVALRY OFFICER of large fortune, who had distinguished himself in several actions, having been quartered for a long time in a foreign city, gradually fell into a life of extreme and incessant dissipation. He soon found himself so indisposed to any active military service, that even the ordinary routine became irksome and unbearable. He accordingly solicited and obtained leave of absence from his regiment for six months. But, instead of immediately engaging in some occupation of mind and body, as a curative process for his morbid condition, he hastened to London, and gave himself up entirely to greater luxuries than ever, and plunged into every kind of sensuality. The consequence was a disgust of life and all its healthy offices. He became unable to read half a page of a book, or to write the shortest note; mounting his horse was too much trouble; to lounge down the street was a hateful effort. His appetite failed, or everything disagreed with him; and he could seldom sleep. Existence became an intolerable burthen; he therefore determined on suicide.

With this intention he loaded his pistols, and, influenced by early associations, dressed himself in his regimental frock-coat and crimson sash, and entered St. James's Park a little before sunrise. He felt as if he was mounting guard for the last time; listened to each sound, and looked with miserable affection across the misty green towards the Horse Guards, faintly seen in the distance.

A few minutes after the officer had entered the park, there passed through the same gate

a poor mechanic, who leisurely followed in the same direction. He was a gaunt, half-famished looking man, and walked with a sad air, his eyes bent thoughtfully on the ground, and his large bony hands dangling at his sides.

The officer, absorbed in the act he meditated, walked on without being aware of the presence of another person. Arriving about the middle of a wide open space, he suddenly stopped, and drawing forth both pistols, exclaimed: 'Oh, most unfortunate and most wretched man that I am! Wealth, station, honour, prospects, are of no avail! Existence has become a heavy torment to me! I have not strength—I have not courage to endure or face it a moment longer!'

With these words he cocked the pistols, and was raising both of them to his head, when his arms were seized from behind, and the pistols twisted out of his fingers. He reeled round, and beheld the gaunt scarecrow of a man who had followed him.

'What are you?' stammered the officer, with a painful air; 'How dare you to step between me and death?'

'I am a poor hungry mechanic;' answered the man, 'one who works from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and yet finds it hard to earn a living. My wife is dead—my daughter was tempted away from me—and I am a lone man. As I have nobody to live for, and have become quite tired of my life, I came out this morning, intending to drown myself. But as the fresh air of the park came over my face, the sickness of life gave way to shame at my own want of strength and courage, and I determined to walk onwards and live my allotted time. But what are *you*? Have you encountered cannon-balls and death in all shapes, and now want the strength and courage to meet the curse of idleness?'

The officer was moving off with some confused words, but the mechanic took him by the arm, and threatening to hand him over to the police if he resisted, led him droopingly away.

This mechanic's work was that of a turner, and he lived in a dark cellar, where he toiled at his lathe from morning to night. Hearing that the officer had amused himself with a little turnery in his youth, the poor artisan proposed to take him down into his workshop. The officer offered him money, and was anxious to escape; but the mechanic refused it, and persisted.

He accordingly took the morbid gentleman down into his dark cellar, and set him to work at his lathe. The officer began very languidly, and soon rose to depart. Whereupon, the mechanic forced him down again on the hard bench, and swore that if he did not do an hour's work for him, in return for saving his life, he would instantly consign him to a policeman, and denounce him for attempting to commit suicide. At this threat the officer was so confounded, that he at once consented to do the work.

When the hour was over, the mechanic insisted on a second hour, in consequence of the slowness of the work—it had not been a fair hour's labour. In vain the officer protested, was angry, and exhausted—had the heartburn—pains in his back and limbs—and declared it would kill him. The mechanic was inexorable. 'If it *does* kill you,' said he, 'then you will only be where you would have been if I had not stopped you.' So the officer was compelled to continue his work with an inflamed face, and the perspiration pouring down over his cheeks and chin.

At last he could proceed no longer, come what would of it, and sank back in the arms of his persecuting preserver. The mechanic now placed before him his own breakfast, composed of a twopenny loaf of brown bread, and a pint of small beer; the whole of which the officer disposed of in no time, and then sent out for more.

Before the boy who was despatched on this errand returned, a little conversation had ensued; and as the officer rose to go, he smilingly placed his purse, with his card, in the hands of the mechanic. The poor ragged man received them with all the composure of a physician, and with a sort of dry, grim humour which appeared peculiar to him, and the only relief of his otherwise rough and rigid character, made sombre by the constant shadows and troubles of life.

But the moment he read the name on the card, all the hard lines in his deeply-marked face underwent a sudden contortion. Thrusting back the purse and card into the officer's hand, he seized him with a fierce grip by one arm—hurried him, wondering, up the dark broken stairs, along the narrow passage—then pushed him out at the door!

'You are the fine gentleman who tempted my daughter away!' said he.

'I—your daughter!' exclaimed the officer.

'Yes, my daughter; Ellen Brentwood!' said the mechanic. 'Are there so many men's daughters in the list, that you forget her name?'

'I implore you,' said the officer, 'to take this purse. *Pray* take this purse! If you will not accept it for yourself, I entreat you to send it to her!'

'Go and buy a lathe with it,' said the mechanic. 'Work, man! and repent of your past life!'

So saying, he closed the door in the officer's face, and descended the stairs to his daily labour.

GOOD VERSES OF A BAD POET.

Few things in Dryden or Pope are finer than these lines by a man whom they both continually laughed at;—Sir Richard Blackmore.

EXHAUSTED travellers, that have undergone
The scorching heats of Life's intemperate zone,
Haste for refreshment to their beds beneath,
And stretch themselves in the cool shades of Death.

PERFECT FELICITY.

IN A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

I AM the Raven in the Happy Family—and nobody knows what a life of misery I lead!

The dog informs me (he was a puppy about town before he joined us; which was lately) that there is more than one Happy Family on view in London. Mine, I beg to say, may be known by being the Family which contains a splendid Raven.

I want to know why I am to be called upon to accommodate myself to a cat, a mouse, a pigeon, a ringdove, an owl (who is the greatest ass I have ever known), a guinea-pig, a sparrow, and a variety of other creatures with whom I have no opinion in common. Is this national education? Because, if it is, I object to it. Is our cage what they call neutral ground, on which all parties may agree? If so, war to the beak I consider preferable.

What right has any man to require me to look complacently at a cat on a shelf all day? It may be all very well for the owl. My opinion of *him* is that he blinks and stares himself into a state of such dense stupidity that he has no idea what company he is in. I have seen him, with my own eyes, blink himself, for hours, into the conviction that he was alone in a belfry. But *I* am not the owl. It would have been better for me, if I had been born in that station of life.

I am a Raven. I am, by nature, a sort of collector, or antiquarian. If I contributed, in my natural state, to any Periodical, it would be *The Gentleman's Magazine*. I have a passion for amassing things that are of no use to me, and burying them. Supposing such a thing—I don't wish it to be known to our proprietor that I put this case, but I say, supposing such a thing—as that I took out one of the Guinea-Pig's eyes; how could I bury it here? The floor of the cage is not an inch thick. To be sure, I could dig through it with my bill (if I dared), but what would be the comfort of dropping a Guinea-Pig's eye into Regent Street?

What *I* want, is privacy. I want to make a collection. I desire to get a little property together. How can I do it here? Mr. Hudson couldn't have done it, under corresponding circumstances.

I want to live by my own abilities, instead of being provided for in this way. I am stuck in a cage with these incongruous companions, and called a member of the Happy Family; but suppose you took a Queen's Counsel out of Westminster Hall, and settled him board and lodging free, in Utopia, where there would be no excuse for 'his quiddits, his quilleets, his cases, his tennures, and his tricks,' how do you think *he'd* like it? Not at all. Then why do you expect *me* to like it, and add insult to injury by calling me a 'Happy' Raven!

This is what *I* say: I want to see men do

it. I should like to, get up a Happy Family of men, and show 'em. I should like to put the Rajah Brooke, the Peace Society, Captain Aaron Smith, several Malay Pirates, Doctor Wiseman, the Reverend Hugh Stowell, Mr. Fox of Oldham, the Board of Health, all the London undertakers, some of the Common (very common I think) Council, and all the vested interests in the filth and misery of the poor, into a good-sized cage, and see how *they'd* get on. I should like to look in at 'em through the bars, after they had undergone the training I have undergone. You wouldn't find Sir Peter Laurie 'putting down' Sanitary Reform then, or getting up in *that* vestry, and pledging his word and honour to the non-existence of Saint Paul's Cathedral, I expect! And very happy *he'd* be, would n't he, when he couldn't do that sort of thing?

I have no idea of you lords of the creation coming staring at me in this false position. Why don't you look at home? If you think I'm fond of the dove, you're very much mistaken. If you imagine there is the least good will between me and the pigeon, you never were more deceived in your lives. If you suppose I would n't demolish the whole Family (myself excepted), and the cage too, if I had my own way, you don't know what a real Raven is. But if you *do* know this, why am I to be picked out as a curiosity? Why don't you go and stare at the Bishop of Exeter? 'Ecod, he's one of our breed, if any body is!

Do you make me lead this public life because I seem to be what I ain't? Why, I don't make half the pretences that are common among you men! You never heard me call the sparrow my noble friend. When did I ever tell the Guinea Pig that he was my Christian brother? Name the occasion of my making myself a party to the 'sham' (my friend Mr. Carlyle will lend me his favourite word for the occasion) that the cat hadn't really her eye upon the mouse! Can you say as much? What about the last Court Ball, the next Debate in the Lords, the last great Ecclesiastical Suit, the next long assembly in the Court Circular? I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the eye! I am an independent Member—of the Happy Family; and I ought to be let out.

I have only one consolation in my inability to damage anything, and that is that I hope I am instrumental in propagating a delusion as to the character of Ravens. I have a strong impression that the sparrows on our beat are beginning to think they may trust a Raven. Let 'em try! There's an uncle of mine, in a stable-yard down in Yorkshire, who will very soon undeceive any small bird that may favour him with a call.

The dogs too. Ha ha! As they go by, they look at me and this dog, in quite a friendly way. They never suspect how I should hold on to the tip of his tail, if I consulted my own feelings instead of our proprietor's. It's almost worth being here, to think of some

confiding dog who has seen me, going too near a friend of mine who lives at a hackney-coach stand in Oxford Street. You wouldn't stop *his* squeaking in a hurry, if my friend got a chance at him.

It's the same with the children. There's a young gentleman with a hat and feathers, resident in Portland Place, who brings a penny to our proprietor, twice a week. He wears very short white drawers, and has mottled legs above his socks. He hasn't the least idea what I should do to his legs, if I consulted my own inclinations. He never imagines what I am thinking of, when we look at one another. May he only take those legs, in their present juicy state, close to the cage of my brother-in-law of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park!

Call yourselves rational beings, and talk about our being reclaimed? Why, there isn't one of us who wouldn't astonish you, if we could only get out! Let me out, and see whether I should be meek or not. But this is the way you always go on in—you know you do. Up at Pentonville, the sparrow says—and he ought to know, for he was born in a stack of chimneys in that prison—you are spending I am afraid to say how much every year out of the rates, to keep men in solitude, where they CAN'T do any harm (that you know of), and then you sing all sorts of choruses about their being good. So am I what you call good—here. Why? Because I can't help it. Try me outside!

You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, the Magpie says; and I agree with him. If you are determined to pet only those who take things and hide them, why don't you pet the Magpie and me? We are interesting enough for you, ain't we? The Mouse says you are not half so particular about the honest people. He is not a bad authority. He was almost starved when he lived in a workhouse, wasn't he? He didn't get much fatter, I suppose, when he moved to a labourer's cottage? He was thin enough when he came from that place, here—I know that. And what does the Mouse (whose word is his bond) declare? He declares that you don't take half the care you ought; of your own young, and don't teach 'em half enough. Why don't you then? You might give our proprietor something to do, I should think, in twisting miserable boys and girls into their proper nature, instead of twisting us out of ours. You are a nice set of fellows, certainly, to come and look at Happy Families, as if you had nothing else to look after!

I take the opportunity of our proprietor's pen and ink in the evening, to write this. I shall put it away in a corner—quite sure, as it's intended for the Post Office, of Mr. Rowland Hill's getting hold of it somehow, and sending it to somebody. I understand he can do anything with a letter. Though the Owl says (but I don't believe him), that the present prevalence of measles and chicken-pox among

infants in all parts of this country, has been caused by Mr. Rowland Hill. I hope I needn't add that we Ravens are all good scholars, but that we keep our secret (as the Indians believe the Monkeys do, according to a Parrot of my acquaintance) lest our abilities should be imposed upon. As nothing worse than my present degradation as a member of the Happy Family can happen to me, however, I desert the General Freemasons' Lodge of Ravens, and express my disgust in writing.

A DIALOGUE OF SHADOWS.

[Scene, Purgatory (1778). The Shades of an Englishman and a Frenchman are pacing by the side of a gloomy river.]

Englishman. What bustle is here? Can we not groan in peace?

Frenchman. There are some new arrivals. One, who comes

Straight from the finest kingdom of the earth, Has caused a vast sensation. Here he is!

[The Shade of Voltaire enters.

Engl. I never saw a ghost so thin as this.

Volt. Good day, Messieurs,—if we may call this day!

Faith, there's a pleasant warmth about the place. After our rapid journey thro' the dark, With cold winds driving us, and jarring atoms Whistling about our ears, 'tis not so bad To reach this hot and twilight land at last. Sir, if 't be not a liberty, may I ask For a pinch of charcoal.

French. With much pleasure, sir,
[Presents his box.

Any news from France?

Volt. France, sir, is growing young; Thro' me, and d'Alembert, and Diderot, And that mad envious watchmaker, who did Good in his own despite. Before the earth Shall have swung a dozen times about the sun, Our dragon's seed will rise and show some fruit.

French. We are glad to see you here, sir.

Volt. Without doubt, sir.

A strange place this. Our French geographers Had doubts if such a region were. Nay, some Proved to the satisfaction of their friends, That 'twas impossible.

Engl. So most things seem, Until they are discovered.

Volt. That's well said;

Sir, I salute you.

French. You'll find some excellent company, Monsieur.

Volt. You have some famous men here,—doubtless, sir.

A priest or two?

French. A few.

Volt. I thought so, sir.

A king perhaps?

French. Oh, plenty. Let me see—

One, two, three.

Volt. Sir, spare your arithmetic.

I am not curious. Yet, of these last,

There's surely one, who dwells in Prussia now, Whose over-arching arrogance should cast A shadow prematurely o'er the gulf, And send his image here?—such things may be— One Frederick?

French. Called the Great—

Volt. By little men.

Engl. A shadow slim, in cock hat and rigid boots?

Volt. The same: Is he always in the saddle now?

French. We have no horses here.

Volt. Where are your ladies?

Any of them from France?

Engl. Shoals—locust-clouds—

We've larger, lighter batches from this land,

Than all the rest of the globe.

Volt. I shall be glad

To renew friendship with some few of them.

Madame du Châtelet—

French. She was a friend of yours?

Volt. I had some strong delusion of that sort.

'Twas when she flattered me. But, tell me, sir,

What time do you dine in this agreeable land?

I feel no appetite.

Engl. We do not dine.

Volt. Not dine. When do you eat?

Engl. We do not eat.

Volt. Humph! that is odd. When do you sleep?

Engl. We do not sleep.

Volt. I faith, this jest begins

To grow a little serious. I thought I knew Somewhat of most things; but this puzzles me. Lest I should err again, pray what do you here, In this most quiet kingdom—all day long? Nay, day and night? What pastime?—

Engl. We repose!

Sometimes we dream; of times and people gone,— Sometimes of our own country; we retrace Our course in earthly life; our deeds—

Volt. I have done Some deeds myself. Perhaps, Monsieur, you have seen

A dictionary of mine, which made some noise?

A fable or two, which told some bitter truths?

A famous poem?—mark me.—

Engl. Your great work,

I have read, and much admired.

Volt. The *Henriade*?

Sir, you have taste.

Engl. Not so:—a work less large

In bulk; yet greater. 'Twas indeed no more Than a small memorial; touch'd wi' the light of Truth,

The strength of Right. Fine Sense and Pity joined, Begat it. It came forth, midst tears, and scorn, And burning anger. These inspired your pen To the argument, when murdered Calas died.

Volt. You bring me light, sir,—comfort,—almost faith.

The dark thoughts that at times have haunted me,— The small ambition to be thought a wit,— The wish to sting my many enemies,— Seem disappearing. Sir, my thanks! I feel A warmth about my bosom, and begin To think that joys dwell not alone on earth, But some survive even in Purgatory.

AN AUSTRALIAN PLOUGHMAN'S STORY.

IN red hot haste to get out of a Colonial town—where the life was too much like what I had sailed eighteen thousand miles to avoid,—I agreed to my Mr. Gumscrew's terms without debate. Board and lodging for self and horse, undertaking to do the light work of the farm for twelve months without wages. On these conditions I took up my abode in a wooden hut thatched with bark, on which any well-bred short-horn would have looked with contempt. The sun and moon shone clearly through the chinks between the weather boards; my bedstead was a bullock's hide stretched over four posts driven into the ground, a slip of green hide hanging from wall to wall, formed at once my clothes-horse and chest of drawers.

To the great contempt of my companion and fellow lodger, the overseer, I did put up a shelf for a few of my books, and drive in a nail for a small shaving glass, although not then able to boast a beard. The floor was of clay, variegated with large holes where the morning broom had swept too hard. The fireplace, built of unhewn stone, formed a recess half the size of our apartment. The kitchen was detached, and although small, rather better constructed than our chief hut, for the cook built it himself, and being an 'old hand' took pains with his special domain.

If I had been ordered into such a dog-kennel in England how I should have grumbled, and devoured my heart, in vain complainings; but now—it was my own choice, I had *hope before me*,—the glorious climate, the elastic atmosphere made chinks and cracks in walls of no consequence; and when inclined to grumble, I thought of the dark den-like lawyer's office in which I had wearied away the last six months of my European life.

After a few days spent in cantering round the neighbourhood, I was ready to commence my light 'duties.'

Returning home one evening I stopped my horse to look at our ploughman breaking up a fine piece of alluvial flat, which had recently been cleared and fenced in. He had ten pair of oxen and a heavy swing plough at work. There was a man to help him to drive, but his voice was as good as his hands, and it was a pleasure to see him, as he turned up a broad furrow of virgin soil, and halted his team, and lifted the big plough over the roots of the stumps that dotted the paddock, as if it had been a feather weight. Our ploughman, Jem Carden—Big Jem he was commonly called—was a specimen of English peasantry such as we don't often see in Australia, tall, though a round shouldered stoop took off something from his height, large limbed but active, with a curly fair-haired bullet head, light-blue good-natured eyes, and hooked nose, large mouth full of good teeth, a solid chin, a colour which hard work and Australian sun could

not extract, and an expression of respectful melancholy good nature that at once prepossessed me in his favour. He was then in the prime of life, a perfect master of every kind of rural work, ploughing, sowing, reaping, mowing, thatching, breaking-in, and driving bullocks and horses, and not less an adept in all Colonial pursuits, for he could do as much with a saw, an anger, an axe, and an adze as a European workman with a complete chest of tools. He was a very good fellow, too, always ready to help any one at a pinch; when the stockman broke his leg he walked twenty miles through the rain, a tropical rain in bucketfuls, although they had fought the day before about a dog of Jem's, the stockman had been ill using; and yet Big Jem was a convict, or speaking colonially, 'a prisoner.'

About a year after my arrival at the Station, Mr. Gumscrew having purchased a large herd of cattle a bargain from a person living some 200 miles from us, in the Mochi district, where all the grass was burned up, determined on sending me for them, as there was little doing at Springhill, and left me to choose any one I pleased to accompany me. I chose Carden.

We got our horses into the paddock close to the hut overnight; the next morning, at sunrise, buckled a blanket, a couple of shirts, a bag of tea and sugar, a quart pot, and a pair of hobbles to my saddle, and started in high spirits.

Now, living in the Bush, and especially while travelling, there is not the same distance between a master and well-behaved man, although a prisoner, as in towns. From the first I was interested in the ploughman, so I took the opportunity of this expedition to learn more about him.

We travelled all day from sunrise to sundown, seldom going off a walk, at which our horses could do nearly five miles an hour: toward evening we tried to strike some station or shepherd's hut, the whereabouts of which Jem generally knew by the mixture of experience and instinct that constitute a perfect Bushman; if we could not light upon a hut we camped down near a waterhole, lighted a fire on some hollow fallen gum-tree, hobbled out our horses on the pasture near, put the quart pots to boil, the damper (flour cake) in the ashes to bake, and smoked our pipes until all was ready; then rolling up each in his blanket, slept soundly on the bare ground.

I think it was on the third day that we came upon a long stretch of open undulating country, where the grass scarcely gave back a sound to our horses' feet. I dropped the reins on my little mare's neck, and began to fill my pipe; but seeing Carden's pipe still stuck in his straw hat, I knew he must be bankrupt in a Bushman's greatest luxury, so handed him my pouch, and said, 'Come, ride along side me, and tell me how you came here; for I cannot imagine how so honest a fellow ever got into trouble.'

'Master,' he answered, 'I'll tell you all the truth; but give me a little time, for my heart's full, and it will take us a good three hours to get across these plains.' So we paced on in silence for the space of one pipe, when he spoke again, and said, 'Master, excuse me, but I'm not much of a scholar, and if you would read me a chapter from this book, it would do me a power o' good. I try sometimes myself to spell it out, but somehow I can't see the letters "plain."' His eyes were full of tears as he timidly handed a black clasped copy of the Bible.

There was something painful in the emotion and humbleness of a strong man before me a stripling alone with him in a desert.

I took the book from him; on the flyleaf was written, 'Lucy Carden on her Marriage from her friend and pastor the Rev. Charles Calton,' and turning it over it opened at the 51st Psalm: instinctively, I began to read aloud, until I came to the 17th verse, 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.' At these words my companion wept aloud, and murmured, 'Oh, my poor wife'—and I, too, I knew not why, also wept.

Then we rode on in silence for some time; from a confused reverie I was awakened by my companion saying in a hoarse voice, 'Master, I am ready—I can tell you my story now.

'I was born in a village in Hampshire, the youngest of a large family—the son of labouring people. As soon as I had strength and voice enough, I was sent into the fields to scare the birds from the corn, and at eight years old, I began to drive plough for my father, so I got very little schooling but what I picked up in the winter evenings at a school kept by an old pensioned soldier. To tell the truth, I never liked my books when I was young, for which now I have often need to be sorry. But I was a strong hearty lad, and no out-door work came amiss to me. As soon as I could stand to them, I took hold of the stils of the plough, and by the time I was sixteen, I could do a man's day's work.

When I was seventeen I won a great ploughing match. Among the young gentlemen that came to see it was our young 'Squire, that owned nearly all the parish. He had just left College, and come into his fortune, for his father had been dead a many years. He was so much pleased with what he saw at the ploughing-match, that he determined to take the Home Farm into his own hands, and nothing would serve him but that I must be his head ploughman; indeed, I believe if I had understood writing and cyphering, he would have made me his bailiff,—for he was a young gentleman that nothing could stop when he took a fancy into his head. I mind well when he sent me off at twelve o'clock at night to London in his own carriage to buy a team of Suffolk Punches, he had heard of from a gentleman that was dining with him. Well,

this made a man of me at once. I was as tall as I am now, and I'm afraid I grew spoiled with so much good. I was courting my Lucy at the time. She was the only daughter of the blacksmith in the next village, and if ever there was an angel she was one. The parson and his daughters noticed her a good deal, because she was clever at her book and sang so sweetly at church. Her father was a drunken old chap; her mother had been dead many years. I used to look out for him when he came down to our village, as he often did to drink and play at bowls, and see him safe over the stiles when he was ill able to walk straight. Many and many a day, after ploughing a day, and supping up my horses, have I walked five miles, half leading, half carrying, old Johnny Dunn, for the sake of five minutes' talk to dear Lucy. Well, one night, in a wet autumn, I was up at the Hall to take the 'Squire's instructions; for he loved, when he had strangers from London, to have me in after dinner, to give me a glass o' wine and make believe of talking farming; old Dunn tried to get home after an evening's bouse by a short cut over a ford I had often led him, missed his footing, and was found by some lads that went next morning to take up their night lines, stone dead—drowned.

'There was poor Lucy left all alone in the world, for her father, who had been a dragoon farrier, and married one of Parson Calton's maid-servants, had no relations in that part of the country.

'I was getting good wages: there was a cottage and garden, belonging to the ploughman of the Home Farm, that I had never taken up, because I had lived with my father. The 'Squire made me many presents, and I had saved a little money, made by working at different things in winter evenings, being always handy with tools. Well, to make a long story short, Lucy found her father had left nothing behind him but a quarter's pension he had not had time to drink, a few pounds due for work, and the furniture of his cottage. She had nobody to take care of her, so we moved the furniture to my cottage, and were married before I was nineteen, and on the day Parson Calton gave her that Bible, that never has left me since I left her. Many people blamed us, and wanted us to wait. I don't think good Mr. Calton quite liked it, but his daughters were well pleased, and gave Lucy her wedding dress. Oh, God, sir, when I think upon those days, on two years that followed, and think of what I am, I wonder how I live and keep my senses. There was not a happier couple or prettier cottage in the county. My working days were not hard, for I had Lucy to welcome me home; and then on Sundays, to see her dressed in her best and walk across the fields to church, and hear her sing! Why, there was not a lady in the county could compare with her, and I have heard many great gentlemers say so.

‘I had a child, too, a darling little Lucy. * * * But this was too much happiness to last; we had been married just two years. The ‘Squire stopped at our cottage, as he was riding by on his way to London, to settle about a ploughing-match that he had determined to make up for the next week, and talked over a plan for breaking up a lot of old pasture. A fortnight afterwards the bailiff came down with a letter in his hand, and said with a grave face, “Carden, I have some bad news for you; the ‘Squire has determined to give up farming, and is going to foreign parts. I am to discharge all the hinds as soon as I can get a tenant for the farm. You are to be paid up to Christmas, and you may keep the cottage until the farm’s let, but I rather think Farmer Bullivant will take it.”

Here was a blow; we had thought ourselves provided for life, and now we had a home and a living to seek. Farmer Bullivant would not keep me on, I knew well; he had his own ploughman, a relation. Well, we were put to sore straits; but at last I got another place, although at lower wages, some distance from my native village. Hard times came on; wages were lowered again and again; and at the same time a cry rose up round the country against the threshing-machines that were being very much used, and were throwing a good many poor people out of work. The people in England, sir, are not as we are here, sir, a very few words, and one or two desperate fellows can always lead them; they are so ignorant, they are ready for anything when they are badly off.

‘I went up one night to get my wages, and behold, when I got me to the farmer’s house, the bailiffs were in, and he going to be sold up, and the winter coming on. I walked toward home half mad; passing by a public-house, who should be at the door but the ‘Squire’s gamekeeper—he kept him on—and he being sorry to see me so downcast, for he was a good kind fellow, though a gamekeeper, would make me take a glass with him; I think I had not been in a public-house since I had been married. The drink and the grief flew up into my head; before I got home, I fell in with a crowd of friends and fellow-labourers hollering and shouting. They had been breaking Farmer Bullivant’s threshing machine, and swore they would not leave one in the county. I began to try to persuade them to go away quietly, but they ended by persuading me; we met a machine, as ill-luck would have it, on the road just turning into Farmer Grinder’s stack-yard. We smashed it to pieces; in the middle of the row the soldiers came up. I was taken in the act, with about twenty others; they lodged us in Winchester gaol the same night. The assizes were sitting; they tried us in batches, and found us guilty almost as soon as we came into court. I never saw my poor wife until the moment when the judge sentenced me to transportation for life. I hear her scream

often now; I wake with it in the middle of the night. We had no time to get any one to speak to character for us; we had no lawyer or counsellor. Such poor people as we were had no friends of any use. The farmers who knew us were too angry and too frightened—although some of them were the first to speak against the threshing-machines. Good Parson Calton had been away, ill and dying, or I do not think it would have happened. For where are we poor countrymen to look for a friend wiser than ourselves if the Parson or the ‘Squire does not stand by us?

‘My wife came to see me in prison, and wept so we could not talk much; for it was so quick, so sudden—it seemed like a horrid dream; for me to be a felon—for me, that could not strike a blow against any man, except in fair fight—that never wronged a living soul out of a farthing—to be the same as robbers and murderers! Well, I advised her to get quit of all bits of furniture, and try to get to service, through the Miss Caltons. I knew they were not rich, and could not help except by giving her a good name—by giving a character to the convict’s wife! We were to have met again the next day; the poor soul had walked twenty miles to Winchester, and a fruit-woman that was in court took pity on her when she fainted, and gave her half her bed. But the same night I was waked up from the first sound sleep I had had since I was taken, and put into a coach with a lot of others, with a guard of soldiers, and sent off to the hulks; and in three days we sailed for Botany Bay, as they called it in England. Oh, sir, that time was terrible. There were many on board that thought the punishment a pleasure voyage. They had no wives, no children to love. They had no good name to lose; they had not lived in one parish to know and love every stick and stone in it. They boasted of their villainy, and joked at the disgraceful dress; they only found fault with the food, and the labour of helping to stow the ship; I did not care for the food or the work. They made me a constable on the voyage, and I landed with a good character from the surgeon in charge. I was assigned straight away to Major Z—. You must have heard, sir, what a terrible man he was. A rich man that had forgotten he had once been poor. He had more cattle and stock of all kinds than he could count; he starved us, he cursed us, and very few Mondays passed that he didn’t take up five or six for a flogging. But he was very glad to get me and three or four of the same lot, for it was not often such regular first-rate husbandmen came into the colony, so we were better treated than many. For in those times, if masters could be hard where they took a spite, still prisoners had a good chance of getting on. Well, my spirits rose and I began to have some hope when I found that, with good luck, I might have my “ticket,”

that would give liberty in the colony, in seven years, and when I saw so many who had been prisoners riding about in their carriages, or driving teams of their own, as good as the 'Squire's. Indeed, those that had good masters got on very well, but it was commonly thought that Major Z— never parted with a good man if he could help it. He was sure to make up some charge and get him flogged, so as to put off the time for his getting a *ticket of leave*.

'I had driven oxen at home and soon got into the ways of the colony, when, one day, the master came down to see a new piece of land I had been breaking up near a house he was building, and was so pleased that he began to talk quite kindly, although every second word was an oath, and asked me all about myself. Well, I told him, and made bold to say that, as he was going to build a large dairy, if he would send for my wife and child we would serve him for any wages he choose, all the days of our lives. He turned on me like a tiger, he cursed me, he told me he wanted no women or brats on his estate, no canting saints, no parsons, all he wanted was men that could work, and work they should. "If, you fool," he said, "you had asked for a gallon of rum among the gang you might have had it, and drowned all your troubles, but I'll have no women here, wives or no wives."

'I think at that moment Satan took possession of me. I was ready to do anything for my liberty, or to be free from my tyrant, and there were tempters enough all round me. A few days afterwards one of my fellow servants, an old hand, who had heard the last part of my master's speech, came to me in the evening, and, after telling me that he supposed I had found out that nothing was to be got by fair means, that my master was a rogue, in fact that every one was a rogue who was not a fool, he began to hint that he could tell me a way to get my wife out and my liberty too. I swallowed the bait, I listened; then he went on to show how with money anything could be done in the colony, told me instances of tickets and conditional pardons, besides escapes managed by bribing, and then, when I was thoroughly poisoned, he swore me to secrecy and explained how, out of a thousand bullocks, a few pair would never be missed; so that all I had to do when I took a bullock team to Sydney was to yoke an extra pair of young bullocks, making ten or twelve pair, instead of eight or ten—a butcher, near where the drays generally stood, was all ready prepared to take and pay for, as many pair of bullocks as I chose to drive in. They were worth from 10*l.* to 12*l.* each, and I was to have 6*l.* for every pair.

'I refused point blank.' "Well," he said, "I rely on your honour not to peach." He knew he had caught me. My master took an early opportunity of having me flogged on a charge of insolence; the magistrates were two friends

who had been dining with him. My tempter came to me again, and, on the next opportunity, I drove in the bullocks and became a *thief*. Having begun I could not stop; my tempter became my tyrant; to drown care I began to drink and to associate with the old hands, and then the money, for which I had resigned body and soul, melted away. What I saved up I knew not what to do with, and so I went on getting worse and worse, until one day, just as I was driving a pair of young heifers into the butcher's yard, I was arrested, tried, and convicted on the evidence of my fellow-servant, who, having been found out in another robbery, saved himself by turning on me. I was sentenced to three years hard labour in an iron gang on the Blue mountains. What I suffered in those three years no tongue can tell. I was coupled with a wretch who had been a thief from his childhood, a burglar, and a murderer, but there was one man, a political prisoner sentenced to the iron gang for striking his overseer, who saved me, and spoke words of comfort to me; my term was shortened a year for rescuing a gentleman from a bush ranger, and Major Z— having left the colony, I was assigned to my present master. In another year I shall have my ticket, but what I shall do heaven only knows. I have had one letter from my wife; she was living as dairy-maid with one of the Miss Caltons, who had married a country gentleman; they were very good to her, and I think her letter, full of good words, helped to save me from total ruin. But you, sir, are almost the only gentleman that has spoken a kind word to me in the Colony. We live like beasts of the field, working and well-fed, but nothing more. On many stations the prisoners don't even know when Sunday comes round, and we die like dogs.'

Here he paused: and I felt so much affected by his melancholy story, that I could not at the time answer him, or offer any words of comfort. * * * *

In my various wanderings I lost sight of Carden for two or three years; but one day as I was going down to Sydney with a mob of horses of my own for sale, at a roadside inn I met Jem Carden, at the head of a party of splitters and fencers doing some extensive work in the neighbourhood of a new station; he was looking thin, haggard, nervous, and was evidently ashamed to meet me. In fact he was only just recovering from a drunken spree; I taxed him with his folly; he owned it, and showed me the cause. He could earn with ease at piece-work, from 5*l.* to 8*l.* a week, building stations and stock-yards. Twice he had saved, and paid into the hands of apparently respectable parties, 40*l.*, to remit for the passage of his wife and daughter. The first time the dashing Mr. W— was insolvent two days after receiving the money. In the second instance he was kept nine months in suspense, and then learned from England by letter and in the Sydney list

of bankrupts, that he had been again swindled. 'And what,' he asked, when he had concluded this tale of pitiful, contemptible robbery, 'what can a poor fellow do but drink his cares away, when all striving to be honest and happy is in vain!'

I thought, but did not say, how uneven were the laws that sent Jem to the iron gang for stealing a bullock, and had no punishment for those who devoured his hard earnings, and laughed at him from their carriages. Thank God, a better system has been established, and government now charges itself with the passage-money of poor men's relations.

But barren sympathy was of little use, so I turned to the ploughman, and said, 'What money have you left?' 'About 10*l.* in the landlord's hands; he's an honest man, although a publican.' 'And what are you to have from this contract?' 'My share will be over 40*l.*, and I can get it done in less than six weeks, working long hours.' 'Then hand me over the 10*l.*, give me your solemn promise not to touch anything stronger than Bushman's tea for twelve months, and to let me have 30*l.* out of your contract when I return this way, and I will send the money for you.'

To cut this long story short, I put the business in the hands of my excellent friend B*****, one of the modern race of Australians, wealthy, warm-hearted, and liberal, who was on his way to England. Within a year the ploughman embraced his wife; they returned with me to my station, they passed some years with me, and some eventful scenes, before the district round me was settled. They have now a station and farm of their own; they are growing rich, as all such industrious people do in Australia, but they have not forgotten that they once were poor. If you need a subscription for a church, a school, or a sick emigrant, you may go to Mr. Carden, safe of a generous answer. It is Mr. Carden now; and perhaps that fine little boy may sit a native Representative in an Australian Parliament. A tall youth who rides beside him, is not his son but the orphan child of a poor prisoner, whom he adopted 'to make up in part,' as he expressed it, 'for what happened long ago.'

Lucy Carden, now the mother of a numerous brood of Australians, has grown happy and portly, although you may trace on her mild features the tide marks of past griefs.

The last time I saw them I was on my way to England. 'Oh, sir,' said the happy husband and father, 'tell the wretched and the starving how honest, *sober* labour is sure of a full reward here. Tell them that here poverty may be turned to competence, crime to repentance and happiness. And pray tell the great gentlemen who rule us that we much need both preachers and teachers in this wide Bush of Australia, but that it is *virtuous wives who rule us most*, and in a lovely land make the difference between happiness and misery.'

HEATHEN AND CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

If, from the heights of our boasted civilisation, we take a retrospect of past history, or a survey of other nations—savage nations included,—we shall, with humiliation, be forced to acknowledge that in no age and in no country have the dead been disposed of so prejudicially to the living as in Great Britain. Consigning mortal remains to closely-packed burial-grounds in crowded cities; covering—scarcely interring them—so superficially that exposure sometimes shocks the sentiments, while the exhalations of putrefaction always vitiate the air, is a custom which prejudice has preserved the longest to this land. A calculation made by Dr. Playfair, and quoted by the Board of Health in their admirable report on Burials, estimates the amount of noxious gases evolved annually from the metropolitan grave-yards alone at 55,261 cubic feet per acre. The average of corpses packed into each acre is 1117; therefore, as 52,000 interments take place every year, the entire amount of poison-gas emitted per annum to enter the lungs of the Londoners, and hasten their descent to the grave to contribute fresh supplies for their successors, is 2,572,580 cubic feet.

It is our present purpose to see whether such a fact can be paralleled by researches into the past or by a short survey of the manners and customs of existing savage life itself—adding such of the singular or instructive funeral ceremonies of the various people as will prove interesting.

Among the most ancient records are those of the Egyptians. The care of that extraordinary people for their dead, both as to actual preservation and that they should not become noxious to the living, has never been surpassed. This partly arose, it is true, from a superstitious reverence for the material part of man; but that superstition doubtless originated from the wise sanitary regulations of their early sages. The laws of Leviticus—many of them instituted to prevent disease and the depreciation of the species—formed, in like manner, a main part of the religion of the Jews.

The ancient Egyptians believed that the soul would return, after the lapse of ages, to inhabit, in this world, the same body from which it had been separated by death. In this belief commenced the process of embalming by which the bodies of that people have been preserved with wonderful integrity to the present day. To so extraordinary a point had the antiseptic art been brought that, as appears from Diodorus, there was a mode of preservation which ensured the retaining of the eyebrows, eyelashes, and the general external character of the person, who could be recognised by their form and features. 'Whence,' says Dr. Pocock, in his *Travels through Egypt*, 'many of the Egyptians kept the bodies of their ancestors in houses [but

never near their own residences] adorned at a very great expense, and had the pleasure to see their forefathers, who had been dead many years before they were born, and to observe all their features as well as if they were living.' The painter's art has in modern times superseded these curious picture galleries.

Another peculiarity could not have been due to superstition, but to a more rational care of the living than we at present evince, namely, the distance of their great burial places from their chief cities. The Nile intervened; the Necropoli, including the range of stupendous pyramids, were formed on the western, while the most considerable towns were on the eastern bank of that river. Diodorus gives an interesting account of the ceremonies arising out of this wise arrangement.

'Those who prepare to bury a relative, give notice of the day intended for the ceremony, to the Judges and all the friends of the deceased, informing them that the body will pass over the lake of that district, or that part of the Nile, to which the dead belonged; when, on the Judges assembling to the number of more than forty, and ranging themselves in a semicircle on the further side of the lake, the vessel provided for this purpose is set afloat. It is guided by a pilot called in the Egyptian language, *Charon*; and hence they say that Orpheus, travelling in old times into Egypt, and seeing this ceremony, formed the fable of the infernal regions, partly from what he saw, and partly from invention. The vessel being launched on the lake, before the coffin which contains the body is put on board, the law permits all who are so inclined, to bring forward an accusation against it. If any one steps forth, and proves that the deceased had led an evil life, the Judges pronounce sentence, and the body is precluded from burial; but if the accuser is convicted of injustice in his charge, he himself incurs a considerable penalty. When no accuser appears, or when the accusation is proved to be false, the relations present change their expressions of sorrow into praises of the dead.' The author adds, that many kings had been judicially deprived of the honours of burial by the indignation of their people; and that the dread of such a fate had the most salutary influence on the lives of the Egyptian sovereigns.

Two singular coincidences will occur to the reader on perusing this passage:—A *post-mortem* trial, precisely similar to that described above, forms part of the Roman Catholic ritual of Canonising a Saint. Before the defunct can be inscribed in the Calendar, a person appears to set forth all the involuntary candidate's sins and backslidings during life; and if these be of a venal character he is rejected. This officer is called 'The Devil's advocate.' Secondly, the ancient Egyptian and excellent system of funereal water conveyance is, it would appear, to be revived. In the Report of the Board of Health, dated two

thousand years later than that of Diodorus Siculus, the most extensive new burial-place recommended, is to be on the borders of the Thames; and one of the Board's propositions runs thus:—

'That, considering the river as a highway passing through the largest extent of densely-peopled districts, the facilities for establishing houses of reception on its banks, the conveniences arising from the shorter distances within the larger portion of the same area for the removal of the bodies to such houses of reception, the advantages of steam boat conveyance over that by railway in respect to tranquillity, and the avoidance of any large number of funerals at any one point, at any one time, and of any interference with common traffic and with the throng of streets; and, lastly, taking into account its great comparative cheapness, it is desirable that the chief metropolitan cemetery should be in some eligible situation accessible by water carriage.'

The case of the Jews is stronger than that of the Egyptians, as showing saner modes of burial than we have so long persisted in. They had no especial regard for the mere body, except as the temple of the soul; hence, a burial-place was, with them, the *house of the living*; an expression finely implying that death is the parent of immortal life. Their cemeteries were always in sequestered spots. In the 23rd chap. of Genesis we find that Abraham, when his wife Sarah died, desired a family burying-ground from the tribe among whom he lived:—

'And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying,

'I am a stranger and a sojourner with you; give me possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight.'

A ready consent was given, and he was offered the choice of their sepulchres. But this did not satisfy him: he wished to obtain the Cave of Machpelah, and the field in which it lay, from Ephron, the son of Zohar. The generous proprietor offered it as a gift, but the Patriarch purchased it. Thus the first transference on record of real property was the acquisition, in perpetuity, by the patriarch Abraham, of a family burying-ground especially selected for its seclusion.

Nor was the classic heathen of a more western clime less mindful of public health in his modes of disposing of the dead. The Romans, being largely indebted to the Greeks for their science, literature, arts, and habits of life, of course adopted their funeral ceremonies; and one general description may suffice for those of both. By law of the Twelve Tables, burial was prohibited within the city of Rome, and therefore cemeteries were provided without the walls.*

Immediately after the death, the body was washed, anointed with aromatic unguents, and sometimes embalmed. It was shrouded

* *Hominem Mortuum in urbe ne sepelito neve urito.*

in fine linen; white with the Greeks and black with the Romans. If the departed was a person of rank, he was clothed in his garments of ceremony, kept for seven days during the preparations for the funeral, and lay in state in the vestibule of his house, at the door of which were placed branches of pine or cypress, together with the hair of the deceased, which had been consecrated to the infernal deities. In Rome, between death and burial seven days elapsed. The funeral was attended by the friends and relatives of the deceased, who were bidden by a herald, pronouncing the invitation:—'It is time for whoever wishes, to go to the funeral of N. son of N.; who is now to be borne from home.*'

The remains of persons who had done service to the state were honoured by the attendance of public officers, and sometimes the procession was followed by large bodies of the people. According to one of the laws of Solon, the Athenians carried out the bodies of the dead before sunrise, especially the young, in order that the orb of day might not throw his light on so sad a spectacle, or by his heat induce decomposition prematurely. The body was laid on a bier, crowned with flowers, and having the face exposed. The bier was followed by the funeral procession, among whom, at Roman funerals, there was often a *mime*, or buffoon, wearing the dress of the deceased, and giving satirical imitations of his bearing and manners. At the funeral of the Emperor Vespasian, the lustre of whose many virtues was tarnished by love of money, a celebrated buffoon (as Suetonius tells us) acted the part of the emperor,—mimicking, as was customary, the deportment and language of the deceased. Having asked the managers of the funeral what would be the amount of its expense, and being answered that it would cost a sum equivalent to eighty-thousand pounds, he replied, that if they would give him eight hundred, he would throw himself into the Tiber—for drowning was thought so revolting a death, that bodies rejected by the waves were denied sepulture. The bust of the deceased, his warlike trophies, or decorations of honour, were conspicuously exhibited in the procession. His family followed the bier, walking bareheaded and barefooted, with dishevelled hair, and mourning dresses of black; and after them came bands of hired mourners, male and female, who rent the air with cries and lamentations. Thus the body was conveyed to the place of sepulture.

The claims to antiquity vaunted by the Chinese next force upon attention their provisions against allowing the dead to interfere with the well-being of the living. As they believe themselves *perfect*, to alter any one custom is sacrilege punishable with death; hence they observe the same ceremonies now, that their ancestors did several thousand years ago. 'Their tombs and sepulchres,' says Mr.

Sirr, 'are always built outside the city walls, and usually upon a hill, which is planted with cypress and pine trees.' In China nothing is so offensive to good breeding as the remotest allusion to death. A number of amusing periphrases are therefore resorted to when a hint of the subject is unavoidable; a funeral is called from the kind of mourning used: 'A white affair.'

In Persia intramural burials are also forbidden. 'The place of sepulture,' says a Persian sage, 'must be far from dwellings: near it must be no cultivation; nor the business necessarily attending the existence of dwellings; no habitation nor population must be near it.' This is another ancient injunction in remarkable accordance with one of the recommendations of our modern sages, the Board of Health.

The Mahomedans again show much better taste than Christians in their Mausoleums and burial-places—they never bury in their temples or within the walls of a town.

Among the funeral customs of the other inhabitants of the East, that of burning the dead is of very great antiquity. The Jews adopted it only in emergencies. When Saul fell on the fatal field of Gilboa, and his body was left exposed by the enemy, it was burnt by his faithful followers (1 Samuel, chap. xxxi., v. 11—13). From a passage in the book of Amos (chap. vi., v. 10), it appears that the bodies of the dead were burnt in times of pestilence, no doubt on sanitary grounds. For the same reason, incineration has been habitually perpetuated in tropical climates, but has been accompanied unhappily with the most horrible superstitions, particularly in Hindustan, where it is associated with the self-sacrifice of the widow on the funeral pile of her dead husband. The origin of this last custom, as a religious rite, has been the subject of much investigation and discussion among learned Orientalists; but Colebrooke, in his paper on the 'Duties of a Faithful Hindoo Widow,' in the fourth volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, has shown that this, among other duties of a faithful widow, is prescribed by the ancient Sanscrit books of the Bramins. Bernier, the French traveller, who visited India at the time when this practice of self-immolation was very general, gives striking descriptions of several scenes of this kind which he witnessed. The heroine of one of them was a woman who had been engaged in some love intrigues with a young Mahomedan, her neighbour, who was a tailor, and could play finely on the tabor. This woman, in the hopes of marrying her paramour, poisoned her husband, and then told the tailor that it was time for them to elope together, as they had projected, as, otherwise, she should be obliged to burn herself. The young man, fearing lest he might be entangled in a dangerous affair, flatly refused. The woman, expressing no surprise, went to her relations and informed them of the sudden death of her husband, pro-

* *Æqueq; N., N. filii, quibus est commodus ire, tempus est: olius (iile) ex ædibus effertur.*

testing that she would not survive him, but would burn herself along with him. Her kindred, well satisfied with so generous a resolution and the great honour thereby done to the whole family, presently had a pit made and filled with wood, exposing the corpse upon it, and kindling the fire. All being prepared, the woman went to embrace and take farewell of all her kindred and friends who surrounded the pit, among whom was the tailor, who had been invited to play upon the tabor along with a number of other minstrels, as was usual on such occasions. The woman, having come to the place where the young man stood, made a sign as if she would bid him farewell with the rest; but, instead of gently embracing him, she seized him by the collar with both hands, dragged him with all her strength to the pit, into which she threw herself and him together, and both instantly perished in the flames.

It was not till a comparatively recent period that the British Government made any attempt to abolish or check this barbarous custom: being unwilling, it would seem, to interfere with the religious rites and usages of the natives. The tardy intervention of the British Government has at length effectually put an end to the practice; and the natives themselves, instead of resenting this measure as a violation of their religion, have (as might have been expected) universally hailed it as a deliverance from a horrible oppression under which they groaned, but from which they were unable to emancipate themselves.

Throughout the greatest part of the wide region comprehended under the general name of India, this practice of burning the dead prevails, except among those who profess Mahomedanism. In the kingdom of Siam, it is regarded as the most honourable funeral; the bodies of criminals, and of persons disgraced, being buried. In the Birman empire, burning is the established practice.

In colder climates where the necessity for the rapid disposal of mortality is not so great, cremation has not been prevalent. Among the Greeks and Romans, it was confined to the wealthier classes, because of its expensiveness. When the Romans burnt the bodies of the dead, the ashes were gathered and enclosed in a vase or urn, which was sometimes deposited in the burial-place of the family, and sometimes preserved by them in their house. Among the remains of antiquity which have been found in Britain, and which belong to the period when a large portion of this country was a Roman province, there are many sepulchral urns which must have been deposited in the ground, either by the Roman population of this island, or by the British who adopted the Roman usages. Some of these urns are described by Sir Thomas Browne, and later discoveries of a similar kind have been made at different times. They have been found to contain, not only ashes mixed with half-burnt human bones, but the remains of combs, beads, and

other articles of dress, and coins, both Roman and British.

Burning the dead has fallen into disuse in many countries where it once prevailed, partly because of the expense—fuel diminishing as population and agriculture increased—and partly, perhaps, because the early Christians may have thought it less congruous than interment with the doctrine of the Resurrection. 'Christians,' says Sir Thomas Browne, in his usual quaint style, 'abhorred this way of obsequies, and, though they sticked not to give their bodies to be burned in their lives, detested that mode after death; affecting rather a deposite than assumption, and properly submitting unto the sentence of God, to return not unto ashes but unto dust again, conformably unto the practice of the Patriarchs; the interment of our Saviour, of Peter, Paul, and the ancient Martyrs.' In every age, and in every country where Christianity has prevailed, the burial of the dead has been the unvarying usage.

Evidence, however, of a desire for another remarkable revival of the practices of antiquity now lies before us. It is no less than the prospectus of an association—bearing the recent date of January, 1850—"for Promoting the Practice of Decomposing the Dead by Fire." Among other advantages, cheapness is promised. We may mention as some criterion on this point, that Mr. Ward, the Indian missionary, who had many opportunities of ascertaining the fact, computed that the smallest quantity of wood necessary to consume a human body, is about three hundred weight.

However averse public feeling may be to this mode of disposing of the remains of deceased relatives; yet anything is better than crowded city churchyards and poisoned air. To these a favourable contrast is offered by even the curious expedients of savage life—of which we now proceed to take a glance.

The Parsees or Gabres—the race of fire-worshippers who still exist in India,—abhor the burning of the dead as a pollution of the Deity whom they adore. This feeling they appear to have inherited from the ancient worshippers of fire, the Chaldeans, and the Magi of Persia; from whom, also, they seem to have derived the custom of exposing the bodies of the dead to be devoured by dogs, and beasts and birds of prey. A similar usage exists at this day in the kingdom of Tibet. 'According to the custom of Tibet,' says Mr. Turner (Narrative of an Embassy to Tibet), 'instead of that pious attention which is paid to the remains of the dead, in the preservation of their bodies from pollution, by depositing them in the ground, they are here exposed after their decease, like the Parsees of India, in the open air, and left to be devoured by ravens, kites, and other carnivorous birds. In the more populous parts, dogs also come in for their share of the prey, and regularly attend the consumption of the

last obsequies.' The same practice anciently existed among the Colchians, and has been remarked by modern travellers among the Illinois of North America, and the savage inhabitants of the Aleutian islands. Even in this revolting custom we trace a desire—savagely indulged, it is true—to ward off the bad effects of putrefaction by a speedy disposal of the air-polluting remains of the dead.

Among the Caffres, Hottentots, and other savage tribes of Southern Africa, adjoining the European settlements, it seems to have been customary to expose aged and helpless people in desert places, and leave them to die, because of a superstition against any one expiring in a hut. Intercourse with civilisation is mitigating this and other barbarities.

Of the means used to avert the evils of decay by preservation, none are more singular than those mentioned by Captain Tuckey, as in force upon the river Congo. The people envelope their corpses in cloth; the smell of putrefaction being only kept in by the quantity of wrappers. These are successively multiplied as they can be procured, or according to the rank of the deceased. The bulk thus attained is only limited by the power of conveyance to the grave; so that the first hut in which the body is deposited becoming too small, a second, a third—even to a sixth—each larger than the former, is placed over it.

The South American savages run no risks from the putrefying remains of their dead. The Orinoco tribes fasten them by a rope to the trunk of a tree on the shore and sink the body in the river. In the course of four and twenty hours the skeleton is picked perfectly clean by the fish. Bones alone are revered in this part of the world. The inhabitants of the Pampas and other South American tribes bury only the bones of the dead, the flesh having been first removed from them: an operation performed by the women. While the work of dissection is going on, the men walk round the tent, covered with long mantles, singing a mournful tune, and striking the ground with their spears, to drive away the evil spirits. The bones, being prepared, are packed up in a hide, and conveyed on a favourite horse of the deceased to the family burial-place, sometimes hundreds of miles distant. Being disposed in their natural order and tied together so as to form a skeleton, they are clothed in the deceased's best attire, and ornamented with beads and feathers. The skeleton is placed in a sitting posture, with the carcasses of horses, killed—in order that their master may ride them in the next world—in a pit or grave, which is then covered over. Among all the customs of unenlightened mankind, there are few more remarkable than this provision for the material wants of the dead in another state of existence. In all ages, and in most parts of the world, the dead man has been sent to his long home, furnished with servants, horses, dogs, domestic

utensils—every article of physical comfort and enjoyment he is supposed to require. Money has been supplied for his journey, and even (as among the Jukati of Siberia) food has been put into his coffin, 'that he may not hunger on his road to the dwelling of souls.' 'As if,' quaintly remarks an ancient Spanish traveller, 'the infernal regions were a long way off.' But in every instance the corpse has been so dealt with as to prevent injury to those who still exist.

It is now time to allude to our own burial customs, and to the great reform which happily has at length begun. It appears extraordinary, that amidst the advance which has been made in social and sanitary science, Great Britain should be the last to give up the unwholesome custom of continuing the dead as near neighbours to the quick. The long conservation of this evil has mainly arisen from a sentiment of the superior sanctity of burial-places in and near to sacred edifices. That this is, however, an unqualified superstition, it is not difficult to prove, by tracing it to its root. Joseph Bingham states in his *Origines Ecclesiasticæ*, that churchyards owe their origin to respect paid to the remains of saints and martyrs, which was shown first by building churches and chapels over them, and then by a general desire of people to be interred as near to their sacred dust as possible. This privilege was only for a time accorded to Emperors and Kings, but so early as the sixth century the commonalty were allowed places, not only under the church wall, but in the consecrated space of ground surrounding it. Bodies were not deposited within the church till after a long struggle on the part of the heads of the Church.*

So far from burying in churches, corpses were not admitted into parish churches, even for the funeral service to be read over them, except under special circumstances. An interesting canon—the 15th of the Council of Tribur—runs thus, 'The funeral service must only be performed in the church where the bishop resides: that is to say in the cathedral of the diocese. If that church be too distant, it may be celebrated in some other, where there is a community of canons, monks, or religious orders; in order that the deceased may have the benefit of their prayers. Should again that be impossible, the service may be performed where the defunct during life paid tythes: this is in his parish church.' By a previous canon (one of the Council of Meaux) no burial fees could be exacted by the clergy, although the relations were allowed to give alms to the poor. This injunction was but little observed either at or after the time it was laid, in 845.

The unwholesome practice of intra-eccl-

* Several canons were issued against this now universal abuse. Among others, the 15th of the Council of Brague (Portugal) in 863. The 72nd of the Council of Meaux (845), the 17th of the Council of Tribur, 895, &c.

siastical interment became general after the 10th century, when the clergy succumbed to the power of money, and the sale of the indulgence proved too profitable to be abandoned. To show by what frauds the unhealthful custom was kept up, we may cite a legend relating to St. Dunstan. An unbaptised son of Earl Harold having been deposited within the church where the deceased saint rested, St. Dunstan—so the fable runs—appeared twice to the chaplain to complain that he could not rest in his grave for the stench of the young Pagan. Other underground saints were, however, consulted on the matter, and they silenced St. Dunstan by acquiescing in the abuse. It therefore not only continued but gave rise to another evil. Tombs came to be erected, and these became convenient as lurking-places and rendezvous for various immoral and improper purposes. The Council of Winchester, in 1240, forbade the holding of markets, gaming and other iniquities performed among the tombs in churches and cemeteries. But this injunction was of little avail, as we learn from the History of St. Paul's. Duke Humphrey's Tomb in 'Paul's walk' (the middle aisle of the Cathedral), was the occasional resort for ages of the idleness and infamy of London. It was a regular mart and meeting place for huxters, gossips, gamblers, and thieves. In 1554 the Lord Mayor prohibited the church to be used for such 'irreverent' purposes, under pain of fine. Still it was not till the great fire that Duke Humphrey's tomb was utterly deserted.

Meanwhile in every part of the country, families who could afford the expense, were buried inside in preference to outside the various places of worship, and, until the present year, no effective stop has been put to the evil. Our French neighbours were before us in this respect. Inhumation inside churches was forbidden except in rare cases, by a royal ordinance dated Versailles, 10th March, 1777. We perceive by the excellent report of Dr. Sutherland to the Board of Health on the practice of interments in Germany and France, that cemeteries have been since substituted by law in almost every considerable town in those countries. It has therefore been continued, almost exclusively in this empire.

At last, however, we have good reason to hope that intramural burials, with all their attendant evils, will speedily be themselves buried with the barbarous relics of the past. The comprehensive suggestions of the Board of Health appear to meet every difficulty, and as a strong stream of common sense has, we hope and believe, set in in favour of funereal reform, we trust they will pass into the statute book without much opposition; some they will inevitably encounter, in compliance with the fixed law of English obstinacy.

It may console those in whom lingers, from old association, almost a religious prejudice in

favour of churchyards, to be reminded that some of the most eminent Christians, both lay and clerical, have earnestly pleaded for extramural cemeteries. Evelyn—the model of a Christian gentleman—regretted that after the Fire of London advantage had not been taken of that calamity to rid the city of its burial-places, and establish a necropolis without the walls. 'I yet cannot but deplore,' says he, in his 'Silva,' 'that when that spacious area was so long a *rasa tabula*, the churchyards had not been banished to the north walls of the city, where a grated inclosure of competent breadth for a mile in length, might have served for an universal cemetery to all the parishes, distinguished by the like separations, and with ample walks of trees, the walks adorned with monuments, inscriptions, and titles, apt for contemplation and memory of the defunct, and that wise and excellent law of the Twelve Tables renewed.' The pious Sir Thomas Browne says quaintly in his 'Hydriotaphia,' 'To live indeed is to be again ourselves; which being not a hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's Churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt, ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.'

Would it not then be well to reflect, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, whether any of the best customs, whether the very worst custom—considering the state of society in which it has obtained—is so degrading as that of burying the dead in the midst of the living, to generate an amount of human destruction, compared with which the slaughter attendant on an African funeral is as a drop of water in an ocean. It should be remembered that, in the barbarous customs we have cited there is always to be traced the perversion of an idea:—as that the dead man will want food, passage money, attendants, beasts of burden, something that benighted ignorance is unable to separate from the wants incidental to this earthly state. There is no such poor excuse for the custom into which this civilised age has insensibly lapsed, until its evils have become too great to bear. The affection which endures beyond the grave is surely more fitly associated with a tomb in a beautiful solitude than amidst the clamour and clatter of a city's streets. If, in submission to that moral law of gravitation, which renders it difficult to separate our thoughts of those who have departed from some lingering association with this earth, we desire to find a resting-place for our dead which we can visit, and where we may hope to lie when our own time shall come, reason and imagination alike suggest its being in a spot serenely sacred to that last repose of so much of us as is mortal, where natural decay may claim kindred with nature, in her beautiful succession of decay and renovation, undisturbed by the strife of the brief scene that has closed.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N^o. 3.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1850.

[PRICE 2d.

THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE.

WE take this opportunity of announcing a design, closely associated with our Household Words, which we have now matured, and which we hope will be acceptable to our readers.

We purpose publishing, at the end of each month as a supplementary number to the monthly part of Household Words, a comprehensive Abstract or History of all the occurrences of that month, native and foreign, under the title of THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The size and price of each of these numbers will be the same as the size and price of the present number of Household Words. Twelve numbers will necessarily be published in the course of the year—one for each month—and on the completion of the Annual Volume, a copious Index will appear, and a title-page for the volume; which will then be called THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE of such a year. It will form a complete Chronicle of all that year's events, carefully compiled, thoroughly digested, and systematically arranged for easy reference; presenting a vast mass of information that must be interesting to all, at a price that will render it accessible to the humblest purchasers of books, and at which only our existing machinery in connexion with this Work would enable us to produce it.

The first number of THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE will appear as a supplement to the first monthly part of Household Words, published at the end of the present month of APRIL. As the Volume for 1850 would be incomplete (in consequence of our not having commenced this publication at the beginning of a year) without a backward reference to the three months of JANUARY, FEBRUARY, and MARCH, a similar number of THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE for each of those months will be published before the year is out.

It is scarcely necessary to explain that it is not proposed to render the purchase of THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE compulsory on the purchasers of Household Words; and that the supplementary number, though always published at the same time as our monthly

part, will therefore be detached from it, and published separately.

Nor is it necessary for us, we believe, to expatiate on our leading reasons for adding this new undertaking to our present enterprise. The intimate connexion between the facts and realities of the time, and the means by which we aim, in Household Words, to soften what is hard in them, to exalt what is held in little consideration, and to show the latent hope there is in what may seem unpromising, needs not to be pointed out. All that we sought to express in our Preliminary Word, in reference to this work, applies, we think, to its proposed companion. As another humble means of enabling those who accept us for their friend, to bear the world's rough-cast events to the anvil of courageous duty, and there beat them into shape, we enter on the project, and confide in its success.

THE TROUBLED WATER QUESTION.

My excellent and eloquent friend, Lyttleton, of Pump Court, Temple, barrister-at-law, disturbed me on a damp morning at the end of last month, to bespeak my company to a meeting at which he intended to hold forth. 'It is,' he said, 'the Great Water Supply Congress, which assembles to-morrow.'

'Do you know anything of the subject?'

'A vast deal both practically and theoretically. Practically, I pay for my little box in the Regent's Park, twice the price for water our friend Fielding is charged, and both supplies are derived from the same Company. Yet his is a mansion, mine is a cottage; his rent more than doubles mine in amount, and his family trebles mine in number. So much for the consistency and exactions of an irresponsible monopoly. Practically, again, there are occasions when my cisterns are without water. So much for deficient supply.'

'Is your water bad?'

'Not absolutely unwholesome; but I have drunk better.'

'Now then, Theoretically?'

'Theoretically, I learn from piles of blue books—a regular blue mountain of parliamentary inquiry instituted in the years 1810, 1821, 1827, 1828, 1834, 1840, and 1845—from a cloud of prospectuses issued by embryo

Water Companies, from a host of pamphlets *pro* and *con*, and from the reports of the Board of Health, that of the 300,000 houses of which London is said to consist, 70,000 are without the great element of suction and cleanliness; I find also that the supply, such as it is, is derived from nine water companies all linked together to form a giant monopoly; and that, in consequence, the charge for water is in some instances excessive; that six of these companies draw their water from the filthy Thames;—and the same number, including those which use the Lea and New River water, have no system of filtration—hence it is unwholesome; that in short, the public of the metropolis are the victims of dear, insufficient and dirty water. Like Tantalus of old they are denied much of the great element of life, although it flows within reach of their parched and thirsty lips. And by whom? By that many-headed Cerberus—that nine gentlemen in one—the great monopolist Water Company combination of London! Unless, therefore, we bestir ourselves in the great cause for which this numerous, enlightened, and respectable meeting have assembled here this day—

‘You forget; you have only two listeners at present—myself and my spaniel. I can suggest a more profitable morning’s amusement than a rehearsal of your speech.’

‘What?’

‘Your theoretical knowledge is, I doubt not, very comprehensive and varied. But second-hand information is not to be trusted too implicitly. Every statement of fact, like every story, gains something in exaggeration, or loses something in accuracy by repetition from book to book, or from book to mouth.’

‘Granted; but what do you suggest?’

‘Ocular demonstration. Let us at once visit and minutely inspect the works of one of the Companies. I am sure they will let us in at the Grand Junction, for I have already been over their premises.’

‘A capital notion! Agreed.’

The preliminaries—consisting of the hasty ‘bundling up of Mr. Lyttleton’s notes for the morrow’s oration, and the hire of a Hansom cab—were adjusted in a few minutes.

The order to drive to Kew Bridge, was obeyed in capital style; for in three-quarters of an hour we were deposited on the towing path on the Surrey side of the Thames, opposite the King of Hanover’s house, and a quarter of a mile west of Kew Bridge.

‘Here,’ I explained ‘is the spot whence the Grand Junction Company derive their water. In the bed of the river is an enormous culvert pipe laid parallel to this path. Its mouth—open towards Richmond—is barred across with a grating, to intercept stray fish, murdered kittens, or vegetable impurities, and—except now and then the intrusion edgeways of a small flounder, or the occasional slip of an erratic eel—it admits nothing into the pipe

but what is more or less fluid. The culvert then takes a bend round the edge of the islet opposite to us; burrows beneath the Brentford road, and delivers its contents into a well under that tall chimney and taller iron “stand-pipe” which you see on the other side of the river.’

‘And is *this* the stuff I have to pay four pounds ten a year for?’ exclaimed Mr. Lyttleton, contemplating the opaque fluid; part of which was then making its way into the cisterns of Her Majesty’s lieges.

‘Certainly; but it is purified first. We will now cross the bridge to the Works.’

Those of my readers who make prandial expeditions to Richmond, must have noticed at the beginning of Old Brentford, a little beyond where they turn over Kew Bridge, an immensely tall thin column that shoots up into the air like an iron mast unable to support itself, and seems to require four smaller, thinner, and not much shorter props to keep it upright. This, with the engine and engine-houses, is all they can see of the Grand Junction Waterworks from the road. It is only when one gets inside, that the whole extent of the aquatic apparatus is revealed.

Determined to follow the water from the Thames till it began its travels to London, we entered the edifice, went straight to the well, and called for a glass of water. Our hosts—who had received our visit without hesitation—supplied us. ‘That,’ remarked one of them, as he held the half-filled tumbler up to the light, ‘is precisely the state of the water as emptied from the Thames into the well.’

It looked like a dose of weak magnesia, or that peculiar London liquid known as ‘skim-sky-blue,’ but deceitfully sold under the name of milk.

‘The analysis of Professor Brande,’ said Lyttleton, ‘gives to every gallon of Thames water taken from Kew Bridge, 19·2 parts of solid matter; but the water, I apprehend, in which he experimented must have been taken from the river on a serener occasion than this. To-day’s rain appears to have drained away the chalk—so as to give in this specimen a much larger proportion of solids to fluids than his estimate.’

‘In this impure state,’ one of the engineers told us, ‘the water is pumped by steam power into the reservoirs to which you will please to follow me.’

Passing out of the building and climbing a sloping bank, we now saw before us an expanse of water covering 3½ acres; but divided into two sections. Into the larger, the pump first delivers the water, that so much of the impurity as will form sediment may be precipitated. It then slowly glides through a small opening into the lesser section, which is a huge filter.

‘The impurities of water,’ said the bar-rister, assuming an oratorical attitude, to give

us a taste of his 'reading up,' are of two kinds; first, such as are mechanically suspended—say earth, chalk, sand, clay, dead vegetation or decomposed eats; and secondly, such as are dissolved or chemically combined—like salt, sugar, or alkali. Separation in the one case is easy, in the other it involves a chemical process. If you throw a pinch of sand into a tumbler of water, and stir it about, you produce a turbid mixture; but to render the fluid clear again you have only to adopt the simple process of letting it alone; for on setting the tumbler down for awhile, the particles—which, from their extreme minuteness, were easily disturbed and distributed amidst the fluid—being heavier than water, are precipitated, or in other words, fall to the bottom, leaving the liquid translucent. This is what is happening in the larger section of the reservoir to the chalky water of which we drank. I think I am correct?' asked the speaker, angling for a single 'cheer' from the Engineer.

'Quite so,' replied that gentleman.

'Provided the water could remain at rest long enough—which the insatiable maw of the modern Babylon does not allow,'—continued the honourable orator, rehearsing a bit more of his speech, 'this mode of cleansing would be perfectly effectual. In proof of which I may only allude to Nature's mode of depuration, as shown in lakes—that of Geneva for instance. The waters of the Rhone enter that expansive reservoir from the Valais in a very muddy condition; yet, after reposing in the lake, they issue at Geneva as clear as crystal. But so incessant is the London demand, that scarcely any time can be afforded for the impurities of the Thames, the Lea, or the New River to separate themselves from the water by mere deposition.'

'True,' interjected one of the superintendants. 'It is for that reason that our water is passed afterwards into the filtering bed, which is four feet thick.'

'How do you make up this enormous bed?'

'The water rests upon, and permeates through, 1st, a surface of fine sand; 2d, a stratum of shells; 3d, a layer of garden gravel; and 4th, a base of coarse gravel. It thence falls through a number of ducts into cisterns, whence it is pumped up so as to commence its travels to town through the conduit pipe.'

We were returning to the engine-house, when Lyttleton asked the Engineer, 'Does your experience generally, enable you to say that water as supplied by the nine companies, is tolerably pure?'

'Upon the whole, yes,' was the answer.

'Indeed!' ejaculated the orator, sharply. 'If that be true,' he whispered to me, in a rueful tone, 'I shall be cut out of one of the best points in my speech.'

'Of course,' continued the Engineer, 'purity entirely depends upon the source, and the means of cleansing.'

'Then, as to the source—how many companies take their supplies from the Thames, near to, and after it has received the contents of, the common sewers?'

'No water is taken from the Thames below Chelsea, except that of the Lambeth Company, which is supplied from between Waterloo and Hungerford Bridges; an objectionable source, which they have obtained an act to change to Thames Ditton. The Chelsea Waterworks have a most efficient system of filtration; as also have the Southwark and Vauxhall Company; both draw their water from between the Red House, Battersea, and Chelsea Hospital. The other companies do not filter. The West Middlesex sucks up some of Father Thames as he passes Barnes Terrace. Except the lowest of these sources, Thames water is nearly as pure as that of other rivers.'

'Perhaps it is,' was the answer; 'but the unwholesomeness arises from contaminations received during its course; we don't object to the "Thames," but to its "tributaries," such as the black contents of common sewers, and the refuse of gut, glue, soap, and other nauseous manufactures; to say nothing of animal and vegetable offal, of which the river is the sole receptacle. Brande shows that, while the solid matter contained in the river at Teddington is 17.4, that which the water has contracted when it flows past Westminster is 24.4, and the City of London, 28.0.'

'But,' said the Engineer, 'these adulterations are only mechanically suspended in the fluid, and are, as you shall see presently, totally separated from it by our mode of filtration.'

'Which brings us to your second point, as to efficient cleansing; you admit that without filtration this is impossible, and also that only three companies filter; the deduction, therefore, is that two-thirds of the water supplied to Londoners is insufficiently cleansed. This indeed, is not a mere inference; we know it for a fact, we see it in our ewers, we taste it out of our caraffes.'

'But this does not wholly arise from the inefficient filtration of the six companies,' returned an officer of this Company, 'the public is much to blame—though, when agitating against an abuse, it never thinks of blaming itself. Half the dirt, dust, and animalculæ found at table are introduced after the water has been delivered to the houses. Impurity of all sorts finds its way into out-door cisterns, even when covered, and few of them, open or closed, are often enough cleansed. In some neighbourhoods water-butts are always uncovered, and hardly ever cleaned out. The water is foul, and the companies are blamed.'

'The blame belongs to the system,' said the barrister. 'Domestic reservoirs are not only an evil but an unnecessary expense. Besides filth, they cause waste and deficient supply; they should be abolished; for continuous

supply is the real remedy. Let the pipes be always full, and the water would be always ready, always fresh, and could never acquire new impurities. Still, despite all you say, I am bound to conclude that although one-third of the water may arrive in the domestic cisterns of the metropolis in a pellucid state, the other two-thirds does not.' Mr. L. then inscribed this calculation in his note book, whispering to me that his pet 'dirty water point' would come out even stronger than he had expected.

We had now returned to one of the engine-rooms.

'You have tasted the water before, I now present you with some of it after, filtration,' said the chief engineer, handing us a tumbler. 'This is exactly the condition in which we deliver it to our customers.'

It was clear to the eye, and to the taste innocuous; but Lyttleton (who I should mention, occasionally turns on powerful streams of oratory at Temperance meetings, and is a judge of the article,) complained that the liquid wanted 'flavour.'

'In other words, then it wants *impurity*,' replied one of our cicerones with alacrity, 'for perfectly pure water is quite tasteless. Indeed, water may be too pure. Distilled water which contains no salt, is insipid, and tends to indigestion. It is a wise provision of Nature, that waters should contain a greater or less quantity of foreign ingredients; for without these water is dangerous to drink. It never fails to take up from the atmosphere a certain proportion of carbonic acid gas, and when passing through lead pipes it imbibes enough carbonate of lead to constitute poison. Dr. Christison mentions several severe cases of lead (or painter's) cholera, which arose chiefly in country houses to which water was supplied from springs through lead pipes. The most remarkable case was that at Claremont, where the ex-king of the French and several members of his family were nearly poisoned by pure spring water conveyed to the mansion through lead pipes.

'Mercy!' I exclaimed, with all the energy of despair that a mere water-drinker is capable of, 'if river water be unwholesome, and pure water poison, what is to become of every temperance pledgee?'

The Engineer relieved me: 'All the Chemists,' he stated, 'have agreed that a water containing from eight to ten grains of sulphate of magnesia or soda, to the imperial gallon, is best suited for alimentary, lavatory, and other domestic purposes.'

We were now introduced to the great engine. What a monster! Imagine an enormous see-saw, with a steam engine at one end, and a pump at the other. Fancy this 'beam,' some ten yards long, and twenty-eight tons in weight, moving on a pivot in the middle, the ends of which show a circumference greater than the crown of the biggest hat ever worn. See, with what earnest

deliberation the 'see,' or engine, pulls up the 'saw,' or balance-box of the pump, which then comes down upon the water-trap with the ferocious *aplomb* of 49 tons, sending 400 gallons of water in one tremendous squirt nearly the twentieth part of a mile high;—that is to the top of the stand-pipe.

'We have a smaller engine which "does" 150 gallons per stroke,' remarked our informant: 'each performs 11 strokes, and forces up 4400 gallons of water per minute, and thus our average delivery per diem throughout the year is from 4,000,000, to 5,000,000 gallons.'

'What proportion of London do you supply?' asked Mr. Lyttleton.

'The quadrangle included between Oxford Street, Wardour Street, Pall-Mall, and Hyde Park; besides the whole of Notting-hill, Bayswater, and Paddington. We serve 14,058 houses, to each of which we supply 225 gallons per day, or, taking the average number of persons per house at nine, 25 gallons a head; besides public services, such as baths, watering streets, or manufactories; making our total daily delivery at the rate of 252 gallons per house. This delivery is performed through 80 miles of service pipes, whose diameter varies from 3 to 30 inches.'

'Now,' said my companion, sharpening his pencil, 'to go into the question of supply.' He then unfolded his pocket soufflet, and brought out a calculation, of quantities derived, he said, from parliamentary returns and other authorities more or less reliable:—

	Gals. daily.
New River Company	20,000,000
Chelsea Company	3,250,000
West Middlesex Company	3,650,000
Grand Junction Company	3,500,000
East London Company	7,000,000
South Lambeth Company	2,500,000
South London Company and Southwark Company	3,000,000
Hampstead Company	400,000
Kent Company	1,200,000
	<hr/>
	44,500,000
Artesian Wells	8,000,000
Land-spring Pumps	3,000,000
"Catch" rain water (say)	1,000,000

Making a total quantity supplied daily to London, from all sources, of	} 56,500,000
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'An abundant supply,' said an engineer eagerly, 'for as the present population of the metropolis is estimated at 2,336,000, the total affords about 24 gallons of water per day, for every man, woman, and child.'

'Admitted,' rejoined Lyttleton; 'but we have to deal with large deductions; first, nearly half this quantity runs to waste, chiefly in consequence of the intermittent system. I live in a small house with proportionately small cisterns, which are filled no more than three times a week; now, as my neighbours have

larger houses and larger reservoirs, the water when turned on runs for as long a time into my small, as it does into their capacious cisterns, and consequently, if my stop-taps be in the least out of order, a greater quantity descends the waste pipe than remains behind. This is universally the case in similar circumstances.'

'We supply water daily, Sundays excepted,' remarked the Engineer.

'Then you are wiser than your neighbours. But every inconvenience and nearly all the waste, would be saved by the adoption of the continuous system of supply. Secondly, a large quantity of water is consumed by cattle, breweries, baths, public institutions, for putting out fires, and for laying dust. The lieges of London have only, therefore, to divide between them some 10 gallons of water each per day; and, as it is generally admitted that a sixth part of their habitations are without water at all, the division must be most unequally made. That such is the fact is shown by your own figures—your customers get 25 gallons each per day, or more than double their share. For this excess, some in poorer districts get none at all.'

'That is no fault of the existing companies. As sellers of an article, they are but too happy to get as many customers for it as possible; but poor tenants cannot, and their landlords will not, afford the expense. If the companies were to make the outlay necessary to connect the houses with their mains, they would have no legal power to recover the money so expended—nor indeed is it clear, that were they inclined to run the risk, the parties would avail themselves of it. In one instance, the Southwark and Vauxhall Company offered to construct a tank which would give continuous supply to a block of 100 small houses, at the rate of 50 gallons per diem to each—if the proprietor would pay an additional rate sufficient to yield 5 per cent. on the outlay, such additional rate not exceeding one half-penny per week for each house, but the offer was declined.'

'That is an extreme case of cheapness on the one side, and of stupidity on the other,' said the barrister. 'Other landlords will not turn on water for their tenants, because of the expense; not only of the "plant," in the first instance, but of the after water-rent. I find, by the account rendered to the House of Commons in 1834, that the South London Company (since incorporated with the Southwark, as the "Southwark and Vauxhall,"—the very Company you mention,) charged considerably less than any other. The return shows that while they obtained only 15s. per 1000 hogsheads; the West Middlesex (the highest) exacted 48s., 6d. for the same quantity; consequently, had the houses of the foolish landlord who refused one half-penny per week for water, stood in north-western instead of southern London, he would have had to pay more than treble, or a fraction above three half-pence per week.'

'Allowing for difference of level,' I remarked, 'and other interferences with the cheap delivery of water; the disparity in the charges of the different companies, and even by the same company to different customers, is unaccountable: they are guided by no principle. You have mentioned the extreme points of the scale of rates; the remaining companies charged at the time you mention, respectively per 1000 hogsheads, 17s., 17s. 2d., 21s., 28s., 29s., and 45s. The only companies whose charges are limited by act of parliament are the Grand Junction, the East London, the Southwark and Vauxhall, and the Lambeth. The others exact precisely what they please.'

'And,' interposed Lyttleton, 'there is no redress: the only appeal we, the taxed, have, is to our taxers, and the monopoly is so tight that—as is my case—although your next door neighbour is supplied from a cheaper company, you are not allowed to change.'

'The companies were obliged to combine, to save themselves from ruin and the public from extreme inconvenience,' said our informant; 'during the competition streets were torn up, traffic was stopped, and confusion was worse confounded in the districts where the opposition raged.'

'But what happened when the war ceased, and the general peace was concluded?' said Lyttleton, chuckling. 'To show how ill some of the companies manage their affairs, I could cite some laughable cases. When the combination commenced, some of them forgot to stop off their mains, and supplied water to customers whom they had previously turned over to their quondam rivals; so that one company gave the water, and the other pocketed the rent. This, in some instances, went on for years.'

Here the subject branched off into other topics. It is worthy of notice that the conversation was carried on by the side of the enormous Cornish engine, that was driving 4400 gallons per minute 218 feet high.

'It is marvellous,' I remarked, 'that so much power can be exercised with so little noise and vibration.'

'That's owing to the patent valves in the pump,' said the stoker.

Taking a last look at the monster, we went outside to view the stand-pipe. Being, we were told, 218 feet high, it tops the Monument in Fish Street-hill by 16 feet. Within it is performed the last stroke of hydraulic art which is needed; for nature does the rest. The water, sent up through the middle or thickest of the tubes, falls over into the open mouths of the smaller ones—(which most people mistake for supports)—descends through all four at once into the conduit-pipe, and travels of its own accord leisurely to London. In obedience to the law of levels, it rises without further trouble to the tops of the tallest houses on the highest spots in the Company's district. In its way it fills a large reservoir on Camden-hill.

The iron conduit-pipe ends at Poland-street, Oxford-street, and is $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long.

Our inspection was now terminated. We took a parting glass of water with our intelligent and communicative hosts, and returned to town.

I firmly believe that the success of Lyttleton's speech at the great meeting next day, was very much owing to this visit. The room was crowded in every part. His tone was moderate. He avoided the extravagant exaggerations of the more fiery order of water spouters. Neither was he too tame; he was not—as Moore said of a tory orator—like an

‘awkward thing of wood
Which up and down its clumsy arm doth move;
And only spout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood,’

but he came out capitably in the hard, argumentative style. His oration bristled with logic and statistics to a degree of which I cannot pretend to give the faintest notion.

Sipping inspiration out of a tumbler filled with the flowing subject of discussion, Mr. Lyttleton commenced by declaring his conviction that the water supplied to the metropolis was, generally speaking, bad in quality, extravagantly dear, and, from excessive waste, deficient in quantity. In order to remedy those defects an efficient control was essential. Continuous supply, filtration, and a uniform scale of rates must be enforced. Some of the companies were pocketing enormous dividends, and was it a fair argument to retort, that they are now being reimbursed for periods of no dividend at all? Are we of the present day to be mulcted to cover losses occasioned because the early career of some of these companies was marked by the ignorance, imprudence, and reckless extravagance, which he (Mr. Lyttleton) could prove it was? If our wine merchant, or coal merchant, or baker, began business badly and with loss, would he be tolerated, if, when he grew wiser and more prosperous, he tried to exact large prices to cover the consequences of his previous mismanagement? Mr. Lyttleton apprehended not. With this branch of the question—he proceeded to remark—the important subjects of distribution and supply were intimately connected. It had been ascertained that a vast proportion of the poor had no water in their houses. Why? Partly because it was too dear; but partly he (the learned speaker) was bound to say from the parsimony of landlords. He had pointed out a remedy for the first evil; for the second he would propose that every house owner should be bound to introduce pipes into every house. The law was stringent on him as to sewers and party-walls, and why should not a water supply be enforced on him also?—In dealing with the whole question of supply—the honourable gentleman went on to say, he could not agree with those who stated that the delivery of it was deficient. A moderate calcu-

lation estimated the quantity running through the underground net-work of London pipes at 56,000,000 of gallons per day. Waste (of which there is a prodigious amount), steam-engines, cattle, public baths and other supplies deducted, left more than 10 gallons per diem per head for the whole population,—that is supposing these gallons were equitably distributed; but they are not,—the rich get an excess, and the poor get none at all. He (the learned barrister) was not prepared to say that 10 or 20 gallons per head daily were sufficient for all the purposes of life in this or in any other city, great or small; but this he would say, that under proper management the existing supply might be made ample for present wants;—whether for the requirements of augmenting population and increased cleanliness we need not discuss now. What was wanted at this time was a better distribution rather than a greater supply; but what was wanted most of all was united action and one governing body. Without this, confusion, extravagance, and waste, would inevitably continue.

Mr. Lyttleton wound up with a peroration that elicited very general applause. ‘Although we must,’ he said, ‘establish an efficient control over the existing means of water supply, we must neither wholly despise nor neglect them, nor blindly rush into new and ruinous schemes. We must remove the onus of payment from the poorer tenants to their landlords, and into whatever central directing power the Waterworks of this great city shall pass,’ concluded the learned orator, with energetic unction, ‘our motto must be “continuous supply, uniform rates, and universal filtration!”’

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHEAPNESS.

THE LUCIFER MATCH.

SOME twenty years ago the process of obtaining fire, in every house in England, with few exceptions, was as rude, as laborious, and as uncertain, as the effort of the Indian to produce a flame by the friction of two dry sticks.

The nightlamp and the rushlight were for the comparatively luxurious. In the bedrooms of the cottager, the artisan, and the small tradesman, the infant at its mother's side too often awoke, like Milton's nightingale, ‘darkling,’—but that ‘nocturnal note’ was something different from ‘harmonious numbers.’ The mother was soon on her feet; the friendly tinder-box was duly sought. Click, click, click; not a spark tells upon the sullen blackness. More rapidly does the flint ply the sympathetic steel. The room is bright with the radiant shower. But the child, familiar enough with the operation, is impatient at its tediousness, and shouts till the mother is frantic. At length one lucky spark does its office—the tinder is alight.

Now for the match. It will not burn. A gentle breath is wafted into the murky box; the face that leans over the tinder is in a glow. Another match, and another, and another. They are all damp. The toil-worn father 'swears a prayer or two'; the baby is inexorable; and the misery is only ended when the goodman has gone to the street door, and after long shivering has obtained a light from the watchman.

In this, the beginning of our series of Illustrations of Cheapness, let us trace this antique machinery through the various stages of its production.

The tinder-box and the steel had nothing peculiar. The tinnab made the one as he made the saucepan, with hammer and shears; the other was forged at the great metal factories of Sheffield and Birmingham; and happy was it for the purchaser if it were something better than a rude piece of iron, very uncomfortable to grasp. The nearest chalk quarry supplied the flint. The domestic manufacture of the tinder was a serious affair. At due seasons, and very often if the premises were damp, a stifling smell rose from the kitchen, which, to those who were not intimate with the process, suggested doubts whether the house were not on fire. The best linen rag was periodically burnt, and its ashes deposited in the tinman's box, pressed down with a close fitting lid upon which the flint and steel reposed. The match was chiefly an article of itinerant traffic. The chandler's shop was almost ashamed of it. The mendicant was the universal match-seller. The girl who led the blind beggar had invariably a basket of matches. In the day they were vendors of matches—in the evening manufacturers. On the floor of the hovel sit two or three squalid children, splitting deal with a common knife. The matron is watching a pipkin upon a slow fire. The fumes which it gives forth are blinding as the brimstone is liquifying. Little bundles of split deal are ready to be dipped, three or four at a time. When the pennyworth of brimstone is used up, when the capital is exhausted, the night's labour is over. In the summer, the manufacture is suspended, or conducted upon fraudulent principles. Fire is then needless; so delusive matches must be produced—wet splints dipped in powdered sulphur. They will never burn, but they will do to sell to the unwary maid-of-all-work.

About twenty years ago Chemistry discovered that the tinder-box might be abolished. But Chemistry set about its function with especial reference to the wants and the means of the rich few. In the same way the first printed books were designed to have a great resemblance to manuscripts, and those of the wealthy class were alone looked to as the purchasers of the skilful imitations. The first chemical light-producer was a complex and ornamental casket, sold at a guinea. In a year or so, there were pretty portable cases

of a phial and matches, which enthusiastic young housekeepers regarded as the cheapest of all treasures at five shillings. By and bye the light-box was sold as low as a shilling. The fire revolution was slowly approaching. The old dynasty of the tinder-box maintained its predominance for a short while in kitchen and garret, in farmhouse and cottage. At length some bold adventurer saw that the new chemical discovery might be employed for the production of a large article of trade—that matches, in themselves the vehicles of fire without aid of spark and tinder, might be manufactured upon the factory system—that the humblest in the land might have a new and indispensable comfort at the very lowest rate of cheapness. When Chemistry saw that phosphorus, having an affinity for oxygen at the lowest temperature, would ignite upon slight friction,—and so ignited would ignite sulphur, which required a much higher temperature to become inflammable, thus making the phosphorus do the work of the old tinder with far greater certainty; or when Chemistry found that chlorate of potash by slight friction might be exploded so as to produce combustion, and might be safely used in the same combination—a blessing was bestowed upon society that can scarcely be measured by those who have had no former knowledge of the miseries and privations of the tinder-box. The Penny Box of Lucifers, or Congreves, or by whatever name called, is a real triumph of Science, and an advance in Civilisation.

Let us now look somewhat closely and practically into the manufacture of a Lucifer-match.

The combustible materials used in the manufacture render the process an unsafe one. It cannot be carried on in the heart of towns without being regarded as a common nuisance. We must therefore go somewhere in the suburbs of London to find such a trade. In the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green there is a large open space called Wisker's Gardens. This is not a place of courts and alleys, but a considerable area, literally divided into small gardens, where just now the crocus and the snowdrop are telling hopefully of the spring-time. Each garden has the smallest of cottages—for the most part wooden—which have been converted from summer-houses into dwellings. The whole place reminds one of numberless passages in the old dramatists, in which the citizens' wives are described in their garden-houses of Finsbury, or Hogsden, sipping syllabub and talking fine on summer holidays. In one of these garden-houses, not far from the public road, is the little factory of 'Henry Lester, Patentee of the Domestic Safety Match-box,' as his label proclaims. He is very ready to show his processes, which in many respects are curious and interesting.

Adam Smith has instructed us that the business of making a pin is divided into about

eighteen distinct operations ; and further, that ten persons could make upwards of forty-eight thousand pins a day with the division of labour ; while if they had all wrought independently and separately, and without any of them having been educated to this peculiar business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty. The Lucifer Match is a similar example of division of labour, and the skill of long practice. At a separate factory, where there is a steam-engine, not the refuse of the carpenter's shop, but the best Norway deals are cut into splints by machinery, and are supplied to the match-maker. These little pieces, beautifully accurate in their minute squareness, and in their precise length of five inches, are made up into bundles, each of which contains eighteen hundred. They are daily brought on a truck to the dipping-house, as it is called—the average number of matches finished off daily requiring two hundred of these bundles. Up to this point we have had several hands employed in the preparation of the match, in connection with the machinery that cuts the wood. Let us follow one of these bundles through the subsequent processes. Without being separated, each end of the bundle is first dipped into sulphur. When dry, the splints, adhering to each other by means of the sulphur, must be parted by what is called dusting. A boy sitting on the floor, with a bundle before him, strikes the matches with a sort of a mallet on the dipped ends till they become thoroughly loosened. In the best matches the process of sulphur-dipping and dusting is repeated. They have now to be plunged into a preparation of phosphorus or chlorate of potash, according to the quality of the match. The phosphorus produces the pale, noiseless fire ; the chlorate of potash the sharp crackling illumination. After this application of the more inflammable substance, the matches are separated, and dried in racks. Thoroughly dried, they are gathered up again into bundles of the same quantity ; and are taken to the boys who cut them ; for the reader will have observed that the bundles have been dipped at each end. There are few things more remarkable in manufactures than the extraordinary rapidity of this cutting process, and that which is connected with it. The boy stands before a bench, the bundle on his right hand, a pile of half opened empty boxes on his left, which have been manufactured at another division of this establishment. These boxes are formed of scale-board, that is, thin slices of wood, planed or scaled off a plank. The box itself is a marvel of neatness and cheapness. It consists of an inner box, without a top, in which the matches are placed, and of an outer case, open at each end, into which the first box slides. The matches, then, are to be cut, and the empty boxes filled, by one boy. A bundle is opened ; he seizes a portion, knowing by long habit the required

number with sufficient exactness ; puts them rapidly into a sort of frame, knocks the ends evenly together, confines them with a strap which he tightens with his foot, and cuts them in two parts with a knife on a hinge, which he brings down with a strong leverage : the halves lie projecting over each end of the frame ; he grasps the left portion and thrusts it into a half open box, which he instantly closes, and repeats the process with the matches on his right hand. This series of movements is performed with a rapidity almost unexampled ; for in this way, two hundred thousand matches are cut, and two thousand boxes filled in a day, by one boy, at the wages of three halfpence per gross of boxes. Each dozen boxes is then papered up, and they are ready for the retailer. The number of boxes daily filled at this factory is from fifty to sixty gross.

The *wholesale* price per dozen boxes of the best matches, is FOURPENCE, of the second quality, THREEPENCE.

There are about ten Lucifer Match manufactories in London. There are others in large provincial towns. The wholesale business is chiefly confined to the supply of the metropolis and immediate neighbourhood by the London makers ; for the railroad carriers refuse to receive the article, which is considered dangerous in transit. But we must not therefore assume that the metropolitan population consume the metropolitan matches. Taking the population at upwards of two millions, and the inhabited houses at about three hundred thousand, let us endeavour to estimate the distribution of these little articles of domestic comfort.

At the manufactory at Wisker's Gardens there are fifty gross, or seven thousand two hundred boxes, turned out daily, made from two hundred bundles, which will produce seven hundred and twenty thousand matches. Taking three hundred working days in the year, this will give for one factory, two hundred and sixteen millions of matches annually, or two millions one hundred and sixty thousand boxes, being a box of one hundred matches for every individual of the London population. But there are ten other Lucifer manufactories, which are estimated to produce about four or five times as many more. London certainly cannot absorb ten millions of Lucifer boxes annually, which would be at the rate of thirty three boxes to each inhabited house. London, perhaps, demands a third of the supply for its own consumption ; and at this rate the annual retail cost for each house is eightpence, averaging those boxes sold at a halfpenny, and those at a penny. The manufacturer sells this article, produced with such care as we have described, at one farthing and a fraction per box.

And thus, for the retail expenditure of three farthings per month, every house in London, from the highest to the lowest,

may secure the inestimable blessing of constant fire at all seasons, and at all hours. London buys this for ten thousand pounds annually.

The excessive cheapness is produced by the extension of the demand, enforcing the factory division of labour, and the most exact saving of material. The scientific discovery was the foundation of the cheapness. But connected with this general principle of cheapness, there are one or two remarkable points, which deserve attention.

It is a law of this manufacture that the demand is greater in the summer than in the winter. The old match maker, as we have mentioned, was idle in the summer—without fire for heating the brimstone—or engaged in more profitable field-work. A worthy woman who once kept a chandler's shop in a village, informs us, that in summer she could buy no matches for retail, but was obliged to make them for her customers. The increased summer demand for the Lucifer Matches shows that the great consumption is amongst the masses—the labouring population—those who make up the vast majority of the contributors to duties of customs and excise. In the houses of the wealthy there is always fire; in the houses of the poor, fire in summer is a needless hourly expense. Then comes the Lucifer Match to supply the want; to light the candle to look in the dark cupboard—to light the afternoon fire to boil the kettle. It is now unnecessary to run to the neighbour for a light, or, as a desperate resource, to work at the tinder-box. The Lucifer Matches sometimes fail, but they cost little, and so they are freely used, even by the poorest.

And this involves another great principle. The demand for the Lucifer Match is always continuous, for it is a perishable article. The demand never ceases. Every match burnt demands a new match to supply its place. This continuity of demand renders the supply always equal to the demand. The peculiar nature of the commodity prevents any accumulation of stock; its combustible character—requiring the simple agency of friction to ignite it—renders it dangerous for large quantities of the article to be kept in one place. Therefore no one makes for store, but all for immediate sale. The average price, therefore, must always yield a profit, or the production would altogether cease. But these essential qualities limit the profit. The manufacturers cannot be rich without secret processes or monopoly. The contest is to obtain the largest profit by economical management. The amount of skill required in the labourers, and the facility of habit, which makes fingers act with the precision of machines, limit the number of labourers, and prevent their impoverishment. Every condition of this cheapness is a natural and beneficial result of the laws that govern production.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

MR. WHELKS being much in the habit of recreating himself at a class of theatres called 'Saloons,' we repaired to one of these, not long ago, on a Monday evening; Monday being a great holiday-night with Mr. WHELKS and his friends.

The Saloon in question is the largest in London (that which is known as The Eagle, in the City Road, should be excepted from the generic term, as not presenting by any means the same class of entertainment), and is situated not far from Shoreditch Church. It announces 'The People's Theatre,' as its second name. The prices of admission are, to the boxes, a shilling; to the pit, sixpence; to the lower gallery, fourpence; to the upper gallery and back seats, threepence. There is no half-price. The opening piece on this occasion was described in the bills as 'the greatest hit of the season, the grand new legendary and traditional drama, combining supernatural agencies with historical facts, and identifying extraordinary superhuman causes with material, terrific, and powerful effects.' All the queen's horses and all the queen's men could not have drawn MR. WHELKS into the place like this description. Strengthened by lithographic representations of the principal superhuman causes, combined with the most popular of the material, terrific, and powerful effects, it became irresistible. Consequently, we had already failed, once, in finding six square inches of room within the walls, to stand upon; and when we now paid our money for a little stage box, like a dry shower-bath, we did so in the midst of a stream of people who persisted in paying their's for other parts of the house in despite of the representations of the Money-taker that it was 'very full, everywhere.'

The outer avenues and passages of the People's Theatre bore abundant testimony to the fact of its being frequented by very dirty people. Within, the atmosphere was far from odoriferous. The place was crammed to excess, in all parts. Among the audience were a large number of boys and youths, and a great many very young girls grown into bold women before they had well ceased to be children. These last were the worst features of the whole crowd, and were more prominent there than in any other sort of public assembly that we know of, except at a public execution. There was no drink supplied, beyond the contents of the porter-can (magnified in its dimensions, perhaps), which may be usually seen traversing the galleries of the largest Theatres as well as the least, and which was here seen everywhere. Huge ham-sandwiches, piled on trays like deals in a timber-yard, were handed about for sale to the hungry; and there was no stint of oranges, cakes, brandy-balls, or other similar refreshments. The Theatre was capacious, with a very large capable stage, well lighted, well

appointed, and managed in a business-like, orderly manner in all respects; the performances had begun so early as a quarter past six, and had been then in progress for three-quarters of an hour.

It was apparent here, as in the theatre we had previously visited, that one of the reasons of its great attraction was its being directly addressed to the common people, in the provision made for their seeing and hearing. Instead of being put away in a dark gap in the roof of an immense building, as in our once National Theatres, they were here in possession of eligible points of view, and thoroughly able to take in the whole performance. Instead of being at a great disadvantage in comparison with the mass of the audience, they were here *the* audience, for whose accommodation the place was made. We believe this to be one great cause of the success of these speculations. In whatever way the common people are addressed, whether in churches, chapels, schools, lecture-rooms, or theatres, to be successfully addressed they must be directly appealed to. No matter how good the feast, they will not come to it on mere sufferance. If, on looking round us, we find that the only things plainly and personally addressed to them, from quack medicines upwards, be bad or very defective things,—so much the worse for them and for all of us, and so much the more unjust and absurd the system which has haughtily abandoned a strong ground to such occupation.

We will add that we believe these people have a right to be amused. A great deal that we consider to be unreasonable, is written and talked about not licensing these places of entertainment. We have already intimated that we believe a love of dramatic representations to be an inherent principle in human nature. In most conditions of human life of which we have any knowledge, from the Greeks to the Bosjesmen, some form of dramatic representation has always obtained.* We have a vast respect for county magistrates, and for the lord chamberlain; but we render greater deference to such extensive and immutable experience, and think it will outlive the whole existing court and commission. We would assuredly not bear harder on the fourpenny theatre, than on the four shilling theatre, or the four guinea theatre; but we would decidedly interpose to turn to some wholesome account the means of instruction which it has at command, and we would make that office of Dramatic Licensor, which, like many other offices, has become a mere piece of Court

favour and dandy conventionality, a real, responsible, educational trust. We would have it exercise a sound supervision over the lower drama, instead of stopping the career of a real work of art, as it did in the case of Mr. Chorley's play at the Surrey Theatre, but a few weeks since, for a sickly point of form.

To return to Mr. Whelks. The audience, being able to see and hear, were very attentive. They were so closely packed, that they took a little time in settling down after any pause; but otherwise the general disposition was to lose nothing, and to check (in no choice language) any disturber of the business of the scene.

On our arrival, MR. WHELKS had already followed Lady Hatton the Heroine (whom we faintly recognised as a mutilated theme of the late THOMAS INGOLDSBY) to the 'Gloomy Dell and Suicide's Tree,' where Lady H. had encountered the 'apparition of the dark man of doom,' and heard the 'fearful story of the Suicide.' She had also 'signed the compact in her own Blood;' beheld 'the Tombs rent asunder;' seen 'skeletons start from their graves, and gibber Mine, mine, for ever!' and undergone all these little experiences, (each set forth in a separate line in the bill) in the compass of one act. It was not yet over, indeed, for we found a remote king of England of the name of 'Enerry,' refreshing himself with the spectacle of a dance in a Garden, which was interrupted by the 'thrilling appearance of the Demon.' This 'superhuman cause' (with black eyebrows slanting up into his temples, and red-foil cheekbones,) brought the Drop-Curtain down as we took possession of our Shower-Bath.

It seemed, on the curtain's going up again, that Lady Hatton had sold herself to the Powers of Darkness, on very high terms, and was now overtaken by remorse, and by jealousy too; the latter passion being excited by the beautiful Lady Rodolpha, ward to the king. It was to urge Lady Hatton on to the murder of this young female (as well as we could make out, but both we and Mr. WHELKS found the incidents complicated) that the Demon appeared 'once again in all his terrors.' Lady Hatton had been leading a life of piety, but the Demon was not to have his bargain declared off, in right of any such artifices, and now offered a dagger for the destruction of Rodolpha. Lady Hatton hesitating to accept this trifle from Tartarus, the Demon, for certain subtle reasons of his own, proceeded to entertain her with a view of the 'gloomy court-yard of a convent,' and the apparitions of the 'Skeleton Monk,' and the 'King of Terrors.' Against these superhuman causes, another superhuman cause, to wit, the ghost of Lady H.'s mother came into play, and greatly confounded the Powers of Darkness, by waving the 'sacred emblem' over the head of the else devoted Rodolpha, and causing her to sink into the earth. Upon this

* In the remote interior of Africa, and among the North American Indians, this truth is exemplified in an equally striking manner. Who that saw the four grim, stunted, abject Bush-people at the Egyptian Hall—with two natural actors among them out of that number, one a male and the other a female—can forget how something human and imaginative gradually broke out in the little ugly man, when he was roused from crouching over the charcoal fire, into giving a dramatic representation of the tracking of a beast, the shooting of it with poisoned arrows, and the creature's death?

the Demon, losing his temper, fiercely invited Lady Hatton to 'Be-old the tortures of the damned!' and straightway conveyed her to a 'grand and awful view of Pandemonium, and Lake of Transparent Rolling Fire,' whereof, and also of 'Prometheus chained, and the Vulture gnawing at his liver,' MR. WHELKS was exceedingly derisive.

The Demon still failing, even there, and still finding the ghost of the old lady greatly in his way, exclaimed that these vexations had such a remarkable effect upon his spirit as to 'sear his eyeballs,' and that he must go 'deeper down,' which he accordingly did. Hereupon it appeared that it was all a dream on Lady Hatton's part, and that she was newly married and uncommonly happy. This put an end to the incongruous heap of nonsense, and set MR. WHELKS applauding mightily; for, except with the lake of transparent rolling fire (which was not half infernal enough for him), MR. WHELKS was infinitely contented with the whole of the proceedings.

Ten thousand people, every week, all the year round, are estimated to attend this place of amusement. If it were closed to-morrow—if there were fifty such, and they were all closed to-morrow—the only result would be to cause that to be privately and evasively done, which is now publicly done; to render the harm of it much greater, and to exhibit the suppressive power of the law in an oppressive and partial light. The people who now resort here, *will be* amused somewhere. It is of no use to blink that fact, or to make pretences to the contrary. We had far better apply ourselves to improving the character of their amusement. It would not be exacting much, or exacting anything very difficult, to require that the pieces represented in these Theatres should have, at least, a good, plain, healthy purpose in them.

To the end that our experiences might not be supposed to be partial or unfortunate, we went, the very next night, to the Theatre where we saw MAY MORNING, and found MR. WHELKS engaged in the study of an 'Original old English Domestic and Romantic Drama,' called 'EVA THE BETRAYED, OR THE LADY OF LAMBYTHE.' We proceed to develop the incidents which gradually unfolded themselves to MR. WHELKS's understanding.

One Geoffrey Thornley the younger, on a certain fine morning, married his father's ward, Eva the Betrayed, the Lady of Lambythe. She had become the betrayed, in right—or in wrong—of designing Geoffrey's machinations; for that corrupt individual, knowing her to be under promise of marriage to Walter More, a young mariner (of whom he was accustomed to make slighting mention, as 'a minion'), represented the said More to be no more, and obtained the consent of the too trusting Eva to their immediate union.

Now, it came to pass, by a singular coin-

cidence, that on the identical morning of the marriage, More came home, and was taking a walk about the scenes of his boyhood—a little faded since that time—when he rescued 'Wilbert the Hunchback' from some very rough treatment. This misguided person, in return, immediately fell to abusing his preserver in round terms, giving him to understand that he (the preserved) hated 'maner-kind, wither two eckerceptions,' one of them being the deceiving Geoffrey, whose retainer he was, and for whom he felt an unconquerable attachment; the other, a relative, whom, in a similar redundancy of emphasis, adapted to the requirements of MR. WHELKS, he called his 'assister.' This misanthrope also made the cold-blooded declaration, 'There was a timer when I loved my fellow keretures till they deserpised me. Now, I live only to witness man's disergherace and woman's misery!' In furtherance of this amiable purpose of existence, he directed More to where the bridal procession was coming home from church, and Eva recognised More, and More reproached Eva, and there was a great to-do, and a violent struggling, before certain social villagers who were celebrating the event with morris-dances. Eva was borne off in a tearing condition, and the bill very truly observed that the end of that part of the business was 'despair and madness.'

Geoffrey, Geoffrey, why were you already married to another! Why could you not be true to your lawful wife Katherine, instead of deserting her, and leaving her to come tumbling into public-houses (on account of weakness) in search of you! You might have known what it would end in, Geoffrey Thornley! You might have known that she would come up to your house on your wedding day with her marriage-certificate in her pocket, determined to expose you. You might have known beforehand, as you now very composedly observe, that you would have 'but one course to pursue.' That course clearly is to wind your right hand in Katherine's long hair, wrestle with her, stab her, throw down the body behind the door (Cheers from MR. WHELKS), and tell the devoted Hunchback to get rid of it. On the devoted Hunchback's finding that it is the body of his 'assister,' and taking her marriage-certificate from her pocket and denouncing you, of course you have still but one course to pursue, and that is to charge the crime upon him, and have him carried off with all speed into the 'deep and massive dungeons beneath Thornley Hall.'

More having, as he was rather given to boast, 'a goodly vessel on the lordly Thames,' had better have gone away with it, weather permitting, than gone after Eva. Naturally, he got carried down to the dungeons too, for lurking about, and got put into the next dungeon to the Hunchback, then expiring from poison. And there they were, hard and

fast, like two wild beasts in dens, trying to get glimpses of each other through the bars, to the unutterable interest of Mr. WHELKS.

But when the Hunchback made himself known, and when More did the same; and when the Hunchback said he had got the certificate which rendered Eva's marriage illegal; and when More raved to have it given to him, and when the Hunchback (as having some grains of misanthropy in him to the last) persisted in going into his dying agonies in a remote corner of his cage, and took unheard-of trouble not to die anywhere near the bars that were within More's reach; MR. WHELKS applauded to the echo. At last the Hunchback was persuaded to stick the certificate on the point of a dagger, and hand it in; and that done, died extremely hard, knocking himself violently about, to the very last gasp, and certainly making the most of all the life that was in him.

Still, More had yet to get out of his den before he could turn this certificate to any account. His first step was to make such a violent uproar as to bring into his presence a certain 'Norman Free Lance' who kept watch and ward over him. His second, to inform this warrior, in the style of the Polite Letter-Writer, that 'circumstances had occurred' rendering it necessary that he should be immediately let out. The warrior declining to submit himself to the force of these circumstances, Mr. More proposed to him, as a gentleman and a man of honour, to allow him to step out into the gallery, and there adjust an old feud subsisting between them, by single combat. The unwary Free Lance, consenting to this reasonable proposal, was shot from behind by the comic man, whom he bitterly designated as 'a snipe' for that action, and then died exceedingly game.

All this occurred in one day—the bridal day of the Ladye of Lambythe; and now MR. WHELKS concentrated all his energies into a focus, bent forward, looked straight in front of him, and held his breath. For, the night of the eventful day being come, MR. WHELKS was admitted to the 'bridal chamber of the Ladye of Lambythe,' where he beheld a toilet table, and a particularly large and desolate four-post bedstead. Here the Ladye, having dismissed her bridesmaids, was interrupted in deploring her unhappy fate, by the entrance of her husband; and matters, under these circumstances, were proceeding to very desperate extremities, when the Ladye (by this time aware of the existence of the certificate) found a dagger on the dressing-table, and said, 'Attempt to enfold me in thy pernicious embrace, and this poignard—!' &c. He did attempt it, however, for all that, and he and the Ladye were dragging one another about like wrestlers, when Mr. More broke open the door, and entering with the whole domestic establishment and a Middlesex magistrate, took him into custody and claimed his bride.

It is but fair to MR. WHELKS to remark on one curious fact in this entertainment. When the situations were very strong indeed, they were very like what some favourite situations in the Italian Opera would be to a profoundly deaf spectator. The despair and madness at the end of the first act, the business of the long hair, and the struggle in the bridal chamber, were as like the conventional passion of the Italian singers, as the orchestra was unlike the opera band, or its 'hurries' unlike the music of the great composers. So do extremes meet; and so is there some hopeful congeniality between what will excite MR. WHELKS, and what will rouse a Duchess.

SONNET

TO LORD DENMAN.

Retiring from the Chief Justiceship of England.

THERE is a solemn rapture in the Hail
With which a nation blesses thy repose,
Which proves thy image deathless—that the close
Of man's extremest age whose boyhood glows
While pondering o'er thy lineaments, shall fail
To delegate to cold historic tale
What DENMAN was; for dignity which flows
Not in the moulds of compliment extern,
But from the noble spirit's purest urn
Springs vital; justice kept from rigour's flaw
By beautiful regards; and thoughts that burn
With generous ire, no form but thine shall draw
Within the soul, when distant times would learn
The bodied majesty of England's Law.

LIZZIE LEIGH.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THAT night Mrs. Leigh stopped at home; that only night for many months. Even Tom, the scholar, looked up from his books in amazement; but then he remembered that Will had not been well, and that his mother's attention having been called to the circumstance, it was only natural she should stay to watch him. And no watching could be more tender, or more complete. Her loving eyes seemed never averted from his face; his grave, sad, care-worn face. When Tom went to bed the mother left her seat, and going up to Will where he sat looking at the fire, but not seeing it, she kissed his forehead, and said,

'Will! lad, I've been to see Susan Palmer!'

She felt the start under her hand which was placed on his shoulder, but he was silent for a minute or two. Then he said,

'What took you there, mother?'

'Why, my lad, it was likely I should wish to see one you cared for; I did not put myself forward. I put on my Sunday clothes, and tried to behave as yo'd ha liked me. At least I remember trying at first; but after, I forgot all.'

She rather wished that he would question her as to what made her forget all. But he only said,

‘How was she looking, mother?’

‘Will, thou seest I never set eyes on her before; but she’s a good gentle looking creature; and I love her dearly, as I’ve reason to.’

Will looked up with momentary surprise; for his mother was too shy to be usually taken with strangers. But after all it was natural in this case, for who could look at Susan without loving her? So still he did not ask any questions, and his poor mother had to take courage, and try again to introduce the subject near to her heart. But how?

‘Will!’ said she (jerking it out, in sudden despair of her own powers to lead to what she wanted to say), ‘I told her all.’

‘Mother! you’ve ruined me,’ said he standing up, and standing opposite to her with a stern white look of affright on his face.

‘No! my own dear lad; dunnot look so scared, I have not ruined you!’ she exclaimed, placing her two hands on his shoulders and looking fondly into his face. ‘She’s not one to harden her heart against a mother’s sorrow. My own lad, she’s too good for that. She’s not one to judge and scorn the sinner. She’s too deep read in her New Testament for that. Take courage, Will; and thou mayst, for I watched her well, though it is not for one woman to let out another’s secret. Sit thee down, lad, for thou look’st very white.’

He sat down. His mother drew a stool towards him, and sat at his feet.

‘Did you tell her about Lizzie, then?’ asked he, hoarse and low.

‘I did, I told her all; and she fell a crying over my deep sorrow, and the poor wench’s sin. And then a light came into her face, trembling and quivering with some new glad thought; and what dost thou think it was, Will, lad? Nay, I’ll not misdoubt but that thy heart will give thanks as mine did, afore God and His angels, for her great goodness. That little Nanny is not her niece, she’s our Lizzie’s own child, my little grand-child.’ She could no longer restrain her tears, and they fell hot and fast, but still she looked into his face.

‘Did she know it was Lizzie’s child? I do not comprehend,’ said he, flushing red.

‘She knows now: she did not at first, but took the little helpless creature in, out of her own pitiful loving heart, guessing only that it was the child of shame, and she’s worked for it, and kept it, and tended it ever sin’ it were a mere baby, and loves it fondly. Will! won’t you love it?’ asked she beseechingly.

He was silent for an instant; then he said, ‘Mother, I’ll try. Give me time, for all these things startle me. To think of Susan having to do with such a child!’

‘Aye, Will! and to think (as may be yet)

of Susan having to do with the child’s mother! For she is tender and pitiful, and speaks hopefully of my lost one, and will try and find her for me, when she comes, as she does sometimes, to thrust money under the door, for her baby. Think of that, Will. Here’s Susan, good and pure as the angels in heaven, yet, like them, full of hope and mercy, and one who, like them, will rejoice over her as repents. Will, my lad, I’m not afeared of you now, and I must speak, and you must listen. I am your mother, and I dare to command you, because I know I am in the right and that God is on my side. If He should lead the poor wandering lassie to Susan’s door, and she comes back crying and sorrowful, led by that good angel to us once more, thou shalt never say a casting-up word to her about her sin, but be tender and helpful towards one “who was lost and is found,” so may God’s blessing rest on thee, and so mayst thou lead Susan home as thy wife.’

She stood, no longer as the meek, imploring, gentle mother, but firm and dignified, as if the interpreter of God’s will. Her manner was so unusual and solemn, that it overcame all Will’s pride and stubbornness. He rose softly while she was speaking, and bent his head as if in reverence at her words, and the solemn injunction which they conveyed. When she had spoken, he said in so subdued a voice that she was almost surprised at the sound, ‘Mother, I will.’

‘I may be dead and gone,—but all the same,—thou wilt take home the wandering sinner, and heal up her sorrows, and lead her to her Father’s house. My lad! I can speak no more; I’m turned very faint.’

He placed her in a chair; and he ran for water. She opened her eyes and smiled.

‘God bless you, Will. Oh! I am so happy. It seems as if she were found; my heart is so filled with gladness.’

That night Mr. Palmer stayed out late and long. Susan was afraid that he was at his old haunts and habits,—getting tipsy at some public-house; and this thought oppressed her, even though she had so much to make her happy, in the consciousness that Will loved her. She sat up long, and then she went to bed, leaving all arranged as well as she could for her father’s return. She looked at the little rosy sleeping girl who was her bed-fellow, with redoubled tenderness, and with many a prayerful thought. The little arms entwined her neck as she lay down, for Nanny was a light sleeper, and was conscious that she, who was loved with all the power of that sweet childish heart, was near her, and by her, although she was too sleepy to utter any of her half-formed words.

And by-and-bye she heard her father come home, stumbling uncertain, trying first the windows, and next the door-fastenings, with many a loud incoherent murmur. The little Innocent twined around her seemed all the

sweeter and more lovely, when she thought sadly of her erring father. And presently he called aloud for a light; she had left matches and all arranged as usual on the dresser, but, fearful of some accident from fire, in his unusually intoxicated state, she now got up softly, and putting on a cloak, went down to his assistance.

Alas! the little arms that were unclosed from her soft neck belonged to a light, easily awakened sleeper. Nanny missed her darling Susy, and terrified at being left alone in the vast mysterious darkness, which had no bounds, and seemed infinite, she slipped out of bed, and tottered in her little night-gown towards the door. There was a light below, and there was Susy and safety! So she went onwards two steps towards the steep abrupt stairs; and then dazzled with sleepiness, she stood, she wavered, she fell! Down on her head on the stone floor she fell! Susan flew to her, and spoke all soft, entreating, loving words; but her white lids covered up the blue violets of eyes, and there was no murmur came out of the pale lips. The warm tears that rained down did not awaken her; she lay stiff, and weary with her short life, on Susan's knee. Susan went sick with terror. She carried her upstairs, and laid her tenderly in bed; she dressed herself most hastily, with her trembling fingers. Her father was asleep on the settle down stairs; and useless, and worse than useless if awake. But Susan flew out of the door, and down the quiet resounding street, towards the nearest doctor's house. Quickly she went; but as quickly a shadow followed, as if impelled by some sudden terror. Susan rung wildly at the night-bell,—the shadow crouched near. The doctor looked out from an upstairs window.

'A little child has fallen down stairs at No. 9, Crown-street, and is very ill,—dying I'm afraid. Please, for God's sake, sir, come directly. No. 9, Crown-street.'

'I'll be there directly,' said he, and shut the window.

'For that God you have just spoken about,—for His sake,—tell me are you Susan Palmer? Is it my child that lies a-dying?' said the shadow, springing forwards, and clutching poor Susan's arm.

'It is a little child of two years old.—I do not know whose it is; I love it as my own. Come with me, whoever you are; come with me.'

The two sped along the silent streets,—as silent as the night were they. They entered the house; Susan snatched up the light, and carried it upstairs. The other followed.

She stood with wild glaring eyes by the bedside, never looking at Susan, but hungrily gazing at the little white still child. She stooped down, and put her hand tight on her own heart, as if to still its beating, and bent her ear to the pale lips. Whatever the result was, she did not speak; but threw off the bed-clothes wherewith Susan had tenderly

covered up the little creature, and felt its left side.

Then she threw up her arms with a cry of wild despair.

'She is dead! she is dead!'

She looked so fierce, so mad, so haggard, that for an instant Susan was terrified—the next, the holy God had put courage into her heart, and her pure arms were round that guilty wretched creature, and her tears were falling fast and warm upon her breast. But she was thrown off with violence.

'You killed her—you slighted her—you let her fall down those stairs! you killed her!'

Susan cleared off the thick mist before her, and gazing at the mother with her clear, sweet, angel-eyes, said mournfully—

'I would have laid down my own life for her.'

'Oh, the murder is on my soul!' exclaimed the wild bereaved mother, with the fierce impetuosity of one who has none to love her and to be beloved, regard to whom might teach self-restraint.

'Hush!' said Susan, her finger on her lips. 'Here is the doctor. God may suffer her to live.'

The poor mother turned sharp round. The doctor mounted the stair. Ah! that mother was right; the little child was really dead and gone.

And when he confirmed her judgment, the mother fell down in a fit. Susan, with her deep grief, had to forget herself, and forget her darling (her charge for years), and question the doctor what she must do with the poor wretch, who lay on the floor in such extreme of misery.

'She is the mother!' said she.

'Why did not she take better care of her child?' asked he, almost angrily.

But Susan only said, 'The little child slept with me; and it was I that left her.'

'I will go back and make up a composing draught; and while I am away you must get her to bed.'

Susan took out some of her own clothes, and softly undressed the stiff, powerless, form. There was no other bed in the house but the one in which her father slept. So she tenderly lifted the body of her darling; and was going to take it down stairs, but the mother opened her eyes, and seeing what she was about, she said,

'I am not worthy to touch her, I am so wicked; I have spoken to you as I never should have spoken; but I think you are very good; may I have my own child to lie in my arms for a little while?'

Her voice was so strange a contrast to what it had been before she had gone into the fit that Susan hardly recognised it; it was now so unspeakably soft, so irresistibly pleading, the features too had lost their fierce expression, and were almost as placid as death. Susan could not speak, but she carried the little

child, and laid it in its mother's arms; then as she looked at them, something overpowered her, and she knelt down, crying aloud,

'Oh, my God, my God, have mercy on her, and forgive, and comfort her.'

But the mother kept smiling, and stroking the little face, murmuring soft tender words, as if it were alive; she was going mad, Susan thought; but she prayed on, and on, and ever still she prayed with streaming eyes.

The doctor came with the draught. The mother took it, with docile unconsciousness of its nature as medicine. The doctor sat by her; and soon she fell asleep. Then he rose softly, and beckoning Susan to the door, he spoke to her there.

'You must take the corpse out of her arms. She will not awake. That draught will make her sleep for many hours. I will call before noon again. It is now daylight. Good-bye.'

Susan shut him out; and then gently extricating the dead child from its mother's arms, she could not resist making her own quiet moan over her darling. She tried to lean off its little placid face, dumb and pale before her.

"Not all the scalding tears of care
Shall wash away that vision fair;
Not all the thousand thoughts that rise,
Not all the sights that dim her eyes,
Shall e'er usurp the place
Of that little angel-face."

And then she remembered what remained to be done. She saw that all was right in the house; her father was still dead asleep on the settle, in spite of all the noise of the night. She went out through the quiet streets, deserted still although it was broad daylight, and to where the Leighs lived. Mrs. Leigh, who kept her country hours, was opening her window shutters. Susan took her by the arm, and, without speaking, went into the house-place. There she knelt down before the astonished Mrs. Leigh, and cried as she had never done before; but the miserable night had overpowered her, and she who had gone through so much calmly, now that the pressure seemed removed could not find the power to speak.

'My poor dear! What has made thy heart so sore as to come and cry a-this-ons. Speak and tell me. Nay, cry on, poor wench, if thou canst not speak yet. It will ease the heart, and then thou canst tell me.'

'Nanny is dead!' said Susan. 'I left her to go to father, and she fell down stairs, and never breathed again. Oh, that's my sorrow! but I've more to tell. Her mother is come—is in our house! Come and see if it's your Lizzie.' Mrs. Leigh could not speak, but, trembling, put on her things, and went with Susan in dizzy haste back to Crown-street.

CHAPTER IV.

As they entered the house in Crown-street, they perceived that the door would not open freely on its hinges, and Susan instinctively looked behind to see the cause of the obstruction. She immediately recognised the appearance of a little parcel, wrapped in a scrap of newspaper, and evidently containing money. She stooped and picked it up. 'Look!' said she, sorrowfully, 'the mother was bringing this for her child last night.'

But Mrs. Leigh did not answer. So near to the ascertaining if it were her lost child or no, she could not be arrested, but pressed onwards with trembling steps and a beating, fluttering heart. She entered the bed-room, dark and still. She took no heed of the little corpse, over which Susan paused, but she went straight to the bed, and withdrawing the curtain, saw Lizzie,—but not the former Lizzie, bright, gay, buoyant, and undimmed. This Lizzie was old before her time; her beauty was gone; deep lines of care, and alas! of want (or thus the mother imagined) were printed on the cheek, so round, and fair, and smooth, when last she gladdened her mother's eyes. Even in her sleep she bore the look of woe and despair which was the prevalent expression of her face by day; even in her sleep she had forgotten how to smile. But all these marks of the sin and sorrow she had passed through only made her mother love her the more. She stood looking at her with greedy eyes, which seemed as though no gazing could satisfy their longing; and at last she stooped down and kissed the pale, worn hand that lay outside the bed-clothes. No touch disturbed the sleeper; the mother need not have laid the hand so gently down upon the counterpane. There was no sign of life, save only now and then a deep sob-like sigh. Mrs. Leigh sat down beside the bed, and, still holding back the curtain, looked on and on, as if she could never be satisfied.

Susan would fain have stayed by her darling one; but she had many calls upon her time and thoughts, and her will had now, as ever, to be given up to that of others. All seemed to devolve the burden of their cares on her. Her father, ill-humoured from his last night's intemperance, did not scruple to reproach her with being the cause of little Nanny's death; and when, after bearing his upbraiding meekly for some time, she could no longer restrain herself, but began to cry, he wounded her even more by his injudicious attempts at comfort: for he said it was as well the child was dead; it was none of theirs, and why should they be troubled with it? Susan wrung her hands at this, and came and stood before her father, and implored him to forbear. Then she had to take all requisite steps for the coroner's inquest; she had to arrange for the dismissal of her school; she had to summon a little neighbour, and send his willing feet on a message to William Leigh, who, she felt, ought to be informed of his mother's where-

abouts, and of the whole state of affairs. She asked her messenger to tell him to come and speak to her,—that his mother was at her house. She was thankful that her father sauntered out to have a gossip at the nearest coach-stand, and to relate as many of the night's adventures as he knew; for as yet he was in ignorance of the watcher and the watched, who silently passed away the hours upstairs.

At dinner-time Will came. He looked red, glad, impatient, excited. Susan stood calm and white before him, her soft, loving eyes gazing straight into his.

'Will,' said she, in a low, quiet voice, 'your sister is upstairs.'

'My sister!' said he, as if affrighted at the idea, and losing his glad look in one of gloom. Susan saw it, and her heart sank a little, but she went on as calm to all appearance as ever.

'She was little Nanny's mother, as perhaps you know. Poor little Nanny was killed last night by a fall down stairs.' All the calmness was gone; all the suppressed feeling was displayed in spite of every effort. She sat down, and hid her face from him, and cried bitterly. He forgot everything but the wish, the longing to comfort her. He put his arm round her waist, and bent over her. But all he could say, was, 'Oh, Susan, how can I comfort you! Don't take on so,—pray don't!' He never changed the words, but the tone varied every time he spoke. At last she seemed to regain her power over herself; and she wiped her eyes, and once more looked upon him with her own quiet, earnest, unfeeling gaze.

'Your sister was near the house. She came in on hearing my words to the doctor. She is asleep now, and your mother is watching her. I wanted to tell you all myself. Would you like to see your mother?'

'No!' said he. 'I would rather see none but thee. Mother told me thou knew'st all.' His eyes were downcast in their shame.

But the holy and pure, did not lower or veil her eyes.

She said, 'Yes, I know all—all but her sufferings. Think what they must have been!'

He made answer low and stern, 'She deserved them all; every jot.'

'In the eye of God, perhaps she does. He is the judge: we are not.'

'Oh!' she said with a sudden burst, 'Will Leigh! I have thought so well of you; don't go and make me think you cruel and hard. Goodness is not goodness unless there is mercy and tenderness with it. There is your mother who has been nearly heart-broken, now full of rejoicing over her child—think of your mother.'

'I do think of her,' said he. 'I remember the promise I gave her last night. Thou shouldst give me time. I would do right in time. I never think it o'er in quiet. But I will do what is right and fitting, never fear.'

Thou hast spoken out very plain to me; and misdoubted me, Susan; I love thee so, that thy words cut me. If I did hang back a bit from making sudden promises, it was because not even for love of thee, would I say what I was not feeling; and at first I could not feel all at once as thou wouldst have me. But I'm not cruel and hard; for if I had been, I should na' have grieved as I have done.'

He made as if he were going away; and indeed he did feel he would rather think it over in quiet. But Susan, grieved at her incautious words, which had all the appearance of harshness, went a step or two nearer—paused—and then, all over blushes, said in a low soft whisper—

'Oh Will! I beg your pardon. I am very sorry—won't you forgive me?'

She who had always drawn back, and been so reserved, said this in the very softest manner; with eyes now uplifted beseechingly, now dropped to the ground. Her sweet confusion told more than words could do; and Will turned back, all joyous in his certainty of being beloved, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

'My own Susan!' he said.

Meanwhile the mother watched her child in the room above.

It was late in the afternoon before she awoke; for the sleeping draught had been very powerful. The instant she awoke, her eyes were fixed on her mother's face with a gaze as unflinching as if she were fascinated. Mrs. Leigh did not turn away; nor move. For it seemed as if motion would unlock the stony command over herself which, while so perfectly still, she was enabled to preserve. But by-and-bye Lizzie cried out in a piercing voice of agony—

'Mother, don't look at me! I have been so wicked!' and instantly she hid her face, and grovelled among the bedclothes, and lay like one dead—so motionless was she.

Mrs. Leigh knelt down by the bed, and spoke in the most soothing tones.

'Lizzie, dear, don't speak so. I'm thy mother, darling, don't be afraid of me. I never left off loving thee, Lizzie. I was always a-thinking of thee. Thy father forgave thee afore he died.' (There was a little start here, but no sound was heard). 'Lizzie, lass, I'll do aught for thee; I'll live for thee; only don't be afraid of me. Whatever thou art or hast been, we'll ne'er speak on't. We'll leave thy ould times behind us, and go back to the Upclose Farm. I but left it to find thee, my lass; and God has led me to thee. Blessed be His name. And God is good too, Lizzie. Thou hast not forgot thy Bible, I'll be bound, for thou wert always a scholar. I'm no reader, but I learnt off them texts to comfort me a bit, and I've said them many a time a day to myself. Lizzie, lass, don't hide thy head so, it's thy mother as is speaking to thee. Thy little child clung to me only yesterday; and if it's gone to be an

angel, it will speak to God for thee. Nay, don't sob a that 'as; thou shalt have it again in Heaven; I know thou'lt strive to get there, for thy little Nancy's sake—and listen! I'll tell thee God's promises to them that are penitent—only don't be afraid.'

Mrs. Leigh folded her hands, and strove to speak very clearly, while she repeated every tender and merciful text she could remember. She could tell from the breathing that her daughter was listening; but she was so dizzy and sick herself when she had ended, that she could not go on speaking. It was all she could do to keep from crying aloud.

At last she heard her daughter's voice.

'Where have they taken her to?' she asked.

'She is down stairs. So quiet, and peaceful, and happy she looks.'

'Could she speak? Oh, if God—if I might but have heard her little voice! Mother, I used to dream of it. May I see her once again—Oh mother, if I strive very hard, and God is very merciful, and I go to heaven, I shall not know her—I shall not know my own again—she will shun me as a stranger and cling to Susan Palmer and to you. Oh woe! Oh woe!' She shook with exceeding sorrow.

In her earnestness of speech she had uncovered her face, and tried to read Mrs. Leigh's thoughts through her looks. And when she saw those aged eyes brimming full of tears, and marked the quivering lips, she threw her arms round the faithful mother's neck, and wept there as she had done in many a childish sorrow; but with a deeper, a more wretched grief.

Her mother hushed her on her breast; and lulled her as if she were a baby; and she grew still and quiet.

They sat thus for a long, long time. At last Susan Palmer came up with some tea and bread and butter for Mrs. Leigh. She watched the mother feed her sick, unwilling child, with every fond inducement to eat which she could devise; they neither of them took notice of Susan's presence. That night they lay in each other's arms; but Susan slept on the ground beside them.

They took the little corpse (the little unconscious sacrifice, whose early calling-home had reclaimed her poor wandering mother,) to the hills, which in her life-time she had never seen. They dared not lay her by the stern grand-father in Milne-Row churchyard, but they bore her to a lone moorland graveyard, where long ago the quakers used to bury their dead. They laid her there on the sunny slope, where the earliest spring-flowers blow.

Will and Susan live at the Upclose Farm. Mrs. Leigh and Lizzie dwell in a cottage so secluded that, until you drop into the very hollow where it is placed, you do not see it. Tom is a schoolmaster in Rochdale, and he and Will help to support their mother. I only

know that, if the cottage be hidden in a green hollow of the hills, every sound of sorrow in the whole upland is heard there—every call of suffering or of sickness for help is listened to, by a sad, gentle-looking woman, who rarely smiles (and when she does, her smile is more sad than other people's tears), but who comes out of her seclusion whenever there's a shadow in any household. Many hearts bless Lizzie Leigh, but she—she prays always and ever for forgiveness—such forgiveness as may enable her to see her child once more. Mrs. Leigh is quiet and happy. Lizzie is to her eyes something precious,—as the lost piece of silver—found once more. Susan is the bright one who brings sunshine to all. Children grow around her and call her blessed. One is called Nanny. Her, Lizzy often takes to the sunny graveyard in the uplands, and while the little creature gathers the daisies, and makes chains, Lizzie sits by a little grave, and weeps bitterly.

THE SEASONS.

A BLUE-EYED child that sits amid the noon,
O'erlung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,
Singing her little songs, while softly round
Along the grass the chequered sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in womanhood,
Pacing a summer garden's fountained walks,
That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down,
To hide her flushing cheek from one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,
In whose sweet spring again her youth she sees,
With shout and dance and laugh and bound and
song,
Stripping an autumn orchard's laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room;
Frost on the pane,—without, the whirling snow;
Reading old letters of her far-off youth,
Of pleasures past and joys of long ago.

SHORT CUTS ACROSS THE GLOBE.

To a person who wishes to sail to California an inspection of the map of the world reveals a provoking peculiarity. The Atlantic Ocean—the highway of the globe—being separated from the Pacific by the great western continent, it is impossible to sail to the opposite coasts without going thousands of miles out of his way; for he must double Cape Horn. Yet a closer inspection of the map will discover that but for one little barrier of land, which is in size but as a grain of sand to the bed of an ocean, the passage would be direct. Were it not for that small neck of land, the Isthmus of Panama (which narrows in one place to twenty-eight miles) he might save a voyage of from six to eight thousand miles, and pass at once into the Pacific Ocean. Again, if his desires tend towards the East, he perceives that but for the Isthmus of Suez, he would not be obliged to double the Cape of Good Hope. The Eastern difficulty has

been partially obviated by the overland route opened up by the ill-rewarded Waghorn. The western barrier has yet to be broken through.

Now that we can shake hands with Brother Jonathan in twelve days by means of weekly steamers; travel from one end of Great Britain to another, or from the Hudson to the Ohio, as fast as the wind, and make our words dance to distant friends upon the magic tight wire a great deal faster—now that the European and Columbian Saxon is spreading his children more or less over all the known habitable world: it seems extraordinary that the simple expedient of opening a twenty-eight mile passage between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, to save a dangerous voyage of some eight thousand miles, has not been already achieved. In this age of enterprise that so simple a remedy for so great an evil should not have been applied appears astonishing. Nay, we ought to feel some shame when we reflect that evidences in the neighbourhood of both Isthmuses exist of such junctions having existed, in what we are pleased to designate 'barbarous' ages.

Does nature present insurmountable engineering difficulties to the Panama scheme? By no means: for after the Croton aqueduct, our own railway tunnelling and the Britannia tubular bridge, engineering difficulties have become obsolete. Are the levels of the Pacific and the Gulph of Mexico, which should be joined, so different, that if one were admitted the fall would inundate the surrounding country? Not at all. Hear Humboldt on these points.

Forty years ago he declared it to be his firm opinion that 'the Isthmus of Panama is suited to the formation of an oceanic canal—one with fewer sluices than the Caledonian Canal—capable of affording an unimpeded passage, at all seasons of the year, to vessels of that class which sail between New York and Liverpool, and between Chili and California.' In the recent edition of his 'Views of Nature,' he 'sees no reason to alter the views he has always entertained on this subject.' Engineers, both British and American, have confirmed this opinion by actual survey. As, then, combination of British skill, capital, and energy, with that of the most 'go-ahead' people upon earth, have been dormant, whence the secret of the delay? The answer at once allays astonishment:—Till the present time, the speculation would not have 'paid.'

Large works of this nature, while they create an inconceivable development of commerce, must have a certain amount of a trading population to begin upon. A gold-beater can cover the effigy of a man on horseback with a sovereign; but he must have the sovereign first. It was not merely because the full power of the iron rail to facilitate the transition of heavy burdens had not been estimated, and because no Stephenson had constructed a 'Rocket engine,' that a

railway with steam locomotives was not made from London to Liverpool before 1836. Until the intermediate traffic between these termini had swelled to a sufficient amount in quantity and value to bear reimbursement for establishing such a mode of conveyance, its execution would have been impossible, even though men had known how to set about it.

What has been the condition of the countries under consideration? In 1839, the entire population of the tropical American isthmus, in the states of central America and New Grenada did not exceed three millions. The number of the inhabitants of pure European descent did not exceed one hundred thousand. It was only among this inconsiderable fraction that anything like wealth, intelligence, and enterprise, akin to that of Europe, was to be found; the rest were poor and ignorant aboriginals and mixed races, in a state of scarcely demi-civilisation. Throughout this 'hinly-peopled and poverty-stricken region, there was neither law nor government. In Stephens's 'Central America,' may be found an amusing account of a hunt after a government, by a luckless American diplomatist, who had been sent to seek for one in central America. A night wanderer running through bog and brake after a will-o'-the-wisp could not have encountered more perils, or in search of a more impalpable phantom. In short, there was nobody to trade with. To the south of the Isthmus, along the Pacific coast of America, there was only one station to which merchants could resort with any fair prospect of gain—Valparaiso. Except Chili, all the Pacific states of South America were retrograding from a very imperfect civilisation, under a succession of petty and aimless revolutions. To the north of the Isthmus matters were little, if anything, better. Mexico had gone backwards from the time of its revolution; and, at the best, its commerce in the Pacific had been confined to a yearly ship between Acapulco and the Philippines. Throughout California and Oregon, with the exception of a few European and half-breed members, there were none but savage aboriginal tribes. The Russian settlements in the far north had nothing but a paltry trade in furs with Kamschatka, that barely defrayed its own expenses. Neither was there any encouragement to make a short cut to the innumerable islands of the Pacific. The whole of Polynesia lay outside of the pale of civilisation. In Tahiti, the Sandwich group, and the northern peninsula of New Zealand, missionaries had barely sowed the first seeds of morals and enlightenment. The limited commerce of China and the Eastern Archipelago was engrossed by Europe, and took the route of the Cape of Good Hope, with the exception of a few annual vessels that traded from the sea-board States of the North American Union to Valparaiso and

Canton. The wool of New South Wales was but coming into notice, and found its way to England alone round the Cape of Good Hope. An American fleet of whalers scoured the Pacific, and adventurers of the same nation carried on a desultory and inconsiderable traffic in hides with California, in tortoise-shell and mother of pearl with the Polynesian Islands.

What then would have been the use of cutting a canal, through which there would not have passed five ships in a twelvemonth? But twenty years have worked a wondrous revolution in the state and prospects of these regions.

The traffic of Chili has received a large development, and the stability of its institutions has been fairly tried. The resources of Costa Rica, the population of which is mainly of European race, is steadily advancing. American citizens have founded a state in Oregon. The Sandwich Islands have become for all practical purposes an American colony. The trade with China—to which the proposed canal would open a convenient avenue by a western instead of the present eastern route—is no longer restricted to the Canton river, but is open to all nations as far north as the Yangtse-Kiang. The navigation of the Amur has been opened to the Russians by a treaty, and cannot long remain closed against the English and American settlers between Mexico and the Russian settlements in America. Tahiti has become a kind of commercial emporium. The English settlements in Australia and New Zealand have opened a direct trade with the Indian Archipelago and China. The permanent settlements of intelligent and enterprising Anglo-Americans and English in Polynesia, and on the eastern and western shores of the Pacific, have proved so many *dépôts* for the adventurous traders with its innumerable islands, and for the spermaceti whalers. Then the last, but greatest addition of all, is California: a name in the world of commerce and enterprise to conjure with. There gold is to be had for fetching. Gold, the main-spring of commercial activity, the reward of toil—for which men are ready to risk life, to endure every sort of privation; sometimes, alas! to sacrifice every virtue; one most especially, and that is Patience. They will away with her now.

Till the discovery of the new Gold country how contentedly they dawdled round Cape Horn; creeping down one coast and up another; but now such delay is not to be thought of. Already, indeed, Panama has become the seat of a great increasing and perennial transit trade. This cannot fail to augment the settled population of the region, its wealth and intelligence. Upon these facts we rest the conviction that the time has arrived for realising the project of a ship canal there or in the near neighbourhood.

That a ship canal, and not a railway, is what is first wanted (for very soon there will

be both), must be obvious to all acquainted with the practical details of commerce. The delay and expense to which merchants are subjected, when obliged to 'break bulk' repeatedly between the port whence they sail and that of their destination, is extreme. The waste and spoiling of goods, the cost of the operation, are also heavy drawbacks, and to these they are subject by the stormy passage round Cape Horn.

Two points present themselves offering great facilities for the execution of a ship canal. The one is in the immediate vicinity of Panama; where the many imperfect observations which have hitherto been made, are yet sufficient to leave no doubt that, as the distance is comparatively short, the summit levels are inconsiderable, and the supply of water ample. The other is some distance to the northward. The isthmus is there broader, but is in part occupied by the large and deep fresh-water lakes of Nicaragua and Naragua. The lake of Nicaragua communicates with the Atlantic by a copious river, which may either be rendered navigable, or be made the source of supply for a side canal. The space between the two lakes is of inconsiderable extent, and presents no great engineering difficulties. The elevation of the lake of Naragua above the Pacific is inconsiderable; there is no hill range between it and the gulph of Canchagua; and Captain Sir Edward Belcher carried his surveying ship *Sulphur* sixty miles up the Estero Real, which rises near the lake, and falls into the gulf. The line of the Panama canal presents, as Humboldt remarks, facilities equal to those of the line of the Caledonian canal. The Nicaragua line is not more difficult than that of the canal of Languedoc, a work executed between 1660 and 1682, at a time when the commerce to be expedited by it did not exceed—if it equalled—that which will find its way across the Isthmus; when great part of the maritime country was as thinly inhabited by as poor a population as the Isthmus now is; and when the last subsiding storms of civil war, and the dragonnades of Louis XIV., unsettled men's minds and made person and property insecure.

The cosmopolitan effects of such an undertaking, if prosecuted to a successful close, it is impossible even approximatively to estimate. The acceleration it will communicate to the already rapid progress of civilisation in the Pacific is obvious. And no less obvious are the beneficial effects it will have upon the mutual relations of civilised states, seeing that the recognition of the independence and neutrality in times of general war of the canal and the region through which it passes, is indispensable to its establishment.

We have dwelt principally on the commercial, the economical considerations of the enterprise, for they are what must render it possible. But the friends of Christian missions, and the advocates of Universal Peace among nations, have yet a deeper interest in

it. In the words used by Prince Albert at the dinner at the Mansion House respecting the forthcoming great Exhibition of Arts and Industry, 'Nobody who has paid any attention to the particular features of our present era, will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end—to which indeed all history points—the realisation of the unity of mankind. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity the result and product of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities. The distances which separated the different nations and parts of the globe are gradually vanishing before the achievements of modern invention, and we can traverse them with incredible speed; the languages of all nations are known, and their acquirements placed within the reach of everybody; thought is communicated with the rapidity, and even by the power of lightning.'

Every short cut across the globe brings man in closer communion with his distant brotherhood, and results in concord, prosperity, and peace.

THE TRUE STORY OF A COAL FIRE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Down the lower shaft the young man continued to descend in silence and darkness. He did not know if he descended slowly or rapidly. The sense of motion had become quite indefinite. There was a horrible feathery ease about it, as though he were being softly taken down to endless darkness, with an occasional tantalising waft upwards, and then a lower descent, which made his whole soul sink within him. But he grasped the chain in front of him with all his remaining force, as his only hold on this world—which in fact it *was*.

From this condition of helpless dismay and apprehension, poor Flashley was suddenly aroused by a violent and heavy bump on the top of his iron umbrella! He thought it must be some falling miner, or perhaps his ponderous-footed elfin abductor, who had leaped down after him. It was only the accidental fall of a loose brick from above, somewhere; but the dead bang of the sound, coming upon the previous silence, was tremendous. The missile shot off slanting from the iron umbrella—seemed to dash its brains out against the side of the shaft—and then flew down before him, like a lost soul.

Flashley now felt a wavering motion in his descent, while an increasing current of air rose to meet him; and almost immediately after, he heard strange and confused sounds beneath. Looking down into the darkness, he not only saw a reddening light, but, as he stared down, it became brighter, until he saw

the gleam of flames issuing from one side of the shaft. He fully expected to descend into the midst, and 'there an end;' but he speedily found he was reserved for some other fate. The fire was placed in a large chasm, and appeared to have a steep red pathway sloping away behind it. He passed it safely. From this moment he felt no current of air, but his ears were assailed with a variety of noises, in which he could distinguish the gush of waters, the lumbering of wood, the clank and jar of chains, and the voices of men—or something worse. Three black figures were distinctly visible.

In a few seconds more, his feet touched earth—which seemed to give a heave, in answer. His descent from the upper surface had not occupied longer time than has been necessary to describe it, but this was greatly magnified to his imagination by the number, novelty, and force of the emotions and thoughts that had attended it. He was now at the bottom of the William Pitt Coal Mine, nine hundred and thirty feet below the surface of the earth.

A man all black with coal-dust, and naked from the waist upwards, took hold of Flashley, and extricating him from the chain girdle and iron umbrella, led him away into the darkness, lighted only by a candle stuck in a lump of clay which his conductor held in the other hand.

Over all the various sounds, that of rushing waters predominated at this spot; and very soon they turned an angle which enabled Flashley to descry a black torrent spouting from a narrow chasm, and rushing down a precipitous gully on one side of them to seek some still lower abyss. Another angle was turned; the torrent was no longer seen and its noise grew fainter almost at every step.

The passage through which they were advancing was cut out of the solid coal. It was just high enough for the man to walk upright, though with the danger of striking his head occasionally against some wedge of rock, stone, or block of coal, projected downwards from the roof. In width the sides could be reached by the man's extended hands. They were sometimes supported by beams, and sometimes by a wall of brick, and the roof was frequently sustained by upright timbers, and limbs or trunks of trees. In one place, where the roofing had evidently sunk, there stood an irregular row of stunted oak trunks, of grotesque shapes and shadows, many of which were cracked and gaping in ragged flaws from the crushing pressure they had resisted; showing that, without them, the roof would certainly have fallen, and rendering the passage more 'suggestive' than agreeable to a stranger beneath. Here and there, at considerable distances, candles stuck in clay were set in gaps of the coaly walls, in the sandstone, or against the logs and trunks. The pathway was for the most part a slush of

coal-dust, mixed with mud and slates, varied with frequent knobs and snags of rock and iron-stone. In this path of intermittent ingredients, a tram-road had been established, the rails of which had been laid down at not more than 15 inches asunder; and moving above this at no great distance, Flashley now saw a dull vapoury light, and next descried a horse emerging from the darkness a-head of them. It seemed clear that nothing could save them from being run over, unless *they* could run over the horse. However, his guide made him stand with his back flat against one side of the passage—and presently the long, hot, steamy body of the horse moved by, just moistening his face and breast in passing. He had never before thought a horse's body was so long. At the creature's heels a little low black waggon followed with docility. The wheels were scarcely six inches high. Its sides were formed by little black rails. It was full of coals. A boy seemed to be driving, whose voice was heard on the other side of the horse, or else from beneath the animal's body, it was impossible to know which.

They had not advanced much further when they came to a wooden barricade, which appeared to close their journey abruptly. But it proved to be a door, and swung open of its own accord as they approached. No sooner were they through, than the door again closed, apparently of its own careful good will and pleasure. The road was still through cuttings in the solid coal, varied occasionally with a few yards of red sand-stone, or with brick walls and timbers as previously described. Other horses drawing little black coal-waggons were now encountered; sometimes two horses drawing two or more waggons, and these passed by in the same unpleasant proximity. More *Sesame* doors were also opened and shut as before; but Flashley at length perceived that this was not effected by any process of the black art, as he had imagined, but by a very little and very lonely imp, who was planted behind the door in a toad-squat, and on this latter occasion was honoured by his guide with the title of an 'infernal small *trapper*,' in allusion to some neglect of duty on a previous occasion. It was, in truth, a poor child of nine years of age, one of the victims of poverty, of bad parents, and the worst management, to whose charge the safety of the whole mine, with the lives of all within it, was committed; the requisite ventilation depending on the careful closing of these doors by the trapper-boys, after anybody has passed.

Proceeding in this way, they arrived at a side-working close upon the high-road, in which immense ledges of rocks and stones projected from the roof, being embedded in the coal. In cutting away the coal there was danger of loosening and bringing down some of these stones, which might crush the miners working beneath. A 'council' was now

being held at the entrance, where seven experienced 'undergoers' were lying flat on the ground, smoking, with wise looks, in Indian fashion, and considering the best mode of attack, whereby they might bring down the coals without being 'mashed up' by the premature fall of the rocks and stones together with the black masses in which they were embedded.

Among all the gloomy and oppressive feelings induced by this journey between dismal walls—faintly lighted, at best, so as to display a most forbidding succession of ugly shadows and grotesque outlines—and sometimes not lighted at all for a quarter of a mile; there was nothing more painful than the long pauses of silence; a silence only broken by the distant banging of the trappers' doors, or by an avalanche of coal in some remote working. After advancing in a silence of longer duration than any that had preceded it, Flashley's dark conductor paused every now and then, and listened—then advanced; then stopped again thoughtfully, and listened. At length he stopped with gradual paces, and turning to Flashley, said in a deep tone, the calmness of which added solemnity to the announcement,—

'We are now walking beneath the bed of the sea!—and ships are sailing over our heads!'

Several horses and waggons were met and passed after the fashion already described. On one occasion, the youth who drove the horse, walked in front, waving his candle in the air, and causing it to gleam upon a black pool in a low chasm on one side, which would otherwise have been invisible. He was totally without clothing, and of a fine symmetrical form, like some young Greek charioteer doing penance on the borders of Lethe for careless driving above ground. As he passed the pool of water, he stooped with his candle. Innumerable bubbles of gas were starting to the surface. The instant the flame touched them, they gave forth sparkling explosions, and remained burning with a soft blue gleam. It continued visible a long time, and gave the melancholy idea of some spirit, once beautiful, which had gone astray, and was for ever lost to its native region. It was as though the youth had written his own history in symbol, before he passed away into utter darkness.

'You used to be fond,' observed Flashley's companion, with grim ironical composure, after one of these close encounters with horse-flesh—'You *used* to be fond of horses.'

Flashley made no reply, beyond a kind of half-suppressed groan of fatigue and annoyance.

'Well, then,' said the other, appearing to understand the smothered groan as an acquiescence—'we will go and look at the stables.'

He turned off at the next corner on the left, and led the way up a narrow and steep path of broken brick and sandstone, till they arrived at a bank of rock and coal, up which

they had to clamber, Flashley's guide informing him that it would save a mile of circuitous path. Arriving at the top, they soon came to a narrow door, somewhat higher than any they had yet seen. It opened by a long iron latch, and they entered the 'mine stables.'

A strong hot steam and most oppressive odour of horses, many of whom were asleep and snoring, was the first impression. The second, was a sepulchral Davy-lamp hanging from the roof, whose dull gleam just managed to display the uplifting of a head and inquiring ears in one place, the contemptuous whisking of a tail in another, and a large eye-ball gleaming through the darkness, in another! The stalls were like a succession of narrow black dens, at each side of a pathway of broken brick and sand. In this way sixty or seventy horses were 'stabled.'

'This is a prince of a mine!' said the guide; 'we have seven hundred people down here, and a hundred and fifty horses.'

They emerged at the opposite end, which led up another steep path towards a shaft (for the mine row had four or five) which was used for the ascent and descent of horses. They were just in time to witness the arrival of a new-comer,—a horse who had never before been in a mine.

The animal's eyes and ears became more frightfully expressive, as with restless anticipatory limbs and quivering flesh he swung round in his descending approach to the earth. When his hoofs touched, he made a plunge. But though the band and chain confined him, he appeared yet more restrained by the appalling blackness. He made a second plunge, but with the same result. He then stood stock-still, glared round at the black walls and the black faces and figures that surrounded him, and instantly fainted.

The body of the horse was speedily dragged off on a sort of sledge, by a tackle. The business of the mine could not wait for his recovery. He was taken to be 'fanned.' Flashley of course understood this as a mine joke; but it was not entirely so. A great iron wheel, with broad fans, was often worked rapidly in a certain place, to create a current of air and to drive it on towards the fire in the up-cast shaft, assisting by this means the ventilation of the mine; and thither, or at all events, in that direction, the poor horse was dragged, amidst the laughter and jokes of the miners and the shouts and whistles of the boys.

How silent the place became after they were gone! Flashley stepped forwards towards the spot immediately beneath the shaft. It was much nearer to the surface than any of the other shafts, and the daylight from above-ground just managed to reach the bottom. Under the shaft was a very faint circle of sad-coloured and uncertain light. The palest ghost might have stood in the middle of it and felt 'at home.'

The 'streets' of the mine appeared to be composed of a series of horse-ways having square

entrances to 'workings' at intervals on either side, and leading to narrow side-lane workings. Up one of these his guide now compelled Flashley to advance; in order to do which they were both obliged to stoop very low; and, before long, to kneel down and crawl on all-fours. While moving forward in this way upon the coal-dust slush, where no horse could draw a waggon, a poor beast of another kind was desecrated approaching with his load. It was in the shape of a human being, but not in the natural position—in fact, it was a boy degraded to a beast, who with a girdle and chain was dragging a small coal-waggon after him. A strap was round his forehead, in front of which, in a tin socket, a lighted candle was stuck. His face was close to the ground. He never looked up as he passed.*

These narrow side-lane passages from the horse-road, varied in length from a few fathoms, to half-a-mile and upwards; and the one in which Flashley was now crawling, being among the longest, his impression of the extent of these underground streets and by-ways, was sufficiently painful, especially as he had no notion of what period he was doomed to wander through them. Besides, the difficulty of respiration, the crouching attitude, the heated mist, the heavy sense of gloomy monotony, pressed upon him as they continued to make their way along this dismal burrow.

From this latter feeling, however, he was roused by a sudden and loud explosion. It proceeded from some remote part of the trench in which they were struggling, and in front of them. The arrival of a new sort of mist convinced them of this. It was so impregnated with sulphur, that Flashley felt nearly suffocated, and was obliged to lie down with his face almost touching the coal-slush beneath him, for half-a-minute, before he could recover himself. Onward, however, he was obliged to go, urged by his gruff companion behind; and in this way they continued to crawl till a dim light became visible at the farther end. The light came forwards. It proceeded from a candle stuck in the front of the head of a boy, harnessed to a little narrow waggon, who pulled in front, while another boy pushed with his head behind. A side-cutting, into which Flashley and his companion squeezed themselves, enabled the waggon to pass. The hindermost boy, stopping to exchange a word with his companion, Flashley observed that the boy's head had a bald patch in the hair, owing to the peculiar nature of his head-work behind the waggon. They passed, and now another distant light was visible; but this remained stationary.

As they approached it, the narrow passage widened into a gap, and a rugged chamber appeared hewn out in the coal. The sides

* Young women and girls were also used in this way till the Report of the Children's Employment Commission caused it to be forbidden by Act of Parliament.

were supported by upright logs and beams ; and further inwards, were pillars of coal left standing, from which the surrounding mass had been cut away. At the remote end of this, sat the figure of a man, perfectly black and quite naked, working with a short-handled pickaxe, with which he hewed down coals in front of him, and from the sides, lighted by a single candle stuck in clay, and dabbed up against a projecting block of coal. From the entrance to this dismal work-place, branched off a second passage, terminating in another chamber, the lower part of which was heaped up with great loose coals apparently just fallen from above. The strong vapour of gunpowder pervading the place, and curling and clinging about the roof, showed that a mass of coal had been undermined and brought down by an explosion. To this smoking heap, ever and anon, came boys with baskets, or little waggons, which they filled and carried away into the narrow dark passage, disappearing with their loads as one may see black ants making off with booty into their little dark holes and galleries under ground.

The naked miner in the first chamber, now crept out to the entrance, having fastened a rope round the remotest logs that supported the roof of the den he had hewed. These he hauled out. He then knocked away the nearest ones with a great mallet. Taking a pole with a broad blade of iron at the end, edged on one side and hooked at the other, something like a halbert, he next cut and pulled away, one by one, by repeated blows and tugs, each of the pillars of coal which he had left within. A strange cracking overhead was presently heard. All stepped back and waited. The cracking ceased, and the miner again advanced, accompanied by Flashley's guide ; while, by some detestable necromancy, our young visitor—alack ! so very lately such a dashing young fellow 'about town,' now suddenly fallen into the dreadful condition of receiving all sorts of knowledge about coals—felt compelled to assist in the operation.

Advancing with great wedges, while Flashley carried two large sledge hammers to be ready for use, the miners inserted their wedges into cracks in the upper part of the wall of coal above the long chamber that had just been excavated, the roof of which was now bereft of all internal support. They then took the hammers and began to drive in the wedges. The cracks widened, and shot about in branches, like some black process of crystallisation. The party retreated several paces—one wide flaw opened above, and down came a hundred tons of coal in huge blocks and broad splinters ! The concussion of the air, and the flight of coal-dust, extinguished the candles. At this the two miners laughed loudly, and, pushing Flashley before them, caused him to crouch down on his hands and knees, and again creep along the low passage by which they had entered. A boy in harness drawing

a little empty waggon soon approached, with a candle on his forehead, as usual. The meeting being unexpected and out of order, as the parties could not pass each other in this place, Flashley's special guide and 'tutor' gave him a lift and a push, by means of which he was squeezed between the rough roofing and the upper rail of the empty waggon, into which he then sank down with a loud 'Oh !' His tutor now set his head to the hinder part of the waggon, the miner assumed the same position with respect to the tutor—the boy did the same by the miner—and thus, by reversing the action of the wheels, the little waggon, with its alarmed occupant, was driven along by this three-horse power through the low passage, with a reckless speed and jocularity, in which the ridiculous and hideous were inextricably mingled.

Arriving at the main horse-road, as Flashley quickly distinguished by the wider space, higher roofing, and candles stuck against the sides, his mad persecutors never stopped, but increasing their speed the moment the wheels were set upon the rails, they drove the waggon onwards with yells and laughter, and now and then a loud discordant whistle in imitation of the wailful cry of a locomotive ; passing 'getters,' and 'carriers,' and 'hurryers,' and 'drawers,' and 'pushers,' and other mine-people, and once sweeping by an astonished horse—gates and doors swinging open before them—and shouts frequently being sent after them, sometimes of equivocal import, but generally *not* to be mistaken, by those whom they thus rattled by, who often received sundry concussions and excoiations in that so narrow highway beneath the earth.

In this manner did our unique *cortège* proceed, till sounds of many voices a-head of them were heard, and then more and more light gleamed upon the walls ; and the next minute they emerged from the road-way, and entered a large oblong chamber, or cavern, where they were received with a loud shout of surprise and merriment. It was the dining-hall of the mine.

This cavern had been hewn out of the solid coal, with intervals of rock and sandstone here and there in the sides. Candles stuck in lumps of damp clay, were dabbed up against the rough walls all round. A table, formed of dark planks laid upon low tressels, was in the middle, and round this sat the miners, nearly naked,—and far blacker than negroes, whose glossy skins shine with any light cast upon them,—while these were of a dead-black, which gave their robust outlines and muscular limbs the grimness of sepulchral figures, strangely at variance with the boisterous vitality and physical capacities of their owners. These, it seemed, were the magnates of the mine—the 'hewers,' 'holers,' 'undergoers,' or 'pickers,'—those who hew down the coal, and not the fetchers and carriers, and other small people.

Before he had recovered from his recent drive through the mine, Flashley was seated

at the table. Cold roast beef, and ham, and slices of cold boiled turkey were placed before him, with a loaf of bread, fresh dairy-butter, and a brown jug of porter. He was scarcely aware whether he ate or not, but he soon began to feel *much* revived; and then he saw a hot roast duck; and then another; and then three more; and then a great iron dish, quite hot, and with flakes of fire at the bottom, full of roast ducks. Green peas were only just coming into season, and sold at a high price in the markets; but here were several delphic dishes piled up with them; and Flashley could but admire and sit amazed at the rapidity with which these delicate green pyramids sunk lower and lower, as the great spoonfuls ascended to the red and white open mouths of the jovial black visages that surrounded him. He was told that the 'undergoers' dined here every day after this fashion; but only with ducks and green peas at this particular season, when the miners made a point of buying up all the green peas in the markets, claiming the right to have them before all the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood.

While all this was yet going on, Flashley became aware of a voice, as of some one discoursing very gravely. It was like the voice of the Elfín who had wrought him all this undesired experience. But upon looking forwards in the direction of the sound, he perceived that it proceeded from one of the miners—a brawny-chested figure, who was making a speech. Their eyes met, and then it seemed that the miner was addressing himself expressly to poor Flashley. Something impelled the latter, averse as he was, to stand up and receive the address.

'Young man—or rather gent!' said the miner—'You are now in the bowels of the mother Earth—grandmother and great grandmother of all these seams of coal; and you see a set of men around you, whose lives are passed in these gloomy places, doing the duties of their work without repining at its hardness, without envying the lot of others, and smiling at all its dangers. We know very well that there are better things above ground—and worse. We know that many men and women and children, who are ready to work, can't get it, and so starve to death, or die with miserable slowness. A sudden death, and a violent is often our fate. We may fall down a shaft; something may fall upon us and crush us; we may be damped to death;* we may be drowned by the sudden breaking in of water; we may be burned up by the wild-fire,† or driven before it to destruction; in daily labour we lead the same lives as horses and other beasts of burden; but for *all* that, we feel that we have something else within, which has a kind of tingling notion of heaven, and a God above, and which we have heard say is called 'the soul.' Now, tell us—young

master, you who have had all the advantages of teachers, and books, and learning among the people who live above ground—tell us, benighted working men, how have *you* passed your time, and what kind of thing is your soul?'

The miner ceased speaking, but continued standing. Flashley stood looking at him, unable to utter a word. At this moment, a half-naked miner entered hurriedly from one of the main roads, shouting confused words—to the effect that the fire which is always placed in the up-cast shaft to attract and draw up the air for the ventilation of the mine, had just been extinguished by the falling in of a great mass of coal, and the mine was no longer safe!

'Fire-damp!'—'The sulphur!'—'Choke-damp!' ejaculated many voices, as all the miners sprang from their seats, and made a rush towards the main outlet. Flashley was borne away in the scramble of the crowd; but they had scarcely escaped from the cavern, when the flame of the candles ran up to the roof, and a loud explosion instantly followed. The crowd was driven pell-mell before it, flung up, and flung down, dashed sideways, or borne onwards, while explosion after explosion followed the few who had been foremost, and were still endeavouring to make good their retreat.

Among these latter was Flashley, who was carried forwards, he knew not how, and was scarcely conscious of what was occurring, except that it was something imminently dreadful, which he momentarily expected to terminate in his destruction.

At length only himself and one other remained. It was the miner who had been his companion from the first. They had reached a distant 'working,' and stopped an instant to take breath, difficult as it was to do this, both from the necessity of continuing their flight, and also from the nature of the inflammable air that surrounded them. Some who had arrived here before them, had been less fortunate. Half-buried in black slush lay the dead body of a miner, scorched to a cinder by the wild-fire; and on a broad ledge of coal sat another man, in an attitude of faintness, with one hand pressed, as with a painful effort, against his head. The black-damp had suffocated him: he was quite dead.

Beyond this Flashley knew nothing until he found himself placed in a basket, and rising rapidly through the air, as he judged, by a certain swinging motion, and the occasional grating of the basket against the sides of the shaft. After a time he ventured to look up, and to his joy, not unmixed with awe, he discerned the mouth of the shaft above, apparently of the size of a small coffee-cup. Some coal-dust and drops of water fell into his eyes; he saw no more; but with a palpitating heart, full of emotions, and prayers, and thankfulness, for his prospect of deliverance, continued his ascent.

* *The choke-damp*, carbonic acid gas.

† *Fire-damp*, also called the *sulphur*—hydrogen gas.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N^o. 4.]

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SOME ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRA-ORDINARY TRAVELLER.

No longer ago than this Easter time last past, we became acquainted with the subject of the present notice. Our knowledge of him is not by any means an intimate one, and is only of a public nature. We have never interchanged any conversation with him, except on one occasion when he asked us to have the goodness to take off our hat, to which we replied 'Certainly.'

MR. BOOLEY was born (we believe) in Rood Lane, in the City of London. He is now a gentleman advanced in life, and has for some years resided in the neighbourhood of Islington. His father was a wholesale grocer (perhaps), and he was (possibly) in the same way of business; or he may, at an early age, have become a clerk in the Bank of England, or in a private bank, or in the India House. It will be observed that we make no pretence of having any information in reference to the private history of this remarkable man, and that our account of it must be received as rather speculative than authentic.

In person MR. BOOLEY is below the middle size, and corpulent. His countenance is florid, he is perfectly bald, and soon hot; and there is a composure in his gait and manner, calculated to impress a stranger with the idea of his being, on the whole, an unwieldy man. It is only in his eye that the adventurous character of MR. BOOLEY is seen to shine. It is a moist, bright eye, of a cheerful expression, and indicative of keen and eager curiosity.

It was not until late in life that MR. BOOLEY conceived the idea of entering on the extraordinary amount of travel he has since accomplished. He had attained the age of sixty-five, before he left England for the first time. In all the immense journeys he has since performed, he has never laid aside the English dress, nor departed in the slightest degree from English customs. Neither does he speak a word of any language but his own.

MR. BOOLEY'S powers of endurance are wonderful. All climates are alike to him. Nothing exhausts him; no alternations of heat and cold appear to have the least effect upon his hardy frame. His capacity of travelling, day and night, for thousands of miles, has never been approached by any traveller

of whom we have any knowledge through the help of books. An intelligent Englishman may have occasionally pointed out to him objects and scenes of interest; but otherwise he has travelled alone, and unattended. Though remarkable for personal cleanliness, he has carried no luggage; and his diet has been of the simplest kind. He has often found a biscuit, or a bun, sufficient for his support over a vast tract of country. Frequently, he has travelled hundreds of miles, fasting, without the least abatement of his natural spirits. It says much for the Total Abstinence cause, that MR. BOOLEY has never had recourse to the artificial stimulus of alcohol, to sustain him under his fatigues.

His first departure from the sedentary and monotonous life he had hitherto led, strikingly exemplifies, we think, the energetic character, long suppressed by that unchanging routine. Without any communication with any member of his family—MR. BOOLEY has never been married, but has many relations—without announcing his intention to his solicitor, or banker, or any person entrusted with the management of his affairs, he closed the door of his house behind him at one o'clock in the afternoon of a certain day, and immediately proceeded to New Orleans, in the United States of America.

His intention was to ascend the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Taking his passage in a steamboat without loss of time, he was soon upon the bosom of the Father of Waters, as the Indians call the mighty stream which, night and day, is always carrying huge instalments of the vast continent of the New World, down into the sea.

MR. BOOLEY found it singularly interesting to observe the various stages of civilisation obtaining on the banks of these mighty rivers. Leaving the luxury and brightness of New Orleans—a somewhat feverish luxury and brightness, he observed, as if the swampy soil were too much enriched in the hot sun with the bodies of dead slaves—and passing various towns in every stage of progress, it was very curious to observe the changes of civilisation and of vegetation too. Here, where the doomed Negro race were working in the plantations, while the republican overseer looked on, whip in hand, tropical trees were growing, beautiful

flowers in bloom; the alligator, with his horribly sly face, and his jaws like two great saws, was basking on the mud; and the strange moss of the country was hanging in wreaths and garlands on the trees, like votive offerings. A little farther towards the west, and the trees and flowers were changed, the moss was gone, younger infant towns were rising, forests were slowly disappearing, and the trees, obliged to aid in the destruction of their kind, fed the heavily-breathing monster that came clanking up those solitudes, laden with the pioneers of the advancing human army. The river itself, that moving highway, showed him every kind of floating contrivance, from the lumbering flat-bottomed boat, and the raft of logs, upward to the steamboat, and downward to the poor Indian's frail canoe. A winding thread through the enormous range of country, unrolling itself before the wanderer like the magic skein in the story, he saw it tracked by wanderers of every kind, roaming from the more settled world, to those first nests of men. The floating theatre, dwelling-house, hotel, museum, shop; the floating mechanism for screwing the trunks of mighty trees out of the mud, like antediluvian teeth; the rapidly-flowing river, and the blazing woods; he left them all behind—town, city, and log-cabin, too; and floated up into the prairies and savannahs, among the deserted lodges of tribes of savages, and among their dead, lying alone on little wooden stages with their stark faces upward towards the sky. Among the blazing grass, and herds of buffaloes and wild horses, and among the wigwams of the fast-declining Indians, he began to consider how, in the eternal current of progress setting across this globe in one unchangeable direction, like the unseen agency that points the needle to the pole, the Chiefs who only dance the dances of their fathers, and will never have a new figure for a new tune, and the Medicinemen who know no Medicine but what was Medicine a hundred years ago, must be surely and inevitably swept from the earth, whether they be Choctaws, Mandans, Britons, Austrians, or Chinese.

He was struck, too, by the reflection that savage nature was not by any means such a fine and noble spectacle as some delight to represent it. He found it a poor, greasy, paint-plastered, miserable thing enough; but a very little way above the beasts in most respects; in many customs a long way below them. It occurred to him that the 'Big Bird,' or the 'Blue Fish,' or any of the other Braves, was but a troublesome braggart after all; making a mighty whooping and hollaoing about nothing particular, doing very little for science, not much more than the monkeys for art, scarcely anything worth mentioning for letters, and not often making the world greatly better than he found it. Civilisation, MR. BOOLEY concluded, was, on the whole, with all its blemishes, a more imposing sight, and a far better thing to stand by.

MR. BOOLEY's observations of the celestial bodies, on this voyage, were principally confined to the discovery of the alarming fact, that light had altogether departed from the moon; which presented the appearance of a white dinner-plate. The clouds, too, conducted themselves in an extraordinary manner, and assumed the most eccentric forms, while the sun rose and set in a very reckless way. On his return to his native country, however, he had the satisfaction of finding all these things as usual.

It might have been expected that at his advanced age, retired from the active duties of life, blest with a competency, and happy in the affections of his numerous relations, MR. BOOLEY would now have settled himself down, to muse, for the remainder of his days, over the new stock of experience thus acquired. But travel had whetted, not satisfied, his appetite; and remembering that he had not seen the Ohio river, except at the point of its junction with the Mississippi, he returned to the United States, after a short interval of repose, and appearing suddenly at Cincinnati, the queen City of the West, traversed the clear waters of the Ohio to its Falls. In this expedition he had the pleasure of encountering a party of intelligent workmen from Birmingham who were making the same tour. Also his nephew Septimus, aged only thirteen. This intrepid boy had started from Peckham, in the old country, with two and sixpence sterling in his pocket; and had, when he encountered his uncle at a point of the Ohio River, called Snaggy Bar, still one shilling of that sum remaining!

Again at home, MR. BOOLEY was so pressed by his appetite for knowledge as to remain at home only one day. At the expiration of that short period, he actually started for New Zealand.

It is almost incredible that a man in MR. BOOLEY's station of life, however adventurous his nature, and however few his artificial wants, should cast himself on a voyage of thirteen thousand miles from Great Britain with no other outfit than his watch and purse, and no arms but his walking-stick. We are, however, assured on the best authority, that thus he made the passage out, and thus appeared, in the act of wiping his smoking head with his pocket-handkerchief, at the entrance to Port Nicholson in Cook's Straits: with the very spot within his range of vision, where his illustrious predecessor, Captain Cook, so unhappily slain at Owyhee, once anchored.

After contemplating the swarms of cattle maintained on the hills in this neighbourhood, and always to be found by the stockmen when they are wanted, though nobody takes any care of them—which MR. BOOLEY considered the more remarkable, as their natural objection to be killed might be supposed to be augmented by the beauty of the climate—MR. BOOLEY proceeded to the town of Wellington. Having minutely examined it in

every point, and made himself perfect master of the whole natural history and process of manufacture of the flax-plant, with its splendid yellow blossoms, he repaired to a Native Pa, which, unlike the Native Pa to which he was accustomed, he found to be a town, and not a parent. Here he observed a Chief with a long spear, making every demonstration of spitting a visitor, but really giving him the Maori or welcome—a word MR. BOOLEY is inclined to derive from the known hospitality of our English Mayors—and here also he observed some Europeans rubbing noses, by way of shaking hands, with the aboriginal inhabitants. After participating in an affray between the natives and the English soldiery, in which the former were defeated with great loss, he plunged into the Bush, and there camped out for some months, until he had made a survey of the whole country.

While leading this wild life, encamped by night near a stream for the convenience of water, in a Ware, or hut, built open in the front, with a roof sloping backward to the ground, and made of poles, covered and enclosed with bark or fern, it was MR. BOOLEY's singular fortune to encounter Miss Creeble, of The Misses Creebles' Boarding and Day Establishment for Young Ladies, Kennington Oval, who, accompanied by three of her young ladies in search of information, had achieved this marvellous journey, and was then also in the Bush. Miss Creeble having very unsettled opinions on the subject of gunpowder, was afraid that it entered into the composition of the fire before the tent, and that something would presently blow up or go off. MR. BOOLEY, as a more experienced traveller, assuring her that there was no danger; and calming the fears of the young ladies, an acquaintance commenced between them. They accomplished the rest of their travels in New Zealand together, and the best understanding prevailed among the little party. They took notice of the trees, as the Kaikatea, the Kauri, the Ruta, the Pukatea, the Hinau, and the Tanakaka—names which Miss Creeble had a bland relish in pronouncing. They admired the beautiful, arborescent, palm-like fern, abounding everywhere, and frequently exceeding thirty feet in height. They wondered at the curious owl, who is supposed to demand 'More Pork!' wherever he flies, and whom Miss Creeble termed 'an admonition of Nature's against greediness!' And they contemplated some very rampant natives, of cannibal propensities. After many pleasing and instructive vicissitudes, they returned to England in company, where the ladies were safely put into a hackney cabriolet by MR. BOOLEY, in Leicester Square, London.

And now, indeed, it might have been imagined that that roving spirit, tired of rambling about the world, would have settled down at home in peace and honor. Not so. After repairing to the tubular bridge across the Menai Straits, and accompanying Her Majesty

on her visit to Ireland (which he characterised as 'a magnificent Exhibition'), MR. BOOLEY, with his usual absence of preparation, departed for Australia.

Here again, he lived out in the Bush, passing his time chiefly among the working-gangs of convicts who were carrying timber. He was much impressed by the ferocious mastiffs chained to barrels, who assist the sentries in keeping guard over those misdoers. But he observed that the atmosphere in this part of the world, unlike the descriptions he had read of it, was extremely thick, and that objects were misty, and difficult to be discerned. From a certain unsteadiness and trembling, too, which he frequently remarked on the face of Nature, he was led to conclude that this part of the globe was subject to convulsive heavings and earthquakes. This caused him to return, with some precipitation.

Again at home, and probably reflecting that the countries he had hitherto visited were new in the history of man, this extraordinary traveller resolved to proceed up the Nile to the second cataract. At the next performance of the great ceremony of 'opening the Nile,' at Cairo, MR. BOOLEY was present.

Along that wonderful river, associated with such stupendous fables, and with a history more prodigious than any fancy of man, in its vast and gorgeous facts; among temples, palaces, pyramids, colossal statues, crocodiles, tombs, obelisks, mummies, sand and ruin; he proceeded, like an opium-eater in a mighty dream. Thebes rose before him. An avenue of two hundred sphinxes, with not a head among them,—one of six or eight, or ten such avenues, all leading to a common centre,—conducted to the Temple of Carnak: its walls, eighty feet high and twenty-five feet thick, a mile and three-quarters in circumference; the interior of its tremendous hall, occupying an area of forty-seven thousand square feet, large enough to hold four great Christian churches, and yet not more than one-seventh part of the entire ruin. Obelisks he saw, thousands of years of age, as sharp as if the chisel had cut their edges yesterday; colossal statues fifty-two feet high, with 'little' fingers five feet and a half long; a very world of ruins, that were marvellous old ruins in the days of Herodotus; tombs cut high up in the rock, where European travellers live solitary, as in stony crows' nests, burning mummied Thebans, gentle and simple,—of the dried blood-royal maybe,—for their daily fuel, and making articles of furniture of their dusty coffins. Upon the walls of temples, in colors fresh and bright as those of yesterday, he read the conquests of great Egyptian monarchs; upon the tombs of humbler people in the same blooming symbols, he saw their ancient way of working at their trades, of riding, driving, feasting, playing games; of marrying and burying, and performing on instruments, and singing songs, and healing by the power of animal magnetism, and performing

all the occupations of life. He visited the quarries of Silsilah, whence nearly all the red stone used by the ancient Egyptian architects and sculptors came; and there beheld enormous single-stoned colossal figures nearly finished—redly snowed up, as it were, and trying hard to break out—waiting for the finishing touches, never to be given by the mummied hands of thousands of years ago. In front of the temple of Abou Simbel, he saw gigantic figures sixty feet in height and twenty-one across the shoulders, dwarfing live men on camels down to pigmies. Elsewhere he beheld complacent monsters tumbled down like ill-used Dolls of a Titanic make, and staring with stupid benignity at the arid earth whereon their huge faces rested. His last look of that amazing land was at the Great Sphinx, buried in the sand—sand in its eyes, sand in its ears, sand drifted on its broken nose, sand lodging, feet deep, in the ledges of its head—struggling out of a wide sea of sand, as if to look hopelessly forth for the ancient glories once surrounding it.

In this expedition, MR. BOOLEY acquired some curious information in reference to the language of hieroglyphics. He encountered the Simoom in the Desert, and lay down, with the rest of his caravan, until it had passed over. He also beheld on the horizon some of those stalking pillars of sand, apparently reaching from earth to heaven, which, with the red sun shining through them, so terrified the Arabs attendant on Bruce, that they fell prostrate, crying that the Day of Judgment was come. More Copts, Turks, Arabs, Fellahs, Bedouins, Mosques, Mamelukes, and Moosulmen he saw, than we have space to tell. His days were all Arabian Nights, and he saw wonders without end.

This might have satiated any ordinary man, for a time at least. But MR. BOOLEY, being no ordinary man, within twenty-four hours of his arrival at home was making The Overland Journey to India.

He has emphatically described this, as 'a beautiful piece of scenery,' and 'a perfect picture.' The appearance of Malta and Gibraltar he can never sufficiently commend. In crossing the Desert from Grand Cairo to Suez, he was particularly struck by the undulations of the Sandscapes (he preferred that word to Landscape, as more expressive of the region), and by the incident of beholding a caravan upon its line of march; a spectacle which in the remembrance always affords him the utmost pleasure. Of the stations on the Desert, and the cinnamon gardens of Ceylon, he likewise entertains a lively recollection. Calcutta he praises also; though he has been heard to observe that the British military at that seat of Government were not as well proportioned as he could desire the soldiers of his country to be; and that the breed of horses there in use was susceptible of some improvement.

Once more in his native land, with the vigor of his constitution unimpaired by the many toils and fatigues he had encountered,

what had MR. BOOLEY now to do, but, full of years and honor, to recline upon the grateful appreciation of his Queen and country, always eager to distinguish peaceful merit? What had he now to do, but to receive the decoration ever ready to be bestowed, in England, on men deservedly distinguished, and to take his place among the best? He had this to do. He had yet to achieve the most astonishing enterprise for which he was reserved. In all the countries he had yet visited, he had seen no frost and snow. He resolved to make a voyage to the ice-bound Arctic Regions.

In pursuance of this surprising determination, MR. BOOLEY accompanied the Expedition under Sir James Ross, consisting of Her Majesty's ships, the Enterprise and Investigator, which sailed from the river Thames on the 12th of May, 1848, and which, on the 11th of September, entered Port Leopold Harbor.

In this inhospitable region, surrounded by eternal ice, cheered by no glimpse of the sun, shrouded in gloom and darkness, MR. BOOLEY passed the entire winter. The ships were covered in, and fortified all round with walls of ice and snow; the masts were frozen up; hoar frost settled on the yards, tops, shrouds, stays, and rigging; around, in every direction, lay an interminable waste, on which only the bright stars, the yellow moon, and the vivid Aurora Borealis looked, by night or day.

And yet the desolate sublimity of this astounding spectacle was broken in a pleasant and surprising manner. In the remote solitude to which he had penetrated, MR. BOOLEY (who saw no Esquimaux during his stay, though he looked for them in every direction) had the happiness of encountering two Scotch gardeners; several English compositors, accompanied by their wives; three brass founders from the neighbourhood of Long Acre, London; two coach painters, a gold-beater and his only daughter, by trade a stay-maker; and several other working-people from sundry parts of Great Britain who had conceived the extraordinary idea of 'holiday-making' in the frozen wilderness. Hither too, had Miss Creeble and her three young ladies penetrated: the latter attired in braided peacoats of a comparatively light material; and Miss Creeble defended from the inclemency of a Polar Winter by no other outer garment than a wadded Polka-jacket. He found this courageous lady in the act of explaining, to the youthful shavers of her toils, the various phases of nature by which they were surrounded. Her explanations were principally wrong, but her intentions always admirable.

Cheered by the society of these fellow-adventurers, MR. BOOLEY slowly glided on into the summer season. And now, at midnight, all was bright and shining. Mountains of ice, wedged and broken into the strangest forms—jagged points, spires, pinnacles, pyramids, turrets, columns in endless succession and in infinite variety, flashing and sparkling with ten thousand hues, as though the treasures of

the earth were frozen up in all that water—appeared on every side. Masses of ice, floating and driving hither and thither, menaced the hardy voyagers with destruction; and threatened to crush their strong ships, like nutshells. But, below those ships was clear sea-water, now; the fortifying walls were gone; the yards, tops, shrouds and rigging, free from that hoary rust of long inaction, showed like themselves again; and the sails, bursting from the masts, like foliage which the welcome sun at length developed, spread themselves to the wind, and wafted the travellers away.

In the short interval that has elapsed since his safe return to the land of his birth, MR. BOOLEY has decided on no new expedition; but he feels that he will yet be called upon to undertake one, perhaps of greater magnitude than any he has achieved, and frequently remarks, in his own easy way, that he wonders where the deuce he will be taken to next! Possessed of good health and good spirits, with powers unimpaired by all he has gone through, and with an increase of appetite still growing with what it feeds on, what may not be expected yet from this extraordinary man!

It was only at the close of Easter week that, sitting in an arm chair, at a private Club called the Social Oysters, assembling at High-bury Barn, where he is much respected, this indefatigable traveller expressed himself in the following terms:

'It is very gratifying to me,' said he, 'to have seen so much at my time of life, and to have acquired a knowledge of the countries I have visited, which I could not have derived from books alone. When I was a boy, such travelling would have been impossible, as the gigantic-moving-panorama or diorama mode of conveyance, which I have principally adopted (all my modes of conveyance have been pictorial), had then not been attempted. It is a delightful characteristic of these times, that new and cheap means are continually being devised, for conveying the results of actual experience, to those who are unable to obtain such experiences for themselves; and to bring them within the reach of the people—emphatically of the people; for it is they at large who are addressed in these endeavours, and not exclusive audiences. Hence,' said MR. BOOLEY, 'even if I see a run on an idea, like the panorama one, it awakens no ill-humour within me, but gives me pleasant thoughts. Some of the best results of actual travel are suggested by such means to those whose lot it is to stay at home. New worlds open out to them, beyond their little worlds, and widen their range of reflection, information, sympathy, and interest. The more man knows of man, the better for the common brotherhood among us all. I shall, therefore,' said MR. BOOLEY, 'now propose to the Social Oysters the healths of Mr. Banvard, Mr. Brees, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Allen, Mr. Prout, Messrs.

Bonomi, Fahey, and Warren, Mr. Thomas Grieve, and Mr. Burford. Long life to them all, and more power to their pencils!'

The Social Oysters having drunk this toast with acclamation, MR. BOOLEY proceeded to entertain them with anecdotes of his travels. This he is in the habit of doing after they have feasted together, according to the manner of Sinbad the Sailor—except that he does not bestow upon the Social Oysters the munificent reward of one hundred sequins per night, for listening.

LOADED DICE.

SEVERAL years ago I made a tour through some of the Southern Counties of England with a friend. We travelled in an open carriage, stopping for a few hours a day, or a week, as it might be, wherever there was any thing to be seen; and we generally got through one stage before breakfast, because it gave our horses rest, and ourselves the chance of enjoying the brown bread, new milk, and fresh eggs of those country roadside inns, which are fast becoming subjects for archaeological investigation.

One evening my friend said, 'To-morrow, we will breakfast at T—. I want to inquire about a family named Lovell, who used to live there. I met the husband and wife and two lovely children, one summer at Exmouth. We became very intimate, and I thought them particularly interesting people, but I have never seen them since.'

The next morning's sun shone as brightly as heart could desire, and after a delightful drive, we reached the outskirts of the town about nine o'clock.

'Oh, what a pretty inn!' said I, as we approached a small white house, with a sign swinging in front of it, and a flower-garden on one side.

'Stop, John,' cried my friend, 'we shall get a much cleaner breakfast here than in the town, I dare say; and if there is anything to be seen there, we can walk to it;' so we alighted, and were shown into a neat little parlour, with white curtains, where an unexceptionable rural breakfast was soon placed before us.

'Pray do you happen to know anything of a family called Lovell?' inquired my friend, whose name, by the way, was Markham. 'Mr. Lovell was a clergyman.'

'Yes, Ma'am,' answered the girl who attended us, apparently the landlord's daughter, 'Mr. Lovell is the vicar of our parish.'

'Indeed! and does he live near here?'

'Yes, Ma'am, he lives at the vicarage. It's just down that lane opposite, about a quarter of a mile from here; or you can go across the fields, if you please, to where you see that tower; it's close by there.'

'And which is the pleasantest road?' inquired Mrs. Markham.

'Well, Ma'am, I think by the fields is the pleasantest, if you don't mind a stile or two;

and, besides, you get the best view of the Abbey by going that way.'

'Is that tower we see part of the Abbey?'

'Yes, Ma'am,' answered the girl, 'and the vicarage is just the other side of it.'

Armed with these instructions, as soon as we had finished our breakfast we started across the fields, and after a pleasant walk of twenty minutes we found ourselves in an old churchyard, amongst a cluster of the most picturesque ruins we had ever seen. With the exception of the grey tower, which we had espied from the inn, and which had doubtless been the belfry, the remains were not considerable. There was the outer wall of the chancel, and the broken step that had led to the high altar, and there were sections of aisles, and part of a cloister, all gracefully festooned with mosses and ivy; whilst mingled with the grass-grown graves of the prosaic dead, there were the massive tombs of the Dame Margerys and the Sir Hildebrands of more romantic periods. All was ruin and decay; but such poetic ruin! such picturesque decay! And just beyond the tall grey tower, there was the loveliest, smiling, little garden, and the prettiest cottage, that imagination could picture. The day was so bright, the grass so green, the flowers so gay, the air so balmy with their sweet perfumes, the birds sang so cheerily in the apple and cherry trees, that all nature seemed rejoicing.

'Well,' said my friend, as she seated herself on the fragment of a pillar, and looked around her, 'now that I see this place, I understand the sort of people the Lovells were.'

'What sort of people were they?' said I.

'Why, as I said before, interesting people. In the first place, they were both extremely handsome.'

'But the locality had nothing to do with their good looks, I presume,' said I.

'I am not sure of that,' she answered; 'when there is the least foundation of taste or intellect to set out with, the beauty of external nature, and the picturesque accidents that harmonise with it, do, I am persuaded, by their gentle and elevating influences on the mind, make the handsome handsomer, and the ugly less ugly. But it was not alone the good looks of the Lovells that struck me, but their air of refinement and high breeding, and I should say high birth—though I know nothing about their extraction—combined with their undisguised poverty and as evident contentment. Now, I can understand such people finding here an appropriate home, and being satisfied with their small share of this world's goods; because here the dreams of romance writers about Love in a Cottage might be somewhat realised; poverty might be graceful and poetical here; and then, you know, they have no rent to pay.'

'Very true,' said I; 'but suppose they had sixteen daughters, like a half-pay officer I once met on board a steam-packet?'

'That would spoil it certainly,' said Mrs.

Markham; 'but let us hope they have not. When I knew them they had only two children, a boy and a girl, called Charles and Emily; two of the prettiest creatures I ever beheld!'

As my friend thought it yet rather early for a visit, we had remained chattering in this way for more than an hour, sometimes seated on a tombstone, or a fallen column; sometimes peering amongst the carved fragments that were scattered about the ground, and sometimes looking over the hedge into the little garden, the wicket of which was immediately behind the tower. The weather being warm, most of the windows of the vicarage were open and the blinds were all down; we had not yet seen a soul stirring, and were just wondering whether we might venture to present ourselves at the door, when a strain of distant music struck upon our ears. 'Hark!' I said, 'how exquisite! It was the only thing wanting to complete the charm.'

'It's a military band, I think,' said Mrs. Markham, 'you know we passed some barracks before we reached the Inn.'

Nearer and nearer drew the sound, solemn and slow; the band was evidently approaching by the green lane that skirted the fields we had come by. 'Hush,' said I, laying my hand on my friend's arm, with a strange sinking of the heart; 'they are playing the Dead March in Saul! Don't you hear the muffled drums? It's a funeral, but where's the grave?'

'There!' said she, pointing to a spot close under the hedge where some earth had been thrown up; but the aperture was covered with a plank, probably to prevent accidents.

There are few ceremonies in life at once so touching, so impressive, so sad, and yet so beautiful, as a soldier's funeral! Ordinary funerals with their unwieldy hearses and feathers, and the absurd looking mutes, and the 'inky cloaks' and weepers, of hired mourners, always seem to me like a mockery of the dead; the appointments border so closely on the grotesque; they are so little in keeping with the true, the only view of death that can render life endurable! There is such a tone of exaggerated—forced, heavy, over-acted gravity about the whole thing, that one had need to have a deep personal interest involved in the scene, to be able to shut one's eyes to the burlesque side of it. But a military funeral, how different! There you see death in life and life in death! There is nothing over-strained, nothing overdone. At once simple and solemn, decent and decorous, consoling, yet sad. The chief mourners, at best, are generally true mourners, for they have lost a brother with whom 'they sat but yesterday at meat;' and whilst they are comparing memories, recalling how merry they had many a day been together, and the solemn tones of that sublime music float upon the air, we can imagine the freed and satisfied soul wafted on those har-

monious breathings to its Heavenly home ; and our hearts are melted, our imaginations exalted, our faith invigorated, and we come away the better for what we have seen.

I believe some such reflections as these were passing through our minds, for we both remained silent and listening, till the swinging-to of the little wicket, which communicated with the garden, aroused us ; but nobody appeared, and the tower being at the moment betwixt us and it, we could not see who had entered. Almost at the same moment, a man came in from a gate on the opposite side, and advancing to where the earth was thrown up, lifted the plank and discovered the newly made grave. He was soon followed by some boys, and several respectable-looking persons came into the enclosure, whilst nearer and nearer drew the sound of the muffled drums, and now we descried the firing party and their officer, who led the procession with their arms reversed, each man wearing above the elbow a piece of black crape and a small bow of white satin ribbon ; the band still playing that solemn strain. Then came the coffin, borne by six soldiers. Six officers bore up the pall, all quite young men ; and on the coffin lay the shako, sword, side-belt, and white gloves of the deceased. A long train of mourners marched two and two, in open file, the privates first, the officers last. Sorrow was imprinted on every face ; there was no unseemly chattering, no wandering eyes ; if a word was exchanged, it was in a whisper, and the sad shake of the head showed of whom they were discoursing. All this we observed as they marched through the lane that skirted one side of the churchyard. As they neared the gate the band ceased to play.

'See there,' said Mrs. Markham, directing my attention to the cottage, 'there comes Mr. Lovell. Oh, how he is changed !' and whilst she spoke, the clergyman entering by the wicket, advanced to meet the procession at the gate, where he commenced reading the funeral service as he moved backwards towards the grave, round which the firing party, leaning on their firelocks, now formed. Then came those awful words, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' the hollow sound of the earth upon the coffin, and three volleys fired over the grave, finished the solemn ceremony.

When the procession entered the churchyard, we had retired behind the broken wall of the chancel, whence, without being observed, we had watched the whole scene with intense interest. Just as the words 'Ashes to ashes ! dust to dust !' were pronounced, I happened to raise my eyes towards the grey tower, and then, peering through one of the narrow slits, I saw the face of a man—such a face ! Never to my latest day can I forget the expression of those features ! If ever there was despair and anguish written on a human countenance, it was there ! And yet so young ! so beautiful ! A

cold chill ran through my veins as I pressed Mrs. Markham's arm. 'Look up at the tower !' I whispered.

'My God ! What can it be ?' she answered, turning quite pale ! 'And Mr. Lovell, did you observe how his voice shook ? at first, I thought it was illness ; but he seems bowed down with grief. Every face looks awestruck ! There must be some tragedy here—something more than the death of an individual !' and fearing, under this impression, that our visit might prove untimely, we resolved to return to the inn, and endeavour to discover if anything unusual had really occurred. Before we moved, I looked up at the narrow slit—the face was no longer there ; but as we passed round to the other side of the tower, we saw a tall, slender figure, attired in a loose coat, pass slowly through the wicket, cross the garden, and enter the house. We only caught a glimpse of the profile ; the head hung down upon the breast ; the eyes were bent upon the ground ; but we knew it was the same face we had seen above.

We went back to the inn, where our inquiries elicited some information, which made us wish to know more : but it was not till we went into the town that we obtained the following details of this mournful drama, of which we had thus accidentally witnessed one impressive scene.

Mr. Lovell, as Mrs. Markham had conjectured, was a man of good family, but no fortune ; he might have had a large one, could he have made up his mind to marry Lady Elizabeth Wentworth, the bride selected for him by a wealthy uncle who proposed to make him his heir ; but preferring poverty with Emily Dering, he was disinherited. He never repented his choice, although he remained vicar of a small parish, and a poor man all his life. The two children whom Mrs. Markham had seen, were the only ones they had, and through the excellent management of Mrs. Lovell, and the moderation of her husband's desires, they had enjoyed an unusual degree of happiness in this sort of graceful poverty, till the young Charles and Emily were grown up, and it was time to think what was to be done with them. The son had been prepared for Oxford by the father, and the daughter, under the tuition of her mother, was remarkably well educated and accomplished ; but it became necessary to consider the future : Charles must be sent to college, since the only chance of finding a provision for him was in the Church, although the expense of maintaining him there could be ill afforded ; so, in order in some degree to balance the outlay, it was, after much deliberation, agreed that Emily should accept a situation as governess in London. The proposal was made by herself, and the rather consented to, that, in case of the death of her parents, she would almost inevitably have had to seek some such means of subsistence. These

partings were the first sorrows that had reached the Lovells.

At first, all went well; Charles was not wanting in ability nor in a moderate degree of application; and Emily wrote cheerily of her new life. She was kindly received, well treated, and associated with the family on the footing of a friend. Neither did further experience seem to diminish her satisfaction. She saw a great many gay people—some of whom she named; and, amongst the rest, there not unfrequently appeared the name of Herbert. Mr. Herbert was in the army, and being a distant connexion of the family with whom she resided, was a frequent visitor at their house. 'She was sure papa and mamma would like him.' Once the mother smiled, and said she hoped Emily was not falling in love; but no more was thought of it. In the meantime Charles had found out that there was time for many things at Oxford, besides study. He was naturally fond of society, and had a remarkable capacity for excelling in all kinds of games. He was agreeable, lively, exceedingly handsome, and sang charmingly, having been trained in part-singing by his mother. No young man at Oxford was more *fété*; but alas! he was very poor, and poverty poisoned all his enjoyments. For some time he resisted temptation; but after a terrible struggle—for he adored his family—he gave way, and ran in debt, and although the imprudence only augmented his misery, he had not resolution to retrace his steps, but advanced further and further on this broad road to ruin, so that he had come home for the vacation shortly before our visit to T—, threatened with all manner of annoyances if he did not carry back a sufficient sum to satisfy his most clamorous creditors. He had assured them he would do so, but where was he to get the money? Certainly not from his parents; he well knew they had it not; nor had he a friend in the world from whom he could hope assistance in such an emergency. In his despair he often thought of running away—going to Australia, America, New Zealand, anywhere; but he had not even the means to do this. He suffered indescribable tortures, and saw no hope of relief.

It was just at this period that Herbert's regiment happened to be quartered at T—. Charles had occasionally seen his name in his sister's letters, and heard that there was a Herbert now in the barracks, but he was ignorant whether or not it was the same person; and when he accidentally fell into the society of some of the junior officers, and was invited by Herbert himself to dine at the mess, pride prevented his ascertaining the fact. He did not wish to betray that his sister was a governess. Herbert, however, knew full well that their visitor was the brother of Emily Lovell, but partly for reasons of his own, and partly because he penetrated the weakness of the other, he abstained from mentioning her name.

Now, this town of T— was, and probably is, about the dullest quarter in all England! The officers hated it, there was no flirting, no dancing, no hunting, no anything. Not a man of them knew what to do with himself. The old ones wandered about and played at whist, the young ones took to hazard and three-card-loo, playing at first for moderate stakes, but soon getting on to high ones. Two or three civilians of the neighbourhood joined the party, Charles Lovell amongst the rest. Had they begun with playing high, he would have been excluded for want of funds; but whilst they played low, he won, so that when they increased the stakes, trusting to a continuance of his good fortune, he was eager to go on with them. Neither did his luck altogether desert him; on the whole, he rather won than lost; but he foresaw that one bad night would break him, and he should be obliged to retire, forfeiting his amusement and mortifying his pride. It was just at this crisis, that, one night, an accident, which caused him to win a considerable sum, set him upon the notion of turning chance into certainty. Whilst shuffling the cards, he dropped the ace of spades into his lap, caught it up, replaced it in the pack, and dealt it to himself. No one else had seen the card, no observation was made, and a terrible thought came into his head!

Whether loo or hazard was played, Charles Lovell had, night after night, a most extraordinary run of luck. He won large sums, and saw before him the early prospect of paying his debts and clearing all his difficulties.

Amongst the young men who played at the table, some had plenty of money and cared little for their losses; but others were not so well off, and one of these was Edward Herbert. He, too, was the son of poor parents who had straitened themselves to put him in the army, and it was with infinite difficulty and privation that his widowed mother had amassed the needful sum to purchase for him a company, which was now becoming vacant. The retiring officer's papers were already sent in, and Herbert's money was lodged at Cox and Greenwood's; but before the answer from the Horse-Guards arrived, he had lost every sixpence. Nearly the whole sum had become the property of Charles Lovell.

Herbert was a fine young man, honourable, generous, impetuous, and endowed with an acute sense of shame. He determined instantly to pay the debts, but he knew that his own prospects were ruined for life; he wrote to the agents to send him the money and withdraw his name from the list of purchasers. But how was he to support his mother's grief? How meet the eye of the girl he loved? She, who he knew adored him, and whose hand it was agreed between them he should ask of her parents as soon as he was gazetted a captain! The anguish of mind he suffered then threw him into a fever,

and he lay for several days betwixt life and death, and happily unconscious of his misery.

Meantime, another scene was being enacted elsewhere. The officers, who night after night found themselves losers, had not for some time entertained the least idea of foul play, but at length, one of them observing something suspicious, began to watch, and satisfied himself, by a peculiar method adopted by Lovell in 'throwing his mains,' that he was the culprit. His suspicions were whispered from one to another, till they nearly all entertained them, with the exception of Herbert, who, being looked upon as Lovell's most especial friend, was not told. So unwilling were these young men to blast, for ever, the character of the visitor whom they had so much liked, and to strike a fatal blow at the happiness and respectability of his family, that they were hesitating how to proceed, whether to openly accuse him or privately reprove and expel him, when Herbert's heavy loss decided the question.

Herbert himself, overwhelmed with despair, had quitted the room, the rest were still seated around the table, when having given each other a signal, one of them, called Frank Houston, arose and said: 'Gentlemen, it gives me great pain to have to call your attention to a very strange—a very distressing circumstance. For some time past there has been an extraordinary run of luck in one direction—we have all observed it—all remarked on it. Mr. Herbert has at this moment retired a heavy loser. There is, indeed, as far as I know, but one winner amongst us—but one, and he a winner to a very considerable amount; the rest all losers. God forbid, that I should rashly accuse any man! Lightly blast any man's character! But I am bound to say, that I fear the money we have lost has not been fairly won. There has been foul play! I forbear to name the party—the facts sufficiently indicate him.'

Who would not have pitied Lovell, when, livid with horror and conscious guilt, he vainly tried to say something? 'Indeed—I assure you—I never'—but words would not come; he faltered and rushed out of the room in a transport of agony. They did pity him; and when he was gone, agreed amongst themselves to hush up the affair: but unfortunately, the civilians of the party, who had not been let into the secret, took up his defence. They not only believed the accusation unfounded, but felt it as an affront offered to their townsman; they blustered about it a good deal, and there was nothing left for it but to appoint a committee of investigation. Alas! the evidence was overwhelming! It turned out that the dice and cards had been supplied by Lovell. The former, still on the table, were found on examination to be loaded. In fact, he had had a pair as a curiosity long in his possession, and had obtained others from a disreputable cha-

rafter at Oxford. No doubt remained of his guilt.

All this while Herbert had been too ill to be addressed on the subject; but symptoms of recovery were now beginning to appear; and as nobody was aware that he had any particular interest in the Lovell family, the affair was communicated to him. At first he refused to believe in his friend's guilt, and became violently irritated. His informants assured him they would be too happy to find they were mistaken, but that since the inquiry no hope of such an issue remained, and he sank into a gloomy silence.

On the following morning, when his servant came to his room door, he found it locked. When, at the desire of the surgeon, it was broken open, Herbert was found a corpse, and a discharged pistol lying beside him. An inquest sat upon the body, and the verdict brought in was *Temporary Insanity*. There never was one more just.

Preparations were now made for the funeral—that funeral which we had witnessed; but before the day appointed for it arrived, another chapter of this sad story was unfolded.

When Charles left the barracks on that fatal night, instead of going home, he passed the dark hours in wandering wildly about the country; but when morning dawned, fearing the eye of man, he returned to the vicarage, and slunk unobserved to his chamber. When he did not appear at breakfast, his mother sought him in his room, where she found him in bed. He said he was very ill—and so indeed he was—and begged to be left alone; but as he was no better on the following day, she insisted on sending for medical advice. The doctor found him with all those physical symptoms that are apt to supervene from great anxiety of mind; and saying he could get no sleep, Charles requested to have some laudanum; but the physician was on his guard, for although the parties concerned wished to keep the thing private, some rumours had got abroad that awakened his caution.

The parents, meanwhile, had not the slightest anticipation of the thunderbolt that was about to fall upon them. They lived a very retired life, were acquainted with none of the officers—and they were even ignorant of the amount of their son's intimacy with the regiment. Thus, when news of Herbert's lamentable death reached them, the mother said to her son: 'Charles, did you know a young man in the barracks called Herbert; a lieutenant, I believe? By the bye, I hope it's not Emily's Mr. Herbert.'

'Did I know him?' said Charles, turning suddenly towards her, for, under pretence that the light annoyed him, he always lay with his face to the wall. 'Why do you ask, mother?'

'Because he's dead. He had a fever, and—'

'Herbert dead!' cried Charles, suddenly sitting up in the bed.

'Yes, he had a fever, and it is supposed he was delirious, for he blew out his brains; there is a report that he had been playing high, and lost a great deal of money. What's the matter, dear? Oh, Charles, I shouldn't have told you! I was not aware that you knew him!'

'Fetch my father here, and, Mother, you come back with him!' said Charles, speaking with a strange sternness of tone, and wildly motioning her out of the room.

When the parents came, he bade them sit down beside him; and then, with a degree of remorse and anguish that no words could portray, he told them all; whilst they, with blanched cheeks and fainting hearts, listened to the dire confession.

'And here I am,' he exclaimed, as he ended, 'a cowardly scoundrel that has not dared to die! Oh, Herbert! happy, happy, Herbert! Would I were with you!'

At that moment the door opened, and a beautiful, bright, smiling, joyous face peeped in. It was Emily Lovell, the beloved daughter, the adored sister, arrived from London in compliance with a letter received a few days previously from Herbert, wherein he had told her that by the time she received it, he would be a captain. She had come to introduce him to her parents as her affianced husband. She feared no refusal; well she knew how rejoiced they would be to see her the wife of so kind and honourable a man. But they were ignorant of all this, and in the fulness of their agony, the cup of woe ran over and she drank of the draught! They told her all before she had been five minutes in the room. How else could they account for their tears, their confusion, their bewilderment, their despair!

Before Herbert's funeral took place, Emily Lovell was lying betwixt life and death in a brain fever. Under the influence of a feeling easily to be comprehended, thirsting for a self-imposed torture, that by its very poignancy should relieve the dead weight of wretchedness that lay upon his breast, Charles crept from his bed, and slipping on a loose coat that hung in his room, he stole across the garden to the tower, whence, through the arrow-slit, he witnessed the burial of his sister's lover, whom he had hastened to the grave.

Here terminates our sad story. We left T—on the following morning, and it was two or three years before any further intelligence of the Lovell family reached us. All we then heard was, that Charles had gone, a self-condemned exile, to Australia; and that Emily had insisted on accompanying him thither.

DREAM WITHIN DREAM; OR, EVIL MINIMISED.

WHAT evil would be, could it be, the Blest Arc sometimes fain to know. They sink to rest, Dream, for one moment's space, of care and strife, Wake, stare, and smile; and this is Human Life.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE lamentable deficiency of the commonest rudiments of education, which still exists among the humbler classes of this nation, is never so darkly apparent as when we compare their condition with that of people of similar rank in other countries. When we do so, we find that England stands the lowest in the scale of what truly must be looked upon as *Civilisation*; for she provides fewer means for promoting it than any of her neighbours. With us, education is a commodity to be trafficked in: abroad, it is a duty. Here, schoolmasters are perfectly irresponsible except to their paymasters: in other countries, teachers are appointed by the state, and a rigid supervision is maintained over the trainers of youth, both as regards competency and moral conduct. In England, whoever is too poor to buy the article education, can get none of it for himself or his offspring: in other parts of Europe, either the government (as in Germany), or public opinion (as in America), enforces it upon the youthful population.

What are the consequences? One is revealed by a comparison between the proportion of scholars in elementary schools to the entire population of other countries, and that in our own. Taking the whole of northern Europe—including Scotland—and France and Belgium (where education is at a low ebb), we find that to every 2½ of the population, there is one child acquiring the rudiments of knowledge; while in England there is only one such pupil to every fourteen inhabitants.

It has been calculated that there are in England and Wales 6,000,000 persons who can neither read nor write—that is to say, about one-third of the population, including of course infants; but, of all the children between five and fourteen, more than one half attend no place of instruction. These statements—compiled by Mr. Kay, from official and other authentic sources, for his work on the Social Condition and Education of the Poor in England and Europe, would be hard to believe, if we had not to encounter in our every-day life degrees of illiteracy which would be startling, if we were not thoroughly used to it. Wherever we turn, ignorance, not always allied to poverty, stares us in the face. If we look in the Gazette, at the list of partnerships dissolved, not a month passes but some unhappy man, rolling perhaps in wealth, but wallowing in ignorance, is put to the *experimentum crucis* of 'his mark.' The number of petty jurors—in rural districts especially—who can only sign with a cross is enormous. It is not unusual to see parish documents of great local importance defaced with the same humiliating symbol by persons whose office shows them to be not only 'men of mark,' but men of substance. We have printed already specimens of the partial ignorance which passes

under the ken of the Post Office authorities, and we may venture to assert, that such specimens of penmanship and orthography are not to be matched in any other country in Europe. A housewife in humble life need only turn to the file of her tradesmen's bills to discover hieroglyphics which render them so many arithmetical puzzles. In short, the practical evidences of the low ebb to which the plainest rudiments of education in this country has fallen, are too common to bear repetition. We cannot pass through the streets, we cannot enter a place of public assembly, or ramble in the fields, without the gloomy shadow of Ignorance sweeping over us. The rural population is indeed in a worse plight than the other classes. We quote—with the attestation of our own experience—the following passage from one of a series of articles which have recently appeared in a morning newspaper:—"Taking the adult class of agricultural labourers, it is almost impossible to exaggerate the ignorance in which they live and move and have their being. As they work in the fields, the external world has some hold upon them through the medium of their senses; but to all the higher exercises of intellect, they are perfect strangers. You cannot address one of them without being at once painfully struck with the intellectual darkness which enshrouds him. There is in general neither speculation in his eyes, nor intelligence in his countenance. The whole expression is more that of an animal than of a man. He is wanting, too, in the erect and independent bearing of a man. When you accost him, if he is not insolent—which he seldom is—he is timid and shrinking, his whole manner showing that he feels himself at a distance from you, greater than should separate any two classes of men. He is often doubtful when you address, and suspicious when you question him; he is seemingly oppressed with the interview, while it lasts, and obviously relieved when it is over. These are the traits which I can affirm them to possess as a class, after having come in contact with many hundreds of farm labourers. They belong to a generation for whose intellectual culture little or nothing was done. As a class, they have no amusements beyond the indulgence of sense. In nine cases out of ten, recreation is associated in their minds with nothing higher than sensuality. I have frequently asked clergymen and others, if they often find the adult peasant reading for his own or others' amusement? The invariable answer is, that such a sight is seldom or never witnessed. In the first place, *the great bulk of them cannot read.* In the next, a large proportion of those who can, do so with too much difficulty to admit of the exercise being an amusement to them. Again, few of those who can read with comparative ease, have the taste for doing so. It is but justice to them to say, that many of those who cannot read, have

bitterly regretted, in my hearing, their inability to do so. I shall never forget the tone in which an old woman in Cornwall intimated to me what a comfort it would now be to her, could she only read her Bible in her lonely hours.'

We now turn to the high lights of the picture as presented abroad, and which, from their very brightness, throw our own intellectual gloom into deeper shade. Mr. Kay observes in the work we have already cited—

'It is a great fact, however much we may be inclined to doubt it, that throughout Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Bohemia, Wirtemberg, Baden, Hesse Darmstadt, Hesse Cassel, Gotha, Nassau, Hanover, Denmark, Switzerland, Norway, and the Austrian Empire, ALL the children are actually at this present time attending school, and are receiving a careful, religious, moral, and intellectual education, from highly educated and efficient teachers. Over the vast tract of country which I have mentioned, as well as in Holland, and the greater part of France, *all* the children above six years of age are daily acquiring useful knowledge and good habits under the *influence* of moral, religious, and learned teachers. ALL the youth of the greater part of these countries, below the age of twenty-one years, can read, write, and cypher, and know the Bible History, and the history of their own country. No children are left idle and dirty in the streets of the towns—there is no class of children to be compared in any respect to the children who frequent our "ragged schools"—all the children, even of the poorest parents, are, in a great part of these countries, in dress, appearance, cleanliness, and manners, as polished and civilised as the children of our middle classes; the children of the poor in Germany are so civilised that the rich often send their children to the schools intended for the poor; and, lastly, in a great part of Germany and Switzerland, the children of the poor are receiving a *better* education than that given in England to the children of the greater part of our middle classes.'

'I remember one day,' says Mr. Kay in another page, 'when walking near Berlin in the company of Herr Hintz, a professor in Dr. Diesterweg's Normal College, and of another teacher, we saw a poor woman cutting up, in the road, logs of wood for winter use. My companions pointed her out to me and said, "Perhaps you will scarcely believe it, but in the neighbourhood of Berlin, poor women, like that one, read translations of Sir Walter Scott's Novels, and many of the interesting works of your language, besides those of the principal writers of Germany." This account was afterwards confirmed by the testimony of several other persons. Often and often have I seen the poor cab-drivers of Berlin, while waiting for a fare, amusing themselves by reading German books, which they had brought with them in the morning, expressly for the purpose of supplying amusement and occupation for their leisure hours.

In many parts of these countries, the peasants and the workmen of the towns attend regular weekly lectures or weekly classes, where they practise singing or chanting, or learn mechanical drawing, history, or science. The intelligence of the poorer classes of these countries is shown by their manners. The whole appearance of a German peasant who has been brought up under this system, *i. e.* of any of the poor who have not attained the age of thirty-five years, is very different to that of our own peasantry. The German, Swiss, or Dutch peasant, who has grown up to manhood under the new system, and since the old feudal system was overthrown, is not nearly so often, as with us, distinguished by an uncouth dialect. On the contrary, they speak as their teachers speak, clearly, without hesitation, and grammatically. They answer questions politely, readily, and with the ease which shows they have been accustomed to mingle with men of greater wealth and of better education than themselves. They do not appear embarrassed, still less do they appear gawkish or stupid, when addressed. If, in asking a peasant a question, a stranger, according to the polite custom of the country, raises his hat, the first words of reply are the quietly uttered ones, "I pray you, Sir, be covered." A Prussian peasant is always polite and respectful to a stranger, but quite as much at his ease as when speaking to one of his own fellows.*

Surely the contrast presented between the efforts of the schoolmaster abroad and his inactivity at home—refuting, as it does, our hourly boastings of 'intellectual progress,'—should arouse us, energetically and practically, to the work of Educational extension.

THE LADY ALICE.

I.

WHAT doth the Lady Alice so late on the turret-stair,
Without a lamp to light her but the diamond in her hair;
When every arching passage overflows with shallow gloom,
And dreams float through the castle, into every silent room?

She trembles at her footsteps, although their fall is light;
For through the turret-loopholes she sees the murky night,—
Black, broken vapours streaming across the stormy skies,—
Along the empty corridors the moaning tempest cries.

She steals along a gallery, she pauses by a door;
And fast her tears are dropping down upon the oaken floor;
And thrice she seems returning,—but thrice she turns again;—
Now heavy lie the cloud of sleep on that old father's brain!

Oh, well it were that *never* thou should'st waken from thy sleep!
For wherefore should they waken who waken but to weep?
No more, no more beside thy bed may Peace her vigil keep;
Thy sorrow, like a lion, waits* upon its prey to leap.

II.

An afternoon in April. No sun appears on high;
A moist and yellow lustre fills the deepness of the sky;
And through the castle gateway, with slow and solemn tread,
Along the leafless avenue they bear the honoured dead.

They stop. The long line closes up, like some gigantic worm;
A shape is standing in the path; a wan and ghost-like form;
Which gazes fixedly, nor moves; nor utters any sound;
Then, like a statue built of snow, falls lifeless to the ground.

And though her clothes are ragged, and though her feet are bare;
And though all wild and tangled, falls her heavy silk-brown hair;
Though from her eyes the brightness, from her cheeks the bloom, has fled;
They know their Lady Alice, the Darling of the Dead.

With silence, in her own old room the fainting form they lay;
Where all things stand unaltered since the night she fled away;
But who shall bring to life again her father from the clay?
But who shall give her back again her heart of that old day?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHEAPNESS.

A GLOBE.

ONE of the most remarkable of self-educated men, James Ferguson, when a poor agricultural labourer, constructed a globe. A friend had made him a present of 'Gordon's Geographical Grammar,' which, he says, 'at that time was to me a great treasure. There is no figure of a globe in it, although it contains a tolerable description of the globes, and their use. From this description I made a globe in three weeks, at my father's, having turned the ball thereof out of a piece of wood; which ball I covered with paper, and delineated a map of the world upon it, made the meridian ring and horizon of wood, covered them with paper, and graduated them; and was happy to find that by my globe (which was the first I ever saw) I could solve the problems.'

'But,' he adds, 'this was not likely to afford me bread.'

In a few years this ingenious man discovered the conditions upon which he could earn his bread, by a skill which did not suffer under

* The lion was said to 'prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.'

the competition of united labour. He had made also a wooden clock. He carried about his globe and his clock, and 'began to pick up some money about the country' by cleaning clocks. He became a skilled clock-cleaner. For six-and-twenty years afterwards he earned his bread as an artist. He then became a scientific lecturer, and in connection with his pursuits, was also a globe maker. His name may be seen upon old globes, associated with that of Senex. The demand for globes must have been then very small, but Ferguson had learned that cheapness is produced by labour-saving contrivances. A pretty instrument for graduating lines upon the meridian ring, once belonging to Ferguson, is in use at this hour in the manufactory of Messrs. Malby and Son. The poor lad 'who made a globe in three weeks' finally won the honours and riches that were due to his genius and industry. But he would never have earned a living in the continuance of his first attempt to turn a ball out of a piece of wood, cover it with paper, and draw a map of the world upon it. The nicest application of his individual skill, and the most careful employment of his scientific knowledge, would have been wasted upon those portions of the work in which the continued application of common routine labour is the most efficient instrument of production.

Let us contrast the successive steps of Ferguson's first experiment in globe-making with the processes of a globe manufactory.

A globe is not made of 'a ball turned out of a piece of wood.' If a solid ball of large dimensions were so turned, it would be too heavy for ordinary use. Erasmus said of one of the books of Thomas Aquinas, 'No man can carry it about, much less get it into his head;' and so would it be said of a solid globe. If it were made of hollow wood, it would warp and split at the junction of its parts. A globe is made of paper and plaster. It is a beautiful combination of solidity and lightness. It is perfectly balanced upon its axis. It retains its form under every variety of temperature. Time affects it less than most other works of art. It is as durable as a Scagliola column.

A globe may not, at first sight, appear a cheap production. It is not, of necessity, a low-priced production, and yet it is essentially cheap; for nearly all the principles of manufacture that are conditions of cheapness are exhibited in the various stages of its construction. There are only four globe-makers in England and one in Scotland. The annual sale of globes is only about a thousand pair. The price of a pair of globes varies from six shillings to fifty pounds. But from the smallest 2-inch, to the largest 36-inch globe, a systematic process is carried on at every step of its formation. We select this Illustration of Cheapness as a contrast, in relation to price and extent of demand, to the Lucifer Match. But it is, at the same time, a parallel in principle. If a globe were not made upon a principle involving the scientific combina-

tion of skilled labour, it would be a mere article of luxury from its excessive costliness. It is now a most useful instrument in education. For educational purposes the most inexpensive globe is as valuable as that of the highest price. All that properly belongs to the excellence of the instrument is found in combination with the commonest stained wood frame, as perfectly as with the most highly-finished frame of rose-wood or mahogany.

The mould, if we may so express it, of a globe is turned out of a piece of wood. This sphere need not be mathematically accurate. It is for rough work, and flaws and cracks are of little consequence. This wooden ball has an axis, a piece of iron wire at each pole. And here we may remark, that, at every stage of the process, the revolution of a sphere upon its axis, under the hands of the workman, is the one great principle which renders every operation one of comparative ease and simplicity. The labour would be enormously multiplied if the same class of operations had to be performed upon a cube. The solid mould, then, of the embryo globe is placed on its axis in a wooden frame. In a very short time a boy will form a pasteboard globe upon its surface. He first covers it entirely with strips of strong paper, thoroughly wet, which are in a tub of water at his side. The slight inequalities produced by the over-lapping of the strips are immaterial. The saturated paper is not suffered to dry; but is immediately covered over with a layer of pasted paper, also cut in long narrow slips. A third layer of similarly pasted paper—brown paper and white being used alternately—is applied; and then, a fourth, a fifth and a sixth. Here the pasting process ends for globes of moderate size. For the large ones it is carried farther. This wet pasteboard ball has now to be dried.—placed upon its axis in a rack. If we were determined to follow the progress of this individual ball through all its stages, we should have to wait a fortnight before it advanced another step. But as the large factory of Messrs. Malby and Son has many scores of globes all rolling onward to perfection, we shall be quite satisfied to witness the next operation performed upon a pasteboard sphere that began to exist some weeks earlier, and is now hard to the core.

The wooden ball, with its solid paper covering, is placed on its axis. A sharp cutting instrument, fixed on a bench, is brought into contact with the surface of the sphere, which is made to revolve. In less time than we write, the pasteboard ball is cut in half. There is no adhesion to the wooden mould, for the first coating of paper was simply *wetted*. Two bowls of thick card now lie before us, with a small hole in each, made by the axis of the wooden ball. But a junction is very soon effected. Within every globe there is a piece of wood—we may liken it to a round ruler—of the exact length of the inner surface of the

sphere from pole to pole. A thick wire runs through this wood, and originally projected some two or three inches at each end. This stick is placed upright in a vice. The semi-globe is nailed to one end of the stick, upon which it rests, when the wire is passed through its centre. It is now reversed, and the edges of the card rapidly covered with glue. The edges of the other semi-globe are instantly brought into contact, the other end of the wire passing through its centre in the same way, and a similar nailing to the stick taking place. We have now a paper globe, with its own axis, which will be its companion for the whole term of its existence.

The paper globe is next placed on its axis in a frame, of which one side is a semi-circular piece of metal;—the horizon of a globe cut in half would show its form. A tub of white composition,—a compound of whiting, glue, and oil is on the bench. The workman dips his hand into this ‘gruel thick and slab,’ and rapidly applies it to the paper sphere with tolerable evenness: but as it revolves, the semi-circle of metal clears off the superfluous portions. The ball of paper is now a ball of plaster externally. Time again enters largely into the manufacture. The first coating must thoroughly dry before the next is applied; and so again till the process has been repeated four or five times. Thus, when we visit a globe workshop, we are at first surprised at the number of white balls, from three inches diameter to three feet, which occupy a large space. They are all steadily advancing towards completion. They cannot be hurriedly dried. The duration of their quiescent state must depend upon the degrees of the thermometer in the ordinary atmosphere. They cost little. They consume nothing beyond a small amount of rent. As they advance to the dignity of perfect spheres, increased pains are taken in the application of the plaster. At last they are polished. Their surface is as hard and as fine as ivory. But, beautiful as they are, they may, like many other beautiful things, want a due equipoise. They must be perfectly balanced. They must move upon their poles with the utmost exactness. A few shot, let in here and there, correct all irregularities. And now the paper and plaster sphere is to be endued with intelligence.

What may be called the artistical portion of globe-making here commences. In the manufactory we are describing there are two skilled workers, who may take rank as artists, but whose skill is limited, and at the same time perfected, by the uniformity of their operations. One of these artists, a young woman, who has been familiar with the business from her earliest years, takes the polished globe in her lap, for the purpose of marking it with lines of direction for covering it with engraved strips, which will ultimately form a perfect map. The inspection of a finished globe will show that the larger divisions of longitude are expressed by lines drawn from pole to pole,

and those of latitude by a series of concentric rings. The polished plaster has to be covered with similar lines. These lines are struck with great rapidity, and with mathematical truth, by an instrument called a ‘beam compass,’ in the use of which this workwoman is most expert. The sphere is now ready for receiving the map, which is engraved in fourteen distinct pieces. The arctic and antarctic poles form two circular pieces, from which the lines of longitude radiate. These having been fitted and pasted, one of the remaining twelve pieces, containing 30 degrees, is also pasted on the sphere, in the precise space where the lines of longitude have been previously marked, its lines of latitude corresponding in a similar manner. The paper upon which these portions of the earth’s surface are engraved is thin and extremely tough. It is rubbed down with the greatest care, through all the stages of this pasting process. We have at length a globe covered with a plain map, so perfectly joined that every line and every letter fit together as if they had been engraved in one piece,—which, of course, would be absolutely impossible for the purpose of covering a ball.

The artist who thus covers the globe, called a paster, is also a colourer. This is, of necessity, a work which cannot be carried on with any division of labour. It is not so with the colouring of an atlas. A map passes under many hands in the colouring. A series of children, each using one colour, produce in combination a map coloured in all its parts, with the rapidity and precision of a machine. But a globe must be coloured by one hand. It is curious to observe the colourer working without a pattern. By long experience the artist knows how the various boundaries are to be defined, with pink continents, and blue islands, and the green oceans, connecting the most distant regions. To a contemplative mind, how many thoughts must go along with the work, as he covers Europe with indications of populous cities, and has little to do with Africa and Australia but to mark the coast lines;—as year after year he has to make some variation in the features of the great American continent, which indicates the march of the human family over once trackless deserts, whilst the memorable places of the ancient world undergo few changes but those of name. And then, as he is finishing a globe for the cabin of some ‘great admiral,’ may he not think that, in some frozen nook of the Arctic Sea, the friendly Esquimaux may come to gaze upon his work, and seeing how petty a spot England is upon the ball, wonder what illimitable riches nature spontaneously produces in that favoured region, some or which is periodically scattered by her ships through those dreary climes in the search for some unknown road amidst everlasting icebergs, while he would gladly find a short track to the sunny south. And then, perhaps, higher thoughts may come into his mind; and as this toy of a world grows under his

fingers, and as he twists it around upon its material axis, he may think of the great artificer of the universe, having the feeling, if not knowing, the words of the poet:—

‘In ambient air this ponderous ball HE hung.’

Contemplative, or not, the colourer steadily pursues his uniform labour, and the sphere is at length fully coloured.

The globe has now to be varnished with a preparation technically known as ‘white hard,’ to which some softening matter is added to prevent the varnish cracking. This is a secret which globe-makers preserve. Four coats of varnish complete the work.

And next the ball has to be mounted. We have already mentioned an instrument by which the brass meridian ring is accurately graduated; that is, marked with lines representing 360 degrees, with corresponding numerals. Of whatever size the ring is, an index-hand, connected with the graduating instrument, shows the exact spot where the degree is to be marked with a graver. The operation is comparatively rapid; but for the largest globes it involves considerable expense. After great trouble, the ingenious men whose manufactory we are describing have succeeded in producing cast-iron rings, with the degrees and figures perfectly distinct; and these applied to 36-inch globes, instead of the engraved meridians, make a difference of ten guineas in their price. For furniture they are not so beautiful; for use they are quite as valuable. There is only one other process which requires great nicety. The axis of the globe revolves on the meridian ring, and of course it is absolutely necessary that the poles should be exactly parallel. This is effected by a little machine which drills each extremity at one and the same instant; and the operation is termed *poles* the meridian.

The mounting of the globe,—the completion of a pair of globes,—is now handed over to the cabinet-maker. The cost of the material and the elaboration of the workmanship determine the price.

Before we conclude, we would say a few words as to the limited nature of the demand for globes.

Our imperfect description of this manufacture will have shown that experience, and constant application of ingenuity, have succeeded in reducing to the lowest amount the labour employed in the production of globes. The whole population of English globe-makers does not exceed thirty or forty men, women, and boys. Globes are thus produced at the lowest rate of cheapness, as regards the number of labourers, and with very moderate profits to the manufacturer, on account of the smallness of his returns. The *durability* of globes is one great cause of the limitation of the demand. Changes of fashion, or caprices of taste, as to the mounting—new geographical discoveries, and modern information as to the position and nomenclature of

the stars—may displace a few old globes annually, which then find their way from brokers’ shops into a class somewhat below that of their original purchasers. But the pair of globes generally maintain for years their original position in the school-room or the library. They are rarely injured, and suffer very slight decay. The new purchasers represent that portion of society which is seeking after knowledge, or desires to manifest some pretension to intellectual tastes. The number of globes annually sold represents to a certain extent the advance of Education. But if the labour-saving expedients did not exist in the manufacture the cost would be much higher, and the purchasers greatly reduced in number. The contrivances by which comparative cheapness is produced arise out of the necessity of contending against the durability of the article by encouraging a new demand. If these did not exist, the supply would outrun the demand;—the price of the article would less and less repay the labour expended in its production; the manufacture of globes would cease till the old globes were worn out, and the few rich and scientific purchasers had again raised up a market.

THE GHOST OF THE LATE MR. JAMES BARBER.

A YARN ASHORE.

“Luck!” nonsense. There is no such thing. Life is not a game of chance any more than chess is. If you lose, you have no one but yourself to blame.’

This was said by a young lieutenant in the Royal Navy, to a middle-aged midshipman, his elder brother.

‘Do you mean to say that luck had nothing to do with Fine Gentleman Bobbin passing for lieutenant, and my being turned back?’ was the rejoinder.

‘Bobbin, though a dandy, is a good seaman, and—and——.’ The speaker looked another way, and hesitated.

‘I am *not*, you would add—if you had courage. But I say I am, and a better seaman than Bobbin.’

‘Practically, perhaps, for you are ten years older in the service. But it was in the theoretical part of seamanship—which is equally important—that you broke down before the examiners,’ continued the younger officer, in tones of earnest but sorrowful reproach. ‘You never *would* study.’

‘I’ll tell you what it is, master Ferdinand,’ said the elderly middy, not without a show of displeasure. ‘I don’t think this is the correct sort of conversation to be going on between two brothers after a five years’ separation.’

The young lieutenant laid his hand soothingly on his brother’s arm, and entreated him to take what he said in good part.

‘Well, well!’ rejoined the middy, with a

laugh half-forc'd. 'Take care what you are about, or, by Jove, I'll inform against you.'

'What for?'

'Why, for preaching without a license.—Besides, you were once as bad as you pretend I am.'

'I own it with sorrow; but I was warn'd in time by the wretched end of poor James Barber—'

'Of whom?' asked the elder brother, starting back as he pushed his glass along the table. 'You don't mean Jovial Jemmy, as we used to call him; once my messmate in the brig "Rollock."'

'Yes, I do.'

'What! dead?'

'Yes.'

'Why, it was one of our great delights, when in harbour and on shore, to "go the rounds,"—as he called it—with Jovial Jemmy. He understood life from stem to stern—from truck to keel. He knew everybody, from the First Lord downwards. I have seen him recognised by the Duke one minute, and the next pick up with a strolling player, and familiarly treat him at a tavern. He once took me to a quadrille party at the Duchess of Durrington's, where he seemed to know and be known to everybody present, and then adjourn'd to the Cider Cellars, where he was equally intimate with all sorts of queer characters. Though a favourite among the aristocracy, he was equally welcome in less exclusive societies. He was "Brother," "Past Master," "Warden," "Noble Grand," or "President" of all sorts of Lodges and Fraternities. Uncommonly knowing was Jemmy in all sorts of club and fashionable gossip. He knew who gave the best dinners, and was always invited to the best balls. He was a capital judge of champagne, and when he betted upon a horse-race everybody backed him. He could hum all the fashionable songs, and was the fourth man who could dance the polka when it was first imported. Then he was as profound in bottled stout, Welsh rabbits, Burton ale, devilled kidneys, and bowls of Bishop, as he was in Roman punch, French cookery, and Italian singers. Afloat, he was the soul of fun;—he got up all our private theatricals, told all the best stories, and sung comic songs that made even the Purser laugh.'

'An extent and variety of knowledge and accomplishments,' said Lieutenant Fid, 'which had the precise effect of blasting his prospects in life. He was, as you remember, at last dismissed the service for intemperance and incompetence.'

'When did you see him last?'

'What, *alive*?' inquired Ferdinand Fid, changing countenance.

'Of course! Surely you do not mean to insinuate that you have seen his ghost!'

The lieutenant was silent; and the midshipman took a deep draught of his favourite mixture—equal portions of rum and water—and hinted to his younger brother, the lieu-

tenant, the expediency of immediately confiding the story to the Marines; for he declined to credit it. He then ventured another recommendation, which was, that Ferdinand should throw the impotent temperance tippie he was then imbibing 'over the side of the Ship'—which meant the tavern of that name in Greenwich, at the open bow-window of which they were then sitting—and clear his intellects by something stronger.

'I can afford to be laughed at,' said the younger Fid, 'because I have gained immeasurably by the delusion, if it be one; but if ever there was a ghost, I have seen the ghost of James Barber. I, like yourself and he, was nearly ruined by love of amusement and intemperance, when he—or whatever else it might have been—came to my aid.'

'Let us hear. I see I am "in" for a ghost story.'

'Well; it was eighteen forty-one when I came home in the "Arrow" with despatches from the coast of Africa: you were lying in the Tagus in the "Bobstay." Ours, you know, was rather a thirsty station; a man inclined for it comes home from the Slaving Coasts with a determination to make up his lee way. I did mine with a vengeance. As usual, I looked up "Jovial Jemmy."'

'Twas easy to find him if you knew where to go.'

'I *did* know, and went. He had by that time got tired of his more aristocratic friends. Respectability was too "slow" for him, so I found him presiding over the "Philanthropic Raspers," at the "Union Jack." He received me with open arms, and took me, as you say, the "rounds." I can't recal that week's dissipation without a shudder. We rushed about from ball to tavern, from theatre to supper-room, from club to gin-palace, as if our lives depended on losing not a moment. We had not time to walk, so we galloped about in cabs. On the fourth night, when I was beginning to feel knocked up, and tired of the same songs, the same quadrilles, the bad whiskey, the suffocating tobacco smoke, and the morning's certain and desperate penalties, I remarked to Jemmy, that it was a miracle how he had managed to weather it for so many years. "What a hardship you would deem it," I added, "if you were *obliged* to go the same weary round from one year's end to another."'

'What did he say to that?' asked Philip.

'Why, I never saw him so taken aback. He looked quite fiercely at me, and replied, "I *am* obliged!"'

'How did he make that out?'

'Why, he had tippled and dissipated his constitution into such a state that use had become second nature. Excitement was his natural condition, and he dared not become quite sober for fear of a total collapse—or dropping down like a shot in the water.'

The midshipman had his glass in his hand, but forebore to taste it.—'Well, what then?'

'The "rounds" lasted two nights longer.'

I was fairly beaten. Cast-iron could not have stood it. I was prostrated in bed with fever—and worse.’ Ferdinand was agitated, and took a large draught of his lemonade.

‘Well, well, you need not enlarge upon that,’ replied Phil Fid, raising his glass towards his lips, but again thinking better of it; ‘I heard how bad you were from Seton, who shaved your head.’

‘I had scarcely recovered when the “Arrow” was ordered back, and I made a vow.’

‘Took the pledge, perhaps!’ interjected the mid, with a slight curl of his lip.

‘No! I determined to work more and play less. We had a capital naval instructor aboard, and our commander was as good an officer as ever trod the deck. I studied—a little too hard perhaps, for I was laid up again. The “Arrow” was, as usual, as good as her name, and we shot across to Jamaica in five weeks. One evening as we were lying in Kingston harbour, Seton, who had come over to join the Commodore as full surgeon, told me what he had never ventured to divulge before.’

‘What was that?’

‘Why, that, on the very day I left London, James Barber died of a frightful attack of *delirium tremens!*’

‘Poor Jemmy!’ said the elder Fid sorrowfully, taking a long pull of consolation from his rummer. ‘Little did I think, while singing some of your best songs off Belem Castle, that I had seen you for the last time!’

‘I hadn’t seen him for the last time,’ returned the lieutenant, with awful significance.

Philip assumed a careless air, and said, ‘Go on.’

‘We were ordered home in eighteen forty-five, and paid off in January. I went to Portsmouth; was examined, and passed as lieutenant.’

This allusion to his brother’s better condition made poor Philip look rather blank.

‘On being confirmed at the Admiralty,’ continued Ferdinand, ‘I had to give a dinner to the “Arrows;” which I did at the Salopian, Charing Cross. In the excess of my joy at promotion, my determination of temperance and avoidance of what is called “society” was swamped. I kept it up once more; I went the “rounds,” and accepted all the dinner, supper, and ball invitations I could get, invariably ending each morning in one of the old haunts of dissipation. Old associations with James Barber returned, and like causes produced similar effects. One morning while maundering home, I began to feel the same wild confusion as had previously commenced my dreadful malady.’

‘Ah! a little touched in the top-hammer.’

‘It was just daylight. Thinking to cool myself, I jumped into a wherry to get pulled down here to Greenwich.’

‘Of course you were not quite sober.’

‘Don’t ask! I do not like even to allude to my sensations, for fear of recalling them.

My brain seemed in a flame. The boat appeared to be going at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Fast as we were cleaving the current, I heard my name distinctly called out. I reconnoitred, but could see nobody. I looked over on one side of the gunwale, and, while doing so, felt something touch me from the other; I felt a chill; I turned round and saw—

‘Whom?’ asked the midshipman, holding his breath.

‘What seemed to be James Barber?’

‘Was he wet?’

‘As dry as you are.’

‘I summoned courage to speak. “Hallo! some mistake!” I exclaimed.

“Not at all,” was the reply. “I’m James Barber. Don’t be frightened, I’m harmless.” “But—”

“I know what you are going to say,” interrupted the intruder. “Seton did not deceive you—I am only an occasional visitor *up here.*”

‘This brought me up with a round turn, and I had sense enough to wish my friend would vanish as he came. “Where shall we land you?” I asked.

“Oh, any where—it don’t matter. I have got to be out every night and all night; and the nights are plaguy long just now.”

‘I could not muster a word.

“Ferd Fid,” continued the voice, which now seemed about fifty fathoms deep; and fast as we were dropping down the stream, the boat gave a heel to starboard, as if she had been broadsided by a tremendous wave—“Ferd Fid, you recollect how I used to kill time; how I sang, drank, danced, and supped all night long, and then slept and soda-watered it all day? You remember what a happy fellow I seemed. Fools like yourself thought I was so; but I say again, I wasn’t,” growled the voice, letting itself down a few fathoms deeper. “Often and often I would have given the world to have been a market-gardener or a dealer in chiek-weed while roaring ‘He is a jolly good fellow;’ and ‘We won’t go home till morning!’ as I emerged with a group from some tavern into Covent Garden market. But I’m punished fearfully for my sins now. What do you think I have got to do every night of my—never mind—what do you think is now marked out as my dreadful punishment?”

“Well, to walk the earth, I suppose,” said I.

“No.”

“To paddle about in the Thames from sunset to sun-rise?”

“Worse. Ha! ha!” (his laugh sounded like the booming of a gong). “I only wish my doom *was* merely to be a mud-lark. No, no, I’m condemned to rush about from one evening party and public house to another. At the former I am bound for a certain term on each night to dance all the quadrilles, and a few of the polkas and waltzes with clumsy partners; and then I have to eat stale pastry and tough poultry

before I am let off from *that* place. After, I am bound to go to some cellar or singing place to listen to 'Hail, smiling morn,' 'Mynheer Van Dunk,' 'The monks of old,' 'Happy land,' imitations of the London actors, and to hear a whole canto of dreary extempore verses. I must also smoke a dozen of cigars, knowing—as in my present condition I must know,—what they are made of. The whole to end on each night with unlimited brandy (British) and water, and eternal intoxication. Oh, F. F., be warned! be warned! Take my advice; keep up your resolution, and don't do it again. When afloat, drink nothing stronger than purser's tea. When on shore be temperate in your pleasures; don't turn night into day; don't exchange wholesome amusements for rabid debauchery, robust health for disease and—well, I won't mention it. When afloat, study your profession and don't get cashiered and cold-shouldered as I was. Promise me—nay, you must swear!"

'At this word I thought I heard a gurgling sound in the water.

"If I can get six solemn pledges before the season's over, I'm only to go these horrid rounds during the meeting of Parliament."

"Will you swear?" again urged the voice, with persuasive agony.

'I was just able to comply.

"Ten thousand thanks!" were the next words I heard; "I'm off, for there is an awful pint of pale ale, a chop, and a glass of brandy and water overdue yet, and I must devour them at the Shades." (We were then close to London Bridge.) "Don't let the waterman pull to shore; I can get there without troubling him."

'I remember no more. When sensation returned, I was in bed, in this very house, a shade worse than I had been from the previous attack.'

'That,' said Philip, who had left his tumbler untasted, 'must have been when you had your head shaved for the second time.'

'Exactly so.'

'And you really believe it was Jovial James's ghost,' inquired Fid, earnestly.

'Would it be rational to doubt it?'

Philip rose and paced the room in deep thought for several minutes. He cast two or three earnest looks at his brother, and a few longing ones at his glass. In the course of his cogitation, he groaned out more than once an apostrophe to poor 'James Barber.' At length he declared his mind was made up.

'Ferd!' he said, 'I told you awhile ago to throw your lemonade over the side of the Ship. Don't. Souse out my grog instead.'

The lieutenant did as he was bid.

'And now,' said Fid the elder, 'ring for soda water; for one must drink *something*.'

Last year it was my own good fortune to sail with Mr. Philip Fid in the 'Bombottle' (74). He is not exactly a tee-totaller: but

he never drinks spirits, and will not touch wine unmixed with water, for fear of its interfering with his studies, at which he is, with the assistance of the naval instructor (who is also our chaplain), assiduous. He is our first mate, and the smartest officer in the ship. Seton is our surgeon.

One day, after a cheerful ward-room dinner (of which Fid was a guest), while we were at anchor in the bay of Cadiz, the conversation happened to turn upon Jovial Jemmy's apparition, which had become the best authenticated ghost story in Her Majesty's Naval service. On that occasion Seton undertook to explain the mystery upon medical principles.

'The fact is,' he said, 'what the commander of the "Arrow" saw (Ferdinand had by this time got commissioned in his old ship) was a spectrum, produced by that morbid condition of the brain, which is brought on by the immoderate use of stimulants, and by dissipation; we call it Transient Monomania. I could show you dozens of such ghosts in the books, if you only had patience while I turned them up.'

Everybody declared that was unnecessary. We would take the doctor's word for it; though I feel convinced not a soul besides the chaplain and myself had one iota of his faith shaken in the real presence of Jovial Jemmy's *post-mortem* appearance to Fid the younger.

Ghost or no ghost, however, the story had had the effect of converting Philip Fid from one of the most intemperate and inattentive to one of the soberest and best of Her Majesty's officers. May his promotion be speedy!

P. CLAY, LIEUT. R.M.

H. M. S. 'BOMBOTTLE.'
20th March, 1850.

THE TRUE STORY OF A COAL FIRE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE air blew freshly over the bright waving grass of a broad sloping field, on which the morning dews were sparkling and glancing in the sun. The clouds moved quickly over head, in clear grey and golden tints on their upper edges and foamy crests, with dark billows beneath, and their shadows chased each other down the green slopes of the field in rapid succession. Swiftly following them—now in the midst of them—now seeming to lead them on, a fine bay horse with flying mane, wild outspreading tail, and dilated nostrils, dashed onward exulting in his liberty, his strength, his speed, and all the early associations and influences of nature around him! He was a coal-mine horse, and had been just brought up the shaft for a holiday.

All this Flashley saw very distinctly, having been hastily landed at the top of the shaft, lifted into a tram-cart, and trundled off, he knew not by what enginery, till he was suddenly shot out on the top of a green embankment, and rolling down to the bottom, found himself

lying in a fresh green field. He enjoyed the action, the spirit, and every motion of the horse. It was the exact embodiment in activity of his strongest present feelings and impulses. He jumped up to run after the horse, and mount him if he could, or if not, scamper about the field with him in the same fashion. But while he sought to advance, he felt as if he were retreating—in fact, he was sure of it;—the grass ran by him, instead of his running over it—the hedges ran through him, instead of his passing along them—the trees sped away before him into the distance, as he was carried backwards. He lost his legs—he sank upon the air—he was still carried backwards—all the landscape faded, and with a loud splash he fell into the sea!

Down he sank, and fancied he saw green watery fields rolling on all sides, and over him; and presently he heard a voice hoarsely calling as if from some bank above. He certainly had heard the voice before, and recognised it with considerable awe, though the words it uttered were homely and unromantic enough. It shouted out ‘Nancy, of Sunderland!—boat ahoy!’

By some inexplicable process—though he clearly distinguished a boat-hook in the performance—Flashley was picked up from beneath the waves, and lifted into a boat. It was a little, dirty, black, thick-gunnelled jolly-boat, rowed by two men in short black overshirts and smutty canvas trowsers. In the stern sat the captain with his arms folded. A broad-brimmed tarpaulin hat shaded his face. They pulled alongside a ship as black as death, but very lively; and a rope being lowered from the side, it was passed under Flashley’s arms in a noose, and the next moment he was hoisted on deck, and told to attend to his duty.

‘My duty!’ ejaculated Flashley, ‘Attend to my duty! Oh, what *is* my duty?’ His eyes wandered round. Nothing but hard black planks and timbers, and masts with reefed sails, and rigging all covered with coal dust, met his gaze. The sky, however, was visible above him—that was a great comfort.

‘Scrape these carrots and parsnips,’ said the Captain solemnly, ‘very clean, d’y e mind!—and take them to the cook in the galley, who’ll let you know what’s next. When he has done with you, clean my sea-boots, and grease them with candle-ends; dry my pea-jacket, pilot-coat, and dreadsoughts; clean my pipe, and fill it—light, and tako three whiffs to start it; mix me a glass of grog, and bring it with the lighted pipe; then, go and lend a hand in tarring the weather-rigging, and stand by, to go aloft and ease down the fore-top-gallant mast when the mate wants her on deck.’

‘Oh, heavens!’ thought Flashley, ‘are these then my duties! This hideous black ship must be a collier—and I am the cabin-boy!’

A mixed impulse of equal curiosity and apprehension (it certainly was from no anxiety to commence his miscellaneous duties) caused him to ‘inquire his way’ to the cook’s galley. He was presently taken to a square enclosure, not unlike a great black rabbit-hutch, open at both sides, in which he was received by a man of large proportions, who was seated on an inverted iron saucepan, smoking. The black visage gave a grim smile and familiar wink. It could not be the miner who had acted as his guide and companion underground! And yet—

Flashley stepped back hastily, and cast an anxious look towards the after-part of the deck. There stood the Captain. A short yet very heavily-built figure,—a kind of stunted giant. He was not an Indian, nor a Mulatto, nor an African,—and yet his face was as black as a coal, in which several large veins rose prominently, and had a dull yellow tinge, as if they had been run with gold, or some metallic substance of that colour. Who could he be? Some demon *incoq*? No, not that—but some one whom Flashley held in equal awe.

How long poor Flashley continued to perform his multifarious duties on board the ‘Nancy’ he had no idea, but they appeared at times very onerous, and he had to undergo many hardships. This was especially the case in the North Sea during the winter months, which are often of the severest kind on the coast between Sunderland and the mouth of the Thames. The rigging was all frozen, so that to lay hold of a rope seemed to take the skin off his hand; the cold went to the bone, and he hardly knew if his hands were struck through with frost, or by a hot iron. The decks were all slippery with ice, so were the ladders down to the cabins, and the cook’s galley was garnished all round with large icicles, from six inches to a foot and a half in length, which kept up a continual drip, drip, on all sides, by way of complimentary acknowledgment of the caboose-fire inside. Sometimes the wind burst the side-doors open—blew the fire clean out of the caboose, and scattered the live and dead coals all over the deck, or whirled them into the sea. One night the galley itself, with all its black and smutty paraphernalia, was torn up and blown overboard. It danced about on the tops of the waves—made deep curtseys—swept up the side of a long billow—was struck by a cross-wave, and disappeared in a hundred black planks and splinters. That same night Flashley was called up from his berth to go aloft and lend a hand to close-reef the main-topsail. The sail was all frozen, and so stiff that he could not raise it; but as he hauled on one of the points, the point broke, and something happened to him,—he did not know what, but he thought he fell backwards, and the wind flew away with him.

The next thing he remembered was that of lying in his berth with a bandage round one

arm, and a large patch on one side of his head, while the cook sat on a sea-chest by his side reading to him.

A deep splashing plunge was now heard, followed by the rapid rumbling of an iron chain along the deck overhead. The collier had arrived off Rotherhithe, and cast anchor.

'Up, Flashley!' cried the cook; 'on deck, my lad! to receive the whippers who are coming alongside.'

'What for?' exclaimed Flashley; 'why am I to be whipped?'

'It is not you,' said the cook, laughing gruffly, as he ran up the ladder, 'but the coal-baskets that are to be whipped up, and discharged into the lighter.'

The deck being cleared, and the main hatchway opened, a small iron wheel (called *gin*) was rigged out on a rope passing over the top of a spar (called *derrick*) at some 18 or 20 feet above the deck. Over this wheel a rope was passed, to which four other ropes were attached lower down. These were for the four whippers. At the other end of the wheel-rope was slung a basket. A second basket stood upon the coals, where four men also stood with shovels—two to fill each basket, one being always up and one down. The whippers had a stage raised above the deck, made of five rails, which they ascended for the pull, higher and higher as the coals got lower in the hold. The two baskets-full were the complement for one measure. The 'measure' was a black angular wooden box with its front placed close to the vessel's side, just above a broad trough that slanted towards the lighter. Beside the measure stood the 'meter,' (an elderly personage with his head and jaws bound up in a bundle-handkerchief, to protect him from the draughts,) who had a piece of chalk in one hand, while with the other he was ready to raise a latch, and let all the coals burst out of the measure into the trough, by the fall of the front part of the box. The measure was suspended to one end of a balance, a weight being attached to the other, so that the weighing and measuring were performed by one process under the experienced, though rheumatic, eye of the meter.

The whippers continued at their laborious work all day; and as the coals were taken out of the hold, (the basket descending lower and lower as the depth increased,) the 'whippers' who hauled up, gave their weight to the pull, and all swung down from their rickety rails with a leap upon the deck, as the basket ran up; ascending again to their position while the basket was being emptied into the trough.

The lighter had five compartments, called 'rooms,' each holding seven tons of coals; and when these were filled, the men sometimes heaped coals all over them from one end of the craft to the other, as high up as the combings, or side-ridges, would afford protection for the heap. By these means a

lighter could carry forty-two tons, and upwards; and some of the craft having no separate 'rooms,' but an open hold, fore and aft, could carry between fifty and fifty-five tons.

A canal barge or monkey-boat (so called we presume from being very narrow in the loins) now came alongside, and having taken in her load of coals, the friendly cook of the 'Naney' expressed an anxiety that Flashley should lose no opportunity of gaining all possible experience on the subject of coals, and the coal-trade generally, and therefore proposed to him a canal trip, having already spoken with the 'captain of the barge' on the subject. Before Flashley had time to object, or utter a demur, he was handed over the side, and pitched neatly on his legs on the after-part of the barge, close to a little crooked iron chimney, sticking blackly out of the deck, and sending forth a dense cloud of the dirtiest and most un-savoury smoke. The captain was standing on the ladder of the cabin, leaning on his great arms and elbows over the deck, and completely filling up the small square hatchway, so that all things being black alike, it seemed as if this brawny object were some live excrescence of the barge, or huge black mandrake whose roots were spread about beneath, and, perhaps, here and there, sending a speculative straggler through a chink into the water.

The mandrake's eyes smiled, and he showed a very irregular set of large white and yellow teeth, as he scrunched down through the small square hole to enable the young passenger and tourist to descend.

Flashley, with a forlorn look up at the sky, and taking a good breath of fresh air to fortify him for what his nose already warned him he would have to encounter, managed to get down the four upright bars nailed close to the bulk-head, and called the 'ladder.'

He found himself in a small aperture of no definite shape, and in which there was only room for one person to 'turn' at a time. Yet five living creatures were already there, and apparently enjoying themselves. There was the captain, and there was his wife, and there was a child in the wife's right arm, and another of five years old packed against her left side, and there was the 'crew' of the barge, which consisted, for the present, of one boy of sixteen, of very stunted growth, and with one eye turning inwards to such a degree that sometimes the sight literally darted out, seeming to shoot beneath the bridge of his nose. They were all sitting, or rather hunched up, at 'tea.' The place had an overwhelming odour of coal-smoke, and tobacco smoke, and brown sugar, and onions, to say nothing of general 'closeness,' and the steam of a wet blanket-coat, which was lying in a heap to dry before the little iron stove. The door of this was open, and the fire shone brightly, and seemed to 'wink' at Flashley as he looked that way.

'Here we are!' said a strange voice.

Flashley looked earnestly into the stove. He thought the voice came from the fire. The coals certainly looked very glowing, and shot out what a German or other imaginative author would call *significant* sparks.

'Here we are!' said the voice from another part of the cabin, and, turning in that direction, Flashley found that it proceeded from the 'crew,' who had contrived to stand up, and was endeavouring to give a close imitation of the 'clown,' on his first appearance after transformation. This, by the help of his odd eye, was very significant indeed.

And here they were, no doubt, and here they lived from day to day, and from night to night; and a pretty wretched, dirty, monotonous life it was. Having once got into a canal, with the horse at his long tug, the tediousness of the time was not easily to be surpassed. From canal to river, and from river to canal, there was scarcely any variety, except in the passage through the locks, the management of the rope in passing another barge-horse on the tow-path, and the means to be employed in taking the horse over a bridge. The duty of driving the horse along the tow-path, as may be conjectured, fell to the lot of our young tourist. Once or twice, 'concealed by the murky shades of night,' as a certain novelist would express it, he had ventured to mount the horse's back; but the animal, not relishing this addition to his work, always took care, when they passed under a bridge, or near a wall, or hard embankment, to scrape his rider's leg along the side, so that very little good was got in that way. And once, when Flashley had a 'holiday,' and was allowed to walk up and down the full length of the barge upon the top of the coals, a sudden bend in the river brought them close upon a very low wooden bridge, just when he was at the wrong end of the barge for making a dive to save his head. Flashley ran along the top as fast as he could, but the rascally horse seemed to quicken his pace, under the captain's mischievous lash, so that finding the shadow of the bridge running at him before he could make his leap from the top of the coals, he was obliged to save himself from being violently knocked off, by jumping hastily into the canal, to the infinite amusement and delight of the captain, his wife, and the 'crew.' The horse being stopped, the captain came back and hugged him out of the bulrushes just as he had got thoroughly entangled, and immersed to the chin; knee-deep in mud, and with frogs and eels skeeling and striking out in all directions around him.

After a week or ten days passed in this delightful manner, Flashley found the barge was again on the Thames, no longer towed by a horse and rope, but by a little dirty steam-tug. They stopped on meeting a lighter on its way up with the tide, and Flashley being

told to step on board, was received by his grim but good-natured companion and instructor, the cook of the 'Nancy,' now going up with a load to Bankside, and performing the feat of managing two black oars of enormous length and magnitude. They were worked in large grooves in each side of the lighter, one oar first receiving all the strength of this stupendous lighterman (late cook) with his feet firmly planted on a cross-beam in front, so as to add to the mighty pull of his arms, all the strength of his legs, as well as all the weight of his body. Having made this broad sweep and deep, he left the oar lying along the groove, and went to the one on the other side, with which he performed a similar sweep.

'Here's a brig with all sails set, close upon us!' cried Flashley.

'She'd best take care of herself,' said our lighterman, as he went on deliberately to complete his long pull and strong.

Bump came the brig's starboard bow against the lighter; and instantly heeling over with a lift and a lurch, the former reeled away to leeward, a row of alarmed but more enraged faces instantly appearing over the bulwarks—those 'aft' with eyes flashing on the lighterman, and those 'forward,' anxiously looking over to see if the bows had been stove in. A volley of anathemas followed our lighterman; who, however, continued slowly to rise and sink backward with his prodigious pull, apparently not hearing a word, or even aware of what had happened.

In this way they went up the river among sailing-vessels of all kinds, and between the merchants' 'forest of masts,' like some huge antediluvian water-reptile deliberately winding its way up a broad river between the woods of a region unknown to man.

'But here's a steamer!' shouted Flashley. — 'We shall be run down, or she'll go slap over us!'

The man at the wheel, however, knew better. He had dealt with lightermen before to-day. He therefore turned off the sharp nose of the steamer, so as not merely to clear it, but dexterously to send the 'swell' in a long rolling swath up against the lighter, over which it completely ran, leaving the performer at the oars drenched up to the hips, and carrying Flashley clean overboard. He was swept away in the rolling wave, and might have been drowned, had not a coal-heaver at one of the wharfs put off a skiff to his rescue.

So now behold Flashley at work among the wharfingers of Bankside.

Before the coals are put into the sack, they undergo a process called 'screening.' This consists in throwing them up against a slanting sieve of iron wire, through which the fine coal and coal-dust runs: all that falls on the outer side of the screen is then sacked. But many having found that the coals are often broken still more by this process, to

their loss, (as few people will buy the small coal and dust, except at breweries and water-works), they have adopted the plan of a round sieve held in the hand, and filled by a shovel. The delightful and lucrative appointment of holding the sieve was, of course, conferred upon Flashley. His shoulders and arms ached as though they would drop off long before his day's work was done; but what he gained in especial, was the fine coal-dust which the wind carried into his face—often at one gust, filling his eyes, mouth, nostrils, and the windward ear.

In the condition to which this post soon brought his 'personal appearance,' Flashley was one morning called up at five to go with a waggon-load of coals a few miles into the country, in company with two coalheavers and a carman. Up he got. And off they went.

Flashley, having worked hard all the previous day, was in no sprightly condition on his early rising; so, by the time the waggon had got beyond the outskirts of London, and begun to labour slowly up hill with its heavy load, he was fain to ask in a humble voice of the head coalheaver, permission to lay hold of a rope which dangled behind, in order to help himself onwards. This being granted with a smile, the good-nature of which (and how seldom do we meet with a coalheaver who is not a good-natured fellow) shone even through his dust-begrimed visage, Flashley continued to follow the waggon till he had several times nearly gone to sleep; and was only reminded of the fact by a stumble which brought him with his nose very near the ground. The head coalheaver, observing this, took compassion on him; and being a gigantic man, laid hold of Flashley's trowsers, and with one lift of his arm deposited the young man upon the top of the second tier of coal-sacks. There he at once resigned himself to a delicious repose.

The waggon meanwhile pursued its heavy journey, with an occasional pause for a slight moistening of the mouth of men and horses. At length the removal of one or two of the upper tier of sacks caused Flashley to raise his drowsy head, and look round him.

The waggon had pulled up close to a garden-gate, on the other side of which were a crowd of apple-trees. The ripe fruit loaded the branches till they hung in a vista, beneath which the sacks of coals had to be carried. All the horses had their nose-bags on, and were very busy. It was a bright autumn day; the sun was fast setting; a rich beam of crimson and gold cast its splendours over the garden, and lighted up the ripe apples to a most romantic degree.

The garden gates were thrown open; the passage of coal-sacks beneath the hanging boughs commenced.

Not an apple was knocked down, even by the tall figure of the leading coalheaver. Stooping and dodging, and gently humouring a special difficulty, he performed his walk of

thirty yards, and more, till he turned the shrubby corner, and thence made his way into the coal-cellar. His companion followed him, in turn, imitating his great example; and, if we make exception of three lemon-pippins and a codlin, with equal success. But where these accidental apples fell, there they remained; none were promoted to mouth or pocket.

It was now half-past four, and 'the milk' arriving at the gate, was deposited in its little tin can on a strawberry bed just beyond the gate-post. The head coalheaver's turn with his load being next, he observed the milk as he approached, and bending his long legs, by judicious gradations, till he reached the little can with the fingers of his left hand, balancing the sack of coals at the same time, so that not a fragment tumbled out of the open mouth, he slowly rose again to his right position, holding out the can at arm's length to prevent any coal-dust finding its way to the delicate surface within. In this fashion, with tenfold care bestowed on the ounce and a half in his left hand, to that which he gave to the two hundred weight of coals on his back (not reckoning the sack, which, being an old and patched one, weighed fifteen pounds more) the coalheaver made his way, stooping and sideling beneath the apple-boughs as before, all of which he passed without knocking a single apple down, and deposited the little can in the hands of an admiring maid-servant, as he passed the kitchen window on his way to the coal-cellar.

After the sacks had all been shot in the cellar, and the hats of each man filled with apples by the applauding master of the house, the counting of the empty sacks commenced. Having been thrice exhorted to be present at this ceremony by a wise neighbour, who stood looking on anxiously, from the next garden, with his nostrils resting on the top of the wall, the owner of the apple garden went forth to the gate, and with a grave countenance beheld the sacks counted. Orders for beer being then given on the nearest country alehouse, the coalheavers carefully gathered up all the odd coals which had fallen here and there, then swept the paths, and with hot and smiling visages took their departure, slowly lounging after the waggon and stretching their brawny arms and backs after their herculean work.

As the men thus proceeded down the wind-lane, crunching apples, and thinking of beer to follow, the carman was the first to speak.

'How *cute* the chap was arter *they* sacks!' said he with a grin, and half turning round to look back.

'There's a gennelman,' said the head coalheaver, 'as don't ought to be wronged out of the vally of *that!*' the amount in question being a pinch of coal-dust which the speaker took up from one side of the waggon, and sprinkled in the air.

'He allus gives a ticket for beer,' said the

second coal-heaver, 'but last time the apples warn't ripe.'

'He counted the *sacks* nation sharp, how-sever,' pursued the carman with a very knowing look.

At this both the coal-heavers laughed loudly.

'Ah!' said the second coalheaver; 'people think that makes all sure. They don't think of the ease of bringing an empty sack with us, after dropping a full one by the way. Not they. Nobody yet was ever wise enough to count the full sacks when they first come.'

On hearing this, the carman's face presented a confounded and perplexed look of irritated stupidity, marked in such very hard lines, that the coalheavers laughed for the next five minutes with the recollection of it.

Towards dusk the waggon returned to the wharf, and next day Flashley resumed his usual duties.

One morning, after several hours' work with the sieve in 'screening,' when his face and hands were, if possible, more hopelessly black than they had ever been before, Flashley was called to take a note to a merchant at the Coal Exchange. This merchant's name seemed rather an unusual one to meet with in England—being no less a person than Haji Ali Camaralzaman and Co.

The merchant was a short, solid-built figure, and stood with a heavy immobility that gave the effect of a metallic image rather than a man. He was a Moor, though nearly black, and with very sparkling eyes. He was dressed in a long dark blouse, open at the breast, and displaying a black satin waistcoat, embroidered with golden sprigs and tendrils. It seemed to Flashley that he spoke a foreign language; and yet he understood him, though without having any idea what language it was. Something passed between them in a very earnest tone, almost a whisper, about Sinbad the Sailor, and a sort of confused discussion as to the geographical position of the Valley of Black Diamonds; also, if coals were ever burnt in the east; then a confused voice from within the hall called out loudly, 'The North Star!' to which a chorus of coal-merchants responded in a low chant, 'What money does he owe the divan?'

'Yes,' said the great Camaralzaman, 'and what lost time does he owe to nature and to knowledge? Let the North Star look to it.'

'It does, great Sir!' responded the chorus of coal-merchants, in the same low chant. 'It shines directly over the shaft of the William Pitt mine.'

'Enough,' said Camaralzaman.

At this all the merchants fell softly into a heap of white ashes.

Then the Moor, turning to Flashley, said, 'You must reflect a little on all these things. Coals are more valuable to the world than the riches of other mines—more important than gold and silver, and diamonds of the first

water, because they are the means of advancing and extending the comforts and refinements of life—the industrial arts, the trades, the ornamental arts. Are not these great things? Behold, there are greater yet which are indebted to the coal-fires. For, may I not name Science, Agriculture (in the making of iron, and the steam-ploughs which are forthcoming), Commerce and Navigation. Moreover, do they not tend, by the generation of steam, to annihilate space and time, and are they not rapidly carrying knowledge and civilization to the remotest corners of the habitable globe? By myriads of jets, in countless forms, they turn the dark night into the brightness of day. Their history commences from the infancy of the earth; they proceed through gradations of wonders; are no less wonderful in the varieties and magnitude of their utility, and do not cease to be of use to man, even when the bright fire is utterly extinguished, and its materials can no more be re-illuminated, but are claimed for the garden and the brick-field, not by the dinging and tolling of the bell-man of your grandsires, but by the long-drawn wail of the queer-kneed dusky figure in the flap-hat, who wanders down your streets yowling "Sto—e! o—e!"

'And is it then all over? Verily, it doth appear when the coal fire is fairly burnt out to cinders and ashes, that it hath performed its complete circle, and is for ever ended. It is *not* so. The antediluvian forests absorbed the gases of the atmosphere; much of these have been drawn off, and appropriated, but some portions have remained locked up and hidden in the depths of the earth ever since. Lo! the coal-fire is lighted!—flames, for the first time, ascend from it. Then, also for the first time, are liberated gases which are of the date of those primæval forests; they ascend into the atmosphere, and once more form a portion of those elements which are again to assist in the growth of forests. The Coal-Spirit has then performed his grand cycle—and recommences his journey through future cycles of formation.'

A great blaze of light now smote across the hall, in which everything vanished. Then passed a rushing panorama through Flashley's brain, wherein he saw whirling by, the stage of a saloon theatre, with a lighted cigar and two tankards dancing a ridiculous reel, till the whole scene changed to a melancholy swamp, out of which arose, to solemn music, an antediluvian forest. The Elf of the Coal-mine came and stood in the midst, and some one held an iron umbrella over Flashley's head, which instantly caused him to sink deep through the earth, and he soon found himself crawling in a dark trench terminating in a chasm looking out upon the sea. He was immediately whisked across by a black eagle, and dropped in a bright-green field, where he met a tall dusky figure carrying a sack of coals and a 'ha'p'orth' of milk; but just as he was about to speak to him, a voice called

out 'Naney!' and all was darkness, while through the horrid gloom he saw the glaring eye-ball of a horse. 'Camaralzaman!' cried the voice again: 'Have you been sleeping here all night in the arm-chair?' Then a vivid flame shot over Flashley's eyelids—there was a great fire blazing before him, in the midst of which he saw the head of the Elfin, who gave him a nod full of meaning, and also like bidding farewell, and disappeared in the fire,—while at his side stood Margery with the carpet-broom.

It was six in the morning, and she had just lighted the parlour fire. Without replying to any of her interrogations of surprise, Flashley slowly rose, and went out to take a few turns round the garden; where he fell into a train of thought which, in all probability, will have a salutary influence on his future life.

SUPPOSING!

SUPPOSING, we were to change the Property and Income Tax a little, and make it somewhat heavier on realised property, and somewhat lighter on mere income, fixed and uncertain, I wonder whether we should be committing any violent injustice!

Supposing, we were to be more Christian and less mystical, agreeing more about the spirit and fighting less about the letter, I wonder whether we should present a very irreligious and indecent spectacle to the mass of mankind!

Supposing, the Honorable Member for White troubled his head a little less about the Honorable Member for Black, and *vice versa*, and that both applied themselves a little more in earnest to the real business of the honorable people and the honorable country, I wonder whether it would be unparliamentary!

Supposing, that, when there was a surplus in the Public Treasury, we laid aside our own particular whims, and all agreed that there were four elements necessary to the existence of our fellow creatures, to wit, earth, air, fire, and water, and that these were the first grand necessities to be uncooped and untaxed, I wonder whether it would be unreasonable!

Supposing, we had at this day a Baron Jenner, or a Viscount Watt, or an Earl Stephenson, or a Marquess of Brunel, or a dormant Shakespeare peerage, or a Hogarth baronetcy, I wonder whether it would be cruelly disgraceful to our old nobility!

Supposing, we were all of us to come off our pedestals and mix a little more with those below us, with no fear but that genius, rank, and wealth, would always sufficiently assert their own superiority, I wonder whether we should lower ourselves beyond retrieval!

Supposing, we were to have less botheration and more real education, I wonder whether we should have less or more compulsory colonisation, and Cape of Good Hope very natural indignation!

Supposing, we were materially to simplify the laws, and to abrogate the absurd fiction that everybody is supposed to be acquainted with them, when we know very well that such acquaintance is the study of a life in which some fifty men may have been proficient perhaps in five times fifty years, I wonder whether laws would be respected less?

Supposing, we maintained too many of such fictions altogether, and found their stabling come exceedingly expensive!

Supposing, we looked about us, and seeing a cattle-market originally established in an open place, standing in the midst of a great city because of the unforeseen growth of that great city all about it, and, hearing it asserted that the market was still adapted to the requirements and conveniences of the great city, made up our minds to say that this was stark-mad nonsense and we wouldn't bear it, I wonder whether we should be revolutionary!

Supposing, we were to harbour a small suspicion that there was too much doing in the diplomatic line of business, and that the world would get on better with that shop shut up three days a-week, I wonder whether it would be a huge impiety!

Supposing, Governments were to consider public questions less with reference to their own time, and more with reference to all time, I wonder how we should get on then!

Supposing, the wisdom of our ancestors should turn out to be a mere phrase, and that if there were any sense in it, it should follow that we ought to be believers in the worship of the Druids at this hour, I wonder whether any people would have talked mere moonshine all their lives!

Supposing, we were clearly to perceive that we cannot keep some men out of their share in the administration of affairs, and were to say to them, 'Come, brothers, let us take counsel together, and see how we can best manage this; and don't expect too much from what you get; and let us all in our degree put our shoulders to the wheel, and strive; and let us all improve ourselves and all abandon something of our extreme opinions for the general harmony,' I wonder whether we should want so many special constables on any future tenth of April, or should talk so much about it any more!

I wonder whether people who are quite easy about anything, usually *do* talk quite so much about it!

Mr. Lane, the traveller, tells us of a superstition the Egyptians have, that the mischievous Genii are driven away by iron, of which they have an instinctive dread. Supposing, this should foreshadow the disappearance of the evil spirits and ignorances besetting this earth, before the iron steam-engines and roads, I wonder whether we could expedite their flight at all by iron energy!

Supposing, we were just to try two or three of these experiments!

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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PET PRISONERS.

THE system of separate confinement, first experimented on in England at the model prison, Pentonville, London, and now spreading through the country, appears to us to require a little calm consideration and reflection on the part of the public. We purpose, in this paper, to suggest what we consider some grave objections to this system.

We shall do this temperately, and without considering it necessary to regard every one from whom we differ, as a scoundrel, actuated by base motives, to whom the most unprincipled conduct may be recklessly attributed. Our faith in most questions where the good men are represented to be all *pro*, and the bad men to be all *con*, is very small. There is a hot class of riders of hobby-horses in the field, in this century, who think they do nothing unless they make a steeple-chase of their object, throw a vast quantity of mud about, and spurn every sort of decent restraint and reasonable consideration under their horses' heels. This question has not escaped such championship. It has its steeple-chase riders, who hold the dangerous principle that the end justifies any means, and to whom no means, truth and fair-dealing usually excepted, come amiss.

Considering the separate system of imprisonment, here, solely in reference to England, we discard, for the purpose of this discussion, the objection founded on its extreme severity, which would immediately arise if we were considering it with any reference to the State of Pennsylvania in America. For whereas in that State it may be inflicted for a dozen years, the idea is quite abandoned at home of extending it usually, beyond a dozen months, or in any case beyond eighteen months. Besides which, the school and the chapel afford periods of comparative relief here, which are not afforded in America.

Though it has been represented by the steeple-chase riders as a most enormous heresy to contemplate the possibility of any prisoner going mad or idiotic, under the prolonged effects of separate confinement; and although any one who should have the temerity to maintain such a doubt in Pennsylvania would have a chance of becoming a profane St. Stephen; Lord Grey, in his very last speech in the House of Lords on this subject, made in the present

session of Parliament, in praise of this separate system, said of it: 'Wherever it has been fairly tried, one of its great defects has been discovered to be this,—that it cannot be continued for a sufficient length of time without danger to the individual, and that human nature cannot bear it beyond a limited period. The evidence of medical authorities proves beyond dispute that, if it is protracted beyond twelve months, the health of the convict, mental and physical, would require the most close and vigilant superintendence. Eighteen months is stated to be the *maximum* time for the continuance of its infliction, and, as a general rule, it is advised that it never be continued for more than twelve months.' This being conceded, and it being clear that the prisoner's mind, and all the apprehensions weighing upon it, must be influenced from the first hour of his imprisonment by the greater or less extent of its duration in perspective before him, we are content to regard the system as dissociated in England from the American objection of too great severity.

We shall consider it, first in the relation of the extraordinary contrast it presents, in a country circumstanced as England is, between the physical condition of the convict in prison, and that of the hard-working man outside, or the pauper outside. We shall then enquire, and endeavour to lay before our readers some means of judging, whether its proved or probable efficiency in producing a real, trustworthy, practically repentant state of mind, is such as to justify the presentation of that extraordinary contrast. If, in the end, we indicate the conclusion that the associated silent system is less objectionable, it is not because we consider it in the abstract a good secondary punishment, but because it is a severe one, capable of judicious administration, much less expensive, not presenting the objectionable contrast so strongly, and not calculated to pet and pamper the mind of the prisoner and swell his sense of his own importance. We are not acquainted with any system of secondary punishment that we think reformatory, except the mark system of Captain Maccannoche, formerly governor of Norfolk Island, which proceeds upon the principle of obliging the convict to some exercise of self-denial and resolution in every act of his

prison life, and which would condemn him to a sentence of so much labour and good conduct instead of so much time. There are details in Captain Macconochie's scheme on which we have our doubts (rigid silence we consider indispensable); but, in the main, we regard it as embodying sound and wise principles. We infer from the writings of Archbishop Whately, that those principles have presented themselves to his profound and acute mind in a similar light.

We will first contrast the dietary of The Model Prison at Pentonville, with the dietary of what we take to be the nearest workhouse, namely, that of Saint Paneras. In the prison, every man receives twenty-eight ounces of meat weekly. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives eighteen. In the prison, every man receives one hundred and forty ounces of bread weekly. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives ninety-six. In the prison, every man receives one hundred and twelve ounces of potatoes weekly. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives thirty-six. In the prison, every man receives five pints and a quarter of liquid cocoa weekly, (made of flaked cocoa or cocoa-nibs), with fourteen ounces of milk and forty-two drams of molasses; also seven pints of gruel weekly, sweetened with forty-two drams of molasses. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives fourteen pints and a half of milk-porridge weekly, and no cocoa, and no gruel. In the prison, every man receives three pints and a half of soup weekly. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult male receives four pints and a half, and a pint of Irish stew. This, with seven pints of table-beer weekly, and six ounces of cheese, is all the man in the workhouse has to set off against the immensely superior advantages of the prisoner in all the other respects we have stated. His lodging is very inferior to the prisoner's, the costly nature of whose accommodation we shall presently show.

Let us reflect upon this contrast in another aspect. We beg the reader to glance once more at The Model Prison dietary, and consider its frightful disproportion to the dietary of the free labourer in any of the rural parts of England. What shall we take his wages at? Will twelve shillings a week do? It cannot be called a low average, at all events. Twelve shillings a week make thirty-one pounds four a year. The cost, in 1848, for the victualling and management of every prisoner in the Model Prison was within a little of thirty-six pounds. Consequently, that free labourer, with young children to support, with cottage-rent to pay, and clothes to buy, and no advantage of purchasing his food in large amounts by contract, has, for the whole subsistence of himself and family, between four and five pounds a year less than the cost of feeding and overlooking one man in the Model Prison. Surely to his enlightened mind, and sometimes low morality, this must be an

extraordinary good reason for keeping out of it!

But we will not confine ourselves to the contrast between the labourer's scanty fare and the prisoner's 'flaked cocoa or cocoa-nibs,' and daily dinner of soup, meat, and potatoes. We will rise a little higher in the scale. Let us see what advertisers in the *Times* newspaper can board the middle classes at, and get a profit out of, too.

A LADY, residing in a cottage, with a large garden, in a pleasant and healthful locality, would be happy to receive one or two LADIES to BOARD with her. Two ladies occupying the same apartment may be accommodated for 12s. a week each. The cottage is within a quarter of an hour's walk of a good market town, 10 minutes' of a South-Western Railway Station, and an hour's distance from town.

These two ladies could not be so cheaply boarded in the Model Prison.

BOARD and RESIDENCE, at £70 per annum, for a married couple, or in proportion for a single gentleman or lady, with a respectable family. Rooms large and airy, in an eligible dwelling, at Islington, about 20 minutes' walk from the Bank. Dinner hour six o'clock. There are one or two vacancies to complete a small, cheerful, and agreeable circle.

Still cheaper than the Model Prison!

BOARD and RESIDENCE.—A lady, keeping a select school, in a town, about 30 miles from London, would be happy to meet with a LADY to BOARD and RESIDE with her. She would have her own bed-room and a sitting-room. Any lady wishing for accomplishments would find this desirable. Terms £30 per annum. References will be expected and given.

Again, some six pounds a year less than the Model Prison! And if we were to pursue the contrast through the newspaper file for a month, or through the advertising pages of two or three numbers of Bradshaw's Railway Guide, we might probably fill the present number of this publication with similar examples, many of them including a decent education into the bargain.

This Model Prison had cost at the close of 1847, under the heads of 'building' and 'repairs' alone, the insignificant sum of ninety-three thousand pounds—within seven thousand pounds of the amount of the last Government grant for the Education of the whole people, and enough to pay for the emigration to Australia of four thousand, six hundred and fifty poor persons at twenty pounds per head. Upon the work done by five hundred prisoners in the Model Prison, in the year 1848, (we collate these figures from the Reports, and from Mr. Hepworth Dixon's useful work on the London Prisons,) there was no profit, but an actual loss of upwards of eight hundred pounds. The cost of instruction, and the time occupied in instruction, when the labour is necessarily unskilled and unproductive, may be pleaded in explana-

tion of this astonishing fact. We are ready to allow all due weight to such considerations, but we put it to our readers whether the whole system is right or wrong; whether the money ought or ought not rather to be spent in instructing the unskilled and neglected outside the prison walls. It will be urged that it is expended in preparing the convict for the exile to which he is doomed. We submit to our readers, who are the jury in this case, that all this should be done outside the prison, first; that the first persons to be prepared for emigration are the miserable children who are consigned to the tender mercies of a *DROUET*, or who disgrace our streets; and that in this beginning at the wrong end, a spectacle of monstrous inconsistency is presented, shocking to the mind. Where is our Model House of Youthful Industry, where is our Model Ragged School, costing for building and repairs, from ninety to a hundred thousand pounds, and for its annual maintenance upwards of twenty thousand pounds a year? Would it be a Christian act to build that, first? To breed our skilful labour there? To take the hewers of wood and drawers of water in a strange country from the convict ranks, until those men by earnest working, zeal, and perseverance, proved themselves, and raised themselves? Here are two sets of people in a densely populated land, always in the balance before the general eye. Is Crime for ever to carry it against Poverty, and to have a manifest advantage? There are the scales before all men. Whirlwinds of dust scattered in men's eyes—and there is plenty flying about—cannot blind them to the real state of the balance.

We now come to enquire into the condition of mind produced by the seclusion (limited in duration as Lord Grey limits it) which is purchased at this great cost in money, and this greater cost in stupendous injustice. That it is a consummation much to be desired, that a respectable man, lapsing into crime, should expiate his offence without incurring the liability of being afterwards recognised by hardened offenders who were his fellow-prisoners, we most readily admit. But, that this object, howsoever desirable and benevolent, is in itself sufficient to outweigh such objections as we have set forth, we cannot for a moment concede. Nor have we any sufficient guarantee that even this solitary point is gained. Under how many apparently inseparable difficulties, men immured in solitary cells, will by some means obtain a knowledge of other men immured in other solitary cells, most of us know from all the accounts and anecdotes we have read of secret prisons and secret prisoners from our school-time upwards. That there is a fascination in the desire to know something of the hidden presence beyond the blank wall of the cell; that the listening ear is often laid against that wall; that there is an overpowering temptation to respond to the muffled knock,

or any other signal which sharpened ingenuity pondering day after day on one idea can devise: is in that constitution of human nature which impels mankind to communication with one another, and makes solitude a false condition against which nature strives. That such communication within the Model Prison, is not only probable, but indisputably proved to be possible by its actual discovery, we have no hesitation in stating as a fact. Some pains have been taken to hush the matter, but the truth is, that when the Prisoners at Pentonville ceased to be selected Prisoners, especially picked out and chosen for the purposes of that experiment, an extensive conspiracy was found out among them, involving, it is needless to say, extensive communication. Small pieces of paper with writing upon them, had been crushed into balls, and shot into the apertures of cell doors, by prisoners passing along the passages; false responses had been made during Divine Service in the chapel, in which responses they addressed one another; and armed men were secretly dispersed by the Governor in various parts of the building, to prevent the general rising, which was anticipated as the consequence of this plot. Undiscovered communication, under this system, we assume to be frequent.

The state of mind into which a man is brought who is the lonely inhabitant of his own small world, and who is only visited by certain regular visitors, all addressing themselves to him individually and personally, as the object of their particular solicitude—we believe in most cases to have very little promise in it, and very little of solid foundation. A strange absorbing selfishness—a spiritual egotism and vanity, real or assumed—is the first result. It is most remarkable to observe, in the cases of murderers who become this kind of object of interest, when they are at last consigned to the condemned cell, how the rule is (of course there are exceptions,) that the murdered person disappears from the stage of their thoughts, except as a part of their own important story; and how they occupy the whole scene. *I did this, I feel that, I confide in the mercy of Heaven being extended to me; this is the autograph of me, the unfortunate and unhappy; in my childhood I was so and so; in my youth I did such a thing, to which I attribute my downfall—not this thing of basely and barbarously defacing the image of my Creator, and sending an immortal soul into eternity without a moment's warning, but something else of a venial kind that many unpunished people do. I don't want the forgiveness of this foully murdered person's bereaved wife, husband, brother, sister, child, friend; I don't ask for it, I don't care for it. I make no enquiry of the clergyman concerning the salvation of that murdered person's soul; mine is the matter; and I am almost happy that I came here, as to the gate of*

Paradise. 'I never liked him,' said the repentant Mr. Manning, false of heart to the last, calling a crowbar by a milder name, to lessen the cowardly horror of it, 'and I beat in his skull with the ripping chisel.' I am going to bliss, exclaims the same authority, in effect. Where my victim went to, is not my business at all. Now, God forbid that we, unworthily believing in the Redeemer, should shut out hope, or even humble trustfulness, from any criminal at that dread pass; but, it is not in us to call this state of mind repentance.

The present question is with a state of mind analogous to this (as we conceive) but with a far stronger tendency to hypocrisy; the dread of death not being present, and there being every possible inducement, either to feign contrition, or to set up an unreliable semblance of it. If I, John Styles, the prisoner, don't do my work, and outwardly conform to the rules of the prison, I am a mere fool. There is nothing here to tempt me to do anything else, and everything to tempt me to do that. The capital dietary (and every meal is a great event in this lonely life) depends upon it; the alternative is a pound of bread a day. I should be weary of myself without occupation. I should be much more dull if I didn't hold these dialogues with the gentlemen who are so anxious about me. I shouldn't be half the object of interest I am, if I didn't make the professions I do. Therefore, I John Styles go in for what is popular here, and I may mean it, or I may not.

There will always, under any decent system, be certain prisoners, betrayed into crime by a variety of circumstances, who will do well in exile, and offend against the laws no more. Upon this class, we think the Associated Silent System would have quite as good an influence as this expensive and anomalous one; and we cannot accept them as evidence of the efficiency of separate confinement. Assuming John Styles to mean what he professes, for the time being, we desire to track the workings of his mind, and to try to test the value of his professions. Where shall we find an account of John Styles, proceeding from no objector to this system, but from a staunch supporter of it? We will take it from a work called 'Prison Discipline, and the advantages of the separate system of imprisonment,' written by the Reverend Mr. Field, chaplain of the new County Gaol at Reading; pointing out to Mr. Field, in passing, that the question is not justly, as he would sometimes make it, a question between this system and the profligate abuses and customs of the old unreformed gaols, but between it and the improved gaols of this time, which are not constructed on his favourite principles.*

* As Mr. Field condescends to quote some vapouring about the account given by Mr. Charles Dickens in his 'American Notes,' of the Solitary Prison at Philadelphia, he may perhaps really wish for some few words of information on the subject. For this purpose, Mr. Charles Dickens

Now, here is John Styles, twenty years of age, in prison for a felony. He has been there five months, and he writes to his sister, 'Don't fret my dear sister, about my being here. I cannot help fretting when I think about my usage to my father and mother: when I think about it, it makes me quite ill. I hope God will forgive me; I pray for it night and day from my heart. Instead of fretting about imprisonment, I ought to thank God for it, for before I came here, I was living quite a careless life; neither was God in all my thoughts; all I thought about was ways that led me towards destruction. Give my respects to my wretched companions, and I hope they will alter their wicked course, for they don't know for a day nor an hour but what they may be cut off. I have seen my folly, and I hope they may see their folly; but I shouldn't if I had not been in trouble. It is good for me that I have been in trouble. Go to church, my sister, every Sunday, and don't give your mind to going to playhouses and theatres, for that is no good to you. There are a great many temptations.'

has referred to the entry in his Diary, made at the close of that day.

He left his hotel for the Prison at twelve o'clock, being waited on, by appointment, by the gentlemen who showed it to him; and he returned between seven and eight at night; dining in the prison in the course of that time; which, according to his calculation, in despite of the Philadelphia Newspaper, rather exceeds two hours. He found the Prison admirably conducted, extremely clean, and the system administered in a most intelligent, kind, orderly, tender, and careful manner. He did not consider (nor should he, if he were to visit Pentonville to-morrow) that the book in which visitors were expected to record their observation of the place, was intended for the insertion of criticisms on the system, but for honest testimony to the manner of its administration; and to that, he bore, as an impartial visitor, the highest testimony in his power. In returning thanks for his health being drunk, at the dinner within the walls, he said that what he had seen that day was running in his mind; that he could not help reflecting on it; and that it was an awful punishment. If the American officer who rode back with him afterwards should ever see these words, he will perhaps recall his conversation with Mr. Dickens on the road, as to Mr. Dickens having said so, very plainly and strongly. In reference to the ridiculous assertion that Mr. Dickens in his book termed a woman 'quite beautiful' who was a Negress, he positively believes that he was shown no Negress in the Prison, but one who was nursing a woman much diseased, and to whom no reference whatever is made in his published account. In describing three young women, 'all convicted at the same time of a conspiracy,' he may, possibly, among many cases, have substituted in his memory for one of them whom he did not see, some other prisoner, confined for some other crime, whom he did see; but he has not the least doubt of having been guilty of the (American) enormity of detecting beauty in a pensive quadroon or mulatto girl, or of having seen exactly what he describes; and he remembers the girl more particularly described in this connexion, perfectly. Can Mr. Field really suppose that Mr. Dickens had any interest or purpose in misrepresenting the system, or that if he could be guilty of such unworthy conduct, or desire to do it anything but justice, he would have volunteered the narrative of a man's having, of his own choice, undergone it for two years?

We will not notice the objection of Mr. Field (who strengthens the truth of Burns to nature, by the testimony of Mr. Pitt) to the discussion of such a topic as the present in a work of 'mere amusement;' though, we had thought we remembered in that book a word or two about slavery, which, although a very amusing, can scarcely be considered an unmitigated comic theme. We are quite content to believe, without seeking to make a convert of the Reverend Mr. Field, that no work need be one of 'mere amusement;' and that some works to which he would apply that designation have done a little good in advancing principles to which, we hope, and will believe, for the credit of his Christian office, he is not indifferent.

Observe ! John Styles, who has committed the felony has been 'living quite a careless life.' That is his worst opinion of it, whereas his companions who did not commit the felony are 'wretched companions.' John saw *his* 'folly,' and sees *their* 'wicked course.' It is playhouses and theatres which many un-felonious people go to, that prey upon John's mind—not felony. John is shut up in that pulpit to lecture his companions and his sister, about the wickedness of the un-felonious world. Always supposing him to be sincere, is there no exaggeration of himself in this ? Go to church where I can go, and don't go to theatres where I can't ! Is there any tinge of the fox and the grapes in it ? Is this the kind of penitence that will wear outside ! Put the case that he had written, of his own mind, 'My dear sister, I feel that I have disgraced you and all who should be dear to me, and if it please God that I live to be free, I will try hard to repair that, and to be a credit to you. My dear sister, when I committed this felony, I stole something—and these pining five months have not put it back—and I will work my fingers to the bone to make restitution, and oh ! my dear sister, seek out my late companions, and tell Tom Jones, that poor boy, who was younger and littler than me, that I am grieved I ever led him so wrong, and I am suffering for it now !' Would that be better ? Would it be more like solid truth ?

But no. This is not the pattern penitence. There would seem to be a pattern penitence, of a particular form, shape, limits, and dimensions, like the cells. While Mr. Field is correcting his proof-sheets for the press, another letter is brought to him, and in that letter too, that man, also a felon, speaks of his 'past folly,' and lectures his mother about labouring under 'strong delusions of the devil.' Does this overweeing readiness to lecture other people, suggest the suspicion of any parrot-like imitation of Mr. Field, who lectures him, and any presumptuous confounding of their relative positions ?

We venture altogether to protest against the citation, in support of this system, of assumed repentance which has stood no test or trial in the working world. We consider that it proves nothing, and is worth nothing, except as a discouraging sign of that spiritual egotism and presumption of which we have already spoken. It is not peculiar to the separate system at Reading ; Miss Martineau, who was on the whole decidedly favourable to the separate prison at Philadelphia, observed it there. 'The cases I became acquainted with,' says she, 'were not all hopeful. Some of the convicts were so stupid as not to be relied upon, more or less. Others canted so detestably, and were (always in connexion with their cant) so certain that they should never sin more, that I have every expectation that they will find themselves in prison again some day. One fellow, a sailor, notorious for

having taken more lives than probably any man in the United States, was quite confident that he should be perfectly virtuous henceforth. He should never touch anything stronger than tea, or lift his hand against money or life. I told him I thought he could not be sure of all this till he was within sight of money and the smell of strong liquors ; and that he was more confident than I should like to be. He shook his shock of red hair at me, and glared with his one ferocious eye, as he said he knew all about it. He had been the worst of men, and Christ had had mercy on his poor soul.' (Observe again, as in the general case we have put, that he is not at all troubled about the souls of the people whom he had killed.)

Let us submit to our readers another instance from Mr. Field, of the wholesome state of mind produced by the separate system. 'The 25th of March, in the last year, was the day appointed for a general fast, on account of the threatened famine. The following note is in my journal of that day. "During the evening I visited many prisoners, and found with much satisfaction that a large proportion of them had observed the day in a manner becoming their own situation, and the purpose for which it had been set apart. I think it right to record the following remarkable proof of the effect of discipline. * * * * * They were all supplied with their usual rations. I went first this evening to the cells of the prisoners recently committed for trial (Ward A. 1.), and amongst these (upwards of twenty) I found that but three had abstained from any portion of their food. I then visited twenty-one convicted prisoners who had spent some considerable time in the gaol (Ward C. 1.), and amongst them I found that some had altogether abstained from food, and of the whole number two-thirds had partially abstained." We will take it for granted that this was not because they had more than they could eat, though we know that with such a dietary even that sometimes happens, especially in the case of persons long confined. "The remark of one prisoner whom I questioned concerning his abstinence was, I believe, sincere, and was very pleasing. "Sir, I have not felt able to eat to-day, whilst I have thought of those poor starving people ; but I hope that I have prayed a good deal that God will give *them* something to eat."

If this were not pattern penitence, and the thought of those poor starving people had honestly originated with that man, and were really on his mind, we want to know why he was not uneasy, every day, in the contemplation of his soup, meat, bread, potatoes, cocoa-nibs, milk, molasses, and gruel, and its contrast to the fare of 'those poor starving people' who, in some form or other, were taxed to pay for it ?

We do not deem it necessary to comment on the authorities quoted by Mr. Field to

show what a fine thing the separate system is, for the health of the body; how it never affects the mind except for good; how it is the true preventive of pulmonary disease; and so on. The deduction we must draw from such things is, that Providence was quite mistaken in making us gregarious, and that we had better all shut ourselves up directly. Neither will we refer to that 'talented criminal,' Dr. Dodd, whose exceedingly indifferent verses applied to a system now extinct, in reference to our penitentiaries for convicted prisoners. Neither, after what we have quoted from Lord Grey, need we refer to the likewise quoted report of the American authorities, who are perfectly sure that no extent of confinement in the Philadelphia prison has ever affected the intellectual powers of any prisoner. Mr. Croker cogently observes, in the Good-Natured Man, that either his hat must be on his head, or it must be off. By a parity of reasoning, we conclude that both Lord Grey and the American authorities cannot possibly be right—unless indeed the notoriously settled habits of the American people, and the absence of any approach to restlessness in the national character, render them unusually good subjects for protracted seclusion, and an exception from the rest of mankind.

In using the term 'pattern penitence' we beg it to be understood that we do not apply it to Mr. Field, or to any other chaplain, but to the system; which appears to us to make these doubtful converts all alike. Although Mr. Field has not shown any remarkable courtesy in the instance we have set forth in a note, it is our wish to show all courtesy to him, and to his office, and to his sincerity in the discharge of its duties. In our desire to represent him with fairness and impartiality, we will not take leave of him without the following quotation from his book:

'Scarcely sufficient time has yet expired since the present system was introduced, for me to report much concerning discharged criminals. Out of a class so degraded—the very dregs of the community—it can be no wonder that some, of whose improvement I cherished the hope, should have relapsed. Disappointed in a few cases I have been, yet by no means discouraged, since I can with pleasure refer to many whose conduct is affording proof of reformation. Gratifying indeed have been some accounts received from liberated offenders themselves, as well as from clergymen of parishes to which they have returned. I have also myself visited the homes of some of our former prisoners, and have been cheered by the testimony given, and the evident signs of improved character which I have there observed. Although I do not venture at present to describe the particular cases of prisoners, concerning whose reformation I feel much confidence, because, as I have stated, the time of trial has hitherto been short; yet I can with pleasure refer to some public documents which prove the

happy effects of similar discipline in other establishments.'

It should also be stated that the Reverend Mr. Kingsmill, the chaplain of the Model Prison at Pentonville, in his calm and intelligent report made to the Commissioners on the first of February, 1849, expresses his belief 'that the effects produced here upon the character of prisoners, have been encouraging in a high degree.'

But, we entreat our readers once again to look at that Model Prison dietary (which is essential to the system, though the system is so very healthy of itself); to remember the other enormous expenses of the establishment; to consider the circumstances of this old country, with the inevitable anomalies and contrasts it must present; and to decide, on temperate reflection, whether there are any sufficient reasons for adding this monstrous contrast to the rest. Let us impress upon our readers that the existing question is, not between this system and the old abuses of the old profligate Gaols (with which, thank Heaven, we have nothing to do), but between this system and the associated silent system, where the dietary is much lower, where the annual cost of provision, management, repairs, clothing, &c., does not exceed, on a liberal average, £25 for each prisoner; where many prisoners are, and every prisoner would be (if due accommodation were provided in some over-crowded prisons), locked up alone, for twelve hours out of every twenty-four, and where, while preserved from contamination, he is still one of a society of men, and not an isolated being, filling his whole sphere of view with a diseased dilation of himself. We hear that the associated silent system is objectionable, because of the number of punishments it involves for breaches of the prison discipline; but how can we, in the same breath, be told that the resolutions of prisoners for the misty future are to be trusted, and that, on the least temptation, they are so little to be relied on, as to the solid present? How can I set the pattern penitence against the career that preceded it, when I am told that if I put that man with other men, and lay a solemn charge upon him not to address them by word or sign, there are such and such great chances that he will want the resolution to obey?

Remember that this separate system, though commended in the English Parliament and spreading in England, has not spread in America, despite of all the steeple-chase riders in the United States. Remember that it has never reached the State most distinguished for its learning, for its moderation, for its remarkable men of European reputation, for the excellence of its public Institutions. Let it be tried here, on a limited scale, if you will, with fair representatives of all classes of prisoners: let Captain Macconochie's system be tried: let anything with a ray of hope in it be tried: but, only as a part of some general

system for raising up the prostrate portion of the people of this country, and not as an exhibition of such astonishing consideration for crime, in comparison with want and work. Any prison built, at a great expenditure, for this system, is comparatively useless for any other; and the ratepayers will do well to think of this, before they take it for granted that it is a proved boon to the country which will be enduring.

Under the separate system, the prisoners work at trades. Under the associated silent system, the Magistrates of Middlesex have almost abolished the treadmill. Is it no part of the legitimate consideration of this important point of work, to discover what kind of work the people always filtering through the gaols of large towns—the pickpocket, the sturdy vagrant, the habitual drunkard, and the begging-letter impostor—like least, and to give them that work to do in preference to any other? It is out of fashion with the steeple-chase riders we know; but we would have, for all such characters, a kind of work in gaols, badged and degraded as belonging to gaols only, and never done elsewhere. And we must avow that, in a country circumstanced as England is, with respect to labour and labourers, we have strong doubts of the propriety of bringing the results of prison labour into the over-stocked market. On this subject some public remonstrances have recently been made by tradesmen; and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they are well-founded.

A TALE OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

AN alderman of the ancient borough of Beetlebury, and churchwarden of the parish of St. Wulfstan's in the said borough, Mr. Blenkinsop might have been called, in the language of the sixteenth century, a man of worship. This title would probably have pleased him very much, it being an obsolete one, and he entertaining an extraordinary regard for all things obsolete, or thoroughly deserving to be so. He looked up with profound veneration to the griffins which formed the water-spouts of St. Wulfstan's Church, and he almost worshipped an old boot under the name of a black jack, which on the affidavit of a forsworn broker, he had bought for a drinking vessel of the sixteenth century. Mr. Blenkinsop even more admired the wisdom of our ancestors than he did their furniture and fashions. He believed that none of their statutes and ordinances could possibly be improved on, and in this persuasion had petitioned Parliament against every just or merciful change, which, since he had arrived at man's estate, had been made in the laws. He had successively opposed all the Beetlebury improvements, gas, waterworks, infant schools, mechanics' institute, and library. He had been active in an agitation against any measure for the improvement of the public health.

and, being a strong advocate of intramural interment, was instrumental in defeating an attempt to establish a pretty cemetery outside Beetlebury. He had successfully resisted a project for removing the pig-market from the middle of the High Street. Through his influence the shambles, which were corporation property, had been allowed to remain where they were; namely, close to the Town-Hall, and immediately under his own and his brethren's noses. In short, he had regularly, consistently, and nobly done his best to frustrate every scheme that was proposed for the comfort and advantage of his fellow creatures. For this conduct, he was highly esteemed and respected, and, indeed, his hostility to any interference with disease, had procured him the honour of a public testimonial;—shortly after the presentation of which, with several neat speeches, the cholera broke out in Beetlebury.

The truth is, that Mr. Blenkinsop's views on the subject of public health and popular institutions were supposed to be economical (though they were, in truth, desperately costly), and so pleased some of the ratepayers. Besides, he withstood ameliorations, and defended nuisances and abuses with all the heartiness of an actual philanthropist. Moreover, he was a jovial fellow,—a boon companion; and his love of antiquity leant particularly towards old ale and old port wine. Of both of these beverages he had been partaking rather largely at a visitation-dinner, where, after the retirement of the bishop and his clergy, festivities were kept up till late, under the presidency of the deputy-registrar. One of the last to quit the Crown and Mitre was Mr. Blenkinsop.

He lived in a remote part of the town, whither, as he did not walk exactly in a right line, it may be allowable, perhaps, to say that he bent his course. Many of the dwellers in Beetlebury High-street, awakened at half-past twelve on that night, by somebody passing below, singing, not very distinctly,

'With a jolly fall bottle let each man be armed,'
were indebted, little as they may have suspected it, to Alderman Blenkinsop, for their serenade.

In his homeward way stood the Market Cross; a fine mediæval structure, supported on a series of circular steps by a groined arch, which served as a canopy to the stone figure of an ancient burgess. This was the effigies of Wynkyn de Vokes, once Mayor of Beetlebury, and a great benefactor to the town; in which he had founded almshouses and a grammar school, A.D. 1440. The post was formerly occupied by St. Wulfstan; but De Vokes had been removed from the Town Hall in Cromwell's time, and promoted to the vacant pedestal, *vice* Wulfstan, demolished. Mr. Blenkinsop highly revered this work of art, and he now stopped to take a view of it by moonlight. In that doubtful glimmer, it seemed almost life-like. Mr. Blenkinsop had

not much imagination, yet he could well nigh fancy he was looking upon the veritable Wynkyn, with his bonnet, beard, furred gown, and staff, and his great book under his arm. So vivid was this impression, that it impelled him to apostrophise the statue.

'Fine old fellow!' said Mr. Blenkinsop. 'Rare old buck! We shall never look upon your like, again. Ah! the good old times—the jolly good old times! No times like the good old times—my ancient worthy. No such times as the good old times!'

'And pray, Sir, what times do you call the good old times?' in distinct and deliberate accents, answered—according to the positive affirmation of Mr. Blenkinsop, subsequently made before divers witnesses—the Statue.

Mr. Blenkinsop is sure that he was in the perfect possession of his senses. He is certain that he was not the dupe of ventriloquism, or any other illusion. The value of these convictions must be a question between him and the world, to whose perusal the facts of his tale, simply as stated by himself, are here submitted.

When first he heard the Statue speak, Mr. Blenkinsop says, he certainly experienced a kind of sudden shock, a momentary feeling of consternation. But this soon abated in a wonderful manner. The Statue's voice was quite mild and gentle—not in the least grim—had no funereal twang in it, and was quite different from the tone a statue might be expected to take by anybody who had derived his notions on that subject from having heard the representative of the class in 'Don Giovanni.'

'Well; what times do you mean by the good old times?' repeated the Statue, quite familiarly. The churchwarden was able to reply with some composure, that such a question coming from such a quarter had taken him a little by surprise.

'Come, come, Mr. Blenkinsop,' said the Statue, 'don't be astonished. 'Tis half-past twelve, and a moonlight night, as your favourite police, the sleepy and infirm old watchman, says. Don't you know that we statues are apt to speak when spoken to, at these hours? Collect yourself. I will help you to answer my own question. Let us go back step by step; and allow me to lead you. To begin. By the good old times, do you mean the reign of George the Third?'

'The last of them, Sir' replied Mr. Blenkinsop, very respectfully, 'I am inclined to think, were seen by the people who lived in those days.'

'I should hope so,' the Statue replied. 'Those the good old times? What! Mr. Blenkinsop, when men were hanged by dozens, almost weekly, for paltry thefts. When a nursing woman was dragged to the gallows with her child at her breast, for shop-lifting, to the value of a shilling. When you lost your American colonies, and plunged into war with France, which, to say nothing of

the useless bloodshed it cost, has left you saddled with the national debt. Surely you will not call these the good old times, will you, Mr. Blenkinsop?'

'Not exactly, Sir; no: on reflection I don't know that I can,' answered Mr. Blenkinsop. He had now—it was such a civil, well-spoken statue—lost all sense of the preternatural horror of his situation, and scratched his head just as if he had been posed in argument by an ordinary mortal.

'Well then,' resumed the Statue, 'my dear Sir, shall we take the two or three reigns preceding. What think you of the then existing state of prisons and prison discipline? Unfortunate debtors confined indiscriminately with felons, in the midst of filth, vice, and misery unspeakable. Criminals under sentence of death tipling in the condemned cell with the Ordinary for their pot companion. Flogging, a common punishment of women convicted of larceny. What say you of the times when London streets were absolutely dangerous, and the passenger ran the risk of being hustled and robbed even in the day-time? When not only Hounslow and Bagshot Heath, but the public roads swarmed with robbers, and a stage-coach was as frequently plundered as a hen-roost. When, indeed, "the road" was esteemed the legitimate resource of a gentleman in difficulties, and a highwayman was commonly called "Captain"—if not respected accordingly. When cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and bull-baiting were popular, nay, fashionable amusements. When the bulk of the landed gentry could barely read and write, and divided their time between fox-hunting and guzzling. When a duellist was a hero, and it was an honour to have "killed your man." When a gentleman could hardly open his mouth without uttering a profane or filthy oath. When the country was continually in peril of civil war through a disputed succession; and two murderous insurrections, followed by more murderous executions, actually took place. This era of inhumanity, shamelessness, brigandage, brutality, and personal and political insecurity, what say you of it, Mr. Blenkinsop? Do you regard this wig and pigtail period as constituting the good old times, respected friend?'

'There was Queen Anne's golden reign, Sir,' deferentially suggested Mr. Blenkinsop.

'A golden reign!' exclaimed the Statue. 'A reign of favouritism and court trickery at home, and profitless war abroad. The time of Bolingbroke's, and Harley's, and Churchill's intrigues. The reign of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough and of Mrs. Masham. A golden fiddlestick! I imagine you must go farther back yet for your good old times, Mr. Blenkinsop.'

'Well,' answered the churchwarden, 'I suppose I must, Sir, after what you say.'

'Take William the Third's rule,' pursued the Statue. 'War, war again; nothing but war. I don't think you'll particularly call these the good old times. Then what will

you say to those of James the Second? Were they the good old times when Judge Jefferies sat on the bench? When Monmouth's rebellion was followed by the Bloody Assize—When the King tried to set himself above the law, and lost his crown in consequence—Does your worship fancy that these were the good old times?

Mr. Blenkinsop admitted that he could not very well imagine that they were.

'Were Charles the Second's the good old times?' demanded the Statue. 'With a court full of riot and debauchery—a palace much less decent than any modern casino—whilst Scotch Covenanters were having their legs crushed in the "Boots," under the auspices and personal superintendence of His Royal Highness the Duke of York. The time of Titus Oates, Bedloe, and Dangerfield, and their sham-plots, with the hangings, drawings, and quarterings, on perjured evidence, that followed them. When Russell and Sidney were judicially murdered. The time of the Great Plague and Fire of London. The public money wasted by roguery and embezzlement, while sailors lay starving in the streets for want of their just pay; the Dutch about the same time burning our ships in the Medway. My friend, I think you will hardly call the scandalous monarchy of the "Merry Monarch" the good old times.'

'I feel the difficulty which you suggest, Sir, owned Mr. Blenkinsop.

'Now, that a man of your loyalty,' pursued the Statue, 'should identify the good old times with Cromwell's Protectorate, is of course out of the question.'

'Decidedly, Sir!' exclaimed Mr. Blenkinsop. 'He shall not have a statue, though you enjoy that honour,' bowing.

'And yet,' said the Statue, 'with all its faults, this era was perhaps no worse than any we have discussed yet. Never mind! It was a dreary, cant-ridden one, and if you don't think those England's palmy days, neither do I. There's the previous reign then. During the first part of it, there was the king endeavouring to assert arbitrary power. During the latter, the Parliament were fighting against him in the open field. What ultimately became of him I need not say. At what stage of King Charles the First's career did the good old times exist, Mr. Alderman? I need barely mention the Star Chamber and poor Prynne; and I merely allude to the fate of Strafford and of Laud. On consideration, should you fix the good old times anywhere thereabouts?'

'I am afraid not, indeed, Sir,' Mr. Blenkinsop responded, tapping his forehead.

'What is your opinion of James the First's reign? Are you enamoured of the good old times of the Gunpowder Plot? or when Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded? or when hundreds of poor miserable old women were burnt alive for witchcraft, and the royal wisacre on the throne wrote as wise a book, in defence of

the execrable superstition through which they suffered?'

Mr. Blenkinsop confessed himself obliged to give up the times of James the First.

'Now, then,' continued the Statue, 'we come to Elizabeth.'

'There I've got you!' interrupted Mr. Blenkinsop, exultingly. 'I beg your pardon, Sir,' he added, with a sense of the freedom he had taken; 'but everybody talks of the times of Good Queen Bess, you know!'

'Ha, ha!' laughed the Statue, not at all like Zaniel, or Don Guzman, or a paviour's rammer, but really with unaffected gaiety. 'Everybody sometimes says very foolish things. Suppose Everybody's lot had been cast under Elizabeth! How would Everybody have relished being subject to the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Commission, with its power of imprisonment, rack, and torture? How would Everybody have liked to see his Roman Catholic and Dissenting fellow-subjects, butchered, fined, and imprisoned for their opinions; and charitable ladies butchered, too, for giving them shelter in the sweet compassion of their hearts? What would Everybody have thought of the murder of Mary Queen of Scots? Would Everybody, would Anybody, would *you*, wish to have lived in these days, whose emblems are cropped ears, pillory, stocks, thumb-screws, gibbet, axe, chopping-block, and Scavenger's daughter? Will you take your stand upon this stage of History for the good old times, Mr. Blenkinsop?'

'I should rather prefer firmer and safer ground, to be sure, upon the whole,' answered the worshipper of antiquity, dubiously.

'Well, now,' said the Statue, 'tis getting late, and, unaccustomed as I am to conversational speaking, I must be brief. Were those the good old times when Sanguinary Mary roasted bishops, and lighted the fires of Smithfield? When Henry the Eighth, the British Bluebeard, cut his wives' heads off, and burnt Catholic and Protestant at the same stake? When Richard the Third smothered his nephews in the Tower? When the Wars of the Roses deluged the land with blood? When Jack Cade marched upon London? When we were disgracefully driven out of France under Henry the Sixth, or, as disgracefully, went marauding there, under Henry the Fifth? Were the good old times those of Northumberland's rebellion? Of Richard the Second's assassination? Of the battles, burnings, massacres, cruel tormentings, and atrocities, which form the sum of the Plantagenet reigns? Of John's declaring himself the Pope's vassal, and performing dental operations on the Jews? Of the Forest Laws and Curfew under the Norman kings? At what point of this series of bloody and cruel annals will you place the times which you praise? Or do your good old times extend over all that period when somebody or other was constantly committing high

treason, and there was a perpetual exhibition of heads on London Bridge and Temple Bar?

It was allowed by Mr. Blenkinsop that either alternative presented considerable difficulty.

'Was it in the good old times that Harold fell at Hastings, and William the Conqueror enslaved England? Were those blissful years the ages of monkery; of Odo and Dunstan, bearding monarchs and branding queens? Of Danish ravage and slaughter? Or were they those of the Saxon Heptarchy, and the worship of Thor and Odin? Of the advent of Hengist and Horsa? Of British subjugation by the Romans? Or, lastly, must we go back to the Ancient Britons, Druidism, and human sacrifices; and say that those were the real, unadulterated, genuine, good old times when the true-blue natives of this island went naked, painted with woad?'

'Upon my word, Sir,' said Mr. Blenkinsop, 'after the observations that I have heard from you this night, I acknowledge that I *do* feel myself rather at a loss to assign a precise period to the times in question.'

'Shall I do it for you?' asked the Statue.

'If you please, Sir. I should be very much obliged if you would,' replied the bewildered Blenkinsop, greatly relieved.

'The best times,' Mr. Blenkinsop, said the Statue, 'are the oldest. They are the wisest; for the older the world grows the more experience it acquires. It is older now than ever it was. The oldest and best times the world has yet seen are the present. These, so far as we have yet gone, are the genuine good old times, Sir.'

'Indeed, Sir?' ejaculated the astonished Alderman.

'Yes, my good friend. These are the best times that we know of—bad as the best may be. But in proportion to their defects, they afford room for amendment. Mind that, Sir, in the future exercise of your municipal and political wisdom. Don't continue to stand in the light which is gradually illuminating human darkness. The Future is the date of that happy period which your imagination has fixed in the Past. It will arrive when all shall do what is right; hence none shall suffer what is wrong. The true good old times are *vet* to come.'

'Have you any idea when, Sir?' Mr. Blenkinsop inquired, modestly.

'That is a little beyond me, the Statue answered. 'I cannot say how long it will take to convert the Blenkinsops. I devoutly wish you may live to see them. And with that, I wish you good night, Mr. Blenkinsop.'

'Sir,' returned Mr. Blenkinsop with a profound bow, 'I have the honour to wish you the same.'

Mr. Blenkinsop returned home an altered man. This was soon manifest. In a few days he astonished the Corporation by proposing the appointment of an Officer of Health to

preside over the sanitary affairs of Beetlebury. It had already transpired that he had consented to the introduction of lucifer-matches into his domestic establishment, in which, previously, he had insisted on sticking to the old tinder-box. Next, to the wonder of all Beetlebury, he was the first to propose a great new school, and to sign a requisition that a county penitentiary might be established for the reformation of juvenile offenders. The last account of him is that he has not only become a subscriber to the mechanics' institute, but that he actually presided thereat, lately, on the occasion of a lecture on Geology.

The remarkable change which has occurred in Mr. Blenkinsop's views and principles, he himself refers to his conversation with the Statue, as above related. That narrative, however, his fellow townsmen receive with incredulous expressions, accompanied by gestures and grimaces of like import. They hint, that Mr. Blenkinsop had been thinking for himself a little, and only wanted a plausible excuse for recanting his errors. Most of his fellow aldermen believe him mad; not less on account of his new moral and political sentiments, so very different from their own, than of his Statue story. When it has been suggested to them that he has only had his spectacles cleaned, and has been looking about him, they shake their heads, and say that he had better have left his spectacles alone, and that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and a good deal of dirt quite the contrary. *Their* spectacles have never been cleaned, they say, and any one may see they don't want cleaning.

The truth seems to be, that Mr. Blenkinsop has found an altogether new pair of spectacles, which enable him to see in the right direction. Formerly, he could only look backwards; he now looks forwards to the grand object that all human eyes should have in view—progressive improvement.

BAPTISMAL RITUALS.

THE subject of baptism having recently been pressed prominently upon public attention, it has been thought that a few curious particulars relating exclusively to the rite as anciently performed would be interesting.

In the earliest days of the Christian Church those who were admitted into it by baptism were necessarily not infants but adolescent or adult converts. These previously underwent a course of religious instruction, generally for two years. They were called during their pupilage, 'catechumens,'* a name afterwards transferred to all infants before baptism. When such candidates were judged worthy to be received within the pale of the Church, their names were inscribed at the beginning of Lent, on a list of the competent or 'illuminated.' On Easter or Pentecost eve they were baptised, by three solemn immersions,

* From the participle of a Greek verb, expressing the act of receiving rudimentary instruction.

the first of the right side, the second of the left, and the third of the face. They were confirmed at the same time, often, in addition, receiving the sacrament. Sprinkling was only resorted to in cases of the sick and bed-ridden, who were called *clinics*,* because they received the rite in bed. Baptism was at that early period accompanied by certain symbolical ceremonies long since disused. For example, milk and honey were given to the new Christian to mark his entrance into the land of promise, and as a sign of his spiritual infancy in being 'born again;' for milk and honey were the food of children when weaned. The three immersions were made in honour of the three persons of the Trinity; but the Arians having found in that ceremony an argument favouring the notion of distinction and plurality of natures in the Deity, Pope Gregory by a letter addressed to St. Leander of Seville, ordained that in Spain, the then stronghold of Arianism, only one immersion should be practised. This prescription was preserved and applied to the Church universal by the 6th canon of the Council of Toledo in 633. The triple immersion was, however, persisted in in Ireland to the 12th century. Infants were thus baptised by their fathers, or indeed by any other person at hand, either in water or in milk; but the custom was abolished in 1172 by the Council of Cashel.

The African churches obliged those who were to be baptised on Easter eve to bathe on Good Friday, 'in order,' says P. Richard, in his *Analyse des Conciles*, 'to rid themselves of the impurities contracted during the observance of Lent before presenting themselves at the sacred font.' The bishops and priesthood of some of the Western churches, as at Milan, in Spain, and in Wales, washed the feet of the newly baptised, in imitation of the humiliation of the Redeemer. This was forbidden in 303 by the 48th canon of the Council of Elvira.

The Baptistery of the early church was one of the *exedre*, or out-buildings, and consisted of a porch or ante-room, where adult converts made their confession of faith, and an inner room, where the actual baptism took place. Thus it continued till the sixth century, when baptisteries began to be taken into the church itself. The font was always of wood or stone. Indeed, we find the provincial council held in Scotland, in 1225, prescribing those materials as the only ones to be used. The Church in all ages discouraged private baptism. By the 55th canon of the same Council, the water which had been used to baptise a child out of church was to be thrown into the fire, or carried immediately to the parish baptistery, that it might be employed for no other purpose; in like manner, the vessel which, had held it was to be either burnt or consecrated for church use. For

many centuries superstitious virtues were attributed to water which had been used for baptism. The blind bathed their eyes in it in the hope of obtaining their sight. It was said to 'drown the devil,' and to purify those who had recourse to it.

Baptism was by the early Church strictly forbidden during Lent. The Council of Toledo, held in 694, ordered by its 2nd canon, that, from the commencement of the fast to Good Friday, every baptistery should be closed, and sealed up with the seal of the bishop. The Council held at Reading, Berkshire, in 1279, prescribed that infants born the week previous to each Easter and Pentecost, should be baptised only at those festivals. There is no restriction of this kind preserved by the Reformed Church; but we are admonished in the rubric that the most acceptable place and time for the ceremony is in church, no later than the first or second Sunday after birth. Sundays or holidays are suggested, because 'the most number of people come together,' to be edified thereby, and be witnesses of the admission of the child into the Church. Private baptism is objected to, except when need shall compel.

The practice of administering the Eucharist to the adult converts to Christianity after baptism, was in many churches improperly, during the fourth century, extended to infants. The priest dipped his fore-finger into the wine, and put it to the lips of the child to suck. This abuse of the Holy Sacrament did not survive the twelfth century. It was repeatedly forbidden by various Councils of the Church, and at length fell into desuetude.

Christening fees originated at a very early date. At first, bishops and those who had aided in the ceremony of baptism were entertained at a feast. This was afterwards commuted to an actual payment of money. Both were afterwards forbidden. The 48th canon of the Council of Elvira, held in 303, prohibits the leaving of money in the founts, 'that the ministers of the Church may not appear to sell that which it is their duty to give gratuitously.' This rule was, however, as little observed in the Middle Ages as it has been since. Strype says, that in 1560 it was enjoined by the heads of the Church that 'to avoid contention, let the curate have the value of the "Chrisome," not under 4*d.*, and above as they can agree, and as the state of the parents may require.' The Chrisome was the white cloth placed by the minister upon the head of a child, which had been newly anointed with chrism, or hallowed ointment composed of oil and balm, always used after baptism. The gift of this cloth was usually made by the mother at the time of Churching. To show how enduring such customs are, even after the occasion for them has passed away, we need only quote a passage from Morant's 'Essex.' 'In Denton Church there has been a custom, time out of mind, at the churching of a woman, for her to give a

* From a Greek word signifying a bed, whence we derive the word *clinical*.

white cambric handkerchief to the minister as an offering.' The same custom is kept up in Kent, as may be seen in Lewis's History of the Isle of Thanet.

The number of sponsors for each child was prescribed by the 4th Canon of the Council of York, in 1196, to be *no more* than three persons;—two males and one female for a boy, and two females and one male for a girl;—a rule which is still preserved. A custom sprung up afterwards, which reversed the old state of things. By little and little, large presents were looked for from sponsors, not only to the child but to its mother; the result was that there grew to be a great difficulty in procuring persons to undertake so expensive an office. Indeed, it sometimes happened that fraudulent parents had a child baptised thrice, for the sake of the godfather's gifts. To remedy these evils, a Council held at l'Isle, in Provence, in 1288, ordered that thenceforth nothing was to be given to the baptised but a white robe. This prescription appears to have been kept for ages; Stow, in his Chronicle of King James's Reign, says, 'At this time, and for many ages, it was not the use and custom (as now it is) for godfathers and godmothers to give plate at the baptism of children, but only to give *christening shirts*, with little bands and cuffs, wrought either with silk or blue thread, the best of them edged with a small lace of silk and gold.' Cups and spoons have, however, stood their ground as favourite presents to babies on such occasions, ever since. 'Apostle spoons'—so called because a figure of one of the apostles was chased on the handle of each—were anciently given: opulent sponsors presenting the whole twelve. Those in middling circumstances gave four, and the poorer sort contented themselves with the gift of one, exhibiting the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name. Thus, in the books of the Stationers' Company, we find under 1560, 'a spoon the gift of Master Reginald Woolf, all gilte, with the picture of St. John.'

Shakspeare, in his Henry VIII., makes the king say, when Cranmer professes himself unworthy to be sponsor to the young princess:—

'Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your spoons.'

Again, in Davenant's Comedy of 'The Wits,' (1639):

'My pendants, cascanets, and rings;
My christ'ning caudle-cup and spoons,
Are dissolved into that lump.'

The coral and bells is an old invention for baptismal presents. Coral was anciently considered an amulet against fascination and evil spirits.

It is to be regretted that, at the present time, the grave responsibilities of the sponsors of children is too often considered to end with the presentation of some such gifts as we

have enumerated. It is not to our praise that the ties between sponsors and god-children, were much closer, and held more sacredly in times which we are pleased to call barbarous. God-children were placed not only in a state of pupillage with their sureties, but also in the position of relations. A sort of relationship was established even between the God-fathers and God-mothers; inasmuch, that marriage between any such parties was forbidden under pain of severe punishment. This injunction, like many others, had it appears been sufficiently disobeyed to warrant a special canon (12th) of the Council of Compiègne, held so early as 757, which enforced the separation of all those sponsors and God-children of both sexes who had intermarried, and the Church refused the rites of marriage to the women so separated. A century after (815) the Council of Mayence not only reinforced these restrictions and penalties, but added others.

ARCTIC HEROES.

A FRAGMENT OF NAVAL HISTORY.

SCENE, a stupendous region of icebergs and snow. The bare mast of a half-buried ship stands among the rifts and ridges. The figures of two men, covered closely with furs and skins, slowly emerge from beneath the winter-housing of the deck, and descend upon the snow by an upper ladder, and steps cut below in the frozen wall of snow. They advance.

1st Man. We are out of hearing now. Give thy heart words.

[They walk on in silence some steps further, and then pause.]

2nd Man. Here 'midst the sea's unfathomable ice,
Life-piercing cold, and the remorseless night
Which never ends, nor changes its dead face,
Save in the 'ghast smile of the hopeless moon,
Must slowly close our sum of wasted hours;
And with them all the enterprising dreams,
Efforts, endurance, and resolve, which make
The power and glory of us Englishmen.

1st Man. It may be so.

2nd Man. Oh, doubt not but it must.
Day after day, week crawling after week,
So slowly that they scarcely seem to move,
Nor we to know it, till our calendar
Shows us that months have lapsed away, and left
Our drifting time, while here our bodies lie
Like melancholy blots upon the snow.
Thus have we lived, and gradually seen,
By calculations which appear to mock
Our hearts with their false figures, that 'tis now
Three years since we were cut off from the world
By these impregnable walls of solid ocean!

1st Man. All this is true: the physical elements
We thought to conquer, are too strong for man.

2nd Man. We have felt the crush of battle
side by side;

Seen our best friends, with victory in their eyes,
Suddenly smitten down, a mangled heap,
And thought our own turn might be next; yet
never

Drooped we in spirit, or such horror felt
As in the voiceless tortures of this place,
Which freezes up the mind.

1st Man. Not yet.

2nd Man. I feel it.
Death, flying red-eyed from the cannon's mouth,

Were child's play to confront, compared with this.
 Inch by inch famine in the silent frost—
 The cold anatomies of our dear friends,
 One by one carried in their rigid sheets
 To lay beneath the snow—till he that's last,
 Creeps to the lonely horror of his berth
 Within the vacant ship, and while the bears
 Grope round and round, thinks of his distant home—
 Those dearest to him—glancing rapidly
 Through his past life—then with a wailful sigh
 And a brief prayer, his soul becomes a blank.

1st Man. This is despair—I'll hear no more of it.
 We have provisions still.

2nd Man. And for how long?

1st Man. A flock of wild birds may pass over us,
 And some our shots may reach.

2nd Man. And by this chance
 Find food for one day more.

1st Man. Yes, and thank God;
 For the next day may preservation come,
 And rescue from old England.

2nd Man. All our fuel
 Is nearly gone; and as the last log burns
 And falls in ashes, so may we foresee
 The frozen circle sitting round.

1st Man. Nay, nay—
 Our boats, loose spars, our masts, and half our
 decks

Must serve us ere that pass. But, if indeed
 Nothing avail, and no help penetrate
 To this remote place, inaccessible
 Perchance for years, except to some wild bird—
 We came here knowing all this might befall,
 And set our lives at stake. God's will be done.
 I, too, have felt the horrors of our fate:

Jammed in a moving field of solid ice,
 Borne onward day and night we knew not where,
 Till the loud cracking sounds reverberating
 Far distant, were soon followed by the rending
 Of the vast pack, whose heaving blocks and wedges,
 Like crags broke loose, all rose to our destruction
 As by some ghastly instinct. Then the hand
 Of winter smote the all-congealing air,

And with its freezing tempest piled on high
 These massy fragments which environ us:—
 Cathedrals many-spired, by lightning riven—
 Sharp-angled chaos-heaps of palaced cities,
 With splintered pyramids, and broken towers
 That yawn for ever at the bursting moon
 And her four pallid flame-spouts. Now, appalled

By the long roar o' the cloud-like avalanche—
 Now, by the stealthy creeping of the glaciers
 In silence tow'rd's our frozen ships. So Death
 Hath often whispered to me in the night;

And I have seen him in the Aurora-gleam
 Smile as I rose and came upon the deck;
 Or when the icicle's prismatic glance—
 Bright, flashing,—and then, colourless, unmoved
 ice—

Emblem'd our passing life, and its cold end.

Oh, friend in many perils, fail not now!
 Am I not, e'en as thou art, utterly sick
 Of my own heavy heart, and loading clothes?—
 A mind—that in its firmest hour hath fits
 Of madness for some change, that shoot across
 Its steadfastness, and scarce are trampled down.
 Yet, friend, I will not let my spirit sink,
 Nor shall mine eyes, e'en with snow-blindness
 veiled,

Man's great prerogative of inward sight
 Forego, nor cease therein to speculate
 On England's feeling for her countrymen;

Whereof relief will some day surely come.

2nd Man. I well believe it; but perhaps too late.

1st Man. Then, if too late, one noble task remains,

And one consoling thought. We, to the last,
 With firmness, order, and considerate care,
 Will act as though our death-beds were at home,
 Grey heads with honour sinking to the tomb;
 So future times shall record bear that we,
 Imprisoned in these frozen horrors, held
 Our sense of duty, both to man and God.

The muffled beat of the ship's bell sounds for evening prayers.

The two men return: they ascend the steps in the snow—then the ladder—and disappear beneath the snow-covered housing of the deck.

A CORONER'S INQUEST.

If there appeared a paragraph in the newspapers, stating that her Majesty's representative, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, had held a solemn Court in the parlour of the 'Elephant and Tooth-pick,' the reader would rightly conceive that the Crown and dignity of our Sovereign Lady had suffered some derogation. Yet an equal abasement daily takes place without exciting especial wonder. The subordinates of the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench (who is, by an old law, the Premier Coroner of all England) habitually preside at houses of public entertainment; yet they are no less delegates of Royalty—as the name of their office implies*—than the ermined dignitary himself, when surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of the law's majesty at Westminster. This is quite characteristic of our thoroughly commercial nation. An action about a money-debt is tried in an imposing manner in a spacious edifice, and with only too great an excess of formality; but for an inquest into the sacrifice of a mere human life, 'the worst inn's worst room' is deemed good enough. In order rightly to determine whether Jones owes Smith five pounds ten, the Goddess of Justice is surrounded with the most imposing insignia, and worshipped in an appropriate temple: but when she is invoked to decide why a human spirit,

'Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
 No reckoning made, is sent to its account
 With all its imperfections on its head;

she is thrust into the 'Hole in the Wall, the 'Bag o' Nails,' or the parlour of the 'Two Spies.'

Desirous of having aural and ocular demonstration of the curious manner in which the office of Coroner is now fulfilled, we were attracted, a few weeks since, to the Old Drury Tavern, in Vinegar-yard, Drury-lane. Having made our way to a small parlour, we perceived the Majesty of England, as personated

* It is derived from a *corona* (from the crown), because the coroner, says Coke, "hath consuance in some pleas which are called *placita coronæ*."

on this occasion, enveloped in an ordinary surtout, sitting at the head of a table, and surrounded by a knot of good-humoured faces, who might, if judged from mere appearances, have rallied round their president for some social purpose—only that the cigars and spirits and water had not yet come in. There was nothing official to be seen but a few pens, a sheet or two of paper, an inkstand, and a parish beadle.

When we entered, the Coroner was holding a friendly conversation with some of the jury, the beadle, and the gentlemen of the press, respecting the inferiority of the accommodation; and, considering the number of persons present, and the accessions expected from more jurymen, parochial officers, and witnesses, the subject was suggested naturally enough: for the private apartment of the landlord was of exceedingly moderate dimensions; and that had been appropriated as the temporary Court.

Here then, to a back parlour of the Old Drury Tavern, Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane, London, the Queen's representative was assigned—by no fault of his own, but from that of a system of which he is rather a victim than a promoter—to institute one of the most important inquiries which the law of England prescribes. A human being had been prematurely sent into eternity, and the coroner was called upon—amidst several implements of conviviality, the odour of gin and the smell of tobacco-smoke—to inquire in this manner: that is, to wit, if they [the witnesses] know where the person was slain, whether it were in any house, field, bed, tavern, or company, and who were there; who are culpable, either of the act, or of the force; and who were present, either men or women, and of what age soever they be, if they can speak or have any discretion; and how many soever be found culpable they shall be taken and delivered to the sheriff, and shall be committed to the gaol.' So runs the clause of the act of parliament, still in force by which the coroner and jury were now assembled. It is the second statute of the fourth year of Edward I., and is the identical law which is discussed by the grave-diggers in Hamlet.

The pleasant colloquy about the size of the room ended in a resolution to adjourn the Court to the 'Two Spies,' in a neighbouring alley. Time appeared, throughout the proceedings, to be as valuable as space, and the rest of the jurors having dropped in, the coroner—with a bible supplied from the bar,—at once delivered the oath to the foreman. The other jurors were rapidly sworn in batches, upon the Old Drury Bible, under an abridged dispensation administered, if our memory be correct, by the beadle.

'Now, then, gentlemen,' said the coroner, 'we'll view the body.'

Not without alacrity the entire company left their confined quarters to breathe such air as is vouchsafed in Vinegar Yard. The

subject of inquiry lay at a baker's shop, 'a few doors round the corner,'—to use the topographical formula of the parish functionary—and thither he ushered us. A few of the window shutters of the shop were up, but in all other respects there was as little to indicate a house of death as there was to show it to be a house of mourning. If the journeyman had not been standing at the end of the counter in his holiday coat, it would have seemed as if business was going on as usual. There was the same tempting display of tarts, the same heaps of biscuits, the same supply of loaves, the same ranges of flour in paper bags as is to be observed in ordinary bakers' shops on ordinary occasions. Yet the mistress of this particular baker's shop lay dead only a few paces within, and its master was in gaol on suspicion of having murdered her.

Through a parlour and a sort of passage with a bed and a sink in it, the jury were shown into a confined kitchen. Here, on a mahogany dining-table, lay the remains covered with a dirty sheet. To describe the spectacle which presented itself when the beadle, with business-like immobility turned down the covering, does not happily fall within our present object. It is, however, necessary to say that it presented evidences of continued ill usage from blows and kicks, not to be beheld without strong indignation. Yet this was not all.

'The cause of death,' said the beadle—his mind was quite made up—'is on the back; it's covered with bruises: but I suppose you won't want to see that, gentlemen.'

By no means. Everybody had seen enough; for they were surrounded by whatever could increase distress and engender disgust. The apartment was so small, that the table left only room for the jurors to edge round it one by one; and it was hardly possible to do this, without actual contact with the head or feet of the corpse. A gridiron and other black utensils were hanging against the wall, and could only be escaped by the exercise on the part of the spectators of great ingenuity of motion. This and the bed-place (bed-room is no word for it) indicated squalid poverty; but the scene was changed in the parlour. There, appearances were at least kept up. It was filled with decent furniture—even elegancies; including a pianoforte and a couple of portraits.

These strange evidences of refinement only brought out the squalor, smallness, and unfitness for any part of a judicial inquiry of the inner apartments, into more glaring relief. Surely so important a function as that of a coroner and his jury should not be conducted amidst such a scene! Besides other obvious objections, the danger of keeping corpses in confined apartments, and in close neighbourhoods, was here strongly exemplified. The smell was so 'close' and insanitary, that the first man who entered the den where the body lay, caused the window to be opened. Two children, the offspring of the victim and the accused, lived in these apartments; and

above stairs the house was crowded with lodgers, to all of whom any sort of infection would have proved the more disastrous from living next door, as it were, to Death. It is terrible to reflect that every decease happening among the myriads of the population a little lower in circumstances than this baker, deals around it its proportion of destruction to the living, from the same causes. True, that had it been impossible to retain the body where death occurred—as chances when several persons live in the same room—it would have been removed. But where.—The coroner and jury would have had to view it in the tap-room of a public-house.

There is another objection—all-powerful in the eyes of a lawyer. He recognises as a first necessity that the jurors should have no opportunity of communicating with witnesses, except when before the Court. But here the melancholy honours of the baker's shop and parlour were performed by the two persons from whose evidence the cause of death was to be chiefly elicited;—the journeyman and a female relative of the deceased, who were in the house when the last blows were dealt, and when the woman died. They received the fifteen jurymen who were presently to judge of their testimony; and there was nothing but the strong sense of propriety which actuated these gentlemen on the present occasion, to prevent the witnesses from telling their own story privately in their own way, to any one or half dozen of the inquest, and thus to give a premature bent to opinions, the materials for forming which, ought to be strictly reserved for the public Court. Many examples can be supplied in illustration of this evil. We select one:—Some years ago, an old woman in the most wretched part of Westminster, was found dead in her bed—strangled. When the Coroner and jury went to view the body, they were ushered by a young female—a relative—who lived with the deceased. She explained there and then all about the death. When the Court re-assembled, she was—chiefly, it was understood, in consequence of what had previously passed—examined as first and principal witness, and upon her evidence, the verdict arrived at, was 'Temporary insanity.' The case, however, subsequently passed through more formal judicial ordeals, and the result was, that the coroner's prime witness was hanged for the *murder* of the old woman. We must have it distinctly understood that not the faintest shade of parallel exists between the two cases. We bring them together solely to illustrate the evils of a system.

On passing into the baker's parlour, dumb witnesses presented themselves, which—properly or improperly—must have had their effect on the promoters of the inquiry. The piano indicated hours formerly spent, and thoughts once indulged, which, when imagined by minds fresh from the appalling reality in

the squalid kitchen, must have excited new throes of indignation and pity. One portrait was that of the bruised and crushed corpse when living and young. Then she must have been comely; now no feature could be recognised as ever having been human. Then, she was cleanly and neatly dressed, and, if the pictured smile might be trusted, happy; now, she lay amidst dirt, the victim of long, long ill-usage and lingering misery, ended in premature death. The other, was a likeness of her husband. Had words of love ever passed between the originals of those painted effigies? Had they ever courted? It seemed that one of the jurors was inwardly asking some such question while gazing at the portraits, for he was visibly affected.

We all at length made our way to the 'Two Spies' in Whitehart Yard, Brydges Street. The accommodation afforded was a little more spacious than those of the Old Drury; but the delegated Majesty of the Crown had no dignity imparted to it from the coroner's figure being brought out in relief by a clothes-horse and table cloth which were, during the inquiry, placed behind him to serve as a fire-screen. Neither did the case of stuffed birds, the sampler of Moses in the bulrushes, the picture of the licensed victuallers' school, or the portraits of the rubicund host and of his 'good lady,' tend to impress the minds of jury, witnesses, or spectators, with that awe for the supremacy of the Law which a court of justice is expected to inspire.

The circumstances as detailed by the witnesses are already familiar to the readers of newspapers; but from the insecure manner in which the evidence was produced, it is difficult to frame a coherent narrative. It all tended to prove that the husband had for several years exercised great harshness towards his wife. That boxing her ears and kicking her were among his 'habits.' On the Friday previous to her decease, the journeyman had been, as usual, 'bolted down' in the bake-house for the night, (such, he said, being the custom in the trade) and from eleven o'clock till three in the morning he heard a great noise overhead as of two persons quarrelling, and of one person dragging the other across the room. There were cries of distress from the deceased woman. Another witness—a second cousin of the wife—called on Saturday afternoon. She found the wife in a pitiable state from ill-usage and want of rest. Her left ear and all that part of the head was much bruised. There were cuts, and the hair was matted with congealed blood. The husband was told how much she was injured, but he did not appear to take any notice of it. A trait of the dread in which the woman lived of the man was here mentioned; she asked the witness to ask her husband to allow her to lie down. She dared not prefer so reasonable a request herself; although she had been up all the previous

night being beaten. He refused. The cousin sat down to dinner with the wretched pair; only for the purpose of being between them to prevent further violence, for she had dined. She remained until half past three o'clock, and during that interval the husband frequently boxed his wife's ears as hard as he could; and once kicked her with great force. Her usual remonstrance was, 'Man alive, don't touch me.' The visitor returned in the evening, and she, with the journeyman, saw another brutal attack, some minutes after which the victim fell as if in a fit. She was assisted into an inner room, sank down and never rose again. She lay till the following Sunday morning in a state of insensibility, and no attempt had been made to procure surgical assistance. A practitioner at last was summoned, gave no hope, and the poor creature died on Monday morning. The post-mortem examination, described by the surgeon, revealed the cause of death in the blows at the side of the head, which he said was like 'beef-steaks when beaten by cooks.' No trace of habitual drunkenness appeared. The deceased had been, in the course of the inquiry, charged with that.

A lawyer would have felt especially fidgetty, while these facts were being elicited. The questions were put in an undecided rambling manner, and were so interrupted by half-made remarks from the jurors and other parties in the room, that it was a wonder how the report of the proceedings, which appeared in the morning newspapers, could have been so cleverly cleared as it was of the chaff from which it was winnowed. One or two circumstances occurred during this time which tended to throw over the whole affair the air of an ill-played farce. At an interesting point of the evidence, the door was opened, and a scream from a female voice announced 'Please sir, the beadle's wanted!' There were four gentlemen sitting on a horse-hair sofa close behind some of the jury, with whom more than once they entered into conversation, doubtless about the case in hand. The way in which the coroner took notice of this breach of every judisprudential rule, was extremely characteristic: he said, in effect, that there was, perhaps, no actual harm in it, but it *might* be objected to—the parties conversing might be relatives of the accused. In fact, he mildly insinuated that such unprivileged communications might warp the jurymen's judgments—that's all!

After the coroner had summed up, the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the husband. The Queen's representative then retired, and so did the jury and the beadle; a little extra business was done at the bar of the 'Two Spies,' and, to use a reporter's pet phrase, 'the proceedings terminated.'

It is far from our desire, in describing this particular inquest, in any way to disparage—supposing anything we have said can be construed into disparagement—any person or

persons concerned in it directly or remotely. Our wish is to point out the exceeding looseness, informality, and difficulty of ensuring sound judgment, which the system occasions. Indeed we were told by a competent authority that the proceedings at the Old Drury and 'Two Spies' taverns, formed an orderly and superior specimen of their class.

There is a mischief of some gravity, which we have yet to notice. The essential check upon all judicial or private dereliction is publicity, and publicity gained through the press in *all* cases which require it; but the existing system gives the coroner the power of excluding reporters. He can, if he pleases, make a Star-chamber of his court, hold it in a private house, and conduct it in secret. Instances—though very rare ones—can be adduced of this having been actually done. Here opens a door to another abuse;—it is known that a certain few among newspaper hangers-on—persons only connected with the precarious and slender tenure of 'a penny-a-line'—find it profitable to attend inquests—not for legitimate purposes—for their 'copy' is seldom inserted by editors—but to obtain money from relatives and parties interested in the deceased for what they are pleased to call 'suppressing' their reports. This generally happens in cases which from their having no public interest whatever would not, under any circumstances, be admitted into the crowded columns of the journals; for we can with confidence say that any case in which the public interests are likely to be staked, once before the editors of any London Journal, and supplied by a gentleman of their own establishment, no power on earth could suppress it. It has happened again occasionally that, from the suddenness with which the coroner is summoned, and the slovenly manner in which his office is performed, an inquest that ought to have been made public has wholly escaped the knowledge of newspaper conductors and their accredited reporters, and has thus passed over in silence.

Let us here put up another guard against misconception. No imputation *can* rest upon any accredited member of the press; the high state dignities which some men who have been reporters now so well support, are a guarantee against that. Neither do we wish to undervalue the important services sometimes performed by occasional or 'penny-a-line' reporters; among whom there are honourable and clever men. We only point out a small body of exceptional characters who are no more than what we have described—'hangers-on' of the press.

We now proceed to suggest a remedy for the inherent vices of 'Crownor's quests.'

In the report of the Board of Health on intramural interments, upon which a bill now before Parliament is founded, it is proposed to erect in convenient parts of London eight reception-houses for the dead, previous to in-

terment in the cemeteries to be established. This will remove the mortal remains from that immediate and fatal contact—fatal, morally as well as physically—which is compulsory among the poorer classes under the existing system of sepulture. It appears that of the deaths which take place in the metropolis, in upwards of 20,000 instances the corpse must be kept, during the interval between the death and the interment, in the same room in which the surviving members of the family live and sleep; while of the 8,000 deaths every year from epidemic diseases, by far the greater part happen under the circumstances just described.

If from these causes the necessity for dead-houses is so great when no inquest is necessary, how much stronger is it when the services of the coroner are requisite? The reason given for the peripatetic nature of the office, is the assumed necessity of the jury seeing the bodies on the spot and in the circumstances of death. But that such a necessity is unreal was proved on the inquest we have been detailing, by the fact of the remains having been lifted from the bed where life ceased, to a table, and having been opened by the surgeons. Surely, removal to a wholesome and convenient reception-house, would not disturb such appearances as may be presumed to form evidence. As it is, the only place among the poor in which medical men can perform the important duty of examination by *post mortem* dissection is a room crowded with inmates—or the tap-room of the nearest tavern.

To preserve, then, a degree of order, dignity, and solemnity equal at least to that which is maintained to try an action for debt, and to prevent the possibility of any 'private' dealings, we would strongly urge that a suitable Coroner's Court-house be attached to each of the proposed reception-houses. A clause to this effect can be easily introduced into the new bill. With such accommodation the coroner could perform his office in a manner worthy of a delegate of the Crown, and no such informalities as tend to intercept and taint the pure stream of Justice could continue to exist.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

JEFFREY was a year younger than SCOTT, whom he outlived eighteen years, and with whose career his own had some points of resemblance. They came of the same middle-class stock, and had played together as lads in the High School 'yard' before they met as advocates in the Court of Session. The fathers of both were connected with that Court; and from childhood, both were devoted to the law. But Scott's boyish infirmity imprisoned him in Edinburgh, while Jeffrey was let loose to Glasgow University, and afterwards passed up to Queen's College, Oxford. The boys, thus separated, had no remembrance of having previously met, when they saw each other at the Speculative Society in 1791.

The Oxford of that day suited Jeffrey ill. It suited few people well who cared for anything but cards and claret. Southey, who came just after him, tells us that the Greek he took there he left there, nor ever passed such unprofitable months; and Lord Malmesbury, who had been there but a little time before him, wonders how it was that so many men should make their way in the world creditably, after leaving a place that taught nothing but idleness and drunkenness. But Jeffrey was not long exposed to its temptations. He left after the brief residence of a single term; and what in after life he remembered most vividly in connection with it, seems to have been the twelve days' hard travelling between Edinburgh and London which preceded his entrance at Queen's. Some seventy years before, another Scotch lad, on his way to become yet more famous in literature and law, had taken nearly as many weeks to perform the same journey; but, between the schooldays of Mansfield and of Jeffrey, the world had not been resting.

It was enacting its greatest modern incident, the first French Revolution, when the young Scotch student returned to Edinburgh and changed his College gown for that of the advocate. Scott had the start of him in the Court of Session by two years, and had become rather active and distinguished in the Speculative Society before Jeffrey joined it. When the latter, then a lad of nineteen, was introduced, (one evening in 1791), he observed a heavy-looking young man officiating as secretary, who sat solemnly at the bottom of the table in a huge woollen night-cap, and who, before the business of the night began, rose from his chair, and, with imperturbable gravity seated on as much of his face as was discernible from the wrappings of the 'portentous machine' that enveloped it, apologised for having left home with a bad toothache. This was his quondam schoolfellow Scott. Perhaps Jeffrey was pleased with the mingled enthusiasm for the speculative, and regard for the practical, implied in the woollen nightcap; or perhaps he was interested by the Essay on Ballads which the hero of the night-cap read in the course of the evening: but before he left the meeting he sought an introduction to Mr. Walter Scott, and they were very intimate for many years afterwards.

The Speculative Society dealt with the usual subjects of elocution and debate prevalent in similar places then and since; such as, whether there ought to be an Established Religion, and whether the Execution of Charles I. was justifiable, and if Ossian's poems were authentic? It was not a fraternity of speculators by any means of an alarming or dangerous sort. John Allen and his friends, at this very time, were spouting forth active sympathy for French Republicanism at Fortune's Tavern, under immediate and watchful superintendence of the Police; James Macintosh was parading the streets with Horne Tooke's

colours in his hat ; James Montgomery was expiating in York Jail his exulting ballad on the Fall of the Bastille ; and Southey and Coleridge, in despair of old England, had completed the arrangements of their youthful colony for a community of property, and proscription of everything selfish, on the banks of the Susquehanna ;—but the Speculative orators rarely probed the sores of the body politic deeper than an inquiry into the practical advantages of belief in a future state ? and whether it was for the interest of Britain to maintain the balance of Europe ? or if knowledge could be too much disseminated among the lower ranks of the people ?

In short, nothing of the extravagance of the time, or either side, is associable with the outset of Jeffrey's career. As little does he seem to have been influenced, on the one hand, by the democratic foray of some two hundred convention delegates into Edinburgh in 1792, as, on the other, by the prominence of his father's name to a protest of frantic high-tory defiance ; and he was justified not many years since in referring with pride to the fact that, at the opening of his public life, his view of the character of the first French revolution, and of its probable influence on other countries, had been such as to require little modification during the whole of his subsequent career. The precision and accuracy of his judgment had begun to show itself thus early. At the crude young Jacobins, so soon to ripen into Quarterly Reviewers, who were just now coquetting with Mary Woolstonecraft, or making love to the ghost of Madame Roland, or brauding as worthy of the bowstring the tyrannical enormities of Mr. Pitt, he could afford to laugh from the first. From the very first he had the strongest liberal tendencies, but restrained them so wisely that he could cultivate them well.

He joined the band of youths who then sat at the feet of Dugald Stewart, and whose first incentive to distinction in the more difficult paths of knowledge, as well as their almost universal adoption of the liberal school of politics, are in some degree attributable to the teaching of that distinguished man. Among them were Brougham and Horner, who had played together from boyhood in Edinburgh streets, had joined the Speculative on the same evening six years after Jeffrey (who in Brougham soon found a sharp opponent on colonial and other matters), and were still fast friends. Jeffrey's father, raised to a deputy clerk of session, now lived on a third or fourth flat in Buchanan's Court in the Lawn Market, where the worthy old gentleman kept two women servants and a man at livery ; but where the furniture does not seem to have been of the soundest. This fact his son used to illustrate by an anecdote of the old gentleman eagerly setting-to at a favourite dinner one day, with the two corners of the table cloth tied round his neck to protect his immense professional frills,

when the leg of his chair gave way, and he tumbled back on the floor with all the dishes, sauces, and viands a-top of him. Father and son lived here together, till the latter took for his first wife the daughter of the Professor of Hebrew in the University of St. Andrew, and moved to an upper story in another part of town. He had been called to the bar in 1794, and was married eight years afterward. He had not meanwhile obtained much practice, and the elevation implied in removal to an upper flat is not of the kind that a young Benedict covets. But distinction of another kind was at length at hand.

One day early in 1802, 'in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey,' Mr. Jeffrey had received a visit from Horner and Sydney Smith, when Sydney, at this time a young English curate temporarily resident in Edinburgh, preaching, teaching, and joking with a flow of wit, humanity, and sense that fascinated everybody, started the notion of the Edinburgh Review. The two Scotchmen at once voted the Englishman its editor, and the notion was communicated to John Archibald Murray (Lord Advocate after Jeffrey, long years afterward), John Allen (then lecturing on medical subjects at the University, but who went abroad before he could render any essential service), and Alexander Hamilton (afterwards Sanscrit professor at Haileybury). This was the first council ; but it was extended, after a few days, till the two Thomsons (John and Thomas, the physician and the advocate), Thomas Brown (who succeeded to Dugald Stewart's chair), and Henry Brougham, were admitted to the deliberations. Horner's quondam playfellow was an ally too potent to be obtained without trouble ; and, even thus early, had not a few characteristics in common with the Roman statesman and orator whom it was his greatest ambition in after life to resemble, and of whom Shakspeare has told us that he never followed anything that other men began.

'You remember how cheerfully Brougham approved of our plan at first,' wrote Jeffrey to Horner, in April, in the thick of anxious preparations for the start, 'and agreed to give us an article or two without hesitation. Three or four days ago I proposed two or three books that I thought would suit him ; when he answered, with perfect good humour, that he had changed his view of our plan a little, and rather thought now that he should decline to have any connection with it.' This little coquetry was nevertheless overcome ; and before the next six months were over, Brougham had become an efficient and zealous member of the band.

It is curious to see how the project hung fire at first. Jeffrey had nearly finished four articles, Horner had partly written four, and more than half the number was printed ; and yet well-nigh the other half had still to be written.

The memorable fasciculus at last appeared in November, after a somewhat tedious gestation of nearly ten months; having been subject to what Jeffrey calls so 'miserable a state of backwardness' and so many 'symptoms of despondency,' that Constable had to delay the publication some weeks beyond the day first fixed. Yet as early as April had Sydney Smith completed more than half of what he contributed, while nobody else had put pen to paper; and shortly after the number appeared he was probably not sorry to be summoned, with his easy pen and his cheerful wit, to London, and to abandon the cares of editorship to Jeffrey.

No other choice could have been made. That first number settled the point. It is easy to discover that Jeffrey's estimation in Edinburgh had not, up to this time, been in any just proportion to his powers; and that, even with those who knew him best, his playful and sportive fancy sparkled too much to the surface of his talk to let them see the grave deep currents that ran underneath. Every one now read with surprise the articles attributed to him. Sydney had yielded him the place of honour, and he had vindicated his right to it. He had thrown out a new and forcible style of criticism, with a fearless, unmisgiving, and unhesitating courage. Objectors might doubt or cavil at the opinions expressed; but the various and comprehensive knowledge, the subtle argumentative genius, the brilliant and definite expression, there was no disputing or denying. A fresh and startling power was about to make itself felt in literature.

'Jeffrey,' said his most generous fellow labourer, a few days after the Review appeared, 'is the person who will derive most honour from this publication, as his articles in this number are generally known, and are incomparably the best; I have received the greater pleasure from this circumstance, because the genius of that little man has remained almost unknown to all but his most intimate acquaintances. His manner is not at first pleasing; what is worse, it is of that cast which almost irresistibly impresses upon strangers the idea of levity and superficial talents. Yet there is not any man, whose real character is so much the reverse; he has, indeed, a very sportive and playful fancy, but it is accompanied with an extensive and varied information, with a readiness of apprehension almost intuitive, with judicious and calm discernment, with a profound and penetrating understanding.' This confident passage from a private journal of the 20th November, 1802, may stand as a remarkable monument of the prescience of Francis Horner.

Yet it was also the opinion of this candid and sagacious man that he and his fellows had not gained much character by that first number of the Review. As a set-off to the talents exhibited, he spoke of the severity—of what, in some of the papers, might be called the scurrility—as having given general dis-

satisfaction; and he predicted that they would have to soften their tone, and be more indulgent to folly and bad taste. Perhaps it is hardly thus that the objection should have been expressed. It is now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, admitted on all hands that the tone adopted by these young Edinburgh reviewers was in some respects extremely indiscreet; and that it was not simply folly and bad taste, but originality and genius, that had the right to more indulgence at their hands. When Lord Jeffrey lately collected Mr. Jeffrey's critical articles, he silently dropped those very specimens of his power which by their boldness of view, severity of remark, and vivacity of expression, would still as of old have attracted the greatest notice; and preferred to connect with his name, in the regard of such as might hereafter take interest in his writings, only those papers which, by enforcing what appeared to him just principles and useful opinions, he hoped might have a tendency to make men happier and better. Somebody said by way of compliment of the early days of the Scotch Review, that it made reviewing more respectable than authorship; and the remark, though essentially the reverse of a compliment, exhibits with tolerable accuracy the general design of the work at its outset. Its ardent young reviewers took a somewhat too ambitious stand above the literature they criticised. 'To all of us,' Horner ingeniously confessed, 'it is only matter of temporary amusement and subordinate occupation.'

Something of the same notion was in Scott's thoughts when, smarting from a severe but not unjust or ungenerous review of Marmion, he said that Jeffrey loved to see imagination best when it is bitted and managed, and ridden upon the *grand pas*. He did not make sufficient allowance for starts and sallies and bounds, when Pegasus was beautiful to behold, though sometimes perilous to his rider. He would have had control of horse as well as rider, Scott complained, and made himself master of the manege to both. But on the other hand this was often very possible; and nothing could then be conceived more charming than the earnest, playful, delightful way in which his comments adorned and enriched the poets he admired. Hogarth is not happier in Charles Lamb's company, than is the homely vigour and genius of Crabbe under Jeffrey's friendly leading; he returned fancy for fancy to Moore's exuberance, and sparkled with a wit as keen; he 'tamed his wild heart' to the loving thoughtfulness of Rogers, his scholarly enthusiasm, his pure and vivid pictures; with the fiery energy and passionate exuberance of Byron, his bright courageous spirit broke into earnest sympathy; for the clear and stirring strains of Campbell he had an ever lively and liberal response; and Scott, in the midst of many temptations to the exercise of severity, never ceased to awaken the romance and generosity of his nature.

His own idea of the more grave critical claims put forth by him in his early days, found expression in later life. He had constantly endeavoured, he said, to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism. He had earnestly sought to impress his readers with a sense, both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments, and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment; and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter. Nor without good reason did he take this praise to himself. The taste which Dugald Stewart had implanted in him, governed him more than any other at the outset of his career; and may often have contributed not a little, though quite unconsciously, to lift the aspiring young metaphysician somewhat too ambitiously above the level of the luckless author summoned to his judgment seat. Before the third year of the review had opened, he had broken a spear in the lists of metaphysical philosophy even with his old tutor, and with Jeremy Bentham, both in the maturity of their fame; he had assailed, with equal gallantry, the opposite errors of Priestley and Reid; and, not many years later, he invited his friend Alison to a friendly contest, from which the fancies of that amiable man came out dulled by a superior brightness, by more lively, varied, and animated conceptions of beauty, and by a style which recommended a more than Scotch soberness of doctrine with a more than French vivacity of expression.

For it is to be said of Jeffrey, that when he opposed himself to enthusiasm, he did so in the spirit of an enthusiast; and that this had a tendency to correct such critical mistakes as he may occasionally have committed. And as of him, so of his Review. In professing to go deeply into the *principles* on which its judgments were to be rested, as well as to take large and original views of all the important questions to which those works might relate,—it substantially succeeded, as Jeffrey presumed to think it had done, in familiarising the public mind with higher speculations, and sounder and larger views of the great objects of human pursuit; as well as in permanently raising the standard, and increasing the influence, of all such occasional writings far beyond the limits of Great Britain.

Nor let it be forgotten that the system on which Jeffrey established relations between his writers and publishers has been of the highest value as a precedent in such matters, and has protected the independence and dignity of a later race of reviewers. He would never receive an unpaid-for contribution. He declined to make it the interest of the proprietors to prefer a certain class of contributors. The payment was ten guineas a sheet at first, and rose gradually to double that sum, with increase on special occasions; and even when rank or other circumstances made remuneration a matter of perfect indifference, Jeffrey insisted that it should never-

theless be received. The Czar Peter, when working in the trenches, he was wont to say, received pay as a common soldier. Another principle which he rigidly carried out, was that of a thorough independence of publishing interests. The Edinburgh Review was never made in any manner tributary to particular bookselling schemes. It assailed or supported with equal vehemence or heartiness the productions of Albemarle-street and Paternoster-row. 'I never asked such a thing of him but once,' said the late Mr. Constable, describing an attempt to obtain a favourable notice from his obdurate Editor, 'and I assure you the result was no encouragement to repeat such petitions.' The book was Scott's edition of Swift; and the result one of the bitterest attacks on the popularity of Swift, in one of Jeffrey's most masterly criticisms.

He was the better able thus to carry his point, because against more potent influences he had already taken a decisive stand. It was not till six years after the Review was started that Scott remonstrated with Jeffrey on the virulence of its party politics. But much earlier even than this, the principal proprietors had made the same complaint; had pushed their objections to the contemplation of Jeffrey's surrender of the editorship; and had opened negotiations with writers known to be bitterly opposed to him. To his honour, Southey declined these overtures, and advised a compromise of the dispute. Some of the leading Whigs themselves were discontented, and Horner had appealed to him from the library of Holland House. Nevertheless, Jeffrey stood firm. He carried the day against Paternoster-row, and unassailably established the all-important principle of a perfect independence of his publishers' control. He stood as resolute against his friend Scott; protesting that on one leg, and the weakest, the Review could not and should not stand, for that its *right leg* he knew to be politics. To Horner he replied by carrying the war into the Holland House country with inimitable spirit and cogency. 'Do, for Heaven's sake, let your Whigs do something popular and effective this session. Don't you see the nation is now divided into two, and only two parties; and that *between* these stand the Whigs, utterly inefficient, and incapable of ever becoming efficient, if they will still maintain themselves at an equal distance from both. You must lay aside a great part of your aristocratic feelings, and side with the most respectable and sane of the democrats.'

The vigorous wisdom of the advice was amply proved by subsequent events, and its courage nobody will doubt who knows anything of what Scotland was at the time. In office, if not in intellect, the Tories were supreme. A single one of the Dundases named the sixteen Scots peers, and forty-three of the Scots commoners; nor was it an impossible farce, that the sheriff of a county should be the only freeholder present at the

election of a member to represent it in Parliament, should as freeholder vote himself chairman, should as chairman receive the oaths and the writ from himself as sheriff, should as chairman and sheriff sign them, should propose himself as candidate, declare himself elected, dictate and sign the minutes of election, make the necessary indenture between the various parties represented solely by himself, transmit it to the Crown-office, and take his seat by the same night's mail to vote with Mr. Addington! We must recollect such things, when we would really understand the services of such men as Jeffrey. We must remember the evil and injustice he so strenuously laboured to remove, and the cost at which his labour was given. We must bear in mind that he had to face day by day, in the exercise of his profession, the very men most interested in the abuses actively assailed, and keenly resolved as far as possible to disturb and discredit their assailant. 'Oh, Mr. Smith,' said Lord Stowell to Sydney, 'you would have been a much richer man if you had come over to us!' This was in effect the sort of thing said to Jeffrey daily in the Court of Session, and disregarded with generous scorn. What it is to an advocate to be on the deaf side of 'the ear of the Court,' none but an advocate can know; and this, with Jeffrey, was the twenty-five years' penalty imposed upon him for desiring to see the Catholics emancipated, the consciences of dissenters relieved, the barbarism of jurisprudence mitigated, and the trade in human souls abolished.

The Scotch Tories died hard. Worst of in fair fight they resorted to foul; and among the publications avowedly established for personal slander of their adversaries, a pre-eminence so infamous was obtained by the Beacon, that it disgraced the cause irretrievably. Against this malignant libeller Jeffrey rose in the Court of Session again and again, and the result of its last prosecution showed the power of the party represented by it thoroughly broken. The successful advocate, at length triumphant even in that Court over the memory of his talents and virtues elsewhere, had now forced himself into the front rank of his profession; and they who listened to his advocacy found it even more marvellous than his criticism, for power, versatility, and variety. Such rapidity yet precision of thought, such volubility yet clearness of utterance, left all competitors behind. Hardly any subject could be so indifferent or uninviting, that this teeming and fertile intellect did not surround it with a thousand graces of allusion, illustration, and fanciful expression. He might have suggested Butler's hero,

'—who could not ope

His mouth but out there flew a trope,'

with the difference that each trope flew to its proper mark, each fancy found its place in the dazzling profusion, and he could at all times, with a charming and instinctive ease, put the

nicest restraints and checks on his glowing velocity of declamation. A worthy Glasgow baillie, smarting under an adverse verdict obtained by these facilities of speech, could find nothing so bitter to advance against the speaker as a calculation made with the help of Johnson's Dictionary, to the effect that Mr. Jeffrey, in the course of a few hours, had spoken the whole English language twice over!

But the Glasgow baillie made little impression on his fellow citizens; and from Glasgow came the first public tribute to Jeffrey's now achieved position, and legal as well as literary fame. He was elected Lord Rector of the University in 1821 and 1822. Some seven or eight years previously he had married the accomplished lady who survives him, a grand-niece of the celebrated Wilkes; and had purchased the lease of the villa near Edinburgh which he occupied to the time of his death, and whose romantic woods and grounds will long be associated with his name. At each step of his career a new distinction now awaited him, and with every new occasion his unflagging energies seemed to rise and expand. He never wrote with such masterly success for his Review as when his whole time appeared to be occupied with criminal prosecutions, with contested elections, with journeyings from place to place, with examinings and cross-examinings, with speeches, addresses, exhortations, denunciations. In all conditions and on all occasions, a very atmosphere of activity was around him. Even as he sat, apparently still, waiting to address a jury or amaze a witness, it made a slow man nervous to look at him. Such a flush of energy vibrated through that delicate frame, such rapid and never ceasing thought played on those thin lips, such restless flashes of light broke from those kindling eyes. You continued to look at him, till his very silence acted as a spell; and it ceased to be difficult to associate with his small but well-knit figure even the giant-like labours and exertions of this part of his astonishing career.

At length, in 1829, he was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; and thinking it unbecoming that the official head of a great law corporation should continue the editing of a party organ, he surrendered the management of the Edinburgh Review. In the year following, he took office with the Whigs as Lord Advocate, and replaced Sir James Scarlett in Lord Fitzwilliam's borough of Malton. In the next memorable year he contested his native city against a Dundas; not succeeding in his election, but dealing the last heavy blow to his opponent's sinking dynasty. Subsequently he took his seat as Member for Perth, introduced and carried the Scotch Reform bill, and in the December of 1832 was declared member for Edinburgh. He had some great sorrows at this time to check and alloy his triumphs. Probably no man had gone through a life of eager conflict and active antagonism with a heart so sensitive to the gentler emotions, and the

deaths of Macintosh and Scott affected him deeply. He had had occasion, during the illness of the latter, to allude to him in the House of Commons; and he did this with so much beauty and delicacy, with such manly admiration of the genius and modest deference to the opinions of his great Tory friend, that Sir Robert Peel made a journey across the floor of the house to thank him cordially for it.

The House of Commons nevertheless was not his natural element, and when, in 1834, a vacancy in the Court of Session invited him to his due promotion, he gladly accepted the dignified and honourable office so nobly earned by his labours and services. He was in his sixty-second year at the time of his appointment, and he continued for nearly sixteen years the chief ornament of the Court in which he sat. In former days the judgment-seats in Scotland had not been unused to the graces of literature: but in Jeffrey these were combined with an acute and profound knowledge of law less usual in that connection; and also with such a charm of demeanour, such a play of fancy and wit sobered to the kindest courtesies, such clear sagacity, perfect freedom from bias, consideration for all differences of opinion; and integrity, independence, and broad comprehensiveness of view in maintaining his own; that there has never been but one feeling as to his judicial career. Universal veneration and respect attended it. The speculative studies of his youth had done much to soften all the asperities of his varied and vigorous life, and now, at its close, they gave to his judgments a large reflectiveness of tone, a moral beauty of feeling, and a philosophy of charity and good taste, which have left to his successors in that Court of Session no nobler models for imitation and example. Impatience of dulness *would* break from him, now and then; and the still busy activity of his mind might be seen as he rose often suddenly from his seat, and paced up and down before it; but in his charges or decisions nothing of this feeling was perceptible, except that lightness and grace of expression in which his youth seemed to linger to the last, and a quick sensibility to emotion and enjoyment which half concealed the ravages of time.

If such was the public estimation of this great and amiable man, to the very termination of his useful life, what language should describe the charm of his influence in his private and domestic circle? The affectionate pride with which every citizen of Edinburgh regarded him rose here to a kind of idolatry. For here the whole man was known—his kind heart, his open hand, his genial talk, his ready sympathy, his generous encouragement and assistance to all that needed it. The first passion of his life was its last, and never was the love of literature so bright within him as at the brink of the grave. What dims and deadens the impressibility of most men, had

rendered his not only more acute and fresh, but more tributary to calm satisfaction, and pure enjoyment. He did not live merely in the past, as age is wont to do, but drew delight from every present manifestation of worth or genius, from whatever quarter it addressed him. His vivid pleasure where his interest was awakened, his alacrity and eagerness of appreciation, the fervour of his encouragement and praise, have animated the hopes and relieved the toil alike of the successful and the unsuccessful, who cannot hope, through whatever chequered future may await them, to find a more generous critic, a more profound adviser, a more indulgent friend.

The present year opened upon Francis Jeffrey with all hopeful promise. He had mastered a severe illness, and resumed his duties with his accustomed cheerfulness; private circumstances had more than ordinarily interested him in his old Review; and the memory of past friends, giving yet greater strength to the affection that surrounded him, was busy at his heart. 'God bless you!' he wrote to Sydney Smith's widow on the night of the 18th of January; 'I am very old, and have many infirmities; but I am tenacious of old friendships, and find much of my present enjoyments in the recollections of the past.' He sat in Court the next day, and on the Monday and Tuesday of the following week, with his faculties and attention unimpaired. On the Wednesday he had a slight attack of bronchitis; on Friday, symptoms of danger appeared; and on Saturday he died, peacefully and without pain. Few men had completed with such consummate success the work appointed them in this world; few men had passed away to a better with more assured hopes of their reward. The recollection of his virtues sanctifies his fame; and his genius will never cease to awaken the gratitude, respect, and pride of his countrymen.

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

THE YOUNG JEW OF TUNIS.

PEOPLE are glad to be assured that an interesting story is true. The following history was communicated to the writer by a friend, residing in the East, who had it from the French Consul himself. It reminds one of the Arabian Nights.

In the year 1836, a Jewish family residing in Algiers were plunged in the greatest distress by the death of the father. A son, two daughters, and a mother were by this calamity left almost destitute. After the funeral, the son, whose name was Ibrahim, sold what little property there was to realise and gave it to his mother and sisters; after which, commending them to the charity of a distant relative, he left Algiers and departed for Tunis, hoping that if he did not find his fortune, he would at least make a livelihood there.

He presented himself to the French Consul

with his papers, and requested a license as a donkey-driver. This was granted, and Ibrahim entered the service of a man who let out asses, both for carrying water and for hire.

Ibrahim was extremely handsome and very graceful in his demeanour; but, being so poor, his clothes were too ragged for him to be employed on anything but drudgery that was out of sight. He used to be sent with water-skins to the meanest parts of the town.

One day, as he was driving his ass laden with water up a narrow street, he met a cavalcade of women riding (as usual in that country) upon donkeys covered with sumptuous housings. He drew on one side to allow them to pass by, but a string of camels coming up at the same instant, there ensued some confusion. The veil of one of the women became slightly deranged, and Ibrahim caught sight of a lovely countenance.

He contrived to ascertain who the lady was and where she lived. She was Rebecca, the only daughter of a wealthy Jew.

From this time, Ibrahim had but one thought; that of becoming rich enough to demand Rebecca in marriage. He had already saved up a few pieces of money; with these he bought himself better clothes, and he was now sometimes sent to conduct the donkeys hired out for riding.

It so chanced, that one of his first expeditions was to take Rebecca and her attendants to a mercer's shop. Either from accident or coquetry, Rebecca's veil became again deranged, and again Ibrahim beheld the heavenly face beneath it. Ibrahim's appearance, and his look of burning passionate love, did not displease the young Jewess. He frequently attended her on her excursions, and he was often permitted to see beneath the veil.

Ibrahim deprived himself almost of the necessities of life, and at length saved enough money to purchase an ass of his own. By degrees he was able to buy more, and became a master employing boys under him.

When he thought himself sufficiently well off in the world, he presented himself before the family of Rebecca, and demanded her in marriage; but they did not consider his prospects brilliant, and rejected his proposals with contempt. Rebecca, however, sent her old nurse to him (just as a lady in the 'Arabian Nights' might have sent a similar messenger) to let him know that the family contempt was not shared by her.

Ibrahim was more determined than ever to obtain her. He went to a magician, who bade him return to Algiers, and declared that if he accepted the *first* offer of any kind which he should receive after entering the city, he would become rich and obtain the desire of his heart.

Ibrahim sold his asses and departed for Algiers. He walked up and down the streets till nightfall, in expectation of the mysterious offer which had been foretold—but no one came.

He had, however, been observed by a rich widow, somewhat advanced in years, a French-woman and the widow of an officer of engineers. She dispatched an attendant to discover who he was and where he lived, and the next day sent for him to her house. His graceful address fascinated her even more than his good looks, and she made him overtures of marriage: offering at the same time to settle upon him a handsome portion of her wealth.

This was not precisely the mode in which Ibrahim had intended to make his fortune; but, he recollected the prediction of the magician, and accepted the proposal.

They were married, and for twelvemonths Ibrahim lived with his wife in great splendour and apparent happiness. At the end of that time he professed to be called to Tunis by indispensable business, which would require his presence for some time. His wife made no opposition, though she was sorry to lose him, and wished to accompany him; but that he prohibited, and departed alone: taking with him a good supply of money.

He again presented himself before the French Consul at Tunis, who was surprised at the change in his appearance. His vest of flowered silk, brocaded with gold, was girded round the waist by a Barbary sash of the richest silk; his ample trowers of fine cloth were met by red morocco boots; a Cashmere shawl of the most radiant colours was twisted round his head; his beard, carefully trimmed, fell half-way down his breast; a jewelled dagger hung at his girdle; and an ample Bournooz worn over all, gave an additional grace to his appearance, while it served to conceal his rich attire, which far exceeded the license of the sad-coloured garments prescribed by law to the Jews.

He lost no time in repairing to the house of Rebecca. She was still unmarried, and again he made his proposals; this time it was with more success. He had all the appearance of a man of high consideration; and the riches which he half-negligently displayed, took their due effect. He had enjoyed a good character when he lived at Tunis before, and they took it for granted that he had done nothing to forfeit it. They asked no questions how his riches had been obtained, but gave him Rebecca in marriage.

At the end of six months, the French Consul received inquiries from Algiers about Ibrahim; his wife, it was said, had become alarmed at his prolonged absence.

The Consul sent for Ibrahim, and told him what he had heard. Ibrahim at first appeared disturbed and afterwards indignant. He denied in the strongest terms that he had any other wife than Rebecca, but owned that the woman in question had fallen in love with him. He also denied that he had given her any sort of legal claim upon him. The French Consul was perplexed; Ibrahim's papers were all regular, he had always led

an exemplary life in Tunis, he denied his marriage, and there was no proof of it.

Had Ibrahim retained the smallest presence of mind, no harm could have befallen him. In that land of polygamy, his two wives (even though one were European) would have caused little scandal. His domestic position was somewhat complicated but by no means desperate. On departing from the Consul's house, however, he would seem to have become possessed by a strange panic not to be explained by any rules of logic, and to have gone mad straightway. His one idea was that he was hurried on by destiny to—murder Rebecca!

This miserable wretch, possessed by the fixed idea of destroying Rebecca, made deliberate preparations for carrying it into effect. But with the strange fanaticism and superstition which formed a main part of his character, and which forms a part of many such characters in those countries, he determined to give her a chance for her life; for, he seems to have thought in some confused, wild, mad, vain way, that it might still be the will of Providence that she should live.

He concerted measures with the captain of a Greek vessel, whom he induced by heavy bribes to enter into his views. He gave it out that he was going to Algiers, to put an end to the ridiculous report which had been raised, and to destroy the claim which had been set up by his pretended wife.

He embarked with Rebecca, without any attendants, on board the Greek vessel, which was bound for Algiers. Rebecca was taken at once into the cabin, where her curiosity was excited by a strange-looking black box which stood at one end of it. The black box was high and square, and large enough to contain a person sitting upright. The lid was thrown back; and she saw that the box was lined with thick cotton cloth, and contained a small brass pitcher full of water and a loaf of bread. Whilst she was examining these things, Ibrahim and the Captain entered; they neither of them spoke one word; but, coming behind her, Ibrahim placed his hand over her mouth, and muffling her head in her veil, lifted her into the box with the assistance of the captain, and shut down the lid, which they securely fastened. They then carried the box between them upon deck, and lowered it over the side of the vessel. The box had holes bored in the lid; it was very strong; and so built as to float like a boat.

The Greek vessel continued her course towards Algiers. Either the crew had really not noticed the strange proceedings of Ibrahim and the Captain, or (which is more probable) they were paid to be silent. It is certain that they did not attempt to interfere.

The next morning, as a French steamer, the Panama, was bearing towards Tunis, something like the hull of a small vessel was seen drifting about directly in their course. They picked it up, as it floated athwart the steamer's

bow; and were horrified to hear feeble cries proceeding from the interior. Hastily breaking it open, they found the unhappy Rebecca nearly dead with fright and exhaustion. When she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she told the captain how she had come into that strange condition, and he made all speed on to Tunis.

The French Consul immediately dispatched a swift sailing steamer to Algiers with Rebecca and her nearest friends on board, bearing a dispatch to the governor, containing a hasty account of all these things. The steamer arrived first. When the Greek vessel entered the port, Ibrahim and the Captain were ordered to follow the officer on guard, and in a few moments Ibrahim stood face to face with his victim. To render the complication more complete, the French wife hearing that a steamer from Tunis had arrived with dispatches, went down to the governor's house to make inquiries after her husband.

At first, Ibrahim nearly fainted; but he soon regained his insane self, and boldly confessed his crime. Addressing himself to Rebecca, he said:

'I confided thee to the sea, for I thought it might be the will of Providence to save thee! If thou hadst died, it would have been Providence that decreed thy fate, but thou art saved, and I am destroyed.'

Both the wives wept bitterly. Their natural jealousy of each other was merged into the desire to save the fanatic from the consequence of his madness. Rebecca attempted to deny her former statement, and used great intercession with her relatives to forego their vengeance. The Frenchwoman made interest with the authorities too, but it was all, happily, in vain. The friends of Rebecca were implacable and insisted on justice.

Ibrahim works now in the galleys at Toulon. The captain is under punishment also. The magician, it is to be feared, is practising his old trade.

This is, perhaps, as strange an instance as there is on record, of an audacious and besotted transference of every responsibility to Providence. As though Providence had left man to work out nothing for himself! It is probable that this selfish monomaniac made the same pretext to his mind for basely marrying the widow, whom he intended to desert. There is no kind of impiety so monstrous as this; and yet there is, perhaps, none encountered so frequently, in one phase or other, in many aspects of life.

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OF

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THE HEART OF MID-LONDON.

It was with singular pride that Mr. Thomas Bovington of Long Hornets, Bucks, viewed his first 'lot' of fat bullocks as they filed their way out of his stock-yard towards the nearest Station of the North Western Railway. They were so sleek, so well fed, and so well behaved, that they turned out of their stalls with the solemn sobriety of animals attending their own funeral. Except a few capers cut by a lively West Highlander, they sauntered along like beasts who had never had a care in their lives. For how were they to know that the tips of their horns pointed to that bourne from whence few bovine travellers return—Smithfield? Smithfield, the Heart of Mid-London, the flower of the capital—the true, original, London-Pride, always in full bloom! A merciful ignorance blinded them to the fact that, the master who had fed and pampered them with indulgent industry—who had administered their food out of the scientific dietaries of Liebig; who had built their sheds after the manner of Huxtable; who had stalled and herded them in imitation of Pusey; who had littered them out of 'Stevens's Book of the Farm'—was about, with equal care and attention to their comfort, to have them converted into cash, and then into beef.

This was Mr. Bovington's first transaction in bullocks. Since his retirement from Northampton (where he made a small fortune by tanning the hides he now so assiduously filled out), he had devoted his time, his capital, and his energy to stock-farming. His sheep had always sold well; so well indeed, that he had out-stocked the local markets; and, on the previous morning, had driven off a threescore flock to the same destination and on the same tragic errand, as that of his oxen. His success in the production of mutton had given him courage: he had, therefore, soared to beef. Only the Thursday before a neighbouring farmer had pronounced of his herd to his face, that 'a primer lot of beasts he never see—nowheres.'

Mr. Bovington had several hours to spare before the passenger-train was due in which he intended to follow his cattle. Like a thrifty man he spent a part of it over his stock-book, to settle finally at what figure he

could afford to sell. He was an admirable book-keeper; he could tell to an ounce how much oil-cake each ox had devoured, to a root how many beets; and, to a wisp, how much straw had been used for litter. The acreage of pasture was, also, minutely calculated. The result was, that Mr. Bovington could find in an instant the cost price of each stone of the flesh that had just departed of its own motion towards the shambles.

To a mercenary mind; to a man whose whole soul is ground down to considerations of mere profit (considerations which many profound politico-philosophers deplore as entering too largely into the agricultural mind) the result of Mr. Bovington's comparison of the cost with the present market prices, would have been extremely satisfactory. What he had produced at about 3s. 9d. per stone, he found by the 'Mark-lane Express' was 'dull at 3s. 6d., sinking the offal.' Neither had the season been favourable for sheep—at least, not for *his* sheep—and by them, too, he would be a loser. But what of that? Mr. Bovington's object was less profit than fame. As a beginner, he wanted to establish a first-class character in the market; and, that obtained, it would be time enough to turn his attention to the economies of feeding and breeding. With what pride would he hear the praises of those astute critics, the London butchers, as they walked round and round, pinching and punching each particular ox, enumerating his various good points, and contrasting it with the meaner, leaner stock of the mere practical graziers! With what confidence he could command the top price, and with what certainty he could maintain it for his 'lots' in future!

Mr. Bovington was as merciful as he was above immediate gain. He could not trust the stock he had nurtured and fed, to the uncontrolled dominion of drovers. Though hurried to their doom, he would take care that they should be killed 'comfortably.' He considered this as a sacred duty, else he—who was a pattern to the parish—would not have thus employed himself on a Sunday. As he took his ticket at the station, the chimes for evening service had just struck out. His conscience smote him. As his eye roved over the peaceful glades of Long Hornets, on which the evening sun was

lowering his beams, he contrasted the holy Sabbath calm with the scene of excitement into which he was voluntarily plunging himself. As a kind of salve to his troubled mind, he determined to pay extra care and attention to the comfort of his cattle.

His consignment was to remain, till Smithfield market opened at eleven o'clock on the Sunday night, at the Islington lairs. Thither Mr. Bovington repaired—on landing at the Euston Station—in a very fast cab. On his way, he calculated what the cost would be of all the fodder, all the water, and all the attendance, which his sheep and oxen would have received during their temporary sojourn. The first question he put, therefore, to the drover on arriving at the lairs, was :

“What’s to pay?”

“Wot for?”

“Why,” replied the amateur grazier, “for the feed of my sheep since last night!”

“Feed!” repeated the man with staring wonder, “Who ever heerd of feedin’ markt sheep? Why, they’ll be killed on Monday or Tuesday, won’t they?”

“If sold.”

“Well they’ll never want no more wittles, will they?”

“But they have had nothing since Saturday!”

“What on it! Sheep as comes to Smithfield never has no feed, has they?”

“Nor water either?” said Mr. Bovington.

“I should think not!” replied the drover.

As he spoke, he drove the point of his goad into the backs of each of a shorn flock that happened to be passing. He had no business with them, but it was a way he had.

With sorrowful eyes, Mr. Bovington sought out his own sheep. Poor things! They lay closely packed, with their tongues out, panting for suction; for they were too weak to bleat. He would have given any money to relieve them; but relief no money could buy.

Mr. Bovington was glad to find his bullocks in better plight. To them, fodder and drink had been sparingly supplied, but they were wedged in so tightly that they had hardly room to breathe. Their good looks—which had cost him so much expenditure of oil-cake, and anxiety, and for which he had expected so much praise from buyers—would be quite gone before they got to Smithfield.

“It aint o’ no use a fretting,” said the master drover, “your’n aint no worse off nor t’others. What you’ve got to do, is, to git to bed, and meet me in the markt at four.” Naming a certain corner.

“Well,” said Mr. Bovington, seeing there was no help for it, “let it be so; but I trust you will take care to get my lots driven down by humane drovers.”

Mr. Whelter—that was the master-drover’s name—assented, in a manner that showed he had not the remotest idea what a humane driver was, or where the article was to be found.

Mr. Bovington could get no rest, and went his way towards the market, long before the time appointed. Before he came within sight of Smithfield, a din as of a noisy Pandemonium filled his ears. The shouting of some of the drovers, the shrill whistle of others, the barking of dogs, the bleating of sheep, and the lowing of cattle, were the natural expressions of a crowded market; but, added to these, were other sounds, which made Mr. Bovington shudder—something between the pattering of a tremendous hail-storm, and the noise of ten thousand games of single stick played, all at once, in sanguinary earnest.

He was not a particularly nervous man, and did not shudder without reason. When he came into the market, he saw at a glance enough to know that. He stood looking about him in positive horror.

To get the bullocks into their allotted stands, an incessant punishing and torturing of the miserable animals—a sticking of prongs into the tender part of their feet, and a twisting of their tails to make the whole spine teem with pain—was going on: and this seemed as much a part of the market, as the stones in its pavement. Across their horns, across their hocks, across their haunches, Mr. Bovington saw the heavy blows rain thick and fast, let him look where he would. Obdurate heads of oxen, bent down in mute agony; bellowing heads of oxen lifted up, snorting out smoke and slaver; ferocious men, cursing and swearing, and belabouring oxen; made the place a panorama of cruelty and suffering. By every avenue of access to the market, more oxen were pouring in: bellowing, in the confusion, and under the falling blows, as if all the church-organs in the world were wretched instruments—all there—and all being tuned together. Mixed up with these oxen, were great flocks of sheep, whose respective drovers were in agonies of mind to prevent their being intermingled in the dire confusion; and who raved, shouted, screamed, swore, whooped, whistled, danced like savages; and, brandishing their cudgels, laid about them most remorselessly. All this was being done, in a deep red glare of burning torches, which were in themselves a strong addition to the horrors of the scene; for the men who were arranging the sheep and lambs in their miserably confined pens, and forcing them to their destination through alleys of the most preposterously small dimensions, constantly dropped gouts of the blazing pitch upon the miserable creatures’ backs; and to smell the singeing and burning, and to see the poor things shrinking from this roasting, inspired a sickness, a disgust, a pity and an indignation, almost insupportable. To reflect that the gate of St. Bartholomew’s Hospital was in the midst of this devlry, and that such a monument of years of sympathy for human pain should stand there, jostling this disgraceful record of years of disregard of brute endurance—to look up at the

faint lights in the windows of the houses where the people were asleep, and to think that some of them had been to Public Prayers that Sunday, and had typified the Divine love and gentleness, by the panting, footsore creature, burnt, beaten, and needlessly tormented there, that night, by thousands—suggested truths so inconsistent and so shocking, that the Market of the Capital of the World seemed a ghastly and blasphemous Nightmare.

“Does this happen *every* Monday morning?” asked the horror-stricken denizen of Long Hornets, of a respectable-looking man.

“This?” repeated the stranger. “Bless you! This is nothing to what it is sometimes.” He then turned to a passing drover, who was vainly trying to get some fifty sheep through a pen-alley calculated for the easy passage of twenty. “How many are spoke for to-night, Ned?”

“How many? Why five-and-twenty-thousand sheep, and forty-one-hundred beasts.”

“Ah! no more than an ordinary market, Sir,” said Mr. Bovington’s new friend; “yet you see and hear what’s now going on to wedge these numbers in. And it stands to reason, if you’ve got to jam together a fourth more animals than there is space for, there *must* be cruelty.”

“How much legitimate accommodation is there?” asked Mr. Bovington.

“There are pens for two-and-twenty-thousand sheep and they can tie up twenty-seven-hundred beasts. Well! you hear; room has already been ‘spoke for,’ or bespoken, for three-thousand more sheep and fourteen-hundred more cattle than there is proper space for.”

“What becomes of the surplus?”

“The beasts are formed, in the thoroughfares and in the outskirts of the market, into what we call ‘off droves;’ and the sheep wait outside, anywhere, till they can get in.”

Here the conversation was interrupted by a sudden increase in the demoniacal noises. Opposite the speakers, was a row of panting oxen, each fastened by a slip-noose to a rail, as closely as their heads could be jammed together. Some more were being tied up, and one creature had just escaped. Instantly a dozen hoarse voices yelled:

“Out! out! out!”

The cry was echoed by a dozen others.

“Out! out! out!”

A wild hunt followed, and then a shower of blows on the back, horns and sides, of the luckless truant. The concentrated punishment of two dozen drovers’ sticks made the bull too glad to resume its original station. It was then tied up, so tightly, that the swelled tongue protruded. That the poor brute should be rendered powerless for motion for some time to come, it was ‘hocked;’—that is to say, tremendous blows were inflicted on its hind legs till it was completely hobbled.

Mr. Bovington was glad it was not one of

his bullocks. “Are *many* strangled by these tight nooses?” he asked.

“A good many in the course of the year, I should say. All the rails are full now, and the off-droves are beginning.”

The battle raged faster and more furious than ever. In order to make the most of the room, they were forming ‘ring-droves;’ that is, punishing the animals till a certain number had turned all their heads together so as to form the inside of a circle—which at last they did, to avoid the blows inflicted on them. Mr. Bovington’s blood ran cold as he witnessed the cruelty necessary for this evolution. After every imaginable torment had been practised, to get them into the right position, a stray head would occasionally protrude—where a tail should be—on the outside of the ring. Tremendous blows were then repeated on the nose, neck, and horns, till the tortured animal could turn; and when he succeeded, the goad was ‘jobbed’ into his flanks till he could wedge himself in, so as to form his own proper radius of the dense circle.

“I have often seen their haunches streaming with blood,” said Mr. Bovington’s companion, “before they could get into the ring. Why, a friend of mine, a tanner at Kenilworth, was actually obliged to leave off buying hides that came out of this market, because they were covered with holes that had been bored in the live animals by the Smithfield drovers. He called these skins Smithfield Cullanders.”

“Cruel wretches!”

“Well,” said the stranger, thoughtfully, “I can’t blame *them*. I have known them forty years—”

“You are a salesman?”

“I was; but they worried me out of the market, for trying to get it removed, and for giving evidence against it before Parliament.”

Mr. Brumpton (that was the name of the ousted salesman) did a little fattening, now, on a few acres near London; and came occasionally to Smithfield to buy and sell in a small way,—just, in fact, as Mr. Bovington had begun to do.

“Well,” he continued, “I can’t lay all the blame on the drovers. What can they do? If they have got one hundred beasts to wedge into a space only big enough for seventy, they *must* be cruel. Even the labour their cruelty costs themselves is terrible. I have often seen drovers’ men lying on the steps of doors, quite exhausted. None of them ever live long.”

“How many are there?”

“About nine-hundred-and-fifty—licensed.”

A deafening hullabaloo arose again. A new ring-drove was being begun, close by. Bovington threw up his hands in horror, when he saw that some of his cherished cattle were to become members of it. The lively West Highlander was struggling fiercely against his fate; but in vain: he was goaded, beaten, and worried with dogs, till forced into the ring.

Bovington hastened to the appointed corner, to expostulate with Mr. Whelker.

"How can I help it!" was that individual's consolation. "I spoke for *all* your beasts; but there was only room for seven on 'em to be tied up; so the rest on 'em is in off-droves. Where else *can* they be?"

"And my sheep?"

"Couldn't get none on 'em in. They're a waiting in the 'Ram' Yard, till the sales empties some of the pens. You'll find 'em in the first floor."

"What! Up stairs?"

"Ah, in the one-pair back."

Mr. Bovington elbowed his way to the Ram Inn, to confirm by his eyes what he could not believe with his ears. Sure enough he found his favourite 'New Leicesters' a whole flight of stairs above ground. How they had ever been got up, or how they were ever to be got down, surpassed his ingenuity to conjecture.

At length there was pen-room; and sorely were Mr. Bovington's feelings tried. When his little flock were got into the market, they met, and were mixed with, the sold flocks that were going out. Confusion was now worse confounded. The beating, the goading, the bustling, the shouting; the bleating of the sheep; the short, sharp, snarling of the dogs; above all, the stentorian oaths and imprecations of the drovers,—no human imagination, unaided by the reality, could conceive. Several flocks were intermixed, in a manner that made correct separation seem impossible; but while Mr. Bovington shuddered at all this cruelty and wickedness—SOLELY PRODUCED BY WANT OF SPACE, AND BY THE PREVIOUS DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS—he could not help admiring the instinct of the dogs, and the ingenuity of the men, in lessening the confusion—the former watching intently their masters' faces for orders, and flying over the backs of the moving floor of wool, to execute them.

"Go for 'em, Bob!"

Like lightning the dog belonging to the drover of Bovington's sheep, dashed over their backs, and he beheld the ear of a favourite wether between its teeth. By some magic, however, this significant style of ear-wiggling directed the sheep into the alley that led to the empty pens; and the others were pushed, punched, goaded, and thrashed, till each score was jammed into the small enclosures, as tight as figs in a drum.

"They seem a nice lot," said Mr. Brumpton, who had followed the new seller; "but how is it possible for the best butcher in London to tell what they are, in a wedge like this. Can he know how they will cut up, after the punishment they have had? Impossible: and what's the consequence? Why, he will deduct ten or fifteen per cent. from your price for bruised meat. It is the same with bullocks."

Mr. Bovington, at this hint, reverted to his herd of cattle with a fresh pang. Crammed,

and jammed as they were between raw-boned Lincolnshires and half-fed Herefords—a narrow bristling grove of gaunt shoeing-horns—how could his customers see and appreciate the fine 'points' of his fancy stock? He had worked for Fame; yet, however loud her blast, who could hear it above the crushing din of Smithfield?

Mr. Bovington, having returned to the rendezvous, leaned against a cutler's door-post—where there was an old grindstone outside (which the market-people, by much sharpening of their knives upon it, had worn away, like an old cheese)—in profound rumination. He was at a dead lock. He could not sell all his stock, and he could not withdraw it; for it was so fearfully deteriorated from the treatment it had got, that he felt sure the recovery of many of his sheep and oxen would be very doubtful. The best thing he could wish for them was speedy death; and, for himself, sales at any price.

His reflections were interrupted by the pleasing information, that although some of his beasts that were tied up had been sold at the top price, only a few of those in the off-droves could find customers at the second, because the butchers could not get to see them. "And you see they *will* have the pull of the market, if they can get it."

Mr. Bovington looked unutterable despair, and told the salesman emphatically to *sell*.

"It don't matter to him," said Brumpton, who was again at poor Bovington's elbow, "what the animals fetch. Sold for much or little, the salesman's profit don't vary—4s. a head for beasts, and from 10s. to 13s. a score for sheep, at whatever price he sells. That's the system here, and it don't improve the profits of the grazier. Why should *he* care what you get, or lose?"

Towards the close of the market, Mr. Bovington perceived, that if it cost the animals intense torture to be got into their allotted places, it took unmitigated brutality to get them out again. The breaking up of a ring-drove might have made a treat for Nero; but honest Mr. Bovington had had enough. He retired from the arena of innumerable bull-fights in a state of mind in which disgust very much preponderated over personal disappointment. "And mentioning bull-fights," thought he to himself, "Upon my life! I don't think we are so much better than those people in Spain after all, while we stand this sort of thing, and eat our dinners, and make our wills."

Mr. Brumpton and he determined to breakfast together, at the 'Catherine Wheel,' in St. John Street.

"What remedy do you propose for these horrors?" asked our dejected friend.

"A market in the suburbs," was the answer. "But look at the rapidity with which London spreads. How long will you guarantee that any site you may select will remain 'out of Town?'"

"Ah, that's the difficulty," said Brumpton. "In 1808, it was proposed to remove the market to the 'open fields'—Clerkenwell-fields; but, twenty years afterwards, there was not a blade of grass to be seen near the place. It was covered with bricks and mortar. Rahere-street—in the midst of a dense neighbourhood—now stands on the very spot that was suggested. Again, only last year a field between Camden-town and Holloway was proposed; but since then, houses have been built up to the very hedge that incloses it."

"Islington market seems not to answer."

"No; I think it lies too low. They can't drain it properly."

"What is to be done, then?"

"I'll tell you what I think would be best. Let a good site be fixed upon; and don't rest contented with that. Fence off, also, a certain space around it with appropriate approaches. Let these be kept sacred from innovating bricks. Deal with a new cattle-market as the Board of Health proposes to deal with cemeteries. Isolate it. Allow of no buildings, except for market purposes—of no encroachments whatever—either upon the area itself or its new approaches."

Mr. Bovington was about to hazard a remark about abattoirs, when deafening cries again arose in the street.

"Mad bull! mad bull! mad bull!" roared from Smithfield-bars.

"Mad bull! mad bull!" was echoed from the uttermost ends of St. John Street.

Bovington looked out of window. A fine black ox was tearing furiously along the pavement. Women were screaming and rushing into shops, children scrambling out of the road, men hiding themselves in doorways, boys in ecstasies of rapture, drovers as mad as the bull tearing after him, sheep getting under the wheels of hackney-coaches, dogs half choking themselves with worrying the wool off their backs, pigs obstinately connecting themselves with a hearse and funeral, other oxen looking into public-houses—everybody and everything disorganised, no sort of animal able to go where it wanted or was wanted; nothing in its right place; everything wrong everywhere; all the town in a brain fever because of this infernal market!

The mad bull was Mr. Bovington's West Highlander. He was quite prepared for it. When he saw him going round the corner, and at the same moment beheld a nursemaid, a baby, and a baked potato-can, fly into the air in opposite directions, he was horrified, but not surprised. He followed his West Highlander. He followed the crowd tearing after his West Highlander, down St. John Street, through Jerusalem-passage, along Clerkenwell Green, up a hill, and down an alley. He passed two disabled apple-women, a fractured shop-front, an old man being put into a cab and taken to the hospital. At last, he traced the favourite of his herds into a back parlour in Liquorpond

Street, into which he had violently intruded through a tripe-shop, and where he was being slaughtered for his own peace and for the safety of the neighbourhood; but not at all to the satisfaction of an invalid who had leaped out of a turn-up bedstead, into the little yard behind. The carcass of the West Highlander was sold to a butcher for a sum which paid about half of what was demanded, from its owner, for compensation to the different victims of its fury.

Mr. Bovington returned to Long Hornets a 'wiser,' though certainly not—commercially speaking—a 'better' man. His adventures in Smithfield had made a large hole in a 50% note.

Some of his oxen were returned unsold. Two came back with the 'foot disease,' and the rest did not recover their value for six months.

Mr. Bovington has never tried Smithfield again. He regards it as a place accursed. In distant Reigns, he says, it was an odious spot, associated with cruelty, fanaticism, wickedness and torture; and in these later days it is worthy of its ancient reputation. It is a doomed, but a proper and consistent stronghold (according to Mr. Bovington) of prejudice, ignorance, cupidity, and stupidity:—

On some fond breast its parting soul relies,
Some pious alderman its fame admires;
Ev'n from its tomb, the voice of Suff'ring cries,
Ev'n in its ashes live its wonted Fires!

THE MINER'S DAUGHTERS.—A TALE OF THE PEAK.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE CHILD'S TRAGEDY.

THERE is no really beautiful part of this kingdom so little known as the Peak of Derbyshire. Matlock, with its tea-garden trumpery and mock-heroic wonders; Buxton, with its bleak hills and fashionable bathers; the truly noble Chatsworth and the venerable Haddon, engross almost all that the public generally have seen of the Peak. It is talked of as a land of mountains, which in reality are only hills; but its true beauty lies in valleys that have been created by the rending of the earth in some primeval convulsion, and which present a thousand charms to the eyes of the lover of nature. How deliciously do the crystal waters of the Wye and the Dove rush along such valleys, or dales, as they there are called. With what a wild variety do the grey rocks soar up amid their woods and copses. How airily stand in the clear heavens the lofty limestone precipices, and the grey edges of rock gleam out from the bare green downs—there *never* called downs. What a genuine Saxon air is there cast over the population, what a Saxon bluntness salutes you in their speech!

It is into the heart of this region that we propose now to carry the reader. Let him

suppose himself with us now on the road from Ashford-in-the-water to Tideswell. We are at the Bull's Head, a little inn on that road. There is nothing to create wonder, or a suspicion of a hidden Arcadia in anything you see, but another step forward, and—there! There sinks a world of valleys at your feet. To your left lies the delicious Monsal Dale. Old Finn Hill lifts his grey head grandly over it. Hobthrus's Castle stands bravely forth in the hollow of his side—grey, and desolate, and mysterious. The sweet Wye goes winding and sounding at his feet, amid its narrow green meadows, green as the emerald, and its dark glossy alders. Before us stretches on, equally beautiful, Cressbrook Dale; Little Edale shows its cottages from amidst its trees; and as we advance, the Mouselin-de-laine Mills stretch across the mouth of Miller's Dale, and startle with the aspect of so much life amid so much solitude.

But our way is still onward. We resist the attraction of Cressbrook village on its lofty eminence, and plunge to the right, into Wardlow Dale. Here we are buried deep in woods, and yet behold still deeper the valley descend below us. There is an Alpine feeling upon us. We are carried once more, as in a dream, into the Saxon Switzerland. Above us stretch the boldest ranges of lofty precipices, and deep amid the woods are heard the voices of children. These come from a few workmens' houses, couched at the foot of a cliff that rises high and bright amid the sun. That is Wardlow Cop; and there we mean to halt for a moment. Forwards lies a wild region of hills, and valleys, and lead-mines, but forward goes no road, except such as you can make yourself through the tangled woods.

At the foot of Wardlow Cop, before this little hamlet of Bellamy Wick was built, or the glen was dignified with the name of Raven Dale, there lived a miner who had no term for his place of abode. He lived, he said, under Wardlow-Cop, and that contented him.

His house was one of those little, solid, grey limestone cottages, with grey flagstone roofs, which abound in the Peak. It had stood under that lofty precipice when the woods which now so densely fill the valley were but newly planted. There had been a mine near it, which had no doubt been the occasion of its erection in so solitary a place; but that mine was now worked out, and David Dunster, the miner, now worked at a mine right over the hills in Miller's Dale. He was seldom at home, except at night, and on Sundays. His wife, besides keeping her little house, and digging and weeding in the strip of garden that lay on the steep slope above the house, hemmed in with a stone wall, also seamed stockings for a framework-knitter in Ashford, whither she went once or twice in the week.

They had three children, a boy and two

girls. The boy was about eight years of age; the girls were about five and six. These children were taught their lessons of spelling and reading by the mother, amongst her other multifarious tasks; for she was one of those who are called regular plodders. She was quiet, patient, and always doing, though never in a bustle. She was not one of those who acquire a character for vast industry by doing everything in a mighty flurry, though they contrive to find time for a tolerable deal of gossip under the plea of resting a bit, and which 'resting a bit' they always terminate by an exclamation that 'they must be off, though, for they have a world of work to do.' Betty Dunster, on the contrary, was looked on as rather 'a slow coach.' If you remarked that she was a hard-working woman, the reply was, 'Well, she's always doing—Betty's work's never done; but then she does na hurry hersen.' The fact was, Betty was a thin, spare woman, of no very strong constitution, but of an untiring spirit. Her pleasure and rest were, when David came home at night, to have his supper ready, and to sit down opposite to him at the little round table, and help him, giving a bit now and then to the children, that came and stood round, though they had had their suppers, and were ready for bed as soon as they had seen something of their 'dad.'

David Dunster was one of those remarkably tall fellows that you see about these hills, who seem of all things the very worst made men to creep into the little mole holes on the hill sides that they call lead-mines. But David did manage to burrow under and through the hard limestone rocks as well as any of them. He was a hard-working man, though he liked a sup of beer, as most Derbyshire men do, and sometimes came home none of the soberest. He was naturally of a very hasty temper, and would fly into great rages; and if he were put out by anything in the working of the mines, or the conduct of his fellow-workmen, he would stay away from home for days, drinking at Tideswell, or the Bull's Head at the top of Monsal Dale, or down at the Miners' Arms at Ashford-in-the-water.

Betty Dunster bore all this patiently. She looked on these things somewhat as matters of course. At that time, and even now, how few miners do not drink and 'rol a bit,' as they call it. She was, therefore, tolerant, and let the storms blow over, ready always to persuade her husband to go home and sleep off his drink and anger, but if he were too violent, leaving him till another attempt might succeed better. She was very fond of her children, and not only taught them on week days their lessons, and to help her to seam, but also took them to the Methodist Chapel in 'Tidser,' as they called Tideswell, whither, whenever she could, she enticed David. David, too, in his way, was fond of the children, especially of the boy, who was called David after him. He was quite wrapped up in the lad, to use the

phrase of the people in that part ; in fact, he was foolishly and mischievously fond of him. He would give him beer to drink, 'to make a true Briton on him,' as he said, spite of Betty's earnest endeavour to prevent it,—telling him that he was laying the foundation in the lad of the same faults that he had himself. But David Dunster did not look on drinking as a fault at all. It was what he had been used to all his life. It was what all the miners had been used to for generations. A man was looked on as a milk-sop and a Molly Coddle, that would not take his mug of ale, and be merry with his comrades. It required the light of education, and the efforts that have been made by the Temperance Societies, to break in on this ancient custom of drinking, which, no doubt, has flourished in these hills since the Danes and other Scandinavians, bored and perforated them of old for the ores of lead and copper. To Betty Dunster's remonstrances, and commendations of tea, David would reply,—'Botheration Betty, wench ! Dunna tell me about thy tea and such-like pig's-wash. It's all very well for women ; but a man, Betty, a man mun ha' a sup of real stingo, lass. He mun ha' summit to prop his ribs out, lass, as he delves through th' chert and tood-stone. When tha weylds th' maundrel (the pick), and I wash th' dishes, tha shall ha' th' drink, my wench, and I'll ha' th' tea. Till then, prithees let me aloon, and dunna bother me, for it's no use. It only kicks my monkey up.'

And Betty found that it was of no use ; that it did only kick his monkey up, and so she let him alone, except when she could drop in a persuasive word or two. The mill-owners at Cressbrook and Miller's Dale had forbidden any public-house nearer than Edale, and they had more than once called the people together to point out to them the mischiefs of drinking, and the advantages to be derived from the very savings of temperance. But all these measures, though they had some effect on the mill people, had very little on the miners. They either sent to Tideswell or Edale for kegs of beer to peddle at the mines, or they went thither themselves on receiving their wages.

And let no one suppose that David Dunster was worse than his fellows ; or that Betty Dunster thought her case a particularly hard one. David was 'pretty much of a muchness,' according to the country phrase, with the rest of his hard-working tribe, which was, and always had been, a hard-drinking tribe ; and Betty, though she wished it different, did not complain, just because it was of no use, and because she was no worse off than her neighbours.

Often when she went to 'carry in her hose' to Ashford, she left the children at home by themselves. She had no alternative. They were there in that solitary valley for many hours playing alone. And to them it was not solitary. It was all that they knew of life, and that all was very pleasant to them. In

spring, they hunted for birds'-nests in the copses, and amongst the rocks and grey stones that had fallen from them. In the copses built the blackbirds and thrushes : in the rocks the firetails ; and the grey wagtails in the stones, which were so exactly of their own colour, as to make it difficult to see them. In summer, they gathered flowers and berries, and in the winter they played at horses, kings, and shops, and sundry other things in the house.

On one of these occasions, a bright afternoon in autumn, the three children had rambled down the glen, and found a world of amusement in being teams of horses, in making a little mine at the foot of a tall cliff, and in marching for soldiers, for they had one day—the only time in their lives—seen some soldiers go through the village of Ashford, when they had gone there with their mother, for she now and then took them with her when she had something from the shop to carry besides her bundle of hose. At length they came to the foot of an open hill which swelled to a considerable height, with a round and climbable side, on which grew a wilderness of bushes amid which lay scattered masses of grey crag. A small winding path went up this, and they followed it. It was not long, however, before they saw some things which excited their eager attention. Little David, who was the guide, and assumed to himself much importance as the protector of his sisters, exclaimed, 'See here !' and springing forward, plucked a fine crimson cluster of the mountain bramble. His sisters, on seeing this, rushed on with like eagerness. They soon forsook the little winding and craggy foot-path, and hurried through sinking masses of moss and dry grass, from bush to bush and place to place. They were soon far up above the valley, and almost every step revealed to them some delightful prize. The clusters of the mountain-bramble, resembling mulberries, and known only to the inhabitants of the hills, were abundant, and were rapidly devoured. The dewberry was as eagerly gathered,—its large, purple fruit passing with them for blackberries. In their hands were soon seen posies of the lovely grass of Parnassus, the mountain cistus, and the bright blue geranium.

Higher and higher the little group ascended in this quest, till the sight of the wide, naked hills, and the hawks circling round the lofty, tower-like crags over their heads, made them feel serious and somewhat afraid.

'Where are we ?' asked Jane, the elder sister. 'Arn't we a long way from hom ?'

'Let us go hom,' said little Nancy. 'I'm afeerd here ;' clutching hold of Jane's frock.

'Pho, nonsense !' said David, 'what are you afeared on ? I'll tak care on you, niver fear.'

And with this he assumed a bold and defying aspect, and said, 'Come along ; there are nests in th' hazzles up yonder.'

He began to mount again, but the two girls lung back and said, 'Nay, David, dunna go higher; we are both afreed;' and Jane added, 'It's a long wee from hom, I'm sure.'

'And those birds screechen' so up there; I darna go up,' added little Nancy. They were the hawks that she meant, which hovered whimpering and screaming about the highest cliffs. David called them little cowards, but began to descend and, presently, seeking for berries and flowers as they descended, they regained the little winding, craggy road, and, while they were calling to each other, discovered a remarkable echo on the opposite hill side. On this, they shouted to it, and laughed, and were half frightened when it laughed and shouted again. Little Nancy said it must be an old man in the inside of the mountain; at which they were all really afraid, though David put on a big look, and said, 'Nonsense! it was nothing at all.' But Jane asked how nothing at all could shout and laugh as it did? and on this little Nancy plucked her again by the frock, and said in turn, 'Oh, dear, let's go hom!'

But at this David gave a wild whoop to frighten them, and when the hill whooped again, and the sisters began to run, he burst into laughter, and the strange spectral Ha! ha! ha! that ran along the inside of the hill as it were, completed their fear, and they stopped their ears with their hands and scuttled away down the hill. But now David seized them, and pulling their hands down from their heads, he said, 'See here! what a nice place with the stones sticking out like seats. Why, it's like a little house; let us stay and play a bit here.' It was a little hollow in the hill side surrounded by projecting stones like an amphitheatre. The sisters were still afraid, but the sight of this little hollow with its seats of crag had such a charm for them that they promised David they would stop awhile, if he would promise not to shout and awake the echo. David readily promised this, and so they sat down; David proposed to keep a school, and cut a hazel wand from a bush and began to lord it over his two scholars in a very pompous manner. The two sisters pretended to be much afraid, and to read very diligently on pieces of flat stone which they had picked up. And then David became a serjeant and was drilling them for soldiers, and stuck pieces of fern into their hair for cockades. And then, soon after, they were sheep, and he was the shepherd; and he was catching his flock and going to shear them, and made so much noise that Jane cried, 'Hold! there's the echo mocking us.'

At this they all were still. But David said, 'Pho! never mind the echo; I must shear my sheep:' but just as he was seizing little Nancy to pretend to shear her with a piece of stick, Jane cried out, 'Look! look!

how black it is coming down the valley there! There's going to be a dreadful starm; let us hurry hom!'

David and Nancy both looked up, and agreed to run as fast down the hill as they could. But the next moment the driving storm swept over the hill, and the whole valley was hid in it. The three children still hurried on, but it became quite dark, and they soon lost the track, and were tossed about by the wind, so that they had difficulty to keep on their legs. Little Nancy began to cry, and the three taking hold of each other endeavoured in silence to make their way homewards. But presently they all stumbled over a large stone, and fell some distance down the hill. They were not hurt, but much frightened, for they now remembered the precipices, and were afraid every minute of going over them. They now strove to find the track by going up again, but they could not find it anywhere. Sometimes they went upwards till they thought they were quite too far, and then they went downwards till they were completely bewildered; and then, like the Babes in the Wood, 'They sate them down and cried.'

But ere they had sate long, they heard footsteps, and listened. They certainly heard them and shouted, but there was no answer. David shouted, 'Help! fayther! mother! help!' but there was no answer. The wind swept fiercely by; the hawks whimpered from the high crags, lost in the darkness of the storm; and the rain fell, driving along icy cold. Presently, there was a gleam of light through the clouds; the hill-side became visible, and through the haze they saw a tall figure as of an old man ascending the hill. He appeared to carry two loads slung from his shoulders by a strap; a box hanging before, and a bag hanging at his back. He wound up the hill slowly and wearily, and presently he stopped and relieving himself of his load, seated himself on a piece of crag to rest. Again David shouted, but there still was no answer. The old man sate as if no shout had been heard—immoveable.

'It is a man,' said David, 'and I will mak him hear;' and with that he shouted once more with all his might. But the old man made no sign of recognition. He did not even turn his head, but he took off his hat and began to wipe his brow as if warm with the ascent.

'What can it be?' said David in astonishment. 'It is a man, that's sertain. I'll run and see.'

'Nay, nay!' shrieked the sisters. 'Don't, David! don't! It's perhaps the old man out of the mountain that's been mocking us. Perhaps,' added Jane, 'he only comes out in storms and darkness.'

'Stuff!' said David, 'an echo isn't a man; it's only our own voices. I'll see who it is; and away he darted, spite of the poor girl's

cried in terror, 'Don't; don't, David! Oh, don't.'

But David was gone. He was not long in reaching the old man, who sat on his stone breathing hard, as if out of breath with his ascent, but not appearing to perceive David's approach. The rain and the wind drove fiercely upon him, but he did not seem to mind it. David was half afraid to approach close to him, but he called out, 'Help; help, mester!' The old man remained as unconscious of his presence. 'Hillo!' cried David again. 'Can you tell us the way down, mester?' There was no answer, and David was beginning to feel a shudder of terror run through every limb, when the clouds cleared considerably, and he suddenly exclaimed, 'Why, it's old Tobias Turton of top of Edale, and he's as deaf as a door nail!'

In an instant, David was at his side; seized his coat to make him aware of his presence, and, on the old man perceiving him, shouted in his ear, 'Which is the way down here, Mester Turton? Where's the track?'

'Down? Weighs o' the back?' said the old man; 'ay, my lad, I was fain to sit down; it does weigh o' th' back, sure enough.'

'Where's the foot-track?' shouted David, again.

'Th' foot-track? Why, what art ta doing here, my lad, in such a starm? Is 'nt it David Dunster's lad?'

David nodded. 'Why, the track's here! see;' and the old man stamped his foot. 'Get down hom, my lad, as fast as thou can. What dun they do letting thee be upon th' hills in such a dee as this?'

David nodded his thanks, and turned to descend the track, while the old man adjusting his burden again, silently and wearily recommenced his way upwards.

David shouted to his sisters as he descended, and they quickly replied. He called to them to come towards him, as he was on the track, and was afraid to quit it again. They endeavoured to do this; but the darkness was now redoubled, and the wind and rain became more furious than ever. The two sisters were soon bewildered amongst the bushes, and David, who kept calling to them at intervals to direct their course towards him, soon heard them crying bitterly. At this, he forgot the necessity of keeping the track, and darting towards them, soon found them by continuing to call to them, and took their hands to lead them to the track. But they were now drenched through with the rain, and shivered with cold and fear. David, with a stout heart endeavoured to cheer them. He told them the track was close by, and that they would soon be at home. But though the track was not ten yards off, somehow they did not find it. Bushes and projecting rocks turned them out of their course; and owing to the confusion caused by the wind, the darkness, and their terror, they searched in vain for the track. Sometimes they thought

they had found it, and went on a few paces, only to stumble over loose stones, or get entangled in the bushes.

It was now absolutely becoming night. Their terrors increased greatly. They shouted and cried aloud, in the hope of making their parents hear them. They felt sure that both father and mother must be come home; and as sure that they would be hunting for them. But they did not reflect that their parents could not tell in what direction they had gone. Both father and mother were come home, and the mother had instantly rushed out to try to find them, on perceiving that they were not in the house. She had hurried to and fro, and called—not at first supposing they would be far. But when she heard nothing of them, she ran in, and begged of her husband to join in the search. But at first David Dunster would do nothing. He was angry at them for going away from the house, and said he was too tired to go on a wild-goose chase through the plantations after them. 'They are i' th' plantations,' said he; 'they are sheltering there somewhere. Let them alone, and they'll come home, with a good long tail behind them.'

With this piece of a child's song of sheep, David sat down to his supper, and Betty Dunster hurried up the valley, shouting—'Children, where are you? David! Jane! Nancy! where are you?'

When she heard nothing of them, she hurried still more wildly up the hill towards the village. When she arrived there—the distance of a mile—she inquired from house to house, but no one had seen anything of them. It was clear they had not been in that direction. An alarm was thus created in the village; and several young men set out to join Mrs. Dunster in the quest. They again descended the valley towards Dunster's house, shouting every now and then, and listening. The night was pitch dark, and the rain fell heavily; but the wind had considerably abated, and once they thought they heard a faint cry in answer to their call, far down the valley. They were right; the children had heard the shouting, and had replied to it. But they were far off. The young men shouted again, but there was no answer; and after shouting once more without success, they hastened on. When they reached David Dunster's house, they found the door open, and no one within. They knew that David had set off in quest of the children himself, and they determined to descend the valley. The distracted mother went with them, crying silently to herself, and praying inwardly, and every now and then trying to shout. But the young men raised their strong voices above hers, and made the cliffs echo with their appeals.

Anon a voice answered them down the valley. They ran on as well as the darkness would let them, and soon found that it was David Dunster, who had been in the planta-

tions on the other side of the valley; but hearing nothing of the lost children, now joined them. He said he had heard the cry from the hill-side farther down, that answered to their shouts; and he was sure that it was his boy David's voice. But he had shouted again, and there had been no answer but a wild scream as of terror, that made his blood run cold.

'O God!' exclaimed the distracted mother, 'what can it be? David! David! Jane! Nancy!'

There was no answer. The young men bade Betty Dunster to contain herself, and they would find the children before they went home again. All held on down the valley, and in the direction whence the voice came. Many times did the young men and the now strongly agitated father shout and listen. At length they seemed to hear voices of weeping and moaning. They listened—they were sure they heard a lamenting—it could only be the children. But why then did they not answer? On struggled the men, and Mrs. Dunster followed wildly after. Now, again, they stood and shouted, and a kind of terrified scream followed the shout.

'God in heaven!' exclaimed the mother; 'what is it? There is something dreadful. My children! my children! where are you?'

'Be silent, pray do, Mrs. Dunster,' said one of the young men, 'or we cannot catch the sounds so as to follow them.' They again listened, and the wailings of the children were plainly heard. The whole party pushed forward over stock and stone up the hill. They called again, and there was a cry of 'Here! here! father! mother! where are you?'

In a few moments more the whole party had reached the children, who stood drenched with rain, and trembling violently, under a cliff that gave no shelter, but was exposed especially to the wind and rain.

'O Christ! My children!' cried the mother wildly, struggling forwards and clasping one in her arms. 'Nancy! Jane! But where is David? David! David! Oh, where is David? Where is your brother?'

The whole party was startled at not seeing the boy, and joined in a simultaneous 'Where is he? Where is your brother?'

The two children only wept and trembled more violently, and burst into loud crying.

'Silence!' shouted the father. 'Where is David, I tell ye? Is he lost? David, lad, where art a?'

All listened, but there was no answer but the renewed crying of the two girls.

'Where is the lad, then?' thundered forth the father with a terrible oath.

The two terrified children cried, 'Oh, down there! down there!'

'Down where? Oh God!' exclaimed one of the young men; 'why it's a precipice! Down there!'

At this dreadful intelligence the mother

gave a wild shriek, and fell senseless on the ground. The young men caught her, and dragged her back from the edge of the precipice. The father in the same moment, furious at what he heard, seized the younger child that happened to be near him, and shaking it violently, swore he would fling it down after the lad.

He was angry with the poor children, as if they had caused the destruction of his boy. The young men seized him, and bade him think what he was about; but the man believing his boy had fallen down the precipice, was like a madman. He kicked at his wife as she lay on the ground, as if she were guilty of this calamity by leaving the children at home. He was furious against the poor girls, as if they had led their brother into danger. In his violent rage he was a perfect maniac, and the young men pushing him away, cried shame on him. In a while, the desperate man torn by a hurricane of passion, sate himself down on a crag, and burst into a tempest of tears, and struck his head violently with his clenched fists, and cursed himself and everybody. It was a dreadful scene.

Meantime, some of the young men had gone down below the precipice on which the children had stood, and, feeling amongst the loose stones, had found the body of poor little David. He was truly dead!

When he had heard the shout of his father, or of the young men, he had given one loud shout in answer, and saying 'Come on! never fear now!' sprang forward, and was over the precipice in the dark, and flew down and was dashed to pieces. His sisters heard a rush, a faint shriek, and suddenly stopping, escaped the destruction that poor David had found.

NEW LIFE AND OLD LEARNING.

THERE is not, in the whole of Bacon's writings, a remark more profoundly characteristic of the man and his philosophy, than is embodied in his epigram that Antiquity is the Youth of the World. If men could only have had the courage to act upon this truth as soon as it was pointed out,—if they could but have seen, that, in their mode of reckoning antiquity, they made always the mistake of beginning the calculations from the wrong end, and that, in everything relating to the progress of knowledge, and the advancement of the species, the Present, not the Past, should be deemed of superior authority,—how many miseries society would have spared itself, and how much earlier it would have profited by the greatest of its teachers, Experience!

'For antiquity,' says Lord Bacon, 'the opinion which men cherish concerning it is altogether negligent, and scarcely congruous even to the name. For the old age and grandevity of the world are to be truly counted as antiquity; which are properly to be ascribed to our times, not to the younger

age of the world, such as it was with the ancients. Since that age, in respect to us indeed, is ancient and greater; but in respect to the world itself, was new and lesser. And in reality, as we look for a greater acquaintance with human affairs, and a more mature judgment, from an old than from a young man, on account of his experience, and the variety and abundance of the things which he has seen, and heard, and considered, just so it is fit also that much greater things be expected from our age (if it knew its strength, and would endeavour and apply) than from the old times; as being a more advanced age of the world, and enlarged and accumulate with numberless experiences and observations.

Have these pregnant sentences lost their meaning in the two centuries and a half that have since rolled away? Let us take the wealthiest and most distinguished seminary of learning now existing in England, and judge.

At the commencement of the present century, when the *Novum Organum* had been written nearly two hundred years the examinations at the University of Oxford, so far as they were scientific at all, and not restricted to learned languages, turned entirely on the scholastic logic which the *Novum Organum* had shown to be a foul obstruction to knowledge. The new and true logic, as explained by Bacon, was never mentioned in the venerable place; and the new discoveries of the laws of nature to which it had led, formed no part of the general course of study, or of the subjects of public examination. It was quite possible for an Oxford man to have brought away a distinguished degree in the sciences, without knowing the truths of universal gravitation, or of the celestial motions, or of the planetary forces, or of any one of the provisions made by nature for the stability of the system we inhabit; and the very highest Oxford degree in the non-scientific departments, did not imply, any more than it does even yet, the remotest knowledge of modern languages or literature, of modern history or philosophy, of whether it might not have been Cromwell who discovered America, or Columbus who fought at Marston Moor. For any interest that the students at Oxford University were required to take in such matters, the past three hundred years might never have existed, or have been utterly annihilated, and all their wondrous burden of experiences melted into air.

It was not till after the nineteenth century had begun, that some sense of what had been going on in the world outside crept into the cloisters at Oxford. Statutes were then passed to recognise the Newtonian improvements in philosophy, and recommending, though not necessitating, their adoption into the course for honours. Honours nevertheless continued to be taken without them; and it is notorious that the soil has been ungenial to their growth, and that they

never have flourished in it. Oxford, in effect, continued up to this day no other than it was four centuries ago. Apart from the doubtful discipline of life and manners attainable within its walls, it is still no more than a huge theological school, where the lay youth of England are admitted to participate in such meagre allowance of intellectual training as the clergy think safe for themselves; where Manchester and Birmingham are ignored; where the Greek and Latin authors continue in the same esteem as when they actually contained whatever existed of learning left upon the earth, and no education could proceed without them; and from which there issue into the world yearly reinforcements of the upper classes of society, less able to cope with the wants and duties that surround them, and less acquainted with the laws and operations by which the present is to be guided into the future, than any self-taught merchant's clerk at Liverpool, or any sharp engineer's lad at the railway in Euston Square.

Now, what has been the answer from Oxford when reproaches of this kind have been addressed to it? What was its answer when ridiculed, forty years ago, for teaching what rational men had been laughing at for more than a century? It amounted to this—that so intimately had the original statutes of the University interwoven the Aristotelian methods with the whole course of its studies and exercises, and so sacredly were its officers bound to see to the enforcement of those statutes, that the last stronghold from which any such learning could be dislodged was the University, to which its mere forms and practices unhappily continued to be essential, even long after every vestige of reality had vanished out of them. In other words it was confessed that Oxford had been so constructed as a place of study, that the rules and statutes which should have been framed for the reception of truth, in whatever quarter it might appear, had turned out to be only available for the retention and perpetuation of error; and that Education, whose express province everywhere else was to absorb and make profit of every new acquisition, was miserably bound, on this spot only, to reject them all. Precisely the same arguments have very lately been repeated. When the great 'whip' of the country parsons brought up a majority against the Modern History statute twelve months ago, this was the plea on which bigotry rallied her forces; and when more recently the statute was again proposed, the same plea would have secured it the same reception, if the old flock of reverend Thwackums had not meanwhile tired of the expense and trouble of being dragged in a drove from their parsonages to the Senate House, to bleat forth ignorant *non placet*.

As it was, the History statute was passed with its notable limitation against the events of the last sixty years. The Oxford scholar

may now sail down the stream of modern story as long as the water is smooth, or the storm seen only in the distance; but as he nears the explosive point of 1789, of which the vast and terrible wrecks are still tumbling around us, a huge board warns him of 'danger,' and his frail little cock-boat of history is driven forcibly all the way back again. Such is the point of advance to which the present year of our Lord has brought the University of Oxford. Such is the provision made at the wealthiest place of education in the world, in the middle of the nineteenth century, for that true and subtle understanding of modern life and institutions on which the peaceful development of the twentieth century will mainly depend! But Oxford was founded by a Church, which, amid all ludicrous surrounding evidences of her failures and her follies, still claims to be infallible; and the worst peculiarities of the founder cleave to the foundation. The next fifty years will have to show, however, whether an institution shall be allowed to continue in the annual disposal of some half million or more of money for a purpose she so manifestly mistakes, that even the learning she prefers to every other is less taught to her scholars for the wisdom to be found in it, than for mere constructive skill in the language by which that wisdom is conveyed.

Sydney Smith has remarked it as one of the great advantages of the classical education in which we are trained in this country, that it sets before us so many examples of sublimity in action, and of sublimity in thought. 'It is impossible for us,' he exclaims, in one of those noble lectures on moral philosophy of which the fragments have recently been published, 'in the first and most ardent years of life, to read the great actions of the two greatest nations in the world, so beautifully related, without catching, *ourselves*, some taste for greatness, and a love for that glory which is gained by doing greater and better things than other men. And though the state of order and discipline into which the world is brought, does not enable a man frequently to do such things, as every day produced in the fierce and eventful democracies of Greece and Rome, yet, to love that which is great, is the best security for hating that which is little; the best cure for envy; the safest antidote for revenge; the surest pledge for the abhorrence of malice; the noblest incitement to love truth and manly independence and honourable labour, to glory in spotless innocence, and build up the system of life upon the rock of integrity.'

But is the opportunity fairly afforded for this? Is not the attention which ought to be fixed upon Things, to secure any part of the gain thus eloquently set before us, for the most part distracted and occupied by Words, in the system which commonly prevails? Has not the labour to be undergone in obtaining the ready verbal skill exacted in College examinations,

a direct tendency to weaken our pleasure in the history, philosophy, or poetry on which we grind and sharpen that verbal skill? We apprehend that this is really the case; and that the old learning which Oxford persists in thinking all-sufficient for the wants of our new and busy life, is taught upon a method which strips it of its noblest lessons, and withers its choicest fruit.

The question is a most serious one for those whom it most immediately concerns, and whom it should warn of the danger of too manifestly lagging behind the time. At this moment power is changing hands, as certainly, as in the days of those subtle and eager men who seated the ancient learning on its throne; and who would as surely deposit it now, if founding new universities amongst us, and give it but its due and proper place in the expanding circles of knowledge, as, four hundred years ago, they admitted its just predominance, and established its solitary sway. When periods of such vicissitude arrive, it is for those who have been powerful heretofore, to look to their tenures of authority. Upon nothing can they hope to rest, if not upon complete accordance with the spirit of the age, and a thorough aptitude to its necessities and wants. If the education of children is to continue imperfect and bad, as Dean Swift tells us he had found it always in his experience, in exact proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents, the next generation of parents will have to look to the continued security of their wealth and grandeur. The Earth is in incessant motion. The time when it was supposed to be permanently fixed in the centre of the universe has passed away for ever, and modes of study only suited to that time will have to share the fate that has befallen it.

THE RAILWAY STATION.

THEY judge not well, who deem that once among us
A spirit moved that now from earth has fled;
Who say that at the busy sounds which throng us,
Its shining wings for ever more have sped.

Not all the turmoil of the Age of Iron
Can scare that Spirit hence; like some sweet bird
That loud harsh voices in its cage environ,
It sings above them all, and will be heard!

Not, for the noise of axes or of hammers,
Will that sweet bird forsake her chosen nest;
Her warblings pierce through all those deafening
clamours

But surer to their echoes in the breast.

And not the Past alone, with all its guerdon
Of twilight sounds and shadows, bids them rise;
But soft, above the noontide heat and burden
Of the stern present, float those melodies.

Not with the baron bold, the minstrel tender,
Not with the ringing sound of shield and lance,
Not with the Field of Gold in all its splendour,
Died out the generous flame of old Romance.

Still, on a nobler strife than tilt or tourney,
Rides forth the errant knight, with brow elate;
Still patient pilgrims take, in hope, their journey;
Still meek and cloistered spirits 'stand and wait.'

Still hath the living, moving, world around us,
Its legends, fair with honour, bright with truth;
Still, as in tales that in our childhood bound us,
Love holds the fond traditions of its youth.

We need not linger o'er the fading traces
Of lost divinities; or seek to hold
Their serious converse 'mid Earth's green waste-
places,
Or by her lonely fountains, as of old:

For, far remote from Nature's fair creations,
Within the busy mart, the crowded street,
With sudden, sweet, unlooked-for revelations
Of a bright presence we may chance to meet;

E'en now, beside a restless tide's commotion,
I stand and hear, in broken music swell,
Above the ebb and flow of Life's great ocean,
An under-song of greeting and farewell.

For here are meetings: moments that inherit
The hopes and wishes, that through months and
years
Have held such anxious converse with the spirit,
That now its joy can only speak in tears;

And here are partings: hands that soon must sever,
Yet clasp the firmer; heart, that unto heart,
Was ne'er so closely bound before, nor ever
So near the other as when now they part;

And here Time holds his steady pace unbroken,
For all that crowds within his narrow scope;
For all the language, uttered and unspoken,
That will return when Memory comforts Hope!

One short and hurried moment, and for ever
Flies, like a dream, its sweetness and its pain;
And, for the hearts that love, the hands that sever,
Who knows what meetings are in store again!

They who are left, unto their homes returning,
With musing step, trace o'er each by-gone scene;
And they upon their journey—doth no yearning,
No backward glance, revert to what hath been?

Yes! for awhile, perchance, a tear-drop starting,
Dims the bright scenes that greet the eye and mind;
But here—as ever in life's cup of parting—
Theirs is the bitterness who stay behind!

So in life's sternest, last farewell, may waken
A yearning thought, a backward glance be thrown
By them who leave: but oh! how blest the token,
To those who stay behind when THEY are gone!

THE BROWN HAT.

'My son,' said the wisest of modern men—
whose name, of course, it were malicious to
mention, and foolish also, the object being to
promulgate charity, not to excite rancour—
'My son, if you would go through life easily,
I can give you no better rule of conduct than
this: *Never wear a brown hat in Friesland.*'

Now, though this piece of counsel may
sound as hieroglyphical and mysterious as
the well-known precept by *Mr. Malaprop*
administered to his offspring, when the latter

was about to quit home, 'Evil communication
is worth two in the bush,' it is nevertheless
susceptible of the clearest and most explicit
interpretation. Though the fruits of partic-
ular and personal experience, it may be
applied to every man who wears a hat under
the sun, the moon, the seven stars, or the
Seven Dials! let alone the Seven United
Provinces!

The Brown Hat whence this saying sprung,
was merely a hat of common quality and
uncommon comfort; soft to the head, not
stiff; a screen for eyes from the sun; a thing
taking no place among the traveller's luggage
—claiming no package of its own, and thus
offering no wrangling-stock to those most
tiresome of Jacks among all Jacks-in-office—
to wit, Custom-house officers. It was a hat
which the *Hatto* of hats must have accredited
as the very perfection of a quiet, middle-aged
traveller's *vade mecum*; something dull-
looking, it is true, for those whose thoughts
are 'wide-awake'; something vulgar, for any
one troubled by aristocratic fancies as to his
covering, and who loves not to be confounded
with his buttermilk; but withal a hat to be
defended by every man of sense, to be clung
to by every creature capable of headaches;
a hat one could be bumped about in during
a day of sixteen hours, in carriage, cart, or
third-class railway vehicle; a hat one could
lie in bed in for nightcap, or sit upon for
cushion; a kindly, comforting, unobtrusive
hat—brown, because it was of the felt's
natural colour, pliant as a piece of silk, sub-
missive to wind, impervious to rain. What
can we say more? A castor, as the Pilgrim's
Pollux put it, 'fit to be buried in.'

Yet such was the hat, and none other, which
—save your nerves be of granite, your cheeks
of brass, and your patience the patience of a
beaver—you are hereby solemnly warned not
to wear in Friesland. In London, when you
please and where you please, but not in Meppel,
and not in Zwolle, and not in Sneek, and,
most of all, not in the market-place at Leeen-
warden. As wisely might you have tried to
walk down a village-street, in Lancashire, on
Lifting-Monday (thirty years ago), thinking
to escape from the obliging maids and jolly
wives, who lurked behind their doors, bent on
tossing every passing male in a kitchen chair,
as have hoped for ten seconds of peace,—sup-
posing that in Friesland (two autumns since)
you took your walks abroad wearing a Brown
Hat!

It will be, peradventure, imagined by those
who are not strong in their geography, or who
have not studied the Book of Dresses, or who
entertain little curiosity concerning one of the
most noticeable and original districts in
Europe,—that these touchy Friesland folk
themselves don or doff nothing worth an
Englishman turning his head to admire; carry
aloft what all the well-bred world carries,—
and therefore cannot afford to let any one
thrive, save under the shadow of the 'regula-

tion beaver,' to which all polite Europe subscribes. Yet the case happens to be, that if there be a land in which perpetual wonderment could make the traveller wry-necked, that land is North Holland. Hong-Kong can hardly be stranger, either in its composition or its maintenance. So *Sci* herself (in Mr. Sealy's capital Chinese tale) did not boast a head-tire more 'express and surprising,' than the gentlewomen of all ages, through whose active decision and passive contempt the Brown Hat had to run the gauntlet.

Let us see if we can sketch this—though by no means catholically sure, that some stratum of use or ornament, may not have been overlooked in our specification. First, it is conceived that the hair upon the head of the Frieslander, must be cut as close as though subject to the pumpkin-shell barbarity of the pilgrim-fathers, when their scissors were intent on shearing off love-locks. Upon this closely cropped poll, comes first a knitted cap (Mrs. Loudon, perhaps, can tell whether there be an aristocratic or established stitch formula for its knitting), over that a silk scull cap. These tightly put on, the serious business of the head-gear begins. The victim is next hooped, bound, lined, circled and otherwise clasped up within gilt metal—various in its cut, provided it only fits close, 'as some one said,' for headaches, to throb against. The mistress of *Keetje*, the maid, is fond of having her kettle-cap made of gilt silver, sometimes—if she be of old family—of pure gold; and you will see her in the market-place, wearing, in addition to this precious piece of trepanning, a metal tiara, such as Grecian Queens wear upon the stage, stuck over with coarse jewels; nay, more, dangling at the sides of her face, a pair of inconceivable gilt pendants, at a distance looking like bunches of queer keys, or that minikin household furniture our English ladies now choose to suspend from their girdles. But this is not all. At the extreme angles of her forehead, *Keetje's* mistress—if a person of high fashion—must stick in two little square plots or tufts of frizzled silk, to pass for curls. This done, she may put on her cap of the finest lace, with its deep border or flap behind, fashioned like the brim of the dustman's hat, but from the costly daintiness of its material, and the creamy whiteness of the throat it lies against, somewhat more picturesque. Finally, if *Keetje's* mistress be a Friesland *Miss Flamborough* of 'first water'—a lady who knows the world, and has a spirit superior to old-fashioned prejudices—she must have by way of crown, all to her four caps (one of precious metals), a straw bonnet, a huge, heavy, coal-scuttle, festooned with loops and streamers of gaudy ribbon, and thriftily guarded at the edge with a hem or barrier of stout and gaudy printed chintz. Thus canopied are the comely wives and widows (maidens, possibly dispensing with the bonnet), who shrieked, clapped their hands, and, with every other

possible demonstration of offence, pursued the wearer of the Brown Hat in Friesland.

On the habiliments of the male moiety of society, tediousness forbids that we should expatiate; the less, as something will thus be left to be treated on a future day, when the grave question of apparel may be more solemnly entered upon. Enough for the moment, to say that it suits the singularities of this critical land: a land in which a Swimming Lion is the ensign, and of which His Majesty Topsy-Turvy might be sovereign; a land in which there is hardly a crooked horizontal line to be found, save among the sand-hills; a land in which, with all its neatness' care, scarce a building, be it church or market-house, palace or exchange, can be prevailed upon to stand perpendicular; a land in which for air you breathe extract of juniper, turf, tobacco, and stagnant waters, mixed; a land in which people eat cheese with their tea, and where a child that plucks a nest runs great danger of being whipped as an enemy to Church and State—guilty of trying to let in the republican ocean; a land where full-grown babies set up clockwork gentlemen and *papier mâché* swans, by way of animating their garden, and the weedy ponds in the same; a land where full-grown men undertake and complete some of the most magnificent enterprises which science can contrive for industry to carry out; a land of teeming plenty and of high prices; a land of bad digestions and beautiful complexions. No, the men of this land—the shippers of Dordrecht, the potters of Delft, the gardeners of Broet, and the dairy farmers of Harlingen, decked out for fair or frolic—must be to-day left with all their uncouth and indescribable finery, undescrivable, it may be, for some future parable.

But as if in the above there had not been indicated enough of what yet new and strange for Pilgrim to observe and to tolerate, and to smile at, with English supercilious civility in this country, the very names of places, even (as a descendant of Dr. Dilworth inadequately remarked), 'are neither Christian nor becoming.' One might bring one's mind to bear to be jeered at or stared at, in a land resounding with pompous and euphonious words—by the Wissihiccon, for instance, or on the Misslssippi, or at Canandaigna, or among the Inscoraras, or when bound for Passamaquoddy. Even the prize-scoltd at Billingsgate was silenced and rendered meek by being called a *Chrononkothologos*.—There's much in four syllables! But in Friesland the traveller is handed over from Workum to Higtum, and from Higtum to Midlum; thence perhaps to Boxum, and from Boxum to Hallum, Dokkum, Kollum, &c., &c., &c.; going through the whole alphabet of these 'make-believe' names, the very study of which on the map is enough to make properly-brought-up persons disdainful and critical! Yet, so far from feeling any proper sense of

their own position ; so far from the slightest shame or shrinking ; so far from one single deprecatory '*Pray don't make game of us ! We are decent folk after all, and well to do in the world, though some of us do come from Sueek !*'—these are the people, so lost to every sense of the ridiculous at home, as to tumble, towzle, and in every other conceivable and contemptuous mode maltreat the useful, comfortable, authentic, and in every respect unobtrusively defensible Brown Hat aforesaid ! Did its wearer stop before a shop-window to look wistfully at one of those stupendous jars of pickles, which with a dozen of hard eggs for each guest, form so prominent a feature of the Dutchman's merry-making suppers ; his coat-tails were sure to be pulled by some grinning child, broader than long, and in facture closely resembling Mr. Staunton's broadly-based new chessman. Did he lean over a gate to admire some magnificent bird, the brilliant cleanliness of which on the green carpet, gives us a new idea of the beauty of ox or cow, a head would be picked up from the dyke-side ; with a liberal emission of casual slang, and as likely as not, a stone would have been thrown—did Holland contain a single stone for a *David's* sling to utter. Did he adventure along the Wall of Zwolle on a glowing autumn evening, or meekly take the second best place on the *treckschuit* which was to waft him down the canal from Groningen to Delfzel (a water-path in its way, as peculiar and contradictory of all received principles as any railroad ever carried over house-tops at the Minories, or through the great pleasure-gardens and greenhouses of a *Sir Timothy Dod*), it was always one and the same story—one and the same contempt—one and the same experience. Simple laughed with a most disconcerting and noisy sincerity ; and Gentle stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths—held both their own sides and poked their neighbours. '*Driving Cloud*' or other of the *Ojibbeway* Indians if let loose in Clare-Market, would hardly have been made to feel his conspicuousness more signally than our traveller. There was neither privacy, place, nor pity, for the Brown Hat in Friesland.

Therefore, the wisest of these in advising his son, may have meant to say to him, '*Never throw your oddity in the teeth of other men's oddities.*' You cannot expect immunity for your own whims, if you force them upon other people's whims. Never expect that your '*ism*' will find quarter among their '*isms* ;' or (to put the adage otherwise) he may have desired to recommend a reading backwards of the old maxim—worn threadbare, rather by trampling upon, than by carrying about, to wit—'*Live, and let live.*'

If then you would live a quiet life in Friesland, NEVER WEAR A BROWN HAT !

ALCHEMY AND GUNPOWDER.

THE day-dream of mankind has ever been the Unattainable. To sigh for what is beyond our reach is from infancy to age, a fixed condition of our nature. To it we owe all the improvement that distinguishes civilised from savage life,—to it we are indebted for all the great discoveries which, at long intervals, have rewarded thought.

Though the motives which stimulated the earliest inquiries were frequently undefined, and, if curiously examined, would be found to be sometimes questionable, it has rarely happened that the world has not benefited by them in the end. Thus Astrology, which ascribed to the stars an influence over the actions and destinies of man ; Magic, which attempted to reverse the laws of nature, and Alchemy, which aimed at securing unlimited powers of self-reward ; all tended to the final establishment of useful science.

Of none of the sciences whose laws are fully understood, is this description truer than of that now called Chemistry, which once was Alchemy. That '*knowledge of the substance or composition of bodies,*' which the Arabic root of both words implies, establishes a fact in place of a chimera. Experimental philosophy has made Alchemy an impossible belief, but the faith in it was natural in an age when reason was seldom appealed to. The credulity which accepted witchcraft for a truth, was not likely to reject the theory of the transmutation of metals, nor strain at the dogma of perpetual youth and health ;—the concomitants of the Philosopher's Stone.

The Alchemists claim for their science the remotest antiquity possible, but it was not until three or four centuries after the Christian era that the doctrine of transmutation began to spread. It was amongst the Arabian physicians that it took root. Those learned men, through whom was transmitted so much that was useful in astronomy, in mathematics, and in medicine, were deeply tinctured with the belief in an universal elixir, whose properties gave the power of multiplying gold, of prolonging life indefinitely, and of making youth perpetual. The discoveries which they made of the successful application of mercury in many diseases, led them to suppose that this agent contained within itself the germ of all curative influences, and was the basis of all other metals. An Eastern imagination, ever prone to heighten the effects of nature, was not slow to ascribe a preternatural force to this medicine, but not finding it in its simple state, the practitioners of the new science had recourse to combination, in the hope, by that means, of attaining their object. To fix mercury became their first endeavour, and this fixation they described as '*catching the flying bird of Hermes.*' Once embarked in the illusory experiment, it is easy to perceive how far the Alchemists might be led ; nor

need it excite any wonder that in pursuit of the ideal, they accidentally hit upon a good deal that was real. The labours, therefore, of the Arabian physicians were not thrown away, though they entangled the feet of science in mazes, from which escape was only effected, after the lapse of centuries of misdirected efforts.

From the period we have last spoken of, until the commencement of the eleventh century, the only Alchemist of note is the Arabian Geber, who, though he wrote on the perfections of metals, of the new found art of making gold, in a word, on the philosopher's stone, has only descended to our times as the founder of that jargon, which passes under the name of 'gibberish.' He was, however, a great authority in the middle ages, and allusions to 'Geber's cooks,' and 'Geber's kitchen,' are frequent amongst those who at length saw the error of their ways after wasting their substance in the vain search for the elixir.

A longer interval might have elapsed but for the voice of Peter the Hermit, whose fanatical scheme for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre was the cause of that gradual absorption, by the nations of the West, of the learning which had so long been buried in the East. The Crusaders, or those, rather, who visited the shores of Syria under their protection—the men whose skill in medicine and letters rendered them useful to the invading armies—acquired a knowledge of the Arabian languages, and of the sciences cultivated by Arabian philosophers, and this knowledge they disseminated through Europe. Some part of it, it is true, was derived from the Moors in Spain, but it was all conveyed in a common tongue which began now to be understood. To this era belong the names of Alfonso the Wise, King of Castile; of Isaac Beimiram, the son of Solomon the physician; of Hali Abbas, the scholar of Abimeher Moyses, the son of Sejar; of Aben Sina, better known as Avicenna, and sometimes called Abohali; of Averroes of Cordova, surnamed the Commentator; of Rasis, who is also called Almanzor and Albumasar; and of John of Damascus, whose name has been latinised into Johannes Damascenus. All these, physicians by profession, were more or less professors of alchemy; and besides these were such as Arctephius, who wrote alchemical tracts about the year 1130, but who deserves rather to be remembered for the cool assertion which he makes in his 'Wisdom of Secrets' that, at the time he wrote he had reached the patriarchal—or fabulous—age of one thousand and twenty-five years!

The thirteenth century came, and with it came two men who stand first, as they then stood alone, in literary and scientific knowledge. One was a German, the other an Englishman; the first was Albertus Magnus, the last Roger Bacon.

Of the former, many wonderful stories are told:—such, for instance, as his having

given a banquet to the King of the Romans, in the gardens of his cloister at Cologne, when he converted the intensity of winter into a season of summer, full of flowers and fruits, which disappeared when the banquet was over; and his having constructed a marvellous automaton, called 'Androis,' which, like the invention of his contemporary, Roger Bacon, was said to be capable of auguring all questions, past, present, and to come.

To know more than the rest of the world in any respect, but particularly in natural philosophy, was a certain method by which to earn the name of necromancer in the middle ages, and there are few whose occult fame has stood higher than that of Roger Bacon. He, was afraid, therefore, to speak plainly—indeed, it was the custom of the early philosophers to couch their knowledge in what Bacon himself calls the 'tricks of obscurity;' and in his celebrated '*Epistola de Secretis*,' he adverts to the possibility of his being obliged to do the same thing, through '*the greatness of the secrets which he shall handle*.' With regard to the invention of his greatest secret, we shall give the words in which he speaks of the properties of gunpowder, and afterwards show in what terms he concealed his knowledge. '*Noyses*,' he says, '*may be made in the air like thunders*, yea, with greater horror than those that come of nature; *for a little matter fitted to the quantity of a thimble, maketh a horrible noise and wonderful lightning*. And this is done after sundry fashions, *whereby any citie or armie may be destroyed*.' A more accurate description of the explosion of gunpowder could scarcely be given, and it is not to be supposed that Bacon simply confined himself to the theory of his art, when he knew so well the consequences arising from a practical application of it. On this head there is a legend extant, which has not, to our knowledge, been printed before, from which we may clearly see why he contented himself with the cabalistic form in which he conveyed his knowledge of what he deemed a fatal secret.

Attached to Roger Bacon's laboratory, and a zealous assistant in the manifold occupations with which the learned Franciscan occupied himself, was a youthful student, whose name is stated to have been Hubert de Dreux. He was a Norman, and many of the attributes of that people were conspicuous in his character. He was of a quick intelligence and hasty courage, fertile in invention, and prompt in action, eloquent of discourse, and ready of hand; all excellent qualities, to which was superadded an insatiable curiosity. Docile to receive instruction, and apt to profit by it, Hubert became a great favourite with the philosopher, and to him Bacon expounded many of the secrets—or supposed secrets—of the art which he strove to bring to perfection. He instructed him also in the composition of certain medicines, which Bacon himself believed might be the means of prolonging life, though not to the indefinite extent dreamt of

by those who put their whole faith in the Great Elixir.

But there never yet was an adept in any art or science who freely communicated to his pupil the full amount of his own knowledge; something for experience to gather, or for ingenuity to discover, is always kept in reserve, and the instructions of Roger Bacon stopped short at one point. He was himself engaged in the prosecution of that chemical secret which he rightly judged to be a dangerous one, and, while he experimented with the compound of sulphur, saltpetre and charcoal, he kept himself apart from his general laboratory and wrought in a separate cell, to which not even Hubert had access. To know that the Friar had a mysterious occupation, which, more than the making of gold or the universal medicine, engrossed him, was enough of itself to rouse the young man's curiosity; but when to this was added the fact, that, from time to time, strange and mysterious noises were heard, accompanied by bright corruscations and a new and singular odour, penetrating through the chinks close to which his eyes were stealthily rivetted, Hubert's eagerness to know all that his master concealed had no limit. He resolved to discover the secret, even though he should perish in the attempt; he feared that there was good reason for the accusation of dealing in the Black Art, which, more than all others the monks of Bacon's own convent countenanced; but this apprehension only stimulated him the more. For some time Hubert waited without an opportunity occurring for gratifying the secret longing of his heart; at last it presented itself.

To afford medical assistance to the sick, was, perhaps, the most useful practice of conventional life, and the monks had always amongst them practitioners of the healing art, more or less skilful. Of this number, Roger Bacon was the most eminent, not only in the monastery to which he belonged, but in all Oxford.

It was about the hour of noon on a gloomy day towards the end of November, in the year 1282, while the Friar and his pupil were severally employed, the former in his secret cell, and the latter in the general laboratory, that there arrived at the gate of the Franciscan convent a messenger on horseback, the bearer of news from Abingdon that Walter de Losely, the sheriff of Berkshire, had that morning met with a serious accident by a hurt from a lance, and was then lying dangerously wounded at the hostelry of the Chequers in Abingdon, whither he had been hastily conveyed. The messenger added that the leech who had been called in was most anxious for the assistance of the skilful Friar Roger Bacon, and urgently prayed that he would lose no time in coming to the aid of the wounded knight.

Great excitement prevailed amongst the monks on the receipt of this intelligence, for

Walter de Losely was not only a man of power and influence, but moreover, a great benefactor to their order. Friar Bacon was immediately sought and speedily made his appearance, the urgency of the message admitting of no delay. He hastily enjoined Hubert to continue the preparation of an amalgam which he was desirous of getting into a forward state, and taking with him his case of instruments with the bandages and salves which he thought needful, was soon mounted on an easy, ambling palfrey on his way towards Abingdon, the impatient messenger riding before him to announce his approach.

When he was gone, quiet again reigned in the convent, and Herbert de Dreux resumed his occupation. But it did not attract him long. Suddenly he raised his head from the work and his eyes were lit up with a gleam in which joy and fear seemed equally blended. For the first time, for months, he was quite alone. What if he could obtain access to his master's cell and penetrate the mystery in which his labours had been so long enveloped! He cautiously stole to the door of the laboratory, and peeped out into a long passage, at the further extremity of which a door opened into a small court where, detached from the main edifice and screened from all observation, was a small building which the Friar had recently caused to be constructed. He looked about him timorously, fearing lest he might be observed; but there was no cause for apprehension, scarcely any inducement could have prevailed with the superstitious Franciscans to turn their steps willingly in the direction of Roger Bacon's solitary cell.

Re-assured by the silence, Hubert stole noiselessly onward, and tremblingly approached the forbidden spot. His quick eye saw at a glance that the key was not in the door, and his countenance fell. The Friar's treasure was locked up! He might see something, however, if he could not enter the chamber. He knelt down, therefore, at the door, and peered through the keyhole. As he pressed against the door, in doing so, it yielded to his touch. In the haste with which Friar Bacon had closed the entrance, the bolt had not been shot. Herbert rose hastily to his feet, and the next moment he was in the cell, looking eagerly round upon the crucibles and alembics, which bore witness to his master's labours. But beyond a general impression of work in hand, there was nothing to be gleaned from this survey. An open parchment volume, in which the Friar had recently been writing, next caught his attention. If the secret should be there in any known language. Hubert knew something of the Hebrew, but nothing yet of Arabic. He was reassured; the characters were familiar to him; the language Latin. He seized the volume, and read the few lines which the Friar had just traced on the last page.

They ran thus :—

'Videas tamen utrum loquar in senigmate vel secundum veritatem.' And, further (which we translate) : 'He that would see these things shall have the key that openeth and no man shutteth, and when he shall shut no man is able to open again.'

'But the secret—the secret!' cried Hubert, impatiently, 'let me know what "these things" are!'

He hastily turned the leaf back and read again. The passage was that one in the '*Epistola de Secretis*' which spoke of the artificial thunder and lightning, and beneath it was the full and precise recipe for its composition. This at once explained the strange noises and the flashes of light which he had so anxiously noticed. Surprising and gratifying as this discovery might be, there was, Hubert thought, something beyond. Roger Bacon, he reasoned, was not one to practise an experiment like this for mere amusement. It was, he felt certain, a new form of invocation, more potent, doubtless, over the beings of another world, than any charm yet recorded. Be it as it might, he would try whether, from the materials around him, it were not in his power to produce the same result.

'Here are all the necessary ingredients,' he exclaimed; 'this yellowish powder is the well known sulphur, in which I daily bathe the argent-vive; this bitter, glistening substance is the salt of the rock, the *salis petra*; and this black calcination, the third agent—But the proportions are given, and here stands a glass cucurbit in which they should be mingled. It is of the form my master mostly uses—round, with a small neck and a narrow mouth, to be luted closely, without doubt. He has often told me that the sole regenerating power of the universe is heat; yonder furnace shall supply it, and then Hubert de Dreux is his master's equal!'

* * * * *

The short November day was drawing to a close, when, after carefully tending the wounded sheriff, and leaving such instructions with the Abingdon leech as he judged sufficient for his patient's well-doing, Roger Bacon again mounted his palfrey, and turned its head in the direction of Oxford. He was unwilling to be a loiterer after dark, and his beast was equally desirous to be once more comfortably housed, so that his homeward journey was accomplished even more rapidly than his morning excursion; and barely an hour had elapsed when the Friar drew the rein at the foot of the last gentle eminence, close to which lay the walls of the cloistered city. To give the animal breathing-space, he rode quietly up the ascent, and then paused for a few moments before he proceeded, his mind intent on subjects foreign to the speculations of all his daily associations.

Suddenly, as he mused on his latest discovery, and calculated to what principal object

it might be devoted, a stream of fiery light shot rapidly athwart the dark, drear sky, and before he had space to think what the meteor might portend, a roar as of thunder shook the air, and simultaneous with it, a shrill, piercing scream, mingled with the fearful sound; then burst forth a volume of flame, and on the wind came floating a sulphurous vapour which, to him alone, revealed the nature of the explosion he had just witnessed.

'Gracious God!' he exclaimed, while the cold sweat poured like rain-drops down his forehead, 'the fire has caught the fulminating powder! But what meant that dreadful cry? Surely nothing of human life has suffered! The boy Hubert,—but, no,—he was at work at the further extremity of the building. But this is no time for vain conjecture,—let me learn the worst at once!'

And with these words he urged his affrighted steed to its best pace, and rode rapidly into the city.

All was consternation there: the tremendous noise had roused every inhabitant, and people were hurrying to and fro, some hastening towards the place from whence the sound had proceeded, others rushing wildly from it. It was but too evident that a dreadful catastrophe, worse even than Bacon dreaded, had happened. It was with difficulty he made his way through the crowd, and came upon the ruin which still blazed fiercely, appalling the stoutest of heart. There was a tumult of voices, but above the outcries of the affrighted monks, and of the scared multitude, rose the loud voice of the Friar, calling upon them to extinguish the flames. This appeal turned all eyes towards him, and then associating him with an evil, the cause of which they were unable to comprehend, the maledictions of the monks broke forth.

'Seize the accursed magician,' they shouted; 'he has made a fiery compact with the demon! Already one victim is sacrificed,—our turn will come next! See, here are the mangled limbs of his pupil, Hubert de Dreux! The fiend has claimed his reward, and borne away his soul. Seize on the wicked sorcerer, and take him to a dungeon!'

Roger Bacon sat stupefied by the unexpected blow; he had no power, if he had possessed the will, to offer the slightest resistance to the fury of the enraged Franciscans, who, in the true spirit of ignorance, had ever hated him for his acquirements. With a deep sigh for the fate of the young man, whose imprudence he now saw had been the cause of this dreadful event, he yielded himself up to his enemies; they tore him from his palfrey, and with many a curse, and many a buffet, dragged him to the castle, and lodged him in one of its deepest dungeons.

The flames from the ruined cell died out of themselves; but those which the envy and dread of Bacon's genius had kindled, were never extinguished, but with his life.

In the long years of imprisonment which

followed—the doom of the stake being averted only by powerful intercession with the Pope—Bacon had leisure to meditate on the value of all he had done to enlarge the understanding and extend the knowledge of his species. ‘The prelates and friars,’ he wrote in a letter which still remains, ‘have kept me starving in close prison, nor will they suffer anyone to come to me, fearing lest my writings should come to any other than the Pope and themselves.’

He reflected that of all living men he stood well nigh alone in the consciousness that in the greatest of his inventions he had produced a discovery of incalculable value, but one for which on every account the time was not ripe.

‘I will not die,’ he said, ‘without leaving to the world the evidence that the secret was known to me whose marvellous power future ages shall acknowledge: But not yet shall it be revealed. Generations must pass away and the minds of men become better able to endure the light of science, before they can profit by my discovery. Let him who already possesses knowledge, guess the truth these words convey.’

And in place of the directions by which Hubert de Dreux had been guided, he altered the sentence as follows:—

Sed tamen salis petrae,
LURU MONE CAP UBRE
et sulphuris.’

The learned have found that these mystical words conceal the anagram of *Carbonum pulvere*, the third ingredient in the composition of Gunpowder.

“A GOOD PLAIN COOK.”

‘WANTED, a good plain Cook,’ is hungrily echoed from the columns of the *Times*, by half the husbands and bachelors of Great Britain. According to the true meaning of the words ‘A good plain Cook’—to judge from the unskilful manner in which domestic cookery is carried on throughout the length and breadth of the land—is a very great rarity. But the conventional and the true meaning of the expression widely differ.

‘What is commonly self-called a plain cook,’ says a writer in the *Examiner*, ‘is a cook who spoils food for low wages. She is a cook, not because she knows anything about cookery, but because she prefers the kitchen-fire to scrubbing floors, polishing grates, or making beds. A cook who can boil a potato and dress a mutton-chop is one in a thousand.’

Such very plain cooks will always exist for dyspeptic purposes, while those who are in authority over them remain ignorant of an art which, however much it may be slighted, exercises a crowning influence over health and happiness. Eat we must; and it is literally a subject of vital importance whether what

we eat be properly adapted for healthful digestion or not.

Medical statistics tell us that of all diseases with which the English are afflicted, those arising directly or indirectly from impaired digestive organs are the most prevalent. We are falsely accused in consequence of over-eating; but the true cause of our ailments is bad cooking. A Frenchman or a German devours much more at one of his own inexhaustible *tables-d’hôte* than an Englishman consumes at his dining-table—and with impunity; for the foreigner’s food being properly prepared is easily digested. ‘The true difference,’ says a pleasant military writer in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, ‘between English and foreign cookery is just this: in preparing butcher’s meat for the table, the aim of foreign cookery is to make it tender, of English to make it hard. And both systems equally effect their object, in spite of difficulties on each side. The butcher’s meat, which you buy abroad, is tough, coarse-grained, and stringy; yet foreign cookery sends this meat to table tender. The butcher’s meat which you buy in England is tender enough when it comes home; but domestic cookery sends it up hard. Don’t tell me the hardness is in the meat itself. Nothing of the kind; it’s altogether an achievement of the English cuisine. I appeal to a leg of mutton, I appeal to a beef-steak, as they usually come to table; the beef half-broiled, the mutton half-roasted. Judge for yourself. The underdone portion of each is tender; the portion that’s dressed is hard. Argal, the hardness is due to the dressing, not to the meat: it is a triumph of domestic cookery. Engage a “good plain cook”—tell her to boil a neck of mutton, that will show you what I mean. All London necks of mutton come to table crescents, regularly curled.’

This is but too true: the real art of stewing is almost unknown in Great Britain, and even in Ireland, despite the fame of an ‘Irish stew.’

Everything that is not roasted or fried, is boiled, ‘a gallop,’ till the quality of tenderness is consolidated to the consistency of caoutchouc. Such a thing as a stewpan is almost unknown in houses supported by less than from three to five hundred a year.

These gastronomic grievances are solely due to neglected education. M. Alexis Soyer, with a touch of that quiet irony which imparts to satire its sharpest sting, dedicated his last *Cookery-book* ‘to the daughters of Albion.’ Having some acquaintance with their deficiencies, he laid his book slyly at their feet to drop such a hint as is conveyed when a dictionary is handed to damsels who blunder in orthography, or when watches are presented to correct unpunctuality. It is to be feared, however, that ‘the daughters of Albion’ were too busy with less useful—though to them scarcely less essential—accomplishments, to profit by his hint. Cookery is

a subject they have never been taught to regard as worthy of their attention; rather, indeed, as one to be avoided; for it is never discussed otherwise than apologetically, with a simpering sort of jocularity, or as something which it is 'low' to know anything about. When a certain diplomatist was reminded that his mother had been a cook, he did not deny the fact; but assured the company, 'upon his honour, that she was a very bad one.' People in the best society do not hesitate to bore others with their ailments, and talk about cures and physic; but conversation respecting prevention—which is better than cure—and wholesomely prepared food is tabooed.

Young ladies of the leisure classes are educated to become uncommonly acute critics of all that pertains to personal blandishment. They keep an uncompromisingly tight hand over their milliners and ladies' maids. They can tell to a thread when a frounce is too narrow or a tuck too deep. They are taught to a shade what colours suit their respective complexions, and to a hair how their *coiffure* ought to be arranged. Woe unto the seamstress or handmaiden who sins in these matters! But her 'good plain cook'—when a damsel is promoted to wedlock, and owns one—passes unrebuked for the most heinous offences. Badly seasoned and ill assimilated soup; fish, without any fault of the fishmonger, soft and flabby; meat rapidly roasted before fierce fires—burnt outside and raw within; poultry rendered by the same process tempting to the eye, till dissection reveals red and uncooked joints! These crimes, from their frequency and the ignorance of 'the lady of the house,' remain unpunished. Whereupon, husbands, tired of their Barmecide feasts—which disappoint the taste more because they have often a promising look to the eye—prefer better fare at their clubs; and escape the Scylla of bad digestion, to be wrecked on the Charybdis of domestic discord. All this is owing to the wife's culinary ignorance, and to your 'Good Plain Cooks.'

We do not say that the daughters of the wealthy and well-to-do should be submitted to regular kitchen apprenticeships, and taught the details of cookery, any more than that they should learn to make shoes or to fit and sew dresses. But it is desirable that they should acquire *principles*—such principles as would enable them to apply prompt correction to the errors of their hired cooks. It is no very bold assertion that were such a knowing and judicious supervision generally exercised, the stomach diseases, under which half our nation is said to groan, would be materially abated.

Let us take a step or two lower in the ladder of English life, where circumstances oblige the Good Plain Cook and the wife to be one and the same person. Many a respectable clerk, and many a small farmer, is doomed from one year's end to another to a weary-

ing disproportion of cold, dry, uncomfortable dinners, because his wife's knowledge of cookery takes no wider range than that which pertains to the roasted, boiled, and fried. Thousands of artisans and labourers are deprived of half the actual nutriment of food, and of all the legitimate pleasures of the table, because their better halves—though good plain cooks, in the ordinary acceptation of the term—are in utter darkness as to economising, and rendering palatable the daily sustenance of their families. 'If we could see,' says a writer before quoted, 'by the help of an Asmodeus what is going on at the dinner-hour of the humbler of the middle class, what a spectacle of discomfort, waste, ill-temper, and consequent ill-conduct, it would be! The man quarrels with his wife because there is nothing he can eat, and he generally makes up in drink for the deficiencies in the article of food. Gin is the consolation to the spirits and the resource to the balked appetite. There is thus not only the direct waste of food and detriment to health, but the farther consequent waste of the use of spirits, with its injury to the habits and the health. On the other hand, people who eat well drink moderately; the satisfaction of appetite with relish dispensing with recourse to stimulants. Good-humour, too, and good health follow a good meal, and by a good meal we mean anything, however simple, well dressed in its way. A rich man may live very expensively and very ill, and a poor one very frugally but very well, if it be his good fortune to have a good cook in his wife or his servant; and a ministering angel a good cook is, either in the one capacity or the other, not only to those in humble circumstances, but to many above them of the class served by what are self-termed professed cooks, which is too frequently an affair of profession purely, and who are to be distinguished from plain cooks only in this, that they require larger wages for spoiling food, and spoil much more in quantity, and many other articles to boot.'

Great would be the advantage to the community, if cookery were made a branch of female education. To the poor, the gain would be incalculable. 'Amongst the prizes which the Bountifuls of both sexes are fond of bestowing in the country,' we again quote the *Examiner*, 'we should like to see some offered for the best-boiled potato, the best-grilled mutton-chop, and the best-seasoned hotch-potch soup or broth. In writing of a well-boiled potato, we are aware that we shall incur the contempt of many for attaching importance to a thing they suppose to be so common; but the fact is, that their contempt arises, as is often the origin of contempt, from their ignorance, there not being one person in ten thousand who has ever seen and tasted that great rarity—a well-boiled potato.'

This is scarcely an exaggeration. The importance attached to the point by the highest gastronomic authorities, is shown by what took place, some years since, at the meeting

of a Pall Mall Club Committee specially called for the selection of a cook. The candidates were an Englishman, from the Albion Tavern, and a Frenchman recommended by Ude. The eminent divine who presided in right of distinguished connoisseurship put the first question to the candidates. It was this:—'Can you boil a potato?'

Let us hope that these hints will fructify and be improved upon, and that the first principles of cooking will become, in some way, a part of female education. In schools, however, this will be difficult. It can only be a branch of household education; and until it does so become, we shall continue to be afflicted with 'Good Plain Cooks.'

TWO-HANDED DICK THE STOCKMAN. AN ADVENTURE IN THE BUSH.

TRAVELLING in the Bush one rainy season, I put up for the night at a small weather-bound inn, perched half way up a mountain range, where several Bush servants on the tramp had also taken refuge from the down-pouring torrents. I had had a long and fatiguing ride over a very bad country, so, after supper, retired into the furthest corner of the one room that served for 'kitchen, and parlour, and all,' and there, curled up in my blanket, in preference to the bed offered by our host, which was none of the cleanest; with half-shut eyes, I glumly puffed at my pipe in silence, allowing the hubble-bubble of the Bushmen's gossip to flow through my unnoting ears.

Fortunately for my peace, the publican's stock of rum had been some time exhausted, and as I was the latest comer, all the broiling and frying had ceased, but a party sat round the fire, evidently set in for a spell at 'yarning.' At first the conversation ran in ordinary channels, such as short reminiscences of old world rascality, perils in the Bush. Till at length a topic arose which seemed to have a paramount interest for all. This was the prowess of a certain Two-Handed Dick the Stockman.

'Yes, yes; I'll tell you what it is, mates,' said one; 'this confounded reading and writing, that don't give plain fellows like you and me a chance;—now, if it were to come to fighting for a living, I don't care whether it was half-minute time and London rules, rough and tumble, or single stick, or swords and bayonets, or tomahawks,—I'm dashed if you and me, and Two-Handed Dick, wouldn't take the whole Legislative Council, the Governor and Judges—one down 'tother come on. Though, to be sure, Dick could thrash any two of us.'

I was too tired to keep awake, and dozed off, to be again and again disturbed with cries of 'Bravo, Dick!' 'That's your sort!' 'Houray, Dick!' all signifying approval of that individual's conduct in some desperate encounter, which formed the subject of a stirring narrative.

For months after that night this idea of Two-Handed Dick haunted me, but the bustle of establishing a new station at length drove it out of my head.

I suppose a year had elapsed from the night when the fame of the double-fisted stockman first reached me. I had to take a three days' journey to buy a score of fine-woolled rams, through a country quite new to me, which I chose because it was a short cut recently discovered. I got over, the first day, forty-five miles comfortably. The second day, in the evening, I met an ill-looking fellow walking with a broken musket, and his arm in a sling. He seemed sulky, and I kept my hand on my double-barrelled pistol all the time I was talking to him; he begged a little tea and sugar, which I could not spare, but I threw him a fig of tobacco. In answer to my questions about his arm, he told me, with a string of oaths, that a bull, down in some mimosa flats, a day's journey a-head, had charged him, flung him into a water-hole, broken his arm, and made him lose his sugar and tea bag. Bulls in Australia are generally quiet, but this reminded me that some of the Highland black cattle imported by the Australian Company, after being driven off by a party of Gully Rakees (cattle stealers), had escaped into the mountains and turned quite wild. Out of this herd, which was of a breed quite unsuited to the country, a bull sometimes, when driven off by a stronger rival, would descend to the mimosa flats, and wander about, solitary and dangerously fierce.

It struck me as I rode off, that it was quite as well my friend's arm and musket had been disabled, for he did not look the sort of man it would be pleasant to meet in a thicket of scrub, if he fancied the horse you rode. So, keeping one eye over my shoulder, and a sharp look-out for any other traveller of the same breed, I rode off at a brisk pace. I made out afterwards that my foot friend was Jerry Jonson, hung for shooting a bullock-driver, the following year.

At sun-down, when I reached the hut where I had intended to sleep, I found it deserted, and so full of fleas, I thought it better to camp out; so I hobbled out old Grey-tail on the best piece of grass I could find which was very poor indeed.

The next morning when I went to look for my horse he was nowhere to be found. I put the saddle on my head and tracked him for hours, it was evident the poor beast had been travelling away in search of grass. I walked until my feet were one mass of blisters; at length, when about to give up the search in despair, having quite lost the track on stony ground, I came upon the marks quite fresh in a bit of swampy ground, and a few hundred yards further found Master Grey-tail rolling in the mud of a nearly dry water-hole as comfortably as possible. I put down the saddle and called him; at that moment I heard a loud roar and

crash in a scrub behind me, and out rushed at a terrific pace a black Highland bull charging straight at me. I had only just time to throw myself on one side flat on the ground as he thundered by me. My next move was to scramble among a small clump of trees, one of great size, the rest were mere saplings.

The bull having missed his mark, turned again, and first revenged himself by tossing my saddle up in the air, until fortunately it lodged in some bushes; then, having smelt me out, he commenced a circuit round the trees, stamping, pawing, and bellowing frightfully. With his red eyes and long sharp horns he looked like a demon; I was quite unarmed, having broken my knife the day before; my pistols were in my holsters, and I was wearied to death. My only chance consisted in dodging him round the trees until he should be tired out. Deeply did I regret having left my faithful dogs Boomer and Bounder behind.

The bull charged again and again, sometimes coming with such force against the tree that he fell on his knees, sometimes bending the saplings behind which I stood until his horns almost touched me. There was not a branch I could lay hold of to climb up. How long this awful game of '*touchwood*' lasted, I know not; it seemed hours; after the first excitement of self-preservation passed off, weariness again took possession of me, and it required all the instinct of self-preservation to keep me on my feet; several times the bull left me for a few seconds, pacing suddenly away, bellowing his malignant discontent; but before I could cross over to a better position he always came back at full speed. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, my eyes grew hot and misty, my knees trembled under me, I felt it impossible to hold out until dark. At length I grew desperate, and determined to make a run for the opposite covert the moment the bull turned towards the water-hole again. I felt sure I was doomed, and thought of it until I grew indifferent. The bull seemed to know I was worn out, and grew more fierce and rapid in his charges, but just when I was going to sit down under the great tree and let him do his worst, I heard the rattle of a horse among the rocks above, and a shout that sounded like the voice of an angel. Then came the barking of a dog, and the loud reports of a stockwhip, but the bull with his devilish eyes fixed on me, never moved.

Up came a horseman at full speed; crack fell the lash on the black bull's hide; out spirted the blood in a long streak. The bull turned savagely—charged the horseman. The horse wheeled round just enough to baffle him—no more—again the lash descended, cutting like a long flexible razor, but the mad bull was not to be beaten off by a whip: he charged again and again; but he had met his match; right and left, as needed, the horse turned, some-

times pivoting on his hind, sometimes on his fore-legs.

The stockman shouted something, leapt from his horse, and strode forward to meet the bull with an open knife between his teeth. As the beast lowered his head to charge, he seemed to catch him by the horns. There was a struggle, a cloud of dust, a stamping like two strong men wrestling—I could not see clearly; but the next moment the bull was on his back, the blood welling from his throat, his limbs quivering in death.

The stranger, covered with mud and dust, came to me, saying as unconcernedly as if he had been killing a calf in a slaughter-house, 'He's dead enough, young man; he won't trouble anybody any more.'

I walked two or three paces toward the dead beast; my senses left me—I fainted.

When I came to myself, my horse was saddled, bridled, and tied up to a bush. My stranger friend was busy flaying the bull.

'I should like to have a pair of boots out of the old devil,' he observed, in answer to my enquiring look, 'before the dingoes and the eagle hawks dig into his carcase.'

We rode out of the flats up a gentle ascent, as night was closing in. I was not in talking humour; but I said, 'You have saved my life.'

'Well, I rather think I have' but this was muttered in an under tone; 'it's not the first I have saved, or taken either, for that matter.'

I was too much worn out for thanking much, but I pulled out a silver hunting-watch and put it into his hand. He pushed it back, almost roughly, saying, 'No, Sir, not now; I shalln't take money or money's worth for that, though I may ask something some time. It's nothing, after all. I owed the old black devil a grudge for spoiling a blood filly of mine; beside, though I didn't know it when I rode up first, and went at the beast to take the devil out of myself as much as anything,—I rather think that you are the young gentleman that ran through the Bush at night to Manchester Dan's hut, when his wife was bailed up by the Blacks, and shot one-eyed Jackey, in spite of the Governor's proclamation.'

'You seem to know me,' I answered; 'pray may I ask who you are, if it is a fair question, for I cannot remember ever having seen you before.'

'Oh, they call me "Two-handed Dick," in this country.'

The scene in the roadside inn flashed on my recollection. Before I could say another word, a sharp turn round the shoulder of the range we were traversing, brought us in sight of the fire of a shepherd's hut. The dogs ran out barking; we hallooed and cracked our whips, and the hut-keeper came to meet us with a fire-stick in his hand.

'Lord bless my heart and soul! Dick, is that thee at last? Well, I thought thee were't never coming;' cried the hut-keeper, a little man, who came limping forward very fast

with the help of a crutch-handled stick. 'I say, Missis, Missis, here 's Dick, here 's Two-handed Dick.'

This was uttered in a shrill, hysterical sort of scream. Out came 'Missis' at the top of her speed, and began hugging Dick as he was getting off his horse, her arms reached a little above his waist, laughing and crying, both at the same time, while her husband kept fast hold of the Stockman's hand, muttering, 'Lord, Dick, I'm so glad to see thee.' Meanwhile the dogs barking, and a flock of weaned lambs just penned, ba'ing, made such a riot, that I was fairly bewildered. So, feeling myself one too many, I slipped away, lending off both the horses to the other side the hut, where I found a shepherd, who showed me a grass paddock to feed the nags a bit before turning them out for the night. I said to him, 'What is the meaning of all this going on between your mate and his wife, and the big Stockman?'

'The meaning, Stranger; why, that 's Two-handed Dick, and my mate is little Jemmy that he saved, and Charley Anvils at the same time, when the Blacks slaughtered the rest of the party, near on a dozen of them.'

On returning, I found supper smoking on the table, and we had made a regular 'Bush' meal. The Stockman then told my adventure, and, when they had exchanged all the news, I had little difficulty in getting the hut-keeper to the point I wanted; the great difficulty lay in preventing man and wife from telling the same story at the same time. However, by judicious management, I was able to gather the following account of *Two-handed Dick's Fight and Ride*.

'When first I met Dick he was second Stockman to Mr. Ronalds, and I took a shepherd's place there; it was my second place in this country, for you see I left the Old Country in a bad year for the weaving trade, and was one of the first batch of free emigrants that came out, the rest were chiefly Irish. I found shepherding suit me very well, and my Missis was hut-keeper. Well, Dick and I got very thick; I used to write his letters for him, and read in an evening and so on. Well, though I undertook a shepherd's place I soon found I could handle an axe pretty well. Throwing the shuttle gives the use of the arms, you see, and Dick put into my head that I could make more money if I took to making fences; I sharpening the rails and making the mortice-holes, and a stranger man setting them. I did several jobs at odd times, and was thought very handy. Well, Mr. Ronalds, during the time of the great drought five years ago, determined to send up a lot of cattle to the North, where he had heard there was plenty of water and grass, and form a Station there. Dick was picked out as Stockman; a young gentleman, a relation of Mr. Ronalds, went as head of the party, a very foolish, conceited young man, who knew very little of

Bush life, and would not be taught. There were eight splitters and fencers, besides Charley Anvils, the blacksmith, and two bullock drivers.

'I got leave to go because I wanted to see the country and Dick asked. My missis was sorely against my going. I was to be storekeeper, as well as do any farming; and work if wanted.

'We had two drays, and were well armed. We were fifteen days going up before we got into the new country, and then we travelled five days; sometimes twenty-four hours without water; and sometimes had to unload the drays two or three times a day, to get over creeks. The fifth day we came to very fine land; the grass met over our horses' necks, and the river was a chain of water-holes, all full, and as clear as crystal. The kangaroos were hopping about as plentiful as rabbits in a warren; and the grass by the river side had regular tracks of the emus, where they went down to drink.

'We had been among signs of the Blacks too, for five days. But had not seen anything of them, although we could hear the devils cooing at nightfall, calling to each other. We kept regular watch and watch at first—four sentinels, and every man sleeping with his gun at hand.

'Now, as it was Dick's business to tail (follow) the cattle, five-hundred head, I advised him to have his musket sawed off in the barrel, so as to be a more handy size for using on horse-back. He took my advice; and Charley Anvils made a very good job of it, so that he could bring it under his arm when hanging at his back from a rope sling, and fire with one hand. It was lucky I thought of it, as it turned out.

'At length the overseer fixed on a spot for the Station. It was very well for water and grass, and a very pretty view, as he said, but it was too near a thicket where the Blacks would lie in ambush, for safety. The old Bushmen wanted it planted on a neck of land, where the waters protected it all but one side, and there a row of fence would have made it secure.

'Well, we set to work, and soon had a lot of tall trees down. Charley put up his forge and his grindstone, to keep the axe sharp, and I staid with him. Dick went tailing the cattle, and the overseer sat on a log and looked on. The second day a mob of Blacks came down on the opposite side of the river. They were quite wild, regular *myals*, but some of our men with green branches, went and made peace with them. They liked our bread and sugar; and after a short time we had a lot of them helping to draw rails, fishing for us, bringing wild honey, kangaroos, rats, and firewood, in return for butter and food, so we began to be less careful about our arms. We gave them iron tomahawks, and they soon found out that they could cut out an opossum from a hollow in half-an-hour

with one of our tomahawks, while it took a day with one of their own stone ones.

'And so the time passed very pleasantly. We worked away. The young men and gins worked for us. The chiefs adorned themselves with the trinkets and clothes we gave them, and fished and hunted, and admired themselves in the river.

'Dick never trusted them; he stuck to his cattle; he warned us not to trust them, and the overseer called him a bloodthirsty murdering blackguard for his pains.

'One day, the whole party were at work, chopping and trimming weather-boards for the hut; the Blacks helping as usual. I was turning the grindstone for Charley Anvils, and Dick was coming up to the dray to get some tea, but there was a brow of a hill between him and us; the muskets were all piled in one corner. I heard a howl, and then a scream—our camp was full of armed Blacks. When I raised my head, I saw the chief, Captain Jack we called him, with a broad axe in his hand, and the next minute he had chopped the overseer's head clean off; in two minutes all my mates were on the ground. Three or four came running up to us; one threw a spear at me, which I half parried with a pannikin I was using to wet the grindstone, but it fixed deep in my hip, and part of it I believe is there still. Charley Anvils had an axe in his hand, and cut down the first two fellows that came up to him, but he was floored in a minute with twenty wounds. They were so eager to kill me, that one of them, luckily, or I should not have been alive now, cut the spear in my hip short off. Another, a young lad I had sharpened a tomahawk for a few days before, chopped me across the head; you can see the white hair. Down I fell, and nothing could have saved us, but the other savages had got the tarpaulin off, and were screaming with delight, plundering the drays, which called my enemies off. Just then, Dick came in sight. He saw what was the matter; but although there were more than a hundred black devils, all armed, painted, bloody, and yelling, he never stopped or hesitated, but rode slap through the camp, fired bang among them, killing two, and knocking out the brains of another. As he passed by a top rail, where an axe was sticking, he caught it up. The men in the camp were dead enough; the chief warriors had made the rush there, and every one was pierced with several spears, or cut down from close behind by axes in the hands of the chiefs. We, being further off, had been attacked by the boys only. Dick turned towards us, and shouted my name; I could not answer, but I managed to sit up an instant; he turned towards me, leaned down, caught me by the jacket, and dragged me on before him like a log. Just then Charley, who had crept under the grindstone, cried "Oh, Dick, don't leave me!" As he said that, a lot of them came running down,

for they had seen enough to know that, unless they killed us all, their job would not be half-done. As Dick turned to face them, they gave way and flung spears, but they could not hurt him; they managed to get between us and poor Charley. Dick rode back a circuit, and dropped me among some bushes on a hill, where I could see all. Four times he charged through and through a whole mob, with an axe in one hand and his short musket in the other. He cut them down right and left, as if he had been mowing; he scared the wretches, although the old women kept screeching and urging them on, as they always do. At length, by help of his stirrup leather, he managed to get Charley up behind him. He never could have done it, but his mare fought, and bit, and turned when he bid her, so he threw the bridle on her neck, and could use that terrible left arm of his. Well, he came up to the hill and lifted me on, and away we went for three or four miles, but we knew the mare could not stand it long, so Dick got off and walked. When the Blacks had pulled the drays' loads to pieces, they began to follow us, but Dick never lost heart—

'Nay, mate,' interrupted Dick, 'once I did; I shall never forget it, when I came to put my last bullet in, it was too big.'

'Good heavens,' I exclaimed, 'what did you do?'

'Why, I put the bullet in my mouth, and kept chawing and chawing it, and threatening the black devils all the while until at last it was small enough, and then I rammed it down, and dropped on my knee and waited until they came within twenty yards, and then I picked off Captain Jack, the biggest villain of them all.'

Here Dick, being warned, continued the story:—'We could not stop; we marched all evening and all night, and when the two poor creturs cried for water, as they did most of the night, as often as I could I filled my boots, and gave them to drink. I led the horse, and travelled seventy miles without halting for more than a minute or two. Toward the last they were as helpless as worn-out sheep. I tied them on. We had the luck to fall in with a party travelling just when the old mare was about giving in, and then we must all have died for want of water. Charley Anvils had eighteen wounds, but, except losing two fingers, is none the worse. Poor Jemmy, there, will never be fit for anything but a hut-keeper; as for me, I had some scratches—nothing to hurt; and the old mare lost an ear. I went back afterwards with the police, and squared accounts with the Blacks.

'And so you see, Stranger, the old woman thinks I saved her old man's life, although I would have done as much for any one; but I believe there are some gentlemen in Sydney think I ought to have been hung for what I did. Anyhow, since that scrimmage in the Bush, they always call me "TWO-HANDED DICK."'

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE FIRE BRIGADE OF LONDON.

EARTH, Air, and Water are necessary conditions of human life; but Fire is the first great element of civilisation. Fire, the first medium between the 'cooking animal' and the wild root and raw flesh-devouring savage; fire, the best, because the most useful of servants, and, according to the old proverb, the worst, because the most tyrannical of masters; fire, the chief friend of man in creations of nature and of industrial art, yet the most potent of all enemies of destruction; fire, the most brilliant and magnificent object on the earth, yet the most frightful and appalling when once it obtains dominion over man and man's abodes;—to subdue, and render docile to all needs, this devouring dragon, and bend his splendid crests, not only to 'boil the pot' but to lick the dust before the feet of Science, this is one of the greatest triumphs of mankind, the results of which are every year more and more stupendous.

But, amidst all our mastery, we are never permitted to forget that this illustrious slave has neither abandoned nor abated one jot of his original nature. Of this we are but too constantly reminded. Not to speak of lightning and volcanic eruptions, the weekly record of colliery and other mine explosions, of steam-boat explosions, the burning of ships, and the dismal transformation to a heap of ashes of valuable warehouses, costly public edifices, or private houses, with 'dreadful loss of life,' need but the slightest mention to excite a thrill of alarm, or some passing thought of caution in the mind of every person holding the smallest stake in the social community.

To meet this sudden emergency, therefore, and to restore the balance of power, or, rather, to put down the mutiny of this powerful slave, and reduce him to his habitual subserviency, we have the Fire Brigade, divided into four sections, and having nineteen stations in the most central quarters of the metropolis. This includes two 'mighty engines' floating on the Thames.

'Of all the rallying words,' says a writer in Charles Knight's "London," 'whereby multitudes are gathered together, and their energies impelled forcibly to one point, that of "Fire!" is, perhaps, the most startling and the most irresistible. It levels all distinctions; it sets at nought sleep, and

meals, and occupations, and amusements; it turns night into day, and Sunday into a "working-day;" it gives double strength to those who are blessed with any energy, and paralyses those who have none; it brings into prominent notice, and converts into objects of sympathy, those who were before little thought of, or who were, perhaps, despised; it gives to the dwellers in a whole huge neighbourhood the unity of one family.'

But even while we are trimming our midnight lamp to write this paper, the cry of 'Fire!' suddenly resounds from a distant street. The heavy boots of a policeman clatter along beneath our window. The cry is repeated by several voices, and more feet are heard hurrying along. The fire is in a squalid court, leading into a mews which runs close to the backs of the houses of one side of a great square. We hastily struggle into an overcoat, snatch up a hat, and issue forth to follow the alarming cry.

The tumult sounds in the court; the cry of 'Fire!' is wildly repeated in a woman's voice from one of the windows of the mews; now from another window!—now from several. 'Fire! fire!' cry voices of many passengers in streets, and away scamper the policemen to the nearest stations of the Fire Brigade, passing the word to other policemen as they run, till all the police force in the neighbourhood are clattering along the pavement, some towards the scene of the fire, but most of them either towards an engine-station, to one of the Fire-escapes of the Royal Society, or to pass the word to the policeman whose duty it will be to run to the engine-station next beyond. By this means of passing the word, somebody arrives at the gates of the Chief Office of the Fire Brigade, in Watling Street, and, seizing the handle of the night-bell, pulls away at it with the vigour which such events always call forth.

The fireman on duty for the night, immediately opens the gate, and receives the intelligence, cutting short all loquacity as much as possible, and eliciting the spot where the fire has broken out, and the extent to which it was raging when the person left. The fireman then runs to a bell-handle, which he pulls; and applying his ear to the mouth-piece of a pipe, hears a voice ask, 'What is it?' (The fireman hears his own voice sound as if at a great distance; while the voice actually re-

mote sounds close in the mouth-piece, with a strange preternatural effect.) The bell-wire reaches up to the Superintendent's bedside; and the bell being rung, Mr. Braidwood raises himself on one elbow, and applying his mouth to the other end of the tube, answers, and gives orders. A few words of dialogue conducted in this way, suffice. Up jumps Mr. Braidwood—crosses the passage to his dressing-room (armoury, we ought rather to call it), and in three minutes is attired in the thick cloth frock-coat, boots, and helmet of the Fire Brigade, fixing buttons and straps as he descends the stairs.

Meanwhile all the men have been equally active below. No sooner has the fireman aroused Mr. Braidwood, than he rings the bell of the foreman, the engineer, and the 'singlemen's bell'—which means the bell of the division where the four unmarried men sleep. He then runs out to the stables, calling the 'charioteer' by the way, and two other firemen lodging close by; after which he returns to assist in harnessing the horses.

Owing to this simultaneous action, each according to his special and general duties, by the time Mr. Braidwood reaches the bottom of the stairs, the engine has been got out, and put in working order. All its usual furniture, implements, and tools are placed within, or packed about it. Short scaling-ladders, made to fit into each other, are attached to the sides; six lengths of hose; branch-pipes, director-pipes, spare nozzle, suction-pipes, goose-neck, dogs'-tails (the first to deliver water into the engine; the second are iron wrenches), canvas sheet, with rope handles round the edge (to catch people who will boldly jump out of window), dam-board (to prevent water from plug flowing madly away), portable cistern, strips of sheep-skin (to mend bursting hose), balls of cord, fat rose, escape-chain, escape-ropes, mattock, saw, shovel, pole-axe, boat-hook, erow-bar (*such a fellow!*) to burst through doors or walls, or break up pavement; instruments for opening fire-plugs, and keys for turning stop-cocks of water-mains, &c.

All being ready, the Superintendent mounts the engine to the right of the driver, and the engineer, foreman, and firemen mount also, and range themselves on each side of the long red chest at the top, which contains the multifarious articles just enumerated. Off they start—brisk trot—canter—gallop! A bright red gleam overspreads the sky to the westward. The Superintendent knows that the fire in the court has reached the mews, and the stables are in flames. Full gallop!

Along the midnight streets, which are now all alive with excited people—some having left the theatres, others wending homeward from supper at a friend's, from dances, or perhaps late hours of business in various trades,—all are running in the direction of the fire! As the engine thunders by them, the gas-lamps gleaming on the helmets of the firemen and

the eager heads of the horses, the people send up a loud shout of 'Fi-ire!' and follow pell-mell in its wake.

Arriving at the mews, the Superintendent sees exactly all that has happened—all that must happen—all that may happen—and all that may be prevented. The court is doomed to utter ruin and ashes; so is the mews. Two of the larger stables are on fire, and the flames are now devouring a loft full of hay and straw. But in doing this, their luminous tongues stretch far beyond, seeking fresh food when this is gone. The wind too!—the fatal wind, sets in the direction of the square! The flames are struggling, and leaping, and striving with all their might to reach the back premises of the houses on this side of the square; and reach it they will, if this wind continues!

Meanwhile, two of the Fire Brigade engines from stations nearer at hand than that of the Chief Office, are already here, and hard at work. A fourth engine arrives from the Chief Office close upon the wheels of the first—and now a fifth comes thundering up the mews. The Superintendent taking command of the whole, and having ascertained that all the inmates of the court and mews have been got out, gives orders for three of the engines to continue their efforts to overcome the fire, and at any rate to prevent it spreading to the houses in the square on each side of the one which is now so imminently threatened. He then directs his own engine and one other to be driven round to the front of the house in the square, so as to attack the enemy both in front and rear at the same time. The flames have just reached it—not a moment is to be lost! As he drives off, innumerable cries and exhortations seek to arrest his progress, and to make him alter his intentions. Several voices, louder and more excited than all the rest,—vociferating something about 'saving her life'—cause him to pause, and prepare to turn, till, amidst the confusion, he contrives to elicit the fact that a stable cat has been unable to escape, and has darted out upon the burning roof of a loft—and, also, that Mrs. Jessikin's laundry—but he listens no further, and gallops his engine round to the front of the house in the square, followed by shouts of excitement and several yells.

The Fire-escape ladders of the Royal Society have already arrived here in front. All the inmates have been got out by the door—at least it is *said* that all are out, by those white figures with faces as white, who, looking round them, really see nothing distinctly—and know nothing as it is—having been awoken by the cries of 'Fire,' and not being quite sure if all this mad hubbub of people, flames, voices, and water-spouts, may not be some horrible nightmare vision.

The water-plugs have been drawn, and the gutters are all flooded. The gully-hole is covered—a dam-board arrests the stream and

gives depth—the portable cistern is quickly filled—the suction-pipes of the engines, being placed in it, both of them are got into position. The flames have reached the back of the house; their points are just seen rising above the roof! A rush of people seize on the long pump-levers, all mad to work the engines. The foreman rapidly selects ten for each side—sets them to work—and then, one at a time, takes down their names in a book for the purpose, so that they may be paid a shilling an hour—those who choose to accept it. But a hundred volunteer to work—they don't want the shilling—they want to pump. 'Let me pump!' 'I'm the one to pump!' 'Do you want any more to pump?' resound on all sides from men of all classes, while the crowd press forward, and can scarcely be got to leave room enough for the engines to be worked—and they would not, but for the man with the director-pipe, who soon makes a watery circle around him. The fortunate volunteers at the levers now begin to pump away with a fury that seems perfectly frantic. The Superintendent, who has had many a fine-engine disabled during the first five minutes of this popular furor, insists upon their ardour being restrained; and with no little difficulty succeeds in getting his pumping done a degree less madly. Who, that did not know them, would believe that these outrageous pumpers were the very same people who stood with lack-lustre eyes at some tedious operation in trade or workshop, all day long; or, who sat stolidly opposite each other in an omnibus, without a word to say, and seeming too dull for either thought or action? Look at them now!

The wind still blows strongly from the blazing stables—the flames are rapidly eating their way through the house from the back! The two upper stories are already on fire. A figure appears at one of the windows, and makes signs. All the inmates had not been got out! An aged woman—a very old and faithful servant of the family—had lingered behind, vainly endeavouring to pack up some of her dear young mistress's clothes and trinkets. A prolonged cry bursts from the crowd, followed with innumerable pieces of advice—bawled, hoarsely shouted, or rapidly screamed to the Superintendent, and the firemen directing the nozzle of the hose.

'Point the nozzle up to the window!'

'Up to the roof of that room!'

'Smash the windows!'

'The Fire-escape, Mr. Braidwood!'

'Bring the ropes for her!—throw up the ropes to her!'

'Don't smash the windows; you'll cut her!'

'She's gone to jump out at the back!'

'She is lying on the floor!'

'She's suffocated, Mr. Braidwood!'

'Send up the water, to bring her to her senses!'

'She's burnt to ashes, Mr. Braidwood—I see her lying all of a red tinder!'

Amidst these vociferations, the Superintendent, having a well-practised deaf ear for such pieces of advice, has despatched two firemen to ascend the stairs (no fireman is allowed to enter a burning house alone) while two others enter below, and a lengthened hose is handed up to them with a boat-hook through the front drawing-room window, in order to combat the fire at close quarters, each one being accompanied by another fireman, in case of one fainting from heat or smoke, and meantime to assist in getting out furniture from the rooms not yet touched by the flames.

The two foremost firemen have now ascended the stairs. One remains on the second-floor landing, to watch, and give notice if their retreat is likely to be cut off, while the other ascends to the upper room where the poor old servant had been last seen. The room is quite full of smoke. He therefore drops down directly with his face almost touching the floor (because, as the smoke ascends, he thus gets ten or twelve inches of clear space and air), and in this way creeps and drags himself along till he sees a bundle of something struggling about, which he at once recognises, seizes, and drags off as quickly as possible. Almost exhausted, he meets his comrade on the stairs, who instantly giving aid, they bring down a little white, smutty, huddled-up bundle, with a nightcap and arms to it; and as they emerge from the door, are greeted with shouts of applause, and roars and screams of 'Bravo! Bravo! God bless 'em! Bravo!' from voices of men, and women, and boys.

The old woman presently comes to herself. She holds something in one hand, which she had never loosed throughout, though she really does not know what it is. 'At all events,' says she, 'I've saved *this*!'

It is a hearth-broom.

The two firemen, each bearing a hose, have now got a position inside the house—one standing on the landing-place of the second-floor within ten or twelve feet of the flames, the other planted in the back drawing-room. The first directs his nozzle so that the water strikes with the utmost force upon the fire, almost in a straight line, dashing it out into black spots, and flaws, and steam, as much by the violence of the concussion as the antagonistic element. The other fireman directs his jet of water to oppose the advances of the flames from the rafters of the stables behind, and the wood-work of the back-premises. Both the men are enveloped in a cloud of hot steam, so hot as scarcely to be endurable, and causing the perspiration to pour down their faces as fast as the water runs down the walls from the vigorous 'playing of their pipes.'

But next door—to the right—what a long succession of drawing-room and dining-room chairs issue forth, varied now and then with a dripping hamper of choice wine, and the sound of cracking bottles; now, with a

flattened cradle, now a tea-tray of richly-bound books; now, a turbot-kettle, and then more chairs!

In the door-way of the house on the left, there is a dreadful jam. An abominable, huge mahogany table has fixed one of its corners into the wall, on one side, and the brass castor of one leg into a broken plank of the flooring, on the other, just as a Broadwood horizontal-grand was coming down the stairs in the most massive manner (like a piano conscious of Beethoven), with its five bearers. These five men with the piano-forte, receiving a check in the passage from three men bearing boxes and a large clothes-horse, who had themselves received a check by the jam of the huge mahogany and its eight or nine excited blockheads, the stoppage became perfect, and the confusion sheer madness. Some of the inmates of this house, who had been wildly helping and handing down all sorts of things, observing that a stoppage had occurred below, and believing they had no more time to spare before the flames would penetrate their walls, brought baskets to the window, and with great energy threw out a quantity of beautiful china, glass, and choice chimney ornaments down upon the stones below, to be taken care of; also an empty hat-box.

Above all the tumult, and adding in no small degree to the wildness and abrupt energies of the scene, a violent knocking at doors in the square is frequently heard, sometimes by policemen, at other times by excited relations suddenly arriving, desperate to give their advice, and see it attended to. The bedroom windows, in rows on either side, are alive with heads, many of them in night-caps, while the upper windows of several, apparently 'the nurseries,' are crowded with white dolls, whose round white nobbs are eagerly thrust forth. In the windows of the houses, lights are seen to move about rapidly from room to room, and windows are continually thrown up; a figure looks out wildly—then suddenly disappears.

The two firemen who had gained positions inside the house, each with his long hose supplied from the engine below, had hitherto maintained their posts; the one on the second-floor landing having very successfully repelled the advance of the fire, the other in the back drawing-room having fairly obtained a mastery. But a strong gust of wind rising again, sets all their previous success at naught. The flames again advance; and all their work has to be done over again.

By this time the two men are nearly exhausted; two other firemen are, however, close at hand to relieve them. They take their places. As the flames advance, the engines below are worked with redoubled energy by the people, who also relieve each other; but no one will relinquish his place at the pump-lever, so long as he is able to stand, or have one heave up, or one bang down, more. Still the flames advance!—they enter

the house!—the front drawing-room is suddenly illuminated!—a glare of light is reflected from a great looking-glass on one of the walls! A loud shout of excitement resounds from the crowd—while bang! bang! go the engine-pumps.

The fireman, who is surrounded by so strong a glare of light that he appears all on fire, is seen to retreat a few paces towards the door. He is presently joined by another fireman, who runs to the front drawing-room window, out of which he suspends an iron chain to secure their escape, in case of need, and then returns to his comrade. They rally, and each with his brass director-pipe advances again within half-a-dozen paces of the blazing walls. They are, foot by foot, driven back into the front drawing-room. The flames follow them, and soon are very close to the or-molu frame-work of the great looking-glass.

Bang! bang! go the engines.

'Save the glass!' shout numbers of voices.

'The ceiling! the ceiling's bursting down!' cry others.

Bang! bang! go the engines.

'Save the pieces!'

'The door-post's on fire!'

'Look behind you!'

'The glass!—the glass!'

'Save yourselves!'

Bang! bang! go the engines.

The Superintendent has sent orders to the firemen to give no more attention to the interior of this house, except with a view to prevent the fire spreading to the adjoining houses. Consequently, the streams of water are now directed to drenching the walls, and beating back the flames on either side. The great looking-glass, no longer an object of special protection, is presently reached by the flames; they coil and cluster round the frame-work, which, breaking out into jets of coloured fire, gives a splendid magnificence to the design of the carving. The crowd jump up and down to see, and also from excitement. The flames flap about, and point their long luminous tongues across the broad plate of the glass, which for a moment reflects every object in the room,—the falling ceiling—the firemen in their helmets—the blazing ruin around;—and then, crack!—clash!—clash!—the whole falls, a wreck of sharp angles.

Again a loud shout from the crowd below!—not so much of regret as a kind of wild purposeless joy, which causes them again to leap up and down, expecting and (without knowing it) hoping the same thing will happen to some other glass in the room. Melted lead from the roof now runs gleaming down—spurting upon the helmet of one of the firemen, and then rumbling in straggling lines down his thick coat; while a slate falling, as usual, edgeways, sticks across the centre-piece of his comrade's helmet. Now, with a rattling and loud rumble, falls the partition between the front and back drawing-rooms, and with it a great part of the

ceiling! A terrific shout of alarm bursts from the crowd. The two firemen are buried in the ruins. The whole space is filled with the dense smoke and with piles of lath and plaster, and brick and blazing wood.

But see!—a helmet, white with mortar, rises from the floor near the window-sill—and now another! One after the other, the exhausted firemen descend the iron chain, and are caught in the arms of the Superintendent and two of their comrades below, while loud shouts and vociferations of applause burst from the crowd.

The stable cat, too, from the mews! See! she has crossed between the burning rafters, and leaped into the balcony of the next house, with smoking tail and ears.

The flames have been smothered for a time by this fall of the ceiling and partition-wall; the Superintendent has now got seven engines round to the front; he takes advantage of the fortunate accident; the wind, too, has shifted; the seven engines pour torrents of water upon the smoking mass and against the walls, and thus continue till the most frightful of all enemies is thoroughly subdued and reduced to blackness and quietude. Most dismal is the scene of devastation; but the enemy is at all events laid prostrate and rendered incapable of further mischief.

Drenched to the skin with cold water, and reeking at the same time with perspiration, the gallant men of the Fire Brigade return to their several quarters. Two of them, however, remain on watch with an engine all night, a change of clothes and 'a dram' being sent them from the station.

The present efficient condition of fire-engines, as may easily be supposed, has only been the result of many years of skilful experiment and practical experience. Our ancestors (notwithstanding their wisdom) were by no means furnished with such means of extinguishing fire, although, from the great number of wooden buildings, and greater quantity of wooden materials employed, to say nothing of thatch, they had greater need of them. On the other hand, they had not so many scientific combustibles among them. Still, the want of a proper engine is manifest from what we know of their attempts in that way. They used squirts,—actually nothing but squirts. Every alderman was obliged to provide one. It will be understood that the squirt was not of schoolboy dimensions, but so large as to require two men, holding it in their arms between them, like a sort of mummy, to dip its nose into a bucket, and then, raising it to the proper angle, discharge the contents at the building on fire.

The first construction of the fire-engine, properly so called, is attributable to a German named Hautsch, in 1657, which was afterwards improved by the brothers Van der Heyden, in 1672. But, though the merit of the invention confers all due honour on the engineering mind of Germans, it may be questioned whether the character of the

people was ever of a kind to induce the working of them with promptitude or efficiency. So recently as a few years ago, when the writer was staying in the town of Bonn, intelligence was brought of a fire at Popplesdorf, a village about a mile and a quarter distant. The town engine was got out by a couple of men, with pipes in their mouths, and the horse—one horse—being put to, it was trotted off in the most deliberate manner. Outside the town gates we overtook a number of students and other gentlemen, all leisurely sauntering with their pipes towards Popplesdorf, never doubting but they would be in ample time before the engine had extinguished the fire. And so they were, for it was burning nearly half the day. Nevertheless, the Prussian Government have been the first to purchase the invention of the Steam Fire Engine. Their theories in the matter seem perfect; but to put out a fire with promptitude cannot be done even by a Steam Fire Engine without a little human activity.

The contrast of our vivacity in these matters is very striking, and in no case more so than when some mischievous idiot gives a false alarm (an atrocity which we believe is not often committed), or when some extraordinary meteorological phenomenon induces the mistake. We find two extraordinary instances of this recorded in Knight's 'London.'

'On the first of these, *twelve* engines and *seventy-four* brigade men were kept in constant motion from *eleven in the evening till six the next morning*, in endeavouring to search out what appeared to be a large conflagration; some of the engines reached Hampstead, and others Kilburn, before it was found that the glare was the effect of the "northern lights." On the other occasion, a crimson glare of light arose at the north-east part of the horizon, at about eight o'clock in the evening, seemingly caused by a fierce conflagration; and the resemblance was increased by what appeared to be clouds of smoke rising up after the glare, and breaking and rolling away beneath it. *Thirteen* engines and a large body of men went in search of the supposed fire, and did not detect their error till they had proceeded far to the north-east.'

The statistics of London fires are very interesting, and much may be learned from them, not only as matter of anxious information, but of salutary warning.

The total number of fires in London in the past year, was 838. Of these, 28 were utterly destructive fires; the number of lives lost being 26. Seriously damaged, 228; slightly damaged, 582.

Of chimneys on fire there were 89; and there were 76 false alarms—not mischievous, but from error or panic.

The number of calls on the fire-office and other aids amounted to 1003.

In the above 838 fires, the number of insurances (ascertained) were 368; those

which insured on the building only, were 163; those which insured on the contents only, were 72; and the number of uninsured was 235.

Of the 26 lives lost, 13 were from the ignition of bed-furniture or wearing apparel; explosion of fire-works, 5; and 8 from inability to escape out of burning houses.

An examination of the statistics of fires in the Metropolis during sixteen years, *i. e.* from 1833 to 1848 (which document was obligingly laid before us by Mr. Braidwood), has put us in possession of a great mass of very curious and instructive information, from which we extract the following:—

Apothecaries and dealers in drugs	36
Bakers	244
Booksellers, binders, and stationers	137

Of these latter, 96 burnt gas; and the fires caused by gas amounted to 28.

Cabinet-makers	156
Carpenters and workers in wood .	434
Churches	33

Of these last-named, 3 were totally destroyed, and 10 much damaged; the rest slightly, or mere alarms. Of the cause of the fires, 8 were from the stoves, flues, &c., and 2 from lightning.

Drapers, woollen and linen	254
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Of these, 105 were much damaged; 239 burnt gas; and the cause of 140 of these fires was carelessness or accident with the gas.

Fire-Preventive Company	1
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The cause of this was an experiment with some 'fire-proof plaster,' which ignited in a most unexpected and insubordinate manner, and caused great damage.

Fire-work Makers	49
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The cause of these fires, all of which did great damage, was from the nature of the trade; from the smoking of tobacco; from boys playing with fire; and from the reckless trick of a lighted squib or cracker being thrown into the shop-window.

Gas-works	37
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From the great care taken, and ready means of prevention, only 9 of these were much injured, and none totally destroyed.

Grocers	120
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Of these, 109 burnt gas; and 26 of the fires are attributable to carelessness or accident with the gas.

Gunpowder-sellers	1
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Notice the result of a full consciousness of the danger, and proportionate care. Only one fire!

Lodgings	868
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Of the above number, 368 were found to have been caused by the taking fire of curtains, linen airing, &c. Some of the rest were caused by hunting fleas, &c.

Lucifer-match-makers	101
Lunatic asylums	2

Observe the great care in these asylums. All the asylums for lunatics furnishing only two fires in sixteen years!

Printers and Engravers	72
Private houses	3352

Of the above, the immense number of 1302 were discovered to have been caused by the taking fire of curtains, dresses, airing linen, &c.

Sale-shops and offices	526
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Of these, 379 burnt gas; and the fires caused by gas were 129.

Ships	82
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Caused by stores, flues, cooking, igniting of cargo, smoking tobacco, &c.

Stables	192
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Caused by candles, lucifers, smoking tobacco, intoxication, &c.

Tailors	81
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Seventeen of the above were caused by gas; 13 by candles; and some by smoking tobacco.

Theatres	20
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Of the above number, 8 were caused by gas; some others by smoking tobacco, and the taking fire of curtains, dresses, &c.

Tobacconists	43
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Of the above, 6 were caused by gas; 6 by lucifer-matches; others by curtains, smoking tobacco, by a *cat*, and by *rats*. A word more of these incendiaries presently.

Virtuallers	542
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Of the above, there were 21 totally destroyed; 167 much damaged, and 354 slightly. Of the causes, 53 were from the flues; 73, curtains, dresses, &c.; 65, gas; 36, smoking tobacco; 35, a candle. The remainder comes under the various heads of lucifers, hot cinders, intoxication, children playing with fire, a spark, and a monkey.

Besides this 'monkey,' we have had occasion to mention several other 'sparks,' concerning whom some passing explanation may be needed. Having noticed the word 'cat,' occurring several times in the list of annual causes of fire,—'Yes,' replied Mr. Braidwood, 'we often have a cat.' It appears that the cat sometimes upsets the clothes-horse with things airing; or, perhaps, in creeping under the clothes to get inside the fender, drags some of them with her on her back. The fire caused by the monkey was attributable to some prank of his—meaning no harm, perhaps, but not much caring about that. The incendiarism of the rats was undoubtedly effected innocently by their investigation of a box of lucifers, which included a trial if the matches were good to eat. Their teeth exploded them—a feat very easily performed.

Of carelessness with gas in shops and warehouses, or with candles near bedroom

curtains, muslin dresses, or linen airing before the fire, we need not speak, as the dangers are too obvious by the results; nor of carelessness with lucifer-matches; nor the very common practice of raking out the fire at night from the grate (where it would be safe) down upon the hearth, and leaving the hot embers, which perhaps ignite by the air of the closing door, as the careful person retires to bed. Carelessness with a cigar or pipe is also an obvious cause. Working men often put their pipes, half-extinguished, or alive at the bottom of the bowl, into their jacket-pocket at night; and then hang up the jacket, and go to bed. Children, also, being left alone, near a fire, may generally be expected to play with fire, either because it is beautiful, or because the play is interdicted.

With respect to 'sparks,' that a house should take fire, had always been regarded by us with no small degree of scepticism. A gentleman of our acquaintance carried his disbelief much further. Sitting with a party of sporting friends round a winter's fire, and these dangers being the subject of conversation, he offered to empty the whole contents of the grate on the carpet in the middle of the room.—*he* to pay all expenses if the house took fire; his opponent simply to pay for the carpet and the charred floor. They were all to sit round, and watch the result. It was agreed. 'Now,' said a friend, 'I will bet you *ten* to one this house will take fire, provided we all go out of the room, lock the door, and leave the house.' The other would not venture on this.

Mr. Braidwood's speculation on the question of sparks, in reply to our doubts, is very curious and practical. He estimated the number of houses in London at 300,000. Allowing two *domestic* fires to each house, we have 600,000 in the day; and these multiplied by 7, give 4,200,000 in a week. That one spark, therefore, from 4,200,000 fires should fly out upon some materials easy to ignite, once in a week, is far from difficult to credit; and this would fully bear out the number on the list that are declared to have occurred from this cause.

The number of fires and alarms of fire that occurred in London during the fifteen years ending in 1847, present a continual *increase*. In 1833 they amounted to 458; in 1834, to 482; and so on, down to 1847, when they amounted to 836. This gives a total of 9662 fires during the fifteen years. The average of this is 644. We next find that in 1848 the number of fires amounted to 805; showing an *increase* beyond the previous year of 161. In 1849 the number amounted to 838, being an increase of 33 beyond the previous year.

How are we to reconcile this increase with the extraordinary efficiency of the Fire-Brigade, and the improvements in measures of precaution? Partly by the regular increase in the numbers of houses. But Mr.

Braidwood frankly declares that this does not meet the increase of fires and alarms of fire that reach the Office. We can only account for it, therefore, by the great increase of scientific combustibles, not merely in our shops, but in our domestic arrangements—especially gas, and lucifer-matches—and yet more to the fact that, in former years, many slight fires caused no alarm to be given, while now the arrangements are so complete, that probably almost every slight alarm of fire that occurs is carried to the Office, and duly recorded.

With respect to Fire-Escapes; precautions against fire, that should be adopted in houses; arrangements to meet the accident; and the best means of extinguishing fires (particularly with reference to Mr. Phillips' Fire-Annihilator, which possesses an undoubted power over *flames*), we cannot now afford the space their importance merits; but we shall bear them in mind for a future number.

POETRY IN THE BYE-WAYS.

EVERY book-hunter, whose connection with paper and print has more of individuality than of fashion in it—must in his time have met with scores of small volumes of rhyme forced out with a care and pains of which the heart aches to think, prefaced with the bad taste of immoderate deprecation on the part of the author,—or with the worse appeal of extravagant commendation on the part of the patron—none of which shall merit a place on the shelf by the side of Crabbe, or Wordsworth, or Burns—none of which can be denied the possession of some sparks and breathings of true poetry.

Sometimes, however, it must be owned, that the difficulties under which the rhymester has laboured, are the best—nay the sole—evidences of his genius. In the verses of Phillis Wheatly, the negro girl, for instance, there is not a line that is not the stalest of the stale—not an image that is not the most second-hand of the second-hand. Yet, that sixty years since, a woman of her condemned colour and oppressed race—in America, too,—should find spirits to sing, and power to attract an audience,—in that fact was a poem of no common order.

Years ago, there passed through the writer's hand a small collection of verse—if verse it might be called—in quality, the most dreary and antipathetic, possible—sectarian hymns, full of phrases, the intimate sense of which can never have pierced to the mind of their maker. This was a poor creature in a hospital, who had been found on a harsh January night, frozen into the kennel where she had fallen, and who paid for that night's lodging with a lingering death of cruelly long duration. Her vital powers gradually retired one by one. For many years she was unable to move a limb; latterly could scarcely speak audibly, or take barely sufficient food

to keep life in the half-dead body. But these dismal hymns were her receipt for occupation and cheerfulness. 'When I cannot sleep,' she would say, in a dialect of her own peculiar pattern, 'I mew.'—There was poetry in the origin of these '*mewings*,' though none in the dark and narrow stanzas themselves.

From the above illustrations it may be gathered that much of the bye-way poetry with which we shall deal, has never been promoted to the honours and heartaches of paper and print—nor even taken the manuscript forms of 'longs and shorts' as decidedly as did the imaginative instincts of Black Phillis, or the long-tried patience of the sufferer in the — Ward. We may—and shall—have to do with authorship in humble life, —but less, perchance, than those will expect, who have considered our subject merely from the outside of the bookseller's window, or from the sum total of a rhymester's subscription list—drawing thence the charming inference that A. B. or C. is a poet, because he has found a publisher and extorted a public! —Too seldom has a Capel Lofft, or a Southey, or a More, while trying to bring forward a Bloomfield, or a Mary Colling, or an ungrateful Bristol Milkwoman, whose facility in versifying has arrested them,—considered how wide is the distance betwixt what may be called the unconscious Poetry of the People—and that meagre and second-hand manufacture, produced with a desire for fame, or under hopes of gain, which challenges competition with the efforts of men more favourably circumstanced, and which goes forth as virtually a solicitation for alms.—On the one side (to take the first instance which occurs) we shall find something like the Gondolier songs of Venice, patched up—St. Mark and the Moon know how!—out of bits of plays and bits of verses and bits of opera-tunes, by old men and girls and boys, while a sprightly people ply their picturesque trade under an Italian sky, with every image round them to inspire and encourage a sense of tune,—and which, after a while, get so rubbed into shape—so rounded and changed,—so decked with canal-wit,—so filled with local names and local words,—that a College of Anatomists should be puzzled to 'resolve them into their primary elements.'—On the other side, we may cite as example any of the myriad verses anxiously strung together by the hectic and over-wrought operative, by the light of his candle, whose very burning would be reprehensible as an extravagance, could not the ware fabricated at midnight find an immediate market. The first is an utterance—the second a manufacture. The first speaks with the breath of a peculiar life, and wears the colour of a peculiar scenery—the second is an exercise produced under circumstances, which, however stimulating to energy, are but discouraging to Fancy. We may be told, it is true, that many of our dearest 'household words' have been wrung from our greatest men, by the pressure of the cruellest exigency.

One poet, to pay for his mother's funeral, must needs write a '*Rasselas*'—another, under constraint less instant, but perhaps not less harassing, shall gladden England for ever, by calling up *Olivia* and *Sophia* in the hayfield, and *Farmer Plamborough's* Christmas party, and the Vicar slyly making an end of 'the wash for the face,' which his innocently-worldly daughters were brewing. But evidence like this does nothing to contradict our wisdom. Had Johnson been compelled to compose his superb style, at a moment's warning by the coffin-side; had Goldsmith possessed no treasury of adventure and experience to draw upon, no power to handle the pen already learned—neither *Inlac* nor *Mrs. Primrose* would have been alive at this day. Without preparation, training, craftsmanship, there is little literature—there is no art. Ballads may grow up—but not epics be produced, nor five-act plays be constructed, nor tales be woven, nor even a complete lyric be finished. It has fallen to the lot of every one of us too often and again, to see hearts fevered, hopes wrecked, life embittered, and Death (or Madness) courted, because men cannot—and their friends *will not*—sufficiently fix their minds on this plain truth; because inclinations are perpetually mistaken for powers; because, bewildered by some faëry dream that the world in which a Scott is king or a Siddons is queen, is paved with gold—every boy who can cut paragraphs into lengths fancies that he is a Scott—and every girl with a strong voice who loves playing, that she is a *Lady Macbeth*, a *Cleopatra*, a *Queen Constance*, who can shake 'the play-house down.'

At all events, in such mistakes as the above, followed by their sure consequence of misery, lives not the Poetry which we are seeking. In its place we too often encounter a dismal wax-work show—a creature with glassy eyes and hot red cheeks, and a stiff arm, in a noble attitude perhaps, but always beckoning in one and the same direction,—not the living, breathing, hoping, fearing being, human like ourselves, yet better than ourselves, with whom we can sit down at meat, and kneel down at prayer—not the fragment of Heaven upon Earth to encounter and make acquaintance with, which redeems us from utter heartlessness or discomfort. The Poetry of appreciation when creation is impossible—the Poetry of daily life, as sung in deeds of unselfishness, delicacy, triumph over temptations—consideration of the weak (let the brute-force theorists 'sound their trumpets and beat their drums' as loudly as if upon themselves devolved the whole orchestral and choral noise of '*Judas Maccabeus*') and companionship with the humble—the Poetry of a healthy, not a maudlin love for Nature—these are to be sought out and gathered up. In turn we may sit on the bleak hill-sides of Scotland with the shepherd-rhymesters of the north—or wander down the alleys of

English manufacturing towns, to see what fairly-patterned verse may have been woven there. Or in a green lane we may open such a book as good Mr. Barnes has published in the Dorsetshire dialect, to show how ingeniously music may be got out of a corrupt local English phraseology. Or we may cross the Channel to hear Jasmin, the Provençal hairdresser, recite ; or to see Reboul, the Nismes baker, bring out an ode hot from his oven.—But our business will be more with deeds than with words, more with genuine thoughts and impulses in action, than with second-hand fancies, faded as the coarse artificial flowers of a milliner's shop in Leicester Square, when the season is over, which no passer-by, 'gentle or simple,' can think of taking home.

We may have to do, moreover, with the poetry of association as conveyed in those festivities of joy or of sorrow which mark the progress of life and the peculiarity of manners. The nasal, droning burial psalm that may still be heard in remote places of England, winding up a hollow lane or across the corner of a moor,—as some little congregation of friends or neighbours bears a dead body home,—the twilight vesper service (intrinsically tuneless and unmusical) of the Sisters of Charity, who come back to their *Beguine* after a long day of hard work, hard prayers, hard consolation, and hard gossip among the poor ;—do these things say nothing to us ? Is nothing told us by the cry of sailors as they warp the ship into dock at the close of a wild and wintry voyage ? by the serenade-music with which the impulsive people of a German town welcome some favourite poet or artist ?—Are these not all, more or less, poems conveying to us something of feeling, and life, and youth, be we ever so soured, ever so seared by perpetual contact with coarser and harsher contemplations and employments ? May we not call up such pictures,—may we not soothe ourselves with such harmonies,—may we not lay them to our souls as evidences ? We must not use them by way of unction flattering us into the sentimental Waiting Gentlewoman's notion that crime is to disappear like a scene in a pantomime, and thieves all of a sudden to grow as orderly as beadles ; but we may apply them as alternatives when we are in danger of being wearied into doggedness, by the man who enacts fits at the street corner—or by the begging-letter Impostor who wrings crowns out of kind-hearted and economical souls, who must for their credulity's sake forego their holiday—or by the Pole with his anti-Russian pamphlet, who makes his way in, to abase himself by fawning and genteel mendicity, under pretext of being a friend's friend—or by the sight of such a pillar of stone as the woman who went into the confectioner's shop to buy gingerbread, 'because they were going to see our Sally hanged, and should be hungry !'

Yes : if sights and provocations and discouragements like these—of the earth, earthy

—force themselves into our highways, all the more need is it that all celestial appearances and sounds in our bye-ways, be they ever so few, faint, and far, should be collected, and set down. Be they ever so rich, they will not be rich enough to justify an over-complacent or supine spirit—still less to tempt the healthily-minded to confound dross with pure gold : be they ever so meagre, they ought to keep alive in us the faith, that no portion of the earth is so barren, that Truth or Beauty, and Love, and Patience, and Honour, cannot grow therein.

THE MINER'S DAUGHTERS.—A TALE OF THE PEAK.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—MILL LIFE.

WE must pass over the painful and dreadful particulars of that night, and of a long time to come ; the maniacal rage of the father, the shattered heart and feelings of the mother, the dreadful state of the two remaining children, to whom their brother was one of the most precious objects in a world which, like theirs, contained so few. One moment to have seen him full of life, and fun, and bravado, and almost the next a lifeless and battered corpse, was something too strange and terrible to be soon surmounted. But this was wofully aggravated by the cruel anger of their father, who continued to regard them as guilty of the death of his favourite boy. He seemed to take no pleasure in them. He never spoke to them but to scold them. He drank more deeply than ever, and came home later ; and when there, was sullen and morose. When their mother, who suffered severely, but still plodded on with all her duties, said, 'David, they are thy children too ;' he would reply savagely, 'Hod thy tongue ! What's a pack o' wench to my lad ?'

What tended to render the miner more hard towards the two girls was a circumstance which would have awakened a better feeling in a softer father's heart. Nancy, the younger girl, since the dreadful catastrophe, had seemed to grow gradually dull and defective in her intellect, she had a slow and somewhat idiotic air and manner. Her mother perceived it, and was struck with consternation by it. She tried to rouse her, but in vain. She could not perform her ordinary reading and spelling lessons. She seemed to have forgotten what was already learned. She appeared to have a difficulty in moving her legs, and carried her hands as if she had suffered a partial paralysis. Jane, her sister, was dreadfully distressed at it, and she and her mother wept many bitter tears over her. One day, in the following spring, they took her with them to Ashford, and consulted the doctor there. On examining her, and hearing fully what had taken place at the time of the brother's death—the fact of which he well knew, for it, of course, was known to the

whole country round—he shook his head, and said he was afraid they must make up their minds to a sad case ; that the terrors of that night had affected her brain, and that, through it, the whole nervous system had suffered, and was continuing to suffer the most melancholy effects. The only thing, he thought, in her favour was her youth ; and added, that it might have a good effect if they could leave the place where she had undergone such a terrible shock. But whether they did or not, kindness and soothing attentions to her would do more than anything else.

Mrs. Dunster and little Jane returned home with heavy hearts. The doctor's opinion had only confirmed their fears ; for Jane, though but a child, had quickness and affection for her sister enough to make her comprehend the awful nature of poor Nancy's condition. Mrs. Dunster told her husband the doctor's words, for she thought they would awaken some tenderness in him towards the unfortunate child. But he said, 'That's just what I expected. Hou'll grow soft, and then who's to maintain her ? Hou mun goo to th' work-house.'

With that he took his maundrel and went off to his work. Instead of softening his nature, this intelligence seemed only to harden and brutalise it. He drank now more and more. But all that summer the mother and Jane did all that they could think of to restore the health and mind of poor Nancy. Every morning, when the father was gone to work, Jane went to a spring up in the opposite wood, famed for the coldness and sweetness of its waters. On this account the proprietors of the mills at Cressbrook had put down a large trough there under the spreading trees, and the people fetched the water even from the village. Hence Jane brought, at many journeys, this cold, delicious water to bathe her sister in ; they then rubbed her warm with cloths, and gave her new milk for her breakfast. Her lessons were not left off, lest the mind should sink into fatuity, but were made as easy as possible. Jane continued to talk to her, and laugh with her, as if nothing was amiss, though she did it with a heavy heart, and she engaged her to weed and hoe with her in their little garden. She did not dare to lead her far out into the valley, lest it might excite her memory of the past fearful time, but she gathered her flowers, and continued to play with her at all their accustomed sports, of building houses with pieces of pots and stones, and imagining gardens and parks. The anxious mother, when some weeks were gone by, fancied that there was really some improvement. The cold-bathing seemed to have strengthened the system : the poor child walked, and bore herself with more freedom and firmness. She became ardently fond of being with her sister, and attentive to her directions. But there was a dull cloud over her intellect, and a vacancy in her eyes and features. She was quiet, easily pleased, but

seemed to have little volition of her own. Mrs. Dunster thought if they could but get her away from that spot, it might rouse her mind from its sleep. But perhaps the sleep was better than the awaking might be ; however, the removal came, though in a more awful way than was looked for. The miner, who had continued to drink more and more, and seemed to have almost estranged himself from his home, staying away in his drinking bouts for a week or more together, was one day blasting a rock in the mine, and being half-stupified with beer, did not take care to get out of the way of the explosion, was struck with a piece of the flying stone, and killed on the spot.

The poor widow and her children were now obliged to remove from under Wardlow-Cop. The place had been a sad one to her : the death of her husband, though he had been latterly far from a good one, and had left her with the children in deep poverty, was a fresh source of severe grief to her. Her religious mind was struck down with a weight of melancholy by the reflection of the life he had led, and the sudden way in which he had been summoned into eternity. When she looked forward, what a prospect was there for her children ! it was impossible for her to maintain them from her small earnings, and as to Nancy, would she ever be able to earn her own bread, and protect herself in the world ?

It was amid such reflections that Mrs. Dunster quitted this deep, solitary, and, to her, fatal valley, and took up her abode in the village of Cressbrook. Here she had one small room, and by her own labours, and some aid from the parish, she managed to support herself and the children. For seven years she continued her laborious life, assisted by the labour of the two daughters, who also seamed stockings, and in the evenings were instructed by her. Her girls were now thirteen and fifteen years of age : Jane was a tall and very pretty girl of her years ; she was active, industrious, and sweet-tempered : her constant affection for poor Nancy was something as admirable as it was singular. Nancy had now confirmed good health, but it had affected her mother to perceive that, since the catastrophe of her brother's death, and the cruel treatment of her father at that time, she had never grown in any degree as she ought ; she was short, stout, and of a pale and very plain countenance. It could not be now said that she was deficient in mind, but she was slow in its operations. She displayed, indeed, a more than ordinary depth of reflection, and a shrewdness of observation, but the evidences of this came forth in a very quiet way, and were observable only to her mother and sister. To all besides she was extremely reserved : she was timid to excess, and shrunk from public notice into the society of her mother and sister. There was a feeling abroad in the neighbourhood that she was

'not quite right,' but the few who were more discerning, shook their heads, and observed, 'Right she was not, poor thing, but it was not want of sense; she had more of that than most.'

And such was the opinion of her mother and sister. They perceived that Nancy had received a shock of which she must bear the effects through life. Circumstances might bring her feeble but sensitive nerves much misery. She required to be guarded and sheltered from the rudenesses of the world, and the mother trembled to think how much she might be exposed to them. But in everything that related to sound judgment, they knew that she surpassed not only them, but any of their acquaintance. If any difficulty had to be decided, it was Nancy who pondered on it, and perhaps at some moment when least expected, pronounced an opinion that might be taken as confidently as an oracle.

The affection of the two sisters was something beyond the ties of this world. Jane had watched and attended to her from the time of her constitutional injury with a love that never seemed to know a moment's weariness or change; and the affection which Nancy evinced for her was equally intense and affecting. She seemed to hang on her society for her very life. Jane felt this, and vowed that they would never quit one another. The mother sighed. How many things, she thought, might tear asunder that beautiful resolve.

But now they were of an age to obtain work in the mill. Indeed, Jane could have had employment there long before, but she would not quit her sister till she could go with her, —and now there they went. The proprietor, who knew the case familiarly, so ordered it that the two sisters should work near each other; and that poor Nancy should be as little exposed to the rudeness of the workpeople as possible. But at first so slow and awkward were Nancy's endeavours, and such an effect had it on her frame, that it was feared she must give it up. This would have been a terrible calamity; and the tears of the two sisters, and the benevolence of the employer enabled Nancy to pass through this severe ordeal. In a while she acquired sufficient dexterity, and thenceforward went through her work with great accuracy and perseverance. As far as any intercourse with the workpeople was concerned, she might be said to be dumb. Scarcely ever did she exchange a word with any one, but she returned kind nods and smiles; and every morning and evening, and at dinner-time, the two sisters might be seen going to and fro, side by side, — Jane often talking with some of them; the little, odd-looking sister walking silent and listening.

Five more years and Jane was a young woman. Amid her companions, who were few of them above the middle size, she had a tall and striking appearance. Her father had been a remarkably tall and strong man, and she pos-

essed something of his stature, though none of his irritable disposition. She was extremely pretty, of a blooming fresh complexion, and graceful form. She was remarkable for the sweetness of her expression, which was the index of her disposition. By her side still went that odd, broad-built, but still pale and little sister. Jane was extremely admired by the young men of the neighbourhood, and had already many offers, but she listened to none. 'Where I go must Nancy go,' she said to herself, 'and of whom can I be sure?'

Of Nancy no one took notice. Her pale, somewhat large features, her thoughtful silent look, and her short, stout figure, gave you an idea of a dwarf, though she could not strictly be called one. No one would think of Nancy as a wife, —where Jane went she must go; the two clung together with one heart and soul. The blow which deprived them of their brother seemed to bind them inseparably together.

Mrs. Dunster, besides her seaming, at which, in truth, she earned a miserable sum, had now for some years been the post-woman from the village to the Bull's Head, where the mail, going on to Tideswell, left the letter-bag. Thither and back, wet or dry, summer or winter, she went every day, the year round. With her earnings, and those of the girls', she kept a neat, small cottage; and the world went as well with them as the world goes on the average with the poor. Cramps and rheumatisms she began to feel sensibly from so much exposure to rain and cold; but the never-varying and firm affection of her two children was a balm in her cup which made her contented with everything else.

When Jane was about two-and-twenty, poor Mrs. Dunster, seized with rheumatic fever, died. On her death-bed she said to Jane, 'Thou wilt never desert poor Nancy; and that's my comfort. God has been good to me. After all my trouble, he has given me this faith, that come weal come woe, so long as thou has a home, Nancy will never want one. God bless thee for it! God bless you both; and he will bless you!' So saying, Betty Dunster breathed her last.

The events immediately following her death did not seem to bear out her dying faith; for the two poor girls were obliged to give up their cottage. There was a want of cottages. Not half of the workpeople could be entertained in this village; they went to and fro for many miles. Jane and Nancy were now obliged to do the same. Their cottage was wanted for an overlooker, —and they removed to Tideswell, three miles off. They had thus six miles a-day to walk, besides standing at their work; but they were young, and had companions. In Tideswell they were more cheerful. They had a snug little cottage; were near a Meeting; and found friends. They did not complain. Here, again, Jane Dunster attracted great attention, and a young, thriving grocer paid his addresses to her. It was an

offer that made Jane take time to reflect. Every one said it was an opportunity not to be neglected: but Jane weighed in her mind, 'Will he keep faith in my compact with Nancy?' Though her admirer made every vow on the subject, Jane paused and determined to take the opinion of Nancy. Nancy thought for a day, and then said, 'Dearest sister, I don't feel easy; I fear that from some cause it would not do in the end.'

Jane from that moment gave up the idea of the connection. There might be those who would suspect Nancy of a selfish bias in the advice she gave; but Jane knew that no such feeling influenced her pure soul. For one long year the two sisters traversed the hills between Cressbrook and Tideswell. But they had companions, and it was pleasant in the summer months. But winter came, and then it was a severe trial. To rise in the dark, and traverse those wild and bleak hills; to go through snow and drizzle, and face the sharpest winds in winter, was no trifling matter. Before winter was over, the two young women began seriously to revolve the chances of a nearer residence, or a change of employ. There were no few who blamed Jane excessively for the folly of refusing the last good offer. There were even more than one who, in the hearing of Nancy, blamed her. Nancy was thoughtful, agitated, and wept. 'If I can, dear sister,' she said, 'have advised you to your injury, how shall I forgive myself? What *shall* become of me?'

But Jane clasped her sister to her heart, and said, 'No! no! dearest sister, you are not to blame. I feel you are right; let us wait, and we shall see!'

THE USES OF SORROW.

Oh, grieve not for the early dead,
Whom God himself hath taken;
But deck with flowers each holy bed—
Nor deem thyself forsaken,
When, one by one, they fall away,
Who were to thee as summer day.

Weep for the babes of guilt, who sleep
With scanty rags stretch'd o'er them,
On the dark road, the downward steep
Of misery; while before them
Looms out afar the dreadful tree,
And solemn, sad Eternity!

Nor weep alone; but when to Heaven
The cords of sorrow bind thee,
Let kindest help to such be given,
As God shall teach to find thee;
And, for the sake of those above,
Do deeds of Wisdom, Mercy, Love.

The child that sicken'd on thy knee,
Thou weeping Christian mother,
Had learn'd in this world, lipsingly,
Words suited for another.
Oh, dost thou think, with pitying mind,
On untaught infants left behind?

FROM THE RAVEN IN THE HAPPY FAMILY.

I won't bear it, and I don't see why I should.

Having begun to commit my grievances to writing, I have made up my mind to go on. You men have a saying, 'I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.' Very good. I may as well get into a false position with our proprietor for a ream of manuscript as a quire. Here goes!

I want to know who BUFFON was. I'll take my oath he wasn't a bird. Then what did *he* know about birds—especially about Ravens? He pretends to know all about Ravens. Who told him? Was his authority a Raven? I should think not. There never was a Raven yet, who committed himself, you'll find, if you look into the precedents.

There's a schoolmaster in dusty black knee-breeches and stockings, who comes and stares at our establishment every Saturday, and brings a lot of boys with him. He is always bothering the boys about BUFFON. That's the way I know what BUFFON says. He is a nice man, BUFFON; and you're all nice men together, ain't you?

What do you mean by saying that I am inquisitive and impudent, that I go everywhere, that I affront and drive off the dogs, that I play pranks on the poultry, and that I am particularly assiduous in cultivating the goodwill of the cook? That's what your friend BUFFON says, and you adopt him it appears. And what do you mean by calling me 'a glutton by nature, and a thief by habit?' Why, the identical boy who was being told this, on the strength of BUFFON, as he looked through our wires last Saturday, was almost out of his mind with pudding, and had got another boy's top in his pocket!

I tell you what. I like the idea of you men, writing histories of *us*, and settling what we are, and what we are not, and calling us any names you like best. What colors do you think you would show in, yourselves, if some of us were to take it into our heads to write histories of *you*? I know something of Astley's Theatre, I hope; I was about the stables there, a few years. Ecod! if you heard the observations of the Horses after the performance, you'd have some of the conceit taken out of you!

I don't mean to say that I admire the Cat. I *don't* admire her. On the whole, I have a personal animosity towards her. But, being obliged to lead this life, I condescend to hold communication with her, and I have asked her what *her* opinion is. She lived with an old lady of property before she came here, who had a number of nephews and nieces. She says she could show you up to that extent, after her experience in that situation, that even you would be hardly brazen enough to talk of cats being sly and selfish any more.

I am particularly assiduous in cultivating

the good-will of the cook, am I? Oh! I suppose you never do anything of this sort, yourselves? No politician among you was ever particularly assiduous in cultivating the good-will of a minister, eh? No clergyman in cultivating the good-will of a bishop, humph? No fortune-seeker in cultivating the good-will of a patron, hah? You have no toad-eating, no time-serving, no place-hunting, no lacqueyship of gold and silver sticks, or anything of that sort, I suppose? You haven't too many cooks, in short, whom you are all assiduously cultivating, till you spoil the general broth? Not you. You leave that to the Ravens.

Your friend BUFFON, and some more of you, are mighty ready, it seems, to give us characters. Would you like to hear about your own temper and forbearance? Ask the Dog. About your never overloading or ill-using a willing creature? Ask my brother-in-law's friend, the Camel, up in the Zoological. About your gratitude to, and your provision for, old servants? I wish I could refer you to the last Horse I dined off (he was very tough), up at a knacker's yard in Battle Bridge. About your mildness, and your abstinence from blows and cudgels? Wait till the Donkey's book comes out!

You are very fond of laughing at the parrot, I observe. Now, I don't care for the parrot. I don't admire the parrot's voice—it wants hoarseness. And I despise the parrot's livery—considering black the only true wear. I would as soon stick my bill into the parrot's breast as look at him. Sooner. But if you come to that, and you laugh at the parrot because the parrot says the same thing over and over again, don't you think you could get up a laugh at yourselves? Did you ever know a Cabinet Minister say of a flagrant job or great abuse, perfectly notorious to the whole country, that he had never heard a word of it himself, but could assure the honourable gentleman that every enquiry should be made? Did you ever hear a Justice remark, of any extreme example of ignorance, that it was a most extraordinary case, and he couldn't have believed in the possibility of such a case—when there had been, all through his life, ten thousand such within sight of his chimneys? Did you ever hear, among yourselves, anything approaching to a parrot repetition of the words, Constitution, Country, Public Service, Self-Government, Centralisation, Un-English, Capital, Balance of Power, Vested Interests, Corn, Rights of Labor, Wages, or so forth? Did you ever? No! Of course, you never!

But to come back to that fellow BUFFON. He finds us Ravens to be most extraordinary creatures. We have properties so remarkable, that you'd hardly believe it. 'A piece of money, a teaspoon, or a ring,' he says, 'are always tempting baits to our avarice. These we will slyly seize upon; and, if not watched, carry to our favorite hole.' How odd!

Did you ever hear of a place called California? I have. I understand there are a number of animals over there, from all parts of the world, turning up the ground with their bills, grubbing under the water, sickening, moulting, living in want and fear, starving, dying, tumbling over on their backs, murdering one another, and all for what? Pieces of money that they want to carry to their favourite holes. Ravens every one of 'em! Not a man among 'em, bless you!

Did you ever hear of Railway Scrip? I have. We made a pretty exhibition of ourselves about that, we feathered creatures! Lord, how we went on about that Railway Scrip! How we fell down, to a bird, from the Eagle to the Sparrow, before a scarecrow, and worshipped it for the love of the bits of rag and paper fluttering from its dirty pockets! If it hadn't tumbled down in its rottenness, we should have clapped a title on it within ten years, I'll be sworn!—Go along with you, and your BUFFON, and don't talk to me!

'The Raven don't confine himself to petty deprivations on the pantry or the larder'—here you are with your BUFFON again—'but he soars at more magnificent plunder, that he can neither exhibit nor enjoy.' This must be very strange to you men—more than it is to the Cat who lived with that old lady, though!

Now, I am not going to stand this. You shall not have it all your own way. I am resolved that I won't have Ravens written about by men, without having men written about by Ravens—at all events by one Raven, and that's me. I shall put down my opinions about you. As leisure and opportunity serve, I shall collect a natural history of you. You are a good deal given to talk about *your* missions. That's my mission. How do you like it?

I am open to contributions from any animal except one of your set; bird, beast, or fish, may assist me in my mission, if he will. I have mentioned it to the Cat, intimated it to the Mouse, and proposed it to the Dog. The Owl shakes his head when I confide it to him, and says he doubts. He always did shake his head, and doubt. Whenever he brings himself before the public, he never does anything except shake his head and doubt. I should have thought he had got himself into a sufficient mess by doing that, when he roosted for a long time in the Court of Chancery. But he can't leave off. He's always at it.

Talking of missions, here's our Proprietor's Wife with a mission now! She has found out that she ought to go and vote at elections; ought to be competent to sit in Parliament; ought to be able to enter the learned professions—the army and navy, too, I believe. She has made the discovery that she has no business to be the comfort of our Proprietor's life, and to have the hold upon him of not being mixed up in all the janglings and wranglings of men, but is quite ill-used in being

the solace of his home, and wants to go out speechifying. That's our Proprietor's Wife's new mission. Why, you never heard the Dove go on in that ridiculous way. She knows her true strength better.

You are mighty proud about your language ; but it seems to me that you don't deserve to have words, if you can't make a better use of 'em. You know you are always fighting about 'em. Do you never mean to leave that off, and come to things a little ? I thought you had high authority for *not* tearing each other's eyes out, about words. You respect it, don't you ?

I declare I am stunned with words, on my perch in the Happy Family. I used to think the cry of a Peacock bad enough, when I was on sale in a menagerie, but I had rather live in the midst of twenty peacocks, than one Gorham and a Privy Council. In the midst of your wordy squabbling, you don't think of the lookers-on. But if you heard what I hear in my public thoroughfare, you'd stop a little of that noise, and leave the great bulk of the people something to believe in peace. You are overdoing it, I assure you.

I don't wonder at the Parrot picking words up and occupying herself with them. She has nothing else to do. There are no destitute parrots, no uneducated parrots, no foreign parrots in a contagious state of distraction, no parrots in danger of pestilence, no festering heaps of miserable parrots, no parrots crying to be sent away beyond the sea for dear life. But among you !—

Well ! I repeat, I am not going to stand it. Tame submission to injustice is unworthy of a Raven. I croak the croak of revolt, and call upon the Happy Family to rally round me. You men have had it all your own way for a long time. *Now*, you shall hear a sentiment or two about yourselves.

I find my last communication gone from the corner where I hid it. I rather suspect the magpie, but he says, 'Upon his honor.' If Mr. Rowland Hill has got it, he will do me justice—more justice than you have done him lately, or I am mistaken in my man.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHEAPNESS.

EGGS.

THERE is a curious illustration of the mode in which kings and legislators thought to make things cheap, in an Ordinance of Edward the Second, of the year 1314, in which it is set forth that there is 'an intolerable dearth, in these days, of oxen, cows, sheep, hogs, geese, capons, hens, chickens, pigeons, and eggs ;' and therefore, amongst other regulations, it is prescribed that twenty eggs shall be sold for a penny, and that the eggs should be forfeited if the salesman would not take that price. Some years before (1274), the Lord Mayor of London, in a similar proclamation, shows us how the commerce of food was conducted, by ordaining that no

huckster of fowl should go out of the city to meet the country people coming in with their commodities, but buy in the city after three o'clock, when the great men and citizens had supplied themselves at the first hand. Of course, these regulations did produce 'an intolerable dearth ;' and Edward the Second had the candour to acknowledge this by a proclamation of 1315, in which he says, 'we have understood that such a proclamation, which at that time we believed would be for the profit of the people of our realm, redounds to their greater damage than profit.' Nevertheless, two centuries and a half later, the civic wisdom discovered that 'through the grievous covetousness of poulterers, the prices of all poultry wares are grown to be excessive and unreasonable ;' and therefore the Lord Mayor decrees the prices of geese and chickens, and commands that eggs shall be five a penny. (Stow.) In 1597 we learn, that even an attorney-general could not have the benefit of such an enforced cheapness ; for the household book of Sir Edward Coke shows us that his steward expended 4s. 8d. in one week of May, for his master's family in Holborn, by daily purchases of eggs at ten for a groat ; while at his country house at Godwicke, in Norfolk, in the same year, he daily bought eggs at twenty a groat in July.

The fact that in 1597 eggs were double the price in Holborn as compared with the eggs of Godwicke, is one of the incidental proofs of an almost self-evident principle, that commercial intercourse, produced by facilities of communication, is one of the great causes of cheapness arising out of equalisation of prices. But such facilities further lower prices, by stimulating production. It is to be noted, that while the Attorney-General, when in the country, killed his own bullocks and sheep, and had green geese, capons, and chickens in profusion out of his own poultry-yard, he bought his eggs. We have no doubt that his occasional presence at Godwicke encouraged the cottagers in the provision of eggs for the great man's use. He did not produce them himself, for the carriage to London would have been most costly. But his purchases were irregular. When the family went to Holborn, the eggs had to seek an inferior market. If no one was at hand, the production declined. They did not go to London, to lower the price there, by increasing the supply.

Eggs at ten a groat, even, sound cheap. But while Coke bought his eggs at ten a groat, he only paid two shillings a stone for his beef. Ten eggs were, therefore, equivalent to about two pounds of beef. In this month of April, 1850, good eggs may be bought in London at sixteen for a shilling, which shilling would purchase two pounds of beef. Eggs are, therefore, more than one half cheaper in London now than two centuries and a half ago, by comparison with meat. They are far cheaper

when we regard the altered value of money. In the days of Queen Elizabeth eggs were a common article of food. We learn from no less an authority than the Chamberlain of a renowned inn in Kent, that the company who travelled with the carriers used eggs plentifully and luxuriously. 'They are up already, and call for eggs and butter.' (Henry IV. pt. 1.) But if we infer that the population of London, in those days of supposed cheapness, could obtain eggs with the facility with which we now obtain them, and that the estimated two hundred thousand of that population could call for them as freely as the pack-horse travellers at Rochester,—the inference may be corrected by the knowledge of a few facts, which will show by what means, then undiscovered, a perishable article is now supplied with un-failing regularity, and without any limit but that enforced by the demand, to a population of two millions and a quarter. That such a population can be so supplied without a continuing increase, or a perpetual variation of price, is an Illustration of Cheapness, which involves a view of some remarkable peculiarities of our age, and some important characteristics of our social condition.

In the days of Edward II., the villagers who dwelt within a few miles of London daily surrounded its walls with their poultry and eggs. The poulterers were forbidden to become their factors; but unquestionably it was for the interest of both parties that some one should stand between the producer and the consumer. Without this, there would have been no regular production. Perhaps the production was very irregular, the price very fluctuating, the dearth often intolerable. This huckstering had to go on for centuries before it became commerce. It would have been difficult, even fifty years ago, to imagine that eggs, a frail commodity, and quickly perishable, should become a great article of import. Extravagant would have been the assertion that a kingdom should be supplied with sea-borne eggs, with as much speed, with more regularity, and at a more equalised price, than a country market-town of the days of George III. It has been stated, that, before the Peace of 1815, Berwick-upon-Tweed shipped annually as many eggs to London as were valued at 30,000*l*. Before the Peace, there were no steam-vessels; and it is difficult to conceive how the cargoes from Berwick, with a passage that often lasted a month, could find their way to the London consumer in marketable condition. Perhaps the eaters of those eggs, collected in the Border districts, were not so fastidious in their tastes as those who now despise a French egg which has been a week travelling from the Pas de Calais. But the Berwick eggs were, at any rate, the commencement of a real commerce in eggs.

In 1820, five years after the Peace, thirty-one millions of foreign eggs found their way into England, paying a duty of 11,077*l*., at the rate of a penny for each dozen. They

principally came from France, from that coast which had a ready communication with Kent and Sussex, and with the Thames. These eggs, liable as they were to a duty, came to the consumer so much cheaper than the Berwick eggs, or the Welsh eggs, or the eggs even that were produced in Middlesex or Surrey, that the trade in eggs was slowly but surely revolutionised. Large heaps of eggs made their appearance in the London markets, or stood in great boxes at the door of the butterman, with tempting labels of '24 a shilling,' or '20 a shilling.' They were approached with great suspicion, and not unjustly so; for the triumphs of steam were yet far from complete. But it was discovered that there was an egg-producing country in close proximity to London, in which the production of eggs for the metropolitan market might be stimulated by systematic intercourse, and become a mutual advantage to a population of two millions, closely packed in forty square miles of street, and a population of six hundred thousand spread over two thousand five hundred square miles of arable, meadow, and forest land, with six or eight large towns. This population of the Pas de Calais is chiefly composed of small proprietors. Though the farms are larger there than in some other parts of France, some of the peculiarities of what is called the small culture are there observable. Poultry, especially, is most abundant. Every large and every small farmhouse has its troops of fowls and turkeys. The pullets are carefully fed and housed; the eggs are duly collected; the good-wife carries them to the markets of Arras, or Bethune, or St. Omer, or Aire, or Boulogne, or Calais: perhaps the egg-collector traverses the district with his cart and his runners. The egg-trade with England gradually went on increasing. In 1835, France consigned to us seventy-six millions of eggs, paying a duty of tenpence for 120. In 1849, we received ninety-eight millions of foreign eggs, paying a duty of tenpence-halfpenny per 120, amounting to 35,694*l*. These are known in the egg-market as eggs of Caen, Honfleur, Cherbourg, Calais, and Belgium.

In 1825 the commercial intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland was put upon the same footing as the coasting trade of the ports of England. Steam navigation between the two islands also had received an enormous impulse. The small farmers and cottiers of Ireland were poultry-keepers. Too often the poor oppressed tenants were wont to think—'The hen lays eggs, they go into the lord's frying-pan.' Steam navigation gave a new impulse to Irish industry. Before steam-vessels entered the Cove of Cork, an egg, at certain seasons, could scarcely be found in the market of that city. England wanted eggs; steam-boats would convey them rapidly to Bristol; the small farmers applied themselves to the production of eggs; Cork itself then obtained a constant and cheap supply. In

1835 Ireland exported as many eggs to England as were valued at 156,000*l.*, being in number nearly a hundred millions. In 1847 it was stated by Mr. Richardson, in a work on Domestic Fowls, published in Dublin, that the export of eggs from Ireland to England was 'bordering on a million sterling.' The eggs are valued at 5*s.* 6*d.* for 124, which would indicate an export of about four hundred and fifty millions of eggs. We come to more precise results when we learn, on the authority of the secretary of the Dublin Steam-Packet Company, that in the year 1844-5 there were shipped from Dublin alone, to London and Liverpool, forty-eight millions of eggs, valued at 122,500*l.* In the census of 1841, the poultry of Ireland was valued at 202,000*l.*, taking each fowl at 6*d.* per head. The return was below the reality; for the peasantry were naturally afraid of some fiscal imposition, worse even than the old tax of 'duty fowls,' when they had to account for their Dame Partletts. Eight millions of poultry, which this return indicates, is, however, a large number. The gross number of holdings in Ireland, as shown by the agricultural returns of 1847, was 935,000; and this would give above eight fowls to every cottage and farm,—a number sufficient to produce four hundred and fifty millions of eggs for exportation, if all could be collected and all carried to a port. One hundred and twenty eggs yearly is the produce of a good hen. It would be safe to take the Irish export of eggs at half the number,—an enormous quantity, when we consider what a trifling matter an egg appears when we talk of large culture and extensive commerce. Out of such trifles communities have grown into industrious and frugal habits and consequent prosperity. There was a time when the English farmer's wife would keep her household out of the profits of her butter, her poultry, and her eggs; when she duly rose at five o'clock on the market-day morning, rode with her wares some seven miles in a jolting cart, and stood for six hours at a stall till she had turned all her commodity into the ready penny. The old thrift and the old simplicity may return, when English farmers learn not to despise small gains, and understand how many other things are to be done with the broad acres, besides growing wheat at a monopoly price.

The coast-trade brings English eggs in large numbers into the London markets. Scotch eggs are also an article of import. The English eggs, according to the 'Price Current,' fetch 25 per cent. more than the Scotch or Irish. The average price of all eggs at the present time, in the wholesale London market, is five shillings for 120—exactly a halfpenny each.

In the counties by which London is surrounded, the production of fresh eggs is far below the metropolitan demand. Poultry, indeed, is produced in considerable quantities, but there is little systematic attention to the

profitable article of eggs. Where is the agricultural labourer who has his half-dozen young hens, from which number, with good management, nine hundred, and even a thousand eggs may be annually produced, that will obtain a high price—three times as high as foreign eggs? These six hens would yield the cottager a pleasant addition to his scanty wages, provided the egg-collection were systematised, as it is in Ireland. Mr. Weld, in his 'Statistical Survey of the County of Roscommon,' says, 'The eggs are collected from the cottages for several miles round, by runners, commonly boys from nine years old and upwards, each of whom has a regular beat, which he goes over daily, bearing back the produce of his toil carefully stowed in a small hand-basket. I have frequently met with these boys on their rounds, and the caution necessary for bringing in their brittle ware with safety seemed to have communicated an air of business and steadiness to their manner, unusual to the ordinary volatile habits of children in Ireland.'

Making a reasonable estimate of the number of foreign eggs, and of Irish and Scotch eggs that come into the port of London—and putting them together at a hundred and fifty millions, every individual of the London population consumes sixty eggs, brought to his own door from sources of supply which did not exist thirty years ago. Nor will such a number appear extravagant when we consider how accurately the egg-consumption is regulated by the means and the wants of this great community. Rapid as the transit of these eggs has become, there are necessarily various stages of freshness in which they reach the London market. The retail dealer purchases accordingly of the egg-merchant; and has a commodity for sale adapted to the peculiar classes of his customers. The dairyman or poulturer in the fashionable districts permits, or affects to permit, no cheap sea-borne eggs to come upon his premises. He has his eggs of a snowy whiteness at four or six a shilling, 'warranted new-laid;' and his eggs from Devonshire, cheap at eight a shilling, for all purposes of polite cookery. In Whitechapel, or Tottenham Court Road, the bacon-seller 'warrants' even his twenty-four a shilling. In truth, the cheapest eggs from France and Ireland are as good, if not better, than the eggs which were brought to London in the days of bad roads and slow conveyance—the days of road-wagons and pack-horses. And a great benefit it is, and a real boast of that civilisation which is a consequence of free and rapid commercial intercourse. Under the existing agricultural condition of England, London could not, by any possibility, be supplied with eggs to the extent of a hundred and fifty millions annually, beyond the existing supply from the neighbouring counties. The cheapness of eggs through the imported supply has raised up a new class of egg-consumers. Eggs are no longer a luxury which the poor of London

cannot touch. France and Ireland send them cheap eggs. But France and Ireland produce eggs for London, that the poultry-keepers may supply themselves with other things which they require more than eggs. Each is a gainer by the exchange. The industry of each population is stimulated ; the wants of each supplied.

MUSIC IN HUMBLE LIFE.

MUSIC—that is, classical music—has of late years been gradually descending from the higher to the humbler classes. The Muse is changing her associates ; she is taking up with the humble and needy, and leaves nothing better to her aristocratic friends than their much-loved Italian Opera. It is to the masses that she awards some of her choicest scientific gifts. She has of late years permeated and softened the hard existence of the artisan and the labourer.

It was not always thus. There was an 'olden time' in England when Music was more assiduously cultivated among the higher and educated classes than it has been in more modern days. In the sixteenth century, knowledge of music, and skill in its performance were deemed indispensable to persons of condition. Queen Elizabeth, among her other vanities, was proud of her musical powers, and not a little jealous of her unhappy rival, the Queen of Scots, on account of her proficiency in this accomplishment. The favourite vocal music of that day consisted of the madrigals of the great Italian and English masters—those wonderful works of art, which, like the productions of ancient Grecian sculpture, have baffled all attempts at modern imitation. Yet every well-educated lady or gentleman was expected to take a part in those profound and complicated harmonies ; and at a social meeting, to decline doing so, on the score of inability, was regarded as a proof of rudeness and low-breeding. In Morley's very curious book, the '*Introduction to Practical Music*,' a gentleman is represented as seeking musical instruction in consequence of a mortification of this kind. 'Supper being ended,' says he, 'and musicke books, according to the custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing ; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I could not, everie one began to wonder, yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up.'

Music declined in England along with manners. In the middle of the last century, a period rivalling the days of Charles the Second in moral profligacy, Lord Chesterfield, who of course expressed the fashionable feeling of the time, advised his son to eschew the practice of music as unbecoming a gentleman. This feeling, we need scarcely say, has long passed away ; some of our most accomplished amateurs of both sexes being found in the highest circles of society.

Traces, however, of the ancient and extensive cultivation of music were never entirely obliterated ; and, as might be expected, they existed, along with more primitive manners, in the more remote districts of the country. In some of the northern counties, particularly Lancashire and Yorkshire, the inhabitants have from time immemorial been remarkable for skill in vocal harmony, and for their knowledge of the old part-music of the English school. As these districts have gradually become the seats of manufactures, the same musical habits have been kept up among the growing population ; and so salutary have these habits been found—so conducive to order, temperance, and industry—that many great manufacturers have encouraged them by furnishing to their work-people the means of musical instruction.

The Messrs. Strutt, of Derby, trained some of their brawny workmen into a band, and many of them could step from the forge into the orchestra, and perform some of the most complicated pieces, by English and foreign composers, in a creditable style.

Another set of harmonious blacksmiths awaken the echoes of the remotest Welsh mountains. The correspondent of a London paper, while visiting Merthyr, was exceedingly puzzled by hearing boys in the Cyfarthfa works whistling airs rarely heard except in the fashionable ball-room, opera-house, or drawing-room. He afterwards discovered that the proprietor of the works, Mr. Robert Crawshay, had established among his men a brass band, which practises once a week throughout the year. They have the good fortune to be led by a man (one of the 'roll-turners') who must have had somewhere a superior musical education. 'I had the pleasure of hearing them play, and was astonished at their proficiency. They number sixteen instruments. I heard them perform the Overtures to Zampa, The Caliph of Bagdad, and Fra Diavolo, Vivaldi, some concerted music from Roberto, Don Giovanni, and Lucia, with a quantity of Waltzes, Polkas, and dance music. The bandmaster had them under excellent control ; he everywhere took the time well, and the instruments preserved it, each taking up his lead with spirit and accuracy ; in short, I have seldom heard a regimental band more perfect than this handful of workmen, located (far from any place where they might command the benefit of hearing other bands) in the mountains of Wales. The great body of men at these works are extremely proud of their musical performances, and like to boast of them. I have been told it cost Mr. Crawshay great pains and expense to bring this band to its present excellent condition. If so, he now has his reward. Besides this, he has shown what the intellectual capacity of the workman is equal to, and, above all, he has provided a rational and refined amusement for classes whose leisure time would

otherwise probably have been less creditably spent than in learning or listening to music.'

The habits and manners of these men appear to have been decidedly improved by these softening influences. They are peaceful and simple. 'During a stay of several weeks in the town,' says the same authority, 'I neither saw nor heard of altercations or fighting. The man, on his return from labour, usually washes (the colliers and miners invariably wash every day from head to foot), puts on another coat, and sits down to his meal of potatoes, meat, and tea, or broth, and bread and cheese, as the case may be. His wife and children, comfortably clothed and cheerful, sit down with him. Afterwards he goes to a neighbour's house, or receives some friends of his own, when they discuss the news and light gossip affecting their class, or talk over the success or difficulties attending their work and their prospects as regards the future. Visiting many of their houses at night, I saw numbers of such groups; in one instance only I saw them drinking beer, and that was at a kind of housewarming, one of the body having that night taken possession of the neatly furnished house where I found them assembled.'

These are, indeed, only insulated good effects wrought by private individuals; but their beneficial effects have led to and helped on the systematic cultivation of music as a branch of popular education under the direct sanction and authority of the Government; and the labours of Mr. Hullah, who was chosen as the agent in this good work, have been attended with a degree of success far beyond anything that could have been anticipated.

Mr. Hullah had turned his attention to the subject of popular instruction in Music, before the matter was taken up by the Government, and had examined the methods of tuition adopted in various parts of the Continent. An investigation of the system of Wilhem, which had been formally sanctioned by the French Government, induced him to attempt its introduction in a modified form, into this country; and he had an opportunity of doing so by being appointed to instruct in vocal music the pupils of the training-school at Battersea, then recently opened under the direction of the National Society. In February 1840, he gave his first lesson to a class of about twenty boys, and from this small beginning sprang the great movement which speedily extended over the kingdom. The success of these lessons attracted the notice of the Committee of the Privy Council, who undertook the publication of the work containing the adaptation of the Wilhem system to English use; and under the sanction of the Committee, three classes were opened in Exeter Hall for schoolmasters or teachers in elementary schools, each class limited to one hundred persons; and a fourth class, of the same number, for female teachers. These

classes were opened in February and March 1841. Their expenses were defrayed partly from small payments made by the pupils themselves, and partly by a subscription raised among a few distinguished friends of education. It is worthy of particular notice (as an erroneous impression has existed on the subject) that the Government has never contributed a shilling to the support of any of Mr. Hullah's classes; though the official countenance and encouragement of the Committee of Council certainly contributed much to Mr. Hullah's success.

Many applications for similar instructions having been made by persons *not* engaged in teaching, the elementary classes were thrown open to the public; and in the spring of 1841 these applications became so numerous, that it was found necessary to engage, the Great Room at Exeter Hall and several of the smaller rooms.

These first courses of elementary lessons being ended, an Upper School was opened, in December 1841, for the practice of choral music, to enable those pupils who might desire it to keep up and increase the knowledge they had acquired. This class was joined by about 250 persons.

The first great choral meeting of Mr. Hullah's classes was held in April 1842. About 1500 persons sang, of whom the majority were adults, who, a year before, had possessed no knowledge of music. During the year following, 861 persons joined the elementary classes, and 1465 became members of the Upper Schools, which were increased in number from one to three.

Of these Upper Schools, Mr. Hullah himself says—*

'They consist of persons of both sexes, of nearly all ages, and nearly all ranks; for I think it would be difficult to name a class or calling, of which they do not include some representative. We have clergymen, lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, clerks, mechanics, soldiers, and, of course, many schoolmasters and school-mistresses. The large number of females, besides distinguishing us broadly from those musical societies called Social Harmonists and Glorious Apollos and the like—relics of an age when men were not at all times fit company for women—besides producing that courteous and scrupulous tone which female influence must produce wherever it has fair play, removes the only objection which can reasonably be made to this kind of social recreation, that it carries individuals away from their homes, and breaks up family circles; for our meetings include many a family circle entire—husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children; and these, in many instances, taught by one another.'

When the singing classes were opened in Exeter Hall, other classes were also opened,

* *The Duty and Advantage of Learning to Sing.* A Lecture delivered at the Leeds Church Institution, 1846.

also under the sanction of the Committee of Council, for totally different objects;—instruction in Model Drawing, Writing, Arithmetic, and Chemistry. The receipts from the singing classes, during 1841, 1842, and 1843, realised a net surplus above expenditure, of 1122*l.*: but nearly the whole of this sum was employed in meeting the losses on the other classes, in every one of which there was a deficit. From the very heavy rent, too, demanded for Exeter Hall, it was thought advisable to quit that place, and transfer the singing classes to the Apollonicon Rooms in St. Martin's Lane, till the plan then formed, for the erection of a building at once less expensive and better fitted for the accommodation of the classes than Exeter Hall, could be carried into effect.

This plan has been accomplished by the erection of the edifice in Long Acre, called St. Martin's Hall. The funds for this purpose were raised by the persevering exertions of Mr. Hullah, aided by liberal advances made by private individuals, subscriptions, and contributions of the pupils, in testimony of their sense of the advantage they derived from the schools, and the profits of a series of great Choral Concerts given, for several seasons, in Exeter Hall. The first stone of the building was laid by the Earl of Carlisle on the 26th of June, 1847; and the first public meeting in the Great Hall was held on the 11th of February last. The edifice, though rendered fit for present use, is not yet fully completed, in consequence of a portion of the ground forming its site being still under an unexpired lease. When finished, the great concert-hall will be 120 feet long, 55 wide, and 40 high; and will afford accommodation for three thousand persons. There are also a lecture-room which can hold five hundred persons, three spacious class-rooms, and a large room intended as a library of music and musical literature.

At St. Martin's Hall there are now about 1400 persons in various stages of instruction; about 450 in the first upper school, about 250 in the second, and the remainder in the elementary classes. The pupils belong to every class and calling; the highest ranks of the aristocracy, the members of almost every trade and profession, the industrious mechanic and workman; and they all mingle in one common pursuit, without regard to station or degree, and with the utmost harmony of feeling. There is a due admixture of the softer sex; and the meetings of the classes are characterised by such uniform propriety and decorum, that the most scrupulous parents allow their children, without hesitation, to attend them.

There are several other places in the Metropolis where Mr. Hullah's system of teaching is in operation. He has been appointed Professor of Vocal Music in King's College, in which seminary music forms a regular part of the Theological Course; a

knowledge of this art being regarded as so conducive to the usefulness of a clergyman, that its acquirement, to a certain extent, is rendered imperative on the students of divinity. At the Charterhouse, a succession of singing-classes has been maintained for these five or six years.

The National Society for the Education of the Poor has four Normal Schools, in all of which the musical instruction is under Mr. Hullah's direction. These are:—1st, St. Mark's College, Chelsea; in which there are always sixty students, who remain there three years. All learn to sing, and the majority to write in four-part harmony, before they leave. They have a daily choral service, in which they sing (without accompaniment) the services of Tallis, Gibbons, and other (chiefly old) English masters, and the motets and hymns of the old Italian and Flemish schools. They are at this time getting up, in their leisure hours, *The Messiah*, with not only the vocal but the instrumental parts. Attached to the College is a boys' school, where the boys (upwards of 200) are taught to sing by the students. The boys of the first class are all able to sing the treble parts of *The Messiah*. 2nd, Battersea College, in which there are about 80 students, who remain about a year. 3rd, Westminster Training Institution, in which there are about 45 masters and 60 mistresses, who remain about six months. There are also, in the school attached, about 200 boys and 150 girls taught to sing. The whole body forms at once the choir and greater part of the congregation at Christ Church, Westminster. The children at this school are of the humblest class. 4th, Whitelands; where there are about 75 young women training for schoolmistresses. They remain about three years, and attain some knowledge of Harmony.

Besides the above, under Mr. Hullah's personal direction, there are various other training institutions in London, in which his plans have been adopted, and are carried out by pupils of his own. The most important of these are, the Borough Road Schools and the Home and Colonial Infant School Society.

There are Normal Schools at York, Exeter, Oxford, Chester, Warrington, Durhan, and other provincial towns, in all of which music is taught systematically, according to the methods which the masters have acquired in the Normal Schools of the metropolis. In Ireland, the National Board of Education some years ago formally adopted Mr. Hullah's books, and have introduced his methods into a variety of seminaries. In Scotland less seems to have been done. But the authorities of the Free Church sent a young teacher to study under Mr. Hullah, who returned to Edinburgh about a year ago, and, we learn, is giving instructions with success. Mr. Hullah's 'Manual' has been translated into Welsh, and introduced into some schools in the Principality. Many copies of his books have been

sent to different parts of India, Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand, for the use of persons teaching in those remote regions.

It thus appears that Music is becoming a regular branch of popular education, and for the most part according to a uniform and well-tried method, in every part of the British empire. The system is of too recent growth to have brought its fruits to maturity. It may, indeed, be regarded as in its infancy when compared with the magnitude which it cannot fail to attain. But already its effects are striking and encouraging. Music—well, badly, or indifferently taught—forms a part of the business of the great majority of schools, national, public, and private, throughout the country. In hundreds of quiet, out-of-the-way country churches, an approximation is made to a choral service often purely vocal. Hundreds of country clergymen are now qualified, by musical attainment, to superintend the singing of their choirs and congregations, and exert themselves to render it consistent with taste, propriety, and devotion. And it is a certain fact, that whereas ten years ago, nobody, in the engagement of a schoolmaster, ever thought of inquiring about his musical capacity, men defective in this point, but otherwise of unexceptionable character and attainments, find it next to impossible to obtain employment.

A PARIS NEWSPAPER.

WITHIN the precincts of that resort for foreigners and provincials in Paris the Palais Royal, is situate the Rue du 24 Fevrier. This revolutionary name, given after the last outbreak, is still pronounced with difficulty by those who, of old, were wont to call it the Rue de Valois. People are becoming accustomed to call the royally named street by its revolutionary title, although it is probable that no one will ever succeed in calling the Palais Royal, Palais National; the force of habit being in this instance too great to efface old recollections. Few foreigners have ever penetrated into the Rue de 24 Fevrier, though it forms one of the external galleries of the Palais Royal, and one may see there the smoky kitchens, dirty cooks,—the night-side, in fact, of the splendid restaurants whose gilt fronts attract attention inside. Rubicund apples, splendid game, truffes, and ortolans, deck the one side; smoke, dirty plates, rags, and smutty saucepans may be seen on the other.

It is from an office in the Rue de 24 Fevrier, almost opposite the dark side of a gorgeous Palais Royal restaurant, that issue 40,000 copies of a daily print, entitled the 'Constitutionnel.'

Newspaper offices, be it remarked, are always to be found in odd holes and corners. To the mass in London, Printing-house Square, or Lombard Street, Whitefriars, are mysti-

cal localities; yet they are the daily birth-places of that fourth estate which fulminates anathemas on all the follies and weaknesses of governments, and, without which, no one can feel free or independent. The 'Constitutionnel' office is about as little known to the mass of its subscribers as either Printing-house Square or Whitefriars.

There is always an old and respectable look about the interior of newspaper establishments, in whatever country you may find them. For rusty dinginess, perhaps there is nothing to equal a London office, with its floors strewn with newspapers from all parts of the world, parliamentary reports, and its shelves creaking under books of all sorts thumbed to the last extremity. Notwithstanding these appearances, however, there is discipline,—there is real order in the apparent disorder of things. Those newspapers that are lying in heaps have to be accurately filed; those books of reference can be pounced upon when wanted on the instant; and as to reports, the place of each is as well known as if all labelled and ticketed with the elaborate accuracy of a public library.

Not less rusty and not less disorderly is the appearance of a French newspaper office; but how different the aspect of things from what you see in England!

Over the office of the 'Constitutionnel' is a dingy tricolor flag. A few broken steps lead to a pair of folding-doors. Inside is the sanctuary of the office, guarded by that flag as if by the honour of the country; for the tricolor represents all Frenchmen, be he prince or proletarian.

You enter through a narrow passage flanked with wire cages, in which are confined for the day the clerks who take account of advertisements and subscriptions. Melancholy objects seem these caged birds; whose hands alone emerge at intervals through the pigeon-holes made for the purpose of taking in money and advertisements. The universal beard and moustachios that ornament their chins, look, however, more unbusiness-like than are the men really. They are shrewd and knowing birds that are enclosed in these wire cages.

At publishing time, boys rushing in for papers, as in London offices, are not here to be seen. The reason of this is simple: French newspaper proprietors prefer doing their work themselves,—they will have no middlemen. They serve all their customers by quarterly, yearly, or half-yearly subscriptions. In every town in France there are subscription offices for this journal, as well, indeed, as for all great organs of the press generally. There are regular forms set up like registers at the Post-office, and all of these are gathered at the periodical renewal of subscriptions to the central office. The period of renewal is every fortnight.

Passing still further up the narrow and dim passage, one sees a pigeon-hole, over which is

written the word 'Advertisements.' This superscription is now supererogatory, for there no advertisements are received; that branch of the journal having been farmed out to a Company at 350,000fr. a-year. This is a system which evidently saves a vast deal of trouble. The Advertising Company of Paris has secured almost a monopoly of announcements and puffs. It has bought up the last page of nearly every Paris journal which owns the patronage and confidence of the advertising public of the French Capital. At the end of the same dark passages, are the rooms specially used for the editors and writers. In France, journals are bought for their polemics, and not for their news: many of them have fallen considerably, however, from the high estate which they held in public opinion previous to the last revolution. There are men who wrote in them to advocate and enforce principles; but in the chopping and changing times that France lives in, it is not unusual to find the same men with different principles, interest or gain being the object of each change. This result of revolution might have been expected; and though it would be unfair to involve the whole press in a sweeping accusation, cases in point have been sufficiently numerous to cause a want of confidence in many quarters against the entire press.

The doings of newspaper editors are not catalogued in print at Paris, as in America; but their influence being more occult is not the less powerful, and it is this feeling that leads people to pay more attention to this or that leading article than to mere news. The announcement of a treaty having been concluded between certain powers of Europe, may not lower the funds; but if an influential journal expresses an opinion that certain dangers are to be apprehended from the treaty in question, the exchanges will be instantly affected. This is an instance amongst many that the French people are to be led in masses. Singly they have generally no ideas, either politically or commercially.

The importance of a journal being chiefly centered in that portion specially devoted to politics, the writers of which are supposed right or wrong to possess certain influences, it is not astonishing the editorial offices have few occupants. The editorial department of the 'Constitutionnel' wears a homely appearance, but borrows importance from the influence that is wielded in it—writers decorated with the red ribbon are not unfrequently seen at work in it. In others, and especially in the editorial offices of some journals, may be seen, besides the pen, more offensive weapons, such as swords and pistols. This is another result of the personal system of journalism. As in America, the editor may find himself in the necessity of defending his arguments by arms. He is too notorious to be able to resort to the stratagem of a well-known wit, who kept a noted boxer in his front office to represent

the editor in hostile encounters. He goes out, therefore, to fight a duel, on which sometimes depends not only his own fate, but that of his journal.

With regard to the personal power of a newspaper name, it is only necessary in order to show how frequently it still exists, to state that the Provisional Government of February, 1848, was concocted in a newspaper office, and the revolution of 1830 was carried on by the editors of a popular journal—that amongst the lower orders in France, at the present time, the names that are looked up to as those of chiefs, belong to newspaper editors, whose leading articles are read and listened to in cheap newspaper clubs, and whose "orders" are followed as punctually and as certainly as those of a general by his troops. A certain class of French politicians may be likened to sheep:—they follow their "leaders."

The smallness of the number of officials in a French newspaper office is to be accounted for from the fact that Parliamentary Debates are transcribed on the spot where the speeches are made; and the reporting staff never stirs from the legislative assembly. The divers corps of reporters for Paris journals form a corporation, with its aldermen or syndics, and other minor officers. Each reporter is relieved every two minutes; and whilst his colleagues are succeeding each other with the same rapidity, he transcribes the notes taken during his two minutes' 'turn.' The result of this revolving system is collated and arranged by a gentleman selected for the purpose. This mode of proceeding ensures, if necessary, the most verbatim transmission of an important speech, and more equably divides the work, than does the English system, where each reporter takes notes for half or three-quarters of an hour, and spends two or three hours—and sometimes four or five—to transcribe his notes. The French Parliamentary reporter is not the dispassionate auditor, which the English one is. He applauds or condemns the orators, cheers or hoots with all the vehemence of an excited partizan.

'Penny-a-liners' are unknown in Paris; the foreign and home intelligence being elaborated in general news' offices, independent of the newspapers. It is there that all the provincial journals are received, the news of the day gathered up, digested, and multiplied by means of lithography; which is found more efficacious than the stylet and oiled 'flimsy' paper of our Penny-a-liners. It is from these latter places too, that the country journals, as well as many of the foreign press, the German, the Belgian, and the Spanish, are supplied with Paris news. England is a good market, as most of our newspapers are wealthy enough to have correspondents of their own.

My first visit to the 'Constitutionnel' was in the day-time, and I caught the editor as he was looking over some of his proofs.

Their curious appearance led me to ask how they were struck off, and, in order to satisfy me, he led the way up a dark stair, from which we entered upon the composing-rooms of the premises. These, in appearance, were like all other composing-rooms that I had seen; the forms, and cases for the type, were similar to those in London; the men themselves had that worn and pale look which characterises the class to which they belong, and their pallor was not diminished by their wearing of the long beard and moustache. Their unbuttoned shirts and bare breasts, the short clay pipe, reminded me of the heroes of the barricades; indeed, I have every reason to know that these very compositors are generally foremost in revolutions; and though they often print ministerial articles, they are not sharers in the opinions which they help to spread. The head printer contracts for the printing, and chooses his men where he can find them best. As a body, these men were provident, I was told, and all subscribed to a fund for their poor, their orphans and widows; they form a sort of trade union, and have very strict regulations.

I found a most remarkable want of convenience in the working of the types. For instance, there were no galleys, or longitudinal trays, on which to place the type when it was set up; but when a small quantity had been put together in column on a broad copper table, a string was passed round it to keep it together. Nor was there any hand-press for taking proofs; and here I found the explanation of the extraordinary appearance of the proofs I had seen below. For when I asked to have one struck off, the head printer placed a sheet of paper over the type, and with a great brush beat it in, giving the proof a sunken and embossed appearance, which it seemed to me would render correction exceedingly difficult. The French, it seems, care not for improvement in this respect, any more than the Chinese, whom the brush has served in place of a printing-press for some three thousand years.

This Journal has, as I have said, from 40,000 to 50,000 subscribers, in order to serve whom it was necessary that the presses should be at work as early as eleven o'clock at night. But there is no difficulty in doing this, where news not being the *sine quâ non* of journalism, provincial and foreign intelligence is given as fresh, which in England would be considered much behind in time. But even when commencing business at the early hour above mentioned, I found that it had been necessary for the paper to be composed twice over, in order to save time; and thus two printers' establishments were required to bring out each number of the journal in sufficient time for the country circulation by early morning trains. The necessity for this double composition is still existing in most of the French newspaper offices, but had been obviated here lately, by the erection of a

new printing-machine, which sufficed by the speed of its working to print the given number of copies necessary for satisfying the wants of each day.

Having seen through the premises, and witnessed all that was interesting in the daytime, I was politely requested to return in the evening, and see the remaining process of printing the paper and getting it ready to send out from the office.

Punctually at eleven o'clock I was in the Rue du 24 Fevrier. Passing through the offices which I had seen in the morning, I was led by a sort of guide down some passages dimly lighted with lamps. To the right and to the left we turned, descending stone steps into the bowels of the earth as it seemed to me; the walls oozing with slimy damp in some parts; dry and saltpetry in others. A bundle of keys, which were jingling in my guide's hand, made noises which reminded me of the description of prisoners going down into the Bastille or Tower. At another moment a sound of voices in the distance, reminded me of a scene of desperate coiners in a cellar.

These sounds grew louder, as we soon entered a vast stone cellar, in which rudely dressed men, half-naked as to their breasts and arms, were to be seen fitting to and fro at the command of a superior; their long beards and grimy faces, their short pipes and dirty appearance, made them look more like devils than men, and I bethought me that here, at last, I had found that real animal—the printer's devil. There were two or three printing-presses in the room, only one of which was going. Its rolling sound was like thunder in the cave in which we stood. As paper after paper flew out from the sides of this creaking press, they were carried to a long table and piled up in heaps.

Presently some of the stoutest men shouldered a mass of these, and my conductor and myself following them, we entered a passage which led to another cellar, contiguous to that in which the papers were printed. There, sitting round a number of tables, were several young women. These women, seized upon a portion of the papers brought in, and with an amazing rapidity folded them into a small compass. In a few minutes all the papers I had seen printed were folded and numbered off by dozens. Then comes another operation: a man came round and deposited before each woman a bundle of little paper slips, which I found to be the addresses of the subscribers. The women placed the labels and the paste on one side, and commenced operations. A bundle of papers, folded, was placed before each; the forefinger, dipped in the paste, immediately touched the paper and the label simultaneously, and the 'Constitutionnel' flew out with a speed perfectly astonishing from the hands of these women, ready to be distributed in town or country. They were then finishing the labelling of the

papers for Paris circulation ; 20,000 copies scarcely sufficing for the supply.

This was the concluding sight in my visit to a Paris Newspaper-Office.

LINES BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[From an Unpublished Autograph.]

The days of Infancy are all a dream,
How fair, but oh ! how short they seem—
'Tis Life's sweet opening Spring !

The days of Youth advance :
The bounding limb, the ardent glance,
The kindling soul they bring—
It is Life's burning SUMMER time.

Manhood—matured with wisdom's fruit,
Reward of Learning's deep pursuit—
Succeeds, as AUTUMN follows Summer's prime.

And that, and that, alas ! goes by ;
And what ensues ? The languid eye,
The failing frame, the soul o'ercast ;
'Tis WINTER's sickening, withering blast,
Life's blessed season—for it is the last.

SHORT CUTS ACROSS THE GLOBE.

THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

THAT little neck of land which lies between the head of the Red Sea and the Gulph of Gaza, in the Mediterranean, is the cause of merchandise circumnavigating the two longest sides of the triangular continent of Africa on its way to the East ; instead of making the short cut which is available for passengers by what is called the 'overland route.' If a water-way were opened across the Isthmus, the highway for the goods traffic as well as for the passenger traffic of Europe, India, China, and Australia, will be along the Mediterranean and Red Seas and the Indian Ocean. And that highway will be so thronged, that the expense of travelling by it will be reduced to a *minimum*, and the accommodations for travellers at intermediate stations raised to a *maximum* of comfort.

This state of affairs—analogueous to that which occurs in the intercourse of two towns where there is a round-about road for carts and carriages, and a footpath across the meadows for foot-passengers only—is attended by great inconveniences. Letters relating to mercantile transactions are forwarded by the short cut ; the merchandise to which they relate follows tardily by the round-about road. The advantageous bargain concluded now may have a very different aspect when the goods come to be delivered three or four months hence. The seven-league-boot expedition of letters, and the tardy progress of goods, convert all transactions between England and India into a game of chance. This fosters that spirit of gambling speculation already too rife among us.

Again, so long as the route for passengers continues to be something different and apart from the route for merchandise, the travelling charges will be kept higher, and the accom-

modations for travellers less comfortable than they would otherwise be. Railways, in arranging their tariff of fares, venture to reduce the charge for passengers (in the hope of augmenting their number) when they can rely upon the returns from the goods traffic to make up deficiencies. If merchandise, as well as travellers and letters, could be carried by what is called the overland route (of which scarcely two hundred miles are travelled by land), the passengers' fares would admit of great reduction ; and as that route would thus become the great highway, frequented by greater crowds, the accommodation of travellers could be better cared for. Travellers in carriages rarely reflect how much the amount of charges at inns depends upon the landlords having a profitable run of business among less distinguished guests.

As we remarked, when descanting on the Panama route, physical obstacles to the opening of short cuts are of much less consequence than those which originate in financial difficulties. Almost any physical obstacles may be overcome, if money can be profitably invested in the undertaking, and if money can be got for such investment.

Were we projectors of a company, and engaged in preparing an attractive prospectus, we might boldly declare that the obstacles in the construction of a ship canal at Suez are trifling, and that the work would prove amply remunerative. But being only impartial spectators, we are obliged to confess that our information respecting the nature of the country is lamentably defective, and that what we do know does not warrant any sanguine expectation. Public attention has been industriously directed from the true line of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez. The late Mehemet Ali—peace to his ashes !—was a humbug of the first water, and he knew how to avail himself of the services of kindred spirits. He understood enough of European whims and sentiments to know what tone of language he must adopt in order to persuade Europeans he was subserving their views, while he was, in reality, promoting his own. He talked, therefore, of facilitating the intercourse between India and Europe, but he thought of making that intercourse pass through his dominions by the longest route, and in the way which would oblige travellers to leave the greatest possible amount of money behind them ; and to attain his ends he retained in his service a motley group of Europeans—the vain, the ignorant, and the jobbing, who did his spiriting after a fashion that bears conclusive testimony to his judgment and tact in selecting them.

What is really wanted for the commerce of Europe and India, is a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, by the shortest and least difficult route. What Mehemet Ali conceded was a land passage through his dominions by the longest possible route. The natural course of a ship canal is, in a straight line,

from Suez to the eastern extremity of Lake Menzaleh : the line of transit conceded by Mehemet Ali is from Alexandria by Cairo to Suez, nearly three times as long. The former line passes across a low and well-watered region : the latter renders necessary an interchange of canal and river navigation, and dry land passage across the desert. The former might be passed in a day without halting : the latter occupies several days, and includes necessary stoppages in the inns of Alexandria and Cairo. But Mehemet Ali and his tools directed attention from the former, and gabbled about railways and other impracticabilities, and the European public was gulled. Egypt can be reached any day by a fortnight's easy and luxurious travel, and yet the country between the eastern extremity of Lake Menzaleh and Suez is less accurately known than the Isthmus of Panama.

What we do know, with any degree of certainty about this transit, is briefly as follows :—The navigation of the Red Sea in the vicinity of Suez is rather intricate, abounding in shoals, but there is secure anchorage, and sufficient draft of water for merchant ships of considerable burden. The Mediterranean off the eastern extremity of Lake Menzaleh is rather shallow, tolerably sheltered from the west wind, which prevails for a part of the year, but exposed to the north wind. Between Suez and the site of the ruins of Pelusium at the eastern end of the lake, the land is low and level, apparently for a part of the way between the level of both seas. The low land receives in the wet season the drainings of the high land on the east, which is a northern continuation of the mountains between the gulfs of Suez and Akaba. In addition to this, the land to the westward (northward of the Mokattam mountains which terminate near Cairo) has a twofold slope,—the principal northward to the Mediterranean, the secondary eastward to the line of country we are now describing. Originally, there appears to have been a branch of the Nile entering the Mediterranean near where the ruins of Pelusium now are, and those intermediate branches between that and the Danietta branch.

The first mentioned is now closed, the other two very much obstructed ; but their waters still find a way to the coast, though diminished by artificial works, and appear to be the cause of the collection of shallow water called Lake Menzaleh. Here, then, we have sixty geographical miles of a low country, with no considerable undulations, towards which the waters of Arabia Petrea flow in their season, and towards which a considerable portion of the waters of the Nile would flow if left to fall on the natural declivity of the country. There is an abundant supply of water for a ship canal. The surface of the ground is in some places covered with drift sand, but not uniformly nor even for the most part. The subsoil is hard, clayey or pebbly. The bent-grasses

might be cultivated, as they have been in Holland, to give firmness to the drift sand where it occurs ; and this superficial obstacle removed, the subsoil is favourable to the construction of a permanent water-channel. The great difficulty would be the construction of works by which access to the canal is to be obtained from the Mediterranean. Apparently they would require to be carried far out into the sea ; and apparently it would be difficult to prevent their being sanded up by the waves which the north winds drive upon the coast for a great part of the year.

These difficulties, though great, are not insuperable. The advanced state of marine architecture and engineering ought surely to be able to cope with them. By re-opening the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, and throwing into it the waters which would naturally find their way into the Tanitic and Mendesian branches, a sufficient stream of water might be thrown into the Mediterranean at Pelusium to keep a passage open by its *scour*. We must speak with diffidence about a locality which has yet been so imperfectly surveyed ; but so far as the present state of our knowledge respecting it enables us to judge, there are no serious impediments to the construction of a ship canal from Pelusium to Suez, which would be perfectly accessible and practicable for vessels of from 300 to 350 tons burden ; and there is a growing impression among merchants and skippers that this class of vessels is the best for trading purposes.

But the great difficulty remains yet to be noticed ; the condition of government and civil security in that country. The isthmus is close on the borders of civilised Europe, and ample supplies of effective labourers could be procured from Malta, and the Syrian and African coasts. But so long as the country is subject to a Turkish dynasty, could the undertakers count upon fair play and sufficient protection from the local authorities ? And are the jealous powers of Europe likely to combine in good faith to afford them a guarantee that they should be enabled to prosecute their enterprise in security ?

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

The following curious Inscription appears in the Churchyard, Pewsey, Wiltshire :—

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
LADY O'LOONEY,
GREAT NIECE OF BURKE,
COMMONLY CALLED THE SUBLIME.
SHE WAS
BLAND, PASSIONATE, AND DEEPLY RELIGIOUS ;
ALSO, SHE PAINTED
IN WATER-COLOURS,
AND SENT SEVERAL PICTURES
TO THE EXHIBITION.
SHE WAS FIRST COUSIN
TO LADY JONES ;
AND OF SUCH
IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N^o. 8.]

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THE BEGGING-LETTER WRITER.

HE is a 'Household Word.' We all know something of him. The amount of money he annually diverts from wholesome and useful purposes in the United Kingdom, would be a set-off against the Window Tax. He is one of the most shameless frauds and impositions of this time. In his idleness, his mendacity, and the immeasurable harm he does to the deserving,—dirtying the stream of true benevolence, and muddling the brains of foolish justices, with inability to distinguish between the base coin of distress, and the true currency we have always among us,—he is more worthy of Norfolk Island than three-fourths of the worst characters who are sent there. Under any rational system, he would have been sent there long ago.

I, the writer of this paper, have been, for some time, a chosen receiver of Begging Letters. For fourteen years, my house has been made as regular a Receiving House for such communications as any one of the great branch Post-Offices is for general correspondence. I ought to know something of the Begging-Letter Writer. He has besieged my door, at all hours of the day and night; he has fought my servant; he has lain in ambush for me, going out and coming in; he has followed me out of town into the country; he has appeared at provincial hotels, where I have been staying for only a few hours; he has written to me from immense distances, when I have been out of England. He has fallen sick; he has died, and been buried; he has come to life again, and again departed from this transitory scene; he has been his own son, his own mother, his own baby, his idiot brother, his uncle, his aunt, his aged grandfather. He has wanted a great coat, to go to India in; a pound, to set him up in life for ever; a pair of boots, to take him to the coast of China; a hat, to get him into a permanent situation under Government. He has frequently been exactly seven-and-sixpence short of independence. He has had such openings at Liverpool—posts of great trust and confidence in merchants' houses, which nothing but seven-and-sixpence was wanting to him to secure—that I wonder he is not Mayor of that flourishing town at the present moment.

The natural phenomena of which he has

been the victim, are of a most astounding nature. He has had two children, who have never grown up; who have never had anything to cover them at night; who have been continually driving him mad, by asking in vain for food; who have never come out of fevers and measles (which, I suppose, has accounted for his fuming his letters with tobacco smoke, as a disinfectant); who have never changed in the least degree, through fourteen long revolving years. As to his wife, what that suffering woman has undergone, nobody knows. She has always been in an interesting situation through the same long period, and has never been confined yet. His devotion to her has been unceasing. He has never cared for himself; *he* could have perished—he would rather, in short—but was it not his Christian duty as a man, a husband, and a father, to write begging letters when he looked at her? (He has usually remarked that he would call in the evening for an answer to this question.)

He has been the sport of the strangest misfortunes. What his brother has done to him would have broken anybody else's heart. His brother went into business with him, and ran away with the money; his brother got him to be security for an immense sum, and left him to pay it; his brother would have given him employment to the tune of hundreds a-year, if he would have consented to write letters on a Sunday; his brother enunciated principles incompatible with his religious views, and he could not (in consequence) permit his brother to provide for him. His landlord has never shown a spark of human feeling. When he put in that execution I don't know, but he has never taken it out. The broker's man has grown grey in possession. They will have to bury him some day.

He has been attached to every conceivable pursuit. He has been in the army, in the navy, in the church, in the law; connected with the press, the fine arts, public institutions, every description and grade of business. He has been brought up as a gentleman; he has been at every college in Oxford and Cambridge; he can quote Latin in his letters (but generally mis-spells some minor English word); he can tell you what Shakespeare says about begging, better than you know it. It is to be observed, that in the midst of his afflictions he always reads the newspapers; and

rounds off his appeals with some allusion, that may be supposed to be in my way, to the popular subject of the hour.

His life presents a series of inconsistencies. Sometimes he has never written such a letter before. He blushes with shame. That is the first time; that shall be the last. Don't answer it, and let it be understood that, then, he will kill himself quietly. Sometimes (and more frequently) he *has* written a few such letters. Then he encloses the answers, with an intimation that they are of inestimable value to him, and a request that they may be carefully returned. He is fond of enclosing something—verses, letters, pawnbrokers' duplicates, anything to necessitate an answer. He is very severe upon 'the pampered minion of fortune,' who refused him the half-sovereign referred to in the enclosure number two—but he knows me better.

He writes in a variety of styles; sometimes in low spirits; sometimes quite jocosely. When he is in low spirits, he writes down-hill, and repeats words—these little indications being expressive of the perturbation of his mind. When he is more vivacious, he is frank with me; he is quite the agreeable rattle. I know what human nature is,—who better? Well! He had a little money once, and he ran through it—as many men have done before him. He finds his old friends turn away from him now—many men have done that before him, too! Shall he tell me why he writes to me? Because he has no kind of claim upon me. He puts it on that ground, plainly; and begs to ask for the loan (as I know human nature) of two sovereigns, to be repaid next Tuesday six weeks, before twelve at noon.

Sometimes, when he is sure that I have found him out, and that there is no chance of money, he writes to inform me that I have got rid of him at last. He has enlisted into the Company's service, and is off directly—but he wants a cheese. He is informed by the serjeant that it is essential to his prospects in the regiment that he should take out a single-Gloucester cheese, weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds. Eight or nine shillings would buy it. He does not ask for money, after what has passed; but if he calls at nine to-morrow morning, may he hope to find a cheese? And is there anything he can do to show his gratitude in Bengal?

Once, he wrote me rather a special letter proposing relief in kind. He had got into a little trouble by leaving parcels of mud done up in brown paper, at people's houses, on pretence of being a Railway-Porter, in which character he received carriage money. This sportive fancy he expiated in the House of Correction. Not long after his release, and on a Sunday morning, he called with a letter (having first dusted himself all over), in which he gave me to understand that, being resolved to earn an honest livelihood, he had been travelling about the country with a cart of crockery. That he had been doing pretty

well, until the day before, when his horse had dropped down dead near Chatham, in Kent. That this had reduced him to the unpleasant necessity of getting into the shafts himself, and drawing the cart of crockery to London—a somewhat exhausting pull of thirty miles. That he did not venture to ask again for money; but that if I would have the goodness to *leave him out a donkey*, he would call for the animal before breakfast!

At another time, my friend (I am describing actual experiences) introduced himself as a literary gentleman in the last extremity of distress. He had had a play accepted at a certain Theatre—which was really open; its representation was delayed by the indisposition of a leading actor—who was really ill; and he and his were in a state of absolute starvation. If he made his necessities known to the Manager of the Theatre, he put it to me to say what kind of treatment he might expect? Well! we got over that difficulty to our mutual satisfaction. A little while afterwards he was in some other strait—I think Mrs. Southcote, his wife, was in extremity—and we adjusted that point too. A little while afterwards, he had taken a new house, and was going headlong to ruin for want of a water-butt. I had my misgivings about the water-butt, and did not reply to that epistle. But, a little while afterwards, I had reason to feel penitent for my neglect. He wrote me a few broken-hearted lines, informing me that the dear partner of his sorrows died in his arms last night at nine o'clock!

I dispatched a trusty messenger to comfort the bereaved mourner and his poor children: but the messenger went so soon, that the play was not ready to be played out; my friend was not at home, and his wife was in a most delightful state of health. He was taken up by the Mendicity Society (informally it afterwards appeared), and I presented myself at a London Police-Office with my testimony against him. The Magistrate was wonderfully struck by his educational acquirements, deeply impressed by the excellence of his letters, exceedingly **sorry** to see a man of his attainments there, complimented him highly on his powers of composition, and was quite charmed to have the agreeable duty of discharging him. A collection was made for the 'poor fellow,' as he was called in the reports, and I left the court with a comfortable sense of being universally regarded as a sort of monster. Next day, comes to me a friend of mine, the governor of a large prison, 'Why did you ever go to the Police-Office against that man,' says he, 'without coming to me first? I know all about him and his frauds. He lodged in the house of one of my warders, at the very time when he first wrote to you; and then he was eating spring-lamb at eighteen-pence a pound, and early asparagus at I don't know how much a bundle!' On that very same day, and in that very same hour, my injured gentleman wrote a solemn address

to me, demanding to know what compensation I proposed to make him for his having passed the night in a 'loathsome dungeon.' And next morning, an Irish gentleman, a member of the same fraternity, who had read the case, and was very well persuaded I should be chary of going to that Police-Office again, positively refused to leave my door for less than a sovereign, and, resolved to besiege me into compliance, literally 'sat down' before it for ten mortal hours. The garrison being well provisioned, I remained within the walls; and he raised the siege at midnight, with a prodigious alarum on the bell.

The Begging-Letter Writer often has an extensive circle of acquaintance. Whole pages of the Court Guide are ready to be references for him. Noblemen and gentlemen write to say there never was such a man for probity and virtue. They have known him, time out of mind, and there is nothing they wouldn't do for him. Somehow, they don't give him that one pound ten he stands in need of; but perhaps it is not enough—they want to do more, and his modesty will not allow it. It is to be remarked of his trade that it is a very fascinating one. He never leaves it; and those who are near to him become smitten with a love of it, too, and sooner or later set up for themselves. He employs a messenger—man, woman, or child. That messenger is certain ultimately to become an independent Begging-Letter Writer. His sons and daughters succeed to his calling, and write begging-letters when he is no more. He throws off the infection of begging-letter writing, like the contagion of disease. What Sydney Smith so happily called 'the dangerous luxury of dishonesty' is more tempting, and more catching, it would seem, in this instance than in any other.

He always belongs to a Corresponding-Society of Begging-Letter Writers. Any one who will, may ascertain this fact. Give money to day, in recognition of a begging-letter,—no matter how unlike a common begging-letter,—and for the next fortnight you will have a rush of such communications. Steadily refuse to give; and the begging-letters become Angels' visits, until the Society is from some cause or other in a dull way of business, and may as well try you as anybody else. It is of little use enquiring into the Begging-Letter Writer's circumstances. He may be sometimes accidentally found out, as in the case already mentioned (though that was not the first enquiry made); but apparent misery is always a part of his trade, and real misery very often is, in the intervals of spring-lamb and early asparagus. It is naturally an incident of his dissipated and dishonest life.

That the calling is a successful one, and that large sums of money are gained by it, must be evident to anybody who reads the Police Reports of such cases. But, prosecutions are of rare occurrence, relatively to the extent to which the trade is carried on. The

cause of this, is to be found (as no one knows better than the Begging-Letter Writer, for it is a part of his speculation) in the aversion people feel to exhibit themselves as having been imposed upon, or as having weakly gratified their consciences with a lazy, flimsy substitute for the noblest of all virtues. There is a man at large, at the moment when this paper is preparing for the press (on the 29th of April), and never once taken up yet, who, within these twelvemonths, has been probably the most audacious and the most successful swindler that even this trade has ever known. There has been something singularly base in this fellow's proceedings: it has been his business to write to all sorts and conditions of people, in the names of persons of high reputation and unblemished honor, professing to be in distress—the general admiration and respect for whom, has ensured a ready and generous reply.

Now, in the hope that the results of the real experience of a real person may do something more to induce reflection on this subject than any abstract treatise—and with a personal knowledge of the extent to which the Begging-Letter Trade has been carried on for some time, and has been for some time constantly increasing—the writer of this paper entreats the attention of his readers to a few concluding words. His experience is a type of the experience of many; some on a smaller; some on an infinitely larger scale. All may judge of the soundness or unsoundness of his conclusions from it.

Long doubtful of the efficacy of such assistance in any case whatever, and able to recal but one, within his whole individual knowledge, in which he had the least after-reason to suppose that any good was done by it, he was led, last autumn, into some serious considerations. The begging-letters flying about by every post, made it perfectly manifest, that a set of lazy vagabonds were interposed between the general desire to do something to relieve the sickness and misery under which the poor were suffering; and the suffering poor themselves. That many who sought to do some little to repair the social wrongs, inflicted in the way of preventible sickness and death upon the poor, were strengthening those wrongs, however innocently, by wasting money on pestilent knaves cumbering society. That imagination,—soberly following one of these knaves into his life of punishment in jail, and comparing it with the life of one of these poor in a cholera-stricken alley, or one of the children of one of these poor, soothed in its dying hour by the late lamented Mr. Drouet,—contemplated a grim farce, impossible to be presented very much longer before God or man. That the crowning miracle of all the miracles summed up in the New Testament, after the miracle of the blind seeing, and the lame walking, and the restoration of the dead to life, was the miracle that the poor had the Gospel preached to them. That while the

poor were unnaturally and unnecessarily cut off by the thousand, in the prematurity of their age, or in the rottenness of their youth—for of flower or blossom such youth has none—the Gospel was not preached to them, saving in hollow and unmeaning voices. That of all wrongs, this was the first mighty wrong the Pestilence warned us to set right. And that no Post-Office Order to any amount, given to a Begging-Letter Writer for the quieting of an uneasy breast, would be presentable on the Last Great Day as anything towards it.

The poor never write these letters. Nothing could be more unlike their habits. The writers are public robbers; and we who support them are parties to their depredations. They trade upon every circumstance within their knowledge that affects us, public or private, joyful or sorrowful; they pervert the lessons of our lives; they change what ought to be our strength and virtue, into weakness, and encouragement of vice. There is a plain remedy, and it is in our own hands. We must resolve, at any sacrifice of feeling, to be deaf to such appeals, and crush the trade.

There are degrees in murder. Life must be held sacred among us in more ways than one—sacred, not merely from the murderous weapon, or the subtle poison, or the cruel blow, but sacred from preventible diseases, distortions, and pains. That is the first great end we have to set against this miserable imposition. Physical life respected, moral life comes next. What will not content a Begging-Letter Writer for a week, would educate a score of children for a year. Let us give all we can; let us give more than ever. Let us do all we can; let us do more than ever. But let us give, and do, with a high purpose; not to endow the scum of the earth, to its own greater corruption, with the offals of our duty.

THE GREAT CAT AND DOG QUESTION.

BETWEEN the rivers Kistnah and Beelma in the Deckhan, surrounded by wild rocky hills, lies the town of Shorapoor, capital of a state of that name, inhabited by a people who have generally been considered lawless, superstitious, and quarrelsome. Of late years they have been more industrious and peaceable, and though still an excitable race, may be said to be advancing in the arts of peace.

It was during a more remote period, when few strangers ever ventured to penetrate the country, that a weary-looking traveller, covered with dust, entered one of the gates, and sat down for awhile at the side of a well. He then proceeded to take off his waistband and turban, washed his head and his feet, drank of the cool refreshing water, combed his beard and moustachios, and spreading a small carpet on which he laid his trusty sword, drew from his wallet a neat little muslin skull-cap; then seated himself cross-legged, lighted

his pipe, and began to look very comfortable indeed.

In the mean time there were not wanting many idle and curious people, who having first at a distance observed the movements of the stranger, approached him nearer and nearer. But he seemed to take little notice of the crowd, and appeared absorbed in a sense of his own enjoyment, taking long whiffs of his pipe, and looking as if he had made a considerable progress towards the third heaven.

At length a respectable looking man, who had come up, drew nearer than the rest, and asked him from whence he had travelled, and whither he was going? What he was seeking in Shorapoor, and whether he was a merchant, or merely came to look about him? But the questions ended in smoke, being answered only by *whiffs*.

Then came another still bolder man, and said, 'Sir, the heat is great; be pleased to come with me to my house, and repose yourself there, and I will give you a nice cool place in which you may sleep.'

Upon this the stranger drew his pipe from his mouth, and replied, 'You are extremely kind, good Sir, and I am really grateful to you for your proffered hospitality; but the fact is, I don't believe you would wish to have me in your house, did you know what I really am!'

And thus saying, he rolled his eyes about, twisted up his moustachios, stroked his beard, and assumed such a mysterious air, that an indescribable terror seized the bystanders; so much so, that in falling hastily back, some of them tumbled down, and others tumbled over them in a very ridiculous manner.

'He's a thief,' whispered one. 'Or a Thug,' said another. 'Or an evil spirit in the form of a man,' observed a fourth. 'At all events, doesn't he look like one who had *killed another?*'

In short the alarm became general, and several deemed it prudent, first to sneak off, and then take to their heels. A few, however, of the bolder spirits kept their ground; and seeing that the stranger did nothing but take long whiffs from his pipe, sending the smoke peacefully curling over his beard and moustachios out of both his nostrils, they regained their confidence, and began to think that after all he might be some important personage;—who could tell? So after a little pushing and elbowing among themselves, a man was thrust forward, under an idea that something might come of it; but no, the stranger appeared as unmoved as ever.

Then another, who had screwed up his courage to that point, boldly advanced, and thus spoke—

'Do pray, Sir, tell us who upon earth you may be?'—No answer.

Then the man who had offered a sleeping place in his house chimed in, and said, 'Aye, Sir, do let us know who or what you may be? I assure you we are none of us at all afraid of

you!' And with these words he twisted up his moustachios, and tried to look as fierce and bold as possible, while his knees were knocking together, and his heart fluttering all the while. On a repetition of these questions, however, by both these men, the stranger, with infinite gravity, took the pipe from his mouth, and thus spoke:—

'Are you not too much frightened to hear?'

The runaways, however, had departed, and those left behind seemed determined not to follow them; more especially as the stranger had made no sign as if he would draw his sword; neither did they think he looked at all so horrible now. They therefore one and all called out, 'No! we are not a bit afraid, let us hear!'

'Well then,' exclaimed the stranger, taking a long puff at his pipe, 'strange as it may appear to you all, my name is MISCHIEF-MAKER! And what is very extraordinary, whatever I do, wherever I go, wherever I am, I *always* create mischief, I *always* have created mischief, and shall continue to do so to the very end of my life!' And upon this he rolled his eyes, and puffed away at his pipe harder than ever.

'Oh, is this all,' cried the party, 'is this all?'

'For the matter of *that*,' said an active little man with twinkling eyes, 'you need be under no uneasiness whatever. I defy you to invent more mischief here than we have already, for we are all more or less at enmity with our neighbours; and as our fathers and grandfathers were the same, we conclude it must be owing to something that can't be changed; for instance, the air or water of our town; so set your heart at rest, and come along with us, and we'll take care of you.'

'Well,' rejoined the stranger, 'I am very glad indeed to hear what you say of your own town; for to be candid with you, it's exactly what I heard of you all as I came along, and this made me think that in a place where all were mischief-makers and busybodies already, I could have nothing to do but (for once in my life) live in peace. However, don't trust me—that's all I have to say—and if any evil arises from my visit, turn me out, and I'll seek a home elsewhere.'

An old Brahmin had come up in time to hear this avowal. 'Tis very strange,' said the wise man. 'This fellow is surely a magician, and may set all the rocks of Shorapoor dancing and tumbling about our ears, some day. Turn him instantly away, or it may be the worse for us all.'

'No, no,' shouted the multitude. 'That would be inhospitable. Let him remain, and we shall soon see what he can do.'

The little active man now came forward again, and said slyly, 'Sir, if you really *are* such a mischief-maker as you describe yourself to be, suppose you were to give us a little specimen of your power,—just some trifling matter to judge by.'

'What, *now*?' said the stranger.

'Aye, *now*!' exclaimed all; 'and the sooner the better.'

'Well, be it so,' said he; 'let me put up my things and come along!' And with this he arose, packed up, girded on his sword, and strode majestically forward, followed by a crowd continually increasing as they advanced further into the town.

'Now don't push or press upon me so much,' said the stranger; 'but observe what I do, and watch the consequences.' So they let him proceed, and as he advanced, they soon perceived that he was forming some deep plan, particularly as he paused every now and then, with his forefinger between his teeth, and nodded, and wagged his head, as much as to say, 'I have it!' Upon which he made straight for a shop kept by a man who sold flour and such like things, and accosting the dealer, inquired with great civility, whether he had any *honey*? 'That I have, Sir,' replied the shop-keeper, plenty fresh from the comb; only taste it, and I'm sure you'll buy. Here, Sir; look at this beautiful jar, full of the finest honey that was ever seen in Shorapoor.'

'It looks well,' replied the stranger, dipping his hand in; 'and does not taste amiss.' saying which he gave his finger a careless kind of shake; but he knew right well what he was about, as a little lump stuck upon the outer wall.

'It really *is* good,' said the Mischief-Maker. 'Give me a small pot of it, that I may take it home to my children.'

While the shop-keeper was filling a small new pot, over which he tied a fresh green leaf, the people who had been following, came up, and said, 'Sir, you are only making game of us; you are giving us no proof of what you said. What mischief is there in buying a little pot of honey?'

'Be quiet, my good people, and content yourselves for a couple of minutes, while I get my change, and put my purchase in a safe place, and you will soon see something—wait here, and I'll be back to you directly.' The Mischief-Maker vanished in an instant!

Now it happened that this shop was a mere shed of a place, projecting into the street, from the wall on which the honey had been thrown; nor had the tempting bait been long there, before it was smelt out by a large hungry fly, which had been spending many fruitless hours buzzing about the dealer's jar, so carefully was it always covered. Here was a glorious opportunity for a fine supper, and down he came upon it with eager appetite—without looking about him as he ought—for over his head, under the cover of the wall, among old chinks and cobwebs, there dwelt a wily, dust-coloured lizard, who enjoyed a fly beyond everything else in the world, and had been particularly unsuccessful in fly-catching all day. Watching, therefore, till the fly had buried his mining apparatus pretty deep in the honey, he crept down quietly, looking as

like a bit of old plaster as possible, but for those bright eyes of his, which in his eagerness for the capture, were intently fixed upon the fly. Unlucky wight! Little did he think that those very eyes had attracted the attention of a fine tabby cat, who but a few minutes before, with blinking eyes, presented a perfect picture of contentment, but now roused by a sudden temptation, was crouching stealthily down as she beheld the lizard, for whom she had so often watched in vain. Down stole the lizard—on stole the cat; so that here at the same moment were three creatures so bent upon indulgence, that they never even thought of looking about them! But were these three all the parties to be engaged? Alas! no. There was a sworn enemy of the cat's approaching also (under cover of a large basket), in the shape of a mischievous white dog, kept by a very quarrelsome man on the other side of the street. This dog was the terror of all the cats in the neighbourhood, and most of all, of the flour-dealer's; so often had he chased her, and so often experienced the bitter disappointment of seeing her climbing up the posts of the shop, and then spitting at him from the top of the shed.

Infatuated lizard! Wretched fly! Betrayed pussy! *She* heeded not the sly creep of the dog, so intent was she upon the successful issue of her spring upon the lizard. The fly was gorging himself with honey. He alone partook not of the intense anxiety of the lizard, the cat, and the dog. He partook only of—*honey!*

The crisis at length arrived. The lizard made its nimble pounce at the fly. The cat sprang at the lizard. The lizard missed its footing in consequence, and would have been the cat's portion—fly, honey, and all—but for the dog's sudden attack upon puss. Here was a scene! The lizard falling to the ground, was at once involved in the consequences of the quarrel between the dog and cat. What were fly or honey to him at the moment, when in a state between life and death he crept back sore and wounded to his chinks and cobwebs! The fly might or might not have escaped. Not so the cat, now sorely worried by the dog, in spite of all her outcries and all she could do in the way of biting and clawing; for it was an old score the dog was paying her off, and that might soon have cost her her life, if her master had not rushed out of his shop with a broom-stick, with which he began to belabour the dog.

Now the owner of the dog had been as long at enmity with the man of flour and honey, as the dog had been at enmity with the cat, and probably longer. Of course, therefore, when he heard his animal's cries, and saw the punishment inflicting, he armed himself with a broomstick also; and rushing across the street, gave the flour-dealer such a crack upon his head, as knocked him down as flat as a pancake.

'Take that you villain,' said he, 'for it's a debt I've long owed you!'

'Have you?' said the flour-dealer's son, as he rushed out with a cudgel in his hand. 'Then tell me how you like *that*—giving him such a hearty whack across the shoulders, that he was fain to drop his broomstick.'

Yet the blow had hardly been given, before a friend of the dog's master ran up with a drawn sword, and would have made mince-meat of the flour-dealer's son, but for a soldier who cried out, 'Shame, thou coward, and son of a coward, who would attack a youth with only a stick in his hand, and you armed with a sword! Shame on you! It's just like you rascally Hindoo fellows, who pretend to be soldiers, and are as much like soldiers as that poor cat. Why don't you try me?'

'Why not?' replied the man. 'Do you think I'm afraid of such a bully as you? Come on, you scoundrel, and I'll show you what difference there is between a cat and a Hindoo!'

Upon this the soldier drew his sword, and both began to cut at each other in good earnest.

On this all the people cried out, 'Murder! Murder!' and a great many soldiers running to the spot, were soon engaged, always attacking the Hindoos, who were on the dog's side, and the Hindoos the Mussulmans, who were on the side of the cat; and wherever a Hindoo and a Mussulman were fighting, the Hindoos aided the Hindoo, and the Mussulmans the Mussulman; and the consequence was the death of many on each side, and the wounding of most of the foolish quarrelsome people engaged.

Of course such a hubbub as this could not be continued long without its being reported to the Rajah, who forthwith hastened from his palace with his body-guard and some horsemen, and soon put a stop to this terrible fray; and all the ringleaders were forthwith seized and tied together, and marched off to prison, there to be kept closely confined till the sad business should be fully enquired into, and the cause of so dreadful a riot ascertained, and fixed upon the guilty.

All that night, therefore, were the magistrates and police-officers hard at work listening to evidence, but they did not advance a single step in the business; no, nor for several days after, notwithstanding the great impatience of the Rajah, to whom they could only report from time to time the hearing of nothing but the words, 'Cat, Dog,'—'Cat and Dog,'—'Dog and Cat,'—'Dog,'—'Cat.'

A very similar feeling, also, was entertained by the lawyers who were called in, and who, after intense application, declared themselves doubtful, *very* doubtful,—so much was advanced and really to be said and supported by various precedents, both on the side of the cat and of the dog, and, consequently, of the owner of the cat, as well as the owner of the dog, and the partisans of the owners of the dog and cat,—insomuch, that the whole city was

split into most determined cat and dog factions, and all strangers that entered the gates were instantly absorbed in the dog and cat vortex, and whirled actually round and round in this terrible fray, which every now and then broke out with fresh fury, notwithstanding all the vigilance of the Rajah's guards. And yet even these valiant heroes were in some degree infected, giving sly cuts at dog or cat men, just as they themselves inclined to support the cat and dog question.

And so matters might have remained, either to the day of the final depopulation of Shorapoor, or Doomsday itself, but for the wise old Brahmin who had given such timely warning to turn out the stranger.

He had in reality been quietly chuckling a little, as many are wont to do who have lived to see their prophecies first despised and then fulfilled; but his heart relenting, he hastened to the palace, and prostrating himself before the Rajah with hands joined together, he thus spoke:—

'May I be your sacrifice, O thou eater of mountains and drinker of rivers! I have a petition to make in this matter of the cat and dog!'

'It shall be heard,' replied the Rajah. 'Thou art a wise man; what dost thou say?—dog—cat—dog and cat, or cat and dog? For my own part, I still reserve my decision, though somewhat inclining to the opinion that the cat caused all the mischief, and for this reason,—because if the dog had not seen the cat, he very probably would not have chased her—"out of sight out of mind" being one of our oldest as well as truest proverbs.'

'Alas! that I should differ with your Highness—Brave Falcon, terrible in War—the most valiant of the State—the Tiger of the Country,' replied the Prime Minister. 'How could the cat help being worried by the dog?—and did not nature give her a right to go where she pleased?'

So the whole Court took at once different sides, and matters might have come to a serious explosion, even within the sacred walls of the palace itself, but for the Brahmin, who again lifted up his voice and said:—

'May it please your Highness! Let me declare to you that it was neither the dog nor the cat that caused all this misery, but the *Fly* and the *Honey!*'

'The fly and the honey! The fly and the honey!' exclaimed the astonished Rajah. 'What honey, and what fly?'

And, as this was a perfectly new idea, the assembly listened with profound attention while the holy man unfolded the true history of the case. His having seen the stranger, and warned the people against him. How accurately he had observed the drop of honey dabbed against the wall. Then the approach of the fly, the sly gliding of the lizard, the wily creeping of the cat, and the stealthy vindictive movements of the dog—
involving all these creatures in much pain

and difficulty, and which afterwards overspread the city.

'Hold, learned man,' cried the Rajah, 'thou hast well said; my eyes are opened!' and he desired search to be made for the man who had too well earned the title of Mischief-Maker. But he was no where to be either found or heard of; and the poor flour-dealer, who stood among the prisoners with a bandaged head, declared that the villain had not even paid for the honey that had caused the whole tumult.

'Well,' exclaimed the Rajah, after a profound pause; 'here now may most plainly be seen a proof—if any such were required—that my subjects only want a pretext, no matter what, to quarrel, and they are sure to go to loggerheads.'

'I now throw no blame upon either the cat or the dog; for each animal followed its own peculiar instinct. The blame and the punishment too, must light upon the owners of the dog and cat for fighting, and thus inducing others to espouse so ridiculous a quarrel.'

And forthwith he ordered all the principal rioters into confinement, saying also to the rest of the people:—

'Go home now, fools that ye are, and try whether you cannot make up your minds to live at peace with one another. I cannot prevent your keeping cats and dogs, because were I to do so, we should be devoured by vermin or exposed to robbery. But this I tell you, you shall not turn yourselves into cats and dogs for the future with impunity—DEPART!' So they all sneaked off; and the active little man whose head somebody had broken, scratched it and said:—

'Only think how well that strange fellow knew us all!'

A CARD FROM MR. BOOLEY.

MR. BOOLEY (the great traveller) presents his compliments to the conductor of Household Words, and begs to call his attention to an omission in the account given in that delightful journal, of MR. BOOLEY'S remarks, in addressing the Social Oysters.

MR. BOOLEY, in proposing the health of MR. THOMAS GRIEVE, in connexion with the beautiful diorama of the route of the Overland Mail to India, expressly added (amid much cheering from the Oysters) the names of MR. TELBIN his distinguished coadjutor; MR. ABSOLON, who painted the figures; and MR. HERRING, who painted the animals. Although MR. BOOLEY'S tribute of praise can be of little importance to those gentlemen, he is uneasy in finding them left out of the delightful Journal referred to.

MR. BOOLEY has taken the liberty of endeavouring to give this communication an air of novelty, by omitting the words 'Now, Sir,' which are generally supposed to be essential to all letters written to Editors for publica-

tion. It may be interesting to add, in fact, that the Social Oysters considered it impossible that MR. BOOLEY could, by any means, throw off the present communication, without availing himself of that established form of address.

Highbury Barn, Monday Evening.

LAW AT A LOW PRICE.

Low, narrow, dark, and frowning are the thresholds of our Inns of Court. If there is one of these entrances of which I have more dread than another, it is that leading out of Holborn to Gray's Inn. I never remember to have met a cheerful face at it, until the other morning, when I encountered Mr. Ficker, attorney-at-law. In a few minutes we found ourselves arm in arm, and straining our voices to the utmost amid the noise of passing vehicles. Mr. Ficker stretched himself on tiptoe in a frantic effort to inform me that he was going to a County Court. 'But perhaps you have not heard of these places?'

I assured Mr. Ficker that the parliamentary discussions concerning them had made me very anxious to see how justice was administered in these establishments for low-priced Law. 'I am going to one now,' but he impressively added, 'you must understand, that professionally I do not approve of their working. There can be no doubt that they seriously prejudice the regular course of law. Comparing the three quarters preceding with three quarters subsequent to the establishment of these Courts, there was a decrease of nearly 10,000 writs issued by the Court of Queen's Bench alone, or of nearly 12,500 on the year.'

We soon arrived at the County Court. It is a plain, substantial-looking building, wholly without pretension, but at the same time not devoid of some little architectural elegance of exterior. We entered, by a gateway far less austere than that of Gray's Inn, a long, well-lighted passage, on either side of which were offices connected with the Court. One of these was the Summons Office, and I observed on the wall a 'Table of Fees,' and as I saw Mr. Ficker consulting it with a view to his own business, I asked him his opinion of the charges.

'Why,' said he, 'the scale of fees is too large for the client and too small for the lawyer. But suitors object less to the amount than to the intricacies and perplexities of the Table. In some districts the expense of recovering a sum of money is one-third more than it is in others; though in both the same scale of fees is in operation. This arises from the variety of interpretations which different judges and officers put upon the charges.'

Passing out of the Summons Office, we entered a large hall, placarded with lists of trials for the ensuing week. There were more than one hundred of them set down for trial on nearly every day.

'I am glad,' I said, 'to think that this is not all additional litigation. I presume these are the thousands of causes a-year withdrawn from the superior Courts?'

'The skeletons of them,' said Mr. Ficker, with a sigh. 'There were some pickings out of the old processes; but I am afraid that there is nothing but the bone here.'

'I see here,' said I, pointing to one of the lists, 'a single plaintiff entered, as proceeding against six-and-twenty defendants in succession.'

'Ah,' said Mr. Ficker, rubbing his hands, 'a knowing fellow that; quite awake to the business of these Courts. A cheap and easy way, Sir, of recovering old debts. I don't know who the fellow is—a tailor very likely—but no doubt you will find his name in the list in this way once every half year. If his Midsummer and Christmas bills are not punctually paid, it is far cheaper to come here and get a summons served, than to send all over London to collect the accounts, with the chance of not finding the customer at home. And this is one way, you see, in which we solicitors are defrauded. No doubt, this fellow formerly employed an attorney to write letters for him, requesting payment of the amount of his bill, and 6s. 8d. for the cost of the application. Now, instead of going to an attorney, he comes here and gets the summons served for 2s. A knowing hand that,—a knowing hand.'

'But,' I said, 'surely no respectable tradesman—'

'Respectable,' said Mr. Ficker, 'I said nothing, about respectability. This sort of thing is very common among a certain class of tradespeople, especially puffing tailors and boot-makers. Such people rely less on regular than on chance custom, and therefore they care less about proceeding against those who deal with them.'

'But,' said I, 'this is a decided abuse of the power of the Court. Such fellows ought to be exposed.'

'Phoo, phoo,' said Mr. Ficker; 'they are, probably, soon known here, and then, if the judge does his duty, they get bare justice, and nothing more. I am not sure, indeed, that sometimes their appearance here may not injure rather than be of advantage to them; for the barrister may fix a distant date for payment of a debt which the tradesman, by a little civility, might have obtained from his customer a good deal sooner.'

'The Court' I found to be a lofty room, somewhat larger and handsomer than the apartment in which the Hogarths are hung up in the National Gallery. One half was separated from the other by a low partition, on the outer side of which stood a miscellaneous crowd of persons who appeared to be waiting their turn to be called forward. Though the appearance of the Court was new and handsome, everything was plain and simple.

I was much struck by the appearance and

manner of the Judge. He was comparatively a young man; but I fancied that he displayed the characteristics of experience. His attention to the proceedings was unwearied; his discrimination appeared admirable; and there was a calm self-possession about him that bordered upon dignity.

The suitors who attended were of every class and character. There were professional men, tradesmen, costermongers, and a peer. Among the plaintiffs, there were specimens of the considerate plaintiff, the angry plaintiff, the cautious plaintiff, the bold-swearing plaintiff, the energetic plaintiff, the practised plaintiff, the shrewish (female) plaintiff, the nervous plaintiff, and the revengeful plaintiff. Each plaintiff was allowed to state his or her case in his or her own way, and to call witnesses, if there were any. When the debt appeared to be *prima facie* proved, the Barrister turned to the defendant, and perhaps asked him if he disputed it?

The characteristics of the defendants were quite as different as the characteristics of the plaintiffs. There was the factious defendant, and the defendant upon principle—the stormy defendant, and the defendant who was timid—the impertinent defendant, and the defendant who left his case entirely to the Court—the defendant who would never pay, and the defendant who would if he could. The causes of action I found to be as multifarious as the parties were diverse. Besides suits by tradespeople for every description of goods supplied, there were claims for every sort and kind of service that can belong to humanity, from the claim of a monthly nurse, to the claim of the undertaker's assistant.

In proving these claims the Judge was strict in insisting that a proper account should have been delivered; and that the best evidence should be produced as to the correctness of the items. No one could come to the court and receive a sum of money merely by swearing that 'Mr. So-and-so owes me so much.'

With regard to defendants, the worst thing they could do, was to remain away when summoned to attend. It has often been observed that those persons about whose dignity there is any doubt, are the most rigorous in enforcing its observance. It is with Courts as it is with men; and as Small Debt Courts are sometimes apt to be held in some contempt, I found the Judge here very prompt in his decision, whenever a defendant did not appear by self or agent. Take a case in point:—

Barrister (to the Clerk of the Court). Make an order in favour of the plaintiff.

Plaintiff's Attorney. Your honour will give us speedy recovery?

Barrister. Will a month do, Mr. Docket?

Plaintiff's Attorney. The defendant is not here to assign any reason for delay, your honour.

Barrister. Very well; then let him pay in a fortnight.

I was much struck, in some of the cases, by

a friendly sort of confidence which characterised some of the proceedings. Here again the effect in a great measure was attributable to the Barrister. He seemed to act,—as indeed he is—rather as an authorised arbitrator than as a Judge. He advised rather than ordered; 'I really think,' he said to one defendant, 'I really think, Sir, you have made yourself liable.' 'Do you, Sir?' said the man, pulling out his purse without more ado, 'then, Sir, I am sure I will pay.'

It struck me, too, as remarkable, that though some of the cases were hotly contested, none of the defeated parties complained of the decision. In several instances, the parties even appeared to acquiesce in the propriety of the verdict.

A Scotch shoeing-smith summoned a man who, from his appearance, I judged to be a hard, keen-dealing Yorkshire horse-jobber; he claimed a sum of money for putting shoes upon six-and-thirty horses. His claim was just, but there was an error in his particulars of demand which vitiated it. The Barrister took some trouble to point out that in consequence of this error, even if he gave a decision in his favour, he should be doing him an injury. The case was a hard one, and I could not help regretting that the poor plaintiff should be non-suited. Did *he* complain? Neither by word or action. Folding up his papers, he said sorrowfully, 'Well, Sir, I assure you I would not have come here, if it had not been a just claim.' The Barrister evidently believed him, for he advised a compromise, and adjourned the case that the parties might try to come to terms. But the defendant would not arrange, and the plaintiff was driven to elect a non-suit.

The mode of dealing with documentary evidence afforded me considerable satisfaction. Private letters—such as the tender effusions of faithless love—are not, as in the higher Courts, thrust, one after the other, into the dirty face of a grubby-looking witness who was called to prove the handwriting, sent the round of the twelve jurymen in the box, and finally passed to the reporters that they might copy certain flowery sentences and a few stanzas from 'Childe Harold,' which the shorthand writers 'could not catch,' but are handed up seriatim to the Judge, who looks through them carefully and then passes them over without observation for the re-perusal of the defendant. Not a word transpires, except such extracts as require comment.

There was a claim against a gentleman for a butcher's bill. He had the best of all defences, for he had paid ready money for every item as it was delivered. The plaintiff was the younger partner of a butchering firm which had broken up, leaving him in possession of the books and his partner in possession of the credit. The proprietor of the book-debts proved the order and delivery of certain joints prior to a certain date, and swore they had not been paid for. To show his title

to recover the value of them, he somewhat unnecessarily thrust before the Barrister the deed which constituted him a partner. The Judge instantly compared the deed with the bill. 'Why,' he said, turning to the butcher, 'all the items you have sworn to were purchased anterior to the date of your entering into partnership. If any one is entitled to recover, it is your partner, whom the defendant alleges he has paid.' In one, as they are called, of the 'Superior Courts,' I very much doubt whether either Judge or Jury would have discovered for themselves this important discrepancy.

The documentary evidence was not confined to deeds and writings, stamped or unstamped. Even during the short time I was present, I saw some curious records produced before the Barrister—records as primitive in their way as those the Chancellor of the Exchequer used to keep in the Tally-Office, before the comparatively recent introduction of book-keeping into the department of our national accountant.

Among other things received in evidence, were a milkwoman's score, and a baker's notches. Mr. Ficker appeared inclined to think that no weight ought to be attached to such evidence as this. But when I recollect that there have occasionally been such things as tombstones produced in evidence before Lord Volatile in his own particular Court, the House of Lords, ('the highest jurisdiction,' as they call it, 'in the realm,') I see no good reason why Mrs. Chalk, the milkwoman, should not be permitted to produce her tallies in a County Court. For every practical purpose the score upon the one seems just as good a document as the epitaph upon the other.

I was vastly pleased by the great consideration which appeared to be displayed towards misfortune and adversity. These Courts are emphatically Courts for the *recovery* of debts; and inasmuch as they afford great facilities to plaintiffs, it is therefore the more incumbent that defendants should be protected against hardship and oppression. A man was summoned to show why he had not paid a debt pursuant to a previous order of the Court. The plaintiff attended to press the case against him, and displayed some rancour.

'Why have you not paid, Sir?' demanded the Judge, sternly.

'Your honour,' said the man, 'I have been out of employment six months, and within the last fortnight everything I have in the world has been seized in execution.'

In the Superior Courts this would have been no excuse. The man would probably have gone to prison, leaving his wife and family upon the parish. But here that novel sentiment in law proceedings—sympathy—peeped forth.

'I believe this man would pay,' said the barrister, 'if possible.' But he has lost everything in the world. At present I shall make no order.'

It did not appear to me that the plaintiffs generally in this Court were anxious to press very hardly upon defendants. Indeed it would be bad policy to do so. Give a man time, and he can often meet demands that it would be impossible for him to defray if pressed at once.

'Immediate execution' in this Court, seemed to be payment within a fortnight. An order to pay in weekly instalments is a common mode of arranging a case, and as it is usually made by agreement between the parties, both of them are satisfied. In fact the rule of the Court seemed not dissimilar from that of tradespeople who want to do a quick business, and who proceed upon the principle that 'No reasonable offer is refused.'

I had been in the Court sufficiently long to make these and other observations, when Mr. Ficker introduced me to the clerk. On leaving the Court by a side door, we repaired to Mr. Nottit's room, where we found that gentleman, (an old attorney,) prepared to do the honours of 'a glass of sherry and a biscuit.' Of course the conversation turned upon 'the County Court.'

'Doing a pretty good business here?' said Mr. Ficker.

'Business—we're at it all day,' replied Mr. Nottit. 'I'll show you. This is an account of the business of the County Courts in England and Wales in the year 1848; the account for 1849 is not yet made up.'

'Takes six months, I suppose, to make it,' said Mr. Ficker, rather ill-naturedly.

'Total "Number of Plaints or Causes entered,"' read the clerk, '427,611.'

'Total amount of money sought to be recovered by the plaintiffs,' continued Mr. Nottit, '1,346,802L.'

'Good Gracious!' exclaimed Ficker, his face expressing envy and indignation; 'what a benefit would have been conferred upon society, if all this property had been got into the legitimate Law Courts. What a benefit to the possessors of all this wealth. I have no doubt whatever that during the past year the suitors who have recovered this million and a quarter have spent the whole of it, squandered it upon what they called "necessaries of life." Look at the difference if it had only been locked up for them—say in Chancery. It would have been preserved with the greatest possible safety; accounted for—every fraction of it—in the books of the Accountant-General; and we, Sir, we—the respectable practitioners in the profession—should have gone down three or four times every year to the Master's offices to see that it was all right, and to have had a little consultation as to the best means of holding it safely for our client, until his suit was properly and equitably disposed of.'

'But, perhaps, Ficker,' I suggested, 'these poor clients make better use of their own money, after all, than the Courts of Law and Equity could make of it for them.'

'Then the costs,' said Mr. Ficker, with an

attorney's ready eye to business, 'let us hear about them.'

'The total amount of costs adjudged to be paid by defendants on the amount (752,500*l.*) for which judgment was obtained, was 199,980*l.*;' was the answer; 'being an addition of 26.5 per cent. on the amount ordered to be paid.'

'Well,' said Mr. Ficker, 'that's not so very bad. Twenty-five per cent.,' turning to me; 'is a small amount undoubtedly for the costs of an action duly brought to trial; but, as the greater part of these costs are costs of Court, twenty-five per cent. cannot be considered inadequate.'

'It seems to me a great deal too much,' said I. 'Justice ought to be much cheaper.'

'All the fees to counsel and attorneys are included in the amount,' remarked the clerk, 'and so are allowances to witnesses. The fees on causes, amounted to very nearly 300,000*l.* Of this sum, the Officers' fees were, in 1848, 234,274*l.*, and the General Fund fees 51,784*l.*'

'Not so bad!' said Mr. Ficker, smiling.

'The Judges' fees amounted to nearly 90,000*l.* This would have given them all 1500*l.* each; but the Treasury has fixed their salaries at a uniform sum of 1000*l.*, so that the sixty Judges only draw 60,000*l.* of the 90,000*l.*'

'Where does the remainder go?' I enquired.

The County Court Clerk shook his head.

'But you don't mean,' said I, 'that the suitors are made to pay 90,000*l.* a year for what only costs 60,000*l.*?'

'I am afraid it is so,' said Mr. Nottit.

'Dear me!' said Mr. Ficker. 'I never heard of such a thing in all my professional experience. I am sure the Lord Chancellor would never sanction that in his Court. You ought to apply to the Courts above, Mr. Nottit. You ought, indeed.'

'And yet,' said I, 'I think I have heard something about a Suitors' Fee Fund in those Courts above—eh, Ficker?'

'Ah—hem—yes,' said Mr. Ficker. 'Certainly—but the cases are not at all analogous. By the way, how are the other fees distributed?'

'The Clerks,' said Mr. Nottit, 'received 87,283*l.*; nearly as much as the Judges. As there are 491 clerks, the average would be 180*l.* a year to each. But as the Clerks' fees accumulate in each Court according to the business transacted, of course the division is very unequal. In one Court in Wales the Clerk only got 8*l.* 10*s.* in fees; in another Court, in Yorkshire, his receipts only amounted to 9*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* But some of my colleagues made a good thing of it. The Clerks' fees in some of the principal Courts, are very 'Comfortable.'

The Clerk of Westminster netted in 1848 . . . £2731
 Clerkenwell 2227
 Southwark 1710

Bristol, Sheffield, Bloomsbury, Birmingham, Shoreditch, Leeds, Marylebone, received 1000*l.* a year and upwards.'

'But,' continued our friend, 'three-fourths of the Clerks get less than 100*l.* a year.'

'Now,' said Mr. Ficker, 'tell us what you do for all this money?'

'Altogether,' said the clerk, 'the Courts sat in 1848, 8,386 days, or an average for each Judge of 140 days. The greatest number of sittings was in Westminster, where the Judge sat 246 days. At Liverpool, there were sittings on 225 days. The number of trials, as I have before mentioned, was 259,118, or an average of about 4320 to each Judge, and 528 to each Court. In some of the Courts, however, as many as 20,000 cases are tried in a year.'

'Why,' said Mr. Ficker, 'they can't give five minutes to each case! Is this "administration of justice?'"

'When,' said the Clerk, 'a case is undefended, a plaintiff appears, swears to his debt, and obtains an order for its payment, which takes scarcely two minutes.'

'How long does a defended case take?'

'On the average, I should say, a quarter of an hour: that is, provided counsel are not employed.'

'Jury cases occupy much longer.'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Are the jury cases frequent?' I enquired, some feeling of respect for 'our time-honoured institution' coming across me as I spoke.

'Nothing,' said our friend, 'is more remarkable in the history of the County Courts than the very limited resort which suitors have to juries. It is within the power of either party to cause a jury to be summoned in any case where the plaint is upwards of 5*l.* The total number of cases tried in 1848, was 259,118. Of these, upwards of 50,000 were cases in which juries might have been summoned. But there were only 884 jury cases in all the Courts, or one jury for about every 270 trials! The party requiring the jury obtained a verdict in 446 out of the 884 cases, or exactly one half.'

'At any rate, then, there is no imputation on the juries,' said Mr. Ficker.

'The power of resorting to them is very valuable,' said our friend. 'There is a strong disposition among the public to rely upon the decision of the Barrister, and that reliance is not without good foundation, for certainly justice in these Courts has been well administered. But there may be occasions when it would be very desirable that a jury should be interposed between a party to a cause and the presiding Judge; and certainly if the jurisdiction of these Courts is extended, it will be most desirable that suitors should be able to satisfy themselves that every opportunity is open to them of obtaining justice.'

'For my own part,' said I, 'I would as soon have the decision of one honest man as of twelve honest men, and perhaps I would prefer it. If the Judge is a liberal-minded and enlightened man I would rather take his judgment than submit my case to a dozen selected by chance, and among whom there

would most probably be at least a couple of dolts. By the way, why should not the same option be given to suitors in Westminster Hall as is given in the County Courts ?

'What !' exclaimed Mr. Ficker ; 'abolish trial by Jury ! the palladium of British liberty ! Have you no respect for antiquity ?'

'We must adapt ourselves to the altered state of society, Ficker. Observe the great proportion of cases *tried* in these Courts ; more than sixty per cent. of the entire number of plaints entered. This is vastly greater than the number in the Superior Courts, where there is said to be scarcely one cause tried for fifty writs issued. Why is this ? Simply because the cost deters parties from continuing the actions. They settle rather than go to a jury.'

'And a great advantage, too,' said Mr. Ficker.

'Under the new bill,' said our friend, the Clerk, 'Ficker's clients will all be coming to us. They will be able to recover 50*l.* in these Courts without paying Ficker a single 6*s.* 8*d.*, unless they have a peculiar taste for law expenses.'

'And a hideous amount of rascality and perjury will be the consequence,' said Mr. Ficker ; 'you will make these Courts mere Plaintiffs' Courts, Sir ; Courts to which every rogue will be dragging the first man who he thinks can pay him 50*l.*, if he only swears hard enough that it is due to him. I foresee the greatest danger from this extension of litigation, under the pretence of providing cheap law.'

'Fifty pounds,' said I, 'is, to a large proportion of the people, a sum of money of very considerable importance. I must say, I think it would be quite right that inferior courts should not have the power of dealing with so much of a man's property, without giving him a power of appeal, at least under restrictions. But at the same time, looking at the satisfactory way in which this great experiment has worked,—seeing how many righteous claims have been established and just defences maintained, which would have been denied under any other system—I cannot but hope to see the day when, attended by proper safeguards for the due administration of justice, these Courts will be open to even a more numerous class of suitors than at present. It is proposed that small Charitable Trust cases shall be submitted to the Judges of these Courts ; why not also refer to them cases in which local magistrates cannot now act without suspicion of partisanship ?—cases, for example, under the Game Laws, or the Turnpike Laws, and, more than all, offences against the Truck Act, which essentially embody matters of account. Why not,' said I, 'preparing for a burst of eloquence, 'why not—'

'Overthrow at once the Seat of Justice, the letter of the Law, and our glorious constitution in Church and State !'

It was Mr. Ficker who spoke, and he had

rushed frantically from the room 'ere I could reply.

Having no one to argue the point further with, I made my bow to Mr. Nottit and retired also.

SWEDISH FOLK-SONGS.

FAIR CARIN.

The fair Carin—a maiden,
Within a young king's hall,
Like to a star in beauty
Among the handmaids all.

Like to a star in beauty,
Among the maidens there ;
And thus the king addressed him
Unto Carin the Fair.

'And fair Carin, now hearken,
Wilt thou be only mine,
The grey horse, golden-saddled,
It shall this day be thine.'

'The grey horse, golden-saddled,
Is all unmeet for me ;
Give them unto thy fair young queen,
And let the poor maid be.'

'And fair Carin, now hearken,
Wilt thou this day be mine,
My crown, made of the red, red gold,
It shall alone be thine.'

'Thy crown, made of the red, red gold,
Is all unmeet for me ;
Give it unto thy good young queen,
And let the poor maid be.'

'And fair Carin, now hearken,
Wilt thou this day be mine,
The half of all my kingdom,
It shall alone be thine.'

'The half of all thy kingdom
It is unmeet for me ;
Give it unto thy gentle queen,
And let the poor maid be.'

'And fair Carin, now hearken,
If thee I may not win,
A cask, all spiked with iron,
Shalt thou be set within.'

'And though that thou shouldst set me
The spiked cask within,
They would behold, God's angels,
That I am free from sin.'

They closed Carin, the maiden,
Within that cruel space,
And the young king's hired servants
They rolled her round the place.

With that from heaven descended
Two doves as bright as day ;
They took Carin, the maiden,
And there were three straightway.

A VISIT TO THE ARCTIC DISCOVERY SHIPS.

By aid of the North Kent Railway an hour is more than enough for the journey from London to the dockyard at Woolwich. On a bright morning in April, we crossed the paved court of the dockyard in search of the four ships that were being made ready to go in

search of the lost Sir John Franklin and his companions—now four years unheard of, and believed to be frozen up in the regions of thick-ribbed ice at the North Pole. Two of the Arctic ships were put in dry dock, and two afloat in the river. The names of the ships as put together by an old sailor in our hearing, express their mission. The 'Resolute,' 'Intrepid,' 'Pioneer,' goes with 'Assistance' to Sir John Franklin and his frozen-up pack.

We had followed the workman with the artificial memory, and by this time stood beside the dry dock in which one of the vessels, the 'Pioneer,' a steamer, was fixed upright and out of water. There she stood in a fine massive granite basin, the sides of which were fashioned into steps. Down there we went, and then walked round and under her from stem to stern, and in doing so, could see what preparation had been made to fit her for the duty she had to do. This steamer had been in the foreign cattle trade, and had brought, it seems, many a drove from the fields of Flanders, and from the hills of Spain, to make fatal acquaintance with the abominations of Smithfield. Bought out of that unsavoury service as a strong capable steamship, she had been placed in this granite cradle, and been swathed outside with tarred felt, upon the top of which additional planking was then fixed. Upon her bows where the shock of the ice would be most severe, another layer of felt was then applied, and over this was riveted tough sheets of iron. With this metal casing her stem was complete. At her stern, as she stood thus out of water, we had an excellent opportunity of inspecting the screw by which she was to be impelled. This was of a brazen compound metal prepared with a view to great strength and toughness; but as its blows upon the stray floating ice might injure it, another screw of iron was on board to replace it should it be broken when out of reach of dockyard help. Having passed round the vessel, and looked up at her huge bulging sides, we ascended the stone steps, and walking along a plank from the dock-side, boarded the 'Pioneer,' to see—after such outside preparations—what care had been taken with the inside of the ship. It was soon evident that the felting and planking of the exterior had been matched by a similar felting and planking of the interior; with this difference, that inside the felt was untarred. These additions to the thickness of her sides to make her firm and warm, had been followed by another contrivance, to give her still further ability to withstand any crushing weight she might have to endure. Strong beams had been placed aslant, from her keel and her decks, outwards and upwards towards her sides; and lastly, her decks had been doubled; so that, thus secured, she became almost as capable of resisting outward pressure as a solid block of oak. Having

thus strengthened this floating fortress against the fierce assaults of the Giant Frost, we turned to look how they had stored it to withstand the beleaguering siege of—it may be—a two or three years' Arctic winter. Here we found an ample field for wonder and admiration. Surely human ingenuity and ships' stowage were never better displayed. Every inch of space had been made the most of. In the centre of the vessel were her engines, cased round with iron, so that outside them could be stowed away no less than 85 tons of patent compressed fuel to feed the fires. Thus surrounded, the engines were literally bedded in a small coal-mine, for their own consumption.

The danger to be apprehended from the close contiguity of so much combustible material to the engine-fire is obviated, in case of accident, by eight pumps on the decks and two patent pumps below, besides others in the engine-rooms. There are fourteen pumps altogether, which can be handled in case of fire or leakage. Some of these are worked by the engine, some are placed in warm berths below, so that the men may have exercise at them without exposure on deck. Nearly all these pumps work independently of each other, so that if one is deranged, it does not hurt the rest.

The question as to how the ship is to be kept warm?—was answered by our being conducted deep down into the hold; there we found a patent stove, so constructed that pure air was admitted by pipes to its neighbourhood, and being heated there was passed through other pipes through all parts of the ship, until having lost much of its heat and more of its purity, it was allowed to escape, and was replaced by another stream of pure air to be warmed, and used and replaced again; so on from day to day while the ships remained in the ice. This warming apparatus, the 85 tons of fuel, the four years' provisions, and the Bolton and Watt's engines occupied, in spite of the most perfect stowage, so much room, that it was puzzle to know where the water was stowed.

It was, however, explained that 85 tons of coal round the engine is not all that must go. The ship will take 200 tons of coal altogether, but won't want much water room, for along with the engine is a contrivance for melting ice for use whilst the ships are locked in.

The salt sea there is a surface of ice that comes direct from Heaven. The snow is not salted, and the fires will melt the snow-made-ice for the ship's use.

Having learned all these particulars as to the essentials of warm air, and good water, and having heard an account of the four years' provisions, with a certainty that there was a still further supply near the Copper Mine River in case of need: and having learned also that the doctors had got ample supplies of lime-juice and lemon-juice to keep off the scurvy, and that they had mixed it with

alcohol to render it less liable to freeze; having seen, too, that the purser, thoughtful man, had not forgotten to order in some sound-looking casks of pale sherry, and some cases that had an agreeable champagne French look, and these sights having strengthened the hope that the brave men who were to take these ships on their perilous duty would have their hearts warmed by a glass of generous wine when they drank to absent friends next Christmas Day—we had time to glance over what may be called the miscellaneous stores for the voyage. These made a picture, indeed. Everything of every possible kind seemed to be there, and to have been multiplied by two. Thus there were two screw propellers, and two rudders, and two funnels. And then there were certainly twice two dozen ice-saws (with teeth an inch long and handles eight feet wide), and ice-hatchets enough apparently to slay any number of Polar bears who might feel inclined to call upon this 'Pioneer' during his visit to their neighbourhood. Between decks the place looked like a mingled establishment made up of a rope-walk, a sailmaker's, a currier's, a brushmaker's, a dreadnought clothier's, a cooper's, and a very extensive oil and colour warehouse. There were certainly goods enough pertaining to all these various trades to set up one man of each with an abundant stock in any street in Bermondsey he might select. Over head, there was a ceiling of oars and spare spars, and handspikes, and capstan-bars; at the sides, rows of blocks, and lanthorns, and cans, and paint-brushes; and under-foot, bars of iron cased with neatly-sewed leather. This last peculiarity, indeed, was observable in many parts of the ship. Wherever there was any iron it was neatly cased over with leather, to secure those who might have to handle it in the Polar seas from the well-known consequences of touching naked iron in those latitudes,—for cold iron there, like red-hot iron elsewhere, damages the fingers of those rash enough to touch it.

This abundance to overflow of stores extended itself even to the commander's cabin, for every inch of space was important. That spot, however, showed no confusion or cramming, though he had near him two of the most dangerous commodities in his ship,—underneath his *sanctum* was a store of ardent spirits, and astern of it a small magazine of gun-powder.

The engines of the 'Pioneer' are 60-horse power, and as she now is she will not run very fast without her sails, but with wind and steam she will make eleven knots an hour. The two steamers—the 'Pioneer' and the 'Intrepid'—are to go as tenders to the sailing ships, and to tow them in the still waters at the Pole, for there when there is no wind there are no waves.

We left the 'Pioneer' to look over her companion ships. The 'Intrepid' was being arranged on the same system; the others, the 'Assistance' and the 'Resolute,' were afloat

at the dock side, and, being sailing ships, had of course none of their space filled by engines, and, therefore, seemed rather more roomy. Yet, having seen one Arctic ship, we had seen the whole. We heard of gutta-percha sledges to be used on the ice, and of small pilot balloons to be inflated and sent over the frozen regions of the Pole, and which, as they float in the air, are to drop printed slips—words of hope and news of succour—in anticipation that some of these paper messages may reach the frozen-in, lost, mariners, Sir John Franklin and his crew. We heard, also, that the sailing ships would each have a crew of about sixty-five men, and the steamers each about twenty-five, including others. But every one was so busy on board these sailing ships, and their work was so holy in its intent, that we were unwilling to disturb either officer or man with many questions; and so made our way again London-wards.

The last thing we noticed on board these Arctic ships was an inscription that glittered in the sunshine of that April afternoon, for the words were carved in letters of brass on the steersman's wheel that is to guide the vessels on their perilous way. And our last feeling was that the hope contained in the words would be realised. The words so written are:—ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.

THE MINER'S DAUGHTERS.—A TALE OF THE PEAK.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

THE COURTSHIP AND ANOTHER SHIP.

ONE evening, as the two sisters were hastening along the road through the woods on their way homewards, a young farmer drove up in his spring-cart, cast a look at them, stopped, and said: 'Young women, if you are going my way, I shall be glad of your company. You are quite welcome to ride.'

The sisters looked at each other. 'Dunna be afreed,' said the young farmer; 'my name's James Cheshire. I'm well known in these parts; you may trust yersens wi' me, if it's agreeable.'

To James's surprise, Nancy said, 'No, sir, we are not afraid; we are much obliged to you.'

The young farmer helped them up into the cart, and away they drove.

'I'm afraid we shall crowd you,' said Jane. 'Not a bit of it,' replied the young farmer. 'There's room for three bigger nor us on this seat, and I'm no ways tedious.'

The sisters saw nothing odd in his use of the word 'tedious,' as strangers would have done; they knew it merely meant 'not at all particular.' They were soon in active talk. As he had told them who he was, he asked them in their turn if they worked at the

mills there. They replied in the affirmative, and the young man said:—

'I thought so. I've seen you sometimes going along together. I noticed you because you seemed so sisterly like, and you are sisters, I reckon.'

They said 'Yes.'

'I've a good spanking horse, you see,' said James Cheshire. 'I shall get over the ground rather faster nor you done a-foot, eh? My word, though, it must be nation cold on these bleak hills i' winter.'

The sisters assented, and thanked the young farmer for taking them up.

'We are rather late,' said they, 'for we looked in on a friend, and the rest of the mill-hands were gone on.'

'Well,' said the young farmer, 'never mind that. I fancy Bess, my mare here, can go a little faster nor they can. We shall very likely be at Tidser as soon as they are.'

'But you are not going to Tidser,' said Jane, 'your farm is just before us there.'

'Yay, I'm going to Tidser though. I've a bit of business to do there before I go hom.'

On drove the farmer at what he called a spanking rate; presently they saw the young mill-people on the road before them.

'There are your companions,' said James Cheshire, 'we shall cut past them like a flash of lightning.'

'Oh,' exclaimed Jane Dunster, 'what will they say at seeing us riding here?' and she blushed brightly.

'Say?' said the young farmer, smiling, 'never mind what they'll say; depend upon it, they'd like to be here theirsens.'

James Cheshire cracked his whip. The horse flew along. The party of the young mill-hands turned round, and on seeing Jane and Nancy in the cart, uttered exclamations of surprise.

'My word, though!' said Mary Smedley, a fresh buxom lass, somewhat inclined to stoutness.

'Well, if ever!' cried smart little Hannah Bowyer.

'Nay, then, what next?' said Tetty Wilton, a tall, thin girl of very good looks.

The two sisters nodded and smiled to their companions; Jane still blushing rosily, but Nancy sitting as pale and as gravely as if they were going on some solemn business.

The only notice the farmer took was to turn with a broad smiling face, and shout to them, 'Wouldn't you like to be here too?'

'Ay, take us up,' shouted a number of voices together; but the farmer cracked his whip, and giving them a nod and a dozen smiles in one, said, 'I can't stay. Ask the next farmer that comes up.'

With this they drove on; the young farmer very merry and full of talk. They were soon by the side of his farm. 'There's a flock of sheep on the turnips there,' he said, proudly; 'they're not to be beaten on this side Ashbourne. And there are some black oxen,

going for the night to the straw-yard. Jolly fellows, those—eh? But I reckon you don't understand much of farming stock?'

'No,' said Jane, and was again surprised at Nancy adding, 'I wish we did. I think a farmer's life must be the very happiest of any.'

'You think so?' said the farmer, turning and looking at her earnestly, and evidently with some wonder. 'You are right,' said he. 'You little ones are knowing ones. You are right; it's the life for a king.'

They were at the village. 'Pray stop,' said Jane, 'and let us get down. I would not for the world go up the village thus. It would make such a talk!'

'Talk, who cares for talk?' said the farmer; 'won't the youngsters we left on the road talk?'

'Quite enough,' said Jane.

'And are *you* afraid of talk?' said the farmer to Nancy.

'I'm not afraid of it when I don't provoke it wilfully,' said Nancy; 'but we are poor girls, and can't afford to lose even the good word of our acquaintance. You've been very kind in taking us up on the road, but to drive us to our door would cause such wonder as would perhaps make us wish we had not been obliged to you.'

'Blame me, if you arn't right again!' said the young farmer, thoughtfully. 'These are scandal-loving times, and th' neebors might plague you. That's a deep head of yourn, though,—Nancy, I think your sister caw'd you. Well, here I stop then.'

He jumped down and helped them out.

'If you will drive on first,' said Jane, 'we will walk on after, and we are greatly obliged to you.'

'Nay,' said the young man, 'I shall turn again here.'

'But you've business.'

'Oh! my business was to drive you here—that's all.'

James Cheshire was mounting his cart, when Nancy stepped up, and said: 'Excuse me, Sir, but you'll meet the mill-people on your return, and it will make them talk all the more as you have driven us past your farm. Have you no business that you can do in Tidser, Sir?'

'Gad! but thou'rt right again! Ay, I'll go on!' and with a crack of his whip, and a 'Good night!' he whirled into the village before them.

No sooner was he gone than Nancy, pressing her sister's arm to her side, said: 'There's the right man at last, dear Jane.'

'What!' said Jane, yet blushing deeply at the same time, and her heart beating quicker against her side. 'Whatever are you talking of, Nancy? That young farmer fall in love with a mill-girl?'

'He's done it,' said Nancy; 'I see it in him. I feel it in him. And I feel, too, that he is true and staunch as steel.'

Jane was silent. They walked on in silence.

Jane's own heart responded to what Nancy had said; she thought again and again on what he said. 'I have seen you sometimes;' 'I noticed you because you seemed so sisterly.' 'He must have a good heart,' thought Jane; but then he can never think of a poor mill-girl like me.'

The next morning they had to undergo plenty of raillery from their companions. We will pass that over. For several days, as they passed to and fro, they saw nothing of the young farmer. But one evening, as they were again alone, having staid at the same acquaintance's as before, the young farmer popped his head over a stone wall, and said, 'Good evening to you, young women.' He was soon over the wall, and walked on with them to the end of the town. On the Sunday at the chapel Jane saw Nancy's grave face fixed on some object steadily, and, looking in the same direction, was startled to see James Cheshire. Again her heart beat pit-a-pat, and she thought 'Can he really be thinking of me?'

The moment chapel was over, James Cheshire was gone, stopping to speak to no one. Nancy again pressed the arm of Jane to her side as they walked home, and said, '—I was not wrong.' Jane only replied by returning her affectionate pressure.

Some days after, as Nancy Dunster was coming out of a shop in the evening after their return home from the mill, James Cheshire suddenly put his hand on her shoulder, and, on her turning, shook her hand cordially, and said, 'Come along with me a bit. I must have a little talk with you.'

Nancy consented without remark or hesitation. James Cheshire walked on quickly till they came near the fine old church which strikes travellers as so superior to the place in which it is located; when he slackened his pace, and taking Nancy's hand, began in a most friendly manner to tell her how much he liked her and her sister. That, to make a short matter of it, as was his way, he had made up his mind that the woman of all others in the world that would suit him for a wife was her sister. 'But, before I said so to her, I thought I would say so to you, Nancy, for you are so sensible, I'm sure you will say what is best for us all.'

Nancy manifested no surprise, but said calmly: 'You are a well-to-do farmer, Mr. Cheshire. You have friends of property; my sister, and—'

'Ay, and a mill-girl; I know all that. I've thought it all over, and so far you are right again, my little one. But just hear what I've got to say. I'm no fool, though I say it. I've an eye in my head and a head on my shoulders, eh?'

Nancy smiled.

'Well now, it's not *any* mill-girl; mind you, it's not *any* mill-girl; no, nor perhaps another in the kingdom, that would do for me. I don't think mill-girls are in the main

cut out for farmers' wives, any more than farmers' wives are fit for mill-girls; but you see, I've got a notion that your sister is not only a very farrantly lass, but that she's one that has particular good sense, though not so deep as you, Nancy, neither. Well, I've a notion she can turn her hand to anything, and that she's a heart to do it, when it's a duty. Isn't that so, eh? And if it is so, then Jane Dunster's the lass for me; that is, if it's quite agreeable.'

Nancy pressed James Cheshire's hand, and said, 'You are very kind.'

'Not a bit of it,' said James.

'Well,' continued Nancy; 'but I would have you to consider what your friends will say; and whether you will not be made unhappy by them.'

'Why, as to that,' said James Cheshire, interrupting her, 'mark me, Miss Dunster. I don't ask my friends for anything. I can farm my own farm; buy my own cattle; drive my spring-cart, without any advice or assistance of theirs; and therefore I don't think I shall ask their advice in the matter of a wife, eh? No, no, on that score I'm made up. My name's Independent, and, at a word, the only living thing I mean to ask advice of is yourself. If you, Miss Dunster, approve of the match, it's settled, as far I'm concerned.'

'Then so far,' said Nancy, 'as you and my sister are concerned, without reference to worldly circumstances—I approve it with all my heart. I believe you to be as good and honest as I know my sister to be. Oh! Mr. Cheshire! she is one of ten thousand.'

'Well, I was sure of it,' said the young farmer; 'and so now you must tell your sister all about it; and if all's right, chalk me a white chalk inside of my gate as you go past i' th' morning, and to-morrow evening I'll come up and see you.'

Here the two parted with a cordial shake of the hand. The novel signal of an accepted love was duly discovered by James Cheshire on his gate-post, when he issued forth at day-break, and that evening he was sitting at tea with Jane and Nancy in the little cottage, having brought in his cart a basket of eggs, apples, fresh butter, and a pile of the richest pikelets (crumpets), country pikelets, very different to town-made ones, for tea.

We need not follow out the courtship of James Cheshire and Jane Dunster. It was cordial and happy. James insisted that both the sisters should give immediate notice to quit the mill-work, to spare themselves the cold and severe walks which the winter now occasioned them. The sisters had improved their education in their evenings. They were far better read and informed than most farmers' daughters. They had been, since they came to Tideswell, teachers in the Sunday-school. There was comparatively little to be learned in a farm-house for the wife in winter, and James Cheshire therefore proposed to the

sisters to go for three months to Manchester into a wholesale house, to learn as much as they could of the plain sewing and cutting out of household linen. The person in question made up all sorts of household linen, sheets, pillow-cases, shirts, and other things; in fact, a great variety of articles. Through an old acquaintance he got them introduced there, avowedly to prepare them for house-keeping. It was a sensible step, and answered well. At spring, to cut short opposition from his own relatives, which began to show itself, for these things did not fail to be talked of, James Cheshire got a license, and proceeding to Manchester, was then and there married, and came home with his wife and sister.

The talk and gossip which this wedding made all round the country, was no little; but the parties themselves were well satisfied with their mutual choice, and were happy. As the spring advanced, the duties of the household grew upon Mrs. Cheshire. She had to learn the art of cheese-making, butter-making, of all that relates to poultry, calves, and household management. But in these matters she had the aid of an old servant who had done all this for Mr. Cheshire, since he began farming. She took a great liking to her mistress, and showed her with hearty good-will how everything was done; and as Jane took a deep interest in it, she rapidly made herself mistress of the management of the house, as well as of the house itself. She did not disdain, herself, to take a hand at the churn, that she might be familiar with the whole process of butter-making, and all the signs by which the process is conducted to a successful issue. It was soon seen that no farmer's wife could produce a firmer, fresher, sweeter pound of butter. It was neither *swelled* by too hasty churning, nor spoiled, as is too often the case, by the butter-milk or by water being left in it, for want of well kneading and pressing. It was deliciously sweet, because the cream was carefully put in the cleanest vessels and well attended to. Mrs. Cheshire, too, might daily be seen kneeling by the side of the cheese-pan, separating the curd, taking off the whey, filling the cheese-vat with the curd, and putting the cheese herself into press. Her cheese-chamber displayed as fine a set of well-salted, well-coloured, well-turned and regular cheeses as ever issued from that or any other farm-house.

James Cheshire was proud of his wife; and Jane herself found a most excellent helper in Nancy. Nancy took particularly to house-keeping; saw that all the rooms were exquisitely clean; that everything was in nice repair; that not only the master and mistress, but the servants had their food prepared in a wholesome and attractive manner. The eggs she stored up; and as fruit came into season, had it collected for market, and for a judicious household use. She made the tea and coffee morning and evening, and did

everything but preside at the table. There was not a farm-house for twenty miles round that wore an air of so much brightness and evident good management as that of James Cheshire. For Nancy, from the first moment of their acquaintance, he had conceived a most profound respect. In all cases that required counsel, though he consulted freely with his wife, he would never decide till they had had Nancy's opinion and sanction.

And James Cheshire prospered. But, spite of this, he did not escape the persecution from his relations that Nancy had foreseen. On all hands he found coldness. None of them called on him. They felt scandalised at his *evening* himself, as they called it, to a mill-girl. He was taunted when they met at market, with having been caught with a pretty face; and told that they thought he had had more sense than to marry a dressed doll with a witch by her side.

At first James Cheshire replied with a careless waggery, 'The pretty face makes capital butter, though, eh? The dressed doll turns out a tolerable dairy, eh? Better,' added James, 'than a good many can, that I know, who have neither pretty faces, nor have much taste in dressing to crack of.'

The allusion to Nancy's dwarfish plainness was what peculiarly provoked James Cheshire. He might have laughed at the criticisms on his wife, though the envious neighbours' wives did say that it was the old servant and not Mrs. Cheshire who produced such fine butter and cheese; for wherever she appeared, spite of envy and detraction, her lovely person and quiet good sense, and the growing rumour of her good management, did not fail to produce a due impression. And James had prepared to laugh it off: but it would not do. He found himself getting every now and then angry and unsettled by it. A coarse jest on Nancy at any time threw him into a desperate fit of indignation. The more the superior merit of his wife was known, the more seemed to increase the envy and venom of some of his relatives. He saw, too, that it had an effect on his wife. She was often sad, and sometimes in tears.

One day when this occurred, James Cheshire said, as they sat at tea, 'I've made up my mind. Peace in this life is a jewel. Better is a dinner of herbs with peace, than a stalled ox with strife. Well now, I'm determined to have peace. Peace and luv,' said he, looking affectionately at his wife and Nancy, 'peace and luv, by God's blessing, have settled down on this house; but there are stings here and stings there, when we go out of doors. We must not only have peace and luv in the house, but peace all round it. So I've made up my mind. I'm for America!'

'For America!' exclaimed Jane. 'Surely you cannot be in earnest.'

'I never was more in earnest in my life,' said James Cheshire. 'It is true I do very well on this farm here, though it's a cowdish

situation; but from all I can learn, I can do much better in America. I can there farm a much better farm of my own. We can have a much finer climate than this Peak country, and our countrymen still about us. Now, I want to know what makes a man's native land pleasant to him?—the kindness of his relations and friends. But then, if a man's relations are not kind?—if they get a conceit into them, that because they are relations they are to choose a man's wife for him, and sting him and snort at him because he has a will of his own?—why, then I say, God send a good big herring-pool between me and such relations! My relations, by way of showing their natural affection, spit spite and bitterness. You, dear wife and sister, have none of yours to spite you. In the house we have peace and luv. Let us take the peace and luv, and leave the bitterness behind.'

There was a deep silence.

'It is a serious proposal,' at length said Jane, with tears in her eyes.

'What says Nancy?' asked James.

'It is a serious proposal,' said Nancy, 'but it is good. I feel it so.'

There was another deep silence; and James Cheshire said, 'Then it is decided.'

'Think of it,' said Jaue earnestly, '—think well of it.'

'I have thought of it long and well, my dear. There are some of these chaps that call me relation that I shall not keep my hands off, if I stay amongst them,—and I fain would. But for the present I will say no more; but,' added he, rising and bringing a book from his desk, 'here is a book by one Morris Birkbeck, —read it, both of you, and then let me know your minds.'

The sisters read. On the following Lady-day, James Cheshire had turned over his farm advantageously to another, and he, his wife, Nancy, and the old servant, Mary Spindlelove, all embarked at Liverpool, and transferred themselves to the United States, and then to the State of Illinois. Five-and-twenty years have rolled over since that day. We could tell a long and curious story of the fortunes of James Cheshire and his family: from the days when, half repenting of his emigration and his purchase, he found himself in a rough country, amid rough and spiteful squatters, and lay for months with a brace of pistols under his pillow, and a great sword by his bedside for fear of robbery and murder. But enough, that at this moment, James Cheshire, in a fine cultivated country, sees his ample estate cultivated by his sons, while as Colonel and Magistrate he dispenses the law and receives the respectful homage of the neighbourhood. Nancy Dunster, now styled Mrs. Dunster, the Mother in Israel—the promoter of schools and the councillor of old and young—still lives. Years have improved rather than deteriorated her short and stout exterior. The long exercise of wise thoughts and the play of benevolent feelings, have given

even a sacred beauty to her homely features. The dwarf has disappeared, and there remains instead, a grave but venerable matron,—honoured like a queen.

LETTER FROM A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE OLD LADY.

GRACIOUS, Mr. Conductor (which is like an omnibus) what a nice new journal you have got! And 'Household Words' too; *that's* what I like! I've often thought that if the world could hear *my* household words, some people would be wiser for them. Sir, if you are not above receiving advice and information from an old woman, I will give you some. I will just chatter to you as I do to the boys and girls down in my part of the country here, without any ceremony. I have bought two pens and a quire of paper, and I'll write down a few things; but my spectacles are bad, and my pen is not over steady.

I may observe, in limmony, that you will soon discover me to be a well educated woman. I have lived a long life, and have always picked up knowledge fast, taking four meals of it a-day. Especially, you will find that my medical attainments are considerable. I'm not one of your women who go costing their husbands a whole till-full of money every year for doctor's bills. As a mother of a family—and—though you wouldn't believe it, Mr. Editor, if you was to look at me—I've had as many as eighteen,—I felt it my duty, as the mother of a family, to acquire the knowledge that was necessary for the preservation of my children's lives. I have bought or borrowed a large number of medical books, and studied them so well, that if the dear children had been spared me long enough,—whereas thirteen died young, and one an infant, which was quite owing to the nurse having forgot to give it its Godfrey three nights running,—if they had all lived, I should have been surrounded by a very healthy family, and they would have owed to me, every one of them, their blooming looks. Of the five that survive, Edward is delicate, and Tom is rather daft, but the other three are in strong health, and prove what a blessing it was their mother took such care of them.

Some one of you gentlemen has been a writing about Lucifer-matches. Lucifers, indeed! Is that your improvement of the people? Yah! If folks were wise they would send Lucifer his matches back, and not be indebted to him any longer for them. None of us ever lost our jawbones over a tinder-box in my young days. But you must have improvements. Don't you know that you pay for civilisation with health. Look at me. I am eighty-two; but we used flint and steel when I was young. Turn to the British and Foreign Medical Review of a few years ago, there you will see what I mean. There's an account in it, of the new disease begotten by lucifer-matches; by the phosphorus. It's

this: a worker in the manufactory has a hollow tooth, it generally begins there, resembles tooth-ache; then there is inflammation about it; the periosteum of the lower jaw becomes inflamed; the bone dies: a man is recorded to have picked his lower jawbone out of his chin as we pulled winkles out of their shells, when winkles were eaten, in the good old times. It's true that forewarned is forearmed. Great care is taken in lucifer factories on a large scale; those who work over the phosphorus have their mouths shielded, I believe, and so on: but then, what a thing it is! Here's your march of improvement! A new luxury, a new disease.

You have been looking over Water-works; isn't beer good enough for the folks now-a-days? To be sure one cannot wash in beer, but it's not much need one has for washing. I saw a little boy the other day, bothering about a cabstand; he wanted a bucket of water, but the tap was locked—and could be unlocked only for the horses. He said there was no water in his alley, and he looked as if there were no water in the world. I gave him twopence to go and buy a pint of beer, and went on, feeling that I had done a charitable action. Water indeed! Don't you think, Mr. Conductor, that some of you reformers carry the thing a little bit too far? I wrote the other day to a grandson of mine, he sets up for a sanitary reformer, and because I was angry at a little rascalion who stole three pounds of Wiltshire bacon (a nice lean piece) from my kitchen dresser, what does he write and say? I know what I wrote and said in answer very well. *He* never darkens my doors again, and it's 2000*l.* he will be out of pocket one of these days. I'll just copy his impudence. He says—

'Let it be supposed, grandmother, that you were born in one of the thousand London alleys; that you were nursed with milk and opiates by a mother able or willing to pay small attention to your wants. Your first recollection is of having 'scalded head,' a disgusting skin disease, begotten among dirt, with which poor ragged children are infested. Then you remember the death of a brother who was your baby playmate. He died of a fever. You remember other deaths, and how you pondered much in a child's way, while playing with a pool of filth, upon this fever, what it was. You remember the pool in your undrained alley, when it was not quite so bad as it is now. You remember how you laboured three times a week, when water was turned on for two hours at the common tap, how you laboured for your mother to supply her want of it, and came with your bucket into competition with the tenants of the other houses, all eager to lay in a stock. You remember how you enjoyed a wash when you could get it; how you saw your mother strive to wash a tub full of linen in a pipkin full of water, and the precious juice then could not be

thrown away until you had aided her attempt to scrub the floors with it. You remember how your father died of a fever, and you slept so near his corpse that when you were restless in the night once, you were awakened by your hand touching upon its cold face. You remember how your mother moaned by day, and how you heard her sob in the night season. So much, that now and then you went to kiss her. You remember when your elder sister drowned herself, nobody ever told you why;—you think you know why. How your mother went out, when she could, for a day's work, but was too ragged and too dirty to find many patrons. How she took to gin-drinking, lost her old love for you, and her old memories. How you wished that you could find employment, but could find none for the ragged little wretch. How you begged some pence, and bought some oranges, and prayed to God that you might be honest in a trade however small. How you were taken by a policeman before a magistrate, who said that he must put you down. How you were sent to prison, and came out shaking your little fists against Society, who made you be the dirty thief you are.'

There! I can't copy any more for rage. There's a fellow, to address a woman of my years! But he'll live to repent it, Sir, when I am dead and gone. My hand shakes so after copying this insolence, that I can't hold my pen any more to-day; besides, it has got bad, and there is nobody now here to mend it. I should like my letter to be put first in your next number; let it have large print and a great many capitals.

A SAMPLE OF THE OLD SCHOOL. BY AN OLD BOY.

ALL the particulars of the ensuing narration are strictly matters of fact, except the proper names of places and persons, as we used to say at Rood Priory, better known, in its time, as Roberts's, better still as Old Bob's; the Establishment for Young Gentlemen—much as Old Bob would have been enraged to hear it called so—which I am about to describe.

Rood Priory was so called from standing near the site of that monastery. Though really a private school, it was conducted after the manner of a public one. Situated in the same Cathedral Town with the College of St. Joseph, it maintained, indeed, a sort of rivalry with that foundation. I was sent to Rood Priory—or Old Bob's—about twenty-four years ago. The school had then been kept by Old Bob for, I suppose, half a century, and had existed long before. Old Bob's was one of those genuine specimens of the good old school, in which scarcely anything whatever was taught except the Latin and Greek languages; and they were inculcated principally by the rod. Its scholars, when first I became one of them, mustered nearly a

hundred; their number had been greater still. The youngest of us were not more than five or six years old; some of the eldest were verging upon twenty, and might have shaved without affectation. We were divided into six classes, or as we called them, Parts: of which the sixth was the lowest. Our range of study extended from the rudiments of Latin, in the last Part, to Virgil, Horace, Homer's *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, Terence, and Greek Tragedy, in the second and first. The first was also called the senior Part. It was allowed various peculiar privileges, and its members, the senior boys, were never flogged, except for high crimes and misdemeanors. They were a sort of monitors, and had to keep order in the school and dining-hall; duties which devolved on them by turns. In fact, Old Bob made them act as his police. The first four Parts did Latin verses, to the composition of which the greater portion of two days in each week was devoted. The general impression at Rood Priory was that Latin versification was the highest possible achievement of the human intellect. Annually, the senior boys competed for a prize in Latin Hexameters. The successful performances were recited at our Public Speaking, which took place at the close of the Midsummer half-year. Their Latinity was perfect for the best of reasons; they were arrangements of phrases which had been really penned by Ovid and Virgil.

The native Muse was cultivated a little, too. We were required to commit portions of the 'Elegant Extracts' to memory: and the senior boys also wrote English prize-poems, which were clever imitations of the mannerisms (only) of Pope and Dryden.

The 'usual branches of a solid English education' were certainly in a rather stunted condition at Old Bob's. Arithmetic was taught ostensibly; we had to write out a given number of sums weekly, done by what means no matter, in a book. One boy, I recollect, by the particular request of his parents, learned mathematics; that is to say, getting Euclid's propositions by rote. Geography was sometimes mentioned among us—in connexion with the Argonautic Expedition for instance, or the Garden of the Hesperides. English History we read in classes during the fortnight before the vacations, Old Bob probably conceiving it expedient that his scholars should, if questioned by their friends on the subject, appear to know that there was some difference between William the Conqueror and Oliver Cromwell. Sometimes Milton's *Paradise Lost* was substituted for our historical reading, namely, for Goldsmith's *Abridgment*. We received rather less instruction in Astronomy than may be presumed to have fallen to the share of Galileo's judges, and we utterly ignored the use of any globes except those in use at football and cricket. Some few, at their friends' express stipulation, learned French, Drawing, and Dancing, on

sufferance, and grievously against the grain of Old Bob, who considered that modern languages and accomplishments could be acquired during the holidays, or picked up in after-life anyhow; and who suspected that at Rood Priory they were mere pretexts for shirking severer lessons. Certainly these studies involved no whipping, and were interspersed with considerable amusement, at the expense of the French teacher at least, and his countryman the dancing-master.

Our school-house was a large detached building of red brick, slate-roofed, lighted by tall round-arched windows, and entered by a porch, in which vestibule to our Temple of Learning inert or peccant neophytes were castigated. The hall, or refectory, was also detached. We slept, some at Old Bob's private residence, others in adjoining or adjacent buildings connected with it. The school-room, for about a fourth of its height, was wainscoted with dark oak, richly carved with names, each letter of which had been engraven at the risk of a flagellation. The desks, similarly adorned, extended on either side along the wall at right angles with it, interrupted, on that to the left of the entrance, by the two fire-places, senior and junior. Everything among us was thus distinguished; we had a senior and junior field, or playground; a senior and junior fives-court; and a senior, secundus, and junior bridge on the river in which we used to bathe. The boys of every particular Part sat together; each had his own private compartment of the desk, termed his 'scob.' A list of the names of the occupants of each desk, in the order of their rank, was pasted on the wall over it. The junior, that is the lowest, had the care of the lighting materials, and was thence styled the 'Candle-custos.' There were three seats for the masters; one at the top of the school, another at the bottom, and a third at the side, between the two fire-places. They resembled Professors' chairs, and during lessons we were stationed in front of them. A large time-piece above the middle chair regulated our operations. Down the whole length of the school, in front of either series of desks, ran a form, the two forms enabling us to be marshalled along them, on occasion, in a couple of lines, leaving an open space in the middle wherein Old Bob could walk to and fro with his cane.

The order of things thus constituted was governed supremely by the Reverend James Roberts, M.A., Senior, otherwise Old Bob; secondarily, by his son, the Rev. James Roberts, M.A., Junior, behind his back called James. In subordination to them we had three other classical masters, and an English master, as he was termed. The business of the latter was to teach writing and arithmetic, to call us of a morning, to distribute among us our 'battlings,' or pocket-money, and to summon us at the end of play-hours into school. His hair was light and woolly, he cleared his throat with a bleating noise before

he spoke, he had a grave sleepy expression, and prominent teeth; and, of course, we called him 'Sheep.' He was a very honest, worthy fellow, but he talked fine; he could not sound the letter h, nor utter a Greek or Latin word without, if possible, making a false quantity; his duties (being English) were looked upon as rather menial, and the science which he professed was accounted mercantile and vulgar; wherefore, on the whole, our somewhat aristocratic community despised this excellent gentleman very much.

Old Bob, in the face, was rather like Socrates: in form, save as to the shoulders, he strongly resembled Punch. His similitude, however, to the sage, was merely physiognomical, unless the ability to have disputed with him in his own vernacular may be added to it. He was intimately versed in what are termed the liberal sciences, though I doubt if, in his case, they had the mollifying effect ascribed to them in the Eton Latin Grammar. With no other kind of science was he acquainted, except that of managing his own affairs. In this, truly, he was a tolerable proficient, and had made money by his school. But if his acquirements were limited, they were sound; and his intellect, though not comprehensive, was strong. He would sometimes say to a clever but eccentric boy—for he used to thee-and-thou us like a Quaker—'Thou hast every sense, my boy, but common sense.' Of this faculty, in a practical acceptance, he possessed a fair share himself. Old Bob had a fine sense of justice, too, in his way, and he administered his flogging system reasonably and equitably—as far as rationality or equity were consistent with such a system. There was also not a little benevolence in Old Bob's composition. It is true that his eyes could not help twinkling when he caught a boy in any mischief, and contrived to hit him, neatly, on a tense and sensitive part. But I do not think that he flogged principally, or in very great measure, for the love of flogging. He had a traditional belief in the virtues of the rod. He looked upon birch as a necessary stimulant, not knowing that stimulants, whether in the mental or animal economy, are not ordinarily necessary. Then, on the other hand, he was very attentive to the health and comfort of his boys. He took especial care that our meat and other provisions should be of the very best kind; and if his scholars were well flogged, they were also well fed and well cared for.

Old Bob, when first I knew him, was nearly eighty years of age, but hale and robust still. Divers legends were extant respecting the strong man whom he had knocked down in his youth. He dressed the character of the old schoolmaster, from the shovel-hat and powdered bald head to the gaiters, as correctly as if he had proposed to act it in a farce. His voice, I may here remark, was much like Mr. Farren's in Sir Peter Teazle; only it was slower, deeper, more powerful, and abounded

in strong and prolonged emphasis. He was very fond of spouting—in an academical way—and I think I see him now teaching us to gesticulate, by putting himself in an attitude, and giving us an idea of Cicero.

In general, Old Bob was good-tempered, patient, and forbearing, not punishing without fair warning, and then with deliberate dignity. But on peculiar provocation, as by anything like the exhibition of a mutinous spirit, especially on the part of a big boy, he lost all control of himself. His face grew pale, his eyes twinkled ominously, he would puff his cheeks out, and his whole form appeared actually to swell. Then, pulling up his nether garments—a habit with him when in a rage—and his voice shaking with passion, he would exclaim, 'Take care, Sir. Let me not hear thee say that again. If thou dost, I'll whip thee. I'd whip thee if thou wast as high as the house! I'd whip thee if thou wast as big as Goliath!! I'd whip thee if thou wast an angel from Heaven!!!' And it was generally understood among us that he would have done it in either case.

A flogging at the hands of Old Bob was ordinarily the consequence of a series of offences or shortcomings. Sometimes a pupil, often within a brief period, had been guilty of a false concord or quantity. Sometimes he had been caught out of bounds, or had in some other way infringed Old Bob's ordinances. Sometimes he was denounced for misconduct or idleness by one of the masters. A very common case of punishment would occur thus: Old Bob would suddenly call for the 'Classicus' of a part which was under a junior master. The 'Classicus' was a register of our respective performances in learning. The eye of Old Bob would light on a succession of bad marks standing opposite the name of some unlucky fellow. He then gradually raised his eyebrows, and began to whiff and whistle. Presently he repeated the delinquent's name aloud, and proceeded, whistling and whiffing still at each word, to read out the adjoined record, 'Bradshaw!' he would cry; 'Bradshaw!—Hi! hi! hi!—*Malè—malè—malè—mediocriter—malè—quam pessimè—quam pessimè—quam pessimè*—I'll whip thee!' And he put down the book, and pushed his spectacles up on his forehead. 'Bring me the rod!—Bradshaw!—Come here to me, my worthy, good Sir. I'll whip thee. I will! Go into the porch!' So saying, he gave the culprit a shove at the nape of the neck, which almost sent him sprawling headlong. 'Rod—boy—the rod! Jones—you—Brown you—go in.' These boys were to keep the porch doors. 'Robinson—go too.' The fourth boy was wanted to sustain the drapery of the victim. 'And here—you, Sir—Smith!—you—go in as well.' This last was some youth who had been misbehaving himself lately, and whom Old Bob compelled to witness the infliction, that he might profit by it in the way of example. They all went into the porch, and Old Bob, hitching up his small-

clothes, followed. 'My poor boy,' Old Bob would say, when he had got the criminal 'hoisted,' 'I am sorry for thee. I told thee how it would be. I said I would whip thee if thou didst not behave better, and—I *will*.' Swish!

The chastisement generally lasted about five minutes. Old Bob never inflicted more than half-a-dozen stripes, but he waited a considerable time between them, partly that each might have its full effect, partly that he might improve the occasion for the edification of the other delinquent. 'You'll be the next, Sir,' he would tell the latter: 'You'll be the next!' A prediction usually soon fulfilled.

Old Bob had a very high idea of the force of example. Incredible as it may appear, it is a fact that he would send a troublesome pupil to see an execution. I once witnessed his doing this. The boy in question, was incorrigibly mischievous, and given to roguish pranks. Addressing him by name, Old Bob said, 'There is a man to be hanged this morning. Go and see him, my boy. Thou art a bad boy, and it will do thee good. You,—turning to an elder boy,—'you go with him and take charge of him.' Truly this was carrying out the principle of the 'good old school.'

For high crimes and misdemeanours the penalty was flogging in public. Swearing and profanity were the chief of these. At prayers we used to kneel along the two forms in the middle of the school. The 'candle-custodes' alone remained at their desks during evening-prayer time. One of these young gentlemen, once upon a night, got a copper cap, and employed his devotional leisure in fixing it on the head of a nail. The moment the final 'Amen' was uttered, before we could rise, he exploded the cap. The report was terrific in the silence of the large schoolroom. Old Bob insisted on the name of the transgressor being surrendered, and flogged him instantly on the spot. His rage on this occasion was extreme, and was mingled with a strange agitation. The next day this was explained. 'What was it thou didst let off last night?' demanded Old Bob of the irreverent youth, who was one of his particularly bad boys. 'A percussion cap,' was the answer. 'Per-per-what?' 'PercuSSION cap, Sir.' 'Hum!' said Old Bob, musingly, 'I won't expel thee *this* time, Sir,—I won't *expel* thee.' He evidently did not know what a percussion-cap was, whilst, dimly understanding that it was not exactly a firearm, he seemed relieved from the suspicion that his scholar had attempted his life.

Such implicit confidence had Old Bob in birch, that he imagined he could absolutely whip us up Parnassus, and he very often flogged a boy for not being able to do his verses. 'I'll make thee a poet, my boy,' he used to say, 'or the rod shall.' Flagellation formed so essential a part of his system, that

he had a large quantity of birch-broom kept constantly at hand in an old cabinet, which may have belonged to the Monastery of Rood itself. The rod-boy—one of the scholars appointed to the office—not only 'hoisted' the sufferer, and had the custody of the birch, but also manufactured the rods: and soundly was he drubbed by us, if he did not carefully knock the buds out of them. I think James—who shared the power of the scourge—insisted that his rods should not be tampered with. At any rate, the skin upon which he operated looked afterwards as if it had received a charge of small shot. Such correction, it is obvious, might be repeated a little too often; and it was a rule of Old Bob's that no boy should be flogged more than once a week. Some, however, were flogged regularly as the week came round. I recollect one boy with whom this was the case for a long time: owing, I believe, to his sheer inability to construe Virgil. I heard of him in after-life; oh, Heaven! such a stupid man!

A minor species of correction was inflicted with the cane, generally on the hands. Old Bob confined himself to two 'spats' on the tips of the fingers; or, as he called them, 'summits of the digits.' In spite of the sufferer's attempts to dodge him, he generally hit these sensitive points exactly, to his manifest delight. James struck from four to six blows across the palm with all his strength. I have seen a little boy cast himself on the floor and writhe in the agony of this torture.

James, at the time to which I am referring, appeared to be upwards of fifty. Perhaps he looked older than he was, through powdering his hair. He was much more hasty and irascible than his father. He punished violently and promptly. Old Bob, on the other hand, would sometimes say, 'I won't whip thee now, my boy; but I *will* whip thee. Not now—no. I'll let it hang over thy head.' And so he did, occasionally, for some weeks; and whipped him at last. James was rather a better scholar, and somewhat worse informed in other respects than Old Bob. He had small regard for a plodding student, and great partiality for anyone who could make neat verses. It being a tenet with him that not a moment should ever be wasted, he insisted on our taking books into the hall to read during meals. In conformity with this principle, it was said that, having a benefice in the neighbourhood at which he preached weekly, he used to drive there, reading Horace, with his whip stuck upright in his vehicle. These itinerary studies ended, as might have been foreseen, in a serious accident; his horse running at its own sweet will over a cow in the road, and spilling him. He had a preposterous antipathy to the least noise, and his appearance in the school produced an awful silence immediately. James's greatest defect was the absolute dependence which he placed on the word of the inferior masters. In answer to a complaint from one

of them, unlike Old Bob, he would never hear a boy speak, but punished him instantly. Yet he was naturally of a kind disposition; and his alacrity in flogging, arose partly from impatience and irritability—partly from his having been brought up in that faith.

The severities practised in Old Bob's little kingdom, were not unattended with the effects which they sometimes have in larger monarchies. We had an under-master, whom I will call Bateson; a north-countryman, with a disgusting brogue, only less repulsive than his unwholesome looks and malicious temper. He was continually—as though from a savage delight—procuring some boy or other to be punished. Not long before my time, his conduct had created a regular rebellion. A conspiracy, headed by the senior boys, was formed against him. An opportunity was taken one evening when he was alone in the school. By an arrangement preconcerted with the 'candle-custodes,' most of the lights were extinguished. Books, ink-bottles, missiles of all kinds, were flung at his head. The larger boys set upon him and gave him a severe beating. Had not the school-door, which they had premeditatedly fastened, been forced upon, there is no knowing to what extent they would have maltreated him. As it was, he was shockingly bruised and disfigured. The expulsion of some of the ring-leaders, and the flogging of several of the other rioters, was the issue of this transaction. Bateson, untaught by what he had suffered, continued to be as spiteful as ever. His delight was to give us tasks beyond our ability, that we might be chastised for not doing them; and he stimulated our exertions by menaces and abuse. Often did we vow to thrash this dull spiteful pedant, if we caught him anywhere after we should leave school; and some of us, I think, had left it a pretty long time before the resolution thus formed, was abandoned.

Consistently enough with his notions about the rod and the gallows, Old Bob not only allowed, but encouraged his boys to settle their disputes by fighting. After the 'battle' he usually enquired who was the aggressor; and if Right had triumphed, he often gave the victor a shilling. Two boys who, for talking in the hall at breakfast, had been made to stand on the form together, contrived to quarrel while thus exalted, and came to blows. Old Bob being present with his cane (misdoers were commonly 'given up' to be 'spatted' at breakfast-time), rushed instantly from his table to the scene of action. But instead of using the instrument of correction to visit this aggravated breach of discipline, he actually employed it in keeping order during the combat, forgetting the offence in the delight which it afforded him. Our fistic encounters were managed strictly in accordance with the laws of the 'noble art of self-defence.' They had the regular accessories of seconds, and a ring, added to the superin-

tendence of 'Sheep,' and sometimes, too, the paternal countenance of Old Bob himself! They were divided into rounds, they lasted as long as real prize-fights, and issued, mostly, in similar results to the combatants, who generally pummelled each other so severely that they were forced to retire afterwards to the sick-room. There, strangely enough, they often became great friends. I recollect one desperate contest occurring between the son of a celebrated comic actor and a boy whose family resided in the neighbourhood. The spectators from the public road which skirted the field—they were mostly farmers on horseback, it being market-day—discovered who were the combatants, and exhorted them by name to 'go it.' The heroes, I think, fought for upwards of an hour. Both were severely punished—of course I do not mean by Old Bob. On another occasion I was present when a boy in fighting was knocked down. His leg, as he fell, bent under him and was broken. I heard the bone snap.

It will be inquired whether Old Bob's arrangements included anything that could counteract, or modify, at least, the not very humanising influences of his general system. There was plenty of what is termed religious instruction—mingled always with infusion of birch. We had prayers morning and evening, and a collect in the middle of the day read by one of the senior boys; and as stripes would have been the penalty of a smile, if discovered, our devotions were characterised by great decorum. Before and after dinner we had a Latin grace, pronounced by a young gentleman standing on a form, but a senior boy was liable to be called upon to say it at his bodily peril. The essential difference between the two graces lay in the words '*sumus sumpturi*,' 'we are about to receive,' and '*accepimus*,' 'we have received.' As not all who could repeat these words attended precisely to their meaning, the distinction was occasionally disregarded, with what consequences may be imagined. Two boys, morning and evening, each elevated on a desk, read a chapter in the New Testament a-piece, as loud as they were able, whilst Old Bob generally kept bidding them to speak louder and slower. The rest had to follow them—the higher Parts, in the Latin and Greek Testament—and take up the text when called on, under the usual liability. It was sometimes a fearful thing to have to read from the desk. St. Paul, in the Second Epistle to Timothy, alludes to one Alexander the Coppersmith. There was a ragamuffin who used to hang about the field-palings, on whom we had conferred this appellation, which, consequently, to our mind had a most ludicrous association. When the fatal name was pronounced, every breath in the school was held to stifle a laugh. Imagine the agony of the unlucky boy obliged to read it in all gravity, deliberately, and, as Old Bob required, 'loud and slow.'

The loud and slow style of delivery was

especially insisted upon in our elocution. Old Bob made all his boys recite. He caused the speaker to mount a table at one end of the school-room, he, Old Bob, sitting at the other. The orator had first to perform a gymnastic feat, consisting in putting himself in the first position, and stooping till his fingers' ends nearly touched his instep—this was the Rood Priory regulation-bow. He then made his speech, lifting his arms up and down alternately, which, if he failed to do with vigour, Old Bob bellowed for 'Action! Action!' The mounting on the table was intended to cure us of bashfulness. On my first appearance on that conspicuous altitude, my brain reeled, and I was near falling off for very giddiness.

All this training was a preparation for the public speaking already mentioned. We spoke from a stage erected at the upper end of the school. Our auditors at this exhibition were our friends and the gentry of the neighbourhood. We recited verses, such as 'Hohenlinden,' and 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' 'Edward and Warwick,' 'Brutus and Cassius,' and divers scenes from other poets and dramatists, ancient and modern. Whatever was the character, the speaker appeared in full dress. Once, the part of 'Mawworm' was assigned to me. I enacted it with my hair frizzled, in an olive coat, black waistcoat, white trousers, silk stockings, and pumps.

The great attention paid by Old Bob to our acting, seems to indicate that he supposed we were, for the most part, intended for the church, the bar, or political life. What opinion then, of his system, are we to form, judged of by its results? Did it contribute to the formation of any great minds or distinguished characters? At this moment I know of but three persons of any eminence, pupils of his, who have reflected credit upon their master. One of these was a celebrated statesman, now deceased, who, however, completed his education at Eton. Another was a Greek scholar of some repute, whether as yet surviving or not, I am ignorant. The third is a living ornament to his College. This last had a natural aptitude for learning, and inasmuch as he never needed the stimulus of the rod, he cannot be considered indebted for his attainments to that element in Old Bob's method of tuition. Not one single stupid or even idle boy, within my experience, did Old Bob with all his flogging improve in the least; and his severities, I am sure, disgusted some, possessed of good abilities, with study. For my own part, I never was flogged; but the fear of being so kept me continually in misery; and as long as I was subject to it, hindered my advancement, prevented me from learning anything with pleasure, and caused me to look upon my tasks as impositions, and to perform them with ill will, in a sulky, perfunctory manner. I shall never forget the torment I suffered in cramming long lessons in Greek Grammar, under terror of the rod. Exert myself as I would, I could not get any-

thing dry well by rote; whereas, poetry, or whatever else interested me, I remembered without an effort. This was lucky for me; my good performances were a set-off against my bad. I knew then, as well as I know now, how worse than foolish and idiotic was the notion of whipping a boy into parrot-learning. I perceived then as clearly as I see at this present time, that memory is no single power of the mind; that there is as much of feeling in it as of intellect; that we best remember the ideas which we delight to dwell upon; and that the proper way of imparting knowledge is to render it as pleasant as possible, or if this cannot be done, to instil it by degrees: to administer the medicine whose flavour you cannot disguise, in minute doses. I say, I knew all this: judge then with what different sentiments from those presented in the catechism, I, a boy, looked upon my pastors and masters, who knew it not.

But I can speak positively as well as negatively as to the efficacy of the flogging system. I was fast sinking into despair of my capacity, and arming myself with dogged obstinacy against the consequences, when Old Bob gave up the school. His former pupil, the Statesman, during his brief tenure of office, had secured him a prebendal stall. Rood Priory then came under the sole management of James, assisted by one of his brothers. On his retirement, Old Bob wisely dismissed Bateson, with whom he would not trust James. As wisely, he engaged as second master a teacher in every respect Bateson's opposite. This gentleman made our work as easy to us as he could; his manner towards us was kind and affectionate; he endeavoured to interest us in our studies; and he urged us to exertion by recommending proficiency for reward, instead of giving up dulness for punishment. Under this management, I, previously considered a dunce, rose rapidly to the first Part of the school; and my career terminated in my writing the English Prize Poem, a pretty good burlesque—though I intended it seriously—on the more moody portions of the writings of Lord Byron.

James did not preside over the concerns of Rood Priory for more than a year-and-a-half. At the end of that time he abdicated in favour of his brother. But the latter was quite incompetent to wield the rod of Old Bob. He permitted a degree of license among his subjects which soon demoralised his empire. He then abruptly attempted to restore discipline. The result was a rebellion. His scholars combined against him in a regular 'barring out.' The mutiny was quelled, and the principal insurgents were flogged. But the affair became public, and fatally damaged the school; which instantly fell off; and, as certain writers phrase it, after a few convulsive struggles, ceased to exist. And so there was an end of Rood Priory; one of the last, I am happy to believe, of the genuine 'good old schools.'

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THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE OF BLEABURN.

IN THREE PARTS.—CHAPTER I.

It was not often that anything happened to enliven the village of Bleaburn, in Yorkshire: but there was a day in the summer of 1811, when the inhabitants were roused from their apathy, and hardly knew themselves. A stranger was once heard to say, after some accident had compelled him to pass through Bleaburn, that he saw nothing there but a blacksmith asleep, and a couple of rabbits hung up by the heels. That the blacksmith was wholly asleep at midday might indicate that there was a public house in the place; but, even there, in that liveliest and most intellectual spot in a country village of those days,—the ale-house kitchen—the people sat half asleep. Sodden with beer, and almost without ideas and interests, the men of the place let indolence creep over them; and there they sat, as quiet a set of customers as ever landlord had to deal with. For one thing, they were almost all old or elderly men. The boys were out after the rabbits on the neighbouring moor; and the young men were far away. A recruiting party had met with unusual success, for two successive years—(now some time since)—in inducing the men of Bleaburn to enter the king's service. In a place where nobody was very wise, and everybody was very dull, the drum and fife, the soldierly march, the scarlet coats, the gay ribbons, the drink and the pay, had charms which can hardly be conceived of by dwellers in towns, to whose eyes and ears something new is presented every day. Several men went from Bleaburn to be soldiers, and Bleaburn was declared to be a loyal place; and many who had never before heard of its existence, spoke of it now as a bright example of attachment and devotion to the throne in a most disloyal age. While, throughout the manufacturing districts, the people were breaking machinery—while on these very Yorkshire hills they were drilling their armed forces—while the moneyed men were grumbling at the taxes, and at the war in Spain, whence, for a long time, they had heard of many disasters and no victories; and while the hungry labourers in town and country were asking how they were to buy bread when wheat was selling

at 95s. the quarter, and while there were grave apprehensions of night-burnings of the corn magazines, the village of Bleaburn, which could not be seen without being expressly sought, was sending up strong men out of its cleft of the hills, to fight the battles of their country.

Perhaps the chief reason of the loyalty, as well as the quietness of Bleaburn, was its lying in a cleft of the hills; in a fissure so deep and narrow, that a traveller in a chaise might easily pass near it without perceiving that there was any settlement at all, unless it was in the morning when the people were lighting their fires, or on the night of such a day as that on which our story opens. In the one case, the smoke issuing from the cleft might hint of habitations: in the other, the noise and ruddy light would leave no doubt of there being somebody there. There was, at last, a victory in Spain. The news of the battle of Albuera had arrived; and it spread abroad over the kingdom, lighting up bonfires in the streets, and millions of candles in windows, before people had time to learn at what cost this victory was obtained, and how very nearly it had been a fatal defeat, or anything about it, in short. If they had known the fact that while our allies, the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Germans, suffered but moderately, the British were slaughtered as horribly as they could have been under defeat: so that, out of six thousand men who went up the hill, only fifteen hundred were left standing at the top, the people might have let their bonfires burn out as soon as they would, and might have put out their candles that mourners might weep in darkness. But they burst into rejoicing first, and learned details afterwards.

Every boy in Bleaburn forgot the rabbits that day. All were busy getting in wood for the bonfire. Not a swinging shutter, not a loose pale, not a bit of plank, or ricketty gate, or shaking footbridge escaped their clutches. Where they hid their stock during the day, nobody knew; but there was a mighty pile at dusk. It was then that poor Widow Slaney, stealing out to close her shutter, because she could not bear the sound of rejoicing, nor the sight of her neighbours abroad in the ruddy light, found that her shutter was gone. All day, she had been in

the loft, lest she should see anybody ; for the clergyman had been to tell her that her son Harry had been shot as a deserter. She had refused to believe it at first ; but Mr. Finch had explained to her that the soldiers in Spain had suffered so cruelly from hunger, and want of shoes and of every comfort, that hundreds of them had gone into the towns to avoid starvation ; and then, when the towns were taken by the allies, such British soldiers as were found, and were declared to have no business there, were treated as deserters, for an example. It was some comfort that Mr. Finch did not think that Harry had done any thing very wicked ; but Mrs. Slaney could not meet any one, nor bear the flaring light on her ceiling ; so she went up to the loft again, and cried all night in the dark. Farmer Neale was the wonder of the place this evening. He was more gracious than anybody, though there was nobody who was not, at all times, afraid of him. When he was seen striding down the steep narrow street, the little boys hid themselves. They had not been able to resist altogether the temptation of dry thorns in his fences, and of the chips which had still lain about where his winter felling had been done, and they concluded he was come now to give them a rough handling ; but they found themselves mistaken. He was in high good-humour, sending such boys as he could catch with orders upon his people at home for a tar-barrel and a whole load of faggots.

" 'Tis hardly natural, though, is it ? " said Mrs. Billiter to Ann Warrender. " It does not seem natural for any father to rejoice in a victory when his own son has lost his best leg there."

" Has Jack Neale lost his leg ? O ! what a thing ! " exclaimed Ann Warrender. She was going on, but she perceived that the farmer had heard her.

" Yes," said he, without any sound of heart-pain in his voice. " Jack has lost his right leg, Mr. Finch tells me. And I tell Mr. Finch, it is almost a pity the other did not go after it. He deserved no more good of either of them when he had let them do such a thing as carry him off from his home and his duty."

" How can you, Mr. Neale ? " burst out both the women.

" How can I do what, my dears ? One thing I can do ; and that is, see when an undutiful son is properly punished. He must live on his pension, however : he can be of no use to me, now ; and I can't be burdened with a cripple at home."

" I don't think he will ask you," Mrs. Billiter said. " He was none so happy there before as to want to come again."

Ann Warrender told this speech to her father afterwards as the severest she had ever heard from Mrs. Billiter ; and they agreed that it was very bold, considering that Billiter was one of Farmer Neale's labourers.

But they also agreed that it was enough to stir up flesh and blood to see a man made hearty and good-humoured by misfortune having befallen a son who had offended him. After all, poor Jack Neale had run away only because he could not bear his father's tyranny. Two more of the Bleaburn recruits had suffered—had been killed outright ; one a widower, who, in his first grief, had left his babes with their grandmother, and gone to the wars ; and the other, an ignorant lout, who had been entrapped because he was tall and strong ; had been fuddled with beer, flattered with talk of finery, and carried off before he could recover his slow wits. He was gone, and would soon be forgotten.

" I say, Jem," said Farmer Neale, when he met the village idiot, Jem Johnson, shuffling along the street, staring at the lights : " you're the wise man, after all : you're the best off, my man."

Widow Johnson, who was just behind, put her arm in poor Jem's, and tried to make him move on. She was a stern woman ; but she was as much disgusted at Farmer Neale's hardness as her tender-hearted daughter, Mrs. Billiter, or anyone else.

" Good day, Mrs. Johnson," said Neale. " You are better off for a son than I am, after all. Yours is not such a fool as to go and get his leg shot off, like my precious son."

Mrs. Johnson looked him hard in the face, as she would a madman or a drunken man whom she meant to intimidate ; and compelled her son to pass on. In truth, Farmer Neale was drunk with evil passions ; in such high spirits, that, when he found that the women—mothers of sons—would have nothing to say to him to-day, he went to the public-house, where he was pretty sure of being humoured by the men who depended on his employment for bread, and on his temper for much of the peace of their lives.

On his way he met the clergyman, and proposed to him to make a merry evening of it. " If you will just step in at the Plough and Harrow, Sir," said he, " and tell us all you have heard about the victory, it will be the finest thing—just what the men want. And we will drink your health, and the King's, and Marshal Beresford's, who won the victory. It is a fine occasion, Sir ; an occasion to confirm the loyalty of the people. You will come with me, Sir ? "

" No," replied Mr. Finch, " I have to go among another sort of people, Neale. If you have spirits to make merry to-night, I own to you I have not. Victories that cost so much, do not make me very merry."

" Oh, fie, Mr. Finch ! How are we to keep up our character for loyalty, if you fail us—if you put on a black face in the hour of rejoicing ? "

" Just come with me," said Mr. Finch, " and I can show you cause enough for heaviness of heart. In our small village, there is mourning in many houses. Three of our late neighbours

are dead, and one of them in such a way as will break his mother's heart."

"And another has lost a leg, you are thinking. Out with it, Sir, and don't be afraid of my feelings about it. Well, it is certain that Bleaburn has suffered more than is the fair share of one place; but we must be loyal."

"And so," said Mr. Finch, "you are going to prepare more of your neighbours to enlist, the next time a recruiting party comes this way. Oh, I don't say that men are not to be encouraged to serve their king and country: but it seems to me that our place has done its duty well enough for the present. I wonder that you, as a farmer, do not consider the rates, and dread the consequences of having the women and children on our hands, if our able men get killed and maimed in the wars. I should have thought that the price of bread—"

"There, now, don't let us talk about that!" said Neale; "You know that is a subject that we never agree about. We will let alone the price of bread for to-day."

Neale might easily forget this sore subject, and every other that was disagreeable to other people, in the jollity at the Plough and Harrow, where there was an uproar of tipsy mirth for the greater part of the night. But Mr. Finch found little mirth among the people left at home in the cottages. The poor women, who lived hardly, knitting for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and finding themselves less and less able to overtake the advancing prices of the necessaries of life, had no great store of spirits to spend in rejoicing over victories, or anything else; and among them there was one who loved Jack Neale, and was beloved by him; and others, who respected Widow Slaney, and could not countenance noisy mirth while she was sunk in horror and grief. They were hungry enough, too, to look upon young Slaney's death as something of an outrage. If hunger and nakedness had driven him into the shelter of a town, to avoid dying by the roadside, it seemed to them that being shot was a hard punishment for the offence. Mr. Finch endeavoured to show, in hackneyed language, what the dereliction of duty really was, and how intolerable during warfare; but the end of it was that the neighbours pitied the poor young man the more, the more they dwelt upon his fate.

As it turned out, Bleaburn made more sacrifices to the war than those of the Battle of Albuera, even before drum or fire was again heard coming over the moor. The place had not been healthy before; and illness set in somewhat seriously after the excitements of the bonfire night. The cold and wet spring had discouraged the whole kingdom about the harvest; and in Bleaburn it had done something more. Where there are stone houses, high winds aggravate the damage of wet weather. The driven rain had been sucked in by the

stone; and more wet was absorbed from the foundations, when the swollen stream had rushed down the hollow, and overflowed into the houses, and the pigstyes, and every empty place into which it could run. Where there were glass windows and fires in the rooms, the panes were dewy, and the walls shiny with trickling drops; and in the cottages where there were no fires, the inhabitants were so chilly, that they stuffed up every broken window-pane, and closed all chinks by which air might enter, in hopes of keeping themselves warm; but the floors were never really dry that summer, and even the beds had a chilly feel. The best shoes showed mould between one Sunday and another; and the meal in the bin (of those who were so fortunate as to have a meal-bin) did not keep well. Mr. Finch had talked a great deal about what was to be expected from summer weather and the harvest; but as the weeks went on, there were graver doubts about the harvest than there had been even while people were complaining at Easter, and shaking their heads at Whitsuntide; and when a few days of hot weather came at last, the people of Bleaburn did not know how to bear them at all. The dead rats and decaying matter which had been deposited by the spring overflow, made such a stench that people shut their windows closer than ever. Their choice now was between being broiled in the heat which was reflected from the sides of the cleft in which they lived, and being shut into houses where the walls, floors, and windows were reeking with steam. The women, who sat still all day, knitting, had little chance for health in such abodes; and still less had such of the men as, already weakened by low diet, had surfeited themselves with beer on the night of the rejoicing, and broiled themselves in the heat of the bonfire, and fevered mind and body with shouting, and singing, and brawling, and been brought home to be laid upon musty straw, under a somewhat damp blanket. This excess was hardly more pernicious to some than depression was to others. Those of the people at Bleaburn that had received heart-wounds from the Battle of Albuera, thought they could never care again for any personal troubles or privations; but they were not long in learning that they now suffered more than before from low diet and every sort of discomfort. They blamed themselves for being selfish; but this self-blame again made the matter worse. They had lost a hope which had kept them up. They were not only in grief, but thoroughly discouraged. Their gloom was increased by seeing that a change had come over Mr. Finch. On Sundays he looked so anxious, that it was enough to lower people's spirits to go to church. His very voice was dismal, as he read the service; his sermon grew shorter almost every Sunday; and it was about everything that the people cared least about

He gave them discussions of doctrine, or dry moral essays, which were as stones to them when they wanted the bread of consolation and the wine of hope. Here and there, women said it really was too much for their spirits to go to church, and they staid away; and the boys and girls took the opportunity to go spying upon the rabbits. It was such boys and girls that gave news of Mr. Finch during the week. Every morning, he was so busy over his books in his study, that it was no easy matter to get a sight of him; and every fine afternoon he went quietly, by a bye-path, to a certain spot on the moor, where an ostler from the Cross Keys at O—— was awaiting him with the horse on which he took long rides over the hills. Mr. Finch was taking care of his health.

CHAPTER II.

"Can I have a chaise?" inquired a young lady, on being set down by the coach at the Cross Keys, at O——.

"Yes, ma'am, certainly," replied the neat landlady.

"How far do you call it to Bleburn?"

"To Bleburn, ma'am! It is six miles. But, ma'am, you are not going to Bleburn, surely."

"Indeed I am. Why not?"

"Because of the fever, ma'am. There never was anything heard of like it. You cannot go there, I assure you, ma'am, and I could not think of sending a chaise there. Neither of my post-boys would go."

"One of them shall take me as near as is safe, then. I dare say we shall find somebody who will take care of my little trunk till I can send for it."

"The cordon would take care of your trunk, if that were all, but——"

"The what?" interrupted the young lady.

"The cordon, they call it, ma'am. To preserve ourselves, we have set people to watch on the moor above, to prevent anybody from Bleburn coming among us, to spread the fever. Ma'am, it is worse than anything you ever heard of."

"Not worse than the plague," thought Mary Pickard, in whose mind now rose up all she had read and heard of the horrors of the great plague, and all the longing she had felt when a child to have been a clergyman at such a time, or at least, a physician, to give comfort to numbers in their extremity.

"Indeed, ma'am," resumed the landlady, "you cannot go there. By what I hear, there are very few now that are not dead, or down in the fever."

"Then they will want me the more," said Mary Pickard. "I must go and see my aunt. I wrote to her that I should go; and she may want me more than I thought."

"Have you an aunt living at Bleburn?" asked the landlady, in some surprise. "I did not know that there was any lady living at Bleburn. I thought they had been all poor people there."

"I believe my aunt is poor," said Mary. "I have heard nothing of her for several years, except merely that she was living at Bleburn. She had the education of a gentlewoman; but I believe her husband became a common labourer before he died. I am from America, and my name is Mary Pickard, and my aunt's name is Johnson; and I shall be glad if you can tell me anything about her, if this fever is really raging as you say. I must see her before I go home to America."

"You see, ma'am, if you go," said the landlady, contemplating the little trunk, "you will not be able to come away again while the fever lasts."

"And you think I shall not have clothes enough," said Mary, smiling. "I packed my box for a week only, but I dare say I can manage. If everybody was ill, I could wash my clothes myself. I have done such a thing with less reason. Or, I could send to London for more. I suppose one can get at a post-office."

"Through the cordon, I dare say you might, ma'am. But, really, I don't know that there is anybody at Bleburn that can write a letter, except the clergyman and the doctor and one or two more."

"My aunt can," said Mary, "and it is because she does not answer our letters, that I am so anxious to see her. You did not tell me whether you know her name,—Johnson."

"A widow, I think you said, ma'am." And the landlady called to the ostler to ask him if he knew anything of a Widow Johnson, who lived at Bleburn. Will Ostler said there was a woman of that name who was the mother of Silly Jem. "Might that be she?" Mary had never heard of Silly Jem; but when she found that Widow Johnson had a daughter, some years married, that she had white hair, and strong black eyes, and a strong face altogether, and that she seldom spoke, she had little doubt that one so like certain of her relations was her aunt. The end of it was that Mary went to Bleburn. She ordered the chaise herself, leaving it to the landlady to direct the post-boy where to set her down; she appealed to the woman's good feelings to aid her if she should find that wine, linen or other comforts were necessary at Bleburn, and she could not be allowed to come and buy them: explained that she was far from rich, and told the exact sum which she at present believed she should be justified in spending on behalf of the sick; and gave a reference to a commercial house in London. She did not tell—and indeed she gave only a momentary thought to it herself—that the sum of money she had mentioned was that which she had saved up to take her to Scotland, to see some friends of her family, and travel through the Highlands. As she was driven off from the gateway of the Cross Keys, nodding and smiling from the chaise window in turning the corner, the landlady ceased from commanding the post-boy on no account to go

beyond the brow, and said to herself that this Miss Pickard was the most wilful young lady she had ever known, but that she could not help liking her, too. She did not seem to value her life any more than a pin; and yet she appeared altogether cheerful and sensible. If the good woman had been able to see into Mary's heart, she would have discovered that she had the best reason in the world for valuing life very much indeed: but she had been so accustomed, all her life, to help everybody that needed it, that she naturally went straight forward into the business, without looking at difficulties or dangers, on the right hand or the left.

Mary never, while she lived, forgot this drive. Her tone of mind was, no doubt, high, though she was unconscious of it. It was a splendid August evening, and she had never before seen moorland. In America, she had travelled among noble inland forests, and a hard granite region near the coasts of New England; but the wide-spreading brown and green moorland, with its pools of clear brown water glittering in the evening sunshine, and its black cocks popping out of the heather, and running into the hollows, was quite new to her. She looked down, two or three times, into a wooded dell where grey cottages were scattered among the coppices, and a little church tower rose above them; but the swelling ridges of the moor, with the tarns between, immediately attracted her eye again.

"Surely," thought she, "the cordon will let me walk on the moor in the afternoons, if I go where I cannot infect any body. With a walk in such places as these every day, I am sure I could go through any thing."

This seemed very rational beforehand. It never entered Mary's head that for a long while to come, she should never once have leisure for a walk.

"Yon's the cordon," said the post-boy, at last, pointing with his whip.

"What do you understand by a cordon?"

"Them people that you may see there. I don't know why they call them so; for I don't hear that they do anything with a cord."

"Perhaps it is because there is a French word—*cordon*—that means any thing that encloses any other thing. They would call your hat band a cordon, and an officer's sash, and a belt of trees round a park. So, I suppose these people surround poor Bleaburn and let nobody out."

"May be so," said the man, "but I don't see why we should go to the French for our words or anything else, when we have everything better of our own. For my part, I shall be beholden to the French for no word, now I know of it. I shall call them people the watch, or something of that like."

"I think I will call them messengers," said Mary: "and that will sound least terrible to the people below. They do go on errands, do not they,—and take and send parcels and messages?"

"They are paid to do it, Miss: but they put it upon one another, or get out of the way, if they can,—they are so afraid of the fever, you see.—I think we must stop here, please, Miss. I could go a little nearer, only, you see—"

"I see that you are afraid of the fever too," said Mary, with a smile, as she jumped out upon the grass. One of the sentinels was within hail. Glad of the relief from the dullness of his watch, he came with alacrity, took charge of the little trunk, and offered to show the lady, from the brow, the way down the hollow to the village.

The post-boy stood, with his money in his hand, watching the retreating lady, till, under a sudden impulse, he hailed her. Looking round, she saw him running towards her, casting a momentary glance back at his horses. He wanted to try once more to persuade her to return to O——. He should be so happy to drive her back, out of the way of danger. His employer would be so glad to see her again! When he perceived that it was no use talking, he went on touching his hat, while he begged her to take back the shilling she had just given him. It would make his mind easier, he said, not to take money for bringing any lady to such a place. Mary saw that this was true; and she took back the shilling, promising that it should be spent in the service of some poor sick person.

As Mary descended into the hollow, she was struck with the quiet beauty of the scene. The last sun-blaze rushed level along the upper part of the cleft, while the lower part lay in deep shadow. While she was descending a steep slope, with sometimes grass, and sometimes grey rock, by the roadside, the opposite height rose precipitous; and from chinks in its brow, little drips of water fell or oozed down, calling into life ferns, and grass, and ivy, in every moist crevice. Near the top, there were rows of swallow-holes; and the birds were at this moment all at play in the last glow of the summer day, now dipping into the shaded dell, down to the very surface of the water, and then sprinkling the grey precipice with their darting shadows. Below, when Mary reached the bridge, she thought all looked shadowy in more senses than one. The first people she saw were some children, excessively dirty, who were paddling about in a shallow pool, which was now none of the sweetest, having been filled by the spring overflow, and gradually drying up ever since. Mary called to these children from the bridge, to ask where Widow Johnson lived. She could learn nothing more than that she must proceed; for, if the creatures had not been almost too boorish to speak, she could have made nothing of the Yorkshire dialect, on the first encounter. In the narrow street, every window seemed closed, and even the shutters of some. She could see nobody in the first two or three shops that she passed; but, at the baker's, a woman was sitting at

work. On the entrance of a stranger, she looked up in surprise; and, when at the door, to point out the turn down to Widow Johnson's, she remained there, with her work on her arm, to watch the lady up the street. The doctor, quickening his pace, came up, saying,

"Who was that you were speaking to?—A lady wanting Widow Johnson! What a very extraordinary thing! Did you tell her the fever had got there?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What did she say?"

"She said she must go and nurse them."

"Do you mean that she is going to stay here?"

"I suppose so, by her talking of nursing them. She says Widow Johnson is her aunt."

"O! that's it! I have heard that Mrs. Johnson came of a good family. But what a good creature this must be—that is, if she knows what she is about. If she is off before morning, I shall think it was a vision, dropped down out of the clouds. Eh?"

"She is not handsome enough to be an angel, or anything of that kind," said the baker's wife.

"O! isn't she? I did not see her face. But it is all the better, if she is not very like an angel. She is all the more likely to stay and nurse the Johnsons. Upon my word, they are lucky people if she does. I must go and pay my respects to her presently.—Do look now—at the doors all along the street, on both sides the way! I have not seen so many people at once for weeks past;—for, you know, I have no time to go to church in these days."

"You would not see many people, if you went. See! some of the children are following her! It is long since they have seen a young lady, in a white gown, and with a smile on her face, in our street. There she goes, past the corner; she has taken the right turn."

"I will just let her get the meeting over, and settle herself a little," said the doctor; "and then I will go and pay my respects to her."

The little rabble of dirty children followed Mary round the corner, keeping in the middle of the lane, and at some distance behind. When she turned to speak to them, they started and fled, as they might have done, if she had been a ghost. But when she laughed, they returned cautiously; and all their brown forefingers pointed the same way at once, when she made her final inquiry about which was the cottage she wanted. Two little boys were pushed forward by the rest; and it transpired that these were grandchildren of Widow Johnson.

"Is she your granny?" said Mary. "Then, I am your cousin. Come with me; and if granny is very much surprised to see me, you must tell her that I am your cousin Mary."

The boys, however, had no notion of entering the cottage. They slipped away, and hid themselves behind it; and Mary had to introduce herself.

After knocking in vain for some time, she opened the door, and looked in. No one was in the room but a man, whom she at once recognised for Silly Jem. He was half-standing, half-sitting, against the table by the wall, rolling his head from side to side. By no mode of questioning could Mary obtain a word from him. The only thing he did was to throw a great log of wood on the fire, when she observed what a large fire he had. She tried to take it off again; but this he would not permit. The room was insufferably hot and close. The only window was beside the door; so that there was no way of bringing a current of fresh air through the room. Mary tried to open the window; but it was not made to open, except that a small pane at the top, three inches square, went upon hinges. As soon as Mary had opened it, however, poor Jem went and shut it. Within this kitchen, was a sort of closet for stores; and this was the whole of the lower floor. Mary opened one other door, and found within it a steep, narrow stair, down which came a sickening puff of hot, foul air. She went up softly, and Jem slammed the door behind her. It seemed as if it was the business of his life to shut everything.

Groping her way, Mary came to a small chamber, which she surveyed for an instant from the stair, before showing herself within. There was no ceiling; and long cobwebs hung from the rafters. A small window, two feet from the floor, and curtained with a yellow and tattered piece of muslin, was the only break in the wall. On the deal table stood a phial or two, and a green bottle, which was presently found to contain rum. A turn-up bedstead, raised only a foot from the floor, was in a corner; and on it lay some one who was very restless, feebly throwing off the rug, which was immediately replaced by a sleepy woman who dozed between times in a chair that boasted a patchwork cushion. Mary doubted whether the large black eyes which stared forth from the pillow had any sense in them. She went to see.

"Aunty," said she, going to the bed, and gently taking one of the wasted hands that lay outside. "I am come to nurse you."

The poor patient made a strong effort to collect herself, and to speak. She did not want anybody. She should do very well. This was no place for strangers. She was too ill to see strangers, and so on; but, from time to time, a few wandering words about her knowing best how to choose a husband for herself—her having a right to marry as she pleased—or of insisting that her relations would go their own way in the world, and leave her hers—showed Mary that she was recognised, and what feelings she had to deal with.

"She knows where I came from; but she takes me for my mother or my grandmother," thought she. "If she grows clear in mind, we shall be friends on our own account. If she

remains delirious, she will become used to the sight of me. I must take matters into my own hands at once."

The first step was difficult. Coolness and fresh air were wanted above everything. But there was no chimney; the window would not open; poor Jem would not let any door remain open for a moment; and the sleepy neighbour was one of those who insist upon warm bed-clothes, large fires, and hot spirit-and-water, in fever cases. She was got rid of by being paid to find somebody who would go for Mary's trunk, and bring it here before dark. She did her best to administer another dose of rum before she tied on her bonnet; but as the patient turned away her head with disgust, Mary interposed her hand. The dram was offered to her, and, as she would not have it, the neighbour showed the only courtesy then possible, by drinking Mary's health, and welcome to Bleaburn. The woman had some sharpness. She could see that if she took Jem with her, and put the trunk on his shoulder, she should get the porter's fee herself, instead of giving it to some rude boy; and, as Mary observed, would be doing a kindness to Jem in taking him for a pleasant evening walk. Thus the coast was cleared. In little more than half-an-hour they would be back. Mary made the most of her time.

She set the doors below wide open, and lowered the fire. She would fain have put on some water to boil, for it appeared to her that everybody and everything wanted washing extremely. But she could find no water, but some which seemed to have been used—which was, at all events, not fit for use now. For water she must wait till somebody came. About air, she did one thing more—a daring thing. She had a little diamond ring on her finger. With this, without noise and quickly, she cut so much of two small panes of the chamber-window as to be able to take them clean out; and then she rubbed the neighbouring panes bright enough to hide, as she hoped, an act which would be thought mad. When she looked round again at Auntie, she could fancy that there was a somewhat clearer look about the worn face, and a little less dulness in the eye. But this might be because she herself felt less sick now that fresh air was breathing up the stairs.

There was something else upon the stairs—the tread of some one coming up. It was the doctor. He said he came to pay his respects to the lady before him, as well as to visit his patient. It was no season for losing time, and doctor and nurse found in a minute that they should agree very well about the treatment of the patient. Animated by finding that he should no longer be wholly alone in his terrible wrestle with disease and death, the doctor did things which he could not have believed he should have courage for. He even emptied out the rum-bottle, and hurled it away into the bed of the stream. The last thing he did was to turn up his cuffs, and

actually bring in two pails of water with his own hands. He promised (and kept his promise) to send his boy with a supply of vinegar, and a message to the neighbour that she was wanted elsewhere, that Mary might have liberty to refresh the patient, without being subject to the charge of murdering her. "A charge, however," said he, "which I fully expect will be brought against any one of us who knows how to nurse. I confess they have cowed me. In sheer despair, I have let them take their own way pretty much. But now we must see what can be done."

"Yes," said Mary. "It is fairly our turn now. We must try how we can cow the fever."

SPRING-TIME IN THE COURT.

THEY say the Spring has come again!

There is no Spring-time here;
In this dark, reeking court, there seems
No change throughout the year:
Except, sometimes, 'tis bitter cold,
Or else 'tis hot and foul;
How hard it is, in such a place,
To feel one has a soul!

They say the Spring has come again!

I scarce believe 'tis so;
For where 's the sun, and gentle breeze,
That make the primrose blow?
Oh, would that I could lead my child
Over the meadows green,
And see him playing with the flowers
His eyes have never seen!

His toys are but an oyster-shell,
Or piece of broken delf;
His playground is the gully's side,
With outcasts like himself!
I used to play on sunny banks,
Or else by pleasant streams;
How oft—oh, God be thanked! how oft—
I see them in my dreams.

I used to throw my casement wide,
To breathe the morning's breath;
But now I keep the window close—
The air smells so like death!
Once only, on my window-sill
I placed a little flower,
Something to tell me of the fields—
It withered in an hour.

Why are we housed like filthy swine?

Swine! they have better care;
For we are pent up with the plague,
Shut out from light and air.
We work and wear our lives away,
To heap this city's wealth;
But labour God decreed for us—
'Tis man denies us health!

They say the Spring has come again

To wake the sleeping seed,
Whether it be the tended flower,
Or poor, neglected weed!
Then Harvest comes. Think you our wrongs
For ever, too, will sleep?
The misery which man has sown,
Man will as surely reap!

THE PLANET-WATCHERS OF GREENWICH.

THERE is a morsel of Greenwich Park, which has, for now nearly two centuries, been held sacred from intrusion. It is the portion inclosed by the walls of the Observatory. Certainly a hundred thousand visitors must ramble over the surrounding lawns, and look with curious eye upon the towers and outer boundaries of that little citadel of science, for one who finds admission to the interior of the building. Its brick towers, with flanking turrets and picturesque roofs, perched on the side of the gravelly hill, and sheltered round about by groups of fine old trees, are as well known as Greenwich Hospital itself. But what work goes on inside its carefully preserved boundary and under those moveable, black-domed roofs, is a popular mystery. Many a holiday-maker's wonder has been excited by the fall, at one o'clock, of the huge black ball, high up there, by the weather vane on the topmost point of the eastern turret. He knows, or is told if he asks a loitering pensioner, that the descent of the ball tells the time as truly as the sun; and that all the ships in the river watch it to set their chronometers by, before they sail; and that all the railway clocks, and all the railway trains over the kingdom are arranged punctually by its indications. But how the heavens are watched to secure this punctual definition of the flight of time, and what other curious labours are going on inside the Observatory, is a sealed book. The public have always been, of necessity, excluded from the Observatory walls, for the place is devoted to the prosecution of a science whose operations are inconsistent with the bustle, the interruptions, the talk, and the anxieties of popular curiosity and examination.

But when public information and instruction are the objects, the doors are widely opened, and the press and its *attachés* find a way into this, as into many other sacred and forbidden spots. Only last week one of 'our own contributors' was seen in a carriage on the Greenwich railway, poring over the paper in the last Edinburgh Review that describes our national astronomical establishment, and was known afterwards to have climbed the Observatory hill, and to have rung and gained admission at the little black mysterious gate in the Observatory wall. Let us see what is told in his report of what he saw within that sacred portal.

In the park on a fine day all seems life and gaiety—once within the Observatory boundary, the first feeling is that of isolation. There is a curious stillness about the place, and the footsteps of the old pensioner, who closes the gate upon a visitor, echoes again on the pavement as he goes away to wake up from his astronomical or meteorological trance one of the officers of this sanctum. Soon, under the guidance of the good genius so

invoked, the secrets of the place begin to reveal themselves.

The part of the Observatory so conspicuous from without is the portion least used within. When it was designed by Christopher Wren, the general belief was that such buildings should be lofty, that the observer might be raised towards the heavenly bodies whose motions he was to watch. More modern science has taught its disciples better; and in Greenwich,—which is an eminently practical Observatory,—the working part of the building is found crouching behind the loftier towers. These are now occupied as subsidiary to the modern practical building. The ground floor is used as a residence by the chief astronomer; above is the large hall originally built to contain huge moveable telescopes and quadrants—such as are not now employed. Now-a-days, this hall occasionally becomes a sort of scientific counting-house—irreverent but descriptive term—in which, from time to time, a band of scientific clerks are congregated to post up the books, in which the daily business of the planets has been jotted down by the astronomers who watch those marvellous bodies. Another portion is a kind of museum of astronomical curiosities. Flamsteed and Halley, and their immediate successors, worked in these towers, and here still rest some of the old, rude tools with which their discoveries were completed, and their reputation, and the reputation of Greenwich, were established. As time has gone on, astronomers and opticians have invented new and more perfect and more luxurious instruments. Greater accuracy is thus obtainable, at a less expenditure of human patience and labour; and so the old tools are cast aside. One of them belonged to Halley, and was put up by him a hundred and thirty years ago; another is an old brazen quadrant, with which many valuable observations were made in by-gone times; and another, an old iron quadrant, still fixed in the stone pier to which it was first attached. Some of the huge telescopes that once found place in this old Observatory, have been sent away. One went to the Cape of Good Hope, and has been useful there. Another of the unsatisfactory, and now unused, instruments had a tube twenty-five feet long, whose cool and dark interior was so pleasant to the spiders that, do what they would, the astronomers could not altogether banish the persevering insects from it. Spin they would; and, spite of dusting and cleaning, and spider-killing, spin they did; and, at length, the savans got more instruments and less patience, and the spiders were left in quiet possession. This has been pleasantly spoken of as an instance of poetical justice. It is but fair that spiders should, at times, have the best of astronomers, for astronomers rob spiders for the completion of their choicest instruments. No fabric of human construction is fine enough to strain across the eye-piece of an important telescope, and opticians preserve a

particular race of spiders, that their webs may be taken for that purpose. The spider lines are strained across the best instruments at Greenwich and elsewhere; and when the spinners of these beautifully fine threads disturbed the accuracy of the tube in the western wing of the old Observatory, it was said to be but fair retaliation for the robberies the industrious insects had endured.

A narrow stair leads from the unused rooms of the old Observatory to its leaded roof, whence a magnificent view is obtained; the park, the hospital, the town of Greenwich, and the windings of the Thames, and, gazing further, London itself comes grandly into the prospect. The most inveterate astronomer could scarcely fail to turn for a moment from the wonders of the heavens to admire these glories of the earth. From the leads, two turrets are reached, where the first constantly active operations in this portion of the building, are in progress.

At the present time, indeed, these turrets are the most useful portions of the old building. In one is placed the well-known contrivance for registering, hour after hour, and day after day, the force and direction of the wind. To keep such a watch by human vigilance, and to make such a register by human labour, would be a tedious, expensive, and irksome task; and human ingenuity taxed itself to make a machine for perfecting such work. The wind turns a weather-cock, and, by aid of cog-wheels the motion is transferred to a lead pencil fixed over a sheet of paper, and thus the wind is made to write down the direction which itself is blowing. Not far distant is a piece of metal, the flat side of which is ever turned by the weather-cock to meet the full force of the wind, which, blowing upon it, drives it back against a spring. To this spring is affixed a chain passing over pulleys towards another pencil, fixed above a sheet of paper, and moving faithfully, more or less, as the wind blows harder or softer. And thus the 'gentle zephyr' and the fresh breeze, and the heavy gale, and, when it comes, the furious hurricane, are made to note down their character and force. The sheets of paper on which the uncertain element, the wind, is bearing witness against itself, is fixed upon a frame moved by clockwork. Steady as the progress of time, this ingenious mechanism draws the paper under the suspended pencils. Thus each minute and each hour has its written record, without human help or inspection. Once a day only, an assistant come to put a new blank sheet in the place of that which has been covered by the moving pencils, and the latter is taken away to be bound up in a volume. The book might with truth be lettered 'The History of the Wind; written by Itself,'—an Æolian autobiography.

Close by is another contrivance for registering in decimals of an inch the quantity of rain that falls. The drops are caught, and passing

down a tube, a permanent mark is made by which the quantity is determined.

The eastern turret is devoted to the Time Ball and its mechanism. Far out at sea—away from all sources of information but those to be asked of the planets, his compass, his quadrant, his chronometer, and his almanack, the mariner feels the value of *time* in a way which the landsman can scarcely conceive. If his chronometer is right, he may feel safe; let him have reason to doubt its accuracy, and he knows how the perils surrounding him are increased. An error of a few seconds in his time may place him in danger—an error of a few minutes may lead him to steer blindly to his certain wreck. Hence his desire when he is leaving port to have his time-pieces right to a second; and hence the expenditure of thought, and labour, and money, at the Greenwich Observatory, to afford the shipping of the great port of London, and the English navy, the exact time—true to the tenth of a second, or six hundredth of a minute—and to afford them also a book, the Nautical Almanack, containing a mass of astronomical facts, on which they may base their calculations, with full reliance as to their accuracy. Every day for the last seventeen years, at five minutes before one o'clock, the black ball five feet across and stuffed with cork, is raised halfway up its shaft above the eastern turret of the Observatory;—at two-and-a-half minutes before that hour, it rises to the top. Telescopes from many a point, both up and down the river, are now pointed to this dark spot above the Greenwich trees, and many an anxious mariner has his time-pieces beside him, that their indications may be made true. Watch the Ball as you stand in the Park. It is now just raised. You must wait two minutes and a half, and as you do so, you feel what a minute may be. It seems a long, palpable, appreciable time, indeed. In the turret below, stands a clock telling the true time, gained by a laborious watching of the *clock-stars*; and beside the clock, is a man with a practised hand upon a trigger, and a practised eye upon the face of the dial. One minute—two minutes pass. Thirty seconds more, and the trigger has released the Ball. As it leaves the top of the shaft, it is one o'clock to the tenth of a second. By the time it has reached the bottom it is some five seconds later.

Leaving the Ball Turret, and the old building which it surmounts, the new Observatory, where the chief work of the establishment is done, claims our notice. This attention would scarcely be given to its outward appearance for it is a long low building, scarcely seen beyond its own boundaries. The Greenwich Observatory is not a *show* place, but an eminently practical establishment. St. Petersburg and other cities have much more gorgeous buildings devoted to astronomical purposes, and Russia and other countries spend much more money on astronomy than England does,

yet the Greenwich Tables have a world-wide reputation, and some of them are used as the groundwork for calculations in all Observatories at home and abroad. The astronomer does not want marble halls or grand saloons for his work. Galileo used a bell-tower at Venice, and Kepler stood on the bridge at Prague to watch the stars. The men, not the buildings, do the work. No disappointment need be felt, then, to find the modern Observatory a range of unadorned buildings running east and west, with slits in the roof, and in some of the walls. Within these simple buildings are the instruments now used, displaying almost the perfection of mechanical skill in their construction and finish—beautifully adapted to the object they have to fulfil, and in perfect order. They are fixed on solid piers of masonry, deeply imbedded in the earth, to secure freedom from vibration—a quality better obtained when the foundations are on sand or gravel than when on rock.

To describe the instruments by their technical names, and to go into any particulars of the instruments they have superseded, would take space, only to do the work of a scientific treatise. Enough, therefore, to say that there are the telescopes best adapted to the chief duty of the place, which is, watching the moon whenever she is visible; watching the *clock-stars*, by which the true time is calculated more exactly than it could be from observations of the sun alone; and watching other planetary bodies as they pass the meridian. Eclipses, occultations, and other phenomena, of course, have their share of attention, and add to the burden of the observer's duties.

The staff of the Observatory includes a chief astronomer, Mr. Airy, with a salary of 800*l.* a year; and six assistants who are paid, 470*l.*, 290*l.*, 240*l.*, 150*l.*, 130*l.*, and 130*l.*, respectively. This does not include the officers of the Meteorological branch of the establishment, to be spoken of hereafter; and which consists of Mr. Glaisher, with 240*l.* a year, one assistant at 120*l.*, and two additional computers. At times, when these scientific labourers have collected more observations than they are able to work out; additional help is summoned, in shape of the body of scientific clerks before spoken of; who, seated at desks, cast up the accounts the planetary bodies, including such regular old friends as the moon and fixed stars, but not forgetting those wandering celestial existences that rush, from time to time, over the meridian, and may be fairly called the chance customers of the astronomer.

Though the interior of the Observatory seems so still, the life of those employed there has its excitements. Looking through telescopes forms a small part only of their duty—and that duty cannot be done when the weather is unfavourable. On cloudy days the observer is idle; in bright weather he is busy; and a long continuance of clear days and nights gives him more employment than he can well complete.

Summer, therefore, is his time of labour; winter his time of rest. It appears that in our climate the nights, on the whole, are clearer than the days, and evenings less cloudy than mornings. Every assistant takes his turn as an observer, and a chain of duty is kept up night and day; at other periods, the busiest portion of the twenty-four hours at the Observatory, is between nine in the morning and two in the afternoon. During this time they work in silence, the task being to complete the records of the observations made, by filling in the requisite columns of figures upon printed forms, and then adding and subtracting them as the case requires. Whilst thus engaged, the assistant who has charge of an instrument looks, from time to time, at his star-regulated clock, and when it warns him that his expected planet is nearly due, he leaves his companions, and quietly repairs to the room where the telescope is ready. The adjustment of this has previously been arranged with the greatest nicety. The shutter is moved from the slit in the roof, the astronomer sits upon an easy chair with a moveable back. If the object he seeks is high in the heavens, this chair-back is lowered till its occupant almost lies down; if the star is lower, the chair-back is raised in proportion. He has his note-book and metallic pencil in hand. Across the eye-piece of the telescope are stretched seven lines of spider-web, dividing the field of view. If his seat requires change, the least motion arranges it to his satisfaction, for it rests upon a railway of its own. Beside him is one of the star-clocks, and as the moment approaches for the appearance of the planet, the excitement of the moment increases. 'The tremble of impatience for the entrance of the star on the field of view,' says an Edinburgh Reviewer, 'is like that of a sportsman whose dog has just made a full point, and who awaits the rising of the game. When a star appears, the observer, in technical language, *takes a second from the clock face*; that is, he reads the second with his eye, and counts on by the ear the succeeding beats of the clock, naming the seconds mentally. As the star passes each wire of the transit, he marks down in his jotting-book with a metallic pencil the second, *and the second only*, of his observation, with such a fraction of a second as corresponds, in his judgment, to the interval of time between the passage of the star, and the beat of the clock which preceded such passage.'

An experienced observer will never commit an error in this mental calculation, exceeding the tenth of a second, or six hundredth of a minute. When the star has been thus watched over the seven cobweb lines (or wires), the observer jots down the hour and minute, in addition to the second, and the task is done. Stars, not very near the sun, may be seen in broad daylight, but, at night, it is requisite to direct a ray of light from a lamp, so far to enlighten the field of the telescope, as to permit the spider lines to be seen run-

ning across the brighter ground on which the expected star is to be visible.

The adjustment of the instruments is a task of great nicety. If they are out of trim only a shadow of a shade of a hair's-breadth, the desired accuracy is interfered with, and they have to be re-adjusted. Temperature is of course an important element in their condition, and a slight sensibility may do mischief. The warmth of the observer's body, when approaching the instruments, has been known to affect their accuracy; and to avoid such sources of error, instruments have at times been cased in flannel, that the non-conducting powers of that homely fabric might screen the too-sensitive metal.

Sunday is a comparative holiday at the Observatory, for then, except when any extraordinary phenomena are expected, the only duty done is to drop the Time Ball, and observe the moon's place. The moon is never neglected, and her motions have been here watched, during the last hundred and seventy years, with the most pertinacious care,—to the great service of astronomy, and the great benefit of navigation.

The library should not pass unnoticed. It is small; but being devoted to works upon astronomy, and the kindred sciences, there is ample room for all that has hitherto been written on the subject, or that can, for many generations, be produced. The observations of a lifetime spent in watching the stars may be printed in marvellously few pages. A glance through the Greenwich Astronomical Library gives a rough general idea of what the world has done and is doing for the promotion of this science. Russia contributes large, imperial-looking tomes, that tell of extended observations made under the munificent patronage of a despot; Germany sends from different points a variety of smaller, cheaper-looking, yet valuable contributions; France gives proofs of her genius and her discoveries; but *her forte* is not in observation. The French are bad observers. They have no such proofs of unremitting, patient toil in search of facts, as those afforded in the records of the Greenwich Tables of the Moon. Indeed, Greenwich, as we have already said, is a working Observatory; and those who go into its library, and its fire-proof manuscript-room, and see how its volumes of observations have been growing from the small beginnings of the days of Flamsteed and Halley, to those of our later and more liberal times, will have good reason to acknowledge that the money devoted to this establishment has been well employed.

One other spot must be noticed as amongst the notable things in this astronomical sanctum. It is the Chronometer-room, to which, during the first three Mondays in the year, the chief watchmakers of London send in their choicest instruments for examination and trial. The watches remain for a good portion of a year; their rates being noted, day by day, by

two persons; and then the makers of the best receive prizes, and their instruments are purchased for the navy. Other competitors obtain certificates of excellence, which bring customers from the merchant service; whilst others pass unrewarded. To enter the room where these admirable instruments are kept, suggests the idea of going into a Brodington Watch-factory. Round the place are ranged shelves, on which the large watches are placed, all ticking in the most distinct and formidable way one against another. When they first arrive, in January, they are left to the ordinary atmospheric temperature for some months. Their rates being taken under these circumstances, a large stove in the centre of the apartment is lighted, and heat got up to a sort of artificial East India or Gold Coast point. Tried under these influences, they are placed in an iron tray over the stove, like so many watch-pies in a baker's dish, and the fire being encouraged, they are literally kept baking, to see how their metal will stand that style of treatment. Whilst thus hot, their rates are once more taken; and then, after this fiery ordeal, such of them as their owners like to trust to an opposite test, are put into freezing mixtures! Yet, so beautifully made are these triumphs of human ingenuity—so well is their mechanism 'corrected' for compensating the expansion caused by the heat, and the contraction induced by the cold—that an even rate of going is established, so nearly, that its variation under opposite circumstances becomes a matter of close and certain estimate.

The rates of chronometers on trial for purchase by the Board of Admiralty, at the Observatory, are posted up and printed in an official form. Upon looking to the document for last year, we find a statement of their performances during six months of 1849, with memoranda of the exact weeks during which the chronometers were exposed to the open air at a north window; the weeks the Chronometer-room was heated by a stove, the chronometers being dispersed on the surrounding shelves; and the weeks during which they were placed in the tray above the stove. The rate given during the first week of trial is in every case omitted; like newly entered schoolboys their early vagaries are not taken into account; but after that, every merit and every fault is watched with jealous care, and, when the day of judgment comes, the order of the arrangement of the chronometers in the list is determined solely by consideration of their irregularities of rate as expressed in the columns, 'Difference between greatest and least,' and, 'Greatest difference between one week and the next.'

The Royal Observatory, according to a superstition not wholly extinct, is the headquarters, not only of Astronomy, but of Astrology. The structure is awfully regarded, by a small section of the community which igno-

rance has still left amongst us, as a manufactory of horoscopes, and a repository for magic mirrors and divining-rods. Not long ago a well-dressed woman called at the Observatory gate to request a hint as to the means of recovering a lost sum of money; and recently, somebody at Brighton dispatched the liberal sum of five shillings in a post-office order to the same place, with a request to have his nativity cast in return! Another, only last year, wrote as follows:—"I have been informed that there are persons at the Observatory who will, by my enclosing a remittance and the hour of my birth, give me to understand *who is to be my wife?*" An early answer, stating all particulars, will oblige,' &c.

This sketch descriptive of its real duties and uses are not necessary to relieve the Greenwich Observatory from the charge of being an abode of sorcerers and astrologers. A few only of the most ignorant can yet entertain such notions of its character; but they are not wholly unfounded. Magicians, whose symbols are the Arabic numerals, and whose *arcana* are mathematical computations, daily foretell events in that building with unerring certainty. They pre-discover the future of the stars down to their minutest evolution and eccentricity. From data furnished from the Royal Observatory, is compiled an extraordinary prophetic Almanack from which all other almanacs are copied. It foretells to a second when and where each of the planets may be seen in the heavens at any minute for the next three years. The current number of the Nautical Almanack is for the Year of Grace 1853.

In this quiet sanctuary, then, the winds are made to register their own course and force, and the rain to gauge its own quantity as it falls; the planets are watched to help the mariner to steer more safely over the seas; and the heavens themselves are investigated for materials from which their future as well as their past history may be written.

SWEDISH FOLK-SONGS.

THE DOVE ON THE LILY.

Then sits a pure dove on a lily so white,
On midsummer morning:—
She sang of Christ Jesus from morning to night,
In Heaven there is great joy, O!

She sang, and she sang, 'twas a joy to hear,
Expecting a maiden in Heaven that year.

"And should I reach Heaven ere twelvemonths
are o'er,
Sickness and pain I should know never more."

To her father's hall the maiden she went,
And through her left side a sharp pain was sent.

"Oh! make my bed, mother, in haste, mother dear,
I shall in the fields no more wander this year."

"And speak such words, daughter, dear daughter,
no more;
Thou shalt wed with a king ere twelvemonths are
o'er."

"Oh! better that I be in Heaven a bride,
Than remain on the earth amid kingly pride.

"And father, dear father, go fetch me a priest,
For I know that, ere long, death will be my guest.

"And brother, dear brother, go get me a bier;
And sister, dear sister, do thou dress my hair."

The maiden, she died, and was laid on her bier,
And all her hand-maidens they plaited her hair.

They carried her out from her father's hall door;
And the angels of God with lights went before.

They carried the corpse to the churchyard along,
And the angels of God went before with a song.

They buried the maiden beneath the dark sod,
On midsummer morning:—
And her coming was even well pleasing to God;
In Heaven there is great joy, O!

A WALK IN A WORKHOUSE.

A FEW Sundays ago, I formed one of the congregation assembled in the chapel of a large metropolitan Workhouse. With the exception of the clergyman and clerk, and a very few officials, there were none but paupers present. The children sat in the galleries; the women in the body of the chapel, and in one of the side aisles; the men in the remaining aisle. The service was decorously performed, though the sermon might have been much better adapted to the comprehension and to the circumstances of the hearers. The usual supplications were offered, with more than the usual significancy in such a place, for the fatherless children and widows, for all sick persons and young children, for all that were desolate and oppressed, for the comforting and helping of the weak-hearted, for the raising-up of them that had fallen; for all that were in danger, necessity, and tribulation. The prayers of the congregation were desired "for several persons in the various wards, dangerously ill;" and others who were recovering returned their thanks to Heaven.

Among this congregation, were some evil-looking young women, and beetle-browed young men; but not many—perhaps that kind of characters kept away. Generally, the faces (those of the children excepted) were depressed and subdued, and wanted colour. Aged people were there, in every variety. Mumbling, blear-eyed, spectacled, stupid, deaf, lame; vacantly winking in the gleams of sun that now and then crept in through the open doors, from the paved yard; shading their listening ears, or blinking eyes, with their withered hands; poring over their books, leering at nothing, going to sleep, crouching and drooping in corners. There were weird old women, all skeleton within, all bonnet and cloak without, continually wiping their eyes with dirty dusters of pocket-handkerchiefs; and there were ugly old crones, both male and female, with a ghastly kind of contentment upon them which was

not at all comforting to see. Upon the whole, it was the dragon, Pauperism, in a very weak and impotent condition; toothless, fangless, drawing his breath heavily enough, and hardly worth chaining up.

When the service was over, I walked with the humane and conscientious gentleman whose duty it was to take that walk, that Sunday morning, through the little world of poverty enclosed within the workhouse walls. It was inhabited by a population of some fifteen hundred or two thousand paupers, ranging from the infant newly born or not yet come into the pauper world, to the old man dying on his bed.

In a room opening from a squalid yard, where a number of listless women were lounging to and fro, trying to get warm in the ineffectual sunshine of the tardy May morning—in the "Itch Ward," not to compromise the truth—a woman such as HOGARTH has often drawn, was hurriedly getting on her gown, before a dusty fire. She was the nurse, or wardswoman, of that insalubrious department—herself a pauper—flabby, raw-boned, untidy—unpromising and coarse of aspect as need be. But, on being spoken to about the patients whom she had in charge, she turned round, with her shabby gown half on, half off, and fell a crying with all her might. Not for show, not querulously, not in any mawkish sentiment, but in the deep grief and affliction of her heart; turning away her dishevelled head: sobbing most bitterly, wringing her hands, and letting fall abundance of great tears, that choked her utterance. What was the matter with the nurse of the itch-ward? Oh, "the dropped child" was dead! Oh, the child that was found in the street, and she had brought up ever since, had died an hour ago, and see where the little creature lay, beneath this cloth! The dear, the pretty dear!

The dropped child seemed too small and poor a thing for Death to be in earnest with, but Death had taken it; and already its diminutive form was neatly washed, composed, and stretched as if in sleep upon a box. I thought I heard a voice from Heaven saying, It shall be well for thee, O nurse of the itch-ward, when some less gentle pauper does those offices to thy cold form, that such as the dropped child are the angels who behold my Father's face!

In another room, were several ugly old women crouching, witch-like, round a hearth, and chattering and nodding, after the manner of the monkies. "All well here? And enough to eat?" A general chattering and chuckling; at last an answer from a volunteer. "Oh yes gentleman! Bless you gentleman! Lord bless the parish of St. So-and-So! It feed the hungry, Sir, and give drink to the thusty, and it warm them which is cold, so it do, and good luck to the parish of St. So-and-So, and thankee gentleman!" Elsewhere, a party of pauper nurses were at dinner.

"How do *you* get on?" "Oh pretty well Sir! We works hard, and we lives hard—like the sodgers!"

In another room, a kind of purgatory or place of transition, six or eight noisy mad-women were gathered together, under the superintendence of one sane attendant. Among them was a girl of two or three and twenty, very prettily dressed, of most respectable appearance, and good manners, who had been brought in from the house where she had lived as domestic servant (having, I suppose, no friends), on account of being subject to epileptic fits, and requiring to be removed under the influence of a very bad one. She was by no means of the same stuff, or the same breeding, or the same experience, or in the same state of mind, as those by whom she was surrounded; and she pathetically complained that the daily association and the nightly noise made her worse, and was driving her mad—which was perfectly evident. The case was noted for enquiry and redress, but she said she had already been there for some weeks.

If this girl had stolen her mistress's watch, I do not hesitate to say she would, in all probability, have been infinitely better off. Bearing in mind, in the present brief description of this walk, not only the facts already stated in this Journal, in reference to the Model Prison at Pentonville, but the general treatment of convicted prisoners under the associated silent system too, it must be once more distinctly set before the reader, that we have come to this absurd, this dangerous, this monstrous pass, that the dishonest felon is, in respect of cleanliness, order, diet, and accommodation, better provided for, and taken care of, than the honest pauper.

And this conveys no special imputation on the workhouse of the parish of St. So-and-So, where, on the contrary, I saw many things to commend. It was very agreeable, recollecting that most infamous and atrocious enormity committed at Tooting—an enormity which, a hundred years hence, will still be vividly remembered in the bye-ways of English life, and which has done more to engender a gloomy discontent and suspicion among many thousands of the people than all the Chartist leaders could have done in all their lives—to find the pauper children in this workhouse looking robust and well, and apparently the objects of very great care. In the Infant School—a large, light, airy room at the top of the building—the little creatures, being at dinner, and eating their potatoes heartily, were not cowed by the presence of strange visitors, but stretched out their small hands to be shaken, with a very pleasant confidence. And it was comfortable to see two maney pauper rocking-horses rampant in a corner. In the girls' school, where the dinner was also in progress, everything bore a cheerful and healthy aspect. The meal was over, in the boys' school, by the time of our arrival there.

and the room was not yet quite re-arranged ; but the boys were roaming unrestrained about a large and airy yard, as any other school-boys might have done. Some of them had been drawing large ships upon the schoolroom wall ; and if they had a mast with shrouds and stays set up for practice (as they have in the Middlesex House of Correction), it would be so much the better. At present, if a boy should feel a strong impulse upon him to learn the art of going aloft, he could only gratify it, I presume, as the men and women paupers gratify their aspirations after better board and lodging, by smashing as many workhouse windows as possible, and being promoted to prison.

In one place, the Newgate of the Workhouse, a company of boys and youths were locked up in a yard alone ; their day-room being a kind of kennel where the casual poor used formerly to be littered down at night. Divers of them had been there some long time. "Are they never going away?" was the natural enquiry. "Most of them are crippled, in some form or other," said the Wardsman, "and not fit for anything." They slunk about, like dispirited wolves or hyænas ; and made a pounce at their food when it was served out, much as those animals do. The big-headed idiot shuffling his feet along the pavement, in the sunlight outside, was a more agreeable object every way.

Groves of babies in arms ; groves of mothers and other sick women in bed ; groves of lunatics ; jungles of men in stone-paved down-stairs day-rooms, waiting for their dinners ; longer and longer groves of old people, in upstairs Infirmary wards, wearing out life, God knows how—this was the scenery through which the walk lay, for two hours. In some of these latter chambers, there were pictures stuck against the wall, and a neat display of crockery and pewter on a kind of sideboard ; now and then it was a treat to see a plant or two ; in almost every ward, there was a cat.

In all of these Long Walks of aged and infirm, some old people were bed-ridden, and had been for a long time ; some were sitting on their beds half-naked ; some dying in their beds ; some out of bed, and sitting at a table near the fire. A sullen or lethargic indifference to what was asked, a blunted sensibility to everything but warmth and food, a moody absence of complaint as being of no use, a dogged silence and resentful desire to be left alone again, I thought were generally apparent. On our walking into the midst of one of these dreary perspectives of old men, nearly the following little dialogue took place, the nurse not being immediately at hand :

"All well here?"

No answer. An old man in a Scotch cap sitting among others on a form at the table, eating out of a tin porringer, pushes back his cap a little to look at us, claps it down on his

forehead again with the palm of his hand, and goes on eating.

"All well here?" (repeated.)

No answer. Another old man sitting on his bed, paralytically peeling a boiled potato, lifts his head, and stares.

"Enough to eat?"

No answer. Another old man, in bed, turns himself and coughs.

"How are *you* to day?" To the last old man.

That old man says nothing ; but another old man, a tall old man of a very good address, speaking with perfect correctness, comes forward from somewhere, and volunteers an answer. The reply almost always proceeds from a volunteer, and not from the person looked at or spoken to.

"We are very old, Sir," in a mild, distinct voice. "We can't expect to be well, most of us."

"Are you comfortable?"

"I have no complaint to make, Sir." With a half shake of his head, a half shrug of his shoulders, and a kind of apologetic smile.

"Enough to eat?"

"Why, Sir, I have but a poor appetite," with the same air as before ; "and yet I get through my allowance very easily."

"But," showing a porringer with a Sunday dinner in it ; "here is a portion of mutton, and three potatoes. You can't starve on that?"

"Oh dear no, Sir," with the same apologetic air. "Not starve."

"What do you want?"

"We have very little bread, Sir. It's an exceedingly small quantity of bread."

The nurse, who is now rubbing her hands at the questioner's elbow, interferes with, "It ain't much raly, Sir. You see they've only six ounces a day, and when they've took their breakfast, there *can* only be a little left for night, Sir."

Another old man, hitherto invisible, rises out of his bedclothes, as out of a grave, and looks on.

"You have tea at night?" The questioner is still addressing the well-spoken old man.

"Yes, Sir, we have tea at night."

"And you save what bread you can from the morning, to eat with it?"

"Yes, Sir—if we can save any."

"And you want more to eat with it?"

"Yes, Sir." With a very anxious face.

The questioner, in the kindness of his heart, appears a little discomposed, and changes the subject.

"What has become of the old man who used to lie in that bed in the corner?"

The nurse don't remember what old man is referred to. There has been such a many old men. The well-spoken old man is doubtful. The spectral old man who has come to life in bed, says, "Billy Stevens." Another old man who has previously had his head in the fire-place, pipes out,

"Charley Walters."

Something like a feeble interest is awakened. I suppose Charley Walters had conversation in him.

"He 's dead!" says the piping old man.

Another old man, with one eye screwed up, hastily displaces the piping old man, and says:

"Yes! Charley Walters died in that bed, and—and—"

"Billy Stevens," persists the spectral old man.

"No, no! and Johnny Rogers died in that bed, and—and—they 're both on 'em dead—and Sam'l Bowyer;" this seems very extraordinary to him; "he went out!"

With this he subsides, and all the old men (having had quite enough of it) subside, and the spectral old man goes into his grave again, and takes the shade of Billy Stevens with him.

As we turn to go out at the door, another previously invisible old man, a hoarse old man in a flannel gown, is standing there, as if he had just come up through the floor.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, could I take the liberty of saying a word?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"I am greatly better in my health, Sir; but what I want, to get me quite round," with his hand on his throat, "is a little fresh air, Sir. It has always done my complaint so much good, Sir. The regular leave for going out, comes round so seldom, that if the gentlemen, next Friday, would give me leave to go out walking, now and then—for only an hour or so, Sir!—"

Who could wonder, looking through those weary vistas of bed and infirmity, that it should do him good to meet with some other scenes, and assure himself that there was something else on earth? Who could help wondering why the old men lived on as they did; what grasp they had on life; what crumbs of interest or occupation they could pick up from its bare board; whether Charley Walters had ever described to them the days when he kept company with some old pauper woman in the bud, or Billy Stevens ever told them of the time when he was a dweller in the far-off foreign land called Home!

The morsel of burnt child, lying in another room, so patiently, in bed, wrapped in lint, and looking stedfastly at us with his bright quiet eyes when we spoke to him kindly, looked as if the knowledge of these things, and of all the tender things there are to think about, might have been in his mind—as if he thought, with us, that there was a fellow-feeling in the pauper nurses which appeared to make them more kind to their charges than the race of common nurses in the hospitals—as if he mused upon the Future of some older children lying around him in the same place, and thought it best, perhaps, all things considered, that he should die—as if he knew, without fear, of those many coffins, made and

unmade, piled up in the store below—and of his unknown friend, "the dropped child," calm upon the box-lid covered with a cloth. But there was something wistful and appealing, too, in his tiny face, as if, in the midst of all the hard necessities and incongruities he pondered on, he pleaded, in behalf of the helpless and the aged poor, for a little more liberty—and a little more bread.

THE "IRISH DIFFICULTY" SOLVED BY CON MC NALE.

CON MC NALE would have been summarily repudiated as an Irishman by our farce-writers and slashing novelists. He neither drank, fought, nor swore; did not make many blunders; and never addressed a friend either as his 'honey' or his 'jewel.' His *cotamore* was of stout frieze, and though Con had long attained his full height, tife tailor had left him room to grow. The *caubeen* was not his head-dress, for Con had arrived at the dignity of a silk hat, which had been manufactured, as the mark in the crown declared, by the Saxons in the Borough of Southwark, which locality Con believed to be in the neighbourhood of England. The brogues were also absent, but were favourably represented by shoes of native manufacture laced with stout thongs. In fact, Mr. Mc Nale was a fine specimen of the finest *pisantry* in the world—without the rags.

People have gone to the Highlands and to Switzerland, and perhaps seen many places not much more grand and picturesque than the district where Con Mc Nale had made a patch of the desert to smile. A long range of blue mountains rising irregularly above each other, looked down on an extensive plain, that lay along the shore of a mighty lake, to the banks of which thick plantations crowded so near that the old Irish called the water *Lough-glas*, which signifies waters of green. The districts where a short but thick and sweet herbage sprung up among the rocks, were certainly put to the use of feeding cattle, and it was while employed there as a herd-boy, that Con Mc Nale determined to become a farmer. His mind was made up. His earnings were hardly enough to keep life in him, and if he had tried to save the price of a spade out of them to begin business with, the chances are that he would have died prematurely for want of food. But that didn't matter much; he was determined to be a farmer. This determination was then as likely of fulfilment as that of Oliver Cromwell to become Protector of the Realm, while tending the vats at Huntingdon; or that of Aladdin to become a prince, when he was a ragged boy in the streets of Bagdad. To show, however, what perseverance will do, when I made acquaintance with Mr. Con Mc Nale he had actually got possession of a spade, and was making good use of it in a ditch—his own ditch, on his own land. As he went on,

now digging, now resting on the handle, he told me all about his gradual promotion from a herd-boy to a country jontleman.

"My father," said he, "lived under ould Squire Kilkelly, an' for awhile tuided his cattle: but the Squire's gone out iv this part iv the country, to Australia or some furrin part, an' the mentioned house (mansion house) an' the fine property was sould, so it was, for little or nothin', for the fightin' was over in furrin parts; Boney was put down, an' there was no price for corn or cattle, an' a jontleman from Scotland came an' bought the istate. We were warned by the new man to go, for he tuk in his own hand all the in-land about the domain, bein' a grate farmer. He put nobody in our little place, but pulled it down, an' he guv father a five guinea note, but my father was ould an' not able to face the world agin, an' he went to the town an' tuk a room—a poor, dirty, choky place it was for him, myself, and sisther to live in. The naighbours were very kind an' good, though. Sister Bridget got a place wid a farmer hereabouts, and I tuk the world on my own showlders. I had nothin' at all but the rags I stud up in, an' they were bad enuf Poor Biddy got a shillin' advanced iv her wages that her mather was to giv her. She guv it me, for I was bent on goin' towards Belfast to look for work. All along the road I axed at every place; they could giv it me but to no good, except when I axed, they'd giv me a bowl iv broth, or a piece iv bacon, or an oaten bannock, so that I had my shillin' to the fore when I got to Belfast.

"Here the heart was near lavin' me all out intirely. I went wandtherin' down to the quay among the ships, and what should there be but a ship goin' to Scotland that very night, wid pigs. In throth it was fun to see the sailors at cross-purposes wid 'em, for they didn't know the natur iv the bastes. I did. I knew how to coax 'em. I set to an' I deludhered an' coaxed the pigs, an', by pullin' them by the tail, knowing that if they took a fancy I wished to pull 'em back out of the ship, they'd run might and main into her, and so they did. Well, the sailors were mightily divarted, an' when the pigs was aboard, I wint down to the place—an' the short iv it is that in three days I was in Glasgow town, an' the captain an' the sailors subscribed up tin-shillins an' guv it into my hand. Well, I bought a rapin' hook, an' away I trudged till I got quite an' clane into the country, an' the corn was, here and there, fit to cut. At last I goes an' ax a farmer for work. He thought I was too wake to be paid by the day, but one field havin' one corner fit to cut, an' the next not ready, 'Paddy,' says he, 'you may begin in that corner, an' I'll pay yees by the work yees do,' an' he guv me my breakfast an' a pint of beer. Well, I never quit that mather the whole harvest, an' when the rapin' was over I had four goodden guineas to carry home, besides that I was as sthrong as a

lion. Yees would wonder how glad the sailors was to see me back agin, an' ne'er a farthin' would they take back iv their money, but tuk me over agin to Belfast, givin' me the hoighth of good thratemint of all kinds. I did not stay an hour in Belfast, but tuk to the road to look ather the ould man an' little Biddy. Well, sorrows the tidins' I got. The ould man had died, an' the grief an' disthress of poor little Biddy had even touched her head a little. The dacent people where she was, may the Lord reward 'em, though they found little use in her, kep her, hoping I would be able to come home an' keep her myself, an' so I was. I brought her away wid me, an' the sight iv me put new life in her. I was set upon not being idle, an' I'll tell yees what I did next.

"When I was little *bouchaleen* iv a boy I used to be a head on the mountain face, an' 'twas often I sheltered myself behind them gray rocks that's at the gable iv my house, an' somehow it came into my head that the new Squire, being a grate man for improvin', might let me try to brake in a bit iv land there, an' so I goes off to him, an' one iv the sarvints bein' a sort iv cousin iv mine, I got to spake to the Squire, an' behould yees he guv me lave at onst. Well, there's no time like the prisint, an' as I passed out iv the back yard of the mentioned (mansion) house, I sees the sawyers cutting some Norway firs that had been blown down by the storm, an' I tells the sawyers that I had got lave to brake in a bit iv land in the mountains, an' what would some pieces iv fir cost. They says they must see what kind of pieces they was that I wished for, an' no sooner had I set about looking 'em through than the Squire himself comes ridin out of the stable-yard, an' says he at onst, McNale, says he, you may have a load iv cuttins to build your cabin, or two if you need it. 'The Heavens be your honour's bed,' says I, an' I wint off to the room where I an' Biddy lived, not knowin' if I was on my head or my heels. Next day, before sunrise, I was up here five miles up the face of Slieve-dan, with a spade in my fist, an' I looked roun' for the most shiltered spot I could sit my eyes an. Here I saw, where the house an' yard are stan'in, a plot iv about an acre to the south iv that tall ridge of rocks, well sheltered from the blast from the north an' from the aste, an' it was about sunrise an' a fine morning in October that I tuk up the first spadeful. There was a spring then drip-pin' down the face iv the rocks, the same you see gushin' through the crockery pipe in the farm-yard; an' I saw at once that it would make the cabin completely damp, an' the land about mighty sour an' water-stain; so I determined to do what I saw done in Scotland. I sunk a deep drain right under the rock to run all along the back iv the cabin, an' work-in' that day all alone by myself, I did a grate dale iv it. At night, it was close upon dark when I started to go home, so I hid my spade

in the heath an' trudged off. The next mornin' I bargined with a farmer to bring me up a load iv fir cuttins from the Squire's, an' by the evenin' they were thrown down within a quarter iv a mile iv my place,—for there was no road to it then, an' I had to carry 'em myself for the remainder of the way. This occupied me till near nightfall; but I remained that night till I placed two upright posts of fir, one at each corner iv the front iv the cabin.

"I was detarmined to get the cabin finished as quickly as possible, that I might be able to live upon the spot, for much time was lost in goin' and comin'. The next day I was up betimes, an' finding a track iv stiff blue clay, I cut a multitude of thick square sods iv it, an' having set up two more posts at the remainin' two corners iv the cabin, I laid four rows iv one gable, rising it about three feet high. Havin' laid the rows, I sharpind three or four straight pine branches, an' druv them down through the sods into the earth, to pin the wall in its place. Next day I had a whole gable up, each three rows iv sods pinned through to the three benathe. In about eight days I had put up the four walls, makin' a door an' two windows; an' now my outlay began, for I had to pay a thatcher to put on the sthrav an' to assist me in risin' the rafters. In another week it was covered in, an' it was a pride to see it with the new thatch an' a wicker chimbley daubed with clay, like a pallis undernathe the rock. I now got some turf that those who had cut 'em had not removed, an' they sould 'em for a thrife, an' I made a grate fire an' slept on the flure of my own house that night. Next day I got another load iv fir brought, to make the partitions in the winter, an' in a day or two after I had got the inside so dhry that I was able to bring poor Biddy to live there for good and all. The Heavens be praised, there was not a shower iv rain fell from the time I began the cabin till I ended it, an' when the rain did fall, not a drop came through,—all was carried off by my dhrain into the little river before yeas. The moment I was settled in the house I cominced dhraining about an acre iv bog in front, an' the very first winter I sowed a shillin's worth of cabbage seed, an' sold in the spring a pound's worth of little cabbage plants for the gardins in the town below. When spring came—noticin' how the early planted praties did the best, I planted my cabbage ground with praties, an' I had a noble crap, while the ground was next year fit for the corn. In the mane time, every winther I tuk in more and more ground, an' in summer I cut my turf for fewel; where the cuttins could answer, in winther, for a dhrain; an' findin' how good the turf were, I got a little powney an' carried 'em to the town to sell, when I was able to buy lime in exchange, an' put it on my bog, so as to make it produce double. As things went on, I got assistance, an' when I marrid,

my wife had two cows that guv me a grate lift.

"I was always thought to be a handy boy; an' I could do a turn of mason-work with any man not riglarly bred to it; so I took one of my loads of lime, an' instead of puttin' it on the land, I made it into morthar—and indeed the stones being no ways scarce, I set to an' built a little kiln, like as I had seen down the counthry. I could then burn my own lime, an' the limestone were near to my hand, too many iv 'em. While all this was goin' on, I had riz an' sould a good dale iv oats and praties, an' every summer I found ready sale for my turf in the town from one jontleman that I always charged at an even rate, year by year. I got the help of a stout boy, a cousin iv my own, who was glad iv a shilter; an' when the childher were ould enough, I got some young cattle that could graze upon the mountain in places where no other use could be made iv the land, and set the gossoons to herd 'em.

"There was one bit iv ground nigh han' to the cabin, that puzzled me intirely. It was very poor and sandy, an' little better than a rabbit burrow; an' telling the Squire's Scotch steward iv it, he bade me thry some flax, an' sure enuf, so I did, an' a fine crap iv flax I had, as you might wish to see; an' the stame-mills being beginnin' in the counthry at that time, I sould my flax for a very good price—my wife having dhried it, beetled it, an' scutched it with her own two hands. I should have said before, that the Squire himself came up here with a lot iv fine ladies and jontlemen to see what I had done; an' you never in your life seed a man so well pleased as he was, an' a Mمبر of Parlimint from Scotland was with him, an' he tould me I was a credit to ould Ireland; and sure, didn't Father Connor read upon the papers, how he tould the whole story in the Parlimint House before all the lords an' quality: but faix, he didn't forgit me; for a month or two after he was here, an' it coming on the winter, comes word for me an' the powney to go down to the mentioned (mansion) house, for the steward wanted me; so away I wint, an' there, shure enuf, was an illigant Scotch plough, every inch of iron, an' a lot of young Norrway pines—the same you see shiltering the house an' yard—an' all was a free prisint for me from the Scotch jontleman that was the Mمبر of Parlimint. 'Twas that plough that did the meracles iv work hereabouts; for I often lint it to any that I knew to be a careful hand; an' it was the manes iv havin' the farmers all round send an' buy 'em. At last I was able to build a brave snug house; and praised be Providence, I have never had an hour's ill health, nor a moment's grief, but when poor Biddy, the cratur, died from us. It is thirty years since that mornin' that I tuk up the first spadeful from the wild mountain side; an' twelve acres are good labour land, an' fifteen drained, an' good

grazin'. I have been payin' rint twinty years, an' am still, thank God, able to take my own part iv any day's work,—plough, spade, or flail."

"Have you got a lease?" said I.

"No, indeed; not a schrape of a pin; nor I never axed it. Have I not my *tinnant-rite*?"

From that subject, Mr. Mc Nale diverged slightly into politics, touching on the state of the *country*, and untwisting some entanglements of the 'Irish difficulty' that might be usefully made known in the neighbourhood of Westminster.

"Troth, Sir," said Con, "you English are mighty grand in all your doings. You dale wholesale in all sorts iv things; good luck to you—in charity as well as in pigs, praties, an' sich like. Well you want to improve Ireland by wholesale; you set up iligant schames for puttin' us all to rights by the million; for clanin' an' drainin' a whole province at onst; for giving labour to everybody; an' all mighty purty on paper, with figures all as round an' nate as copybooks, with long rigiments of O's, after 'em. I've heard iv whole stacks of papers piled up an' handsomely ticketed in tidy big offices—all 'rules and riglations' for labourers, which the boys can't follow, and the inspectors can't force. Why not," continued Mr. Con, giving his spade a thrust into the ground that sent it up to the maker's name, "Why not tache the boys to do as I have done?"

"But all are not so persevering, so knowing, and so fond of work as you."

Whether Mr. Mc Nale was impressed by his own modesty, or by the force of my suggestion, I know not. But he was silent.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born on the 7th of April, 1770; he died on the 23d of April, 1850. His life was prolonged for ten years beyond the space attributed to man by the inspired Psalmist. He lived in an age unprecedented for its social and civil revolutions; for its discoveries in science, and their practical application. He was fourteen years of age when the new North American Republic was finally recognised as one of the brotherhood of nations; he witnessed the French Revolution; the subjection of every monarchy in Europe, except England and Russia, to the absolute will of a French emperor; the instalment and evaporation of the Holy Alliance; the European war of twenty years, and the European peace of thirty-two years; one Pope carried into exile by a foreign conqueror, another driven into exile by his own subjects: and at home, the trials of Hardy and Thelwall; the Bank Restriction Act; the origination of the Bell and Lancaster systems of Education; the visit of the allied monarchs to London; the passing of Peel's Bill; the introduction of Palmer's

mail-coaches and M'Adam's roads; the invention of steam navigation; the passing of the Reform Bill; the development of the Railway system, and the Electric telegraph. He was the contemporary of Davey, Herschell, Bentham, Godwin, Malthus and Ricardo, Byron, Scott, Wilkie, Chantrey, Fox, Pitt, Canning and Brougham.

Wordsworth's age was one of stirring events and great changes. The character of his poetry is in startling contrast to that age. It is passionless, a record of the poet's own mind; simple and austere, emanating from his own independent thoughts and fancies; receiving little of its form and colour from external events, or the feelings and opinions of men. For eighty long years, Wordsworth would almost appear to have lived '*among men, not of them*;' sympathising as little with the ephemeral pursuits of his contemporaries as the colossal Memnon does with the Copts, Turks, and Arabs who now tenant the banks of the Nile.

William Wordsworth was born in the little county town of Cockermouth; his father was an attorney—not a wealthy man, but in circumstances that enabled him to give his family a fair education. One son entered the merchant service, rose to command a vessel, and perished at sea. The son of another has acquired a name as master of Harrow, and author of a delightful book on Greece, full of delicate beauty and classical feeling. The allusions by William to his favourite sister are among the most touching passages in his poems; and one or two little pieces of verse, and some extracts from her journals, which he has published, show that she was every way deserving of his love. The poetical dedication of the River Duddon to Dr. Wordsworth, is full of delightful allusions to the boyhood of the brothers, and conveys a pleasing impression of their family relations.

Our poet received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school of Hawkeshead, in Westmoreland, conducted in his time by a master of more than ordinary attainments. In 1787, he matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge. Even in his boyhood it was obvious that he possessed superior abilities, but they were not of the showy and ambitious kind which achieve school or college distinction. He was partial to solitary rambles; fond of reading and reciting verses; a boy whom elder men 'singled out for his grave looks,' as he has said in the *Excursion*, and liked to converse with.

It was intended that he should enter the Church, the family circumstances rendering it necessary that he should adopt a profession. But, independently of his wish to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits, he had caught the prevalent spirit of the time—the aversion to conventional forms and opinions. A moderate income, settled upon him by Raisley Calvert, the victim of a premature

decline, enabled him to follow his inclinations. This benefit the poet has gratefully acknowledged:—

‘Calvert, it must not be unheard by them
Who may respect my name, that I to thee
Owed many years of early liberty.
This care was thine, when sickness did condemn
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem;
That I, if frugal and severe, might stray
Where'er I liked; and finally array
My temples with the Muse's diadem.’

After leaving College he made extensive tours on foot, in Scotland and on the Continent with a youthful friend. In 1793 he for the first time ventured into print. Two small volumes appeared in that year: “Descriptive Sketches, in verse, taken during a Pedestrian Tour among the Alps;” and “An Evening Walk, an Epistle in Verse, addressed to a young Lady from the Lakes in the North of England.” In these poems we find no traces of the poetical theory which he subsequently adopted. But they are characterised by the same, almost exclusive, preference for lakes, cataracts and mountains, the elementary beauty of external nature, human passions and incidents, and they contain many passages of glaring imagination powerfully expressed.

In 1796 he took up his abode with his sister at Allfaxden, at the foot of the Quantock Hills, in Somersetshire. This was an important era in the development of his intellect and imagination. During his residence at Allfaxden he was in constant and unreserved communication with Coleridge. Totally dissimilar as the two men were in character, they had many sympathies. Upon both, the classical tastes and ecclesiastical opinions inculcated at English schools and colleges, had, without their being aware of it, made a deep and indelible impression. Both had been animated by the vague but ardent longings after an undefined liberty, and perfection of human nature, then prevalent. They were isolated from general sympathy without knowing it; from the revolutionary party by their literary tastes and strong attachment to traditional English morals; from the Church and State party by their freedom from sectarian narrowness. The resolute independence of thought of the young poets is worthy of all admiration; their frank and cordial communication of all their thoughts, equally so. A pleasing though brief sketch of them at that time has been given by Hazlitt, in an essay, entitled, ‘My first Acquaintance with Poets;’ a more petulant and shallow account, which yet contains some valuable information, by Cottle.

The result of this literary alliance was the first volume of the “Lyrical Ballads.” The quiet but perfect melody of Wordsworth’s versification and the depth of the human sentiment in his reflections, the more swell-

ing tone of Coleridge’s verse and his wild unearthly imaginings, might have secured a more favourable reception for his work, had it not been announced as the result of a new theory of poetry. That theory was misapprehended by the critics of the day, and was indeed inadequately expressed by its authors themselves. Coleridge subsequently developed it in more precise and unexceptionable language in his *Biographia Literaria*. The effect of its premature announcement was, that the Lyrical Ballads were judged, not by their own intrinsic merits, but by the theory upon which they were said to have been constructed.

The insurmountable indolence of Coleridge—always planning works too great for human accomplishment, and resting satisfied with projects—left Wordsworth to pursue his path alone. This he did with characteristic pertinacity of purpose; if criticism had any influence on him at all, it was only to confirm him in his foregone conclusions. After an excursion to Germany, in which he was accompanied by his sister and Coleridge, he returned to his native country, ‘with the hope,’ as he has told us in his Preface to the *Excursion*, ‘of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live.’

In 1803, William Wordsworth married Miss Mary Hutchinson, and settled at Grasmere. He removed in a few years to Rydal Mount, where he continued to reside till his death. Subsequently to this time his life is utterly devoid of personal incident, and may be briefly recapitulated before proceeding to chronicle his poetical productions, which are indeed his life. By his wife, who survives him, he had one daughter, who died before him, and two sons, one of whom holds a vicarage in Cumberland, the other is a distributor of stamps. In 1814, Wordsworth, by the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, was appointed distributor of stamps for Cumberland and Westmoreland—a recognition of the claims of genius to public support only second in eccentricity to the making of Burns an exciseman. After holding this office for twenty-eight years, he was allowed to relinquish it to his second son, and retire upon a pension of 300*l.* a year. In 1843, he succeeded Southey in the limited emoluments and questionable dignity of the Laureateship. His slender inheritance, the beneficence of Raisley Calvert, his office under Government, his retiring pension, and his emoluments as Laureate, sufficed, with his simple tastes, to enable him to wait the slow pecuniary returns of his literary labours.

While the critical storm awakened by the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads was still raging, he composed his *Peter Bell* and his *Waggoner*, which were not, however, published till many years later. They are full of fine and deep-felt poetry. Their language is genuine racy English, and their versification unsurpassed for sweetness. It cannot, how-

ever, be denied that they are marked by a self-willed, exaggerated adherence to the theory of poetry he had promulgated, the effect of something that is very like a spirit of contradiction. In a playful adaptation of Milton's sonnet, *Tetrachordon*, Wordsworth defends his choice of subjects by the admiration felt or professed for Tam o' Shanter. He overlooks the utter difference between the mode in which Burns conceived and executed that poem, and himself his Benjamin the Waggoner. Burns was for the time the hero himself. In *Tam o' Shanter*, and still more in the *Jolly Beggars*, he expresses the very passions of the characters he presents to us. Wordsworth, constitutionally incapable of the emotions of a boon companion, merely describes and moralises on the waywardness of his Benjamin. We sympathise with the common humanity of Burns's genial reprobates; we feel the cold shadow of Wordsworth's Benjamin to be a hideous intruder among the fine poetical imagery and thought with which he is mixed up.

In 1807, Wordsworth published two volumes, containing his own contributions to the *Lyrical Ballads*, with many additional poems. Minute detached criticism is not the object of this sketch. Suffice it to say that many pieces in these volumes are unsurpassed in English poetry, or in the poetry of any language. The *Song at the feast of Brougham Castle* has a rich lyrical exuberance of feeling; the *Laodamia* is as severely beautiful as a Greek statue; *Hartleap Well* is full of mellow humanity; *Rob Roy's Grave*, the *Highland Girl*, 'She was a phantom of delight,'—every piece, in short, is replete with delightful sentiment and graphic pictures of rural nature. The objects of some of these poems obviously originate in a mistaken apprehension of the scope and purpose of poetry. Wordsworth was a curious observer of the workings of the human mind, and he sometimes confounded the pleasure derived from such metaphysical scrutiny with the pleasure derived from the presentation of poetical imaginings. Hence, what is questionable in his *Idiot Boy*, his *Harry Gill*, and some others.

The *Excursion*, the most ambitious, and, with all its defects, the greatest of his works, was published in 1814. Here the poet was in his true element. Wordsworth's genius was essentially moralising and reflective. Incidents and adventure had no charm for him. He arrived at his knowledge of character by an inductive process, not like Shakespeare, by the intuition of sympathy and imagination. He had no power of perceiving those light and graceful peculiarities of men and society, generally designated manners, vivid presentations of which constitute the charm of so many poets; but he was tremulously alive to the charms of inanimate nature.

—The sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were there to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.'

His soul was full of lofty and imaginative conceptions of moral truths. He, therefore, after severe examination of his own poems, resolved to rest his claims to immortality on his composition of 'a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society; and to be entitled *The Recluse*, as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.'

How far this projected work has been advanced to completion, we have no means of knowing. A preliminary work, descriptive of the growth of his own powers, is, he has informed us, finished. *The Recluse* was to consist of three parts, the first and third containing chiefly meditations in the author's own person; the intermediate introducing characters in a semi-dramatic form. It is to be regretted that his second part has alone been published, for Wordsworth's genius was essentially undramatic. But notwithstanding the disadvantages under which the poet laboured from the selection of an uncongenial form, and his imperfect mastery of blank verse (a measure of which, perhaps, Milton alone among our English poets has developed the full measure, and varied power of modulation), the *Excursion* is, undoubtedly, a poem in the highest and truest sense of the word. The philosophical musings with which it abounds, are alike profound and elevating. And nothing can surpass the deep pathos of the episodes of *Margaret and Ellen*.

The subsequent publications of Wordsworth may be briefly enumerated. *Peter Bell* and the *Waggoner* appeared within two years after the *Excursion*; and the *White Doe of Rylstone* soon followed them. A miscellaneous volume, of which the *River Duddon* was the most prominent, was published in 1820, and *Yarrow Revisited*, in 1835. Of all these works, it may suffice to say that they are highly characteristic of the author, and contain many beauties.

Wordsworth's poetry had long to contend against the conventional prepossessions of the literary world. From the beginning, however, his genius was felt by superior minds, and by a few young unprejudiced enthusiasts. His first admirers were literally a sect, and their admiration was, like the devotion of all sectarians, ardent and indiscriminating. They have, however, served as interpreters between him and the reading public, and thus his merits have come to be generally acknowledged. His writings lent a tone to the works of some who, like Shelley, dissented from his theory; and some who, like Byron, systematically scoffed at them. The public taste was thus insensibly approximated to them. Even yet, however, Wordsworth is probably more praised than liked. But the

process will go on, and in time what is really valuable in his poems will take the place that is due to it in the land's literature.

Of the first writings of Wordsworth little need be said. Though they contain valuable thoughts, they are lumbering and sufficiently unreadable. The once furious controversy about his literary creed as heresy, need not be resuscitated; there were great errors on both sides. If his merits were individually depreciated, there was much in his seemingly supercilious re-assertion, rather than defence and explanation of his views, to extenuate the petulance with which he was often treated. As for his wanderings in the fields of politics and polemics, he is no exception to the general truth, that the warmest admirers of poets must regret their deviations into such uncongenial by-ways.

The man was like his poetry; simple and therefore conservative in his tastes: self-reliant and sometimes repulsive from his austerity, yet with a rich fund of benevolence beneath the hard exterior. His frame was strong and sinewy from his habits of exercise; his look heavy, and, at first sight, unimpressive; but there was an inexpressible charm in his smile. He was the antithesis of the materialist and practical activity of the time. He did not understand, and therefore could not appreciate, the ennobling tendencies of the social and scientific career on which this age has entered—an age into which he had lingered, rather than to which he belonged. He looked out upon the world from his egotistic isolation rather as a critical spectator, than as a sympathiser. His views of it were rusted over with the conservative prejudices of the past. Railways he hated, and against them waged a sonneteering war. Although they were rapidly increasing the commerce, comforts, intercourse, affluence, and happiness of the whole community, they invaded the selfish solitude of the one man; and single-handed he did battle against the armies of invading tourists, who came to share with him the healthful pleasures of the mountain and the lake, in which he would have almost preserved a patent right for the few.

This anti-natural spirit, however, did not always lead him astray from the right path. In the *Excursion*, were promulgated, for the first time, these views respecting the embroiling tendency of the unintermitting toil of our factory labourers, the necessity of universal education by the State, and the vocation of the English race to colonise the earth, which have been so many zealous missionaries. We cannot better conclude these desultory remarks,—an imperfect prelude to the lip of a truly good and great man—than by quoting part of his weighty words in the *Excursion*, respecting National Education:—

‘Oh! for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing Knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit

An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
To all her children whom her soil maintains,
The rudiments of Letters, and to inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised—so that none,
However destitute, be left to drop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through weary life without the aid
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilised,
A servile band among the lordly free!

* * * * *

‘The discipline of slavery is unknown
Amongst us—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
Thus duties rising out of good possess'd,
And prudent caution, needful to avert
Impending evil, do alike require
That permanent provision should be made
For the whole people to be taught and trained.
So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
Their place; and genuine piety descend,
Like an inheritance, from age to age.’

These are indeed worthy to become Household words.

FATHER AND SON.

ONE EVENING in the month of March, 1798,—that dark time in Ireland's annals whose memory (overlooking all minor subsequent *émeutes*) is still preserved among us, as ‘the year of the rebellion’—a lady and gentleman were seated near a blazing fire in the old-fashioned dining-room of a large lonely mansion. They had just dined; wine and fruit were on the table, both untouched, while Mr. Hewson and his wife sat silently gazing at the fire, watching its flickering light becoming gradually more vivid as the short Spring twilight faded into darkness.

At length the husband poured out a glass of wine, drank it off, and then broke silence, by saying—

“Well, well, Charlotte, these are awful times; there were ten men taken up to-day for burning Cotter's house at Knockane; and Tom Dyer says that every magistrate in the country is a marked man.”

Mrs. Hewson cast a frightened glance towards the windows, which opened nearly to the ground, and gave a view of a wide tree-besprinkled lawn, through whose centre a long straight avenue led to the high-road. There was also a footpath at either side of the house, branching off through close thickets of trees, and reaching the road by a circuitous route.

“Listen, James!” she said, after a pause; “what noise is that?”

“Nothing but the sighing of the wind among the trees. Come, wife, you must not give way to imaginary fears.”

"But really I heard something like footsteps on the gravel, round the gable-end—I wish"—

A knock at the parlour door interrupted her.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Tim Gahan, Mr. Hewson's confidential steward and right-hand man, entered, followed by a fair-haired delicate-looking boy of six years' old, dressed in deep mourning.

"Well, Gahan, what do you want?"

"I ask your Honour's pardon for disturbing you and the mistress; but I thought it right to come tell you the bad news I heard."

"Something about the rebels, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir; I got a whisper just now that there's going to be a great rising intirely, to-morrow; thousands are to gather before daybreak at Kilcrean bog, where I'm told they've a power of pikes hiding; and then they're to march on and sack every house in the country. I'll engage, when I heard it, I didn't let grass grow under my feet, but came off straight to your Honour, thinking maybe you'd like to walk over this fine evening to Mr. Warren's, and settle with him what's best to be done."

"Oh, James! I beseech you, don't think of going."

"Make your mind easy, Charlotte; I don't intend it; not that I suppose there would be much risk; but, all things considered, I think I'm just as comfortable at home."

The steward's brow darkened, as he glanced nervously towards the end window, which jutting out in the gable, formed a deep angle in the outer wall.

"Of course 'tis just as your Honour plases, but I'll warrant you there would be no harm in going. Come, Billy," he added, addressing the child, who by this time was standing close to Mrs. Hewson, "make your bow, and bid good night to master and mistress."

The boy did not stir, and Mrs. Hewson taking his little hand in hers, said—

"You need not go home for half-an-hour, Gahan; stay and have a chat with the servants in the kitchen, and leave little Billy with me—and with the apples and nuts"—she added, smiling as she filled the child's hands with fruit.

"Thank you, Ma'am," said the steward hastily. "I can't stop—I'm in a hurry home, where I wanted to leave this brat to-night; but he *would* follow me. Come, Billy; come this minute, you young rogue."

Still the child looked reluctant, and Mr. Hewson said peremptorily—

"Don't go yet, Gahan; I want to speak to you by and by; and you know the mistress always likes to pet little Billy."

Without replying, the steward left the room; and the next moment his hasty footsteps resounded through the long flagged passage that led to the offices.

"There's something strange about Gahan, since his wife died," remarked Mrs. Hewson. "I suppose 'tis grief for her that makes him look so darkly, and seem almost jealous when any one speaks to his child. Poor little Billy! your mother was a sore loss to you."

The child's blue eyes filled with tears, and pressing closer to the lady's side, he said:—

"Old Peggy doesn't wash and dress me as nicely as mammy used."

"But your father is good to you?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am, but he's out all day busy, and I've no one to talk to me as mammy used; for Peggy is quite deaf, and besides she's always busy with the pigs and chickens."

"I wish I had you, Billy, to take care of and to teach, for your poor mother's sake."

"And so you may, Charlotte," said her husband. "I'm sure Gahan, with all his odd ways, is too sensible a fellow not to know how much it would be for his child's benefit to be brought up and educated by us, and the boy would be an amusement to us in this lonely house. I'll speak to him about it before he goes home. Billy, my fine fellow, come here," he continued, "jump up on my knee, and tell me if you'd like to live here always and learn to read and write."

"I would, Sir, if I could be with father too."

"So you shall;—and what about old Peggy?"

The child paused—

"I'd like to give her a pen'north of snuff and a piece of tobacco every week, for she said the other day that *that* would make her quite happy."

Mr. Hewson laughed, and Billy prattled on, still seated on his knee; when a noise of footsteps on the ground, mingled with low suppressed talking was heard outside.

"James, listen! there's the noise again."

It was now nearly dark, but Mr. Hewson, still holding the boy in his arms, walked towards the window and looked out.

"I can see nothing," he said,—"stay—there are figures moving off among the trees, and a man running round to the back of the house—very like Gahan he is too!"

Seizing the bell-rope, he rang it loudly, and said to the servant who answered his summons:—

"Fasten the shutters and put up the bars, Connell; and then tell Gahan I want to see him."

The man obeyed; candles were brought, and Gahan entered the room.

Mr. Hewson remarked that, though his cheeks were flushed, his lips were very white, and his bold dark eyes were cast on the ground.

"What took you round the house just now, Tim?" asked his master, in a careless manner.

"What took me round the house, is it? Why, then, nothing in life, Sir, but that just as I went outside the kitchen door to take a

smoke, I saw the pigs, that Shaneen forgot to put up in their sty, making right for the mistress's flower-garden; so I just put my *dudheen*, lighting as it was, into my pocket, and ran after them. I caught them on the grand walk under the end window, and indeed, Ma'am, I had my own share of work turning them back to their proper spear."

Gahan spoke with unusual volubility, but without raising his eyes from the ground.

"Who were the people," asked his master, "whom I saw moving through the western grove?"

"People! your Honour—not a sign of any people moving there, I'll be bound, barring the pigs."

"Then," said Mr. Hewson, smiling, to his wife, "the miracle of Circe must have been reversed, and swine turned into men; for, undoubtedly, the dark figures I saw were human beings."

"Come, Billy," said Gahan, anxious to turn the conversation, "will you come home with me now? I am sure 'twas very good of the mistress to give you all them fine apples."

Mrs. Hewson was going to propose Billy's remaining, but her husband whispered:—"Wait till to-morrow." So Gahan and his child were allowed to depart.

Next morning the magistrates of the district were on the alert, and several suspicious looking men found lurking about, were taken up. A hat which fitted one of them was picked up in Mr. Hewson's grove; the gravel under the end window bore many signs of trampling feet; and there were marks on the wall as if guns had rested against it. Gahan's information touching the intended meeting at Kilcrean bog proved to be totally without foundation; and after a careful search not a single pike or weapon of any description could be found there. All these circumstances combined certainly looked suspicious; but, after a prolonged investigation, as no guilt could be actually brought home to Gahan, he was dismissed. One of his examiners, however, said privately, "I advise you take care of that fellow, Hewson. If I were in your place, I'd just trust him as far as I could throw him, and not an inch beyond."

An indolent hospitable Irish country gentleman, such as Mr. Hewson, is never without an always shrewd and often roguish prime minister, who saves his master the trouble of looking after his own affairs, and manages everything that is to be done in both the home and foreign departments,—from putting a new door on the pig-stye, to letting a farm of an hundred acres on lease. Now in this, or rather these capacities, Gahan had long served Mr. Hewson; and some seven years previous to the evening on which our story commences, he had strengthened the tie and increased his influence considerably by marrying Mrs. Hewson's favourite and faithful maid. One child was the result of this union; and Mrs. Hewson, who had no family of her own, took much in-

terest in little Billy,—more especially after the death of his mother, who, poor thing! the neighbours said, was not very happy, and would gladly, if she dared, have exchanged her lonely cottage for the easy service of her former mistress.

Thus, though for a time Mr. and Mrs. Hewson regarded Gahan with some doubt, the feeling gradually wore away, and the steward regained his former influence.

After the lapse of a few stormy months the rebellion was quelled: all the prisoners taken up were severally disposed of by hanging, transportation or acquittal, according to the nature and amount of the evidence brought against them; and the country became as peaceful as it is in the volcanic nature of our Irish soil ever to be.

The Hewsons' kindness towards Gahan's child was steady and unchanged. They took him into their house, and gave him a plain but solid education; so that William, while yet a boy, was enabled to be of some use to his patron, and daily enjoyed more and more of his confidence.

Another Evening, the twentieth anniversary of that with which this narrative commenced, came round. Mr. and Mrs. Hewson were still hale and active, dwelling in their hospitable home. About eight o'clock at night, Tim Gahan, now a stooping, grey-haired man, entered Mr. Hewson's kitchen, and took his seat on the corner of the settle next the fire.

The cook, directing a silent significant glance of compassion towards her fellow-servants, said:

"Would you like a drink of cider, Tim, or will you wait and take a cup of tay with myself and Kitty?"

The old man's eyes were fixed on the fire, and a wrinkled hand was planted firmly on each knee, as if to check their involuntary trembling. "I'll not drink anything this night, thank you kindly, Nelly," he said, in a slow musing manner, dwelling long on each word.

"Where's Billy?" he asked, after a pause, in a quick hurried tone, looking up suddenly at the cook, with an expression in his eyes, which, as she afterwards said, 'took away her breath.'

"Oh, never heed Billy! I suppose he's busy with the master."

"Where's the use, Nelly," said the coachman, "in hiding it from him? Sure, sooner or later he must know it. Tim," he continued, "God knows 'tis sorrow to my heart this blessed night to make yours sore,—but the truth is, that William has done what he oughtn't to do to the man that was all one as a father to him."

"What has he done? what will you *dar* say again my boy?"

"Taken money, then," replied the coachman, "that the master had marked and put by in his desk; for he suspected this some time

past that gold was missing. This morning 'twas gone; a search was made, and the marked guineas were found with your son William."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and rocked himself to and fro.

"Where is he now?" at length he asked, in a hoarse voice.

"Locked up safe in the inner store-room; the master intends sending him to gaol early to-morrow morning."

"He will not," said Gahan slowly. "Kill the boy that saved his life!—no, no."

"Poor fellow! the grief is setting his mind astray—and sure no wonder!" said the cook, compassionately.

"I'm not astray!" cried the old man, fiercely. "Where's the master!—take me to him."

"Come with me," said the butler, "and I'll ask him will he see you?"

With faltering steps the father complied; and when they reached the parlour, he trembled exceedingly, and leant against the wall for support, while the butler opened the door, and said:

"Gahan is here, Sir, and wants to know will you let him speak to you for a minute?"

"Tell him to come in," said Mr. Hewson, in a solemn tone of sorrow, very different from his ordinary cheerful voice.

"Sir," said the steward, advancing, "they tell me you are going to send my boy to prison,—is it true?"

"Too true, indeed, Gahan. The lad who was reared in my house, whom my wife watched over in health, and nursed in sickness—whom we loved almost as if he were our own, has *robbed* us, and that not once or twice, but many times. He is silent and sullen, too, and refuses to tell why he stole the money, which was never withheld from him when he wanted it. I can make nothing of him, and must only give him up to justice in the morning."

"No, Sir, no. The boy saved your life; you can't take his."

"You're raving, Gahan."

"Listen to me, Sir, and you won't say so. You remember this night twenty years? I came here with my motherless child, and yourself and the mistress pitied us, and spoke loving words to him. Well for us all you did so! That night—little you thought it!—I was banded with them that were sworn to take your life. They were watching you outside the window, and I was sent to inveigle you out, that they might shoot you. A faint heart I had for the bloody business, for you were ever and always a good master to me; but I was under an oath to them that I darn't break, supposing they ordered me to shoot my own mother. Well! the hand of God was over you, and you wouldn't come with me. I ran out to them, and I said—'Boys, if you want to shoot him, you must do it through the window,' thinking they'd

be afeard of that; but they weren't—they were daring fellows, and one of them, sheltered by the angle of the window, took deadly aim at you. That very moment you took Billy on your knee, and I saw his fair head in a line with the musket. I don't know exactly then what I said or did, but I remember I caught the man's hand, threw it up, and pointed to the child. Knowing I was a determined man, I believe they didn't wish to provoke me; so they watched you for a while, and when you didn't put him down they got daunted, hearing the sound of soldiers riding by the road, and they stole away through the grove. Most of that gang swung on the gallows, but the last of them died this morning quietly in his bed. Up to yesterday he used to make me give him money,—sums of money to buy his silence—and it was for that I made my boy a thief. It was wearing out his very life. Often he went down on his knees to me, and said: 'Father, I'd die myself sooner than rob my master, but I can't see *you* disgraced. Oh, let us fly the country!' Now, Sir, I have told you all—do what you like with me—send me to gaol, I deserve it—but spare my poor deluded innocent boy!"

It would be difficult to describe Mr. Hewson's feelings, but his wife's first impulse was to hasten to liberate the prisoner. With a few incoherent words of explanation she led him into the presence of his master, who, looking at him sorrowfully but kindly, said:

"William, you have erred deeply, but not so deeply as I supposed. Your father has told me everything. I forgive him freely and you also."

The young man covered his face with his hands, and wept tears more bitter and abundant than he had ever shed since the day when he followed his mother to the grave. He could say little, but he knelt on the ground, and clasping the kind hand of her who had supplied to him that mother's place, he murmured;

"Will *you* tell him I would rather die than sin again."

Old Gahan died two years afterwards, truly penitent, invoking blessings on his son and on his benefactors; and the young man's conduct, now no longer under evil influence, was so steady and so upright, that his adopted parents felt that their pious work was rewarded, and that, in William Gahan, they had indeed a son.

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A POPULAR DELUSION.

VICTIMISED by a deceptive idea originating in 'The Complete Angler,' and which has been industriously perpetuated by a numerous proprietary of punts and houses of public entertainment and eel pies—the London disciples of Izaak Walton usually seek for sport in the upper regions of the Thames. They resort to Shepperton, or Ditton, or Twickenham, or Richmond. Chiefly, it would seem, as a wholesome exercise of the greatest Christian virtue, patience; for recent experience proves that anglers who soar above sticklebats, and are not content with occasional nibbles from starving gudgeons, or the frequent entanglements of writhing eels, mostly return to their homes and families with their baskets innocent of the vestige of a single scale.

If—as may be safely asserted—the aim, end, and purpose of all fishing is fish, the tenacity with which this idea is clung to, is astonishing; we may indeed say, amazing when we reflect that there exists—below bridge—a particular spot, more convenient, more accessible, and affording quite as good accommodation as any of the above-bridge fishing stations, and which abounds at particular states of the tide, at particular times of the day, and at no particular seasons of the year, but all the year round, in fish of every sort, size, species, and condition, from the cod down to the sprat; from a salmon to a shrimp; from turbot to Thames flounders. Neither is there a single member of any one of these enormous families of fishes that may not be captured with the smallest possible expenditure of patience. And although the bait necessary for that purpose (a white bait manufactured of metal at an establishment on that bank of the Thames known as Tower Hill,) is unfortunately not always procurable by every class of her Majesty's subjects; yet it is so eagerly caught at, that, with a moderate supply, the least expert may be sure of filling his fish-basket very respectably.

In order to partake of all the advantages offered by this famed spot, it is necessary to rise betimes. The fishing excursion of which we are now about to give a sketch, commenced at about four o'clock on a Monday morning. The rain which fell at the time did not much

matter, on account of the sheltered position of that margin of the Thames to which we were bound. With a small basket, and the waistcoat pocket primed with a little of the proper sort of bait; with no other rod than a walking stick, and no fly whatever, (except one upon four wheels procured from a neighbouring cab stand,) we arrived at the great fish focus; which, we may as well mention, to relieve suspense, is situated on the Middlesex shore of the Thames at a short distance below London Bridge, close to the Custom House, opposite the Coal Exchange, and has been known from time immemorial as BILLINGSGATE.

When we arrived at the collection of sheds and stalls—like a dilapidated railway station—of which this celebrated place consists, it was nearly five o'clock. Its ancient reputation had prepared us for scenes of confusion and for volubility of abuse, which have since the times of the Tritons ever been associated with those whose special business is with fish. It was, therefore, with very great surprise that we walked unmolested through that portion of the precinct set aside as the market. We went straight to the river's edge, rod in hand, without having had once occasion to use it as a weapon, and without hearing one word that might not have been uttered in a court day. No crowding, no elbowing, no screaming, no fighting; no ungentle nick-names, no foul-mouthed females hurling anathemas at their neighbours' optics; no rude requests to despatch ourself suddenly down to the uttermost depth the human mind is capable of conceiving; no wish expressed that we might be inflated very tight indeed; no criticisms on the quality of our hat; no impertinent questions as to our present stock of soap; nothing whatever, in short, calculated to sustain the ancient reputation of Billingsgate.

With easy deliberation we sauntered down to the dumb-barge which forms a temporary landing-place while a better one is being built. There we beheld a couple of clippers, quite as trim as any revenue-cutter; over the sides of which were being handed all sorts of fish; cod, soles, whittings, plaice, John Dorys, mackerel; some neatly packed in baskets. That nothing should be wanting utterly to subvert established notions of Billingsgate, the order,

quietness, and system with which these cutters were emptied, and their cargoes taken to the stalls, could not be exceeded.

This office is performed by fellowshippers. Being responsible individuals, they prevent fraud. Formerly a set of scamps, called lagers, 'conveyed' the fish; but they used to drop some of the best sort softly into the stream, and pick them up at low water. An idea may be formed of the profits of their dishonesty, from the fact that lagers offered seven shillings a day to be employed, instead of demanding the wages of labour. When a salesman had one or two hundred turbot consigned to him, a lager would give the hint to an accomplice, who would quickly substitute several small fish for the same number of the largest size; a species of fraud which the salesman had it not in his power to detect, as the tally was not deficient.

At that time an immense number of bad fish was condemned every morning by the superintendent. There was an understanding between the consignees and salesmen that when the market was well supplied, any overplus should be kept back in store boats at Gravesend, and not brought to market till the supply was diminished, and the price raised. This dishonest mode of 'regulating' the market caused a great many stale fish to be brought to it; hence the quantity condemned. Now, however, the celerity with which fish can be conveyed prevents any such practice, and of late years the superintendent has only had occasion to condemn in rare instances.

Every possible expedient and appliance is now resorted to, to bring fish to market fresh. As we have a minute or two to wait on the Billingsgate punt before the market opens, let us trace the history of a fish from the sea to the salesman's stall. Suppose him to be a turbot hauled with a hundred other captives early on Monday afternoon on board one of the Barking fishing fleet moored on a bank some twenty miles off Dover. He is no sooner taken on board than he is trans-shipped immediately with thousands of his flat companions in a row-boat into a clipper, which is being fast filled from other vessels of the fleet. When her cargo is complete, she sets sail for the mouth of the Thames, and on entering it is met by a tug steamer, which tows her up to Billingsgate early on Tuesday morning, bringing our turbot *alive*—for he has been put into a tank in the hold of the clipper. He is sold as soon as landed, and finds his way to table in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House or Belgrave Square some four-and-twenty hours after he has been sporting in the sea, not less than a hundred and fifty miles off.

Enormous accessions in the supply of fish to the London market have been effected, first by the employment of clippers as carrier-boats, (instead of each fishing-boat bringing its own cargo as formerly,) and secondly, by

the use of steam-tugs for towing the transit-craft up the river. In the old time a south-westerly wind deprived all London of fish. While it prevailed the boats, which usually took shelter in Holy or East Haven on the Essex shore, waited for a change of wind, till the fish became odoriferous. The cargo was then thrown overboard, and the boats returned on another fishing voyage.

The Thames was, at that time, the only highway by which fish was brought to Billingsgate; but the old losses and delays are again obviated by another source of acceleration. Our turbot is brought at waggon pace compared with the more perishable mackerel. The Eddystone lighthouse is at least two hundred and fifty miles from Thames Street. Between it and the Plymouth Breakwater lie some hundreds of fishing boats, plying their trawl-nets. A shoal of mackerel, the superficies of which may be measured by the mile, find their way among them, and several thousands dart into the nets. They are captured, hauled on board, shovelled into a clipper, and while she stands briskly in for shore, busy hands on board are packing the fish in baskets. Thousands of these baskets are landed in time for the mail train, rattle their way per railroad to Paddington, and by seven o'clock on the following morning—that is, in sixteen hours after they were rejoicing in the 'ocean wave'—are in a London fishmonger's taxed-cart on their road to the gridiron or fish-kettle, as the taste of the customer dictates.

No distance appears too great from which to bring fish to Billingsgate. Packed in long boxes, both by rail and river, between layers of ice, salmon come daily in enormous quantities from the remotest rivers of Ireland, of Scotland, and even from Norway. So considerable an item is ice in the fishmonger's trade, that a large proprietor at Barking has an ice-well capable of stowing eight hundred tons. Another in the same line of business has actually contracted with the Surrey Canal Company for all the ice generated on their waters!

As we cogitate concerning these 'great facts' on the dumb-bergs, and while the baskets and boxes are being systematically landed, it strikes five. A bell—the only noisy appurtenance of Billingsgate—stunningly announces that the market is open. The landing of fish proceeds somewhat faster, and fishmongers, from all parts of London, and from many parts of the provinces—from Oxford, Cambridge, Reading, Windsor, &c.—group themselves round the stalls of such salesmen as appear to have the choicest fish. These are rapidly sold by (Dutch) auction; and taken to the buyers' carts outside the market.

Nothing can exceed the gentlemanly manner in which the auction is conducted, except the mode of doing business at Christie and Manson's. Before the commencement, the salesman, with his flannel apron protecting his almost fashionable attire from scaly con-

tact, is seen—behold him yonder!—seated behind his stall enjoying a mild Havannah, with an appearance of sublime indifference to all around him. Presently, his porter deposits a ‘lot’ of fish between him, and an eager group of buyers. He puts down his cigar and mounds his rostrum.

“What shall we say, gentlemen, for this score of cod? Shall we say seven shillings a piece?”

No answer.

“Six?”

Perfect silence. The auctioneer gives pause for consideration, and takes a whiff at his Havannah. Time is, however, precious, where fish is concerned, and he is not long in abating another shilling.

“A crown?”

“Done!” exclaims Mr. Jollins of Pimlico.

“Five pounds, if you please!” demands the seller. A note is handed over, and the twenty cod are hoisted into Mr. Jollins’s cart, which stands in Thames Street, before a second lot is quite disposed of.

This mild proceeding is going on all over the market. On looking to see if the remotest relic of such a being as a fish-fag is to be seen, we observe a gentleman who, though girded with the flannel uniform of the craft, has so fashionable a surtout, so elegant a neckerchief, and such a luxuriance of moustache and whiskers, that we mistake him for an officer in her Majesty’s Life Guards, selling fish by way of—what in Billingsgate used to be called—a ‘jolly lark.’ Enquiry proves, however, that he is the accredited consignee of one of the largest fishing fleets which sail out of the Thames.

We are bound to confess that the high tone of refinement which had hitherto been so well supported on the occasion of our visit, became in a little while, slightly depressed. As the legislature of the British empire consists of Crown, Lords, and Commons; so also the executive of Billingsgate is composed of three estates: first, of the Lord Mayor (Piscine secretary of state, Mr. Goldham); secondly, of an aristocracy, and, thirdly, of a commonalty, of salesmen. The latter—called in ancient Billingsgate *Bummarées*, in modern ditto, ‘Retailers’—are middlemen between the smaller fishmonger and the high salesman aristocracy. They purchase the various sorts of fish, and arrange them in small assorted parcels to suit the convenience of suburban fishmongers, or of those peripatetic tradesmen, to whom was formerly applied the obsolete term almost of ‘Costermonger.’ The transactions between these parties were not conducted under the influence of those strict rules of etiquette which governed the earlier dealings of the morning. Indeed, we detected the proprietor of a very respectable looking donkey answering a civil enquiry from a retailer as to what he was ‘looking for’ with

“Not you!”

It is right, however, to add, in justice to

the reputation of a locality which has been so long and so undeservedly regarded as the head quarters of verbal vulgarity, that a friend of the offender asked him solemnly *if he remembered were he wos*; and if he warn’t ashamed of his-self for going and bringing his Cheek into that ‘ere markit?

Connected with the perambulating purveyors, there is a subject of very great importance; namely, cheap food for the poor. Although painful revelations of want of proper sustenance in every part of this overcrowded country, are daily breaking forth to light; although the low dietaries of most workhouses, and some prisons, are very often complained of; yet the old Celtic prejudice against fish still exists in great force among the humbler orders. Few poor persons will eat fish when they can get meat; many prefer gruel, and some slow starvation. Divers kinds of wholesome and nutritious fish are now sold at prices not above the means of the poorest persons; yet, so small is the demand, that the itinerant vendor—through whom what little that is sold reaches the humble consumer—makes it a matter of perfect indifference when he starts from home whether his venture for the day shall be fish or vegetables. His first visit is to Billingsgate; but if he find things, as regards price or kind, not to his taste, he adjourns to speculate in Covent Garden. He has, therefore, no regular market for what might most beneficially become a staple article. During the fruit season, little or no fish reaches the humbler classes; because then their purveyors find dealings with the ‘Garden’ more profitable than dealings at the ‘Gate.’

Not long since a large quantity of wholesome fish of various sorts was left upon the hands of the market superintendent. By the advice of the Lord Mayor, it was forwarded for consumption to Giltspur Street Compter. The prisoners actually refused to eat it, and accompanied their refusal with a jocose allusion to the want of a proper accompaniment of sauce.

Among the stronger instances of the popular aversion to this kind of food, we may mention that in 1812, one of the members of the Committee for the Relief of the Manufacturing Poor, agreed with some fishermen to take from ten to twenty thousand mackerel a day, at a penny a piece; a price at which the fishermen said they could afford to supply the London market, to any extent, were they sure of a regular sale. On the 15th June, 1812, upwards of seventeen thousand mackerel, delivered at the stipulated price, were sent to Spitalfields, and sold to the working weavers at the original cost of a penny a piece. Though purchased with great avidity by the inhabitants of that district, it soon appeared that Spitalfields alone would not be equal to the consumption of the vast quantities of mackerel which daily poured into the market; they were, therefore, sent

for distribution at the same rate, in other parts of the town; workhouses and other public establishments were also served, and the supply increased to such a degree, that five hundred thousand mackerel arrived and were sold in one day.

This cheap and benevolent supply was eagerly absorbed while the distress lasted; but as soon as trade revived, the demand fell off and finally ceased altogether.

Is this aversion to fish unconquerable? If it be not, what an enormous augmentation of wholesome food might be procured to relieve the increasing wants of the humble and needy. All the time the above experiment was tried, only a small portion of the coast was available for the supply of the densest inland populations of this island. Now, there is scarcely a creek or an estuary from which fish cannot be rapidly transported, however great the distance.

Compared with the boundless means of supply, and the lightning-like powers of transit, the price of fish is at present inordinately dear. But this is solely the fault of the public. The demand is too inconsiderable to call forth any great and, therefore, economical system. The voyager, per steam, between the Thames and Scotland, or between London and Cork, cannot fail to wonder when he sees, as he surely will see on a warm, calm day, scores of square miles of haddocks, mackerel, pilchards, herrings, &c.; when he has left on shore thousands of human beings pining for food. These enormous shoals approach the land, too, on purpose to be caught. In the History of British Fishes, Mr. Yarrell says, 'The law of Nature which obliges mackerel and many others to visit the shallower water of the shores at a particular season, appears to be one of those wise and beautiful provisions of the Creator by which not only is the species perpetuated with the greatest certainty, but a large portion of the parent animals are thus brought within the reach of man, who, but for the action of this law, would be deprived of many of those species most valuable to him as food. For the mackerel dispersed over the immense surface of the deep, no effective fishery could be carried on; but approaching the shore as they do from all directions, and roving along the coast collected in immense shoals, millions are caught, which yet form but a very small portion compared with the myriads that escape.' The fecundity of some of the species is marvellous. It has been ascertained by actual experiment, that the roe of the cod-fish contains from six to nine millions of eggs.

Nor are river fish less abundant. Mr. Yarrell says, that two persons once calculated from actual observation, that from sixteen to eighteen hundred of the delicate ingredients for Twickenham pies passed a given point on the Thames in one minute of time; an average of more than one hundred thousand per hour.

And this *eel-fare*, as it is called, is going on incessantly for more than two months. The king of fish is equally prolific, and quite as easily captured. The choicest salmon that appear in Billingsgate are from the river Bann, near Coleraine. We found it eighteen-pence per pound; yet it is recorded that four-teen hundred and fifty salmon were taken in that river at one drag of a single net!

The appetite for fish is, it would seem, an acquired taste; but it would be of enormous advantage if any means could be devised for encouraging the consumption of this description of food. In order to commence the experiment we would suggest the regular introduction of fish into workhouse and prison dietaries. Formerly, such a measure was not practicable during the whole of the year, but, with a trifling outlay, such a system of supply might be organised as would ensure freshness and constancy.

The proprietor of the handsome donkey, who led us into this statistical reverie, informed us—and he was corroborated by his friend—that the only certainty was the red-herring and periwinkle trade; but then the competition was so werry great. "I don't know how it is," he observed, "but people 'll buy salt things with all the virtue dried out on 'em, but—"

"That's because they has a relish," interrupted the Mentor.

"But fresh fish," renewed the other gentleman, with a glance of displeasure at being interrupted; "fresh fish—all alive, as we cries 'em—fresh fish, mind you!—they can't abear!"

We also learnt from these gentlemen that the professors of the Hebrew faith were the only constant fish-eaters.

"And wy?" continued the councillor, "cos when they eats fish, they thinks they're a fasting!"

This reminding us that we were actually fasting, we complimented our friend on his donkey (which he assured us was a 'Moke' of the reglar Tantivy breed), and having completed the filling of our basket, were about to return home to breakfast, with an excellent appetite, and a high respect for the manners of modern fishmongers, when he hailed us easily with, "Halloa, you Sir!"

We went back.

"I tell you wot," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, in the direction of the Market Tavern,—“but p'raps you 'have though.”

"Have what?" said we.

"Dined at Simpson's, the Fish Hord'n'ry," said he.

"Never," said we.

"Do it!" said he. "You go and have a tuck-out at Simpson's at four o'clock in the arternoon (wen me and my old ooman is a going to take our tea, with a wrinkle or wot not) and you 'll come out as bright as a star, and as sleek as this here Moke."

We thanked him for his hint towards the improvement of our personal appearance, which was a little dilapidated at that hour of the morning, and were so much impressed by the possibility of rivalling the Moke, that we returned at four o'clock in the afternoon, and climbed up to the first floor of Mr. Simpson's house.

A glance at the clock assured us that Mr. Simpson was a genius. He kept it back ten minutes, to give stragglers a last chance. Already, the long table down the whole length of the long low room was nearly full, and people were sitting at a side table, looking out through windows, like stern-windows aboard ship, at flapping sails, and rigging. The host was in the chair, with a wooden hammer ready to his hand; and five several gentlemen, much excited by hunger and haste, who had run us down on the stairs, had leaped into seats, and were menacing expected turbots with their knives.

We slipped into a vacant chair by a gentleman from the Eastern Counties, who immediately informed us that Sir Robert Peel was all wrong, and the agricultural interest blown to shivers. This gentleman had little pieces of sticking-plaster stuck all over him, and we thought his discontent had broken out in an eruption, until he informed us that he had been 'going it, all last week' with some ruined friends of his who were also in town, and that 'champagne and claret always had that effect upon him.'

On our left hand, was an undertaker from Whitechapel. "Here's a bill," says he; "this General Interment! What's to become of my old hands who haven't been what you may call rightly sober these twenty years? Ain't there *any* religious feeling in the country?"

The company had come, like the fish, from various distances. There was a respectable Jew provision-merchant from Hamburg, over the way. Next him, an old man with sunken jaws that were always in motion, like a gutta percha mouth that was being continually squeezed. He had come from York. Hard by, a very large smooth-faced old gentleman in an immense ribbed satin waistcoat, out of Devonshire, attended by a pink nephew who was walking the London Hospitals. Lower down, was a wooden leg that had brought the person it belonged to, all the way from Canada. Two 'parties,' as the waiter called them, who had been with a tasting-order to the Docks, and were a little scared about the eyes, belonged to Doncaster. Pints of stout and porter were handed round, agreeably to their respective orders. Everybody took his own pint pot to himself, and seemed suspicious of his neighbour. As the minute hand of the clock approached a quarter past four, the gentleman from the Eastern Counties whispered us, that if the country held out for another year, it was as much as he expected.

Suddenly a fine salmon sparkled and twinkled like a silver harlequin before Mr. Simpson. A goodly dish of soles was set on lower down; then, in quick succession, appeared flounders, fried eels, stewed eels, cod fish, melted butter, lobster-sauce, potatoes. Savoury steams curled and curled about the company's heads, and toyed with the company's noses. Mr. Simpson hammered on the table. Grace!

For one silent moment, Mr. Simpson gazed upon the salmon as if he were the salmon's admiring father, and then fell upon him, and helped twenty people without winking. Five or six flushed waiters hurried to and fro, and played cymbals with the plates; the company rattled an accompaniment of knives and forks; the fish were no more, in a twinkling. Boiled beef, mutton, and a huge dish of steaks, were soon disposed of in like manner. Small glasses of brandy round, were gone, ere one could say it lightened. Cheese melted away. Crusts dissolved into air. Mr. Simpson was gay. He knew the worst the company could do. He saw it done, twice every day. Again he hammered on the table. Grace!

Then, the cloth, the plates, the salt-cellars, the knives and forks, the glasses and pewter-pots, being all that the guests had not eaten or drunk, were cleared; bunches of pipes were laid upon the table; and everybody ordered what he liked to drink, or went his way. Mr. Simpson's punch, in wicked tumblers of immense dimensions, was the most in favour. Mr. Simpson himself consorted with a company of generous spirits—connected with a Brewery, perhaps—and smoked a mild cigar. The large gentleman out of Devonshire: so large now, that he was obliged to move his chair back, to give his satin waistcoat play: ordered a small pint bottle of port, passed it to the pink nephew, and disparaged punch. The nephew dutifully concurred, but looked at the undertaker's glass, out of the corner of his eye, as if he could have reconciled himself to punch, too, under pressure, on a desert island. The 'parties' from the Docks took rum-and-water, and wandered in their conversation. He of the Eastern Counties took cold gin-and-water for a change, and for the purification of his blood. Deep in the oiled depths of the old-fashioned table, a reflection of every man's face appeared below him, beaming. Many pipes were lighted, the windows were opened at top, and a fragrant cloud unwrapped the company, as if they were all being carried upward together. The undertaker laughed monstrosously at a joke, and the agriculturist thought the country might go on, say ten years, with good luck.

Eighteen pence-a-head had done it all—the drink, and smoke, and civil attendance excepted—and again this was Billingsgate! Verily, there is 'an ancient and fish-like smell' about our popular opinions sometimes; and our hereditary exaltations and depressions of some things would bear revision!

GREENWICH WEATHER-WISDOM.

IN England everybody notices the weather, and talks about the weather, and suffers by the weather, yet very few of us *know* anything about it. The changes of our climate have given us a constant and an insatiable national disease—consumption; the density of our winter fog has gained an European celebrity; whilst the general haziness of the atmosphere induces an Italian or an American to doubt whether we are ever indulged with a real blue sky. ‘Good day’ has become the national salutation; umbrellas, water-proof clothes and cough mixtures are almost necessities of English life; yet, despite these daily and hourly proofs of the importance of the weather to each and all of us, it is only within the last ten years that any effectual steps have been taken in England to watch the weather and the proximate elements which regulate its course and variations.

Yet, in those ten years positive wonders have been done, and good hope established that a continuance of patient enquiry will be rewarded by still further discoveries. To take a single result it may be mentioned, that a careful study of the thermometer has shown that a descent of the temperature of London from forty-five to thirty-two degrees, generally kills about 300 persons. They may not all die in the very week when the loss of warmth takes place, but the number of deaths is found to increase to that extent over the previous average within a short period after the change. The fall of temperature, in truth, kills them as certainly as a well aimed cannon-shot. Our changing climate or deficient food and shelter has weathered them for the final stroke, but they actually die at last of the weather.

Before 1838 several European states less apt than ourselves to talk about the weather, had taken it up as a study, and had made various contributions to the general knowledge of the subject; but in that year England began to act. The officials who now and then emerge from the Admiralty under the title of the ‘Board of Visitors,’ to see what is in progress at the Greenwich Observatory, were reminded by Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal, that much good might be done by pursuing a course of magnetic and meteorological observations. The officials ‘listened and believed.’

The following year saw a wooden fence pushed out behind the Observatory walls in the direction of Blackheath, and soon afterwards a few low-roofed, unpainted, wooden buildings were dotted over the enclosure. These structures are small enough and humble enough to outward view, yet they contain some most beautifully constructed instruments, and have been the scene of a series of observations and discoveries of the greatest interest and value. The stray holiday visitor to Greenwich Park, who feels tempted to look over the wooden

paling sees only a series of deal sheds, upon a rough grass-plot; a mast some 80 feet high, steadied by ropes, and having a lantern at the top, and a windlass below; and if he looks closer he perceives a small inner enclosure surrounded by a dwarf fence, an upright stand with a moveable top sheltering a collection of thermometers, and here and there a pile of planks and unused partitioning that helps to give the place an appearance of temporary expediency—an aspect something between a collection of emigrant’s cottages and the yard of a dealer in second-hand building materials. But,—as was said when speaking of the Astronomical Observatory,—Greenwich is a practical place, and not one prepared for show. Science, like virtue, does not require a palace for a dwelling-place. In this collection of deal houses during the last ten years Nature has been constantly watched, and interrogated with the zeal and patience which alone can glean a knowledge of her secrets. And the results of those watches, kept at all hours, and in all weathers, are curious in the extreme: but before we ask what they are, let us cross the barrier, and see with what tools the weather-students work.

The main building is built in the form of a cross, with its chief front to the magnetic north. It is formed of wood; all iron and other metals being carefully excluded; for its purpose is to contain three large magnets, which have to be isolated from all influence likely to interfere with their truthful action. In three arms of the cross these magnets are suspended by bands of unwrought, untwisted silk. In the fourth arm is a sort of double window filled with apparatus for receiving the electricity collected at the top of the mast which stands close by. Thus in this wooden shed we find one portion devoted to electricity—to the detection and registry of the stray lightning of the atmosphere—and the other three to a set of instruments that feel the influence and register the variations of the magnetic changes in the condition of the air. ‘True as the needle to the pole,’ is the burden of an old song, which now shows how little our forefathers knew about this same needle, which, in truth, has a much steadier character than it deserves. Let all who still have faith in the legend go to the magnet-house, and when they have seen the vagaries there displayed, they will have but a poor idea of Mr. Charles Dibdin’s seaheroes whose constancy is declared to have been as true as their compasses were to the north.

Upon entering the magnet-house, the first object that attracts attention are the jars to which the electricity is brought down. The fluid is collected, as just stated, by a conductor running from the top of the mast outside. In order that not the slightest portion may be lost in its progress down, a lamp is kept constantly burning near the top of the pole, the light of which keeps warm and dry a body of glass that cuts off all communication between

the conductor and the machinery which supports it. Another light for the purpose of collecting the electricity by its flame, is placed above the top of the pole. This light, burning at night, has given rise to many a strange supposition in the neighbourhood. It is too high up to be serviceable as a lantern to those below. Besides, who walks in Greenwich Park after the gates are closed? It can light only the birds or the deer. 'Then, surely,' says another popular legend, 'it is to guide the ships on the river, when on their way up at night;—a sort of land-mark to tell whereabouts the Observatory is when the moon and stars are clouded, and refuse to show where their watchers are.'

All these speculations are idle, for the lights burn when the sun is shining, as well as at night; and the object of the lower one is that no trace of moisture, and no approach of cold, shall give the electricity a chance of slipping down the mast, or the ropes, to the earth, but shall leave it no way of escape from the wise men below, who want it, and will have it, whether it likes or no, in their jars, that they may measure its quantity and its quality, and write both down in their journals. It is thus that electricity comes down the wires into those jars on our right as we enter. If very slight, its presence there is indicated by tiny morsels of pendent gold-leaf; if stronger, the divergence of two straws show it; if stronger still, the third jar holds its greater force, whilst neighbouring instruments measure the length of the electric sparks, or mark the amount of the electric force. At the desk, close by, sits the observer, who jots down the successive indications. In his book he registers from day to day, throughout the year, how much electricity has been in the air, and what was its character, even to such particulars as to whether its sparks were blue, violet, or purple in colour. At times, however, he has to exercise great care, and it is not always that he even then escapes receiving severe shocks.

Passing on, we approach the magnets. They are three in number; of large size, and differently suspended, to show the various ways in which such bodies are acted upon. All hang by bands of unwrought silk. If the silk were twisted, it would twist the magnets, and the accuracy of their position would be disturbed. Magnets, like telescopes, must be true in their adjustment to the hundredth part of a hair's breadth. One magnet hangs north and south; another east and west; and a third, like a scale-beam, is balanced on knife-edges and agate planes, so beautifully, that when once adjusted and enclosed in its case, it is opened only once a year, lest one grain of dust, or one small spider, should destroy its truth; for spiders are as troublesome to the weather-student as to the astronomer. These insects like the perfect quiet that reigns about the instruments of the philosopher, and with heroic perseverance persist in spinning their fine threads amongst his

machines. Indeed, spiders occasionally betray the magnetic observer into very odd behaviour. At times he may be seen bowing in the sunshine, like a Persian fire-worshipper; now stooping in this direction, now dodging in that, but always gazing through the sun's rays up towards that luminary. He seems demented, staring at nothing. At last he lifts his hand; he snatches apparently at vacancy to pull nothing down. In truth his eye had at last caught the gleam of light reflected from an almost invisible spider line running from the electrical wire to the neighbouring planks. The spider who had ventured on the charged wire paid the penalty of such daring with his life long ago, but he had left his web behind him, and that beautifully minute thread has been carrying off to the earth a portion of the electric fluid, before it had been received, and tested, and registered, by the mechanism below. Such facts show the exceeding delicacy of the observations.

For seven years, the magnets suspended in this building were constantly watched every two hours—every even hour—day and night, except on Sundays, the object being that some light might be thrown upon the laws regulating the movements of the mariner's compass; hence, that whilst men became wiser, navigation might be rendered safer. The chief observer—the *genius loci*—is Mr. Glaisher, whose name figures in the reports of the Registrar-General. He, with two assistants, from year to year, went on making these tedious examinations of the variations of the magnets, by means of small telescopes, fixed with great precision upon pedestals of masonry or wood fixed on the earth, and unconnected with the floor of the building, occupying a position exactly between the three magnets. This mode of proceeding had continued for some years with almost unerring regularity, and certain large quarto volumes full of figures were the results, when an ingenious medical man, Mr. Brooke, hit upon a photographic plan for removing the necessity for this perpetual watchfulness. Now, in the magnet-house, we see light and chemistry doing the tasks before performed by human labour; and doing them more faithfully than even the most vigilant of human eyes and hands. Around the magnets are cases of zinc, so perfect that they exclude all light from without. Inside those cases, in one place, is a lamp giving a single ray of prepared light which, falling upon a mirror soldered to the magnet, moves with its motions. This wandering ray, directed towards a sheet of sensitive photographic paper, records the magnet's slightest motion! The paper moves on by clock-work, and once in four-and-twenty hours an assistant, having closed the shutters of the building, lights a lantern of *yellow glass*, opens the magnet-boxes, removes the paper on which the magnets have been enabled to record their own motions, and then, having put in a fresh sheet of sensitive paper, he shuts

it securely in, winds up the clock-work, puts out his yellow light and lets in the sunshine. His lanthorn glass is yellow, because the yellow rays are the only ones which can be safely allowed to fall upon the photographic paper during its removal from the instrument, to the dish in which its magnetic picture is to be fixed by a further chemical process. It is the blue ray of the light that gives the daguerrotypic likeness;—as most persons who have had their heads off, under the hands of M. Claudet, or Mr. Beard, or any of their numerous competitors in the art of preparing sun-pictures, well know.

Since the apparatus of Mr. Brooke for the self-registration of the magnetic changes has been in operation at Greenwich, the time of Mr. Glaisher and his assistants has been more at liberty for other branches of their duties. These are numerous enough. Thermometers and barometers have to be watched as well as magnets. To these instruments the same ingenious photographic contrivance is applied.

The wooden building next to the magnet-house on the south-west contains a modification of Mr. Brooke's ingenious plan, by which the rise and fall of the temperature of the air is self-registered. Outside the building are the bulbs of thermometers freely exposed to the weather. Their shafts run through a zinc case, and as the mercury rises or falls, it moves a float having a projecting arm. Across this arm is thrown the ray of prepared light which falls then upon the sensitive paper. Thus we see the variations of the needle and the variations in heat and cold both recording their own story, within these humble-looking wooden sheds, as completely as the wind and the rain are made to do the same thing, on the top of the towers of the Observatory. The reward given to the inventor of this ingenious mode of self-registration has been recently revealed in a parliamentary paper, thus:—'To Mr. Charles Brooke for his invention and establishment at the Royal Observatory, of the apparatus for the self-registration of magnetic and meteorological phenomena, 500*l*.' Every year the invention will save fully 500*l*. worth of human toil; and the reward seems small when we see every year millions voted for warlike, sinecure, and other worse than useless purposes.

Photography, however, cannot do all the work. Its records have to be checked by independent observations every day, and then both have to be brought to their practical value by comparison with certain tables which test their accuracy, and make them available for disclosing certain scientific results. The preparation of such tables is one of the practical triumphs of Greenwich. Many a quiet country gentleman amuses his leisure by noting day by day the variations of his thermometer and barometer. Heretofore such observations were isolated and of no general value, but now by the tables com-

pleted by Mr. Glaisher, and published by the Royal Society, they may all be converted into scientific values, and be made available for the increase of our weather-wisdom. For nearly seventy years the Royal Society had observations made at Somerset House, but they were a dead letter—mere long columns of figures—till these tables gave them significance. And the same tables now knit into one scientific whole, the observations taken by forty scientific volunteers, who, from day to day, record for the Registrar-General of births and deaths, the temperature, moisture, &c., of their different localities, which vary from Glasgow to Guernsey, and from Cornwall to Norwich.

What the Rosetta stone is to the history of the Pharaohs, these Greenwich tables have been to the weather-hieroglyphics. They have afforded something like a key to the language in which the secrets are written; and it remains for industrious observation and scientific zeal to complete the modern victory over ancient ignorance. Already, the results of the Greenwich studies of the weather have given us a number of curious morsels of knowledge. The wholesale destruction of human life induced by a fall in the temperature of London has just been noticed. Besides the manifestation of that fact, we are shown, that instead of a warm summer being followed by a cold winter, the tendency of the law of the weather is to group warm seasons together, and cold seasons together. Mr. Glaisher has made out, that the character of the weather seems to follow certain curves, so to speak, each extending over periods of fifteen years. During the first half of each of these periods, the seasons become warmer and warmer, till they reach their warmest point, and then they sink again, becoming colder and colder, till they reach the lowest point, whence they rise again. His tables range over the last seventy-nine years—from 1771 to 1849. Periods shown to be the coldest, were years memorable for high-priced food, increased mortality, popular discontent, and political changes. In his diagrams, the warm years are tinted brown, and the cold years grey, and as the sheets are turned over and the dates scanned, the fact suggests itself that a grey period saw Lord George Gordon's riots; a grey period was marked by the Reform Bill excitement; and a grey period saw the Corn Laws repealed.

A few more morsels culled from the experience of these weather-seers, and we have done.

Those seasons have been best which have enjoyed an average temperature—nor too hot nor too cold.

The indications are that the climate of England is becoming warmer, and, consequently, healthier; a fact to be partly accounted for by the improved drainage and the removal of an excess of timber from the land.

The intensity of cholera was found greatest in those places where the air was stagnant ; and, therefore, any means for causing its motion, as lighting fires and improving ventilation, are thus proved to be of the utmost consequence.

Some day near the 20th of January—the lucky guess in 1838 of Murphy's Weather Almanac—will, upon the average of years, be found to be the coldest of the whole year.

In the middle of May there are generally some days of cold, so severe as to be unexplainable. Humboldt mentions this fact in his *Cosmos*, and various authors have tried to account for it,—at present in vain. The favourite notion, perhaps, is that attributes this period of cold to the loosening of the icebergs of the North. Another weather eccentricity is the usual advent of some warm days at the beginning of November.

Certain experiments in progress to test the difference between the temperature of the Thames and of the surrounding atmosphere are expected to show the cause of the famous London fog. During the night the Thames is often from ten to seventeen degrees warmer, and in the day time from eight to ten degrees colder than the air above it.

If the theory of weather-cycles holds good, we are to have seasons colder than the average from this time till 1853, when warmth will begin again to predominate over cold. A chilly prophecy this to close with, and therefore, rather let an anecdote complete this chapter on the Weather-Watchers of Greenwich.

Amongst other experiments going on some time ago in the Observatory enclosure, were some by which Mr. Glaisher sought to discover how much warmth the Earth lost during the hours of night, and how much moisture the Air would take up in a day from a given surface. Upon the long grass within the dwarf fence already mentioned were placed all sorts of odd substances in little distinct quantities. Ashes, wood, leather, linen, cotton, glass, lead, copper, and stone, amongst other things, were there to show how each affected the question of radiation. Close by upon a post was a dish six inches across, in which every day there was punctually poured one ounce of water, and at the same hour next day, as punctually was this fluid re-measured to see what had been lost by evaporation. For three years this latter experiment had been going on, and the results were posted up in a book ; but the figures gave most contradictory results. There was either something very irregular in the air, or something very wrong in the apparatus. It was watched for leakage, but none was found, when one day Mr. Glaisher stepped out of the magnet-house, and looking towards the stand, the mystery was revealed. The evaporating dish of the philosopher was being used as a bath by an irreverent bird!—a sparrow was scattering from his wings the

water left to be drunk by the winds of Heaven. Only one thing remained to be done ; and the next minute saw a pen run through the tables that had taken three years to compile. The labour was lost—the work had to be begun again.

MY WONDERFUL ADVENTURES IN SKITZLAND.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The Beginning is a Bore—I fall into Misfortune.

I AM fond of Gardening. I like to dig. If among the operations of the garden any need for such a work can be at any time discovered or invented, I like to dig a hole. On the 3d of March, 1849, I began a hole behind the kitchen wall, where—into it was originally intended to transplant a plum-tree. The exercise was so much to my taste, that a strange humour impelled me to dig on. A fascination held me to the task. I neglected my business. I disappeared from the earth's surface. A boy who worked a basket by means of a rope and pulley, aided me ; so aided, I confined my whole attention to spade labour. The centripetal force seemed to have made me its especial victim. I dug on until Autumn. In the beginning of November I observed that, upon percussion, the sound given by the floor of my pit was resonant. I did not intermit my labour, urged as I was by a mysterious instinct downwards. On applying my ear, I occasionally heard a subdued sort of rattle, which caused me to form a theory that the centre of the earth might be composed of mucus. In November, the ground broke beneath me into a hollow and I fell a considerable distance. I alighted on the box-seat of a four-horse coach, which happened to be running at that time immediately underneath. The coachman took no notice whatever of my sudden arrival by his side. He was so completely muffled up, that I could observe only the skilful way in which he manipulated reins and whip. The horses were yellow. I had seen no more than this, when the guard's horn blew, and presently we pulled up at an inn. A waiter came out, and appeared to collect four bags from the passengers inside the coach. He then came round to me.

"Dine here, Sir?"

"Yes, certainly," said I. I like to dine—not the sole point of resemblance between myself and the great Johnson.

"Trouble you for your stomach, Sir."

While the waiter was looking up with a polite stare into my puzzled face, my neighbour, the coachman, put one hand within his outer coat, as if to feel for money in his waistcoat-pocket. Directly afterwards his fingers came again to light, and pulled forth an enormous sack. Notwithstanding that it was abnormally enlarged, I knew by observation of its form and texture that this was a

stomach, with the œsophagus attached. This, then, the waiter caught as it was thrown down to him, and hung it carelessly over his arm, together with the four smaller bags (which I now knew to be also stomachs) collected from the passengers within the coach. I started up, and as I happened to look round, observed a skeleton face upon the shoulders of a gentleman who sat immediately behind my back. My own features were noticed at the same time by the guard, who now came forward, touching his hat.

"Beg your pardon, Sir, but you've been and done it."

"Done what?"

"Why, Sir, you should have booked your place, and not come up in this clandestine way. However, you've been and done it!"

"My good man, what have I done?"

"Why, sir, the Baron Terroro's eyes had the box-seat, and I strongly suspect you've been and sat upon them."

I looked involuntarily to see whether I had been sitting upon anything except the simple cushion. Truly enough, there was an eye, which I had crushed and flattened.

"Only one," I said.

"Worse for you, and better for him. The other eye had time to escape, and it will know you again, that's certain. Well, it's no business of mine. Of course you've no appetite now for dinner? Better pay your fare, Sir. To the Green Hippopotamus and Spectacles, where we put up, it's ten-and-six."

"Is there room inside?" I enquired. It was advisable to shrink from observation.

"Yes, Sir. The inside passengers are mostly skeleton. There's room for three, Sir. Inside, one-pound-one."

I paid the money, and became an inside passenger.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Of Divisions which occur in Skitzland—I am taken up.

Professor Essig's Lectures on Anatomy had so fortified me, that I did not shrink from entering the Skitzton coach. It contained living limbs, loose or attached to skeletons in other respects bare, except that they were clothed with broadcloth garments, cut after the English fashion. One passenger only had a complete face of flesh, he had also one living hand; the other hand I guessed was bony, because it was concealed in a glove obviously padded. By observing the fit of his clothes, I came to a conclusion that this gentleman was stuffed throughout; that all his limbs, except the head and hand, were artificial. Two pairs of Legs, in woollen stockings, and a pair of Ears, were in a corner of the coach, and in another corner there were nineteen or twenty Scalps.

I thought it well to look astonished at nothing, and, having pointed in a careless manner to the scalps, asked what might be their destination? The person with the Face and Hand replied to me; and although evi-

dently himself a gentleman, he addressed me with a tone of unconcealed respect.

"They are going to Skitzton, Sir, to the hair-dresser's."

"Yes, to be sure," I said. "They are to make Natural Skin Wigs. I might have known."

"I beg your pardon, Sir. There is a ball to-morrow night at Culmsey. But the gentry do not like to employ village barbers, and therefore many of the better class of people send their hair to Skitzton, and receive it back by the return coach properly cut and curled."

"Oh," said I. "Ah! Oh, indeed!"

"Dinners, gentlemen!" said a voice at the window, and the waiter handed in four stomachs, now tolerably well filled. Each passenger received his property, and pulling open his chest with as much composure as if he were unbuttoning his waistcoat, restored his stomach, with a dinner in it, to the right position. Then the reckonings were paid, and the coach started.

I thought of my garden, and much wished that somebody could throw Professor Essig down the hole that I had dug. A few things were to be met with in Skitzland which would rather puzzle him. They puzzled me; but I took refuge in silence, and so fortified, protected my ignorance from an exposure.

"You are going to Court, Sir, I presume?" said my Face and Hand friend, after a short pause. His was the only mouth in the coach, excepting mine, so that he was the only passenger able to enter into conversation.

"My dear Sir," I replied, "let me be frank with you. I have arrived here unexpectedly out of another world. Of the manners and customs, nay, of the very nature of the people who inhabit this country, I know nothing. For any information you can give me, I shall be very grateful."

My friend smiled incredulity, and said,

"Whatever you are pleased to profess, I will believe. What you are pleased to feign a wish for, I am proud to furnish. In Skitzland, the inhabitants, until they come of age, retain that illustrious appearance which you have been so fortunate as never to have lost. During the night of his twenty-first birthday, each Skitzlander loses the limbs which up to that period have received from him no care, no education. Of those neglected parts the skeletons alone remain, but all those organs which he has employed sufficiently continue unimpaired. I, for example, devoted to the study of the law, forgot all occupation but to think, to use my senses and to write. I rarely used my legs, and therefore Nature has deprived me of them."

"But," I observed, "it seems that in Skitzland you are able to take yourselves to pieces."

"No one has that power, Sir, more largely than yourself. What organs we have we can detach on any service. When dispersed,

a simple force of Nature directs all corresponding members whither to fly that they may re-assemble."

"If they can fly," I asked, "why are they sent in coaches? There were a pair of eyes on the box seat."

"Simply for safety against accidents. Eyes flying alone are likely to be seized by birds, and incur many dangers. They are sent, therefore, usually under protection, like any other valuable parcel."

"Do many accidents occur?"

"Very few. For mutual protection, and also because a single member is often all that has been left existing of a fellow Skitzlander our laws, as you, Sir, know much better than myself, estimate the destruction of any part absent on duty from its skeleton as a crime equivalent to murder——"

After this I held my tongue. Presently my friend again enquired whether I was going up to Court?

"Why should I go to Court?"

"Oh, Sir, it pleases you to be facetious. You must be aware that any Skitzlander who has been left by Nature in possession of every limb, sits in the Assembly of the Perfect, or the Upper House, and receives many state emoluments and dignities."

"Are there many members of that Upper Assembly?"

"Sir, there were forty-two. But if you are now travelling to claim your seat, the number will be raised to forty-three."

"The Baron Terroror—" I hinted.

"My brother, Sir. His eyes are on the box seat under my care. Undoubtedly he is a Member of the Upper House."

I was now anxious to get out of the coach as soon as possible. My wish was fulfilled after the next pause. One Eye, followed by six Pairs of Arms, with strong hard Hands belonging to them, flew in at the window. I was collared; the door was opened, and all hands were at work to drag me out and away. The twelve Hands whisked me through the air, while the one Eye sailed before us, like an old bird, leader of the flight.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

My Imprisonment and Trial for Murder.

What sort of sky have they in Skitzland? Our earth overarches them, and, as the sunlight filters through, it causes a subdued illumination with very pure rays. Skitzland is situated nearly in the centre of our globe, it hangs there like a shrunken kernel in the middle of a nutshell. The height from Skitzland to the over-arching canopy is great; so great, that if I had not fallen personally from above the firmament, I should have considered it to be a blue sky similar to ours. At night it is quite dark; but during the day there is an appearance in the Heaven of white spots; their glistening reminded me of stars. I noticed them as I was being conveyed to prison by the strong arms of justice, for

it was by a detachment of members from the Skitzton Police that I was now hurried along. The air was very warm, and corroborated the common observation of an increase of heat as you get into the pith of our planet. The theory of Central Fire, however, is, you perceive quite overturned by my experience.

We alighted near the outskirts of a large and busy town. Through its streets I was dragged publicly, much stared at, and much staring. The street life was one busy nightmare of disjointed limbs. Professor Essig, could he have been dragged through Skitzton, would have delivered his farewell lecture upon his return. 'Gentlemen, Fuit Hium—Fuit Ischium—Fuit Sacrum—Anatomy has lost her seat among the sciences. My occupation's gone.' Professor Owen's Book 'On the Nature of Limbs,' must contain, in the next edition, an Appendix 'Upon Limbs in Skitzland.' I was dragged through the streets, and all that I saw there, in the present age of little faith, I dare not tell you. I was dragged through the streets to prison and there duly chained, after having been subjected to the scrutiny of about fifty couples of eyes drawn up in a line within the prison door. I was chained in a dark cell, a cell so dark that I could very faintly perceive the figure of some being who was my companion. Whether this individual had ears wherewith to hear, and mouth wherewith to answer me, I could not see, but at a venture I addressed him. My thirst for information was unconquerable; I began, therefore, immediately with a question:

"Friend, what are those stars which we see shining in the sky at mid-day?"

An awful groan being an unsatisfactory reply, I asked again.

"Man, do not mock at misery. You will yourself be one of them."

'The Teachers shall shine like Stars in the Firmament.' I have a propensity for teaching, but was puzzled to discover how I could give so practical an illustration of the text of Fichte.

"Believe me," I said, "I am strangely ignorant. Explain yourself."

He answered with a hollow voice:

"Murderers are shot up out of mortars into the sky, and stick there. Those white, glistening specks, they are their skeletons."

Justice is prompt in Skitzland. I was tried incredibly fast by a jury of twelve men who had absolutely heads. The judges had nothing but brain, mouth and ear. Three powerful tongues defended me, but as they were not suffered to talk nonsense, they had little to say. The whole case was too clear to be talked into cloudiness. Baron Terroror, in person, deposed, that he had sent his eyes to see a friend at Culumsey, and that they were returning on the Skitzton coach, when I, illegally, came with my whole bulk upon the box-seat, which he occupied. That one of his eyes was, in that manner, totally destroyed,

but that the other eye, having escaped, identified me, and brought to his brain intelligence of the calamity which had befallen. He deposed further, that having received this information, he despatched his uncrushed eye with arms from the police-office, and accompanied with several members of the detective force, to capture the offender, and to procure the full proofs of my crime. A sub-inspector of Skitzton Police then deposed that he sent three of his faculties, with his mouth, eye, and ear, to meet the coach. That the driver, consisting only of a stomach and hands, had been unable to observe what passed. That the guard, on the contrary, had taxed me with my deed, that he had seen me rise from my seat upon the murdered eye, and that he had heard me make confession of my guilt. The guard was brought next into court, and told his tale. Then I was called upon for my defence. If a man wearing a cloth coat and trousers, and talking excellent English, were to plead at the Old Bailey that he had broken into some citizen's premises accidentally by falling from the moon, his tale would be received in London as mine was in Skitzton. I was severely reprimanded for my levity, and ordered to be silent. The Judge summed up and the Jury found me Guilty. The Judge, who had put on the black cap before the verdict was pronounced, held out no hope of mercy, and straightway sentenced me to Death, according to the laws and usage of the Realm.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

The last Hours of the Condemned In Skitzland—I am executed.

The period which intervenes between the sentence and execution of a criminal in Skitzland, is not longer than three hours. In order to increase the terror of death by contrast, the condemned man is suffered to taste at the table of life from which he is banished, the most luscious viands. All the attainable enjoyment that his wit can ask for, he is allowed to have, during the three hours before he is shot, like rubbish, off the fields of Skitzland.

Under guard, of course, I was now to be led whithersoever I desired.

Several churches were open. They never are all shut in Skitzton. I was taken into one. A man with heart and life was preaching. People with hearts were in some pews; people with brains, in others; people with ears only, in some. In a neighbouring church, there was a popular preacher, a skeleton with life. His congregation was a crowd of cars, and nothing more.

There was a day-performance at the Opera. I went to that. Fine lungs and mouths possessed the stage, and afterwards there was a great bewilderment with legs. I was surprised to notice that many of the most beautiful ladies were carried in and out, and lifted about like dolls. My guides sneered at my pretence of ignorance, when I asked why this was. But they were bound to please me in

all practicable ways, so they informed me, although somewhat pettishly. It seems that in Skitzland, ladies who possess and have cultivated only their good looks, lose at the age of twenty-one, all other endowments. So they become literally dolls, but dolls of a superior kind; for they can not only open and shut their eyes, but also sigh; wag slowly with their heads, and some times take a pocket-handkerchief out of a bag, and drop it. But as their limbs are powerless, they have to be lifted and dragged about after the fashion that excited my astonishment.

I said then, "Let me see the Poor." They took me to a Workhouse. The men, there, were all yellow; and they wore a dress which looked as though it were composed of asphalt; it had also a smell like that of pitch. I asked for explanation of these things.

A Superintendent of Police remarked that I was losing opportunities of real enjoyment for the idle purpose of persisting in my fable of having dropped down from the sky. However, I compelled him to explain to me what was the reason of these things. The information I obtained, was briefly this:—that Nature, in Skitzland, never removes the stomach. Every man has to feed himself; and the necessity for finding food, joined to the necessity for buying clothes, is a mainspring whereby the whole clockwork of civilised life is kept in motion. Now, if a man positively cannot feed and clothe himself, he becomes a pauper. He then goes to the Workhouse, where he has his stomach filled with a cement. That stopping lasts a life-time, and he thereafter needs no food. His body, however, becomes yellow by the superfluity of bile. The yellow-boy, which is the Skitzland epithet for pauper, is at the same time provided with a suit of clothes. The clothes are of a material so tough that they can be worn unrepaired for more than eighty years. The pauper is now freed from care, but were he in this state cast loose upon society, since he has not that stimulus to labour which excites industry in other men, he would become an element of danger in the state. Nature no longer compelling him to work, the law compels him. The remainder of his life is forfeit to the uses of his country. He labours at the workhouse, costing nothing more than the expense of lodging, after the first inconsiderable outlay for cement wherewith to plug his stomach, and for the one suit of apparel.

When we came out of the workhouse, all the bells in the town were tolling. The Superintendent told me that I had sadly frittered away time, for I had now no more than half an hour to live. Upon that I leaned my back against a post, and asked him to prepare me for my part in the impending ceremony by giving me a little information on the subject of executions.

I found that it was usual for a man to be executed with great ceremony upon the spot

wherein his crime had been committed. That in case of rebellions or tumults in the provinces, when large numbers were not unfrequently condemned to death, the sentence of the law was carried out in the chief towns of the disturbed districts. That large numbers of people were thus sometimes discharged from a single market-place, and that the repeated strokes appeared to shake, or crack, or pierce in some degree that portion of the sky towards which the artillery had been directed. I here at once saw that I had discovered the true cause of earthquakes and volcanoes; and this shows how great light may be thrown upon theories concerning the hidden constitution of this earth, by going more deeply into the matter of it than had been done by any one before I dug my hole. Our volcanoes, it is now proved, are situated over the market-places of various provincial towns in Skitzland. When a revolution happens, the rebels are shot up,—discharged from mortars by means of an explosive material evidently far more powerful than our gun-powder or gun-cotton; and they are pulverised by the friction in grinding their way through the earth. How simple and easy truth appears, when we have once arrived at it.

The sound of muffled drums approached us, and a long procession turned the corner of a street. I was placed in the middle of it,—Baron Terroro by my side. All then began to float so rapidly away, that I was nearly left alone, when forty arms came back and collared me. It was considered to be a proof of my refractory disposition, that I would make no use of my innate power of flight. I was therefore dragged in this procession swiftly through the air, drums playing, fifes lamenting.

We alighted on the spot where I had fallen, and the hole through which I had come I saw above me. It was very small, but the light from above shining more vividly through it made it look, with its rough edges, like a crumpled moon. A quantity of some explosive liquid was poured into a large mortar, which had been erected (under the eye of Baron Terroro) exactly where my misfortune happened. I was then thrust in, the Baron ramming me down, and pounding with a long stock or pestle upon my head in a noticeably vicious manner. The Baron then cried "Fire!" and as I shot out, in the midst of a blaze, I saw him looking upward.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

My revenge on the Skitzlanders.

By great good fortune, they had planted their artillery so well, that I was fired up through my hole again, and alighted in my own garden, just a little singed. My first thought was to run to an adjoining bed of vegetable marrows. Thirty vegetable marrows and two pumpkins I rained down to astonish the Skitzlanders, and I fervently hope

that one of them may have knocked out the remaining eye of my vindictive enemy, the Baron. I then went into the pantry, and obtained a basket full of eggs, and having rained these down upon the Skitzlanders, I left them.

It was after breakfast when I went down to Skitzland, and I came back while the dinner bell was ringing.

BIRTH SONG.

HAIL, new-waked atom of the Eternal whole,
Young voyager upon Time's mighty river!
Hail to thee, Human Soul,
Hail, and for ever!
Pilgrim of life, all hail!
He who at first called forth
From nothingness the earth,
Who clothed the hills in strength, and dug the sea
Who gave the stars to gem
Night, like a diadem,
Thou little child, made thee;
Young habitant of earth,
Fair as its flowers, though brought in sorrow forth.
Thou art akin to God who fashioned thee!

The Heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll,
The solid earth dissolve, the stars grow pale,
But thou, oh Human Soul,
Shalt be immortal! Hail!
Thou young Immortal, hail!
He, before whom are dim
Seraph and cherubim,
Who gave the archangels strength and majesty,
Who sits upon Heaven's throne,
The Everlasting One,
Thou little child, made thee!
Fair habitant of Earth,
Immortal in thy God, though mortal by thy birth,
Born for life's trials, hail, all hail to thee!

SONG OF DEATH.

SHRINK not, O Human Spirit,
The Everlasting Arm is strong to save!
Look up, look up, frail nature, put thy trust
In Him who went down mourning to the dust,
And overcame the grave!
Quickly goes down the sun;
Life's work is almost done;
Fruitless endeavour, hope deferred, and strife!
One little struggle more,
One pang, and then is o'er
All the long, mournful, weariness of life.
Kind friends, 'tis almost past;
Come now and look your last!
Sweet children, gather near,
And his last blessing hear,
See how he loved you who departeth now!
And, with thy trembling step and pallid brow,
O, most beloved one,
Whose breast he leaned upon,
Come, faithful unto death,
Receive his parting breath!
The fluttering spirit panteth to be free,
Hold him not back who speeds to victory!
—The bonds are riven, the struggling soul is free!

Hail, hail, enfranchised Spirit!
Thou that the wine-press of the field hast trod!

On, blest Immortal, on, through boundless space,
 And stand with thy Redeemer face to face ;
 And stand before thy God !
 Life's weary work is o'er,
 Thou art of earth no more ;
 No more art trammelled by the oppressive clay,
 But tread'st with winged ease
 The high acclivities
 Of truths sublime, up Heaven's crystalline way.
 Here no bootless quest ;
 This city's name is Rest ;
 Here shall no fear appal ;
 Here love is all in all ;
 Here shalt thou win thy ardent soul's desire ;
 Here clothe thee in thy beautiful attire.
 Lift, lift thy wond'ring eyes !
 Yonder is Paradise,
 And this fair shining band
 Are spirits of thy land !
 And these who throng to meet thee are thy kin,
 Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin !
 —The city's gates unfold—enter, oh ! enter in !

THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE OF BLEABURN.

IN THREE PARTS.—CHAPTER III.

MR. FINCH was standing in front of his bookcase, deeply occupied in ascertaining a point in ecclesiastical history, when he was told that Ann Warrender wished to speak to him.

"O dear!" he half-breathed out. He had for some time been growing nervous about the state of things at Bleaburn; and there was nothing he now liked so little as to be obliged to speak face to face with any of the people. It was not all cowardice; though cowardice made up sadly too much of it. He did not very well know how to address the minds of his people; and he felt that he could not do it well. He was more fit for closet study than for the duties of a parish priest; and he ought never to have been sent to Bleaburn. Here he was, however; and there was Ann Warrender waiting in the passage to speak to him.

"Dear me!" said he, "I am really very busy at this moment. Ask Ann Warrender if she can come again to-morrow."

To-morrow would not do. Ann followed the servant to the door of the study to say so. Mr. Finch hastily asked her to wait a moment, and shut the door behind the servant. He unlocked a cupboard, took out a green bottle and a wineglass, and fortified himself against infection with a draught of something whose scent betrayed him to Ann the moment the door was again opened.

"Come in," said he, when the cupboard was locked.

"Will you please come, sir, and see John Billiter? He is not far from death; he asked for you just now; so I said I would stop for you."

"Billiter! The fever has been very fatal in that house, has it not? Did not he lose two children last week?"

"Yes, sir; and my father thinks the other two are beginning to sicken. I'm sure I don't know what will become of them. I saw Mrs. Billiter stagger as she crossed the room just now; and she does not seem, somehow, to be altogether like herself this morning. That looks as if she were beginning. But if you will come and pray with them, Sir, that is the comfort they say they want."

"Does your father allow you to go to an infected house like that?" asked Mr. Finch. "And does he go himself?"

Ann looked surprised, and said she did not see what else could be done. There was no one but her father who could lift John Billiter, or turn him in his bed; and as for her, she was the only one that Mrs. Billiter had to look to, day and night. The Good Lady went in very often, and did all she could; but she was wanted in so many places, besides having her hands full with the Johnsons, that she could only come in and direct and cheer them, every few hours. She desired to be sent for at any time, night or day; and they did send when they were particularly distressed, or at a loss; but for regular watching and nursing, Ann said the Billiters had no one to depend on but herself. She could not stay talking now, however. How soon might she say that Mr. Finch would come?

Mr. Finch was now walking up and down the room. He said he would consider, and let her know as soon as he could.

"John Billiter is as bad as can be, Sir. He must be very near his end."

"Ah! well; you shall hear from me very soon."

As Ann went away, she wondered what could be the impediment to Mr. Finch's going with her. He, meantime, roused his mind to undertake a great argument of duty. It was with a sense of complacency, even of elevation, that he now set himself to work to consider of his duty—determined to do it when his mind was made up.

He afterwards declared that he went to his chamber to be secure against interruption, and there walked up and down for two hours in meditation and prayer. He considered that it had pleased God that he should be the only son of his mother, whose whole life would be desolate if he should die. He thought of Ellen Price, feeling almost sure that she would marry him whenever he felt justified in asking her; and he considered what a life of happiness she would lose if he should die. He remembered that his praying with the sick would not affect life on the one side, while it might on the other. The longer he thought of Ellen Price and of his mother, and of all that he might do if he lived, the more clear did his duty seem to himself to become. At the end of the two hours, he was obliged to bring his meditations to a conclusion; for Ann Warrender's father had been waiting for some time to speak to him, and would then wait no longer.

"It is not time lost, Warrender," said Mr. Finch, when at last he came down stairs. "I have been determining my principle, and my mind is made up."

"Then, Sir, let us be off, or the man will be dead. What! you cannot come, Sir! Why, bless my soul!"

"You see my reasons, surely, Warrender."

"Why, yes; such as they are. The thing that I can't see the reason for, is your being a clergyman."

While Mr. Finch was giving forth his amiable and gentlemanly notions of the position of a clergyman in society, and of filial consideration, Warrender was twirling his hat, and fidgetting, as if in haste; and his summing up was—

"I don't know what your mother herself might say, Sir, to your consideration for her; but most likely she has, being a mother, noticed that saying about a man leaving father and mother, and houses and lands, for Christ's sake; and also—But it is no business of mine to be preaching to the clergyman, and I have enough to do, elsewhere."

"One thing more, Warrender. I entrust it to you to let the people know that there will be no service in church during the infection. Why, do not you know that, in the time of the plague, the churches were closed by order, because it was found that the people gave one another the disease, by meeting there?"

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it. Meantime, Mr. Finch was entering at length in his diary, the history of his conflict of mind, his decision, and the reasons of it.

Henceforth, Mr. Finch had less time for his diary, and for clearing up points of ecclesiastical history. There were so many funerals that he could never be sure of leisure; nor, when he had it, was he in a state to use it. Sometimes he almost doubted whether he was in his right mind, so overwhelmingly dreadful to him was the scene around him. He met Farmer Neale one day. Neale was at his wit's end what to do about his harvest. Several of his labourers were dead, and others were kept aloof by his own servants, who declared they would all leave him if any person from Bleaburn was brought among them; and no labourers from a distance would come near the place. Farmer Neale saw no other prospect than of his crops rotting on the ground.

"You must offer high wages," said Mr. Finch. "You must be well aware that you do not generally tempt people into your service by your rate of wages. You must open your hand at such a time as this."

Neale was ready enough now to give good wages; but nobody would reap an acre of his for love or money. He was told to be

thankful that the fever had spared his house; but he said it was no use bidding a man be thankful for anything, while he saw his crops perishing on the ground.

Next, Mr. Finch saw, in his afternoon ride, a waggon-load of coffins arrive at the brow from O—. He saw them sent down, one by one, on men's shoulders, to be ranged in the carpenter's yard. The carpenter could not work fast enough; and his stock of wood was so nearly exhausted that there had been complaints, within the last few days, that the coffins would not bear the least shock, but fell to pieces when the grave was opened for the next. So an order was sent to O— for coffins of various sizes; and now they were carried down the road, and up the street, before the eyes of some who were to inhabit one or another of them. The doctor, hurrying from house to house, had hardly a moment to spare, and no comfort to give. He did not see what there was to prevent the whole population from being swept away. He was himself almost worn out; and just at such a moment, his surgery boy had disappeared. He had no one that he could depend on to help him in making up the medicines, or even to deliver them. The fact was, he said in private, the place was a pest-house; and, except to Miss Pickard, he did not know where to look for any aid or any hope whatever. It would not do to say so to the people; but, frankly speaking, this was what he felt. When the pastor's heart was thus sunk very low, he thought he would just pass the Plough and Harrow, and see who was there. If there were any cheerful people in Bleaburn, that was where they would be found. At the Plough and Harrow, the floor was swept and the table was clean; and the chimney was prettily dressed with green boughs; but there were only two customers there; and they were smoking their pipes in silence. The landlord said the scores were run up so high, he could not give more credit till better days. The people wanted their draught of comfort badly enough, and he had given it as long as he could; but he must stop somewhere; and if the baker had to stop scores (as he knew he had) the publican had little chance of getting his own. At such a time, however, he knew men ought to be liberal; so he went on serving purl and bitters at five in the morning. The men said it strengthened their stomachs against the fever before they went to work (such of them as could work) and God forbid he should refuse them that! But he knew the half of those few that came at five in the morning would never be able to pay their score. Yet did the publican, amidst all these losses, invite the pastor to sit down and have a cheerful glass; and the pastor did not refuse. There was too little cheerfulness to be had at present to justify him in declining any offer of it. So he let the landlord mix his glass for him, and mix it strong.

It was easy to make the mixture strong; but not so easy to have a 'cheerful glass.' The host had too many dismal stories to tell for that; and, when he could be diverted from the theme of the fate of Bleaburn, it was only to talk of the old king's madness, and the disasters of the war, and the weight of the taxes, and the high price of food, and the riots in the manufacturing districts; a long string of disasters all undeniably true. He was just saying that he had been assured that something would soon appear which would explain the terrors of the time, when a strange cry was heard in the street, and a bustle among the neighbours; and then two or three people ran in and exclaimed, with white lips, that there was a fearful sign in the sky.

There indeed it was, a lustrous thing, shining down into the hollow. Was there ever such a star seen,—as large as a saucer—some of the people said, and with a long white tail, which looked as if it was about to sweep all the common stars out of the sky! The sounds of amazement and fear that ran along the whole street, up and down, brought the neighbours to their doors; and some to the windows, to try how much they could see from windows that would not open. Each one asked somebody else what it was; but all agreed that it was a token of judgment, and that it accounted for everything; the cold spring, the bad crops, the king's illness, the war, and this dreadful sickly autumn. At last, they bethought them of the pastor, and they crowded round him for an explanation. They received one in a tone so faltering as to confirm their fears, though Mr. Finch declared that it certainly must be a comet: he had never seen a comet; but he was confident this must be one, and that it must be very near the earth:—he did not mean near enough to do any harm;—it was all nonsense talking of comets doing any harm.

"Will it do us any good, Sir?" asked the carpenter, sagely.

"Not that I know of. How should it do us any good?"

"Exactly so, Sir: that is what we say. It is there for no good, you may rely upon it: and, for the rest, Heaven knows!"

"I hope farmer Neale may be seeing it," observed a man to his neighbour. "It may be a mercy to him, if it is sent to warn him of his hard ways."

"And the doctor, too. I hope it will take effect upon him," whispered another. The whisper was caught up and spread. "The doctor! the doctor!" every one said, glancing at the comet, and falling to whispering again.

"What are they saying about the doctor?" whispered Mr. Finch to the landlord. "What is the matter about him?" But the landlord only shook his head, and looked excessively solemn in the yellow light which streamed from his open door. After this, Mr. Finch was very silent, and soon stole away homewards. Some who watched him said that he

was more alarmed than he chose to show. And this was true. He was more shaken than he chose to admit to his own mind. He would not have acknowledged to himself that he, an educated man, could be afraid of a comet: but, unnerved before by anxiety of mind, and a stronger dose of spirit and water than he had intended to take, he was as open to impression as in the most timid days of his childhood. As he sat in his study, the bright, silent, steady luminary seemed to be still shining full upon his very heart and brain; and the shadowy street, with its groups of gazers, was before his eyes; and the hoarse or whimpering voices of the terrified people were in his ear. He covered his eyes, and thought that he lived in fearful times. He wished he was asleep; but then, there were three funerals for to-morrow! He feared he could not sleep, if he went to bed. Yet, to sit up would be worse; for he could not study to-night, and sitting up was the most wearing thing of all to the nerves. Presently he went to his cupboard. Now, if ever, was the time for a cordial; for how should he do his duty, if he did not get sleep at night, with so many funerals in the morning? So he poured out his medicine, as he called it, and uncorked his laudanum bottle, and obtained the oblivion which is the best comfort of the incapable.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE were some people in Bleaburn to whom the sign in heaven looked very differently. On the night when the people assembled in the street to question each other about it, Mary was at the Billiters' house, where, but for her, all would have been blank despair. Mrs. Billiter lay muttering all night in the low delirium of the fever; and Mary could not do more for her than go to the side of her mattress now and then, to speak to her, and smooth her pillow, or put a cool hand on her forehead, while one of the dying children hung on the other shoulder. At last, the little fellow was evidently so near death that the slightest movement on her part might put out the little life. As he lay with his head on her shoulder, his bony arms hanging helpless, and his feet like those of a skeleton across her lap, she felt every painful breath through her whole frame. She happened to sit opposite the window; and the window, which commanded a part of the brow of the hollow, happened to be open. Wherever the Good Lady had been, the windows would open now; and, when closed, they were so clear that the sunshine and moonlight could pour in cheerfully. This September night was sultry and dry; and three fever patients in two little low rooms needed whatever fresh air could be had. There sat Mary, immovable, with her eyes fixed on the brow from which she had seen more than one star come up, since she last left her seat. She now and then spoke cheerfully to the poor mutterer

in the other room, to prevent her feeling lonely, or for the chance of bringing back her thoughts to real things; and then she had to soothe the little Ned, lying on a bed of shavings in the corner, sore and fretful, and needing the help that she could not stir to give. His feeble cry would have upset any spirits but Mary's; but her spirits were never known to be upset, though few women have gone through such ghastly scenes, or sustained such tension of anxiety.

"I cannot come to you at this moment, Ned," said she, "but I will soon,—very soon. Do you know why your brother is not crying? He is going to sleep,—for a long quiet sleep. Perhaps he will go to sleep more comfortably if you can stop crying. Do you think you can stop crying, Ned?"

The wailing was at once a little less miserable, and by degrees it came to a stop as Mary spoke.

"Do you know, your little brother will be quite well, when he wakes from that long sleep. It will be far away from here,—where daddy is."

"Let me go, too."

"I think you will go, Ned. If you do, you will not live here any more. You will live where daddy is gone."

"Will Dan Cobb tease me then? Dan does tease us so!"

Mary had to learn who Dan Cobb was,—a little boy next door, who was not in the fever as yet. He was always wanting Ned's top. Would he want Ned's top in that place where they were all going to be well?

"No," said Mary; "and you will not want it, either. When we go to that place, we have no trouble of carrying anything with us. We shall find whatever we want there."

"What shall I play at?"

"I don't know till we go and see; but I am sure it will be with something better than your top. But, Ned, are you angry with Dan? Do you wish that he should have the fever? And are you glad or sorry that he has no top?"

By this time the crying had stopped; and Ned, no longer filling his ears with his own wailing, wondered and asked what that odd sound was,—he did not like it.

"It will soon be over," said Mary, very gently. "It is your brother just going to sleep. Now, lie and think what you would say to Dan, if you were going a long way off, and what you would like to be done with your top, when you do not want it yourself. You shall tell me what you wish when I come to you presently."

Whether Ned was capable of thinking she could not judge, but he lay quite silent for the remaining minutes of his little brother's life;—a great comfort to Mary, who could not have replied, because the mere vibration of her own voice would now have been enough to stop entirely the breathings which came at longer and longer intervals. Her frame ached, and her arms seemed to have lost power,—so long

was it since she had changed her posture. At such a moment it was that the great comet came up from behind the brow. The apparition was so wonderful, and so wholly unexpected, that Mary's heart beat; but it was from no fear, but rather a kind of exhilaration. Slowly it ascended, proving that it was no meteor, as she had at the first moment conjectured. When the bright tail disclosed itself, she understood the spectacle, and rejoiced in it, she scarcely knew why.

When at last the breathing on her shoulder ceased, she let down the little corpse upon her knee, and could just see, by the faint light from the rush candle in the outer room, that the eyes were half closed, and the face expressive of no pain. She closed the eyes, and, after a moment's silence, said:

"Now, Ned, I am coming to you, in a minute."

"Is he asleep?"

"Yes. He is in the quiet long sleep I told you of."

Ned feebly tried to make room for his brother on the poor bed of shavings; and he wondered when Mary said that she was making a bed in the other corner which would do very well. She was only spreading mammy's cloak on the ground, and laying her own shawl over the sleeper; but she said that would do very well.

Mary was surprised to find Ned's mind so clear as that he had really been thinking about Dan and the top. She truly supposed that it was the clearing before death. He said:

"You told me daddy was dead. Am I going to be dead?"

"Yes, I think so. Would not you like it?—to go to sleep, and then be quite well?"

"But, shan't I see Dan, then?"

"Not for a long time, I dare say: and whenever you do, I don't think you and he will quarrel again. I can give Dan any message, you know."

"Tell him he may have my top. And tell him I hope he won't have the fever. I'm sure I don't like it at all. I wish you would take me up, and let me be on your knee."

Mary could not refuse it, though it was soon to be going over again the scene just closed. Poor Ned was only too light, as to weight; but he was so wasted and sore that it was not easy to find a position for him. For a few minutes he was interested by the comet, which he was easily led to regard as a beautiful sight, and then he begged to be laid down again.

The sun was just up when Mary heard the tap at the door below, which came every morning at sunrise. She put her head out of the window, and said softly that she was coming,—would be down in two minutes. She laid poor Ned beside his brother, and covered him with the same shawl; drew off the old sheets and coverlid from the bed of

shavings, bundled them up with such towels as were in the room, and put them out of the window, Warrender being below, ready to receive them. She did not venture to let the poor mother see them, delirious as she was. Softly did Mary tread on the floor, and go down the creaking stair. When she reached the street she drew in, with a deep sigh, the morning air.

"The poor children's bedding," she said to Warrender.

"They are gone?" he inquired. "What, both?"

"One just before midnight. The other half-an-hour ago. And their mother will follow soon."

"The Lord have mercy upon us," said Warrender, solemnly.

"I think it is mercy to take a family thus together," replied Mary. "But I think of poor Aunty. If I could find any one to sit here for half-an-hour, I would go to her, and indeed, I much wish it."

"There is a poor creature would be glad enough to come, ma'am, if she thought you would countenance it. A few words will tell you the case. She is living with Simpson, the baker's man, without being his wife. Widow Johpson was very stern with her, and with her daughter, Billiter, for being neighbourly with the poor girl—though people do say that Simpson deceived her cruelly. I am sure, if I might fetch Sally, she would come, and be thankful; and—"

"O! ask her to come and help me. If she has done wrong, that is the more reason why she should do what good she can. How is Ann?"

"Pretty well. Rather worn, as we must all expect to be. She never stood so many hours at the wash-tub, any one day, as she does now every day: but then, as she says, there never was so much reason."

"And you, yourself?"

"I am getting through, ma'am, thank you. I seem to see the end of the white-washing, for one thing. They have sent us more brushes of the right sort from O—, and I should like, if I could, to get two or three boys into training. They might do the out-houses and the lower parts, where there are fewest sick, while I am upstairs. But, for some reason or other, the lads are shy of me. There is some difference already, I assure you, ma'am, both as to sight and smell; but there might be more, if I could get better help."

"And you are careful, I hope, for Ann's sake, to put all the linen first into a tub of water outside."

"Yes, surely. I got the carpenter's men to set a row of tubs beside our door, and to promise to change the water once a day. I laughed at them for asking if they could catch the fever that way: and they are willing enough to oblige where there's no danger. Simpson offered to look to our boiler as he goes to the bakehouse when, as he says, Ann

and I ought to be asleep. I let him do it and thank him; but it is not much that we sleep, or think of sleeping, just now."

"Indeed," said Mary, "you have a hard life of it, and without pay or reward, I am afraid. I never saw such—"

"Why, ma'am," said Warrender, "you are the last person to say those sort of things. However, it is not a time for praising one another, when there are signs in the heaven, and God's wrath on earth."

"You saw the comet, did you? How beautiful it is! It will cheer our watch at nights now. Ah! you see I don't consider it anything fearful, or a sign of anything but that, having a new sort of stars brought before our eyes to admire, we don't understand all about the heavens yet, though we know a good deal; and just so with the fever: it is a sign, not of wrath, as I take it, but that the people here do not understand how to keep their health. They have lived in dirt, and damp, and closeness, some hungry and some drunken: and when unusual weather comes, a wet spring and a broiling summer, down they sink under the fever. Do you know, I dare not call this God's wrath."

Warrender did not like to say it, but the thought was in his mind, why people were left so ignorant and so suffering. Mary was quick at reading faces, and she answered the good fellow's mind, while she helped to hoist the bundle of linen on his shoulder.

"We shall see, Warrender, whether the people can learn by God's teaching. He is giving us a very clear and strong lesson now."

Warrender touched his hat in silence, and walked away.

Aunty had for some time been out of danger from the fever, or Mary could not have left her to attend on the Billiters, urgent as was their need. But her weakness was so great that she had to be satisfied to lie still all day in the intervals of Mary's little visits. Poor Jem brought her this aid that, when she asked for it, but he was more trouble than help, from his incurable determination to shut all doors and windows, and keep a roaring fire: he did everything else, within his power, that his mother desired him, but on these points he was immovable. If ever his mother closed her eyes, he took the opportunity to put more wood on the fire; and he looked so grievously distressed if requested to take it off again, that at last he was let alone. Mary was fairly accustoming him to occupy himself in bringing pails of water and carrying away all refuse, when she was summoned to the Billiters; but the hint was given, and the neighbours saw that they need no longer use water three or four times over for washing, while poor Jem was happy to carry it away, rinse the pails, and bring fresh. His cousin Mary had often of late found him thus engaged: but this morning he was at home, cowering in a chair. When she set the windows open, he made no practical objection;

and the fire was actually out. Mary was not therefore surprised at Aunt's reply to her inquiries.

"I am tolerably easy myself, my dear, but I can't tell what has come over Jem; it seems to me that somebody must have been giving him drink, he staggered so when he crossed the room half-an-hour ago; yet I hardly think he would take it, he has such a dislike to everything strong. What a thing it is that I am lying here, unable to stir to see about it myself!"

"We will see about it," said Mary, going to poor Jem. "I neither think he would touch drink, nor that any body would play such a trick with him at such a time. No," she went on, when she had felt his pulse and looked well at his face, "it is not drink: it is illness."

"The fever," groaned the mother.

"I think so. Courage, Aunt! we will nurse him well: and the house is wholesome now, you know. You are through the fever: and his chance is a better one than yours, the house is so much more airy, and I have more experience."

"But, Mary, you cannot go on for ever, without sleep or rest, in this way. What is to be done, I don't see."

"I do, Aunt. I am very well to-day. Tomorrow will take care of itself. I must get Jem to bed; and if he soon seems to be moaning and restless, you must mind it as little as you can. It is very miserable, as you have good reason to know; but—"

"I know something that you do not, I see," said Aunt. "A more patient creature than my poor Jem does not live in Bleaburn, nor anywhere else."

"What a good chance that gives him!" observed Mary, "and what a blessing it is, for himself and for you! I must go to my cousin now presently; and I will send the doctor to see Jem."

The poor fellow allowed himself to be undressed; and let his head fall on his bolster, as if it could not have kept up a minute longer. He was fairly down in the fever.

CHAPTER V.

THAT evening, Mary felt more at leisure and at rest than for weeks past. There was nothing to be done for Mrs. Billiter but to watch beside her: and the carpenter had had his whispered orders in the street for the coffins for the two little boys. The mother had asked no questions, and had appeared to be wandering too much to take notice of anything passing before her eyes. Now she was quiet, and Mary felt the relief. She had refreshed herself (and she used to tell, in after years, what such refreshments were worth) with cold water, and a clean wrapper, and a mutton-chop, sent hot from the Plough and Harrow for the Good Lady (with some wine which she kept for the convalescents), and she was now sitting back in her chair beside the open window, through which fell a yellow

glow of reflected sunshine from the opposite heights. All was profoundly still. When she had once satisfied her conscience that she ought not to be plying her needle because her eyes were strained for want of sleep, she gave herself up to the enjoyment—for she really was capable of enjoyment through everything—of watching the opposite precipice; how the shadow crept up it; and how the sunny crest seemed to grow brighter; and how the swallows darted past their holes, and skimmed down the hollow once more before night should come on. Struck, at last, by the silence, she turned her head, and was astonished at the change she saw. Her cousin lay quiet, looking as radiant as the sunset itself; her large black eyes shining, unoppressed by the rich light; her long dark hair on each side the wasted face, and waving down to the white hands which lay outside the quilt. Their eyes met, full and clear; and Mary knew that her cousin's mind was now clear, like the gaze of her eyes.

"I see it all now," said the dying woman, gently.

"What do you see, love?"

"I see the reason of everything that I did not understand before." And she began to speak of her life and its events, and went on with a force and clearness, and natural eloquence—yet more, with a simple piety—which Mary was wont to speak of afterwards as the finest revelation of a noble soul that she had ever unexpectedly met with. Mrs. Billiter knew that her little boys were dead; she knew, by some means or other, all the horrors by which she was surrounded; and she knew that she was about to die. Yet the conversation was a thoroughly cheerful one. The faces of both were smiling; the voices or both were lively, though that of the dying woman was feeble. After summing up the experience of her life, and declaring what she expected to experience next, and leaving a message for her mother, she said there was but one thing more; she 'should like to receive the sacrament.' Mary wrote a note in pencil to Mr. Finch, and sent it by Sally, who had been hovering about ever since the morning, in the hope of being of further use, but who was glad now to get out of sight, that her tears might have way; for she felt that she was about to lose the only friend who had been kind to her (in a way she could accept) since Simpson had put her off from the promised marriage.

"She is sorry to part with me," said that dying friend. "Cousin Mary, you do not think, as my mother does, that I have done wrong in noticing Sally, do you?"

"No; I think you did well. And I think your mother will be kind to her, for your sake, from this time forward. Sickness and death open our eyes to many things, you know, cousin."

"Ay, they do. I see it all now."

Sally was sorely ashamed to bring back

Mr. Finch's message. Well as she knew that time was precious, she lingered with it at the door.

Mr. Finch was sorry, but he was too busy. He hoped he should not be sent for again; for he could not come.

"Perhaps, Miss," said Sally, with swimming eyes, "it might have been better to send somebody else than me. Perhaps, if you sent somebody else—"

"I do not think that, Sally. However, if you will remain here, I will go myself. It does not matter what he thinks of me, a stranger in the place; and perhaps none of his flock could so well tell him that this is a duty which he cannot refuse."

Mary had not walked up the street for several weeks. Though her good influence was in almost every house, in the form of cleanliness, fresh air, cheerfulness, and hope, she had been seen only when passing from one sick room to another, among a cluster of houses near her aunt's. She supposed it might be this disuse which made everything appear strange; but it was odd scarcely to feel her limbs when she walked, and to see the houses and people like so many visions. She had no feeling of illness, however, and she said to herself, that some time or other she should get a good long sleep; and then everything would look and feel as it used to do.

As she passed along the street, the children at play ran in to the houses to say that the Good Lady was coming; and the healthy and the convalescent came out on their door-steps, to bid God bless her; and the sick, who were sensible enough to know what was going on, bade God bless her from their beds.

What influence the Good Lady used with the clergyman there is no saying, as the conversation was never reported by either of them; but she soon came back bright and cheerful, saying that Mr. Finch would follow in an hour. She had stepped in at Warrender's, to beg the father and daughter to come and communicate with the dying woman. They would come; and Sally would go, she was sure, and take Ann Warrender's place at the wash-tub at home; for there were several sick people in want of fresh linen before night. Poor Sally went sobbing through the streets. She understood the Good Lady's kindness in sending her away, and on a work of usefulness, because she, alas! could not receive the communion. She was living in sin; and when two or three were gathered together in the name of Christ, she must be cast out.

There was little comfort in the service, unless, as the bystanders hoped, the sick woman was too feeble and too much absorbed in her own thoughts to notice some things that dismayed them. Mrs. Billiter was, indeed, surprised at first at the clergyman's refusal to enter the chamber. He would come no further than the door. Mary saw at a glance that he was in no condition to be reasoned with, and that she must give what aid she

could to get the administration over as decently as possible. Happily, he made the service extremely short. The little that there was he read wrong; but Mrs. Billiter (and she alone) was not disturbed by this. Whether it was that the deadening of the ear had begun, or that Mr. Finch spoke indistinctly, and was chewing spices all the time, or that the observance itself was enough for the poor woman, it seemed all right with her. She lay with her eyes still shining, her wasted hands clasped, and a smile on her face, quite easy and content; and when Mr. Finch was gone, she told Mary again that she saw it all now, and was quite ready. She was dead within an hour.

As for Warrender, he was more disturbed than any one had seen him since the breaking out of the fever.

"Why, there it is before his eyes in the Prayer-book," said he, "that clergymen 'shall diligently from time to time (but especially in the time of pestilence, or other infectious sickness) exhort their parishioners to the often receiving of the holy communion: and instead of this, he even shuts up the church on Sundays.'"

"He is not the first who has done that," said Mary. "It was done in times of plague, as a matter of precaution."

"But, Miss, should not a clergyman go all the more among the people, and not the less, for their having no comfort of worship?"

"Certainly: but you see how it is with Mr. Finch, and you and I cannot alter it. He has taken a panic; and I am sure he is the one most to be pitied for that. I can tell you too, between ourselves, that Mr. Finch judges himself, at times, as severely as we can judge him; and is more unhappy about being of so little use to his people than his worst enemy could wish him."

"Then, Ma'am, why does not he pluck up a little spirit, and do his duty?"

"He has been made too soft," he says, "by a fond mother, who is always sending him cordials and spices against the fever. We must make some allowance, and look another way. Let us be thankful that you and Ann are not afraid. If our poor neighbours have not all that we could wish, they have clean bedding and clothes, and lime-washed rooms, fresh and sweet compared with anything they have known before."

"And," thought Warrender, though he did not say it, but only touched his hat as he went after his business, "one as good as any clergyman to pray by their bedsides, and speak cheerfully to them of what is to come. When I go up the stair, I might know who is praying by the cheerfulness of the voice. I never saw such a spirit in any woman,—never. I have never once seen her cast down, ever so little. If there is a tear in her eye, for other people's sake, there is a smile on her lips, because her heart tells her that everything that happens is all right."

This night, Mary was to have slept. She

herself had intended it, warned by the strange feelings which had come over her as she walked up the street; and it would gratify Aunt's feelings that the corpse should not be left. She intended to lie down and sleep beside the still and unbreathing form of the cousin whose last hours had been so beautiful in her eyes. But Aunt's feelings were now tried in another direction. Unable to move, Aunt was sorely distressed by Jem's moanings and restlessness; and Mary was the only one who could keep him quiet in any degree. So, without interval, she went to her work of nursing again. Next, the funeral of Mrs. Billiter, and two or three more, fixed for the same day, were put off, because Mr. Finch was ill. And when Mr. Finch was ill, he sent to beg the Good Lady to come immediately and nurse him. After writing to his own family, to desire some of them to come and take charge of him, she did go to him: but not to remain day and night as she did with the poor who had none to help them. She saw that all was made comfortable about him, gave him his medicines at times, and always spoke cheerfully. But it was as she saw from the beginning. He was dying of fear, and of the intemperate methods of precaution which he had adopted, and of dissatisfaction with himself. His nervous depression from the outset was such as to predispose him to disease, and to allow him no chance under it. He was sinking when his mother and sister arrived, pale and tearful, to nurse him: and it did no good that they isolated the house, and locked the doors, and took things in by the window, after being fumigated by a sentinel outside. The doctor laughed as he asked them whether they would not be more glad to see him, if he came down the chimney, instead of their having to unlock the door for him. He wondered they had not a vinegar bath for him to go overhead in, before entering their presence. The ladies thought this shocking levity; and they did not conceal their opinion. The doctor then spoke gravely enough of the effects of fear on the human frame. With its effects on the conscience, and on the peace of the mind, he said he had nothing to do. That was the department of the physician of souls. (His hearers were unconscious of the mournful satire conveyed in these words.) His business was with the effect of fear on the nerves and brain, exhausting through them the resources of life. He declared that Mr. Finch would probably have been well at that moment, if he had gone about as freely as other persons among the sick, more interested in getting them well than afraid of being ill himself; and, for confirmation, he pointed to the Good Lady and the Warrenders, who had now for two months run all sorts of risks, and showed no sign of fever. They were fatigued, he said; too much so; as he was himself; and something

must be done to relieve Miss Pickard especially; but—

"Who is she?" inquired the ladies. "Why is she so prominent here?"

"As for who she is," replied he, "I only know that she is an angel."

"Come down out of the clouds, I suppose."

"Something very like it. She dropped into our hollow one August evening—nobody knows whence nor why. As for her taking the lead here, I imagine it is because there was nobody else to do it."

"But has she saved many lives, do you think?"

"Yes, of some that are too young to be aware what they owe her; and of some yet unborn. She could not do much for those who were down in the fever before she came: except, indeed, that it is much to give them a sense of relief and comfort of body (though short of saving life) and peace of mind, and cheerfulness of heart. But the great consequences of her presence are to come. When I see the change that is taking place in the cottages here, and in the clothes of the people, and their care of their skins, and their notions about their food, I feel disposed to believe that this is the last plague that will ever be known in Bleaburn."

"Plague! O horrid!" exclaimed the shuddering sister.

"Call it what you will," the doctor replied. "The name matters little when the thing makes itself so clear. Yes, by the way, it may matter much with such a patient as we have within there. Pray, whatever you do, don't use the word 'plague' within his hearing. You must cheer him up; only that you sadly want cheering yourselves. I think an hour a day of the Good Lady's smile would be the best prescription for you all."

"Do you think she would come? We should be so obliged to her if she would!"

"And she should have a change of dress lying ready in the passage-room," declared the young lady. "I think she is about my size. Do ask her to come."

"When I see that she is not more wanted elsewhere," replied the doctor. "I need not explain, however, that that smile of hers is not an effect without a cause. If we could find out whether we have anything of the same cause in ourselves, we might have a cheerfulness of our own, without troubling her to come and give us some."

The ladies thought this odd, and did not quite understand it, and agreed that they should not like to be merry and unfeeling in a time of affliction; so they cried a great deal when they were not in the sick room. They derived some general idea, however, from the doctor's words, that cheerfulness was good for the patient; and they kept assuring him, in tones of forced vivacity, that there was no danger, and that the doctor said he would be well very soon. The patient groaned, remembering the daily funerals of the last

few weeks; and the only consequence was that he distrusted the doctor. He sank more rapidly than any other fever patient in the place. In a newspaper paragraph, and on a monumental tablet, he was described as a martyr to his sacred office in a season of pestilence; and his family called on future generations to honour him accordingly.

"I am sorry for the poor young man," observed the host at the Plough and Harrow; "he did very well while nothing went wrong; but he had no spirit for trying times."

"Who has?" murmured farmer Neale. "Any man's heart may die within him that looks into the churchyard now."

"There's a woman's that does not," observed the host; "I saw the Good Lady crossing the churchyard this very morning, with a basket of physic bottles on her arm—"

"Ah! she goes to help to make up the medicines every day now," the hostess explained, "since the people began to suspect foul play in their physic."

"Well; she came across the bit of grass that is left, and looked over the rows of graves—not smiling exactly, but as if there was not a sad thought from top to bottom of her mind—much as she might look if she was coming away from her own wedding."

"What is that about 'sweet hopes,' in the newspaper?" asked Neale; "about some 'sweet hopes' that Mr. Finch had? Was he going to be married?"

"By that, I should think he was in love," said the host: "and that may excuse some backwardness in coming forward, you know."

"The Good Lady is to be married, when she gets home to America," the hostess declared. "Yes, 'tis true. Widow Johnson told the doctor so."

"What *will* her lover say to her risking her life, and spending her time in such a way, here?" said Neale.

"She tells her aunt that he will only wish he was here to help her. He is a clergyman. 'O!' says she, 'he will only wish he was here to help us.'"

"I am sure I wish he was," sighed Neale. "I wonder what sort of a man will be sent us next. I hope he will be something unlike poor Mr. Finch."

"I think you will have your wish," said the landlord. "No man of Mr. Finch's sort would be likely to come among us at such a time."

THE SON OF SORROW.

A FABLE FROM THE SWEDISH.

ALL lonely, excluded from Heaven,
Sat SORROW one day on the strand;
And, mournfully buried in thought,
Form'd a figure of clay with her hand.

JOVE appeared. "What is this?" he demands;
She replied. "'Tis a figure of clay.
Show thy pow'r on the work of my hand;
Give it life, mighty Father, I pray!"

"Let him live!" said the God. "But observe,
As I *lend* him, he mine must remain."
"Not so," SORROW said, and implor'd,
"Oh! let me my offspring retain!"

"'Tis to me his creation he owes."
"Yes," said JOVE, "but 'twas I gave him breath."
As he spoke, EARTH appears on the scene,
And, observing the image, thus saith:

"From me—from my bosom he's torn,
I demand, then, what's taken from me."
"This strife shall be settled," said JOVE;
"Let SATURN decide 'tween the three."

This sentence the Judge gave. "To all
He belongs, so let no one complain;
The life, JOVE, Thou gav'st him shalt Thou
With his soul, when he dies, take again.

"Thou, EARTH, shalt receive back his frame,
At peace in thy lap he'll recline;
But during his whole troubled life,
He shall surely, O SORROW, be thine!"

"His features thy look shall reflect;
Thy sigh shall be mixed with his breath;
And he ne'er shall be parted from thee
Until he reposes in death!"

MORAL.

The sentence of Heaven, then is this:
And hence Man lies under the sod;
Though SORROW possesses him, living,
He returns both to EARTH and to God.

THE APPETITE FOR NEWS.

THE last great work of that great philosopher and friend of the modern housewife, Monsieur Alexis Soyer, is remarkable for a curious omission. Although the author—a foreigner—has abundantly proved his extensive knowledge of the weakness of his adopted nation; yet there is one of our peculiarities which he has not probed. Had he left out all mention of cold punch in connexion with turtle; had his receipt for curry contained no cayenne; had he forgotten to send up tongs with asparagus, or to order a service of artichokes without napkins, he would have been thought forgetful; but when—with the unction of a gastronome, and the thoughtful skill of an artist—he marshals forth all the luxuries of the British breakfast-table, and forgets to mention its first necessity, he shows a sort of ignorance. We put it to his already extensive knowledge of English character, whether he thinks it possible for any English subject whose means bring him under the screw of the Income-tax, to break his fast without—a newspaper.

The city clerk emerging through folding doors from bed to sitting-room, though thirsting for tea, and hungering for toast, darts upon that morning's journal with an eagerness, and unfolds it with a satisfaction, which show that all his wants are gratified at once. Exactly at the same hour, his master, the M.P., crosses the hall of his mansion. As he enters the breakfast-parlour, he fixes his eye on the fender, where he knows his favourite damp sheet

will be hung up to dry.—When the noble lord first rings his bell, does not his valet know that, however tardy the still-room-maid may be with the early coffee, he dares not appear before his lordship without the ‘Morning Post’? Would the minister of state presume to commence the day in town till he has opened the ‘Times,’ or in the country till he has perused the ‘Globe’? Could the oppressed farmer handle the massive spoon for his first sip out of his sèvres cup till he has read of ruin in the ‘Herald’ or ‘Standard’? Might the juvenile Conservative open his lips to imbibe old English fare or to utter Young England opinions, till he has glanced over the ‘Chronicle’? Can the financial reformer know breakfast-table happiness till he has digested the ‘Daily News,’ or skimmed the ‘Express’? And how would it be possible for mine host to commence the day without keeping his customers waiting till he has perused the ‘Advertiser’ or the ‘Sun’?

In like manner the provinces cannot—once a week at least—satisfy their digestive organs till their local organ has satisfied their minds.

Else, what became of the 67,476,768 newspaper stamps which were issued in 1848 (the latest year of which a return has been made) to the 150 London and the 238 provincial English journals; of the 7,497,064 stamps impressed on the corners of the 97 Scottish, and of the 7,028,956 which adorned the 117 Irish newspapers? A professor of the new science of literary mensuration has applied his foot-rule to this mass of print, and publishes the result in ‘Bentley’s Miscellany.’ According to him, the press sent forth, in daily papers alone, a printed surface amounting in twelve months to 349,308,000 superficial feet. If to these are added all the papers printed weekly and fortnightly in London and the provinces, the whole amounts to 1,446,150,000 square feet of printed surface, which was, in 1849, placed before the comprehensive vision of John Bull. The area of a single morning paper,—the Times say—is more than nineteen and a half square feet, or nearly five feet by four, compared with an ordinary octavo volume, the quantity of matter daily issued is equal to three hundred pages. There are four morning papers whose superficies are nearly as great, without supplements, which they seldom publish. A fifth is only half the size. We may reckon, therefore, that the constant craving of Londoners for news is supplied every morning with as much as would fill about twelve hundred pages of an ordinary novel; or not less than five volumes.

These acres of print sown broad-cast, produce a daily crop to suit every appetite and every taste. It has winged its way from every spot on the earth’s surface, and at last settled down and arranged itself into intelligible meaning, made instinct with ink. Now it tells of a next-door neighbour; then of dwellers in the uttermost corners of the

earth. The black side of this black and white daily history, consists of battle, murder, and sudden death; of lightning and tempest; of plague, pestilence, and famine; of sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion; of false doctrine, heresy, and schism; of all other crimes, casualties, and falsities, which we are enjoined to pray to be defended from. The white side chronicles heroism, charitableness, high purpose, and lofty deeds; it advocates the truest doctrines, and the practice of the most exalted virtue: it records the spread of commerce, religion, and science; it expresses the wisdom of the few sages and shows the ignorance of the neglected many—in fine, good and evil as broadly defined or as inextricably mixed in the newspapers as they are over the great globe itself.

With this variety of temptation for all tastes, it is no wonder that those who have the power have also the will to read newspapers. The former are not very many in this country where, among the great bulk of the population, reading still remains an accomplishment. It was so in Addison’s time. ‘There is no humour of my countrymen,’ says the Spectator, ‘which I am more inclined to wonder at, than their great thirst for news.’ This was written at the time of imposition of the tax on newspapers, when the indulgence in the appetite received a check from increased costliness. From that date (1712) the statistical history of the public appetite for news is written in the Stamp Office. For half a century from the days of the Spectator, the number of British and Irish newspapers was few. In 1782 there were only seventy-nine, but in the succeeding eight years they increased rapidly. There was ‘great news’ stirring in the world in that interval,—the American War, the French Revolution; beside which, the practice had sprung up of giving domestic occurrences in fuller detail than heretofore, and journals became more interesting from that cause. In 1790 they had nearly doubled in number, having reached one hundred and forty-six. This augmentation took place partly in consequence of the establishment of weekly papers—which originated in that year—and of which thirty-two had been commenced before the end of it. In 1809, twenty-nine and a half millions of stamps were issued to newspapers in Great Britain. The circulation of journals naturally depends upon the materials existing to fill them. While wars and rumours of wars were rife they were extensively read, but with the peace their sale fell off. Hence we find, that in 1821 no more than twenty-four millions of newspapers were disposed of. Since then the spread of education—slow as it has been—has increased the productiveness of journalism. During the succeeding eight-and-twenty years, the increase may be judged of by reference to the figures we have already jotted down; the sum of which is, that during the year 1848 there were issued, for English, Irish and Scotch newspapers

eighty-two millions of stamps,—more than thrice as many as were paid for in 1821. The cause of this increase was chiefly the reduction of the duty from an average of three-pence to one penny per stamp.

A curious comparison of the quantity of news devoured by an Englishman and a Frenchman, was made in 1819, in the *Edinburgh Review*:—‘thirty-four thousand papers,’ says the writer, are ‘dispatched daily from Paris to the departments, among a population of about twenty-six millions, making one journal among 776 persons. By this, the number of newspaper readers in England would be to those in France as twenty to one. But the number and circulation of country papers in England are so much greater than in France, that they raise the proportion of English readers to about twenty-five to one, and our papers contain about three times as much letter-press as a French paper. The result of all this is that an Englishman reads about seventy-five times as much of the newspapers of his country in a given time, as a Frenchman does of his. But in the towns of England, most of the papers are distributed by means of porters, not by post; on the other hand, on account of the number of coffee-houses, public gardens, and other modes of communication, less usual in England, it is possible that each French paper may be read, or listened to, by a greater number of persons, and thus the English mode of distribution may be compensated. To be quite within bounds, however, the final result is, that every Englishman reads daily fifty-times as much as the Frenchman does, of the newspapers of his country.’

From this it might be inferred that the craving for news is peculiarly English. But the above comparison is chiefly affected by the restrictions put upon the French press, which, in 1819, were very great. In this country, the only restrictions were of a fiscal character; for opinion and news there was, as now, perfect liberty. It is proved, at the present day, that Frenchmen love news as much as the English; for now that all restriction is nominally taken off, there are as many newspapers circulated in France in proportion to its population, as there are in England.

The appetite for news is, in truth, universal; but is naturally disappointed, rather than bounded, by the ability to read. Hence it is that the circulation of newspapers is proportioned in various countries to the spread of letters; and if their sale is proportionately less in this empire, than it is among better taught populations, it is because there exist among us fewer persons who are able to read them; either at all, or so imperfectly, that attempts to spell them give the tyro more pain than pleasure. In America, where a system of national education has made a nation of readers, (whose taste is perhaps susceptible of vast improvement, but who are readers still) the sale of newspapers greatly exceeds

that of Great Britain. All over the continent there are also more newspaper readers, in proportion to the number of people, though, perhaps, fewer buyers, from the facilities afforded by coffee-houses and reading-rooms, which all frequent. In support of this fact, we need go no farther than the three kingdoms. Scotland—where national education has largely given the ability to read—a population of three millions demands yearly from the Stamp Office seven and a half millions of stamps; while in Ireland, where national education has had no time for development, eight millions of people take half a million of stamps less than Scotland.

Although it cannot be said that the appetite for mere news is one of an elevated character; yet as we have before hinted, the dissemination of news takes place side by side with some of the most sound, practical, and ennobling sentiments and precepts that issue from any other channels of the press. As an engine of public liberty, the newspaper press is more effectual than the Magna Charta, because its powers are wielded with more ease, and exercised with more promptitude and adaptiveness to each particular case.

Mr. F. K. Hunt in his ‘Fourth Estate’ remarks, ‘The moral of the history of the press seems to be, that when any large proportion of a people have been taught to read, and when upon this possession of the tools of knowledge, there has grown up a habit of perusing public prints, the state is virtually powerless if it attempts to check the press. James the Second in old times, and Charles the Tenth, and Louis Philippe, more recently, tried to trample down the Newspapers, and everybody knows how the attempt resulted. The prevalence or scarcity of Newspapers in a country affords a sort of index to its social state. Where Journals are numerous, the people have power, intelligence, and wealth; where Journals are few, the many are in reality mere slaves. In the United States every village has its Newspaper, and every city a dozen of these organs of popular sentiment. In England we know how numerous and how influential for good the Papers are; whilst in France they have perhaps still greater power. Turn to Russia, where Newspapers are comparatively unknown, and we see the people sold with the earth they are compelled to till. Austria, Italy, Spain, occupy positions between the extremes—the rule holding good in all, that in proportion to the freedom of the press is the freedom and prosperity of the people.’

Monthly Supplement of ‘HOUSEHOLD WORDS,’
Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.

Price 2d., Stamped 3d.,

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OF
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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 11.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1850.

[PRICE 2d.

FROM THE RAVEN IN THE HAPPY FAMILY.

HALLOA!

You *won't* let me begin that Natural History of you, eh? You *will* always be doing something or other, to take off my attention? Now, you have begun to argue with the Undertakers, have you? What next!

Ugh! you are a nice set of fellows to be discussing, at this time of day, whether you shall countenance that humbug any longer. "Performing" funerals, indeed! I have heard of performing dogs and cats, performing goats and monkeys, performing ponies, white-mice, and canary-birds; but, performing drunkards at so much a day, guzzling over your dead, and throwing half of you into debt for a twelvemonth, beats all I ever heard of. Ha, ha!

The other day there was a person "went and died" (as our Proprietor's wife says) close to our establishment. Upon my beak I thought I should have fallen off my perch, you made me laugh so, at the funeral!

Oh my crop and feathers, what a scene it was! I never saw the Owl so charmed. It was just the thing for him.

First of all, two dressed-up fellows came—trying to look sober, but they couldn't do it—and stuck themselves outside the door. There they stood, for hours, with a couple of crutches covered over with drapery: cutting their jokes on the company as they went in, and breathing such strong rum and water into our establishment over the way, that the Guinea Pig (who has a poor little head) was drunk in ten minutes. You are so proud of your humanity. Ha, ha! As if a pair of respectable crows wouldn't have done it much better?

By-and-bye, there came a hearse and four, and then two carriages and four; and on the tops of 'em, and on all the horses' heads, were plumes of feathers, hired at so much per plume; and everything, horses and all, was covered over with black velvet, till you couldn't see it: Because there were not feathers enough yet, there was a fellow in the procession carrying a board of 'em on his head, like Italian images; and there were about five-and-twenty or thirty other fellows (all hot and red in the face with eating and drinking) dressed up in scarves and handkerchiefs, and carrying—shut-up fishing-rods, I

believe—who went dragging through the mud, in a manner that I thought would be the death of me; while the "Black Jobmaster"—that's what he calls himself—who had let the coaches and horses to a furnishing undertaker, who had let 'em to a haberdasher, who had let 'em to a carpenter, who had let 'em to the parish-clerk, who had let 'em to the sexton, who had let 'em to the plumber painter and glazier who had got the funeral to do, looked out of the public-house window at the corner, with his pipe in his mouth, and said—for I heard him—"that was the sort of turn-out to do a gen-teel party credit." That! As if any two-and-sixpenny masquerade, tumbled into a vat of blacking, wouldn't be quite as solemn, and immeasurably cheaper!

Do you think I don't know you? You're mistaken if you think so. But perhaps you do. Well! Shall I tell you what I know? Can you bear it? Here it is then. The Black Jobmaster is right. The root of all this, is the gen-teel party.

You don't mean to deny it, I hope? You don't mean to tell me that this nonsensical mockery isn't owing to your gentility. Don't I know a Raven in a Cathedral Tower, who has often heard your service for the Dead? Don't I know that you almost begin it with the words, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out"? Don't I know that in a monstrous satire on those words, you carry your hired velvets, and feathers, and scarves, and all the rest of it, to the edge of the grave, and get plundered (and serve you right!) in every article, because you WILL be gen-teel parties to the last!

Eh? Think a little! Here's the plumber painter and glazier come to take the funeral order which he is going to give to the sexton, who is going to give it to the clerk, who is going to give it to the carpenter, who is going to give it to the haberdasher, who is going to give it to the furnishing undertaker, who is going to divide it with the Black Jobmaster. "Hearse and four, Sir?" says he. "No, a pair will be sufficient." "I beg your pardon, Sir, but when we buried Mr. Grundy at number twenty, there was four on 'em, Sir; I think it right to mention it." "Well, perhaps there had better be four." "Thank you, Sir. Two coaches and four, Sir, shall

we say?" "No. Coaches and pair." "You'll excuse my mentioning it, Sir, but pairs to the coaches, and four to the hearse, would have a singular appearance to the neighbours. When we put four to anything, we always carry four right through." "Well! say four!" "Thank you, Sir. Feathers of course?" "No. No feathers. They're absurd." "Very good, Sir. No feathers?" "No." "Very good, Sir. We can do fours without feathers, Sir, but it's what we never do. When we buried Mr. Grundy, there was feathers, and—I only throw it out, Sir—Mrs. Grundy might think it strange." "Very well! Feathers!" "Thank you, Sir,"—and so on.

Is it and so on, or not, through the whole black job of jobs, because of Mrs. Grundy and the gen-teel party?

I suppose you've thought about this? I suppose you've reflected on what you're doing, and what you've done? When you read about those poisonings for the burial society money, you consider how it is that burial societies ever came to be, at all? You perfectly understand—you who are not the poor, and ought to set 'em an example—that, besides making the whole thing costly, you've confused their minds about this burying, and have taught 'em to confound expence and show, with respect and affection. You know all you've got to answer for, you gen-teel parties? I'm glad of it.

I believe it's only the monkeys who are servile imitators, is it? You reflect! To be sure you do. So does Mrs. Grundy—and she casts reflections—don't she?

What animals are those who scratch shallow holes in the ground in crowded places, scarcely hide their dead in 'em, and become unnaturally infected by their dead, and die by thousands? Vultures, I suppose. I think you call the Vulture an obscene bird? I don't consider him agreeable, but I never caught him misconducting himself in that way.

My honourable friend, the dog—I call him my honourable friend in your Parliamentary sense, because I hate him—turns round three times before he goes to sleep. I ask him why? He says he don't know; but he always does it. Do you know how you ever came to have that board of feathers carried on a fellow's head? Come. You're a boastful race. Show yourselves superior to the dog, and tell me!

Now, I don't love many people; but I do love the undertakers. I except them from the censure I pass upon you in general. They know you so well, that I look upon 'em as a sort of Ravens. They are so certain of your being gen-teel parties, that they stick at nothing. They are sure they've got the upper hand of you. Our proprietor was reading the paper, only last night, and there was an advertisement in it from a sensitive and libelled undertaker, to wit, that the allegation "that funerals were unnecessarily expensive, was an insult to his professional brethren."

Ha! ha! Why he knows he has you on the hip. It's nothing to him that their being unnecessarily expensive is a fact within the experience of all of you as glaring as the sun when there's not a cloud. He is certain that when you want a funeral "performed," he has only to be down upon you with Mrs. Grundy, to do what he likes with you—and then he'll go home, and laugh like a Hyæna.

I declare (supposing I wasn't detained against my will by our proprietor) that, if I had any arms, I'd take the undertakers to 'em! There's another, in the same paper, who says they're libelled, in the accusation of having disgracefully disturbed the meeting in favour of what you call your General Interment Bill. Our establishment was in the Strand, that night. There was no crowd of undertakers' men there, with circulars in their pockets, calling on 'em to come in coloured clothes to make an uproar; it wasn't undertakers' men who got in with forged orders to yell and screech; it wasn't undertakers' men who made a brutal charge at the platform, and overturned the ladies like a troop of horse. Of course not. I know all about it.

But—and lay this well to heart, you Lords of the creation, as you call yourselves!—it is these undertakers' men to whom, in the last trying, bitter grief of life, you confide the loved and honoured forms of your sisters, mothers, daughters, wives. It is to these delicate gentry, and to their solemn remarks, and decorous behaviour, that you entrust the sacred ashes of all that has been the purest to you, and the dearest to you, in this world. Don't improve the breed! Don't change the custom! Be true to my opinion of you, and to Mrs. Grundy!

I nail the black flag of the black Jobmaster to our cage—figuratively speaking—and I stand up for the gen-teel parties. So (but from different motives) does the Owl. You've got a chance, by means of that bill I've mentioned—by the bye, I call my own a General Interment Bill, for it buries everything it gets hold of—to alter the whole system; to avail yourselves of the results of all improved European experience; to separate death from life; to surround it with everything that is sacred and solemn, and to dis sever it from everything that is shocking and sordid. You won't read the bill? You won't dream of helping it? You won't think of looking at the evidence on which it's founded—Will you? No. That's right!

Gen-teel parties, step forward, if you please, to the rescue of the black Jobmaster! The rats are with you. I am informed that they have unanimously passed a resolution that the closing of the London churchyards will be an insult to their professional brethren, and will oblige 'em "to fight for it." The Parrots are with you. The Owl is with you. The Raven is with you. No General Interments. Carrion for ever!

Ha, ha! Halloa!

HOW WE WENT FISHING IN CANADA.

THERE were three of us. Our purpose was fishing, in Canadian fashion, *under* the ice, and our destination was the township of New Ireland, distant about seventy miles from our starting point, Quebec, and situated about midway between the St. Lawrence and the American line. Our conveyance was a stout, commodious, yet light, and not inelegant sleigh, with seats for four, and plentifully supplied with buffalo robes, which are dressed so as to be as soft as blankets—useful in a temperature of twenty degrees below Zero, and ornamental from their fringes, which were garnished with various devices, all of which had some reference to the wild denizens of the forest. Under each seat was a box, which we stowed with a goodly supply of creature comforts and a few books, thus prudently making provision against the contingencies of privation and *ennui*. Our locomotive power consisted of two small but very spirited horses, which were neatly harnessed, with a string of merry sleigh bells dangling from the girths of each.

In this comfortable condition we in due time arrived at "Richardson's," one of the most celebrated hosteleries in the seignory of St. Giles.

Here we put up for the night, tempted to do so by the superiority of the accommodation, especially as we had but an easy day's journey before us for the morrow. During the morning it was so intensely cold that our breath formed thick crusts of ice on the shawls which we had round our necks, whilst the bushy whiskers of our companion Perroque were pendant with tiny icicles. As our horses warmed, almost every hair on their backs formed the nucleus of a separate icicle, which, by-and-bye, made them all stand erect, and caused the animals to look more like porcupines than horses. About mid-day it began to moderate, and by night-fall the temperature had risen considerably. The wind had by this time set in, with a steady current from the east. This, with the change of temperature, made us somewhat uneasy as to the weather; but our hopes rose when we found that it was yet a brilliant starlight about 10 o'clock, when we retired to rest. But even then the coming tempest was not far off; and in about two hours afterwards the wind was howling fearfully about the house, which it shook to its very foundations, whilst the driving snow pattered against the windows as if clouds of steel filings had been driven against them. I was soon soothed to sleep by the wild lullaby of the winter night, and did not awake again until eight in the morning, when I was called by a servant, who entered my room with a lighted candle in her hand. I should otherwise have been in darkness, for the snow had, over night, completely blocked up my window. My room was on the ground-

floor, and looked to the east. Against that side of the house, the snow had been piled by the wind in an enormous wreath, which partly encroached upon the windows of the floor above. Blungle, my other friend, who had recently arrived from the region of Russell Square, London, slept in a room contiguous to mine, but he refused to get up, declaring that although it was still the middle of the night, he was too wide awake to be humbugged. It was not until breakfast was sent in to him, and he found by the state of his appetite that it must have been several hours since he had supped, that he condescended to examine his window, which discovered to him the true state of the case.

The wind was still high, and although the snow had ceased to fall, the tempest abated nothing of its fury. The dry snow was driven like light sand before the blast, until the air was thick with it. Neither man nor beast was astir, every living thing taking shelter from the storm. By-and-bye, the heavy pall overhead began to rend, and a few faint gleams of sunshine would occasionally light up the wild turmoil and confusion that raged below. About ten o'clock, the clouds were rolled away, and the sun shone steadily out. For a full hour afterwards the wind maintained its strength, but by noon had so far abated, that the drift had almost ceased.

But, by this time, the roads had become utterly impracticable. They were, indeed, obliterated; the snow lying, in some places, lightly upon them; and in others, forming huge swelling wreaths, either across or along them. We were eager to go forward, but were dissuaded by our host from attempting it, till the afternoon, when the road might be at least practicable. On such occasions the law requires the owners of land to "break the roads" passing through or by their respective properties; and by two o'clock every sleigh in St. Giles's was out for the purpose. As soon as a track was opened, we prepared to start. The road for the first quarter of a mile had been well sheltered; and as the evergreens were still standing, there was but little difficulty in keeping the old track, which afforded a firm footing for the horses. But beyond that the evergreens had been prostrated and buried in the snow; and it was evident that our pioneers had floundered in the midst of difficulties. Such was presently our own fate, our horses having plunged into the soft snow, where it was fully six feet deep, from which we had with no little difficulty and labour to dig them out. This quenched our enthusiasm, and we returned to the inn, where we remained for another night.

Next morning we were enabled to proceed, though but slowly, on our way. Leaving St. Giles's, we entered St. Sylvestre, the last, on this road, of the belt of French seignories lying between the St. Lawrence and the "Town-

ships." It is almost exclusively inhabited by British settlers. In the townships, Frenchmen are as rare as negroes in Siberia. The first township we came to was that of Leeds; on entering which we found a great change in the whole aspect of the country. From being flat and monotonous it became suddenly varied and undulating, and appeared to consist of a succession of rather lofty ridges, with broad belts of fertile table land at their summit. On gaining the top of the first, we turned to enjoy the prospect which lay behind us. It was really magnificent. The air was so clear and crisp, that almost every object embraced within the distant horizon had a distinct form and outline. The level tract over which we had passed lay extended beneath our feet, stretching for about forty miles to the St. Lawrence. In appearance it was as variegated as a carpet,—the white patches of every shape and size with which it was interspersed indicating the clearances amongst the dark brown woods. The bold and precipitous banks of the St. Lawrence could be traced for miles, whilst here and there the stream itself was visible. The distant city, on its rocky promontory, came out in fine relief against the sky, its tin covered spires glistening in the sunshine like silver pinacles. A little to the right, the outline of the chain of hills lying behind it, although they were fully sixty miles distant from us, was distinctly visible in the far-off heavens.

On quitting Leeds, our way led chiefly through the woods, the clearances being now the rare exception.

At length we reached the district, or "township," of New Ireland, which having been settled by immigrants from Maine and New Hampshire, more than forty years ago, is now reckoned one of the wealthiest and most prosperous parts of the country. To one of its well-to-do farmers we had introductions, and took up our quarters. His large and spacious house was built upon a high bank, overlooking one of the smaller lakes, from which our sport was to be derived, because it afforded one of the best fishing grounds in the neighbourhood. Shortly after breakfast (the buck-wheat cakes and pumpkin pie were beyond praise), we prepared for a day's sport. Our tackle would appear rather odd to English sportsmen: our lines consisted of strong hempen cords, of which we provided ourselves with about a dozen. To each were attached two very large hooks, dressed upon thin whip-cord. We had likewise three axes, and as many chisels of the largest size, attached to handles about six feet long. In addition to these we had a shovel and a broad hoe. They were all stowed into a large hand sleigh, which was dragged to the fishing ground by a servant.

The lake was about three miles long and half-a-mile wide. It lay in a beautiful valley, embossed in the deep and sombre pine woods, which covered the lower grounds. It was one

of a series, some of which were smaller and others much larger than itself. For fully five months in the year the surface of each is frozen to the depth of several feet. We started off to skate to the upper end, which was two-and-a-half miles distant. My friend Blungle, not an accomplished skater, made so very false a start, that he was speedily noticed spinning round rapidly on the ice on a pivot, of which his heels and his head formed opposite angles—precisely like a rotatory letter V. Perroque, our French comforter and guide is a perfect Perrot in skates, and performed the most graceful evolutions around our prostrate friend, in a manner that produced a pretty and highly diverting tableau. At last, however, he managed to "feel his feet" better, and we all soon afterwards reached the fishing ground.

The spot selected was close to the head of the lake, where the stream flowing from that immediately above, fell into it. Here the fish are generally attracted by the greater quantity of food there deposited by the stream. In winter they have additional inducements, owing to the greater warmth of the water from the number of springs in the neighbourhood, and to the greater abundance of light which they enjoy through the ice which is here comparatively thin. Indeed, over some of the springs no ice forms during the coldest seasons. Our first care was to make at least half-a-dozen holes in the ice. This sportsman-like operation we commenced with our axes, making each hole about three feet in diameter. When we got down about a foot or so the axes became useless to us, and we had to resort to our chisels, with which we speedily progressed; clearing the holes of the broken ice with the shovel first and afterwards with the hoe. We were not long at work, before we found the utility of the long handles of both hoe and chisels, the ice which we had to perforate being fully three feet thick. There is a legend in the neighbourhood, of an Irishman, who, having forgotten his chisel, very wisely got into the hole which he was cutting, that he might use his axe with better effect; he, of course, kept going down as the hole got deeper and deeper, until, at last, he went down altogether, and, according to the report, made food for the fish he intended to capture.

Things being thus prepared, we baited our hooks with pieces of fat pork, and dropped them into the water—the lines being set in each hole—the other end of each line was attached to the middle of a stick, about six feet in length, so placed, that it could not be dragged into the hole. These we left lying upon the ice, some distance from the holes, so as to give us warning of a bite, and the fish an opportunity of running a little when hooked. The contemplative angler of the Waltonian School has no chance here, for he would be inevitably frozen to an icicle before he obtained so much as a bite.

For amusement as well as for warmth, therefore, we skated in the immediate vicinity of our lines, of which we seldom lost sight. The fish, which is a species of pike, and attains a large size, sometimes weighing upwards of thirty pounds, are soon attracted to the spot by the columns of light descending through the apertures in the ice. It is seldom, therefore, that the angler has to remain long in suspense ere some token is afforded him that his labour is not likely to be in vain. A few minutes after the casting of the nets, I happened to approach the hole in which mine were set, and was looking inquisitively into its leaden depths, eager, if possible, to catch a glimpse of what was going on underneath, when suddenly the stick to which one of the lines was attached, was dragged towards the aperture with great velocity, and catching me by the heels, turned poor Blungle's laugh completely against me; for it laid me at once upon my back, with my legs spanning the hole. I should certainly have gone with it, but that the stick, when the fish came to the end of his run, lay firmly across it, and kept me up. Having risen, I thought it my time, and began to pull at the line. From the power with which I had to contend, however, I found it necessary to have a better foundation than my skates afforded me; so getting upon my knees, I soon brought my captive to light, and deposited him upon the ice. He was a splendid fish, weighing upwards of twenty pounds, and floundered prodigiously for a few minutes. The frost, however, soon tranquillised him, and in about a quarter-of-an-hour he was as hard and brittle as an icicle.

We continued our sport for some time with tolerable success, having, by three o'clock, caught eleven fish, the smallest of which weighed eight pounds. But our pleasures were brought to an untimely period by Blungle, whose ill luck had now passed into a proverb amongst us. Hitherto no fish had favoured his line with so much as the passing compliment of a nibble. He had given up the attempt, and for nearly two hours had been amusing himself by skating up and down the lake. Practice had improved him, and like all beginners, he was proud of his prowess, and was particularly anxious to redeem his lost character for skating by one extraordinary achievement. He had been warned to give what a nautical friend of our host called a "wide berth" to the mouth of the stream which ran into the lake. Bold in the strength of his newly acquired skill, he neglected this advice, and about three o'clock shot rapidly past us in the direction of the stream. In less than a minute there was a loud agonising cry for help.

We looked round. Every vestige of Blungle was invisible, except his head, and that was seen just above the ice, his body being immersed in water. He had ventured too far, and the ice had given way with him.

Mirth instantly was changed to the acutest apprehension. In that part, the ice was so weak, that he might have broken it by pressing his arms against it. But this he could not do; for although his toes touched ground, he happened to be standing on the tail of a small bank, off which the water rapidly deepened in one direction. For a moment or two we were perplexed what to do, when it occurred to us that we might turn the hand sleigh to account. Having tied the three chisels with their long handles, firmly together, we tied the long pole thus furnished, to the sleigh, and pushed it towards him; Perroque putting a large piece of pork upon the sleigh, that he might bite at it. He hesitated for some time to relinquish his secure foothold; but at length, seeing that it was his only chance, and being terrified by a great fish which came up and stared him hungrily in the face, he seized the sleigh, which we then pulled towards us, and got safely to land. It crushed and broke the weak ice, but rose upon that which was stronger, dragging Blungle with it.

For some time he lay where we landed him, and would soon have been as stiff as the fish, had we not raised him to his feet, when he immediately started for the house. We followed him as soon as we could, dragging our tackle, implements, and spoils along with us, and were not long in overtaking him; for before he had got half-way down the lake, his clothes had become quite stiff, and he looked like a man in a cracked glass case. On reaching the house, it was with difficulty we undressed him and put him to bed; when by dint of warmth without, and brandy administered within, we gradually thawed him. He did not afterwards join our fishing; but confined himself to improving his skill in skating in the centre of the lake.

We remained altogether four days, by which time we had caught as many fish as we had room for in our sleigh. We then bade adieu to our kind host and his family, and after a pleasant journey, arrived towards the evening of the second day, at Quebec. The fish, which were still frozen and in excellent condition, we distributed in presents to our friends.

A WISH.

OH, that I were the Spirit of a Plant,
Rear'd in Imagination's evergreen world,—
To lift my head above the meadow grass,
And strike my roots, far-spread and interwolved,
Deep as the Central Heart, whencefrom to taste
The springs of infinite being! From that source
What pregnant fermentations would arise;
What blossom, fruit, perfume, and influence;
To purify mankind's destructive blood,—
So full of life and elevating powers—
So cloy'd and clogg'd for exercise of good.

THE BLACK DIAMONDS OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.—THE DIAMONDS.

THE history and adventures of the 'great diamonds' of Eastern, Northern, Southern, and Western potentates, have been often chronicled; their several values have been estimated at hundreds of thousands, and at millions; but not a syllable has ever been breathed of their utility. The reason is tolerably obvious; these magnificent diamonds are of *no* practical use at all, being purely ornamental luxuries. Now, it has occurred to us that the diamonds indigenous to England, are the converse of these brilliant usurpers of the chief fame of the nether earth (to say nothing of the vain-glories on the upper surface) being black, instead of prismatic white—opaque, instead of transpicious; and in place of deriving a fictitious and fluctuating value from scarcity and ornamental beauty, deriving their value from the realities of their surpassing utility and great abundance. They certainly make no very striking figure in the ball-room dress of prince or princess; but it is their destiny and office to carry comfort to the poor man's home, as well as to the mansion of the rich; they are not to be looked upon as treasures of beauty, they are to be shovelled out and burnt; they are not the bright emblems of no change, and no activity, but like heralds, sent from the depths of night, where Nature works her secret wonders, to advance those sciences and industrial arts which are equally the consequence and the re-acting cause of the progress of humanity.

In the reign of King Edward the First of England, a new fuel was brought to London, much to his subjects' objection and the perplexity of his majesty. Listen to the history—not of the king, but of the great event of his time which few historians mention.

If chemical nature beneath the earth be accounted very slow, human nature above ground is comparatively slower,—and without the same reason for it. The transmutations beneath the earth require centuries for their accomplishment, and of necessity;—the proper use of new and valuable discoveries on the surface, is a matter of human understanding and rational will. In the former case, the thing is not perfect without its number of centuries; in the latter, the thing has very seldom been acknowledged without great lapse and loss of time, because mankind will *not* be made more comfortable and happy without a long fight against the innovation. Wherefore coals, the most excellent material of fuel,—for cooking, for works of industry and skill, for trades and arts, and the cutting short of long journeys,—have only been in use during the last three centuries.

The first mention of coals, as a fuel, occurs in a charter of Henry the Third, granting

licenses to the burgesses of Newcastle to dig for coals; and in 1281, this city had created, out of these diggings, a pretty good trade.

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, coals were first sent from Newcastle to London, by way of a little experiment on the minds of the blacksmiths and brewers, and a few other trades needing fuel; but for no other purposes. So the good black smoke rose from a score or two of favoured chimneys.

As one man, all London instantly rose up against it, and was exceeding wroth. Whereof, in 1316, came a petition from Parliament to the king, praying his Majesty,—if he had any love for a fair garden, a clean face, yea, or a clean shirt and ruff,—and if he did not wish his subjects to be choked, or, at the very best, to be smoked into bad hams,—to forbid all use of the new and pestilent fuel called "coals."

So the king, seeing the good sense and reasonableness of the request, forthwith issued a Proclamation, commanding all use of the dangerous nuisance of coals to cease from that day henceforth.

But the blacksmiths and brewers took counsel together, and they were joined by several other trades, who had found great advantage in the use of coals; and they resolved to continue the same, as secretly as might be—forgetting all about the smoke, or innocently trusting that it would not again betray them.

No sooner, however, did the black smoke begin to rise and curl above the chimneys, than it was actually seen by many eyes!—and away ran the people bawling to Parliament; and more petitions were sent; and his Majesty, being now very angry, ordered all these refractory coal-burning smiths, brewers, and other injurious rogues to be heavily fined, and their fire-places and furnaces cast down and utterly demolished.

All this was accordingly done. Still, it was done to no purpose; for so very excellent was the result to the different trades of those who had smuggled and used the prohibited fuel, that use it by some means they would, let happen what might. More chimneys than ever now sent up black curling clouds, and more fire-places and furnaces were destroyed; and so they went on.

At length it was wisely discovered that nobody had been choked, poisoned, "cured" into a bad ham, or otherwise injured and transformed. Now, then, of course, it was reasonable to expect, as the advantages were proved to be so great and numerous, the injuries trivial, and the dangers nothing, the use of coal would become pretty general, without more prohibition, contest, or question.

No, indeed; this is not the way the world goes on. Social benefits are not to be forced upon worthy people at this rate. Centuries must elapse—even as we find with the growth of metals and minerals beneath the earth. In the latter case, it is a necessary condition; in the former, it is made one.

The many good services and value of coals being now ascertained, as well as their harmfulness (except that they certainly did give a bad colour to all the public edifices and great houses), and the progressive increase of many luxuries of life, together with their advantages to numerous trades besides those of the wisely-valiant and not-to-be-denied blacksmiths and brewers who first adopted and persisted in using them, every facility for their importation into London was naturally expected by the citizens of that highly-favoured place. Innocent human nature! vain hopes of children, who always expect reason from those who preach it! For now, various lets and hindrances were cunningly devised, in the shape of taxes and duties, so as to check the facilities of interchange between London and Newcastle. So, the new fuel—the product of the mine destined one day to become the Black Diamonds of England—had to struggle for its freedom through a succession of “wise and happy reigns.”

CHAPTER II.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE DIAMOND.

BEFORE a cargo of coals could be discharged from a collier, it was necessary to get the permission of the Lord Mayor to land them. And how was this to be obtained? By what sort of dulcet persuasion, we are left in no difficulty to conjecture; but as to the amount of the sum, a modest official veil of darkness enshrouds the record. The perquisites, however, granted to the aldermen, are fortunately within reach of knowledge; and accordingly we find it set down that the corporation were empowered to measure and weigh coals, either in person, and in their gowns, or by proxy, if they preferred that course, and to charge the sum of *8d.* per ton for their labour. This was confirmed by a charter in 1613. By this tax the City made some 50,000*l.* a-year, and rejoiced exceedingly.

This system of protection, under several forms and pleasant variations, long continued, and was extended all over England, the pressure falling most unequally, to the injury of the least wealthy and the poor, according to the immemorial custom of Governments. Some of the people of London were audacious enough to complain that they did not need to be protected from the Newcastle coals, but all on the contrary, would give any fair sum to obtain them; and that, indeed, what they really needed was to be protected from the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and other taxes and duties. But these people were reproved as ignorant and froward, and told that they understood nothing at all:—what they had to do, was simply—to pay, first for the protection, and then for the coals. So they paid. But the importance of the article being found to exceed even the greediness of the impost, the use of coals became general during the reign of Charles the First; the same, with other taxes, being

demanding, from the reign of William the Third downwards.

In 1830, and not before, the heaviest of the above duties were abolished; those, however, which were collected from the Londoners being excepted—for their old impertinence—together with two or three sea-ports, who had also spoken.

Who shall repress a truth? Coals were excellent good things—there was no reason in denying it. But any foolish people, and there will always be more than enough found to do it, *can* repress a truth for an abominably long period, denying it without reason, yet very effectually. Or, when they admit it, then comes the tax and penalty to be paid for the fact. Thus was the free introduction and use of coals repressed throughout England until 1830; from which date, its grand rise from the bowels of the earth into a new and most extensive importance may be dated.

Yet, as extremes meet, and as human nature delights in opposites, if only by way of reaction or relaxation, so the long-continued obstinate slowness of past ages bids fair, in our own day, to enter upon an extreme change to flighty prematurities, and the over-leaping of all intermediate and necessary knowledge. But the reign of the fast-ones is now approaching its height; which having once reached, it will then have a rapid decline into contempt, and so give place to regular and steady advances upon solid ground.

Still, we are not to infer from the present flourishing state of things, that the great black-diamond millionaires are very numerous, or that fortunes are readily accumulated in the trade. Coal mines are hazardous speculations: costly is the sinking of shafts—precarious the lives of men and property from constant dangers of explosion or inundation; whereof it comes that no Insurance Office will guarantee such property against these or any other accidents. True may it be that the large coal-owners on the Tyne and the Wear rejoice in a sort of monopoly; as do other owners; but herein shall we not find the cause of coals being sold in London at nearly three times the price they cost at the pit's mouth. The cause is to be sought in the expenses of transit (which, alone, are often equal to, and not unfrequently exceed, the cost price); in the loss of screening; the expenses of lighters and lightermen wharfs, officers, and wharfingers, coal-heavers, carmen, horses, waggons, sacks—to say nothing of long credit, or bad debts;—and the profits of the various middle-men, among the most numerous of whom are the brass-plate coal merchants (whose establishments simply consist of an order-book, wherein it appeareth that they get a little more than they give); and the retailers of various gradations.

All these difficulties, and all these reductions and dues, notwithstanding, and in spite of,—the coal trade has risen during the last twenty years to a magnitude in quantity and

influence which may be regarded as one of the greatest commercial triumphs of this our England.

The coal-fields of the United States of America are upwards of fourteen times larger extent than ours; yet, in 1845, while the American coal-mines produced 4,400,000 of tons, the coal mines of England produced upwards of 32,000,000 of tons. In the same year, our production of iron was more than four times the American amount. Moreover,—and here may the gravest historian exalt his pen, and yet be accounted no flourisher,—we have for some years past been able to supply coals to all the great powers of the globe. In 1842, England exported 60,000 tons of coals to the United States of America; 88,000 tons to Russia; 111,000 tons to Prussia; 515,900 tons to France;—not to speak of the hundreds of thousands of tons exported in the same year to Germany collectively, to Holland, to Denmark, Sweden, the East Indies and China, &c., &c.

The use of coals has now extended, not only over the civilised world, but in its potent form of steam has reached most of the remoter regions. From Suez to Singapore are steam vessels already in course of passage, and the line will soon be carried to Australia. When the American locomotives have made their way to the shores of the Pacific, their vessels will be ready to carry onward the traffic to China and the Indian Islands from the east; “and thus,” as writes a learned critic, discoursing of the virtues of steam-coal, “complete the circuit of the globe.” Whereby, “a steam voyage round the world will in a few years, be so practicable, that the merchant and tourist may make the circuit within a year, and yet have time enough to see and learn much at many of the principal ‘stations’ on his way.”

All rightful honour, then, to these priceless Diamonds—whether they be black spirits or furnace-white, flame-red spirits, or ashy-grey—whether cannel coal and caking coal—cherry coal and stone coal—whether any of the forty kinds of Newcastle coal, or any of the seventy species of the great family, from the highest class of the bituminous, down to the one degree above old coke.

CHAPTER III.—THE COAL EXCHANGE.

NEAR to the Custom House rises one of the most ornate edifices in the metropolis,—the Coal Exchange of London,—in which is carried on one of our most stupendous trades.

It is Wednesday—a market day—we ascend the steps of a beautiful sort of round tower, and pass through the folding swing-doors of the principal entrance. The space here, or little vestibule, forms the base of the centre of a well-staircase of iron. You look up, through the coiling balustrades as they climb up to the top, and at the very top you see a painting in the Rubens style of colouring, (though a long way after Rubens in other

respects,) of the figure of a prodigal lady, who is upsetting a cornucopia, full—not of coals—but of all the most richly coloured fruits of Italy and the East, which seem about to descend straight through the centre of the well-staircase, and shower down upon your wondering and expectant head. Cupids—or, at least, little chubby boys, tumbling in the air—are also in attendance on this theatrical Goddess of Abundance.

Passing from this entrance into the grand central market, you find yourself in a circular area boarded with oak planks of a light and dark hue, arranged in a kind of mosaic of long angles, which converge to a centre-piece, wherein a great anchor is inlaid. Beside this, there is a wooden dagger, to the blade of which a legend of no interest is attached. Three ranges of cast-iron galleries rise all round, terminating above in a large glass dome, with an orange-coloured centre of stained glass. Around the floor of the area, at due intervals, long desks of new polished oak, with inkstands let into the wood, stand invitingly ready for the transaction of business. The City Arms, on a series of small shields, is the simple adornment of the outer balustrade-work of the three galleries,—except, also, that these galleries often have many lady-visitors who lean over and contemplate the ‘dark doings’ of the busy black-diamond merchants who congregate below.

But let it not be supposed that the ornaments of the Coal Exchange of London are confined to the City Arms, or even the beauty of the lady-visitors. Private offices, and recesses for business, having the most neat, orderly appearance, even to a primness and propriety worthy of the Society of Friends, are observable round the area, beneath the galleries; but the panels of the woodwork that separate these offices, rejoice in the most lively adornments, *à la Jullien*. They are covered with emblematic, fanciful, and not very characteristic pictures and designs, all in the brightest hues; and, being painted on a light ground, they have a look of gaiety and airiness quite of a continental character. The weight and gravity of the City has, for once—and by way of smiling antagonism to what every one would expect of a coal-market—determined to emulate the gayest places of public amusement in France or Germany. Restaurants, cafés, dancing-rooms—and oh!—shall we say it—a touch of Cremorne! In one panel you see a figure of *Watchfulness*, typified by a robed lady, with a wise-faced owl at her side. The river Severn is typified by Naiads and a dolphin—by a little poetic licence. In another panel we have *Charity*, bearing a couple of children, with a figure of old Father Thames sitting among rushes below. Then, we have *Perseverance* for the Avon, emblemed by a snail at the foot of a brunette lady with black eyes,—the favourite style of beauty of the artist, Mr. Sang. The Trent and the Tyne are similarly illustrated,

and all in the brightest colours, on a light ground.

Let us now return to the principal entrance, and ascend to the first gallery. The panels all round, are painted as below. The chief subject of most of them appears to be a colliery—that is, the works above ground, such as the little black house of the steam-engine, with its long chain passing over the drum, and then over a wheel above the pit's mouth. The first we come to is the celebrated Wallsend colliery. Each has fanciful designs above and beneath, as if to atone for the dark reality of the centre piece, picturesque as this is always made. Over some of these we find heraldic monsters of the right frightful Order of the Griffin, prancing above greyhounds who crouch on each side of a large ornamental cup, not unlike a head-dress of the ancient South American Indians, which however is supported by a lady in the bright costume of a Mexican peasant, wearing wings. Beneath there lies a rich grouping of grapes, arborescent ferns, with vulture-headed griffins, and flowers of the cactus. The collieries are occasionally varied with a sea-piece, in which, of course, a black collier-vessel is sailing from the North. Sometimes the scene is a shore-piece with a collier boat; but presided over by the usual sort of nut-brown mining beauty with Italian eyes, and hair in no particular order, bearing a fruit-basket on her head, piled up with all sorts of ripe fruit of the most tempting size and colour. Beneath her, we again find the griffin vultures holding watch over some logs of antediluvian trees.

Wandering onwards in this way, we observed, a little in advance of us, a seafaring man, in a rough blue pilot coat, with a face so weather-beaten that it looked as hard as a ship's figure-head, and a pair of great dangling hands that seemed hewn out of solid oak. He was very busy in front of one of the panels, admiring a lady with very good-humoured black eyes, and cheeks as red as ripe tomatoes, carrying on her head a basket of Orlean plums and alligator pears, richly grouped with a profusion of grapes, and crimson flowers of the cactus. Her face was turned smilingly upwards at a collier-brig in full sail.

We congratulated him on his 'choice,' and the suggestion appearing to please his fancy, a little colloquy ensued, from which it turned out that he was Thomas Oldcastle, of Durham, captain of the collier brig 'Shiner,' of South Shields, and having just discharged his cargo at Rotherhithe, had come to London to amuse himself for a few hours. Arriving at the entrance in the course of our talk, we ascended the stairs together, and soon reached the second gallery.

The flooring of this gallery—in fact the whole of it, like the previous one, was of cast iron. In the semicircle of the entrance was a picture of Newcastle, on one side, with its iron bridge and railway combined, and its old stone bridge below. It was very well and charac-

teristically painted, and of a sombre and rather smoky colour, which Captain Oldcastle said was too like to be very pleasing. His thoughts were evidently reverting to the very highly-coloured operatic ladies below. On the other side of this entrance was a picture of Durham, with the cathedral among the trees—also a very good and truthful picture. Captain Oldcastle, after great deliberation, and the slow pocketing of both hands, was obliged to confess that it was something like the old place. But this wall was not right—any how—and that spire did not look so—when last he saw it—in short, it was clear he wanted reality, could not make out perspective differences, and preferred the handsome looks of the brunette fruit-bearer in the lower gallery.

But though our honest friend had no good taste in pictures, there was a great mass of good solid practical knowledge in the hard-outlined head of this rough captain of the North Sea. It turned out that he was an old friend of Mr. Buddle, the coal engineer of Wallsend, and often quoted him as authority. Chancing to ask him some question about the number of people employed in the coal-trade on the Tyne and the Wear, he said that he had heard Buddle say (twenty years ago) there were nearly 5,000 boys, and quite 3,500 men *underground* in the works near the Tyne: and nearly 3,000 men, and 700 boys above ground. On the Wear, he said there were 9,000. All of these were employed in the mines, and taking the coal to the ships on the two rivers. Captain Oldcastle estimated the vessels employed at about 1,400, which would require 15,000 sailors and boys to work them "as all ought to be." Besides these, there were lots more hands in other parts of the great coal trade of the north.

But as this estimate of his friend Buddle, we remarked, had been made twenty years ago, was it not pretty certain that the numbers had immensely increased by this time? To this the Captain replied that it was so, no doubt; and supposing that every other district, besides the North, of the entire coal trade of England, had increased in the same proportion, and if you added to this all the agents, factors, clerks, subordinates, whippers, lightermen, wharfingers, &c., there would be found upwards of 200,000 men engaged in the Coal trade of England,—enough, he added with a grimly comical look, if a war broke out, to furnish the army and navy with 20,000 men each, at a week's notice.

"If they liked the work," we added; but the Captain had walked on, attracted by a picture in one of the panels. It was a portrait of a miner in his underground dress—when he wears any—the darkness of his figure and position in the mine being pleasantly and appropriately relieved by an immense quantity of highly coloured *tropical* fruits, flowers, griffin-vultures, long and sleek-necked cranes, arborescent ferns, various logs of wood known

in fossil botany, with here and there a string of choice jewels,—rubies, emeralds, and carbuncles of prodigious size, such as one has seen in “Blue Beard” and “Pizarro.” The next figure was a miner with a Davy-lamp, whom Captain Oldcastle shrewdly conjectured to be looking out for some of those jewels so profusely accorded to the fortunate miner in the previous picture.

In walking round these galleries, amidst so many adornments attracting the attention, a visitor might be excused for not too hastily turning his thoughts to utility. But this thought, in these too practical days, will obtrude itself. The number of the private rooms for offices, on each gallery, is considerable; their accommodations, all that could be desired; their appearance most neat, quiet, and unexceptionable; but by far the greater part are *empty*. Nobody will take them. Many of those on the ground floor, or area of the market—obviously the best place by far—are unlet. These are of the high-priced, of course; still, as the price decreases with the ascent, why are not more of the upper offices taken? Here—in the very centre of all the great Coal-trade of England!—and not one-third, not one-fourth, we think, of the offices let? We expressed our astonishment to the Captain.

“Oh!” said he, “the City is a queer place, and the City authorities are a rum sort of reasoners. They asked too much rent for these berths at first; and though but a few factors and merchants can afford to give it, the City still persists. And so they are obliged to go to the expence of fires in all the empty offices to keep them aired three-quarters of the year round, rather than see the place full at a moderate rent. That’s how I read their log.”

We now ascended to the third gallery. Here, the cold, though not the “beggarily array of empty boxes,” was most expressive of the mismanagement, *somehow and somewhere* of this well-placed, and most commodious building, on which so much money has been expended.

The paintings in the entrance of this uppermost gallery were of ‘Shields’ on one side, and ‘Sunderland’ on the other. That of Shields was a view of colliers in the river by moonlight, with a dull sky of indigo blue, and smoky clouds—very well done, and truthful, having a sufficient mixture of reality for the nature of the subject, and of fancy for the picturesque. The picture of Sunderland, with its one-arched iron bridge, which is so high above the water, that a collier can pass underneath without striking her topmasts, is also a night scene; but by torch-light; the red flashes of which fall upon a train of little upright waggons full of coals, coming from the pit to be shipped.

The panels round this gallery are adorned with paintings of gigantic ferns, fragments of the trunks of the lepidodendron, and the

sigillaria, and other stems and foliage of those antediluvian plants and trees which subsequently contributed most largely to the coal formations. These paintings are interspersed with various miners’ tools, above which rises the glass dome of the building.

Descending the well-staircase, we asked Captain Oldcastle what capital he thought was employed by the great coal owners on the Tyne and Wear. He said—quoting his friend Buddle again, as authority—that they could not have embarked less than a million and a half of money, without reckoning any of the vessels on the river; but taking these into the account, the capital employed would not amount to less than between eight and ten millions. And this estimate was made by Buddle twenty years ago!

THE GREAT PENAL EXPERIMENTS.

PRISON LIFE, like life in all other circumstances, has its extremes; and these have been pushed to the farthest verge of contrast by the ‘great experiments’ that have lately been essayed. There is an aristocracy of prisoners, and a commonality of prisoners; there are palace prisons, and kennel prisons in which it would be cruelty to confine refractory dogs. We have hardened criminals put into training in Model Prisons for pattern penitence, and novices in crime thrust into dens with the most depraved felons; so as to bring them down in morals to the lowest practicable level. The study of some of these extremes is instructive. It shows what results have been produced by the ‘great experiments’ which have been tried; either how much reform they have effected; or how many misdemeanants they are likely to add to the already over-populated dangerous class. For the sake of impartiality we shall in each instance offer no description of our own; but we intend to cite what has already been in print.

A graphic but eccentric pen has supplied a vivid description of the palace order of gaols. “Some months ago,” says Mr. Carlyle, in a recent pamphlet, “some friends took me with them to see one of the London Prisons; a Prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings; cut out, girt with a high ring wall, from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some Thousand or Twelve-hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings, within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments, sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts or special and private; excellent all, the ne-plus-ultra of human care and ingenuity; in my life I never saw so clean a building; probably no Duke in England lives in a mansion

of such perfect and thorough cleanness. The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking-places, we tasted; found them of excellence superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work, picking oakum and the like, in airy apartments with glass roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs; others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean flagged courts; methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort, reigned everywhere supreme."

This is the great model experiment. We can easily reverse the picture. It is but a short walk from Pentonville to Smithfield—scarcely two miles—yet, in the prison world, the two places are antipodes. Here, within the hallowed precincts of the City, stands Giltspur Street Compter, upon the state of which we produce another witness. Mr. Dixon, in his work on London Prisons, testifies that in this jail the prisoners "sleep in small cells, little more than half the size of the model cell at Pentonville, which is calculated (on the supposition that the cell is to be ventilated on the best plan which science can suggest, regardless of cost) to be just large enough for *one* inmate. The cell in Giltspur Street Compter is little more than half the size, and is either not ventilated at all, or is ventilated very imperfectly. I have measured it, and know exactly the quantity of air which it will hold, and have no doubt but that it contains less than any human being ought to breathe in, in the course of a night. Well, in this cell, in which there is hardly room for them to lie down, I have seen *five* persons locked up, at four o'clock in the day, to be there confined, in darkness, in idleness, to pass all those hours, to do all the offices of nature, not merely in each other's presence, but crushed by the narrowness of their den into a state of filthy contact which brute beasts would have resisted to the last gasp of life! Think of these five wretched beings—men with souls, and gifted with human reason—condemned, day by day, to pass in this unutterably loathsome manner two-thirds of their time! Can we wonder if these men come out of prison, after three or four months of such treatment, prepared to commit the most revolting crimes? Could five of the purest men in the world live together in such a manner without losing every attribute of good which had once belonged to them? He would be a rash man who would dare to answer—'Yes.' Take another fact from Newgate. In any of the female wards may be seen, a week before the Sessions, a collection of persons of every shade of guilt, and some who are innocent. I remember one case particularly. A servant girl, of about sixteen, a fresh-looking healthy creature, recently up from the country, was charged by her mistress for stealing a brooch. She was in the same room—lived all day, slept all night—with the most abandoned of her sex. They were left alone; they had no work to do;

no books—except a few tracts for which they had no taste—to read. The whole day was spent, as is usual in such prisons, in telling stories—the gross and guilty stories of their own lives. There is no form of wickedness, no aspect of vice, with which the poor creature's mind would not be compelled to grow familiar in the few weeks she passed in Newgate awaiting trial. When the day came, the evidence against her was found to be the lamest in the world, and she was at once acquitted. That she entered Newgate innocent I have no doubt; but who shall answer for the state in which she left it?"

Let us not wrong the City in supposing it singular in promoting these loathsome prison scenes. A hundred passages, in nearly as many blue books, are ready for quotation, to show how some of the 'great experiments' in not a few of the National prisons have turned out. One, however, will do. Here is a sentence or two from the Government's own report of the state of one of its own hulks at Woolwich—the same Government which has been so good as to dispense upwards of 90,000*l.* of the public money in building the Pentonville Model. We cannot quote it entire, by reason of some of the passages being too revolting for reproduction in these pages:—

"In the hospital ship, the "Unité," the great majority of the patients were infested with vermin, and their persons in many instances, particularly their feet, begrimed with dirt. No regular supply of body linen had been issued; so much so, that many men had been five weeks without a change; and all record had been lost of the time when the blankets had been washed; and the number of sheets was so insufficient, that the expedient had to be resorted to of only a single sheet at a time to save appearances. Neither towels nor combs were provided for the prisoners' use. * * * On the admission of new cases into the hospital, patients were directed to leave their beds and go into hammocks, and the new cases were turned into the vacated beds, without changing the sheets."

Is anything more shocking than the Compter, Newgate, and the Unité to be conceived? Do travellers tell us of anything worse in Russia, or China, or Old Tartary? "O! yes; there is Austria and its life-punishments in Spielberg," some one may suggest, "surely there is no London parallel for that." But Mr. Dixon answers there is:—in the Millbank Penitentiary. 'The dark cells,' he says, 'are fearful places, and sometimes melancholy mistakes are made in committing persons to them. You descend about twenty steps from the ground-floor into a very dark passage leading into a corridor, on one side of which the cells—small, dark, ill-ventilated, and doubly barred—are ranged. No glimpse of day ever comes into this fearful place. The offender is locked up for three days, and fed on bread and water only. There is only

a board to sleep on; and the only furniture of the cell is a water-closet. On a former visit to Millbank, some months ago, I was told there was a person in one of these cells. "He is touched, poor fellow!" said the warden, "in his intellects." But his madness was very mild. He wished to fraternise with the other prisoners; declared that all mankind are brethren; sang hymns when told to be silent; and when reprimanded for taking these unwarranted liberties, declared that he was the "governor." They said he *pretended* to be mad; which, seeing that his vagaries subjected him to continual punishments, and procured him no advantages, was very likely! They put him into darkness to enlighten his understanding; and alone, to teach him how unbrotherly men are. Poor wretch! He was frightened with his solitude, and howled fearfully. I shall never forget his wail as we passed the door of his horrid dungeon. The tones were quite unearthly, and caused an involuntary shudder. On hearing footsteps, he evidently thought they were coming to release him. While we remained in the corridor, he did not cease to shout and implore most lamentably for freedom: when he heard us retreating, his voice rose into a yell; and when the fall of the heavy bolts told him that we were gone, he gave a shriek of horror, agony, and despair, which ran through the pentagon, and can never be forgotten. God grant that I may never hear such sounds again! On coming again, after three or four months' absence, to this part of the prison, the inquiry naturally arose, "What has become of the man who *pretended* to be mad?" The answer was, "Oh, he went mad, and was sent to Bedlam!"

What happens at Pentonville, and what takes place at Millbank, is done under the same eye, under the same legislative supervision. The two "great experiments" of iron and feather-bed prison reform are worked out by the same power. The despots of Russia, Austria, and China, are at least consistent. They have not carried on opposite systems—one of extreme severity, and another of superlative 'coddling.' In no other country but this does Justice—blind as she is—administer cocoa and condign misery to the same degree of crime with the same hand.

We have thrown these facts together, merely to awaken attention to them. We purposely abstain from suggestive comment. We know that the subject of reformatory punishment is fraught with difficulties, to conquer which all the "great experiments" have been tried. But they have only been "great" because of their great expense and their great failure; and when the failure is incontestable—proved beyond doubt by the direst results,—should they not be abandoned, and something else tried, instead of being made an absolute matter of faith, and a test to which certain county magistrates, whom we could name, bring every man who is unhappy enough to be

within their power? The cause of it is plainly and constantly presented at the bar of every Police Court and in the dock of every Sessions House. It has resulted from an utter misapprehension of means to end, and a lofty disregard of the good old adage, "prevention is better than cure." Although it has been daily observed that ignorance—moral more than intellectual ignorance has been the forerunner of all juvenile crime, we have never tried any very great experiment upon *that*. On the contrary, we spend hundreds of thousands every year to effect the manifest impossibility of re-forming what has never been formed. We have tried every shade of system but the right. Ingenuity has been on the rack to invent every sort of reformatory, from the iron rule of Millbank, to the affectionate fattening at Pentonville—except one, and that happens to be the right one. Punishment has occupied all our thoughts,—training, none. We condemn young criminals for not knowing certain moralities which we have not taught them, and—by herding them with accomplished professors of dishonesty in transit jails—punish them for immoralities which have been there taught them. Instances of this can be adduced in so large a proportion as to amount to a rule; to which the appearance of instructed juvenile criminals at the tribunals is the exception. Two or three glaring cases occurred only the past month. We select one as reported in the "Globe" newspaper of Tuesday, May 7:—

'BOW-STREET POLICE-COURT.—This day, two little children, whose heads hardly reached the top of the dock, were placed at the bar before Mr. Jardine, charged with stealing a loaf. Their very appearance told the want they were in. The housekeeper to Mr. Mims, baker, Drury Lane, deposed, that they, about eight o'clock last evening, went into the shop and asked for a quarter loaf, and while her back was turned to get it for them, they stole a half quarter loaf, value 2½d., which was lying on the counter, and made off with it. Police constable, F 14, deposed, that he was on duty in Drury Lane, and seeing them quarrelling over the loaf, he asked them where they had got it. One of them answered, they had stolen it. After ascertaining how they came by it, he took them into custody. In defence, the prisoners said they were starving. Mr. Jardine sentenced them both to be once whipped in the House of Correction.'

These children were without means, friends, or any sort of instruction. They were whipped then for their ignorance and want, for both which they are not responsible. After whipping and a few imprisonments they will doubtless be boarded and instructed by fellow prisoners into finished thieves. The authorities tell us, that five-eighths of the juvenile criminals—and a few become professional after the age of twenty—who are received into jails, have not received one spark of moral or intellectual training!

These, and a thousand other facts too ob-

vious for the common sense of our readers to be troubled with, induce us to recommend one other 'great experiment' which has never yet been tried. It has the advantage of being a preventive as well as a cure—it is—compared with all the penal systems now in practice—immeasurably safer, more humane, and incalculably cheaper. The 'great experiment' we propose, is NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THE ORPHAN'S VOYAGE HOME.

THE men could hardly keep the deck,
So bitter was the night ;
Keen north-east winds sang thro' the shrouds,
The deck was frosty white ;
While overhead the glistening stars
Put forth their points of light.

On deck, behind a bale of goods,
Two orphans crouch'd, to sleep ;
But 'twas so cold, the youngest boy
In vain tried not to weep :
They were so poor, they had no right
Near cabin doors to creep.

The elder round the younger wrapt
His little ragged cloak,
To shield him from the freezing sleet,
And surf that o'er them broke ;
Then drew him closer to his side,
And softly to him spoke :—

"The night will not be long"—he said,
"And if the cold winds blow,
We shall the sooner reach our home,
And see the peat-fire glow ;
But now the stars are beautiful—
Oh, do not tremble so !

"Come closer !—sleep—forget the frost—
Think of the morning red—
Our father and our mother soon
Will take us to their bed ;
And in their warm arms we shall sleep."
He knew not they were dead.

For them no father to the ship
Shall with the morning come ;
For them no mother's loving arms
Are spread to take them home :
Meanwhile the cabin passengers
In dreams of pleasure roam.

At length the orphans sank to sleep
All on the freezing deck ;
Close huddled side to side—each arm
Clasp'd round the other's neck.
With heads bent down, they dream'd the earth
Was fading to a speck.

The steerage passengers have all
Been taken down below,
And round the stove they warm their limbs
Into a drowsy glow ;
And soon within their berths forget
The icy wind and snow.

Now morning dawns : the land in sight,
Smiles beam on every face !
The pale and qually passengers
Begin the deck to pace,
Seeking along the sun-lit cliffs
Some well-known spot to trace.

Only the orphans do not stir,
Of all this bustling train :
They reach'd their *home* this starry night !
They will not stir again !
The winter's breath proved kind to them,
And ended all their pain.

But in their deep and freezing sleep
Clasp'd rigid to each other,
In dreams they cried, "The bright morn breaks,
Home ! home ! is here, my brother !
The Angel Death has been our friend—
We come ! dear Father ! Mother !"

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHEAPNESS.

TEA.

THE history of tea, from its first introduction to England, may be read in the history of taxation. It appears to have escaped the notice of nearly all writers on tea, that the first tax is a curious illustration of the original mode of its sale. By the act of the 22d and 23d Charles II., 1670-1, a duty of eighteenpence was imposed upon 'every gallon of chocolate, sherbet, and tea, made and sold, to be paid by the makers thereof.' It is manifest that such a tax was impossible to be collected without constant evasion ; and so, after having remained on the Statute Book for seventeen years, it was discovered, in 1688, that 'the collecting of the duty by way of Excise upon the liquors of coffee, chocolate, and tea, is not only very troublesome and unequal upon the retailers of these liquors, but requireth such attendance of officers as makes the neat receipt very inconsiderable.' The excise upon the liquor was therefore repealed, and heavy Customs' duties imposed on the imported tea.

The annals of tea may be divided into epochs. The first is that in which the liquid only was taxed, which tax commenced about ten years after we have any distinct record of the public or private use of tea. In 1660, dear old Pepys writes, 'I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drank before.' In 1667, the herb had found its way into his own house : 'Home, and there find my wife making of tea ; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions.'

Mrs. Pepys making her first cup of tea is a subject to be painted. How carefully she metes out the grains of the precious drug, which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, has sold her at a most enormous price—a crown an ounce at the very least. She has tasted the liquor once before ; but then there was sugar in the infusion—a beverage only for the highest. If tea should become fashionable, it will cost in housekeeping as much as their claret. However, Pepys says, the price is coming down ; and he produces the handbill of Thomas Garway, in Exchange Alley, which the lady peruses with great satisfaction ; for the worthy merchant says, that although 'tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight,'

he 'by continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea,' now 'sells tea for 16s. to 50s. a pound.' Garway not only sells tea in the leaf, but 'many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof.' The coffee-houses soon ran away with the tea-merchant's liquid customers. They sprang up all over London; they became a fashion at the Universities. Coffee and tea came into England as twin-brothers. Like many other foreigners, they received a full share of abuse and persecution from the people and the state. Coffee was denounced as 'hell broth,' and tea as 'poison.' But the coffee-houses became fashionable at once; and for a century were the exclusive resorts of wits and politicians. 'Here,' says a pamphleteer of 1673, 'haberdashers of political small wares meet, and mutually abuse each other and the public, with bottomless stories and headless notions.' Clarendon, in 1666, proposed, either to suppress them, or to employ spies to note down the conversation. In 1670 the liquids sold at the coffee-houses were to be taxed. We can scarcely imagine a state of society in which the excise officer was superintending the preparation of a gallon of tea, and charging his eightpence. The exciseman and the spy were probably united in the same person. During this period we may be quite certain that tea was unknown, as a general article of diet, in the private houses even of the wealthiest. But it was not taxation which then kept it out of use. The drinkers of tea were ridiculed by the wits, and frightened by the physicians. More than ail, a new habit had to be acquired. The praise of Boyle was nothing against the ancient influences of ale and claret. It was then a help to excess instead of a preventive. A writer in 1682 says,—'I know some that celebrate good Thee for preventing drunkenness, taking it before they go to the tavern, and use it very much also after a debauch.' One of the first attractions of 'the cup which cheers but not inebriates' was as a minister of evil.

The second epoch of tea was that of excessive taxation; which lasted from the five shillings Customs' duty of 1688 to 1745, more than half a century, in which fiscal folly and prohibition were almost convertible terms. Yet tea gradually forced its way into domestic use. In a Tatler of 1710 we read 'I am credibly informed, by an antiquary who has searched the registers in which the bills of fare of the court are recorded, that instead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in Queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast.' Tea for breakfast must have been expensive in 1710. In the original edition of the Tatler, we have many advertisements about tea, one of which we copy:—

From the Tatler of October 10, 1710.

"MR. FARY'S 16s. Bohee Tea, not much inferior in goodness to the best Foreign Bohee Tea, is sold

by himself only at the Bell in Gracechurch Street Note,—the best Foreign Bohee is worth 30s. a pound; so that what is sold at 20s. or 21s. must either be faulty Tea, or mixed with a proportionate quantity of damaged Green or Bohee, the worst of which will remain black after infusion."

'Mr. Fary's 16s. Bohee Tea, not much inferior in goodness to the best Foreign Bohee Tea' was, upon the face of it, an indigenous manufacture. 'The best Foreign Bohee is worth 30s. a pound.' With such Queen Anne refreshed herself at Hampton Court:

'Here thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea.'

When the best tea was at 30s. a pound, the home consumption of tea was about a hundred and forty thousand pounds per annum. A quarter of a century later, in the early tea-drinking days of Dr. Johnson, the consumption had quadrupled. And yet tea was then so dear, that Garrick was cross even with his favourite actress for using it too freely. 'I remember,' says Johnson, 'drinking tea with him long ago, when Peg Woffington made it, and he grumbled at her for making it too strong. He had then begun to feel money in his purse, and did not know when he should have enough of it.' In 1745, the last year of the second tea epoch, the consumption was only seven hundred and thirty thousand pounds per annum. Yet even at this period tea was forcing itself into common use. Duncan Forbes, in his Correspondence, which ranges from 1715 to 1748, is bitter against 'the excessive use of tea; which is now become so common, that the meanest families, even of labouring people, particularly in boroughs, make their morning's meal of it, and thereby wholly disuse the ale, which heretofore was their accustomed drink; and the same drug supplies all the labouring women with their afternoon's entertainments, to the exclusion of the twopenny.' The excellent President of the Court of Session had his prejudices; and he was frightened at the notion that tea was driving out beer; and thus, diminishing the use of malt, was to be the ruin of agriculture. Some one gave the Government of the day wiser counsel than that of prohibitory duties, which he desired.

In 1745, the quantity of tea retained for home consumption was 730,729 lbs. In 1746, it amounted to 2,358,589 lbs. The consumption was trebled. The duty had been reduced, in 1745, from 4s. per lb. to 1s. per lb., and 25 per cent. on the gross price. For forty years afterwards, the Legislature contrived to keep the consumption pretty equal with the increase of the population, putting on a little more duty when the demand seemed a little increasing. These were the palmy days of Dr. Johnson's tea triumphs—the days in which he describes himself as 'a hardened and shameless tea drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has

scarcely time to cool ; who with tea amuses the evenings ; with tea solaces the midnights ; and with tea welcomes the morning.' This was the third epoch—that of considerable taxation, enhancing the monopoly price of an article, sold to the people at exorbitant profits.

In 1785, the Government boldly repealed the Excise duty ; and imposed only a Customs' duty of 12½ per cent. The consumption of tea was doubled in the first year after the change, and quadrupled in the third. The system was too good to last. The concession of three years in which the public might freely use an article of comfort was quite enough for official liberality and wisdom. New duties were imposed in 1787 ; the consumption was again driven back, and by additional duty upon duty, was kept far behind the increase of the population for another thirty years. In 1784, the annual consumption was only 4,948,983 lbs. ; in 1787, with a reduced duty, it was 17,047,054 lbs. ; in 1807, when we had almost reached the climax of high duties, it was only 19,239,212 lbs. This state of things, with very slight alteration, continued till the peace. The consumption had been nearly stationary for thirty years, with a duty raised from 12½ per cent. to 96 per cent. Those were the days, which some of us may remember, when we paid 12s. a pound for our green tea, and 8s. for our black ; the days when convictions for the sale of spurious tea were of constant occurrence ; and yet the days when Cobbett was alarmed lest tea should become a common beverage, and calculated that between eleven and twelve pounds a year were consumed by a cottager's family in tea-drinking. During this fourth epoch of excessive taxation, the habit of tea-drinking had become so rooted in the people, that no efforts of the Government could destroy it. The teas under 2s. 6d. a pound (the Company's warehouse prices without duty), were the teas of the working classes—the teas of the cottage and the kitchen. In 1801, such teas paid only an excise of 15 per cent. ; in 1803, they paid 60 per cent. ; in 1806, 90 per cent. And yet the washerwoman looked to her afternoon 'dish of tea,' as something that might make her comfortable after her twelve hours' labour ; and balancing her saucer on a tripod of three fingers, breathed a joy beyond utterance as she cooled the draught. The factory workman then looked forward to the singing of the kettle, as some compensation for the din of the spindle. Tea had found its way even to the hearth of the agricultural labourer. He 'had lost his rye teeth'—to use his own expression for his preference of wheaten bread—and he would have his ounce of tea as well as the best of his neighbours. Sad stuff the chandler's shop furnished him : no commodity brought hundreds of miles from the interior of China, chiefly by human labour ; shipped according to the most expensive arrangements ; sold under a limited competition at the dearest rate ; and taxed

as highly as its wholesale cost. The small tea-dealers had their manufactured tea. But they had also their smuggled tea. The pound of tea which sold for eight shillings in England, was selling at Hamburg for four-teenpence. It was hard indeed if the artisan did not occasionally obtain a cup of good tea at a somewhat lower price than the King and John Company had willed. No dealer could send out six pounds of tea without a permit. Excisemen were issuing permits and examining permits all over the kingdom. But six hundred per cent. profit was too much for the weakness of human nature and the power of the exciseman.

From the peace, to the opening of the China tea-trade in 1833, and the repeal of the excise duty in 1834, there was a considerable increase in the consumption of tea, but not an increase at all comparable to the increase since 1834. We consumed ten million pounds more tea in 1833 than in 1816, a period of sixteen years ; we consumed in 1848, a period of fifteen years, seventeen million pounds more than in 1833. In 1848 we retained for home consumption, 48,735,791 pounds. It is this present period of large consumption which forms the fifth epoch.

The present duty on tea is 2s. 2½d. a pound. The experienced housewife knows where to buy excellent tea at 4s. a pound. But there are shops in London where tea may be bought at 3s., and 3s. 4d. a pound. Such low priced teas are used more freely than ever by the hard-working poor. The duty is now unvarying, but enormously high. It is unnecessary to assume that the cheap teas are now adulterated teas. In the London Price Currents of the present May, there are several sorts of tea as low as 8d. per pound, wholesale without duty. The finer teas vary from 1s. to 2s. In 1833, previous to the opening of the China trade, the price of Congou tea in the Company's warehouses ranged from 2s. to 3s. per pound ; in 1850 the lowest current price was 9d., the highest 1s. 4d. In 1833, the Company's price of Hyson tea varied from 3s. to 5s. 6d. ; in 1850, the lowest current price was 1s. 2d., the highest 3s. 4d.

With the amount of duty on tea twice as high in 1850 as in 1833, how is it that tea may be universally bought at one half of the price of 1833 ? How is it that an article which yields five millions of revenue has become so cheap that it is now scarcely a luxury ? Before we answer this, let us explain why we say that the duty is twice as high now as in 1833. Before the opening of the China trade tea was taxed under the Excise at an ad-valorem duty of ninety-six per cent on one sort, and one hundred per cent on another, which gave an average of about half-a-crown a pound. Those who resisted the destruction of the Company's monopoly predicted that the supply would fall off under the open trade ; that the Chinese would not deal with private merchants ; that the market for tea in China

was a limited one; that tea would become scarcer and dearer. The Government knew better than this. It repealed the Excise duty with all its cumbrous machinery of permits; and it imposed a Customs' duty *à per pound*, which exists now, as it did in 1836, with the addition of five per cent. Had the duty of 1833 been continued,—the hundred per cent duty—the great bulk of tea, which is sold at an average of a shilling a pound would have been only taxed a shilling a pound; it is now taxed 2s. 2½*d.* By a side-wind, the Government, with what some persons may call financial foresight, doubled the tax upon the humbler consumers. But it may be fairly questioned whether, if the tax of 1833 had continued, the Government would not have secured as much revenue by the poor doubling their consumption of tea. The demand for no article of general use is so fluctuating as that for tea. In seasons of prosperity, the consumption rises several millions of pounds above the average; in times of depression it falls as much below. Tea is the barometer of the poor man's command of something more than bread. With a tax of 2s. 2½*d.* a pound, it is clear that if sound commercial principles, improved navigation, wholesale competition, and moderate retail profits, had not found their way into the tea-trade, since the abolition of the monopoly in 1833, the revenue upon tea would have been stationary, instead of having increased a million and a half. All the manifold causes that produce commercial cheapness in general—science, careful employment of capital in profitable exchange, certainty and rapidity of communication, extension of the market—have been especially working to make tea cheap. Tea is more and more becoming a necessary of life to all classes. Tea was denounced first as a poison, and then as an extravagance. Cobbett was furious against it. An Edinburgh Reviewer of 1823, keeps no terms with its use by the poor: 'We venture to assert, that when a labourer fancies himself refreshed with a mess of this stuff, sweetened by the coarsest black sugar, and with azure blue milk, it is only the warmth of the water that soothes him for the moment; unless, perhaps, the sweetness may be palatable also.' It is dangerous even for great reviewers to 'venture to assert.' In a few years after comes Liebig, with his chemical discoveries; and demonstrates that coffee and tea have become necessities of life to whole nations, by the presence of one and the same substance in both vegetables, which has a peculiar effect upon the animal system; that they were both originally met with amongst nations whose diet is chiefly vegetable; and, by contributing to the formation of bile, their peculiar function, have become a substitute for animal food to a large class of the population whose consumption of meat is very limited, and to another large class who are unable to take regular exercise. Tea and coffee, then, are more especially

essential to the poor. They supply a void which the pinched labourer cannot so readily fill up with weak and sour ale; they are substitutes for the country walk to the factory girl, or the seamstress in a garret. They are ministers to temperance; they are home comforts. Mrs. Piozzi making tea for Dr. Johnson till four o'clock in the morning, and listening contentedly to his wondrous talk, is a pleasant anecdote of the first century of tea; the artisan's wife, lingering over the last evening cup, while her husband reads his newspaper or his book, is something higher, which belongs to our own times.

THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE OF BLEABURN.

IN THREE PARTS.—CHAPTER VI.

THE new clergyman was, as the landlord had supposed he would be, a very different person from Mr. Finch. If he had not been a fearless man, he would not have come: much less would he have brought his wife, which he did. The first sight of this respectable couple, middle-aged, business like, and somewhat dry in their manner, tended to give sobriety to the tone of mind of the Bleaburn people; a sobriety which was more and more wanted from day to day; while certainly the aspect of Bleaburn was enough to discourage the new residents, let their expectations have been as dismal as they might.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirby arrived when Bleaburn was at its lowest point of depression and woe. The churchyard was now so full that it could not be made to hold more; and ten or eleven corpses were actually lying unburied, infecting half-a-dozen cottages from this cause. There was an actual want of food in the place—so few were able to earn wages. Farmer Neale did all he could to tempt his neighbours to work for him; for no strangers would come near a place which was regarded as a pesthouse; but the strongest arm had lost its strength; and the men, even those who had not had the fever, said they felt as if they could never work again. The women went on, as habitual knitters do, knitting early and late, almost night and day; but there was no sale. Even if their wares were avouched to have been passed through soap and water before they were brought to O—, still no one would run the slightest risk for the sake of hose and comforters; and week after week, word was sent that nothing was sold: and at last, that it would be better not to send any more knitted goods. In the midst of all this distress, there was no one to speak to the people; no one to keep their minds clear and their hearts steady. For many weeks, there had not been a prayer publicly read, nor a psalm sung. Meanwhile, the great comet appeared nightly, week after week. It seemed as if it would never go away; and there was a general persuasion that the comet was sent

for a sign to Bleaburn alone, and not at all for the rest of the earth, or of the universe; and that the fever would not be stayed while the sign remained in the sky. It would have been well if this had been the worst. The people, always rude, were now growing desperate; and they found, as desperate people usually do, an object near at hand to vent their fury upon. They said that it was the doctor's business to make them well: that he had not made them well: that so many had died, that anybody might see how foul means had been used; and that at last some of the doctor's tricks had come out. Two of Dick Taylor's children had been all but choked, by some of the doctor's physic; and they might have died, if the Good Lady had not chanced to have been there at the moment, and known what to do. And the doctor tried to get off with saying that it was a mistake, and that that physic was never made to go down anybody's throat. They said, too, that it was only in this doctor's time that there had been such a fever. There was none such in the late doctor's time; nor now, in other places—at least, not so bad. It was nothing like so bad at O—. The doctor had spoken lightly of the comet: he had made old Nan Dart burn the bedding that her grandmother left her—the same that so many of her family had died on: and, though he gave her new bedding, it could never be the same to her as the old. But there was no use talking. The doctor was there to make them well; and instead of doing that, he made two out of three die, of those that had the fever. Such grumblings broke out into storm; and when Mr. and Mrs. Kirby descended into the hollow which their friends feared would be their tomb, they found the whole remaining population of the place blocking up the street before the doctor's house, and smashing his phials, and making a pile of his pill-boxes and little drawers, as they were handed out of his surgery window. A woman had brought a candle at the moment to fire the pill-boxes: and she kneeled down to apply the flame. The people had already broken bottles enough to spill a good deal of queer stuff; and some of this stuff was so queer as to blaze up, half as high as the houses, as quick as thought. The flame ran along the ground, and spread like magic. The people fled, supposing this the doings of the comet and the doctor together. Off they went, up and down, and into the houses whose doors were open. But the woman's clothes were on fire. She would have run too; but Mr. Kirby caught her arm, and his firm grasp made her stand, while Mrs. Kirby wrapped her camelot cloak about the part that was on fire. It was so quickly done—in such a moment of time, that the poor creature was not much burned; not at all dangerously; and the new pastor was at once informed of the character of the charge he had undertaken.

That very evening Warrender was sent

through the village, as crier, to give a notice, to which every ear was open. Mr. Kirby having had medical assurance that it was injurious to the public health that more funerals should take place in the churchyard, and that the bodies should lie unburied, would next day, bury the dead above the brow, on a part of Furzy Knoll, selected for the purpose. For anything unusual about this proceeding, Mr. Kirby would be answerable, considering the present state of the village of Bleaburn. A waggon would pass through the village at six o'clock the next morning; and all who had a coffin in their houses were requested to bring it out, for solemn conveyance to the new burial ground: and those who wished to attend the interment must be on the ground at eight o'clock.

All ears were open again the next morning, when the cart made its slow progress down the street; and some went out to see. It was starlight: and from the east came enough of dawn to show how the vehicle looked with the pall thrown over it. Now and then, as it passed a space between the houses, a puff of wind blew aside the edge of the pall, and then the coffins were seen within, ranged one upon another,—quite a load of them. It stopped for a minute at the bottom of the street; and it was a relief to the listeners to hear Warrender tell the driver that there were no more, and that he might proceed up to the brow. After watching the progress of the cart till it could no longer be distinguished from the wall of grey rock along which it was ascending, those who could be spared from tending the sick put on such black as they could muster, to go to the service.

It was, happily, a fine morning;—as fine a November morning as could be seen. It is not often that weather is of so much consequence as it was to the people of Bleaburn to-day. They could not themselves have told how it was that they came down from the awful service at Furzy Knoll so much more light-hearted than they went up; and when some of them were asked the reason, by those who remained below, they could not explain it,—but, somehow, everything looked brighter. It was, in fact, not merely the calm sunshine on the hills, and the quiet shadows in the hollows; it was not merely the ruddy tinge of the autumn ferns on the slopes, or the lively hop and flit of the wagtail about the spring-heads and the stones in the pool; it was not merely that the fine morning yielded cheering influences like these, but that it enabled many, who would have been kept below by rain, to hear what their new pastor had to say. After going through the burial service very quietly, and waiting with a cheerful countenance while the business of lowering so many coffins by so few hands was effected, he addressed, in a plain and conversational style, those who were present. He told them that he had never before witnessed an interment like this; and he did

not at all suppose that either he or they should see such another. Indeed, henceforth any funerals must take place without delay; as they very well might, now that, on this beautiful spot, there was room without limit. He told them how Farmer Neale had had the space they saw staked out since yesterday, and how it would be fenced in—roughly, perhaps, but securely—before night. He hoped and believed the worst of the sickness was over. The cold weather was coming on; and, perhaps, he said with a smile, it might be a comfort to some of them to know that the comet was going away. He could not say for himself that he should not be sorry when it disappeared; for he thought it a very beautiful sight, and one which reminded every eye that saw it how ‘the heavens declare the glory of God;’ and the wisest men were all agreed that it was a sign,—not of any mischief, but of the beauty of God’s handiwork in the firmament, as the Scriptures call the starry sky. The fact was, it was found that comets come round regularly, like some of the other stars and our own moon; and when a comet had once been seen, people of a future time would know when to look for it again, and would be too wise to be afraid of it. But he had better tell them about such things at another time, when perhaps they would let their children come up to his house, and look through a telescope,—a glass that magnified things so much, that when they saw the stars, they would hardly believe they were the same stars that they saw every clear night. Perhaps they might then think the commonest star as wonderful as any comet. Another reason why they might hope for better health was, that people at a distance now knew more of the distress of Bleaburn than they had done; and he could assure his neighbours, that supplies of nourishing food and wholesome clothing would be lodged with the cordon till the people of the place could once more earn their own living. Another reason why they might hope for better health was, that they were learning by experience what was good for health and what was bad. This was a very serious and important subject, on which he would speak to them again and again, on Sundays and at all times, till he had shown them what he thought about their having, he might almost say, their lives and health in their own hands. He was sure that God had ordered it so; and he expected to be able to prove to them, by and by, that there need be no fever in Bleaburn if they chose to prevent it. And now, about these Sundays and week days. He deeply pitied them that they had been cut off from worship during their time of distress. He thought there might be an end to that now. He would not advise their assembling in the church. There were the same reasons against it that there were two months ago; but there was no place on earth where men might not worship God, if they wished it. If it were now the middle

of summer, he should say that the spot they were standing on,—even yet so fresh and so sunny,—was the best they could have; but soon the winter winds would blow, and the cold rains would come driving over the hills. This would not do: but there was a warm nook in the hollow,—the crag behind the mill,—where there was shelter from the east and north, and the warmest sunshine ever felt in the hollow,—too hot in summer, but very pleasant now. There he proposed to read prayers three times a-week, at an hour which should be arranged according to the convenience of the greatest number; and there he would perform service and preach a sermon on Sundays, when the weather permitted. He should have been inclined to ask Farmer Neale for one of his barns, or to propose to meet even in his kitchen; but he found his neighbours still feared that meeting anywhere but in the open air would spread the fever. He did not himself believe that one person gave the fever to another; but as long as his neighbours thought so, he would not ask them to do what might make them afraid. Then there was a settling what hours should be appointed for worship at the crag; and the mourners came trooping down into the hollow, with brightened eyes, and freshened faces, and altogether much less like mourners than when they went up.

Before night, Mr. Kirby had visited every sick person in the place, in company with the doctor. The poor doctor would hardly have ventured to go his round without the assistance of some novelty that might divert the attention of the people from his atrocities. Mr. Kirby did not attempt to get rid of the subject. He told the discontented, to their faces, that the doctor knew his business better than they did; and bade them remember that it was not the doctor but themselves that had set fire to spirits of wine, or something of that sort, in the middle of the street, whereby a woman was in imminent danger of being burnt to death; and that their outrage on the good fame and property of a gentleman who had worn himself half dead with fatigue and anxiety on their account might yet cost them very dear, if it were not understood that they were so oppressed with sorrow and want that they did not know what they were about. His consultations with the doctor from house to house, and his evident deference to him in regard to matters of health and sickness, wrought a great change in a few hours; and the effect was prodigiously increased when Mrs. Kirby, herself a surgeon’s daughter, and no stranger in a surgery, offered her daily assistance in making up the medicines, and administering such as might be misused by those who could not read the labels.

“That is what the Good Lady does, when she can get out at the right time,” observed some one; “but now poor Jem is down, and his mother hardly up again yet, it is not every day, as she says, that she can go so far out of call.”

"Who is this Good Lady?" inquired Mr. Kirby. "I have been hardly twenty-four hours in this place, and I seem to have heard her name fifty times; and yet nobody seems able to say who she is."

"She almost overpowers their faculties, I believe," replied the doctor; "and, indeed, it is not very easy to look upon her as upon any other young lady. It comes easier to one's tongue to call her an angel than to introduce her as Miss Mary Pickard, from America."

When he had told what he knew of her, the Kirbys said, in the same breath,

"Let us go and see her." And the doctor showed them the way to Widow Johnson's, where poor Jem was languishing, in that state which is so affecting to witness, when he who has no intellect seems to have more power of patience than he who has most. The visitors arrived at a critical moment, however, when poor Jem's distress was very great, and his mother's hardly less. There lay the Good Lady on the ground, doubled up in a strange sort of way; Mrs. Johnson trying to go to her, but unable; and Jem, on his bed in the closet within, crying because something was clearly the matter.

"What's to do now?" exclaimed the doctor.

Mary laughed as she answered, "O nothing, but that I can't get up. I don't know how I fell, and I can't get up. But it is mere fatigue—want of sleep. Do convince Aunty that I have not got the fever."

"Let's see," said the doctor. Then, after a short study of his new patient, he assured Mrs. Johnson that he saw no signs of fever about her niece. She had had enough of nursing for the present, and now she must have rest.

"That is just it," said Mary. "If somebody will put something under me here, and just let me sleep for a few days, I shall do very well."

"Not there, Miss Pickard," said Mrs. Kirby, "you must be brought to our house, where everything will be quiet about you; and then you may sleep on till Christmas, if you will."

Mary felt the kindness; but she evidently preferred remaining where she was; and, with due consideration, she was indulged. She did not wish to be carried through the street, so that the people might see that the Good Lady was down at last; and besides, she felt as if she should die by the way, though really believing she should do very well if only let alone. She was allowed to order things just as she liked. A mattress was put under her, on the floor. Ann Warrender came and undressed her, lifting her limbs as if she was an infant, for she could not move them herself; and daily was she refreshed, as she had taught others to refresh those who cannot move from their beds. Every morning the doctor came, and agreed with her that there was nothing in the world the matter with her; that she

had only to lie still till she felt the wish to get up; and every day came Mrs. Kirby to take a look at her, if her eyes were closed: and if she was able to talk and listen, to tell her how the sick were faring, and what were the prospects of Bleaburn. After these visits, something good was often found near the pillow; some firm jelly, or particularly pure arrow-root, or the like; odd things to be dropped by the fairies; but Mrs. Kirby said the neighbours liked to think that the Good Lady was waited on by the Good People.

Another odd thing was, that for several days Mary could not sleep at all. She would have liked it, and she needed it extremely, and the window curtain was drawn, and everybody was very quiet, and even poor Jem caught the trick of quietness, and lay immovable for hours, when the door of his closet was open, watching to see her sleep. But she could not. She felt, what was indeed true, that Aunty's large black eyes were for ever fixed upon her; and she could not but be aware that the matter of the very first public concern in Bleaburn was, that she should go to sleep; and this was enough to prevent it. At last, when people were getting frightened, and even the doctor told Mr. Kirby that he should be glad to correct this insomnolence, the news went softly along the street one day, told in whispers even at the further end, that the Good Lady was asleep. The children were warned that they must keep within doors, or go up to the brow to play; there must be no noise in the hollow. The dogs were not allowed to bark, nor the ducks to quack; and Farmer Neale's carts were, on no account, to go below the Plough and Harrow. The patience of all persons who liked to make a noise was tried and proved, for nobody broke the rule; and when Mary once began sleeping, it seemed as if she would never stop. She could hardly keep awake to eat, or to be washed; and, as for having her hair brushed, that is always drowsy work, and she could never look before her for two minutes together while it was done. She thought it all very ridiculous, and laughed at her own laziness, and then, before the smile was off her lips, she had sunk on her pillow and was asleep again.

PART III.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a regular business now for three or four of the boys of Bleaburn to go up to the brow every morning to bring down the stores from O—, which were daily left there under the care of the watch. Mr. Kirby had great influence already with the boys of Bleaburn. He found plenty for them to do, and, when they were very hungry with running about, he gave them wholesome food to satisfy their healthy appetite. He said, he and Mrs. Kirby and the doctor worked hard, and they could not let anybody be idle but those who were ill: and, now that the regular work and wages of the place were suspended, he arranged matters

after his own sense of the needs of the people. The boys who survived and were in health, formed a sort of regiment under his orders, and they certainly never liked work so well before. Every little fellow felt his own consequence, and was aware of his own responsibility. A certain number, as has been said, went up to the brow to bring down the stores. A certain number were to succeed each other at the doctor's door, from hour to hour, to carry medicines, that the sick might neither be kept waiting, nor be liable to be served with the wrong medicine, from too many sorts being carried in a basket together. Others attended upon Warrender, with pail and brush, and helped him with his lime-washing. At first it was difficult, as has been said, to induce the lads to volunteer for this service, and Mr. Kirby directed much argument and persuasion towards their supposed fear of entering the cottages where people were lying sick. This was not the reason, however, as Warrender explained, with downcast eyes, when Mr. Kirby wondered what ailed the lads, that they ran all sorts of dangers all day long, and shirked this one.

"'Tis not the danger, I fancy, Sir," said Warrender; "they are not so much afraid of the fever as of going with me, I'm sorry to say."

"Afraid of you!" said Mr. Kirby, laughing.

"What harm could you do them?"

"'Tis my temper, Sir, I'm afraid."

"What is the matter with your temper? I see nothing amiss with it."

"And I hope you never may, Sir: but I can't answer for myself, though at this moment I know the folly of such passion as these lads have seen in me. Sir, it has been my way to be violent with them; and I don't wonder they sink away from me. But—"

"I am really quite surprised," said Mr. Kirby. "This is all news to me. I should have said you were a remarkably staid, quiet, persevering man; and, I am sure, very kind hearted."

"You have seen us all at such a time, you know, Sir! It is not only the misfortunes of the time that sober us, but when there is so much to do for one's neighbours, one's mind does not want to be in a passion—so to speak."

"Very true. The best part of us is roused, and puts down the worse. I quite agree with you, Warrender."

The boys were not long in learning that there was nothing now to fear from Warrender. No one was sent staggering from a box on the ear. No hair was ever pulled; nor was any boy ever shaken in his jacket. Instead of doing such things, Warrender made companions of his young assistants, taught them to do well whatever they put their hands to, and made them willing and happy. While two or three thus waited on him, others carried home the clean linen that his daughter and a neighbour or two were frequently ready to send out: and they daily

changed the water in the tubs where the foul linen was deposited. Others, again, swept and washed down the long steep street, making it look almost as clean as if it belonged to a Dutch village. After the autumn pig-killing, there were few or no more pigs. The poor sufferers could not attend to them; could not afford, indeed, to buy them; and had scarcely any food to give them. Though this was a token of poverty, it was hardly to be lamented in itself, under the circumstances; for there is no foulness whatever, no nastiness that is to be found among the abodes of men, so dangerous to health as that of pig-styes. There is mismanagement in this. People take for granted that the pig is a dirty animal, and give him no chance of being clean; whereas, if they would try the experiment of keeping his house swept, and putting his food always in one place, and washing him with soap and water once a week, they would find that he knows how to keep his pavement clean, and that he runs grunting to meet his washing with a satisfaction not to be mistaken. Such was the conclusion of the boys who undertook the purification of the two or three pigs that remained in Bleaburn. As for the empty styes, they were cleaner than many of the cottages. After a conversation with Mr. Kirby, Farmer Neale bought all the dirt-heaps for manure; and in a few days they were all trundled away in barrows—even to the stable-manure from the Plough and Harrow—and heaped together at the farm, and well shut down with a casing of earth, beat firm with spades. Boys really like such work as this, when they are put upon it in the right way. They were less dirty than they would have been with tumbling about and quarrelling and cuffing in the filthy street; in a finer glow of exercise; with a more wholesome appetite; and far more satisfaction in eating, because they had earned their food. Moreover, they began to feel themselves little friends of the grown people—of Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, and the Doctor, and the Warrenders—instead of a sort of reptiles, or other plague; and Mr. Kirby astonished them so by a bit of amusement now and then, when he had time, that they would have called him a conjuror, if he had not been a clergyman. He made a star—any star they pleased—as large as the comet, just by making them look at it through a tube; and he showed them how he took a drop of foul water from a stinking pool, and put it between glasses in a hole in his window-shutter; and how the drop became like a pond, and was found to be swarming with loathsome live creatures, swimming about, and trying to swallow each other. After these exhibitions, it is true the comet seemed much less wonderful and terrible than before; but then the drop of water was infinitely more so. The lads studied Mr. Kirby's cistern—so carefully covered, and so regularly cleaned out; and they learned how the water he

drank at dinner was filtered ; and then they went and scoured out the few water-tubs there were in the village, and consulted their neighbours as to how the public of Bleburn could be persuaded not to throw filth and refuse into the stream at the upper part, defiling it for those who lived lower down.

One morning at the beginning of December—on such a morning as was now sadly frequent, drizzly, and far too warm for the season—the lads who went up to the brow saw the same sight that had been visible in the same place one evening in the preceding August. There was a chaise, and an anxious post-boy, and a lady talking with one of the cordon. Mr. Kirby had learned what friends Mary Pickard had in England, and which of them lived nearest, and he had taken the liberty of writing to declare the condition of the Good Lady. His letter brought the friend, Mrs. Henderson, who came charged with affectionate messages to Mary from her young daughters, and a fixed determination not to return without the invalid.

“To think,” as she said to Mary when she appeared by the side of her mattress, “that you should be in England, suffering in this way, and we not have any idea what you were going through !”

Mary smiled, and said she had gone through nothing terrible on her own account. She might have been at Mr. Kirby’s for three weeks past, but that she really preferred being where she was.

“Do not ask her now, Madam, where she likes to be,” said Mr. Kirby, who had been brought down the street by the bustle of a stranger’s arrival. “Do not consult her at all, but take her away, and nurse her well.”

“Yes,” said the Doctor ; “lay her in a good air, and let her sleep, and feed her well ; and she will soon come round. She is better—even here.”

“Madam,” said Widow Johnson’s feeble but steady voice, “be to her what she has been to us ; raise her up to what she was when I first heard her step upon those stairs, and we shall say you deserve to be her friend.”

“You will go, will not you ?” whispered Mrs. Kirby to Mary. “You will let us manage it all for you ?”

“Do what you please with me,” was the reply. “You know best how to get me well soonest. Only let me tell Aunty that I will come again, as soon as I am able.”

“Better not,” said the prudent Mrs. Kirby. “There is no saying what may be the condition of this place by the spring. And it might keep Mrs. Johnson in a state of expectation not fit for one so feeble. Better not.”

“Very well,” said Mary.

Mrs. Kirby thought of something that her husband had said of Mary ; that he had never seen any one with such power of will and command so docile. She merely promised her aunt frequent news of her ; agreed with those who doubted whether she could bear

the jolting of any kind of carriage on the road up to the brow ; admitted that, though she could now stand, she could not walk across the room ; allowed herself to be carried on her mattress in a carpet, by four men, up to the chaise ; and nodded in reply to a remark made by one little girl to another in the street, and which the doctor wished she had not heard, that she looked “rarely bad.”

The landlady at O—seemed, by her countenance, to have much the same opinion of Mary’s looks, when she herself brought out the glass of wine, for which Mrs. Henderson stopped her chaise at the door of the Cross Keys. The landlady brought it herself, because none of her people would give as much as a glass of cold water, hand to hand with any one who came from Bleburn. The landlady stood shaking her head, and saying she had done the best she could ; she had warned the young lady in time.

“But you were quite out in your warning,” said Mary. “You were sure I should have the fever : but I have not.”

“You have not !”

“I have had no disease—no complaint whatever. I am only weak from fatigue.”

“It is quite true,” said Mrs. Henderson, as the hostess turned to her for confirmation. “Good wine like this, the fresh air of our moors, and the easy sleep that comes to Good Ladies like her, are the only medicines she wants.”

The landlady curtsied low—said the payment made should supply a glass of wine to somebody at Bleburn, and bade the driver proceed. After a mile or two, he turned his head, touched his hat, and directed the ladies’ attention to a bottle of wine, with loosened cork, and a cup which the hostess had contrived to smuggle into the pocket of the chaise. She was sure the young lady would want some wine before they stopped.

“How kind every body is !” said Mary, with swimming eyes. Mrs. Henderson cleared her throat, and looked out of the window on her side.

YOUNG RUSSIA.

CERTAIN social theorists have, of late years, proclaimed themselves to the puzzled public under the name and signification of ‘Young.’ Young France, Young Germany, and Young England have had their day, and having now grown older, and by consequence wiser, are comparatively mute. In accordance with what seems a natural law, it is only when a fashion is being forgotten where it originated—in the west—that it reaches Russia, which rigidly keeps a century or so behind the rest of the Continent. It is only recently, therefore, that we hear of ‘Young Russia.’

The main principles of all these national youths are alike. They are pleasingly picturesque—simperingly amiable ; with a pretty and piquant dash of paradox. What they

propose is not new birth, or dashing out into new systems, and taking advantage of new ideas; but reverting to old systems, and refurbishing them up so as to look as good as new. Re-juvenescence is their aim; the middle ages their motto. Young England, to wit, desires to replace things as they were in the days of the pack-horse, the thumb-screw, the monastery, the ducking-stool, the knight errant, trial by battle, and the donjon-keep. To these he wishes to apply all possible modern improvements, to adapt them to present ideas, and to present events. Though he would have no objection to his mailed knight travelling per first-class railway, he would abolish luggage-trains to encourage intestine trade and the breed of that noble animal the pack-horse. He has indeed done something in the monastic line; but his efforts for the dissemination of superstition, and his denunciations of a certain sort of witchcraft, have signally failed. In truth, the task he has set himself—that of re-constructing society anew out of old materials—though highly archaeological, historical, and poetic, has the fatal disadvantage of being simply impossible. It is telling the people of the nineteenth century to carry their minds, habits, and sentiments back, so as to become people of the thirteenth century; it is trying to make new muslin out of mummy cloth, or razors out of rusty nails.

'Young Russia' is an equal absurdity, but from a precisely opposite cause; for, indeed, this sort of youth out of age is a series of paradoxes. The Russian of the present day is the Russian of past ages. He exists by rule—the rule of despotism—which is as old as the Medes and Persians; and which forces him into an iron mould that shapes his appearance, his mind, and his actions, to one pattern, from one generation to another. Hence everything that lives and breathes in Russia being antique, there is no appreciable antiquity. The new school, therefore—even if amateur politics were allowable in Russia, which they are not, as a large population of exiles in Siberia can testify—has no materials to work upon. Stagnation is the political law, and Young Russia dies in its babyhood for want of sustenance. What goes by the name of civilisation, is no advance in wealth, morals, or social happiness. It is merely a tinsel coating over the rottenness and rust with which Russian life is 'sicklied o'er.' It has nothing to do with a single soul below the rank of a noble; and with him it means champagne, bad pictures, Parisian tailors, operas, gaming, and other expences and elegancies imported from the West. Hundreds of provincial noblemen are ruined every year in St. Petersburg, in undergoing this process of civilisation. The fortunes thus wasted are enormous; yet there is only one railroad now in operation throughout the whole empire, and that belongs to the Emperor, and leads to one of his palaces a few miles from the Capital. Such is Russian

civilisation. What then is Young Russia to do? Ask one of its youngest apostles, Ivan Vassilievitch.

This young gentleman—for an introduction to whom we are indebted to Count Sollogub—was, not long ago, parading the Iverskoy boulevard—one of the thirteen which half encircle Moscow—when he met a neighbour from the province of Kazan. Ivan had lately returned from abroad. He was a perfect specimen of the new school, inside and out. Within, he had imbibed all the ideas of the juvenile or verdant schools of Germany, France, and England. Without, he displayed a London macintosh; his coat and trowsers had been designed and executed by Parisian artists; his hair was cut in the style of the middle ages; and his chin showed the remnants of a Vandyke beard. He also resembled the new school in another respect: he had spent all his money, yet he was separated from home by the distance of a long—a Russian—journey.

To meet with a neighbour—which he did—who travelled in his own carriage, in which he offered a seat, was the height of good fortune. The more so, as Ivan wished to see as much of Russian life on the road as possible, and to note down his *impressions* in a journal, whose white leaves were as yet unsullied with ink. From the information he intended to collect, he intended to commence helping to reconstruct Russian society after the order of the new Russiites.

The vehicle in which this great mission was to be performed, was a humble family affair called a *Tarantas*.* After a series of adventures—but which did not furnish Ivan a single *impression* for his note-book—they arrive at Vladimir, the capital of a province or 'government.' Here the younger traveller meets with a friend, to whom he confides his intention of visiting all the other Government towns for 'Young Russia' purposes. His friend's reply is dispiriting to the last degree:—

"There is no difference between our government towns. See one, and you'll know them all!"

"Is it possible?"

"It is so, I assure you. Every one has a High-street; one principal shop, where the country gentlemen buy silks for their wives, and champagne for themselves; then there are the Courts of Justice, the assembly-rooms, an apothecary's shop, a river, a square, a bazaar, two or three street-lamps, sentry-boxes for the watchmen, and the governor's house."

"The society, however, in the government towns must be different?"

"On the contrary. The society is still more uniform than the buildings."

"You astonish me: how is that?"

* For further particulars of this comfortable conveyance, its occupants, and their adventures, we must refer the reader to Count Sollogub's amusing little book, to which he has given the name of 'The Tarantas.'

"Listen. There is, of course, in every government town a governor. These do not always resemble each other; but as soon as any one of them appears, police and secretaries immediately become active, merchants and tradesmen bow, and the gentry draw themselves up, with, however, some little awe. Wherever the governor goes, he is sure to find champagne, the wine so much patronised in the province, and everybody drinks a bumper to the health of the '*father of the province*.' Governors generally are well-bred, and sometimes very proud. They like to give dinner parties, and benevolently condescend to play a game of whist with rich brandy-contractors and landowners."

"That's a common thing," remarked Ivan Vassilievitch.

"Do not interrupt me. Besides the governor, there is in nearly every government town the governor's lady. She is rather a peculiar personage. Generally brought up in one of the two capitals, and spoiled with the cringing attentions of her company. On her husband's first entry into office, she is polite and affable; later, she begins to feel weary of the ordinary provincial intrigues and gossips; she gets accustomed to the slavish attentions she receives, and lays claim to them. At this period she surrounds herself with a parasitical suite; she quarrels with the lady of the vice-governor; she brags of St. Petersburg; speaks with disdain of her provincial circle, and finally draws upon herself the utmost universal ill-feeling, which is kept up till the day of her departure, when all goes into oblivion, everything is pardoned, and everybody bids her farewell with tears."

"Two persons do not form the whole society of a town," interrupted again Ivan Vassilievitch.

"Patience, brother, patience! Certainly there are other persons besides the two I have just spoken of: there is the vice-governor and his lady; several presidents, with their respective ladies, and an innumerable crowd of functionaries serving under their leadership. The ladies are ever quarrelling in words, whilst their husbands do the same thing upon foolscap. The presidents, for the most part, are men of advanced age and business-like habits, with great crosses hanging from their necks, and are during the daytime to be seen out of their courts only on holidays. The government attorney is generally a single man, and an enviable match. The superior officer of the *gens-d'armes* is a 'good fellow.' The nobility-marshal a great sportsman. Besides the government and the local officers, there live in a government town stingy landowners, or those who have squandered away their property; they gamble from evening to morning, nay, from morning to evening too, without getting the least bit tired of their exercise."

"Now, about the mode of living?" asked Ivan Vassilievitch.

"The mode of living is a very dull one. An exchange of ceremonious visits. Intrigues, cards—cards, intrigues. Now and then, perchance, you may meet with a kind, hospitable family, but such a case is very rare; you much oftener find a ludicrous affectation to imitate the manners of an imaginary high life. There are no public amusements in a government town. During winter a series of balls are announced to take place at the Assembly-rooms; however, from an absurd primness, these balls are little frequented, because no one wants to be the first in the room. The '*bon genre*' remains at home and plays whist. In general, I have remarked, that on arriving in a government town, it seems as if you were too early or too late for some extraordinary event. You are ever welcomed: 'What a pity you were not here yesterday!' or, 'You should stay here till to-morrow.'"

In process of time Ivan Vassilievitch and his good-natured fat companion, Vassily Ivanovitch, reach a borough town, where the Tarantas breaks down. There is a tavern and here is a description of it.

"The tavern was like any other tavern,—a large wooden hut, with the usual out-buildings. At the entrance stood an empty cart. The staircase was crooked and shaky, and at the top of it, like a moving candelabrum, stood a waiter with a tallow candle in his hand. To the right was the tap-room, painted from time immemorial to imitate a grove. Tumblers, tea-pots, decanters, three silver and a great number of pewter spoons, adorned the shelves of a cupboard; a couple of lads in chintz shirts, with dirty napkins over their shoulders, busied themselves at the bar. Through an open door you saw in the next room a billiard table, and a hen gravely promenading upon it.

"Our travellers were conducted into the principal room of this elegant establishment, where they found, seated round a boiling tea-urn, three merchants,—one grey-haired, one red-haired, and one dark-haired. Each of these was armed with a steaming tumbler; each of them sipped, smacked his lips, stroked his beard and sipped again the fragrant beverage.

"The red-haired man was saying:—

"I made, last summer, a splendid bargain: I had bought from a company of Samara-Tartars, some five hundred bags of prime quality, and had at the same time a similar quantity, which I purchased from a nobleman who was in want of money, but such dreadful stuff it was, that if it had not been for the very low price, I would never have thought of looking at it. What did I do? I mixed these two cargoes, and sold the whole lot to a brandy-contractor at Ribna, for prime quality."

"It was a clever speculation," remarked the dark-haired.

"A commercial trick!" added the grey-haired.

"Whilst this conversation was proceeding, Vassily Ivanovitch and Ivan Vassilievitch

had taken seats at a separate little table; they had ordered their tea, and were listening to what the three merchants were saying.

“A poor looking fellow came in and took from his breast-pocket an incredibly dirty sheet of paper, in which were wrapped up bank-notes and some gold, and handed it over to the grey-haired merchant, who, having counted them over, said:

“Five thousand, two hundred and seven-teen roubles. Is it right?”

“Quite right, Sir.”

“It shall be delivered according to your wish.”

Ivan asked why the sender had not taken a receipt?

“The red and dark-haired merchants burst out laughing; the grey-haired got into a passion.

“A receipt!” he cried out furiously, “a receipt! I would have broken his jaw with his own money had he dared to ask me for a receipt. I have been a merchant now more than fifty years, and I have never yet been insulted by being asked to give a receipt.”

“You see, Sir,” said the red-haired merchant, “it is only with noblemen that such things as receipts and bills of exchange exist. We commercial people do not make use of them. Our simple word suffices. We have no time to spare for writing. For instance, Sir: here is Sidor Avdeievitch, who has millions of roubles in his trade, and his whole writing consists of a few scraps of paper, for memory’s sake, Sir.”

“I don’t understand that,” interrupted Ivan Vassilievitch.

“How could you, Sir? It is mere commercial business, without plan or *façade*. We ourselves learn it from our childhood: first as errand-boys, then as clerks, till we become partners in the business. I confess it is hard work.”

Upon this text Ivan preaches a ‘Young Russia discourse.’

“Allow me a few words,” he said with fervour. “It appears to me that we have in Russia a great number of persons buying and selling, but yet, I must say, we have no systematic commerce. For commerce, science and learning are indispensable; a conflux of civilised men, clever mathematical calculations—but not, as seems to be the case with you, dependence upon mere chance. You earn millions, because you convert the consumer into a victim, against whom every kind of cheat is pardonable, and then you lay by farthing by farthing, refusing yourselves not only all the enjoyments of life, but even the most necessary comforts. . . . You brag of your threadbare clothes; but surely this extreme parsimony is a thousand times more blameable than the opposite prodigality of those of your comrades who spend their time amongst gipsies, and their money in feasting. You boast of your ignorance, because you do not know what civilisation is.

Civilisation, according to your notions, consists in shorter laps of a coat, foreign furniture, bronzes, and champagne—in a word, in outward trifles and silly customs. Trust me, not such is civilisation. . . . Unite yourselves! Be it your vocation to lay open all the hidden riches of our great country; to diffuse life and vigour into all its veins; to take the whole management of its material interests into your hands. Unite your endeavours in this beautiful deed, and you may be certain of success! Why should Russia be worse than England? Comprehend only your calling; let the beam of civilisation fall upon you, and your love for your fatherland will strengthen such a union; and you will see that not only the whole of Russia, but even the whole world will be in your hands.”

“At this eloquent conclusion, the red and the dark-haired merchants opened wide their eyes. They, of course, did not understand a single word of Ivan Vassilievitch’s speech.”

“Alas, for Young Russia,” Ivan dolefully remarks in another place;—

“I thought to study life in the provinces: there is no life in the provinces: every one there is said to be of the same cut. Life in the capitals is not a Russian life, but a weak imitation of the petty perfections and gross vices of modern civilisation. Where am I then to find Russia? In the lower classes, perhaps, in the every-day life of the Russian peasant? But have I not been now for five days chiefly amongst this class? I prick up my ears and listen; I open wide my eyes and look, and do what I may, I find not the least trifle worth noting in my ‘*Impressions*.’ The country is dead; there is nothing but land, land, land; so much land, indeed, that my eyes get tired of looking at it; a dreadful road—waggons of goods, swearing carriers, drunken stage-inspectors; beetles creeping on every wall; soups with the smell of tallow-candles! How is it possible for any respectable person to occupy himself with such nasty stuff? And what is yet more provoking, is the doleful uniformity which tires you so much, and affords you no rest whatever. Nothing new, nothing unexpected! To-morrow what has been to-day; to-day what has been yesterday. Here, a post-stage, there again a post-stage, and further the same post-stage again; here, a village-elder asking for drink-money, and again to infinity village-elders all asking for drink-money. What can I write? I begin to agree with Vassily Ivanovitch; he is right in saying that we do not travel, and that there is no travelling in Russia. We simply are going to Mordassy. Alas! for my ‘*Impressions*.’”

Whoever wants to know more of this amusing Young Russian, must consult “The *Zurantas*.” We can assure the reader that the book is fraught with a store of amusement—chiefly descriptions of town and country life in Russia—not often compressed into the modest and inexpressive compass of a thin duodecimo.

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OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES.

THE Magician in "Aladdin" may possibly have neglected the study of men, for the study of alchemical books; but it is certain that in spite of his profession he was no conjuror. He knew nothing of human nature, or the everlasting set of the current of human affairs. If, when he fraudulently sought to obtain possession of the wonderful Lamp, and went up and down, disguised, before the flying-palace, crying New Lamps for Old ones, he had reversed his cry, and made it Old Lamps for New ones, he would have been so far before his time as to have projected himself into the nineteenth century of our Christian Era.

This age is so perverse, and is so very short of faith—in consequence, as some suppose, of there having been a run on that bank for a few generations—that a parallel and beautiful idea, generally known among the ignorant as the Young England hallucination, unhappily expired before it could run alone, to the great grief of a small but a very select circle of mourners. There is something so fascinating, to a mind capable of any serious reflection, in the notion of ignoring all that has been done for the happiness and elevation of mankind during three or four centuries of slow and dearly-bought amelioration, that we have always thought it would tend soundly to the improvement of the general public, if any tangible symbol, any outward and visible sign, expressive of that admirable conception, could be held up before them. We are happy to have found such a sign at last; and although it would make a very indifferent sign, indeed, in the Licensed Victualling sense of the word, and would probably be rejected with contempt and horror by any Christian publican, it has our warmest philosophical appreciation.

In the fifteenth century, a certain feeble lamp of art arose in the Italian town of Urbino. This poor light, Raphael Sanzio by name, better known to a few miserably mistaken wretches in these later days, as Raphael (another burned at the same time, called Titian), was fed with a preposterous idea of Beauty—with a ridiculous power of etherealising, and exalting to the very Heaven of Heavens, what was most sublime

and lovely in the expression of the human face divine on Earth—with the truly contemptible conceit of finding in poor humanity the fallen likeness of the angels of God, and raising it up again to their pure spiritual condition. This very fantastic whim effected a low revolution in Art, in this wise, that Beauty came to be regarded as one of its indispensable elements. In this very poor delusion, Artists have continued until this present nineteenth century, when it was reserved for some bold aspirants to "put it down."

The Pre-Raphael Brotherhood, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the dread Tribunal which is to set this matter right. Walk up, walk up; and here, conspicuous on the wall of the Royal Academy of Art in England, in the eighty-second year of their annual exhibition, you shall see what this new Holy Brotherhood, this terrible Police that is to disperse all Post-Raphael offenders, has "been and done!"

You come—in this Royal Academy Exhibition, which is familiar with the works of WILKIE, COLLINS, ETTY, EASTLAKE, LESLIE, MACLAISE, TURNER, STANFIELD, LANDSEER, ROBERTS, DANBY, CRESWICK, LEE, WEBSTER, HERBERT, DYCE, COPE, and others who would have been renowned as great masters in any age or country—you come, in this place, to the contemplation of a Holy Family. You will have the goodness to discharge from your minds all Post-Raphael ideas, all religious aspirations, all elevating thoughts; all tender, awful, sorrowful, ennobling, sacred, graceful, or beautiful associations; and to prepare yourselves, as befits such a subject—Pre-Raphaelly considered—for the lowest depths of what is mean, odious, repulsive, and revolting.

You behold the interior of a carpenter's shop. In the foreground of that carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbery, red-headed boy, in a bed-gown; who appears to have received a poke in the hand, from the stick of another boy with whom he has been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness, that (supposing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out from the rest of the company as a Monster, in

the vilest cabaret in France, or the lowest gin-shop in England. Two almost naked carpenters, master and journeyman, worthy companions of this agreeable female, are working at their trade; a boy, with some small flavor of humanity in him, is entering with a vessel of water; and nobody is paying any attention to a snuffy old woman who seems to have mistaken that shop for the tobacconist's next door, and to be hopelessly waiting at the counter to be served with half an ounce of her favourite mixture. Wherever it is possible to express ugliness of feature, limb, or attitude, you have it expressed. Such men as the carpenters might be undressed in any hospital where dirty drunkards, in a high state of varicose veins, are received. Their very toes have walked out of Saint Giles's.

This, in the nineteenth century, and in the eighty-second year of the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Art, is the Pre-Raphael representation to us, Ladies and Gentlemen, of the most solemn passage which our minds can ever approach. This, in the nineteenth century, and in the eighty-second year of the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Art, is what Pre-Raphael Art can do to render reverence and homage to the faith in which we live and die! Consider this picture well. Consider the pleasure we should have in a similar Pre-Raphael rendering of a favourite horse, or dog, or cat; and, coming fresh from a pretty considerable turmoil about "desecration" in connexion with the National PostOffice, let us extol this great achievement, and commend the National Academy!

In further considering this symbol of the great retrogressive principle, it is particularly gratifying to observe that such objects as the shavings which are strewn on the carpenter's floor are admirably painted; and that the Pre-Raphael Brother is indisputably accomplished in the manipulation of his art. It is gratifying to observe this, because the fact involves no low effort at notoriety; everybody knowing that it is by no means easier to call attention to a very indifferent pig with five legs, than to a symmetrical pig with four. Also, because it is good to know that the National Academy thoroughly feels and comprehends the high range and exalted purposes of Art; distinctly perceives that Art includes something more than the faithful portraiture of shavings, or the skilful colouring of drapery—imperatively requires, in short, that it shall be informed with mind and sentiment; will on no account reduce it to a narrow question of trade-juggling with a palette, palette-knife, and paint-box. It is likewise pleasing to reflect that the great educational establishment foresees the difficulty into which it would be led, by attaching greater weight to mere handicraft, than to any other consideration—even to considerations of common reverence or decency; which absurd principle, in the event of a skilful painter of the figure

becoming a very little more perverted in his taste, than certain skilful painters are just now, might place Her Gracious Majesty in a very painful position, one of these fine Private View Days.

Would it were in our power to congratulate our readers on the hopeful prospects of the great retrogressive principle, of which this thoughtful picture is the sign and emblem! Would that we could give our readers encouraging assurance of a healthy demand for Old Lamps in exchange for New ones, and a steady improvement in the Old Lamp Market! The perversity of mankind is such, and the untoward arrangements of Providence are such, that we cannot lay that flattering unction to their souls. We can only report what Brotherhoods, stimulated by this sign, are forming; and what opportunities will be presented to the people, if the people will but accept them.

In the first place, the Pre-Perspective Brotherhood will be presently incorporated, for the subversion of all known rules and principles of perspective. It is intended to swear every P. P. B. to a solemn renunciation of the art of perspective on a soup-plate of the willow pattern; and we may expect, on the occasion of the eighty-third Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Art in England, to see some pictures by this pious Brotherhood, realising HOGARTH'S idea of a man on a mountain several miles off, lighting his pipe at the upper window of a house in the foreground. But we are informed that every brick in the house will be a portrait; that the man's boots will be copied with the utmost fidelity from a pair of Bluchers, sent up out of Northamptonshire for the purpose; and that the texture of his hands (including four chilblains, a whitlow, and ten dirty nails) will be a triumph of the Painter's art.

A Society, to be called the Pre-Newtonian Brotherhood, was lately projected by a young gentleman, under articles to a Civil Engineer, who objected to being considered bound to conduct himself according to the laws of gravitation. But this young gentleman, being reproached by some aspiring companions with the timidity of his conception, has abrogated that idea in favour of a Pre-Galileo Brotherhood now flourishing, who distinctly refuse to perform any annual revolution round the Sun, and have arranged that the world shall not do so any more. The course to be taken by the Royal Academy of Art in reference to this Brotherhood is not yet decided upon; but it is whispered that some other large Educational Institutions in the neighbourhood of Oxford are nearly ready to pronounce in favour of it.

Several promising Students connected with the Royal College of Surgeons have held a meeting, to protest against the circulation of the blood, and to pledge themselves to treat all the patients they can get, on principles condemnatory of that innovation. A Pre-

Harvey-Brotherhood is the result, from which a great deal may be expected—by the undertakers.

In literature, a very spirited effort has been made, which is no less than the formation of a P. G. A. P. C. B., or Pre-Gower and Pre-Chaucer-Brotherhood, for the restoration of the ancient English style of spelling, and the weeding out from all libraries, public and private, of those and all later pretenders, particularly a person of loose character named SHAKESPEARE. It having been suggested, however, that this happy idea could scarcely be considered complete while the art of printing was permitted to remain unmolested, another society, under the name of the Pre-Laurentius Brotherhood, has been established in connexion with it, for the abolition of all but manuscript books. These Mr. PUGIN has engaged to supply, in characters that nobody on earth shall be able to read. And it is confidently expected by those who have seen the House of Lords, that he will faithfully redeem his pledge.

In Music, a retrogressive step, in which there is much hope, has been taken. The P. A. B., or Pre-Agincourt Brotherhood has arisen, nobly devoted to consign to oblivion Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, and every other such ridiculous reputation, and to fix its Millennium (as its name implies) before the date of the first regular musical composition known to have been achieved in England. As this Institution has not yet commenced active operations, it remains to be seen whether the Royal Academy of Music will be a worthy sister of the Royal Academy of Art, and admit this enterprising body to its orchestra. We have it on the best authority, that its compositions will be quite as rough and discordant as the real old original—that it will be, in a word, exactly suited to the pictorial Art we have endeavoured to describe. We have strong hopes, therefore, that the Royal Academy of Music, not wanting an example, may not want courage.

The regulation of social matters, as separated from the Fine Arts, has been undertaken by the Pre-Henry-the-Seventh Brotherhood, who date from the same period as the Pre-Raphael Brotherhood. This society, as cancelling all the advances of nearly four hundred years, and reverting to one of the most disagreeable periods of English History, when the Nation was yet very slowly emerging from barbarism, and when gentle female foreigners, come over to be the wives of Scottish Kings, wept bitterly (as well they might) at being left alone among the savage Court, must be regarded with peculiar favour. As the time of ugly religious caricatures (called mysteries), it is thoroughly Pre-Raphael in its spirit; and may be deemed the twin brother to that great society. We should be certain of the Plague among many other advantages, if this Brotherhood were properly encouraged.

All these Brotherhoods, and any other

society of the like kind, now in being or yet to be, have at once a guiding star, and a reduction of their great ideas to something palpable and obvious to the senses, in the sign to which we take the liberty of directing their attention. We understand that it is in the contemplation of each Society to become possessed, with all convenient speed, of a collection of such pictures; and that once, every year, to wit upon the first of April, the whole intend to amalgamate in a high festival, to be called the Convocation of Eternal Boobies.

SAVINGS' BANK DEFALCATIONS.

It is exactly fifty years ago since the clergyman of a little town in Bucks circulated among the poorer part of his parishioners a proposal, which excited the ridicule of many and the apprehension of not a few. "If any inhabitant of Wendover chooses," said he, "to entrust me with any amount of his savings, in sums of not less than twopence at a time, I shall be happy to receive the money, and to repay the sum to him next Christmas, with an addition of one-third upon the amount of his deposit." It was some time before the population of Wendover could be brought to understand the value of the proposal; but it was still longer before its universal application became appreciated. Five years elapsed ere any similar institution rose into existence: then a "Charitable Bank" was opened at Tottenham, by a lady named Priscilla Wakefield, assisted by six gentlemen, who undertook from their private purses to allow five per cent. interest on the deposits. Three years passed, and another society upon the same principle was formed at Bath. After this, the eyes of the public began to be opened; and by 1816, there were established in England seventy different Savings' Banks; whilst Wales boasted of four, and Ireland of five. At present the number of Savings' Banks in operation in Great Britain, is five hundred and eighty-four. Those doing the largest amount of business are of course in London; and some idea may be formed of the magnitude of their transactions, when it is stated that the St. Martin's Bank, near Trafalgar Square, alone, has on its books at present, forty thousand depositors, whose investments amount to upwards of a million and a quarter sterling. Since this establishment was first commenced in 1816, it has opened one hundred and seventy-three thousand accounts for nearly eight millions of money. The bank which approaches the nearest to the St. Martin's Bank in magnitude, is the Bishopsgate Bank in Moorfields. That bank has three-quarters of a million invested in it. The Bloomsbury Bank has half a million: the Marylebone Bank about 300,000. There are banks as large as the last, at Newcastle, Nottingham, Norwich, Bristol, Hull, Devonport, Leeds, and Birmingham. The Liverpool and Manchester Banks have

deposits of half a million each. In Exeter there is a bank with thirty-five thousand depositors, and half a million of money.

This immense amount of business is done at no very great cost. For the five hundred and eighty-four banks, there are altogether only eleven hundred and forty paid officers. The salaries of these officers amount to no more than seventy-five thousand pounds a-year; and they manage the business of more than a million of depositors, whose accounts exceed twenty-eight millions sterling—a sum equal to the capital of the Bank of England.

The mere fact of any institution having to deal with so enormous a capital, renders it one of great importance commercially. But when it is remembered that the vast aggregate is made up of small savings; and that additions to, or withdrawals from it, furnish a clue to the fluctuations between the prosperity and depression of the largest, most useful, and least wealthy among us—the thews and sinews of the nation—the administration and management of Savings' Banks cannot be too jealously watched.

Unhappily a painful interest has been lately imparted to the system by the abstraction of large sums by certain local managers; and by the discovery that to make these defalcations good, there exists no government liability. Indeed by law (the act of 1844) even the Trustees are not liable; but honour has always, as we shall see, proved with them stronger than the statute. A clear understanding of the actual connection of the State with Savings' Banks is of vital importance, not only to depositors, but to those who interest themselves in promoting the banking system among the humbler classes; a system, which, it may be safely affirmed, has hitherto proved of the utmost benefit not only to the worldly prosperity, but to the morals of the working bees of our Great Hive.

Savings' Banks were first established from motives of benevolence. They soon, however, came to involve such great responsibility that the managers were anxious that the State should give them the benefit of its support. The State was nothing loth, for it saw the advantage of having such large amounts of money in possession. Accordingly, in 1817, there was opened at the National Debt Office, a "Fund for the Banks for Savings," and an act was passed compelling the Trustees to pay in their deposits to that Fund, receiving a debenture which bore interest at the rate of 4*l.* 10*s.* per cent.

The Government, therefore, is only responsible for the money *after* it is paid to the National Debt Office: it is not accountable for deficiencies arising in the course of Savings' Bank transactions, or from the embezzlement or mismanagement of local officers. Still depositors are seldom defrauded; for when such defaults have happened, the Trustees and Managers of the Bank concerned have

stepped in to cover the deficiencies, except in a case which occurred in Wales in 1824, and in other instances subsequently in Ireland. In no one case, on the other hand, has the Government ever rendered assistance to the value of a farthing. Why, will be seen when the dealings between the local authorities of these banks and the National Debt Office are explained. They are simply as follows:—The accumulated deposits of each Savings' Bank, are paid over to some neighbouring banker, or other person, who acts gratuitously as treasurer. The treasurer pays the money, by check or otherwise, to the National Debt Commissioners, who invest it in Exchequer Bills or Stock. At the end of the year they allow an interest upon the amount deposited. Out of this interest the Savings' Banks Trustees are authorised by law to pay interest to the depositors at the rate of not less than 2*l.* 15*s.*, nor more than 3*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* per cent. per annum. The Banks vary in the precise rate; the average rate of interest afforded by all the Banks in the United Kingdom is 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Thus 7*s.* 6*d.* per cent.—which constitutes the difference between 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* and the 3*l.* 5*s.*—forms the fund out of which is defrayed the charges of management.

In the majority of Banks, there is only one paid officer; but of course the number varies according to the amount of business. The St. Martin's Bank is the most complete establishment of the kind, and consists or sixteen persons. Some Banks have only one remunerated official. In every case, the National Debt Commissioners have power to make such regulations, under the Savings' Bank Act, as enforce each paid officer giving heavy security for his honesty.

It is of great consequence that the public should understand that the defalcations which have of late caused some distrust in the stability of Savings' Banks, have not arisen from any defect of the great principles, but only in the details, and from the abuses of the system. They have happened chiefly in consequence of the culpably loose and irregular conduct of the local managers; but partly from the carelessness or ignorance of depositors. The chief manager of an Institution in default—as in the latest case which has come before the public—has left everything to the actuary or cashier, who did precisely as he pleased, and he is blamable for laxity. On the other hand, most of the monies of which depositors were plundered never passed through a Savings' Bank at all. They were paid to the Officers of the Banks at their own abodes, and these officers never gave any account of them to the Managers. The only way to stop this, is to make it criminal for any officer of a Bank to receive the money of any depositor, at any other time or place than at the Bank during the regular Bank hours. The fact is that there have rarely, if ever, hitherto been any *genuine* frauds upon Savings' Banks. The frauds have taken

place upon irregular transactions out of doors. Hence it is that the National Debt Commissioners repudiate all liability to the depositors.

Against, however, the National Debt Office itself there is a very serious charge. As we have stated, it is bound to invest, in the public securities, the monies paid over to them by the Trustees and Treasurers of Savings' Banks. It appears, from parliamentary returns, that at different periods the Commissioners have accumulated large sums of this money, and dealt with it in different classes of securities; although the necessities of Savings' Banks did not require any such operations. The result has been very unfortunate. The National Debt Commissioners appear, by their accounts, to have less stock by *two millions* of money, than the capital paid to them ought to represent. This glaring fact appears on the face of the public accounts. No explanation has ever been given; no reasons have ever been assigned. The belief is, that the operations by which the Savings' Banks fund so seriously suffered, were necessitated by the financial exigencies of government some years since. They commenced in 1834 and continued down to 1843, when they were discovered and checked by public opinion. As, then, for this amount the Government is responsible, the nation will be, ultimately, obliged to pay it up to the depositors.

But a calm review of these facts—startling as some of them are—should not essentially affect the stability of Savings' Banks, and alarm is comparatively groundless. Firstly, the defalcations of officers are generally made good by their sureties, or by the local trustees; and secondly, the deficiency of two millions is not likely to be called for so suddenly as to inconvenience the public purse.

It is now necessary to point out how—to glance at the opposite page of the account—the law guards against frauds attempted by the public upon Savings' Banks. The only way in which they could be so abused, would be by attempts, on the part of the comparatively wealthy, to obtain a higher rate of interest, for investments, than they could get elsewhere. But an average interest, *2l. 17s. 6d.* per cent. with a maximum of *3l. 0s. 10d.*, would seem a sufficient bar to such deposits. But in order to guard against such a possibility, the law has enacted that no one person shall be permitted to deposit more than *30l.* in any one year, or more than *150l.* pounds in the whole; and if his principal and interest together ever amounts to *200l.*, then the payment of all further interest is stopped. These restrictions are effectual in preserving Savings' Banks to the sole object of savings—the savings of the poor.

As regards actual frauds and attempts at fraud by the public, we have been obliged with the experience of the St. Martin's Bank, which very probably speaks for that of all the Savings' Banks in England:—"Since this Bank

was instituted, in 1816," says our informant, "there have been only five attempts at fraud, by forgery of depositors' signatures, or otherwise. In two of those five cases the forgery was detected and no loss ensued. In the other three cases the Bank sustained the loss, which amounted in the whole to less than *50l.* Attempts at personation seldom succeed,—nor are these always fraudulent; absent depositors are often consenting parties, in order to save themselves the trouble of attending personally. Such cases lead to dispute; but two such cases which have occurred here are rather curious. In 1847 a man married a female depositor, and induced her to withdraw the whole of her money (exceeding *100l.*), of which having possessed himself, he abandoned her. Subsequently he deposited *90l.*, part of this money, in three different Savings' Banks, our own among the number. The wife having stated her case to us, we took advantage of the law which prohibited him from depositing in more than one Bank, and refused to allow him to withdraw. The case was referred; and the barrister appointed by act of Parliament to settle such questions awarded that, under the statute, the deposits were forfeited to the Commissioners of the National Debt. The Lords of the Treasury, upon the wife's memorial, ordered the restitution of the money to her, for her own separate use, free from her husband's control; and this arrangement we had the pleasure of carrying into effect.—The other case was equally singular. In 1848 the Painters' and Glaziers' Friendly Society had an account with us. They sought to eject one of the trustees of their fund from the benefits of their Society, on the ground that on the '10th of April' he had acted as a Special Constable, contrary to the rule prohibiting him from 'voluntarily entering Her Majesty's service.' The trustee protested to us, and we objected to pay the Society's money without his signature to the order. Thereupon 'the Painters and Glaziers' caused the case to be referred, and the barrister awarded that the funds should not be transferred or withdrawn without the trustee's consent."

From the same quarter we ascertained, in reference to unclaimed money, a remarkable circumstance. The amount of unclaimed deposits in the St. Martin's Place Bank has of late decreased instead of increased. In 1842 the Bank held *10,800l.*, which had been unclaimed for seven years. In 1849, although its business had so amazingly augmented, the amount which had remained unclaimed for seven years was *9989l.*, or nearly *1000l.* less. This is accounted for by the great pains taken to trace and summon the depositors and their representatives. It certainly is remarkable that out of transactions to the extent of more than eight and a half millions of money, only *9900l.* should remain unclaimed.

From what we have stated on this subject it will be seen that although Savings' Banks

are not on a satisfactory footing as between the Government and depositors, or as between the latter and the local managers; yet, on the whole, the system is so well contrived, that no good reason has lately been revealed for the public to withdraw their confidence from them. The cure of the more glaring defects is now under the consideration of Government, and this paper will be best concluded by a sketch of the proposed remedy. The bill introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer deals with all the defects we have pointed out: perhaps it introduces some new ones, but these it will be purged of probably in Committee. One of the chief evils is that exemption from liability which was extended to trustees in 1844: and it is proposed, for wilful or neglectful losses, to restore this liability. These officers are now unpaid; and it is proposed to pay them, Government being responsible for their acts, and having the privilege of appointing. To prevent fraud, occasioned by the treasurer or actuary receiving monies at his own house, it is intended that the treasurer alone shall receive money, and that he shall attend at certain stated times for that purpose. A local banker is to fill the office, who will not be wholly unremunerated. For any other person than the treasurer to receive money as a savings'-bank deposit, will be a misdemeanour. Daily accounts are to be rendered to the Commissioners of the National Debt; and those Commissioners will appoint auditors, who shall exercise a constant revision of the accounts, subject to supervision by special inspectors despatched at discretion. These arrangements will necessarily entail greater expence, and to meet it, the rate of interest allowed to depositors, is to be reduced to 2*l.* 15*s.*, and deposits limited to 100*l.* Above that amount, Government will either hold the money without interest, or, at the depositor's option, invest it in the funds free of charge.

THE SUMMER SABBATH.

THE woods my Church, to-day—my preacher
boughs,
Whispering high homilies through leafy lips;
And worshippers, in every bee that sips
Sweet cordial from the tiniest flower, that grows
'Mid the young grass, and, in each bird, that dips
Light pinions in the sunshine as it throws
Gold showers upon green trees. All things around
Are full of Prayer! The very blush which tips
Yon snowy cloud, is bright with adoration!
The grass breathes incense forth, and all the
ground
Is a wide altar; while the stillest sound
Is vibrating with praise. No profanation
Reaches the thoughts, while thus to cars and eyes
Nature her music and her prayer supplies!

NEWSPAPER ANTECEDENTS.

THOSE in whom the appetite for news on which we have already commented is very strong, must wonder how our forefathers existed without newspapers; for so it happened that the lieges of these realms did get on very well without them up to the days of the first of the Stuarts. But although they had no printed newspapers, they could not and did not do without news; conveyed orally in the form of gossip, or by means of manuscript intelligencers. Friendly communications containing the gossip of the town for the enlightenment of cousins in the country are as old as pen and ink, and much older than paper; for many, still extant in the British Museum, were written on vellum. By-and-bye, the writing of such letters became a profession, and every country family of pretension could boast of "our own correspondent." These writers were generally disbanded military officers, younger sons very much "about town," and, not unfrequently, clergymen. Shirley in his "Love Tricks" draws the portrait of one of these antecedents of the present race of Editors.

"*Easparo.* I tell you, Sir, I have known a gentleman that has spent the best part of a thousand pounds while he was prentice to the trade in Holland, and out of three sheets of paper, which was his whole stock, (the pen and ink-horn he borrowed,) he set up shop, and spent a hundred pounds a-year. It has been a great profession. Marry, most commonly they are soldiers; a peace concluded is a great plague upon them, and if the wars hold we shall have store of them. Oh, they are men worthy of commendation. They speak in print.

"*Antonio.* Are they soldiers?"

"*Eas.* Faith so they would be thought, though indeed they are but mongrels, not worthy of that noble attribute. They are indeed bastards, not sons of war and true soldiers, whose divine souls I honour, yet they may be called great spirits too, for their valour is invisible; these, I say, will write you a battle in any part of Europe at an hour's warning, and yet never set foot out of a tavern; describe you towns, fortifications, leaders, the strength of the enemy, what confederates, every day's march. Not a soldier shall lose a hair, or have a bullet fly between his arms, but he shall have a page to wait on him in quarto. Nothing destroys them but want of a good memory, for if they escape contradiction they may be chronicled."

By the time James the First began to reign, this employment had so completely moulded itself into a regular craft, that news-writers set up offices and kept "emissaries," or reporters, to bring them accounts of what was going on in various parts of the metropolis. These reports were sifted, collected, and arranged by the master of the office, or "Register," who acted as Editor. To Nathaniel Butter, a news-writer of that period, was the British public indebted for the first printed newspaper. Ben Jounson in his

"Staple of News" gives a vivid picture of Mr. Butter's office before he took to printing.

Enter Register and Nathaniel.

Reg. What, are those desks fit now? Set forth the table,

The carpet and the chair; where are the News That were examined last? Have you filled them up?

Nath. Not yet, I had no time.

Reg. Are those News registered That emissary Buz sent in last night, Of Spinola and his eggs?

Nath. Yes, sir, and filed.

Reg. What are you now upon?

Nath. That our new emissary Westminster gave us, of the golden heir.

Reg. Dispatch; that's news indeed, and of importance.—

Enter a Country-woman.

What would you have, good woman?

Woman. I would have, sir,

A goat's-worth of any News, I care not what, To carry down this Saturday to our vicar.

Reg. O! you are a butter-woman; ask Nathaniel, The clerk there.

Nath. Sir, I tell her she must stay Till emissary Exchange, or Paul's send in, And then I'll fit her.

Reg. Do, good woman, have patience; It is not now, as when the Captain lived; You'll blast the reputation of the office, Now in the bud, if you dispatch these goats So soon: let them attend in name of policy.

To have served his gaping customers too quickly, would have seemed as though the News was *made* instead of being collected; so thought the Register.

Respecting the first English printed newspaper, the public have lain under a mistake for nearly a century. Some ten years ago, however, Mr. Thomas Watts of the British Museum exploded the long prevalent fallacy that the "*English Mercurie*," dated in 1588, was originally the progenitor of modern journals. A copy of such a paper exists in the Birch Collection; but it is a manifest forgery, the concoction of which was traced to the second Lord Hardwicke. It pretends to give news from the expedition against the Spanish Armada; but, besides a host of blunders in dates, it is printed on paper made posterior to the date it bears. The truth is that no periodically printed newspaper appeared till thirty years after.

When the reign of James the First was drawing to a close; when Ben Jonson was poet laureate, and the personal friends of Shakspeare were lamenting his then recent death; when Cromwell was trading as a brewer at Huntingdon; when Milton was a youth of sixteen, just trying his pen at Latin verse, and Hampden a quiet country gentleman in Buckinghamshire; London was solicited to patronise its first Newspaper. There is now no reason to doubt that the puny ancestor of the myriads of broad sheets of our time was published in the metropolis in 1622, and that the most prominent of the

ingenious speculators who offered the novelty to the world was Nathaniel Butter. His companions in the work appear to have been Nicholas Bourne, Thomas Archer, Nathaniel Newberry, William Sheffard, Bartholomew Downes, and Edward Alde. All these different names appear in the imprints of the early numbers of the first Newspaper—THE WEEKLY NEWS.* This prime, original progenitor of the acres of news which are now rolled out from the press failed, after many lapses and struggles, chiefly occasioned by the Star Chamber. Its end was untimely. The last number appeared on the 9th of January, 1640. Could it have survived a little longer it might have run a long career, for the incubus which smothered it was itself stifled—the Star Chamber was abolished in 1641.

Butter's print was succeeded by a host of "Mercuries," but none of them were long-lived. They were started for particular objects, to advocate certain views, and sometimes to circulate the likeliest lies that could be invented to serve the cause espoused. Each of these was laid down when its mission was accomplished. During the civil war, nearly thirty thousand journals, pamphlets, and papers were issued in this manner. In the heat of hostilities, each army carried its printing-press as part of its munitions of war. Leaden types were employed with as much rancour and zeal as leaden bullets. These were often headed as News, such as "News out of Worcestershire," "News of a bloody battle," fought at such a place, &c. In 1662 a regular periodical, called the "Kingdom's Intelligencer," was started, and in the following year the "Intelligencer, published for the satisfaction and information of the people," was set up by Sir Roger L'Estrange.

All these were superseded by a journal, which has stood its ground so well that the last number came out only yesterday. This was the "Oxford Gazette," set up in that city in 1665, and now known as the "London Gazette." For many years after the Restoration this was the only newspaper; for the law restricted any man from publishing political news without the consent of the Crown. Charles and James the Second withheld that consent whenever it suited them, and put those who took "French leave" into the pillory.

As a specimen of a newspaper, when these restrictions were abated, after the flight of James the Second, we may instance the "Universal Intelligencer." It was small in size, and meagre in contents. It appeared only twice a-week, and consisted of two pages; that is to say, one leaf of paper a little larger than the page on which the reader's eye now rests, and with hardly so much matter. The number for December 11, 1688, boasts two advertisements. A small paragraph amongst

* The Fourth Estate, by F. K. Hunt.

its News describes the seizing of Judge Jeffries, in his attempt to escape from the anger of his enemies. Besides this interesting morsel of intelligence, the paper has sixteen lines of News from Ireland, and eight lines from Scotland; whilst under its News of England, we have not very much more. One of the items tells us, that "on the 7th inst. the Prince of Orange supt at the Bear Inn, Hungerford." There are other headings, such as "Forrain News" and "Domestick News." Each item of intelligence is a mere skeleton—more in the nature of memoranda, or notifications of events, than accounts of them. "Further particulars" had not been invented then.

By Anne's time, journalism had improved, and—when the victories of Marlborough and Rooke, the political contests of Godolphin and Bolingbroke, and the writings of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Steele, and Swift, created a mental activity in the nation which could not wait from week to week for its News—the first daily paper was started. This was the Daily Courant, which came out in 1709. Other such journals followed; but three years afterwards, they received a severe check by the imposition of the Stamp Duty. "All Grub Street," wrote Swift to Stella, "is ruined by the Stamp Act." On the 7th of August, 1712, he writes:—

"Do you know that Grub Street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's, but now every single halfsheet pays a halfpenny to the Queen. The 'Observer' is fallen; the 'Medleys' are jumbled together with the 'Flying Post'; the 'Examiner' is deadly sick; the 'Spectator' keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a halfpenny the stamping."

Grub Street was not, however, so easily put down; and from that time to the days of Dr. Johnson, newspapers had considerably increased in number and influence. In the *Idler* the Doctor says:—"No species of literary men has lately been so much multiplied as the writers of News. Not many years ago, the nation was content with one Gazette, but now we have not only in the metropolis Papers for every morning and every evening, but almost every large town has its weekly historian, who regularly circulates his periodical intelligence, and fills the villagers of his district with conjectures on the events of war, and with debates on the true interests of Europe."

In Dr. Johnson's day, the newspaper press was fairly set upon its legs, and it has gone on with some few vicissitudes to its present condition. As illustrations of the antecedents of the modern newspaper, we now purpose giving, at random, a few curious extracts from the earliest of them.

The Daily Courant, dated March 1, 1711, contains the following announcement of a publication which is still read with delight, and which was destined to play an important part in the reform of the coarse social manners of the time. It runs thus:—

"This day is Published,

"A paper entitled THE SPECTATOR, which will be continued every day. Printed for James Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain, and sold by A. Baldwin, in Warwick Lane."

In the first number thus announced, which was written by Addison, the Spectator says:—"As my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain."

Hogarth never painted a more graphic picture of a horseman of the last century than that drawn in the Postman of Saturday, August 10, 1710. It is presented in the form of a hue and cry after a stolen horse.

"A Full Face, Round shoulder Middlo sized Man, with a light Bob Goat's Hair Wig, a snuff-coloured Secretary Drugget coat, the trimming the same colour, 2 waistcoats, one of Black cloath, the other blue, trimmed with silver lace, Black cloath breeches, a Mourning Hatband, wears a cane with a silver Head, made to screw at the top, a seafaring man, stammering in his speech, his name William Tunbridge but goes by the name of William Richardson, rode away from 7 Oaks in Kent the 20th of July last, with a Sorrel Horse full 14 hands high, a star in his forehead, white feet behind, high mettled, loth to have his hind feet taken up, Bob Tail, a black saddle stitched with silver, Tan Leather stirrup Leathers with a slit crupper buckled on the saddle with 2 buckles. Whoever gives notice of man or horse to Mr. Adams, Postmaster of Seven Oaks, shall have a guinea reward and reasonable charges."

The Daily Courant of Thursday, March 15, 1711, puts forth the announcement of a performance at the Haymarket Theatre, "on the 1st of April," to which the Bottle Conjuror's promised feat must sink into a mere common occurrence. A gentleman was to sup off several children "to the music of kettle-drums." The same advertisement appeared in the Spectator on the day after, namely, Friday, March 16:—

"On the first of April will be performed at the play house in the Hay Market an Opera called the Cruelty of Atræus. N.B. The scene wherein Thyestes eats his own children is to be performed by the famous Mr. Psalmanazaar, lately arrived from Formosa, the whole supper being set to kettle drums."

Scattered through the journals of 1712 are advertisements of a patent medicine, which has not wholly ceased to be imbibed by the ailing of 1850. The Spectator of April 18th has it thus:—

"Daffy's famous Elixir Salutis prepared by Catherine Daffy, the finest now exposed for sale,

prepared from the best drugs and the original receipt which my Father Mr. Thomas Daffy having experienced the virtues of it imparted it to Mr. Anthony Daffy who published the same to his own great advantage. This very original receipt is now in my possession, left me by my father under his own bond. My brother Mr. Daniel Daffy, late apothecary in Nottingham, made this Elixir from the same receipt and sold it there during his life. Those who know me will believe me, and those who do not know me may be convinced I am no counterfeit by the colour, taste, smell and just operation of my Elixir. Sold at the Hand and Pen, Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, London, and in many other places in Town and Country."

Mist's weekly journal of Saturday, March 6th, 1725, contains an artful paragraph most likely emanating from a despairing author whose play had not succeeded:—

"Mrs. Graspall, who has been our customer two years, desires us to inform the masters of Drury Lane playhouse, that if they please to play the comedy, called *A Wife to be Let*, within ten days, they will oblige her and a great many of the quality to whom she has communicated her design."

We find by subsequent numbers that Mrs. Graspall's request was not complied with.

There is an anecdote of historical interest in the *St. James's Evening Post* of Sept. 17th, 1734. It relates to the Chevalier St. George, afterwards the rash but chivalric "Pretender" to the British throne. It appears that when the Spaniards made the Conquest of Italy, and were sailing for Sicily, the Chevalier was on board one of their ships with the young King of Naples, the latter, doubtless, a prisoner;—

"When the fleet set sail," says the 'special correspondent,' "a blast of wind blew the young Chevalier St. George's hat off his head into the sea. Immediately there were several officious enough to endeavour to take it up; but the young Chevalier called out, *Let it alone, let it alone; I will go and get another in England*. Whereupon the young King of Naples threw his hat into the sea, and said, *and I will go along with you*. But they may happen to go bare-headed a long time; if they get no hats till they come amongst you: for we are well assured that they will find none in England that will fit their heads."

The designs of young Charles Edward must have been deeply rooted to have been entertained so early—for he was then only fourteen years old—and so long before they were fulfilled. At the end of his '45 adventures, he did indeed go bare-headed for months without a hat or a roof to cover him.

The *Daily Post* of Thursday, August 17th, 1738, must be a priceless treasure in the eye of the collector for two remarkable paragraphs with which it is enriched. On one of them was founded the most pathetic and popular of Scott's novels—*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*. The story of the girl "of a fine soul," even as told by the graphist is touching. The

communication is dated "Edinburgh, August 20th, 1738."

"Isabel Walker, under sentence of death at Dumfries for child-murder, has actually got a remission. This unhappy creature was destitute of friends, and had none to apply for her but an only sister, a girl of a fine soul, that overlooked the improbability of success, helpless and alone went to London to address the Great, and solicit so well (*sic*) that she got for her, first, a reprieve, and now a remission. Such another instance of onerous friendship can scarce be shown; it well deserved the attention of the greatest who could not but admire the virtue, and on that account engage in her cause."

The other paragraph records the death of Joe Miller, posthumous sponsor of the most profitable jest book ever published. He was as innocent of it as of any one of the jokes; the collection—having been benevolently made by his friend Jack Mottley for the benefit of Miller's widow—eventually proved to be the best benefit ever known in the theatrical world. The obituary is brief but complimentary:—

"Yesterday morning died Jo: Miller, Comedian, of merry memory. Very few of his profession have gained more applause on the stage, and few have acted off it with so much approbation from their neighbours."

The *London Daily Post* (there were three "Posts" in those days) of the same date gives more information on the mournful subject. It says:—

"Yesterday morning died of Pleurisy, Mr. Joseph Miller, a celebrated Comedian belonging to the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane; much admired for his performances in general, but particularly in the character of Teague, in *The Committee, or the Faithful Irishman*."

The papers from which this *mélange* of extracts has been culled are pigmies beside the present race of Giants. There is about as much matter in a single modern London morning newspaper as was contained in a year's contents of the *Postman*, before it had two leaves. To present the contrast between to-day's monsters of the press and their antecedents the more forcibly, we shall conclude with an extract from a paper recently read by Mr. E. Cowper at the Institution of Civil Engineers, relative to the *Times*:—

"On the 7th of May, 1850, the *Times* and *Supplement* contained 72 columns, or 17,500 lines, made up of upwards of a million pieces of type, of which matter about two-fifths were written, composed, and corrected after seven o'clock in the evening. The *Supplement* was sent to press at 7 50 P. M., the first form of the paper at 4 15 A. M., and the second form at 4 45 A. M.; on this occasion, 7000 papers were published before 6 15 A. M., 21,000 papers before 7 30 A. M., and 34,000 before 8 45 A. M., or in about four hours. The greatest number of copies ever printed in one day was 54,000, and the greatest quantity of printing in one day's publication was

on the 1st of March, 1848, when the paper used weighed 7 tons, the weight usually required being 4½ tons; the surface to be printed every night, including the Supplement, was 30 acres; the weight of the fount of type in constant use was 7 tons; and 110 compositors and 25 pressmen were constantly employed."

At the beginning of the reign of Queen Anne, we question whether so many operatives as are now required, with the help of its extraordinary machinery, to produce the "Times," found employment on the whole then existing newspaper press.

THE ROYAL ROTTEN ROW COMMISSION.

THE Commission appointed to enquire into and report upon the state of Rotten Row, was entirely unpaid. The right honourable gentleman on whom the appointment of the Commissioners devolved, took great credit to himself that the members of a Commission whose report was likely to prove of such infinite value to society, and especially to metropolitan equestrians, had undertaken all the laborious duties appertaining to their office without expressing the slightest desire for remuneration or reward. "He believed," he said, "that all the charges connected with the performance of this great public duty would begin and terminate with the mere cost of the indispensable official staff, and he undertook to pledge his word that the expenses connected with that department should all be settled at the lowest practicable scale."

In accordance with this declaration, the Honourable Augustus Aigulet, first cousin of the right hon. gentleman aforesaid, was shortly after appointed Secretary to this indispensable Commission, at a salary of 1400*l.* per annum, and Mr. Slaney, of Somerset House, under a Special Minute of my Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, was promoted to perform the active duties of clerk to the Commission, at an increased salary of 60*l.* a year, "in accordance with the scale of savings recently effected in the public service."

These economic views were further carried out by the saving of rent. The Rotten Row Commission was to be accommodated in certain new buildings, recently erected at a small charge of 300,000*l.* The apartments consisted of an office, a Secretary's apartment, and a Board-room. Mr. Slaney took possession of his desk in the office, having instructions to prepare the large room for the meeting of a Board, which instructions he duly performed by arranging the inkstands in the centre of a table, and by spreading sundry sheets of blotting-paper, with a due proportion of foolscap and official pens, at equal distances on either side. The Board was to meet at two o'clock. At half-past one the Honourable Augustus Aigulet opened

the door of the office, and proceeded to instal himself as Secretary. By the time he had taken possession of the key of a great despatch box, on which was emblazoned, in gilt letters, the words

ROTTEN ROW COMMISSION.

the Chairman and three of the Commissioners arrived. Her Majesty's Commissioners for enquiring into the state and condition of Rotten Row, Hyde Park, did not commence business immediately; but began an ardent gossip about things in general. The noble President was in the midst of a discussion with his colleagues respecting the exact circumference of Carlotta Grisi's ankle, when there came from the chimney an enormous volume of smoke. With prompt alacrity, Mr. Aigulet rose from behind the despatch box, rang the bell, summoned the clerk to his presence, and desired him to poke the fire. This was done; but the result was overwhelming. The smoke was so dense, that the noble chairman could scarcely find his way to the chair; but having succeeded, and a board having been formed, he addressed the secretary.

"These rooms" he said, "are excessively ill-ventilated; the air is positively pestilential; we must at once draw up a minute to the Treasury for alteration."

"A minute, my Lord?"

"Yes, Sir; a minute."

Mr. Aigulet took a sheet of paper, folded it lengthways, to make a margin; and proceeded to write as his superior instructed him.

ROTTEN-ROW COMMISSION.

[Such a date.]

Minute No. 1. Her Majesty's Commissioners represent 1, 6, 4.—to my Lords, that with a view to a complete and satisfactory discharge of the important duties devolved upon them opportunity is necessary for calm consideration of the varied subjects into which it is committed to them to inquire:—That such opportunity is totally denied them in the apartments assigned by my Lords, in which no suitable provision exists for ventilation, and in which the Smoke appears to come down the Chimney, instead of ascending in conformity with custom. In order to the due performance of their duties to the public Her Majesty's Commissioners, therefore, request that my Lords will make an order for the attendance and inspection of the Ventilator-General, with instructions to consider and report upon a plan for improving the ingress of air, and egress of smoke, to and from the said apartments of Her Majesty's Commissioners.

By order of the Board.

(Signed) AUGUSTUS AIGULET.

The document was then handed to Mr. Slaney, who made a fine copy thereof, on an

extremely large and thick sheet of cream-coloured foolscap, enclosed it in a ditto envelope, sealed it with an enormous official signet, rang the bell for the messenger, and dispatched the document to the Assistant Secretary of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury.

In two hours a reply was returned. This sufficiently demonstrates the extraordinary despatch which all matters of this sort receive at the hands of "my Lords," and at once exhibits the fallacy and absurdity of the constant and therefore unreasonable complaints, which are made by poor widows, orphans, and other troublesome and disagreeable complainants concerning the delays which they suppose that they encounter in getting even the most reasonable claims attended to.

ROTTEN ROW COMMISSION.

No. A. X. L. My Lords having taken into consideration the minute of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed specially to enquire into the state and condition of

1, 6, 4—

Minute.
A. C. C. S.
2460077221.

the district known as Rotten Row, in which statement is made of the important duties devolving on them, of the necessity for calm opportunity to consider the subjects committed to their inquiry; and of the imperfect provision for ventilation, &c., in those apartments placed at their disposal: are pleased to order that the Ventilator-General be instructed to inspect and report upon the condition of the said ventilation, and to propose a plan to be approved by Her Majesty's Commissioners, and by them submitted to my Lords for improving the ingress and egress of air to and from the said apartments.

"Communicate this minute to the Ventilator-General, and direct him to prepare estimate.

"Inform Her Majesty's Commissioners hercof."

The Treasury minute was acted on, and this was the first day's work of the Rotten-Row Commission.

The Ventilator-General, who was thus instructed to attend to the wishes and directions of her Majesty's Commission, applied the next day and Mr. Aigulet formed "a Board" for his reception. He took a survey of the office, and declared that all the architectural arrangements were so utterly erroneous in principle, as to place it beyond all possible skill to render the ventilation perfect. He demonstrated most completely that for the purposes of ventilation the door ought to have been precisely where the chimney was, and that the chimney should have stood exactly where the window was. The window itself he proposed to abrogate altogether, supplying its place either by oil burners, or by a fan-light opening into a dark passage, neither of which arrangements would interfere with the process of ventilation. He suggested, in addition, "a breathing floor," which he thought it would be easy to obtain even

in the present ill-constructed edifice; and to obviate the smoke, he proposed to place a hot air apparatus under Mr. Slaney's desk, whereby, he said, the necessity of a chimney would be dispensed with altogether. A new shaft, communicating with an apparatus in the ceiling would, he said, carry off all the foul gases generated in the room; and if the height of the shaft outside was such as to injure the general effect of the building, why, the fault would not be his so much as that of the architect who had not adapted the edifice so as to anticipate this necessary erection. Upon the whole, his opinion was that the Rotten Row Commissioners would do well to postpone their sittings until early in the ensuing year, in order to enable him, during the interval, to carry out his designs for reconstructing the building with a view to its efficient ventilation.

Had this recommendation been made at the close of a Session, and the commencement of the grouse shooting, it is difficult to say whether the great and important business of the Rotten Row Commission might not have stood adjourned for six months, as the Ventilator-General suggested. But as the Opera season was still at its height, and as Mr. Augustus Aigulet had before his eyes the fear of an awkward question from some of those busybodies who occasionally interfere about other people's business in the House or Commons, the secretary thought it desirable to recommend the Board to resolve at present only to adjourn to that day week. Adjourned accordingly.

This was the Board's second day's work.

On the day of re-assembling, the Hon. Mr. Augustus Aigulet found the following official communication from the chief of the ventilating department.

VENTILATOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

[Such a Date.]

The Ventilator-General presents his compliments to the Hon. Augustus Aigulet, and begs to inform him of a serious abuse of Mr. Aigulet's authority, discovered in the office of the Rotten Row department, this morning.

It is reported to the Ventilator-General that in the absence of Mr. Aigulet, the clerk of the department, Mr. Slaney caused the chimney to be swept, and the window to be thrown open. The Ventilator-General submits that this is an interference with his peculiar duty which the Secretary to the Rotten Row Commission will not sanction.

It is also reported to the Ventilator-General that the clerk has had the consummate assurance to object to the proposed formation of an apparatus for heating air immediately under his own desk: an obstruction to the Ventilator-General's proceedings which calls for marked reprobation.

The Ventilator-General repeats the occurrences to Mr. Aigulet, in order that the fact may be duly laid before my lords.

The Commissioners having assembled, their secretary read the letter, and the Chairman

ordered in the Clerk. Mr. Slaney appeared, trembled a little, and thought he had done something dreadful. The following dialogue ensued :—

Chairman. Did you open the window, Mr. Slaney ?

Clerk. Yes, my lord.

Chairman. Did you order the chimney to be swept ?

Clerk. Yes, my lord.

Chairman. Be pleased to state, briefly, your reasons for these proceedings.

Clerk. The chimney was very foul, and the rooms not having been recently used, the window had apparently not been opened for some time. The sash line was broken, and there is a little difficulty about opening it.

Chairman. You may withdraw.

Blushing to the very forehead, and feeling as if his ears were setting his hair on fire, Mr. Slaney retired.

After some discussion at the Board, the following minute to the Lords of the Treasury, was dictated to the Secretary.

ROTTEN ROW COMMISSION.

Minute No. 2. Her Majesty's Commissioners having 7, 6, 4—had from the Ventilator-General his report upon the state of ventilation in the apartments allotted to them in the Treasury Chambers, are of opinion that the adoption of his plans would involve very considerable expense, and would cause a delay seriously prejudicial to the business of the Commission. Her Majesty's Commissioners, therefore, request that my lords will be pleased to dispense with the services of the Ventilator-General in this case, as granted under their lordships' minute, referred to in the margin, and, instead thereof, that they will pass a minute authorising the attendance of the Treasury carpenter to repair a line in a window, which does not at present open with all the facility desirable.

By Order of the Board.

(Signed) AUGUSTUS AIGLET.

These labours concluded the third day's proceedings.

The fourth day was occupied in receiving counter instructions from the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury in accordance with the Rotten Row Board's minute, No. 2—and in communicating with the official carpenter. The result was, that this humble individual superseded in half an hour the threatened six months' labour of the Ventilator-General.

At its fifth meeting, the Royal Commission drew up a list of witnesses to be examined. The sixth day was wholly occupied in granting the summonses, and as the Board has not yet finished examining its first witness, the report will not, it is expected, be ready for the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations in May, 1851.

A VILLAGE TALE.

THE rooks are cawing in the elms,
As on the very day—
That sunny morning, mother dear,
When Lucy went away ;
And April's pleasant gleams have come,
And April's gentle rain—
Fresh leaves are on the vine—but when
Will Lucy come again ?

The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same ;
And yet, I miss the feeling now,
That always with it came ;
It seems as if to me she made
The sweetness of the year—
As if I could be glad no more,
Now Lucy is not here.

A year—it seems but yesterday,
When in this very door
You stood ; and she came running back,
To say good bye once more ;
I hear you sob—your parting kiss—
The last fond words you said—
Ah ! little did we think—one year,
And Lucy would be dead !

How all comes back—the happy times,
Before our father died ;
When, blessed with him, we knew no want,
Scarce knew a wish denied—
His loss, and all our struggles on,
And that worst dread, to know,
From home, too poor to shelter all,
That one at last must go.

How often do I blame myself,
How often do I think,
How wrong I was to shrink from that
From which she did not shrink ;
And when I wish that I had gone,
And know the wish is vain ;
And say, she might have lived, I think,—
How can I smile again.

I dread to be alone, for then,
Before my swimming eyes,
Her parting face, her waving hand,
Distinct before me rise ;
Slow rolls the waggon down the road—
I watch it disappear—
Her last " dear sister," fond " good-bye,"
Still lingering in my ear.

Oh, mother, had but father lived
It would not have been thus ;
Or, if God still had taken her,
She would have died with us ;
She would have had kind looks, fond words,
Around her dying bed—
Our hands to press her dying hands,
To raise her dying head.

I'm always thinking, mother, now,
Of what she must have thought ;
Poor girl ! as day on day went by,
And neither of us brought ;—
Of how she must have yearned, one face,
That was not strange, to see—
Have longed one moment to have set
One look on you and me.

Sometimes I dream a happy dream—
I think that she is laid
Beside our own old village church,
Where we so often played ;
And I can sit upon her grave,
And with her we shall lie,
Afar from where the city's noise,
And thronging feet go by.

Nay, mother—mother—weep not so,
God judges for the best,
And from a world of pain and woe,
He took her to his rest ;
Why should we wish her back again ?
Oh, freed from sin and care,
Let us the rather pray God's love,
Ere long to join her there.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

“WATER, and nothing *but* water !” exclaimed Mr. John Diggs, the great sugar-baker (everybody knows old John Diggs), “Water, I say, is the natural enemy of fire ; and any man who dares to say otherwise is no better than a fool or a charlatan. I should like to knock such a fellow down. I know more about fire than all the learned talking chaps in England, and it's of no use to tell me when a house is in a blaze, that any thing but water *can* put it out. Not a bit of it. Don't attempt to say so ; I won't hear it !”

Mr. Diggs gave vent to his feelings in the above oracular form at his Club, on Thursday evening last, on which occasion he happened to be the Chairman. It was in consequence of one of the junior members reading a passage from a scientific Journal, to the effect that water was almost as much a friend to fire, as an enemy—and that, at any rate, they were near of kin—quoting Mr. Phillips, the Inventor of the Fire Annihilator, as a practical authority on the subject. This was what had so enraged Mr. Diggs, sugar-baker, and chairman of the Albert Rock and Toffee Club.

Mr. John Diggs is a man who always carries his will before him, like a crown on a cushion, while his reason follows like a page, holding up the skirts of his great coat. Honest-hearted, and not without generosity, he is much esteemed in spite of his many perversities. He possesses a shrewd observation, and a good understanding, when once you can get at it ; but his energies and animal spirits commonly carry him out of all bounds, so that to bring him back to rational judgment is a work of no small difficulty. He is *open* to conviction, as he always says, but he is a tip-top specimen of the class who commonly use that expression ; his open door is guarded by all the bludgeons of obstinacy, behind which sits a pig-headed will, with its eyes half shut.

This is the man, and in the condition of mind which may be conjectured from his speech in the chair, just quoted, who drove up in his gig last Friday, as the clock struck

four, to the gates of the London Gas Works, Vauxhall, in order to hear, with his own ears, Mr. Phillips dare to say he could extinguish the most violent flames without the use of water ; and to see, with his own eyes, the total failure of the attempt, and the exposure of the humbug.

To make sure of entire sympathy in all his perversities, Mr. Diggs had brought his wife with him ; and to insure a ready assistance in the detection of any tricks, his foreman, Mr. White, had been sent on by the steamer. A real reason lay at the bottom of all this ; for the work-place and warehouse of Mr. Diggs were worth 60,000*l.*, part of which sum, no insurance could cover ; and his stock in trade as well as his works, he but too well knew, were of a most combustible nature. No laughing matter—therefore not a thing to be trifled with.

Mr. Diggs met his foreman in the yard, waiting for his arrival ; and the party having displayed their tickets, were ushered across and around, till they came to a large brick building, with a long row of arched window-holes along the top, apparently for the ready escape of volumes of smoke. The window holes all looked very black about the edges. So did the door-posts. The walls were very dingy and besmudged. Mrs. Diggs had put on her best spring bonnet with orange ribbons, and her pink and fawn-coloured silk shawl. She had a sudden misgiving, but it couldn't be helped now.

They were ushered through a large, smutty door, into a brick building, paved with bricks, and having arched recesses, here and there, at the lower part. Commodious retreats, in case the flames put forth their tongues beyond their usual range, and advanced towards the centre of the building,—as Mr. Diggs devoutly hoped they might. At one end, the wooden frame-work of a house, with ground-floor, and first and second floor, presented its front. It was black and charred from recent fire, with sundry repairs of new planks, which “brought out” the black of the rest, both without and within, to the greatest advantage. Level with the lowest window was a sort of lecturer's stage of rough planks, at the back of which lay the model of a ship's hull, some six or seven feet in length ; and to the right of this, the model of a house, with lower and upper floor, of about two feet and a half in height.

Fronting this stage, model ship, model house, and actual house, was a semicircle of chairs and benches—not too near—with ample room left at the sides for the sudden flight of visitors who had seated themselves in an incredulous and unimaginative state of mind, nearer than subsequent events seemed to warrant. Then, there were the arched recesses ; then, a low stage with seats ; then, a broad flight of wooden stairs at the opposite end, by which visitors could ascend to a high platform, leading also to side

galleries, on the same level. The whole place was most eloquent to the olfactory nerves of coal-tar, pitch, resin, turpentine, &c. A light sprinkling of sawdust completed the furnishing of this hall, in which one of the most extraordinary of all our modern discoveries (provided it prove thoroughly efficient) was about to be subjected to trial.

Mr. Diggs having planted his foreman at one horn of the crescent of chairs, and dragging his wife (whose thoughts of her handsome bonnet and shawl were written in shady lines all over her face) to a dirty-seated bench, on the other, he darted straight across to the scene of action, and without a moment's hesitation or ceremony, ascended the lecturer's stage, and diving with nose and hands into the model of the ship's hull, began to explore its contents.

The hold, and, indeed, all the interior of the hull, he found to be full of patent fire-wood, for the rapid kindling of fire, each separate piece being sufficient to light an ordinary fire; but here, there was nothing else. He passed on to the model-house; opened the door, and looked in. Here, also, he found a quantity of patent fire-wood, lying on both floors. A trap door was left open in the roof to allow of the escape of the smoke. Mr. Diggs now descended from the little stage, and advanced to the door of the house which was to be set on fire. He entered the doorway, and immediately found himself in a dark chamber filled with charred planks, pitched planks, cross-pieces of new wood, blackened beams, and a variety of hangings and festoons made of shavings saturated with coal-tar, resin, and turpentine. A staircase, or, rather, a broad charred ladder, led up to the first floor. Mr. Diggs forthwith ascended, and stepped upon a flooring perfectly black; in fact, the whole room seemed made of charcoal, with here and there a new plank laid across, or slanting upwards, smeared with coal-tar, and adorned like the ground-floor, with shavings steeped in resin, pitch, turpentine, and other combustible matter. "Well," thought Mr. Diggs, "at all events, there'll be flames enough." A second charred ladder formed a staircase leading to the top floor; but this was so dilapidated and rotten from recent burning, that our sceptical sugar-baker could venture to do no more than clamber up, and rest his chin on the blackened boards of the floor above, in which position he clung by the smutty tips of his fingers, and stared around, above him, and on all sides. He then slowly descended, and as he made his way out of the front door, he hugged himself with the firm belief that if the house were fairly set on fire (as he determined it *should* be), and the flames were allowed to get into full play, nothing could stop them till they had burned the house to the ground, and communicated with the brick building—when the regular fire-engines, with their torrents of water, would, of course, be sent for, with all imaginable speed.

Meantime, a considerable number of people of all ranks had assembled, many of them of the aristocratic class, to judge by the row of liveries, coachmen, and footmen, who lined one of the side galleries. Mrs. Diggs comforted herself with the sight of many elegantly-dressed ladies, who seated themselves on the chairs and benches in front of the little stage, or platform. Perhaps the smoke and smuts might not be so very bad, after all, or might be driven back by the wind. Of this it was rational to entertain some hopes, as the whole building was in a thorough draught, evinced by many a sneeze and cough,—a condition some of the visitors thought very unnecessary to be endured before the conflagration commenced.

Mr. Phillips now ascended the platform, and commenced his brief lecture. He said he had no sort of intention to undervalue the real service of water in cases of fire, but only to show that water was by no means the most efficient agent. The more active part of fire was flame; all fire commenced with flame, and upon this, when at a great height, water in any portable quantities, was comparatively powerless. Moreover, there were many materials, forming the staple commodity of various trades, which, being ignited, not only defied the power of water, but their state of combustion was actually increased by the application of water. This was the case with oil or turpentine, when on fire, with tar, gas, ardent spirits, &c. Every distiller must know this—and so must every sugar-baker.

Mr. Diggs suddenly shifted his *pose* from the right to the left leg; but said nothing. This was not the point at issue.

In illustration of his last remark, Mr. Phillips called upon his audience to imagine the hull of the model ship to be a ship at sea with a large crew, many passengers, and a valuable cargo on board,—part of the cargo consisting of highly combustible materials. The ship takes fire! The alarm is given, all hands called on deck, the fire-engine got out, the pumps set to work! But before this has been done, it happens that a cask of spirits or turpentine has taken fire! (So saying, Mr. Phillips sets light to a quantity of spirits of turpentine in an iron vessel in the ship). The flames rise rapidly!—terribly!—they ascend the fore-rigging, which, being all tarred, is quickly in a blaze! Now all is dismay and confusion, more especially among the passengers. Some of these, however, retain sufficient presence of mind to be able to assist the sailors in pumping. They drench the ship with water,—they pour a continual stream from the engine upon the flames of the turpentine! (At these words Mr. Phillips dips a jug in a bucket of water, and pours it upon the flames.) But it only increases them—(it does so)—more water is dashed upon the flames by the men (Mr. Phillips suits the action to the word) and by the boldest of the passengers, but with no better result. Now,

the fire communicates with a second barrel of spirits of turpentine; the flames rise on all sides, and ascend with a continuous roar to the rigging of the mainmast, which is rapidly in a blaze. (The model ship is literally all in a blaze.) In despair and madness, buckets of water are flung at random—nobody knows what he is doing; all rush wildly about, preparing to leap overboard at the very moment they scream loudest for the boats!—the boats!—when an individual suddenly recoils, as by a flash of thought, that there is a machine on board called a Fire-Annihilator. (Here Mr. Phillips seizes upon a small brass machine, out of which he causes a white vapour to issue.) In a second or two the flames are half extinguished;—he carries the machine to the other flaming mast, and to the casks in the forehold,—the flames are gone!

And so they are! Of the volume of flames in the model ship, which by this time had risen to the height of eight or nine feet, not a flash remains,—they were annihilated in four or five seconds. The machine which wrought this wonder was like a brass shaving-pot, or bachelor's coffee-pot, and certainly not larger.

But how was Mr. Diggs affected by this? Did the worthy sugar-baker look peculiarly wise, or did he stand rather aghast at his own wisdom? Neither the one, nor the other. Had Mr. Phillips been a fine actor, the foregoing scene, with its fiery illustration, and the frantic yet fruitless use of water, would have had a tremendous effect; but his manner was not sufficiently excited, and, worse than this, he very much damaged the effect, and the conviction it would have carried with it, by turning his back towards the audience when he poured the water upon the flames, so that "standing in his own light," it was impossible for many people to see whether the water was really poured into the model ship, or over the other side, unless they could have seen through his body. This was not lost upon John Diggs, who loudly murmured his dissatisfaction, accordingly, in opposition to the general applause of those who *did* see, which followed the rapid extinction of the flames. How *this* was accomplished Mr. Diggs did not know; he simply considered that water had not had fair play. He suspected some trick.

"The existence of water," pursued Mr. Phillips, "is continuous, flowing, not quickly to be destroyed; the life of fire is momentary. (He explodes a large lucifer-match.) Now you see it at its height! (He dashes it into water.) Now it is nothing! Its life is from instant to instant. Why has it become nothing? Because water is its natural antagonist? No—but because fire cannot exist without a certain quantity of *air*; and when it is entirely immersed in water, this requisite quantity of air is suddenly withdrawn, and the fire as instantly dies. The very same result would follow if I were to dash a lighted match into oil."

"Let us see!" exclaimed Mr. Diggs; but he was called to order by a number of voices.

Mr. Phillips had been led many years ago, as he now informed us, to consider the nature of fire and water. It so chanced that he had witnessed most of the great conflagrations which have happened in London during the last twenty or thirty years. The destruction to the Royal Exchange, the Houses of Parliament—the fire at the Tower, theatres, great warehouses—he was present at them all; and he could not but observe amidst the prodigious efforts made to save them, that water was comparatively powerless upon violent flames; and therefore inadequate to the task it was called upon to perform. He was also witness of a series of terrible volcanic eruptions. He was in a seventy-four gun-ship in the Mediterranean at the time. For thirty or forty days there was an eruption, and sometimes two or three, almost daily. The most terrific of these—and by which they were nearly lost, having been driven towards it, and only saved by a sudden change of wind—was of such force, that the shock was felt throughout the south of Europe,—from the Rock of Gibraltar, to Stromboli. A volcanic island was thrown up in the middle of the sea, from a depth of four or five hundred feet. This island was of molten lava, and rose in the form of a crescent with an open crater, into which the sea continually rushed like a cataract. But the fire within was not extinguished. At each successive eruption, the water was ejected with a force that sent it up two miles, and sometimes three miles high—again to descend in thousands of tons upon the crater, but without extinguishing the fire. The sea was boiling for a quarter of a mile on one side of the island: the fire was completely beyond its power. Instead of extinguishing fire, the water was made to boil. But he observed this further phenomenon. A dense cloud of vapour was sometimes generated; and whenever the wind bore this vapour into the flames, they were immediately extinguished.

A consideration of these phenomena led Mr. Phillips to the following conclusions. Fire and water are not natural enemies, but very near relations. They are each composed of the same elements; and in the same proportions; the component parts of water can be turned into fire; and when fire ceases to be fire, it becomes water. (This latter proposition caused Mr. Diggs to prick up his ears, but he said nothing.) The two elements had by no means the direct and immediate power over each other that was generally supposed. Water was a compact body, and acting in this body, it could not act simultaneously on the particles of gases which produce flame; but a gaseous vapour being of an equally subtle nature with the gases it has to attack, can instantly intermix with them. Find, therefore, a gaseous vapour, which shall intercept the contact of the gases of flame, and thus pre-

vent their chemical union, their inflammatory forces are thereby destroyed, and the flame is at once extinguished.

The means of immediately generating this gaseous vapour had, after numerous experiments during many years, been discovered by Mr. Phillips. With this composition, his machine, called the Fire Annihilator, was charged.

He pointed to the small model house. It was made of iron, and filled with combustible materials. He had had the honour of exhibiting it before many crowned heads.

"Like the Wizard of the North!" muttered Mr. Diggs, looking contemptuously at the model.

The fuel within it, is now ignited. The flames rapidly spread, and ascend to the upper floor. A thick smoke issues from the trap-door on the roof.

"Here," said Mr. Phillips, "is a house on fire! Some of the inmates are trying to escape by the trap-door on the roof. They make their way out. The fire-escapes of the Royal Society are in attendance with their usual promptitude; their courageous men are ascending the ladders to assist the inmates in their descent. But where are the inmates? Two of them have fallen down somewhere, another has actually got back into the attic. The reason is, that life cannot exist in that smoke which the fire generates."

A lighted match being held in it, instantly went out. This was repeated quickly, once or twice. It always went out. The interior of the house was full of flames. One of the little Fire Annihilators was now applied to the door of the model. The flames sunk to nothing almost immediately. A thick vapour was left in their place. But in this vapour life *can* exist. Mr. Phillips again lights a match, and applies it to the vapour issuing through the trap-door. The match continues to burn. Mr. Phillips then thrusts his arm through the door, and holds the match in the interior of the house, where it still continues to burn amidst the vapour. In this vapour human life can equally exist.

"Don't believe it!" muttered Mr. Diggs, amidst the otherwise unanimous applause, in which was lost his additional request,—“Set fire to the real house, and have done with it!”

Mr. Phillips here described his machine. Its various complications had been reduced to a simple form and action. As he has printed this for general circulation, it will be sufficient to state that the ordinary size is less than that of a small upright iron coal-skuttle, and its weight not greater than can be easily carried by man or woman to any part of the house. It is charged with a compound of charcoal, nitre, and gypsum, moulded into the form of a large brick. The igniter is a glass tube inserted in the top of the brick, inclosing two phials—one filled with a mixture of chlorate of potassa and sugar, the other containing a few drops of sulphuric acid. A slight blow

upon a knob drives down a pin, which breaks the phials, and the different mixtures coming in contact, ignite the whole; and the gas of this, acting upon a water chamber contained in the machine, produces a steam, and the whole escapes forcibly in a dense and expanding cloud.

Preparations were now made for setting fire to the three-roomed house. A "sensation" passed over the room, and several ladies began to rise from their chairs, and retire from the semicircle in front of the lecture-stage. Mr. Phillips assured them there was no danger, as he had a perfect command over the flames; at the same time, he requested the company to observe that he had purposely arranged that every disadvantage should be against him. The house was full of combustible materials—the whole building was in a thorough draught (it was indeed) and they would observe that the commencement of the full force of the fire would be almost immediate, and without any of the gradual advances which were usual in almost all conflagrations. Lastly, he called upon them to take note that the fury of the flames would be such that no life could exist near them for a single instant.

Without further words a lighted match is applied to one of the tarred and turpentine shavings that hang in the ground-floor of the house.

It sparkles—blazes—and in one moment the lower room is full of flames! In the next, they have risen to the floor above—they crackle, roar, and beat about, springing up to the roof, and darting out tongues and forks to the right and left of the building, while a dense hot cloud of smoke, full of red fragments of shavings and other embers comes floating and dancing over the heads of the assembled company. Everybody has arisen from his seat,—ladies—gentlemen,—and now all the visitors, are crowding towards the other end of the building! The whole place is filled with the roar of flames, the noise of voices, hurrying feet, and rustling garments—and clouds of hot smoke!

But suddenly a man enters the building from a side-door, bearing a portable Fire Annihilator of the size we have mentioned; he is followed by a second. The machines are vomiting forth a dense white vapour. They enter just within the door-way of the blazing house. A change instantly takes place in the colour and action of the flames, as though they grew pale in presence of their master. They sink. There is nothing but darkness—and the dense white vapour coiling about in triumph.

"Life can now exist!" cries Mr. Phillips, rushing into the house, and ascending the blackened stairs. Mr. Diggs (hoping he might be suffocated) instantly follows. He gains the top of the ladder, and plants one foot on the floor. He cannot see for the thick vapour. The hand of Mr. Phillips assists him, and they both go to the window

and look out upon the company. Mr. Diggs coughs a little, but, to his disappointment, is not suffocated. In another second or two, he can take his breath freely. Very odd.

Mr. Diggs is more than staggered by such a proof. He begins to suspect there may be something in it. As Mr. Phillips assists the worthy sugar-baker over a piece of very burnt and precarious-looking flooring, out at a side hole in the house, as the stairs are no longer safe, Mr. Diggs thanks him very civilly for his attention, and—he almost adds—for the satisfactory result of this last experiment; but he checked himself. Time would show.

Meanwhile, all was pleasant confusion, and applause, and wonder, and satisfaction, and congratulation, and the re-arrangement of habiliments, and the polishing of smutty faces, and laughing and good humour among the company. With some difficulty, Mr. Diggs discovered his wife, and with almost equal difficulty recognised her after he had found her. She had been honoured more than almost any one else, with the falling embers and black smut of the conflagration. Her pink and fawn-coloured silk shawl was spotted all over, and looked like a leopard-skin; the orange ribbons on her bonnet were speckled, and otherwise toadied, while her face, after a diligent use of her handkerchief (having no glass, or friend to ask), had a complete shady tint all over it, giving her the appearance of one of those complexions of lead colour, presented by unfortunate invalids who have had occasion to undergo a course of nitrate of silver. Many other persons were in a spotty and smutted predicament, but none so bad as poor Mrs. Diggs, except, indeed her husband; but he was insensible to such matters.

Issuing forth into the spacious yard of the gas works, a final demonstration was about to be given to the visitors on their way out. A circular pool, of eighteen feet in circumference, was filled with tar and naphtha. This thick liquid mixture was ignited, and in a few seconds the whole surface sent up a prodigious blaze of great brilliancy. A boy of about eleven years of age (apparently a stranger to the machine, to judge from his awkwardness) was desired to strike down the knob which put the portable Fire Annihilator in action. He did so; and immediately the thick white vapour began to gush forth. The boy carried the machine, with very little effort, to within four or five feet of the flames. Instantly the flames changed colour, as though with a sort of ghastly purple horror of their destroyer—and, in a few seconds, down they sank, and became nothing. There lay the black mixture, looking as if it had never been disturbed. But the machine, meantime, went on vomiting forth its vapour, with surplus power, like the escape-pipe of a steam-engine, and the boy being in a state of confusion, was bringing the machine back among the company assembled round, who all begun

to retreat, when somebody connected with the Works told him to let it off against the dead wall. While this was taking place, the same individual remarked aloud, that the vapour could not only be breathed after it had ascended and extinguished a fire, but would not burn even as it gushed forth fresh and furious from the machine. As he said this, he passed his hand through it once or twice. Mr. Diggs suddenly thought he had a last chance,—and, rushing forward, passed his hand (hoping he might be dreadfully scorched) through the fierce vapour as it rushed out. Actually, he was not at all scorched. It was only rather hot. He passed his hand backwards and forwards twice more—a sort of greasy and rather dirty warm moisture covered his hand—this was all. John Diggs was fairly conquered—admitted it to himself—and, seeking out Mr. Phillips, went honestly up to him, and shook him heartily by the hand—saying, with a laugh, that if all was fairly done, and no necromancy, he had witnessed a great fact, and he congratulated him.

Still—in a friendly way—he could not help asking Mr. Phillips for a word of explanation as to his assertion that fire and water were of the same family—in fact, convertible, each into the other. Mr. Phillips accordingly favoured Mr. Diggs with the following remarks:—“Fire,” said he, “is mainly composed of eight parts of oxygen, and one part of hydrogen; thus making a whole of nine parts. When fire ceases to be fire, it becomes water, retaining the same elements and proportions, viz., eight of oxygen and one of hydrogen, and will weigh (if the measure has been in pounds) nine pounds or parts. If you decompose these nine pounds of water by voltaic battery, the gases generated will render eight pounds of oxygen and one of hydrogen. Moreover, this law of nature cannot be deranged or disturbed by human agency. If, to make fire, you take eight parts of oxygen, and two of hydrogen, the false proportion will not prevent the product of fire; for the principle of fire, as if by instinct, will elect its own proper proportions, become fire, and throw over the excess, whether the error be an excess of oxygen or hydrogen.”

“Thank you, Sir—thank you!” said Mr. John Diggs;—but he determined to take a glass of punch with a friend of his, an experimental chemist, that same evening.

Now, taking it for granted that there is no necromancy in all this, it may be asked, how will the discovery affect, not only the Fire-Brigade of London, but the use of fire-engines (with hose and water) all over the country, and the civilised world. Will they not be superseded? We answer without hesitation, we think they will by no means be superseded. One great value of this magnificent discovery of Mr. Phillips, consists in its immediate command over the active part of fire, viz., flame: whereby a fire in a large building

full of combustible materials, a private dwelling, a theatre, or a ship at sea, may be extinguished before it has time to make any very destructive advances. But in all cases where a fire has gained any ascendancy, and extended over a considerable space, the use of water *after* the flames have been extinguished, continues as important as ever. The *red heat* which remains on the smouldering and heated materials, may re-ignite; and it is to prevent this, that water is still an imperative requisition. Moreover, water is necessary to drench adjoining chambers, party-walls, or adjoining houses and premises, to prevent their liability to taking fire from the conflagration that has already commenced. We earnestly trust, therefore, that the greatest unanimity will exist in all branches of this great Fire and Water Question, and that they will cordially receive the new Vapour into amicable partnership and co-operation. Fully recognising the immense importance to the community at large, of a body of brave, well-trained, and skilful men, like those of the Fire Brigade, and those who compose the staff of the Fire Escapes of the Royal Society (and two more efficient and admirable staffs do not exist in this country, or any other country); we think, after Mr. Phillips's invention has passed through every test that can reasonably be required, that all Fire-engines, and every Fire-escape, would do well to have one or more of these Fire Annihilators with them as a regular part of their apparatus.

Of the Fire-escapes of the Royal Society, the promptitude of their action (they are almost always first at a fire), and the many lives saved by them every year—nay, sometimes, in the course of a week—we had contemplated a substantive account, but have been withheld by the impossibility of doing justice to the various patents without accurate drawings and diagrams. However, as these are already before the public, we may content ourselves by saying, that, whether the Royal Society make use of the Fire-escape invented by Winter and Sons, by Wivell, or by Davies, the humane exertions of the Society have attained a success which commands the admiration, and ensures the gratitude, of society at large.

Respecting the annihilating properties of water, much may be said, and will be said; but all in vain, until the water companies are brought to their senses, and the utter abolition of domestic cisterns and water-butts is effected. Without the continuous supply system—till all the water-pipes in all the houses and all the streets are kept always fully charged at high pressure, conflagrations never will, and never can, be promptly put out by the agency of what the penny-a-liners have lately taken to call the “antagonistic element.” Fire engines, if not wholly laid aside, must be only kept for exceptional cases, and the Fire Brigade—well conducted, efficient, courageous

as it is—may, some of these days, be turned into a corps of reserve. With the mains ever charged, with water at high service, no engines will be required. At the first alarm of fire, the policeman pulls up the fire-plug—which should be opposite every sixth or eighth house—fixes the hose, and out spouts a cataract in two minutes. Assistance arrives; trails of hoses are made to lead from the rows of plugs on either side, or in other streets, and in five minutes a deluge—and no more fire.

For the extinguishing of fire, *time* is a most important consideration. A few gallons of water would be effective if used at once, where thousands of gallons would effect little after ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed. The average time the Brigade engines take in arriving at a fire after the first alarm is ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, rapid as are their movements. The Parish engines are far more numerous, but always last—and seldom of any use when they *do* come. Conceive a parish beadle at a fire!

In some towns in the north—among others Preston, Oldham, Ashton, Bolton, Bury, and Manchester—the continuous water supply system has been in use for some time with manifest benefit to the inhabitants. The fire plug and jet, without engines, have, in these places, already done great execution. Under recent improvements, also, the same plans have been adopted in Hamburg; Philadelphia and other American towns have, in their wisdom, “done likewise.” On one occasion, at Liverpool, a fire was extinguished by a hose which was promptly applied; a fire-engine arrived presently after, when the engine-man, finding the fire had been extinguished, knocked the hoseman down, as an impertinent fellow.

In factories, and other large buildings, if an arrangement of the above kind were adopted, on the first alarm of fire a man would only have to unwind a hose, and turn a cock. This, with one of the Fire Annihilators at hand, would probably render the building quite secure.

These improvements and precautions carry with them a variety of interesting consequences,—such as the check to incendiarism, the effect on insurances, the benefit to health by the plug and hose being used daily in washing the streets, and thus destroying foul exhalations after a storm, &c.

While bringing this paper to a conclusion, we learn that Mr. John Diggs has determined to have a *self-acting* Fire Annihilator fixed in a central position of his warehouse; so that if a fire should burst out in the night, the flames would melt one or other of a series of leaden wires, any one of which being thus divided, would liberate a heavy weight, which would instantly run down an iron wire leading to the knob and pin of his special Annihilator—ignite the contents of the machine, and destroy the flames in his sugar-bakery, while he slept soundly in his bed.

THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF
THE PEOPLE OF BLEABURN.

IN THREE PARTS.—CHAPTER VIII.

THE spectacle of carrying the Good Lady up to the brow was more terrifying to the people of Bleaburn than any of the funerals they had seen creeping along by the same path,—more even than the passage of the laden cart, with the pall over it, on the morning of the opening of the new burying-grounds. The people of Bleaburn, extremely ignorant, were naturally extremely superstitious. It was not only the very ignorant who were superstitious. The fever itself was never supposed to be more catching than a mood of superstition; and so it now appeared in Bleaburn. For many weeks past the Good Lady had been regarded as a sort of talisman in the people's possession. She breathed out such cheerfulness wherever she turned her face, that it seemed as if the place could not go quite to destruction while she was in it. Some who would not have admitted to themselves that they held such an impression were yet infected with the common dismay, as well as with the sorrow of parting with her. If Mary had had the least idea of the probable effect of her departure, she would have been less admired by the Kirbys for her docility,—for she would certainly have insisted on staying where she was.

"I declare I don't know what to do," the doctor confessed in confidence to the clergyman. "Every patient I have is drooping, and the people in the street look like creatures under doom. The comet was bad enough; and, before we have well done with it, here is a panic which is ten times worse."

"I tried to lend a hand to help you against the comet," replied Mr. Kirby. "I think I may be of some use again now. Shall I tell them it is a clear case of idolatry?"

"Why, it is in fact so, Mr. Kirby; but yet, I shrink from appearing to cast the slightest disrespect on her."

"Of course; of course. The thing I want to show them is what she would think,—how shocked she would be if she knew the state of mind she left behind."

"Ah! if you can do that!"

"I will see about it. Now tell me how we are going on."

The Doctor replied by a look, which made Mr. Kirby shake his head. Neither of them liked to say in words how awful was the state of things.

"It is such weather you see," said the Doctor. "Damp and disagreeable as it is, this December is as warm as September."

"Five-and-twenty sorts of flowers out in my garden," observed Mr. Kirby. "I set the boys to count them yesterday. We shall have as many as that on Christmas-day. A thing unheard of!"

"There will be no Christmas kept this year, surely," said the Doctor.

"I don't know that. My wife and I were talking it over yesterday. We think * * Well, my boy," to a little fellow who stood pulling his forelock, "what have you to say to me? I am wanted at home, am I? Is Mrs. Kirby there?"

The Doctor heard him say to himself, "Thank God!" when they saw the lady coming out of a cottage near. The Doctor had long suspected that the clergyman and his wife were as sensible of one another's danger as the most timid person in Bleaburn was of his own; and now he was sure of it. Henceforth, he understood that they were never easy out of one another's sight; and that when the clergyman was sent for from the houses he was passing, his first idea always was that his wife was taken ill. It was so. They were not people of sentiment. They had settled their case with readiness and decision, when it first presented itself to them; and they never looked back. But it did not follow that they did not feel. They agreed, with the smallest possible delay, that they ought to succeed to the charge of Bleaburn on Mr. Finch's death; that they ought to place their boys at school, and their two girls with their aunt till Bleaburn should be healthy again; and that they must stand or fall by the duty they had undertaken. As for separating, that was an idea mentioned only to be dismissed. They now nodded across the little street, as Mrs. Kirby proceeded on her round of visits, and her husband went home, to see who wanted him there.

In the corner of the little porch was a man sitting, crouching and cowering as if in bodily pain. Mr. Kirby went up to him, stooped down to see his face (but it was covered with his hands), and at last ventured to remove his hat. Then the man looked up. It was a square, hard face, which from its make would have seemed immovable; but it was anything but that now. It is a strange sight, the working of emotion in a countenance usually as hard as marble!

"Neale!" exclaimed Mr. Kirby. "Somebody ill at the farm, I am afraid."

"Not yet, Sir; not yet, Mr. Kirby. But Lord save us! we know nothing of how soon it may be so."

"Exactly so: that has been the case of every man, woman, and child, hour by hour since Adam fell."

"Yes, Sir; but the present time is something different from that. I came, Sir, to say * * I came, Mr. Kirby, because I can get no peace or rest, day or night; for thoughts, Sir; for thoughts."

Mr. Kirby glanced round him. "Come in," said he, "Come into my study."

Neale followed him in; but instead of sitting down, he walked straight to the window, and seemed to be looking into the garden. Mr. Kirby, who had been on foot all the morning, sat down and waited, shaving away at a pen meanwhile.

"On Sunday, Sir," said Neale at last, in a whispering kind of voice, "you read that I have kept back the hire of the labourers that reaped down my fields, and that their cry has entered into the ears of the Lord."

"That *you* kept back the hire of the labourer?" exclaimed Mr. Kirby, quickly turning in his seat, so as to face his visitor. He laid his hand on the pocket-bible on the table, opened at the Epistle of James, and, with his finger on the line, walked to the window with it.

"Yes, Sir, that is it," said Neale. "I would return the hire I kept back,—(I can't exactly say by fraud, for it was from hardness)—I would pay it all willingly now; but the men are dead. The fever has left but a few of them."

"I see," said Mr. Kirby. "I see how it is. You think the fever is dogging your heels, because the cries of your labourers have entered into the ears of the Lord. You want to buy off the complaints of the dead, and the anger of God, by spending now on the living. You are afraid of dying; and you would rather part with your money, dearly as you love it, than die; and so you are planning to bribe God to let you live."

"Is not that rather hard, Sir?"

"Hard?—Is it true? that is the question."

When they came to look closely into the matter, it was clear enough. Neale, driven from his accustomed methods and employments, and from his profits, and all his outward reliances, was adrift and panic-stricken. When the Good Lady was carried out of the hollow, the last security seemed gone, and the place appeared to be delivered over to God's wrath; his share of which, his conscience showed him to be pointed out in the words of scripture which had so impressed his mind, and which were ringing in his ears, as he said, day and night.

"As for the Good Lady," said Mr. Kirby, "I am sure I hope she will never hear how some of the people here regard her, after all she has done for them. If anything could bow her spirit, it would be that." Seeing Neale stare in surprise, he went on. "One would think she was a kind of witch or sorceress; that there was some sort of magic about her; instead of her being a sensible, kind-hearted, fearless woman, who knows how to nurse, and is not afraid to do it when it is most wanted."

"Don't you think then, Sir, that God sent her to us?"

"Certainly; as he sent the Doctor, and my wife and me: as he sends people to each other whenever they meet. I am sure you never heard the Good Lady say that she was specially sent."

"She is so humble,—so natural, Sir,—she was not likely to say such a thing."

"Very true: and she is too wise to think it. No—there is nothing to be frightened about in her going away. She could have

done no good here, while unable to walk or sit up; and she will recover better where she is gone. If she recovers, as I expect she will, she will come and see us; and I shall think that as good luck as you can do; not because she carries luck about with her, but because there is nothing we so much want as her example of courage, and sense and cheerfulness."

"To be sure," said Neale, in a meditative way, "she could not keep the people from dying."

"No indeed," observed Mr. Kirby; "you and some others took care that she should not."

In reply to the man's stare of amazement, Mr. Kirby asked:—

"Are not you the proprietor of several of the cottages in Bleaburn?"

"Yes: I have seven altogether."

"I know them well,—too well. Neale, your conscience accuses you about the hire of your labourers: but you have done worse things than oppress them about wages. Part of the mischief you may be unaware of; but I know you are not of all. I know that Widow Slaney speaks to you, year by year, about repairing that wretched place she lives in. Have you done it yet? Not you! I need not have asked; and yet you screw that poor woman for her rent till she cannot sleep at night for thinking of it. You know in your heart that what she says is true,—that if her son was alive,—(and it was partly your hardness that sent him to the wars, and to his terrible fate)—"

"Stop, Sir! I cannot bear it!" exclaimed Neale. "Sir, you should not bear so hard on me. I have a son that met another bad fate at the wars: and you know it, Mr. Kirby."

"To be sure I do. And how do you treat him? You drove him away by harshness; and now you say he shall not come back, because you cannot be troubled with a cripple at home."

"Not now, Sir. I say no such thing now. When I said that, I was in a bad mood. I mean to be kind to him now: and I have told him so:—that is, I have said so to the girl he is attached to."

"You have? You have really seen her, and shown respect to the young people?"

"I have, Sir."

"Well: that is so far good. That is some foundation laid for a better future."

"I should be thankful, Sir, to make up for the past."

"Ah!" said Mr. Kirby, shaking his head; "that is what can never be done. The people, as you say, are dead: the misery is suffered: the mischief is done, and cannot be undone. It is a lie, and a very fatal one, to say that past sins may be atoned for."

"O, Mr. Kirby!—don't say that!"

"I must say it, because it is true. You said yourself that you cannot make it up to those you have injured, because the men are

dead. What is that you are saying ? that you wish the fever had taken you ; and you could go now and shoot yourself ? Before you dare to say such things, you should look at the other half of the case. Is not the future greater than the past, because we have power over it ? And is there not a good text somewhere about forgetting the things that are behind, and pressing forwards to those that are before ?”

“O, Sir ! if I could forget the past !”

“Well : you see you have scripture warrant for trying. But then the pressing forwards to better things must go with it. If you forget the past, and go on the same as ever, you might as well be in hell at once. Then, I don't know that your shooting yourself would do much harm to anybody.”

“But, Sir, I am willing to do all I can. I am willing to spend all I have. I am, indeed.”

“Well, spend away,—money, time, thought, kindness,—till you can fairly say that you have done by everybody as you would be done by ! It will be time enough then to think what next. And, first, about these cottages of yours. If no more people are to die in them, murdered by filth and damp, you have no time to lose. You must not sit here, talking remorse, and planning fine deeds, but you must set the work going this very day. Come ! let us go and see.”

Farmer Neale walked rather feebly through the hall : so Mr. Kirby called him into the parlour, and gave him a glass of wine. Still, as they went down the street, one man observed to another, that Neale looked ten years older in a day. He looked round him, however, with some signs of returning spirits, when he saw the boys at their street-cleaning, and observed, that hereabouts things looked wholesome enough.

“Mere outside scouring,” said Mr. Kirby. “Better than dirt, as far as it goes ; unless, indeed, it makes us satisfied to have whited sepulchres for dwellings. Come and see the uncleanness within.”

Mr. Kirby did not spare him. He took him through all the seven cottages, for which he had extorted extravagant rents, without fulfilling any conditions on his own part. He showed him every bit of broken roof, of damp wall, of soaked floor. He showed him every heap of filth, every puddle of nastiness caused by there being no drains, or other means of removal of refuse. He advised him to make a note of every repair needed ; and, when he saw that Neale's hand shook so that he could not write, took the pencil from his hand, and did it himself. Two of the seven cottages he condemned utterly : and Neale eagerly agreed to pull them down, and rebuild them with every improvement requisite to health. To the others he would supply what was wanting, and especially drainage. They stood in such a cluster that it was practicable to drain them all into a gully of the rock which, by being

covered over, by a little building up at one end, and a little blasting at one side, might be made into a considerable tank, which was to be closed by a tight-fitting, and very heavy slab at top. Mr. Kirby conceded so much to the worldly spirit of the man he had to deal with, as to point out that the manure thus saved would so fertilise his fields as soon to repay the cost of this batch of drainage. Neale did not care for this at the moment. He was too sore at heart at the spectacle of these cottages and their inmates,—too much shaken by remorse and fear,—for any idea of profit and loss : but Mr. Kirby thought it as well to point out the fact, as it might help to animate the hard man to proceed in a good work, when his present melting mood should be passing away.

“Well : I think this is all we can do to-day,” said Mr. Kirby, as they issued from the seventh cottage. “The worst of it is, the workmen from O— will not come,—I am afraid no builder will come, even to make an estimate—till we are declared free of fever. But there is a good deal that your own people can do.”

“They can knock on a few slates before dark, Sir ; and those windows can be mended to-day. I trust, Mr. Kirby, you will give me encouragement ; and not be harder than you can help.”

“Why, Neale ; the thing is this. You do not hold your doom from my hand ; and you ought not to hang upon my words. You come to me to tell me what you feel, and to ask what I think. All I can do is to be honest with you, and (as indeed I am) sorry for you. Time must do the rest. If you are now acting well from fear of the fever only, time will show you how worthless is the effort ; for you will break off as soon as the fright has passed away. If you really mean to do justly and love mercy, through good and bad fortune, time will prove you there, too : and then you will see whether I am hard, or whether we are to be friends. This is my view of the matter.”

Neale touched his hat, and was slowly going away, when Mr. Kirby followed him, to say one thing more.

“It may throw light to yourself, on your own state of mind, to tell you that it is quite a usual one among people who have deeply sinned, when any thing happens to terrify them. Histories of earthquakes and plagues tell of people thinking and feeling as you do to-day. I dare say you think nobody ever felt the same before ; but you are not the only one in Bleaburn.”

“Indeed, Sir !” exclaimed Neale, exceedingly struck.

“Far from it. A person who has often robbed your poultry-yard, and taken your duck eggs, thought that I was preaching at him, last Sunday ; though I knew nothing about it. He wished to make reparation ; and he asked me if I thought you would

forgive him. Do you really wish to know my answer? I told him I thought you would not: but that he must confess and make reparation, nevertheless."

"You thought I should not forgive him?"

"I did: and I think so now, thus far. You would say and believe that you forgave him: but, at odd times, for years to come, you would show him that you had not forgotten it, and remind him that you had a hold over him. If not,—if I do you injustice in this, I should—"

"You do not, Sir. I am afraid what you say is very true."

"Well, just think it over, before he comes to you. This is the only confession made to me which it concerns you to hear: but I assure you, I believe there is not an evil doer in Bleaburn that is not sick at heart as you are; and for the same reason. We all have our pains and troubles; and yours may turn out a great blessing to you,—or a curse, according as you persevere or give way."

Neale said to himself as he went home, that Mr. Kirby had surely been very hard. If a man hanged for murder was filled with hope and triumph, and certainty of glory, there must be some more speedy comfort for him than the pastor had held out. Yet, in his inmost heart, he felt that Mr. Kirby was right; and he could not for the life of him, keep away from him. He managed to meet him every day. He could seldom get a word said about the state of his mind; for Mr. Kirby did not approve of people's talking of their feelings,—and especially of those connected with conscience; but in the deeds which issued from conscientious feelings, he found cordial assistance given. And Farmer Neale sometimes fancied that he could see the time,—far as it was ahead—when Mr. Kirby and he might be, as the pastor had himself said,—friends.

The amount of confession and remorse opened out to the pastor was indeed striking, and more affecting to him than he chose to show to anybody but his wife; and not even to her did he tell many of the facts. The mushroom resolutions spawned in the heat of panic were offensive and discouraging to him: but there were better cases than these. A man who had taken into wrath with a neighbour about a gate, and had kept so for years, and refused to go to church lest he should meet him there, now discovered that life is too short for strife, and too precarious to be wasted in painful quarrels. A little girl whispered to Mr. Kirby that she had taken a turnip in his field without leave, and got permission to weed the great flower-bed without pay, to make up for it. Simpson and Sally asked him to marry them; and for poor Sally's sake, he was right glad to do it. They were straightforward enough in their declaration of their reasons. Simpson thought nobody's life was worth a halfpenny now, and he did not wish to be taken in his sins; while Sally said it would be worse still if the innocent baby was taken for its parents' sin. They

had to hear the publication of banns, at a time when other people were thinking of anything but marriage; and, when the now disused church was unlocked to admit them to the altar,—just themselves and the clerk,—it was very dreary; but they immediately after felt the safer and better for it. Sally thought the Good Lady would have gone to church with her, if she had been here; and she wished she could let her know that Simpson had fulfilled his promise at last. Other people besides Sally wished they could let the Good Lady know how they were going on;—how frost came at last, in January, and stopped the fever;—how families who had lived crowded together now spread themselves into the empty houses; and how there was so much room that the worst cottages were left uninhabited, or were already in course of demolition, to make airy spaces, or afford sites for better dwellings; and how it was now certain that above two-thirds of the people of Bleaburn had perished in the fever, or by decline, after it. But they did not think of getting anybody who could write to tell all this to the Good Lady: nor did it occur to them that she might possibly know it all. The men and boys collected pretty spars for her; and the women and girls knitted gloves and comforters, and made pincushions for her, in the faith that they should some day see her again. Meanwhile, they talked of her every day.

CHAPTER IX, AND LAST.

It was a fine spring day when the Good Lady re-appeared at Bleaburn. There she was, perfectly well, and glad to see health on so many of the faces about her. Some were absent whom she had left walking about in the strength of their prime; but others whom she had last seen lying helpless, like living skeletons, were now on their feet, with a light in their eyes, and some little tinge of colour in their cheeks. There were sad spectacles to be seen of premature decrepitude, of dreadful sores, of deafness, of lameness, left by the fever. There were enough of these to have saddened the heart of any stranger entering Bleaburn for the first time, but to Mary, the impression was that of a place risen from the dead. There was much grass in the churchyard, and none in the streets: the windows of the cottages were standing wide, letting it be seen that the rooms were white-washed within. There was an indescribable air of freshness and brightness about the whole place, which made her feel and say that she hardly thought the fever could harbour there again. As she turned into the lane leading to her aunt's, the sound of the hammer, and the chipping of stone were heard; and some workmen whom she did not know, turned from their work of planing boards, to see why a crowd could be coming round the corner. These were workmen from O—, building Neale's new cottages, in capital style. And, for a moment, two young ladies

entering from the other end, were equally perplexed as to what the extraordinary bustle could mean. Their mother, however, understood it at a glance, and hastened forward to greet the Good Lady, sending a boy to fetch Mr. Kirby immediately. Mrs. Kirby's dryness of manner broke down altogether when she introduced her daughters to Mary. "Let them say they have shaken hands with you," said she, as she herself kissed the hand she held.

It was not easy for Mary to spare a hand, so laden was she with pincushions and knitted wares; but the Kirbys took them from her, and followed in her train, till the Widow Johnson appeared on her threshold, pale as marble, and grave as a monument, but well and able to hold out her arms to Mary. Poor Jem's excitement seemed to show that he was aware that some great event was happening. His habits were the same as before his illness, and he had no peace till he had shut the door when Mary entered. Everybody then went away for the time; plenty of eyes, however, being on the watch for the moment when the Good Lady should be visible again.

In a few minutes, the movements of Jem's head showed his mother that, as she said, something was coming. Jem's hearing was uncommonly acute: and what he now heard, and what other people heard directly after, was a drum and fife. Neighbour after neighbour came to tell the Johnsons what their ears had told them already,—that there was a recruiting party in Bleaburn again; and Jem went out, attracted by the music.

"It is like the candle to the moth to him," said his mother. "I must go and see that nobody makes sport of him, or gives him drink."

"Sit still, Aunty; I will go. And there is Warrender, I see, and Ann. We will take care of Jem."

And so they did. Ann looked so meaningly at Mary, meantime, as to make Mary look inquiringly at Ann.

"Only, Ma'am," said Ann, "that Sally Simpson is standing yonder. She does not like to come forward, but I know she would be pleased."

"Her name is Simpson? How glad I am he has married her!" whispered Mary, as she glanced at the ring which Sally was rather striving to show. "I hope you are happy at last, Sally."

"Oh, Ma'am, it is such a weight gone! And I do try to make him happy at home, that he may never repent."

Mary thought the doubt should be all the other way—whether the wife might not be the most likely to repent having bound herself to a man who could act towards her as Simpson had done. Widow Slaney was not to be seen. The fife and drum had sent her to the loft. She came down to see Mary; but her agitation was so great that it would have been cruelty to stay. They heard her

draw the bolt as they turned from the door.

"She does not like seeing Jack Neale any more than hearing the drum," observed the host of the Plough and Harrow, who had come forth to invite the Good Lady in, 'to take a glass of something.' "That is Jack Neale, Ma'am; that wooden-legged young man. He is married, though, for all his being so crippled. The young woman loved him before; and she loves him all the more now; and they married last week, and live at his father's. It must be a sad sight to his father; but he says no word about it. Better not; for Britons must be loyal."

"And why not?" said the Doctor, who had hastened in from the brow, on seeing that something unusual was going forward below, and had ventured to offer the Good Lady his arm, as he thought an old comrade in the conflict with sickness and death might do.

"Why not?" said the Doctor. "We make grievous complaints of the fatality of war; and it is sad to see the maiming and hear of the slaughter. But we had better spend our lamentations on a fatality that we can manage. It would take many a battle of Albuera to mow us down, and hurt us in sense and limb, as the fever has done."

"Why, that is true!" cried some, as if struck by a new conviction.

"True, yes," continued the Doctor. "I don't like the sight of a recruiting party, or the sound of the drum much better than the poor woman in yonder house, who will die of heart-break after all—of horror and pining for her son. But there is something that I like still less; the first giddiness and trembling of the strong man, the sinking feebleness of the young mother, the dimming of the infant's eyes; and the creeping fog along the river-bank, the stench in the hot weather, and the damp in the cold, that tell us that fever has lodged among us. I know then that we shall have, many times over, the slaughter of war, without any comfort from thoughts of glory to ourselves or duty to our country. There is neither glory nor duty in dying like vermin in a ditch."

"I don't see," said Warrender, "that the sergeant will carry off any of our youngsters now. If he had come with his drum three months since, some might have gone with him to get away from the fever, as a more terrible thing than war; but at present I think he will find that death has left us no young men to spare."

And so it proved. The sergeant and his party soon marched up to the brow, and disappeared, delivering the prophecy that Bleaburn would now lose its reputation for eagerness to support king and country. And in truth, Bleaburn was little heard of from that time till the peace.

Mary could not stay now. She had been detained very long from home—in America—and somebody was waiting very impatiently

there to give her a new and happy home. This is said as if we were speaking of a real person—and so we are. There was such a Mary Pickard; and what she did for a Yorkshire village in a season of fever is TRUE.

THE REVENGE OF ÆSOP.

IMITATED FROM PHÆDRUS.

A BLOCKHEAD once a stone at Æsop threw;
 'A better marksman, friend, I never knew,'
 Exclaimed the wit, and gaily rubbed his leg;
 'A hand so dexterous ne'er will come to beg.
 'Excuse these pence; how poor I am, you know!
 'If I give these, what would the rich bestow?
 'Look, look! that well-drest gentleman you see;
 'Quick, prove on him the skill misspent on me!
 'Here, take the stone. Be cool—a steadfast eye—
 'And make your fortune with one lucky shy.'
 The blockhead took the counsel of the wit;
 He poised the pebble, and his mark he hit.
 'Arrest the traitor! He has struck the king!
 And Æsop, smiling, saw the ruffian swing.

THE GOLDEN FAGOTS.

A CHILD'S TALE.

AN old woman went into a wood to gather fagots. As she was breaking, with much difficulty, one very long, tough branch across her knee, a splinter went into her hand. It made a wound from which the blood flowed, but she bound her hand up with a ragged handkerchief, and went home to her hut.

Now this old woman was very cross, because she had hurt herself; and therefore when she arrived home and saw her little granddaughter, Ellie, singing and spinning, she was very glad that there was somebody to punish. So she told little Ellie that she was a minx, and beat her with a fagot. But the old woman had for a long time depended for support upon her granddaughter, and the daily bread had never yet been wanting from her table.

Then this old woman told little Ellie that she was to untie the handkerchief and dress the wound upon her hand.

"The cloth feels very stiff," said the old woman.

And that was a thing not to be wondered at, for when the bandage was unrolled, one half of it was found to be made of a thick golden tissue. And there was a lump of gold in the old woman's hand, where otherwise a blood clot might have been.

At all this Ellie was not much surprised, because she knew little of gold, and as her grandmother was very yellow outside, it appeared to her not unlikely that she was yellow the whole way through.

But the sun now shone into the little room, and Ellie started with delight: "Look at the beautiful bright beetles there among the fagots!" She had often watched the golden beetles, scampering to and fro, near a hot stone upon the rock. "Ah, this is very odd!"

said little Ellie, seeing that the bright specks did not move. "These poor insects must be all asleep!"

But the old woman, who had fallen down upon her knees before the wood, bade Ellie go into the town and sell the caps that she had finished; not forgetting to bring home another load of flax.

Grannie, when left to herself, made a great many curious grimaces. Then she scratched another wound into her hand, and caused the blood to drop among the fagots. Then she hobbled and screamed, endeavouring, no doubt, all the while to dance and sing. It was quite certain that her blood had the power of converting into gold whatever lifeless thing it dropped upon.

For many months after this time little Ellie continued to support her grandmother by daily toil. The old woman left off fires, although it was cold winter weather, and the snow lay thick upon the cottage roof. Ellie must jump to warm herself, and her grandmother dragged all the fagots into her own bedroom. Ellie was forbidden ever again to make Grannie's bed, or to go into the old woman's room on any account whatever. Grannie's head was always in a bandage; and it never required dressing. Grannie could not hurt Ellie so much now when she used the stick, her strength was considerably lessened.

One day, this old woman did not come out to breakfast; and she made no answer when she was called to dinner; and Ellie, when she listened through a crevice, could not hear her snore. She always snored when she was asleep, so Ellie made no doubt she must be obstinate.

When the night came, Ellie was frightened, and dared not sleep until she had peeped in.

There was a stack of golden fagots; and her grandmother was on the floor quite white and dead.

When she alarmed her neighbours they all came together, and held up their hands and said, "What a clever miser this old woman must have been!" But when they looked at little Ellie, as she sat weeping on the pile of gold, they all quarrelled among each other over the question, Who should be her friend?

A good spirit came in the night, and that was Ellie's friend; for in the morning all her fagots were of wood again.

Nobody then quarrelled for her love; but she found love, and was happy; because nobody thought it worth while to deceive her.

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 Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.

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THE SUNDAY SCREW.

THIS little instrument, remarkable for its curious twist, has been at work again. A small portion of the collective wisdom of the nation has affirmed the principle that there must be no collection or delivery of posted letters on a Sunday. The principle was discussed by something less than a fourth of the House of Commons, and affirmed by something less than a seventh.

Having no doubt whatever, that this brilliant victory is, in effect, the affirmation of the principle that there ought to be No Anything but churches and chapels on a Sunday; or, that it is the beginning of a Sabbatarian Crusade, outrageous to the spirit of Christianity, irreconcilable with the health, the rational enjoyments, and the true religious feeling, of the community; and certain to result, if successful, in a violent re-action, threatening contempt and hatred of that seventh day which it is a great religious and social object to maintain in the popular affection; it would ill become us to be deterred from speaking out upon the subject, by any fear of being misunderstood, or by any certainty of being misrepresented.

Confident in the sense of the country, and not unacquainted with the habits and exigencies of the people, we approach the Sunday question, quite undiscomposed by the late storm of mad mis-statement and all uncharitableness, which cleared the way for Lord Ashley's motion. The preparation may be likened to that which is usually described in the case of the Egyptian Sorcerer and the boy who has some dark liquid poured into the palm of his hand, which is presently to become a magic mirror. "Look for Lord Ashley. What do you see?" "Oh, here's some one with a broom!" "Well! what is he doing?" "Oh, he's sweeping away Mr. Rowland Hill! Now, there is a great crowd of people all sweeping Mr. Rowland Hill away; and now, there is a red flag with Intolerance on it; and now, they are pitching a great many Tents called Meetings. Now, the tents are all upset, and Mr. Rowland Hill has swept everybody else away. And oh! now, here's Lord Ashley, with a Resolution in his hand!"

One Christian sentence is all-sufficient with us, on the theological part of this subject.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." No amount of signatures to petitions can ever sign away the meaning of those words; no end of volumes of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates can ever affect them in the least. Move and carry resolutions, bring in bills, have committees, upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber; read a first time, read a second time, read a third time, read thirty thousand times; the declared authority of the Christian dispensation over the letter of the Jewish Law, particularly in this especial instance, cannot be petitioned, resolved, read, or committee'd away.

It is important in such a case as this affirmation of a principle, to know what amount of practical sense and logic entered into its assertion. We will inquire.

Lord Ashley (who has done much good, and whom we mention with every sentiment of sincere respect, though we believe him to be most mischievously deluded on this question,) speaks of the people employed in the Country Post-Offices on Sunday, as though they were continually at work, all the livelong day. He asks whether they are to be "a Pariah race, excluded from the enjoyments of the rest of the community?" He presents to our mind's eye, rows of Post-Office clerks, sitting, with dishevelled hair and dirty linen, behind small shutters, all Sunday long, keeping time with their sighs to the ringing of the church bells, and watering bushels of letters, incessantly passing through their hands, with their tears. Is this exactly the reality? The Upas tree is a figure of speech almost as ancient as our lachrymose friend the Pariah, in whom most of us recognise a respectable old acquaintance. Supposing we were to take it into our heads to declare in these Household Words, that every Post-Office clerk employed on Sunday in the country, is compelled to sit under his own particular sprig of Upas, planted in a flower-pot beside him for the express purpose of blighting him with its baneful shade, should we be much more beyond the mark than Lord Ashley himself? Did any of our readers ever happen to post letters in the Country on a Sunday? Did they ever see a notice outside a provincial Post-Office, to the effect that the presiding Pariah would be in attendance at such an hour on Sunday, and not before? Did they

ever wait for the Pariah, at some inconvenience, until the hour arrived, and observe him come to the office in an extremely spruce condition as to his shirt collar, and do a little sprinkling of business in a very easy off-hand manner? We have such recollections ourselves. We have posted and received letters in most parts of this kingdom on a Sunday, and we never yet observed the Pariah to be quite crushed. On the contrary, we have seen him at church, apparently in the best health and spirits (notwithstanding an hour or so of sorting, earlier in the morning), and we have met him out a-walking with the young lady to whom he is engaged, and we have known him meet her again with her cousin, after the dispatch of the Mails, and really conduct himself as if he were not particularly exhausted or afflicted. Indeed, how *could* he be so, on Lord Ashley's own showing? There is a Saturday before the Sunday. We are a people indisposed, he says, to business on a Sunday. More than a million of people are known, from their petitions, to be too scrupulous to hear of such a thing. Few counting-houses or offices are ever opened on a Sunday. The Merchants and Bankers write by Saturday night's post. The Sunday night's post may be presumed to be chiefly limited to letters of necessity and emergency. Lord Ashley's whole case would break down, if it were probable that the Post-Office Pariah had half as much confinement on Sunday, as the He-Pariah who opens my Lord's street-door when any body knocks, or the She-Pariah who nurses my Lady's baby.

If the London Post-Office be not opened on a Sunday, says Lord Ashley, why should the Post-Offices of provincial towns be opened on a Sunday? Precisely because the provincial towns are not London, we apprehend. Because London is the great capital, mart, and business-centre of the world; because in London there are hundreds of thousands of people, young and old, away from their families and friends; because the stoppage of the Monday's Post Delivery in London would stop, for many precious hours, the natural flow of the blood from every vein and artery in the world to the heart of the world, and its return from the heart through all those tributary channels. Because the broad difference between London and every other place in England, necessitated this distinction, and has perpetuated it.

But, to say nothing of petitioners elsewhere, it seems that two hundred merchants and bankers in Liverpool "formed themselves into a committee, to forward the object of this motion." In the name of all the Pharisees of Jerusalem, could not the two hundred merchants and bankers form themselves into a committee to write or read no business-letters themselves on a Sunday—and let the Post-Office alone? The Government establishes a monopoly in the Post-Office, and makes it not only difficult and expensive for me to send a letter by any other means, but

illegal. What right has any merchant or banker to stop the course of any letter that I may have sore necessity to post, or may choose to post? If any one of the two hundred merchants and bankers lay at the point of death, on Sunday, would he desire his absent child to be written to—the Sunday Post being yet in existence? And how do they take upon themselves to tell us that the Sunday Post is not a "necessity," when they know, every man of them, every Sunday morning, that before the clock strikes next, they and theirs may be visited by any one of incalculable millions of accidents, to make it a dire need? Not a necessity? Is it possible that these merchants and bankers suppose there is any Sunday Post, from any large town, which is not a very agony of necessity to some one? I might as well say, in my pride of strength, that a knowledge of bone-setting in surgeons is not a necessity, because I have not broken my leg.

There is a Sage of this sort in the House of Commons. He is of opinion that the Sunday Police is a necessity, but the Sunday Post is not. That is to say, in a certain house in London or Westminster, there are certain silver spoons, engraved with the family crest—a Bigot rampant—which would be pretty sure to disappear, on an early Sunday, if there were no Policemen on duty; whereas the Sage sees no present probability of his requiring to write a letter into the country on a Saturday night—and, if it should arise, he can use the Electric Telegraph. Such is the sordid balance some professing Heathens hold of their own pounds against other men's pennies, and their own selfish wants against those of the community at large! Even the Member for Birmingham, of all the towns in England, is afflicted by this selfish blindness, and, because *he* is "tired of reading and answering letters on a Sunday," cannot conceive the possibility of there being other people not so situated, to whom the Sunday Post may, under many circumstances, be an unspeakable blessing.

The inconsequential nature of Lord Ashley's positions, cannot be better shown, than by one brief passage from his speech. "When he said the transmission of the Mail, he meant the Mail-bags; he did not propose to interfere with the passengers." No! Think again, Lord Ashley.

When the Honorable Member for Whiteden Sepulchres moves his resolution for the stoppage of Mail Trains—in a word, of all Railway travelling—on Sunday; and when that Honorable Gentleman talks about the Pariah clerks who take the money and give the tickets, the Pariah engine-drivers, the Pariah stokers, the Pariah porters, the Pariah police along the line, and the Pariah frys waiting at the Pariah stations to take the Pariah passengers, to be attended by Pariah servants at the Pariah Arms and other Pariah Hotels; what will Lord Ashley do then? Envy in-

sinuated that Tom Thumb made his giants first, and then killed them, but you cannot do the like by your Pariahs. You cannot get an exclusive patent for the manufacture and destruction of Pariah dolls. Other Honorable Gentlemen are certain to engage in the trade; and when the Honorable Member for Whiteden Sepulchres makes his Pariahs of all these people, you cannot refuse to recognize them as being of the genuine sort, Lord Ashley. Railway and all other Sunday Travelling, suppressed, by the Honorable Member for Whiteden Sepulchres, the same honorable gentleman, who will not have been particularly complimented in the course of that achievement by the Times Newspaper, will discover that a good deal is done towards the Times of Monday, on a Sunday night, and will Pariah the whole of that immense establishment. For, this is the great inconvenience of Pariah-making, that when you begin, they spring up like mushrooms: inso-much, that it is very doubtful whether we shall have a house in all this land, from the Queen's Palace downward, which will not be found, on inspection, to be swarming with Pariahs. Not touch the Mails, and yet abolish the Mail-bags? Stop all those silent messengers of affection and anxiety, yet let the talking traveller, who is the cause of infinitely more employment, go? Why, this were to suppose all men Fools, and the Honorable Member for Whiteden Sepulchres even a greater Noodle than he is!

Lord Ashley supports his motion by reading some perilous bombast, said to be written by a working man—of whom the intelligent body of working men have no great reason, to our thinking, to be proud—in which there is much about not being robbed of the boon of the day of rest; but, with all Lord Ashley's indisputably humane and benevolent impulses, we grieve to say we know no robber whom the working man, really desirous to preserve his Sunday, has so much to dread, as Lord Ashley himself. He is weakly lending the influence of his good intentions to a movement which would make that day no day of rest—rest to those who are overwrought, includes recreation, fresh air, change—but a day of mortification and gloom. And this not to one class only, be it understood. This is not a class question. If there be no gentleman of spirit in the House of Commons to remind Lord Ashley that the high-flown nonsense he quoted, concerning labour, is but another form of the stupidest socialist dogma, which seeks to represent that there is only one class of laborers on earth, it is well that the truth should be stated somewhere. And it is, indisputably, that three-fourths of us are laborers who work hard for our living; and that the condition of what we call the working-man, has its parallel, at a remove of certain degrees, in almost all professions and pursuits. Running through the middle classes, is a broad deep

vein of constant, compulsory, indispensable work. There are innumerable gentlemen, and sons and daughters of gentlemen, constantly at work, who have no more hope of making fortunes in their vocation, than the working man has in his. There are innumerable families in which the day of rest, is the only day out of the seven, where innocent domestic recreations and enjoyments are very feasible. In our mean gentility, which is the cause of so much social mischief, we may try to separate ourselves, as to this question, from the working-man; and may very complacently resolve that there is no occasion for his excursion-trains and tea-gardens, because we don't use them; but we had better not deceive ourselves. It is impossible that we can cramp his means of needful recreation and refreshment, without cramping our own, or basely cheating him. We cannot leave him to the Christian patronage of the Honourable Member for Whiteden Sepulchres, and take ourselves off. We cannot restrain him and leave ourselves free. Our Sunday wants are pretty much the same as his, though his are far more easily satisfied; our inclinations and our feelings are pretty much the same; and it will be no less wise than honest in us, the middle classes, not to be Janus-faced about the matter.

What is it that the Honorable Member for Whiteden Sepulchres, for whom Lord Ashley clears the way, wants to do? He sees on a Sunday morning, in the large towns of England, when the bells are ringing for church and chapel, certain unwashed, dim-eyed, dissipated loungers, hanging about the doors of public-houses, and loitering at the street corners, to whom the day of rest appeals in much the same degree as a sunny summer-day does to so many pigs. Does he believe that any weight of handcuffs on the Post-Office, or any amount of restriction imposed on decent people, will bring Sunday home to these? Let him go, any Sunday morning, from the new Town of Edinburgh where the sound of a piano would be profanation, to the old Town, and see what Sunday is in the Canongate. Or let him get up some statistics of the drunken people in Glasgow, while the churches are full—and work out the amount of Sabbath observance which is carried downward, by rigid shows and sad-colored forms.

But, there is another class of people, those who take little jaunts, and mingle in social little assemblages, on a Sunday, concerning whom the whole constituency of Whiteden Sepulchres, with their Honorable Member in the chair, find their lank hair standing on end with horror, and pointing, as if they were all electrified, straight up to the skylights of Exeter Hall. In reference to this class, we would whisper in the ears of the disturbed assemblage, three short words, "Let well alone!"

The English people have long been remark-

able for their domestic habits, and their household virtues and affections. They are, now, beginning to be universally respected by intelligent foreigners who visit this country, for their unobtrusive politeness, their good-humour, and their cheerful recognition of all restraints that really originate in consideration for the general good. They deserve this testimony (which we have often heard, of late, with pride) most honorably. Long maligned and mistrusted, they proved their case from the very first moment of having it in their power to do so; and have never, on any single occasion within our knowledge, abused any public confidence that has been reposed in them. It is an extraordinary thing to know of a people, systematically excluded from galleries and museums for years, that their respect for such places, and for themselves as visitors to them, dates, without any period of transition, from the very day when their doors were freely opened. The national vices are surprisingly few. The people in general are not gluttons, nor drunkards, nor gamblers, nor addicted to cruel sports, nor to the pushing of any amusement to furious and wild extremes. They are moderate, and easily pleased, and very sensible to all affectionate influences. Any knot of holiday-makers, without a large proportion of women and children among them, would be a perfect phenomenon. Let us go into any place of Sunday enjoyment where any fair representation of the people resort, and we shall find them decent, orderly, quiet, sociable among their families and neighbours. There is a general feeling of respect for religion, and for religious observances. The churches and chapels are well filled. Very few people who keep servants or apprentices, leave out of consideration their opportunities of attending church or chapel; the general demeanour within those edifices, is particularly grave and decorous; and the general recreations without, are of a harmless and simple kind. Lord Brougham never did Henry Brougham more justice, than in declaring to the House of Lords, after the success of this motion in the House of Commons, that there is no country where the Sabbath is, on the whole, better observed than in England. Let the constituency of Whiteden Sepulchres ponder, in a Christian spirit, on these things; take care of their own consciences; leave their Honorable Member to take care of his; and let well alone.

For, it is in nations as in families. Too tight a hand in these respects, is certain to engender a disposition to break loose, and to run riot. If the private experience of any reader, pausing on this sentence, cannot furnish many unhappy illustrations of its truth, it is a very fortunate experience indeed. Our most notable public example of it, in England, is just two hundred years old.

Lord Ashley had better merge his Pariahs into the body politic; and the Honorable Member for Whiteden Sepulchres had better

accustom his jaundiced eyes to the Sunday sight of dwellers in towns, roaming in green fields, and gazing upon country prospects. If he will look a little beyond them, and lift up the eyes of his mind, perhaps he may observe a mild, majestic figure in the distance, going through a field of corn, attended by some common men who pluck the grain as they pass along, and whom their Divine Master teaches that he is the Lord, even of the Sabbath-Day.

THE YOUNG ADVOCATE.

ANTOINE DE CHAULIEU was the son of a poor gentleman of Normandy, with a long genealogy, a short rent-roll, and a large family. Jacques Rollet was the son of a brewer, who did not know who his grandfather was; but he had a long purse and only two children. As these youths flourished in the early days of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and were near neighbours, they naturally hated each other. Their enmity commenced at school, where the delicate and refined De Chaulieu being the only gentleman among the scholars, was the favorite of the master (who was a bit of an aristocrat in his heart) although he was about the worst dressed boy in the establishment, and never had a sou to spend; whilst Jacques Rollet, sturdy and rough, with smart clothes and plenty of money, got flogged six days in the week, ostensibly for being stupid and not learning his lessons—which, indeed, he did not—but, in reality, for constantly quarrelling with and insulting De Chaulieu, who had not strength to cope with him. When they left the academy, the feud continued in all its vigour, and was fostered by a thousand little circumstances arising out of the state of the times, till a separation ensued in consequence of an aunt of Antoine de Chaulieu's undertaking the expense of sending him to Paris to study the law, and of maintaining him there during the necessary period.

With the progress of events came some degree of reaction in favour of birth and nobility, and then Antoine, who had passed for the bar, began to hold up his head and endeavoured to push his fortunes; but fate seemed against him. He felt certain that if he possessed any gift in the world it was that of eloquence, but he could get no cause to plead; and his aunt dying inopportunately, first his resources failed, and then his health. He had no sooner returned to his home, than, to complicate his difficulties completely, he fell in love with Mademoiselle Natalie de Bellefonds, who had just returned from Paris, where she had been completing her education. To expatiate on the perfections of Mademoiselle Natalie, would be a waste of ink and paper; it is sufficient to say that she really was a very charming girl, with a fortune which, though not large, would have been a most desirable acquisition to De Chaulieu,

who had nothing. Neither was the fair Natalie indisposed to listen to his addresses; but her father could not be expected to countenance the suit of a gentleman, however well-born, who had not a ten-sous piece in the world, and whose prospects were a blank.

Whilst the ambitious and love-sick young barrister was thus pining in unwelcome obscurity, his old acquaintance, Jacques Rollet, had been acquiring an undesirable notoriety. There was nothing really bad in Jacques' disposition, but having been bred up a democrat, with a hatred of the nobility, he could not easily accommodate his rough humour to treat them with civility when it was no longer safe to insult them. The liberties he allowed himself whenever circumstances brought him into contact with the higher classes of society, had led him into many scrapes, out of which his father's money had one way or another released him; but that source of safety had now failed. Old Rollet having been too busy with the affairs of the nation to attend to his business, had died insolvent, leaving his son with nothing but his own wits to help him out of future difficulties, and it was not long before their exercise was called for. Claudine Rollet, his sister, who was a very pretty girl, had attracted the attention of Mademoiselle de Bellefonds' brother, Alphonso; and as he paid her more attention than from such a quarter was agreeable to Jacques, the young men had had more than one quarrel on the subject, on which occasions they had each, characteristically, given vent to their enmity, the one in contemptuous monosyllables, and the other in a volley of insulting words. But Claudine had another lover more nearly of her own condition of life; this was Claperon, the deputy governor of the Rouen jail, with whom she had made acquaintance during one or two compulsory visits paid by her brother to that functionary; but Claudine, who was a bit of a coquette, though she did not altogether reject his suit, gave him little encouragement, so that betwixt hopes, and fears, and doubts, and jealousies, poor Claperon led a very uneasy kind of life.

Affairs had been for some time in this position, when, one fine morning, Alphonse de Bellefonds was not to be found in his chamber when his servant went to call him; neither had his bed been slept in. He had been observed to go out rather late on the preceding evening, but whether or not he had returned, nobody could tell. He had not appeared at supper, but that was too ordinary an event to awaken suspicion; and little alarm was excited till several hours had elapsed, when inquiries were instituted and a search commenced, which terminated in the discovery of his body, a good deal mangled, lying at the bottom of a pond which had belonged to the old brewery. Before any investigations had been made, every person

had jumped to the conclusion that the young man had been murdered, and that Jacques Rollet was the assassin. There was a strong presumption in favour of that opinion, which further perquisitions tended to confirm. Only the day before, Jacques had been heard to threaten Mons. de Bellefonds with speedy vengeance. On the fatal evening, Alphonse and Claudine had been seen together in the neighbourhood of the now dismantled brewery; and as Jacques, betwixt poverty and democracy, was in bad odour with the prudent and respectable part of society, it was not easy for him to bring witnesses to character, or prove an unexceptionable alibi. As for the Bellefonds and De Chaulieus, and the aristocracy in general, they entertained no doubt of his guilt; and finally, the magistrates coming to the same opinion, Jacques Rollet was committed for trial, and as a testimony of good will, Antoine de Chaulieu was selected by the injured family to conduct the prosecution.

Here, at last, was the opportunity he had sighed for! So interesting a case, too, furnishing such ample occasion for passion, pathos, indignation! And how eminently fortunate that the speech which he set himself with ardour to prepare, would be delivered in the presence of the father and brother of his mistress, and perhaps of the lady herself! The evidence against Jacques, it is true, was altogether presumptive; there was no proof whatever that he had committed the crime; and for his own part he stoutly denied it. But Antoine de Chaulieu entertained no doubt of his guilt, and his speech was certainly well calculated to carry that conviction into the bosom of others. It was of the highest importance to his own reputation that he should procure a verdict, and he confidently assured the afflicted and enraged family of the victim that their vengeance should be satisfied. Under these circumstances could anything be more unwelcome than a piece of intelligence that was privately conveyed to him late on the evening before the trial was to come on, which tended strongly to exculpate the prisoner, without indicating any other person as the criminal. Here was an opportunity lost. The first step of the ladder on which he was to rise to fame, fortune, and a wife, was slipping from under his feet!

Of course, so interesting a trial was anticipated with great eagerness by the public, and the court was crowded with all the beauty and fashion of Rouen. Though Jacques Rollet persisted in asserting his innocence, founding his defence chiefly on circumstances which were strongly corroborated by the information that had reached De Chaulieu the preceding evening,—he was convicted.

In spite of the very strong doubts he privately entertained respecting the justice of the verdict, even De Chaulieu himself, in the first flush of success, amidst a crowd of con-

gratulating friends, and the approving smiles of his mistress, felt gratified and happy; his speech had, for the time being, not only convinced others, but himself; warmed with his own eloquence, he believed what he said. But when the glow was over, and he found himself alone, he did not feel so comfortable. A latent doubt of Rollet's guilt now burnt strongly in his mind, and he felt that the blood of the innocent would be on his head. It is true there was yet time to save the life of the prisoner, but to admit Jacques innocent, was to take the glory out of his own speech, and turn the sting of his argument against himself. Besides, if he produced the witness who had secretly given him the information, he should be self-condemned, for he could not conceal that he had been aware of the circumstance before the trial.

Matters having gone so far, therefore, it was necessary that Jacques Rollet should die; so the affair took its course; and early one morning the guillotine was erected in the court yard of the jail, three criminals ascended the scaffold, and three heads fell into the basket, which were presently afterwards, with the trunks that had been attached to them, buried in a corner of the cemetery.

Antoine de Chaulieu was now fairly started in his career, and his success was as rapid as the first step towards it had been tardy. He took a pretty apartment in the Hôtel Marboeuf, Rue Grange-Batelière, and in a short time was looked upon as one of the most rising young advocates in Paris. His success in one line brought him success in another; he was soon a favourite in society, and an object of interest to speculating mothers; but his affections still adhered to his old love Natalie de Bellefonds, whose family now gave their assent to the match—at least, prospectively—a circumstance which furnished such an additional incentive to his exertions, that in about two years from the date of his first brilliant speech, he was in a sufficiently flourishing condition to offer the young lady a suitable home. In anticipation of the happy event, he engaged and furnished a suite of apartments in the Rue du Helder; and as it was necessary that the bride should come to Paris to provide her trousseau, it was agreed that the wedding should take place there, instead of at Bellefonds, as had been first projected; an arrangement the more desirable, that a press of business rendered Mons. de Chaulieu's absence from Paris inconvenient.

Brides and bridegrooms in France, except of the very high classes, are not much in the habit of making those honeymoon excursions so universal in this country. A day spent in visiting Versailles, or St. Cloud, or even the public places of the city, is generally all that precedes the settling down into the habits of daily life. In the present instance St. Denis was selected, from the circumstance of Natalie's having a younger sister at school

there; and also because she had a particular desire to see the Abbey.

The wedding was to take place on a Thursday; and on the Wednesday evening, having spent some hours most agreeably with Natalie, Antoine de Chaulieu returned to spend his last night in his bachelor apartments. His wardrobe and other small possessions, had already been packed up and sent to his future home; and there was nothing left in his room now, but his new wedding suit, which he inspected with considerable satisfaction before he undressed and lay down to sleep. Sleep, however, was somewhat slow to visit him; and the clock had struck one, before he closed his eyes. When he opened them again, it was broad daylight; and his first thought was, had he overslept himself? He sat up in bed to look at the clock which was exactly opposite, and as he did so, in the large mirror over the fireplace, he perceived a figure standing behind him. As the dilated eyes met his own, he saw it was the face of Jacques Rollet. Overcome with horror he sunk back on his pillow, and it was some minutes before he ventured to look again in that direction; when he did so, the figure had disappeared.

The sudden revulsion of feeling such a vision was calculated to occasion in a man elate with joy, may be conceived! For some time after the death of his former foe, he had been visited by not unfrequent twinges of conscience; but of late, borne along by success, and the hurry of Parisian life, these unpleasant remembrancers had grown rarer, till at length they had faded away altogether. Nothing had been further from his thoughts than Jacques Rollet, when he closed his eyes on the preceding night, nor when he opened them to that sun which was to shine on what he expected to be the happiest day of his life! Where were the high-strung nerves now! The elastic frame! The bounding heart!

Heavily and slowly he arose from his bed, for it was time to do so; and with a trembling hand and quivering knees, he went through the processes of the toilet, gashing his cheek with the razor, and spilling the water over his well polished boots. When he was dressed, scarcely venturing to cast a glance in the mirror as he passed it, he quitted the room and descended the stairs, taking the key of the door with him for the purpose of leaving it with the porter; the man, however, being absent, he laid it on the table in his lodge, and with a relaxed and languid step proceeded on his way to the church, where presently arrived the fair Natalie and her friends. How difficult it was now to look happy, with that pallid face and extinguished eye!

"How pale you are! Has anything happened? You are surely ill?" were the exclamations that met him on all sides. He tried to carry it off as well as he could, but felt

that the movements he would have wished to appear alert were only convulsive; and that the smiles with which he attempted to relax his features, were but distorted grimaces. However, the church was not the place for further inquiries; and whilst Natalie gently pressed his hand in token of sympathy, they advanced to the altar, and the ceremony was performed; after which they stepped into the carriages waiting at the door, and drove to the apartments of Madme. de Bellefonds, where an elegant *déjeuner* was prepared.

"What ails you, my dear husband?" enquired Natalie, as soon as they were alone.

"Nothing, love," he replied; "nothing, I assure you, but a restless night and a little overwork, in order that I might have to-day free to enjoy my happiness!"

"Are you quite sure? Is there nothing else?"

"Nothing, indeed; and pray don't take notice of it, it only makes me worse!"

Natalie was not deceived, but she saw that what he said was true; notice made him worse; so she contented herself with observing him quietly, and saying nothing; but, as he *felt* she was observing him, she might almost better have spoken; words are often less embarrassing things than too curious eyes.

When they reached Madame de Bellefonds' he had the same sort of questioning and scrutiny to undergo, till he grew quite impatient under it, and betrayed a degree of temper altogether unusual with him. Then everybody looked astonished; some whispered their remarks, and others expressed them by their wondering eyes, till his brow knit, and his pallid cheeks became flushed with anger. Neither could he divert attention by eating; his parched mouth would not allow him to swallow anything but liquids, of which, however, he indulged in copious libations; and it was an exceeding relief to him when the carriage, which was to convey them to St. Denis, being announced, furnished an excuse for hastily leaving the table. Looking at his watch, he declared it was late; and Natalie, who saw how eager he was to be gone, threw her shawl over her shoulders, and bidding her friends *good morning*, they hurried away.

It was a fine sunny day in June; and as they drove along the crowded boulevards, and through the Porte St. Denis, the young bride and bridegroom, to avoid each other's eyes, affected to be gazing out of the windows; but when they reached that part of the road where there was nothing but trees on each side, they felt it necessary to draw in their heads, and make an attempt at conversation. De Chauvieu put his arm round his wife's waist, and tried to rouse himself from his depression; but it had by this time so reacted upon her, that she could not respond to his efforts, and thus the conversation languished, till both felt glad when they reached

their destination, which would, at all events, furnish them something to talk about.

Having quitted the carriage, and ordered a dinner at the Hôtel de l'Abbaye, the young couple proceeded to visit Mademoiselle Hortense de Bellefonds, who was overjoyed to see her sister and new brother-in-law, and doubly so when she found that they had obtained permission to take her out to spend the afternoon with them. As there is little to be seen at St. Denis but the Abbey, on quitting that part of it devoted to education, they proceeded to visit the church, with its various objects of interest; and as De Chauvieu's thoughts were now forced into another direction, his cheerfulness began insensibly to return. Natalie looked so beautiful, too, and the affection betwixt the two young sisters was so pleasant to behold! And they spent a couple of hours wandering about with Hortense, who was almost as well informed as the Suisse, till the brazen doors were open which admitted them to the Royal vault. Satisfied, at length, with what they had seen, they began to think of returning to the inn, the more especially as De Chauvieu, who had not eaten a morsel of food since the previous evening, owned to being hungry; so they directed their steps to the door, lingering here and there as they went, to inspect a monument or a painting, when, happening to turn his head aside to see if his wife, who had stopt to take a last look at the tomb of King Dagobert, was following, he beheld with horror the face of Jacques Rollet appearing from behind a column! At the same instant, his wife joined him, and took his arm, inquiring if he was not very much delighted with what he had seen. He attempted to say yes, but the word would not be forced out; and staggering out of the door, he alleged that a sudden faintness had overcome him.

They conducted him to the Hôtel, but Natalie now became seriously alarmed; and well she might. His complexion looked ghastly, his limbs shook, and his features bore an expression of indescribable horror and anguish. What could be the meaning of so extraordinary a change in the gay, witty, prosperous De Chauvieu, who, till that morning, seemed not to have a care in the world? For, plead illness as he might, she felt certain, from the expression of his features, that his sufferings were not of the body but of the mind; and, unable to imagine any reason for such extraordinary manifestations, of which she had never before seen a symptom, but a sudden aversion to herself, and regret for the step he had taken, her pride took the alarm, and, concealing the distress she really felt, she began to assume a haughty and reserved manner towards him, which he naturally interpreted into an evidence of anger and contempt. The dinner was placed upon the table, but De Chauvieu's appetite of which he had lately boasted, was quite gone, nor was his wife better able to eat.

The young sister alone did justice to the repast; but although the bridegroom could not eat, he could swallow champagne in such copious draughts, that ere long the terror and remorse that the apparition of Jacques Rollet had awakened in his breast were drowned in intoxication. Amazed and indignant, poor Natalie sat silently observing this elect of her heart, till overcome with disappointment and grief, she quitted the room with her sister, and retired to another apartment, where she gave free vent to her feelings in tears.

After passing a couple of hours in confidences and lamentations, they recollected that the hours of liberty granted, as an especial favour, to Mademoiselle Hortense, had expired: but ashamed to exhibit her husband in his present condition to the eyes of strangers, Natalie prepared to re-conduct her to the *Maison Royale* herself. Looking into the dining-room as they passed, they saw De Chau lieu lying on a sofa fast asleep, in which state he continued when his wife returned. At length, however, the driver of their carriage begged to know if Monsieur and Madame were ready to return to Paris, and it became necessary to arouse him. The transitory effects of the champagne had now subsided; but when De Chau lieu recollected what had happened, nothing could exceed his shame and mortification. So engrossing indeed were these sensations that they quite overpowered his previous ones, and, in his present vexation, he, for the moment, forgot his fears. He knelt at his wife's feet, begged her pardon a thousand times, swore that he adored her, and declared that the illness and the effect of the wine had been purely the consequences of fasting and over-work. It was not the easiest thing in the world to re-assure a woman whose pride, affection, and taste, had been so severely wounded; but Natalie tried to believe, or to appear to do so, and a sort of reconciliation ensued, not quite sincere on the part of the wife, and very humbling on the part of the husband. Under these circumstances it was impossible that he should recover his spirits or facility of manner; his gaiety was forced, his tenderness constrained; his heart was heavy within him; and ever and anon the source whence all this disappointment and woe had sprung would recur to his perplexed and tortured mind.

Thus mutually pained and distrustful, they returned to Paris, which they reached about nine o'clock. In spite of her depression, Natalie, who had not seen her new apartments, felt some curiosity about them, whilst De Chau lieu anticipated a triumph in exhibiting the elegant home he had prepared for her. With some alacrity, therefore, they stepped out of the carriage, the gates of the Hôtel were thrown open, the *concierger* rang the bell which announced to the servants that their master and mistress had arrived, and whilst these domestics appeared above,

holding lights over the balusters, Natalie, followed by her husband, ascended the stairs. But when they reached the landing-place of the first flight, they saw the figure of a man standing in a corner as if to make way for them; the flash from above fell upon his face, and again Antoine de Chau lieu recognised the features of Jacques Rollet!

From the circumstance of his wife's preceding him, the figure was not observed by De Chau lieu till he was lifting his foot to place it on the top stair: the sudden shock caused him to miss the step, and, without uttering a sound, he fell back, and never stopped till he reached the stones at the bottom. The screams of Natalie brought the *concierger* from below and the maids from above, and an attempt was made to raise the unfortunate man from the ground; but with cries of anguish he besought them to desist.

"Let me," he said; "die here! What a fearful vengeance is thine! Oh, Natalie, Natalie!" he exclaimed to his wife, who was kneeling beside him, "to win fame, and fortune, and yourself, I committed a dreadful crime! With lying words I argued away the life of a fellow-creature, whom, whilst I uttered them, I half believed to be innocent; and now, when I have attained all I desired, and reached the summit of my hopes, the Almighty has sent him back upon the earth to blast me with the sight. Three times this day—three times this day! Again! again!"—and as he spoke, his wild and dilated eyes fixed themselves on one of the individuals that surrounded him.

"He is delirious," said they.

"No," said the stranger! "What he says is true enough,—at least in part;" and bending over the expiring man, he added, "May Heaven forgive you, Antoine de Chau lieu! I was not executed; one who well knew my innocence saved my life. I may name him, for he is beyond the reach of the law now,—it was Claperon, the jailer, who loved Claudine, and had himself killed Alphonse de Bellefonds from jealousy. An unfortunate wretch had been several years in the jail for a murder committed during the phrenzy of a fit of insanity. Long confinement had reduced him to idiocy. To save my life Claperon substituted the senseless being for me, on the scaffold, and he was executed in my stead. He has quitted the country, and I have been a vagabond on the face of the earth ever since that time. At length I obtained, through the assistance of my sister, the situation of *concierger* in the Hôtel Marbœuf, in the Rue Grange-Batelière. I entered on my new place yesterday evening, and was desired to awaken the gentleman on the third floor at seven o'clock. When I entered the room to do so, you were asleep, but before I had time to speak you awoke, and I recognised your features in the glass. Knowing that I could not vindicate my innocence if you chose to

seize me, I fled, and seeing an omnibus starting for St. Denis, I got on it with a vague idea of getting on to Calais, and crossing the Channel to England. But having only a franc or two in my pocket, or indeed in the world, I did not know how to procure the means of going forward; and whilst I was lounging about the place, forming first one plan and then another, I saw you in the church, and concluding you were in pursuit of me, I thought the best way of eluding your vigilance was to make my way back to Paris as fast as I could; so I set off instantly, and walked all the way; but having no money to pay my night's lodging, I came here to borrow a couple of livres of my sister Claudine, who lives in the fifth story."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the dying man; "that sin is off my soul! Natalie, dear wife, farewell! Forgive! forgive all!"

These were the last words he uttered; the priest, who had been summoned in haste, held up the cross before his failing sight; a few strong convulsions shook the poor bruised and mangled frame; and then all was still.

And thus ended the Young Advocate's Wedding Day.

EARTH'S HARVESTS.

"Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than War."—
MILTON'S *Sonnet to Cromwell*.

Two hundred years ago, * the moon
Shone on a battle plain;
Cold through that glowing night of June
Lay steeds and riders slain;
And daisies, bending 'neath strange dew,
Wept in the silver light;
The very turf a regal hue
Assumed that fatal night.

Time past—but long, to tell the tale,
Some battle-axe or shield,
Or cloven skull, or shattered mail,
Were found upon the field;
The grass grew thickest on the spot
Where high were heaped the dead,
And well it marked, had men forgot,
Where the great charge was made.

To-day—the sun looks laughing down
Upon the harvest plain,
The little gleaners, rosy-brown,
The merry reaper's train;
The rich sheaves heaped together stand,
And resting in their shade,
A mother, working close at hand,
Her sleeping babe hath laid.

A battle-field it was, and is,
For serried spears are there,
And against mighty foes prepared—
Gaunt hunger, pale despair.
We'll thank God for the hearts of old,
Their strife our freedom sealed;
We'll praise Him for the sheaves of gold
Now on the battle-field.

* Naseby, June 14, 1646.

"THE DEVIL'S ACRE."

THERE are multitudes who believe that Westminster is a city of palaces, of magnificent squares, and regal terraces; that it is the chosen seat of opulence, grandeur and refinement; and that filth, squalor, and misery are the denizens of other and less favoured sections of the metropolis. The error is not in associating with Westminster much of the grandeur and splendour of the capital, but in entirely dissociating it in idea from the darker phases of metropolitan life. As the brightest lights cast the deepest shadows, so are the splendours and luxuries of the West-end found in juxtaposition with the most deplorable manifestations of human wretchedness and depravity. There is no part of the metropolis which presents a more chequered aspect, both physical and moral, than Westminster. The most lordly streets are frequently but a mask for the squalid districts which lie behind them, whilst spots consecrated to the most hallowed of purposes are begirt by scenes of indescribable infamy and pollution; the blackest tide of moral turpitude that flows in the capital rolls its filthy wavelets up to the very walls of Westminster Abbey; and the law-makers for one-seventh of the human race sit, night after night, in deliberation, in the immediate vicinity of the most notorious haunt of law-breakers in the empire. There is no district in London more filthy and disgusting, more steeped in villany and guilt, than that on which every morning's sun casts the sombre shadows of the Abbey, mingled, as they soon will be, with those of the gorgeous towers of the new "Palace at Westminster."

The "Devil's Acre," as it is familiarly known in the neighbourhood, is the square block comprised between Dean, Peter, and Tothill Streets, and Strutton Ground. It is permeated by Orchard Street, St. Anne's Street, Old and New Pye Streets, Pear Street, Perkins' Rents, and Duck Lane. From some of these, narrow covered passage-ways lead into small quadrangular courts, containing but a few crazy, tumble-down-looking houses, and inhabited by characters of the most equivocal description. The district, which is small in area, is one of the most populous in London, almost every house being crowded with numerous families, and multitudes of lodgers. There are other parts of the town as filthy, dingy, and forbidding in appearance as this, but these are generally the haunts more of poverty than crime. But there are none in which guilt of all kinds and degrees converges in such volume as on this, the moral plague-spot not only of the metropolis, but also of the kingdom. And yet from almost every point of it you can observe the towers of the Abbey peering down upon you, as if they were curious to observe that to which they seem to be indifferent.

Such is the spot which true Christian benevolence has, for some time, marked as a chosen field for its most unostentatious operations. It was first taken possession of, with a view to its improvement, by the London City Mission, a body represented in the district by a single missionary, who has now been for about twelve years labouring—and not without success—in the arduous work of its purification; and who, by his energy, tact, and perseverance, has acquired such an influence over its turbulent and lawless population, as makes him a safer escort to the stranger desirous of visiting it, than a whole posse of police. By the aid of several opulent philanthropists whom he has interested in his labours, he has reared up within the district two schools, which are numerous attended by the squalid children of the neighbourhood—each school having an Industrial Department connected with it. An exclusively Industrial School for boys of more advanced age has also been established, which has recently been attached to the Ragged School Union. In addition to these, another institution has been called into existence, to which and to whose objects the reader's attention will be drawn in what follows.

The Pye Street Schools being designed only for children—many of whom, on admission, manifest an almost incredible precocity in crime—those of a more advanced age seeking instruction and reformation were not eligible to admission. In an applicant of this class, a lad about sixteen, the master of one of the schools took a deep interest from the earnestness with which he sought for an opportunity of retrieving himself. He was invited to attend the school, that he might receive instruction. He was grateful for the offer, but expressed a doubt of its being sufficient to rescue him from his criminal and degraded course of life.

"It will be of little use to me," said he, "to attend school in the daytime, if I have to take to the streets again at night, and live, as I am now living, by thieving."

The master saw the difficulty, and determined on trying the experiment of taking him entirely off the streets. He accordingly paid for a lodging for him, and secured him bread to eat. For four months the lad lived contentedly and happily on "bread and dripping," during which time he proved his aptitude for instruction by learning to read, to write tolerably well, and to master all the more useful rules in arithmetic. He was shortly afterwards sent to Australia, through the kindness of some individuals who furnished the means. He is now doing well in the new field thus opportunely opened up to him, and the experiment of which he was the subject laid the germ of the Institution in question.

In St. Anne Street, one of the worst and filthiest purlieus of the district, stands a house somewhat larger and cleaner than the miserable, rickety, and greasy-looking tenements

around it. Over the door are painted, in large legible characters, the following words: "The Ragged Dormitory and Colonial Training School of Industry." On one of the shutters it is indicated, in similar characters, that the house is a refuge for "Youths who wish to Reform." None are admitted under sixteen, as those under that age can get admission to one or other of the schools. Those eligible are such vagrants and thieves as are between sixteen and twenty-two, and desire to abandon their present mode of life, and lead honest and industrious courses for the future.

It is obvious that such an institution, if not carefully watched, would be liable to being greatly abused. The pinching wants of the moment would drive many into it, whose sole object was to meet there, instead of to subject themselves to the reformatory discipline of the establishment. Many would press into it whose love of idleness had hitherto been their greatest vice. As it is, this latter class is deterred, to a great extent, from applying, by the Institution confining its operations to the thief and the vagrant. Each applicant, by applying for admission, confesses himself to belong to one or other of these classes, or to both. If he is found to be a subject coming within the scope of the establishment, he is at once admitted, and subjected to its discipline. The natural inference would be, that the avowed object of it would turn applicants from its doors. But this is far from being the case; upwards of two hundred having applied during the past year, the second of its existence.

To distinguish those who are sincere in their application from those who merely wish to make a convenience, for the time being, of the establishment, each applicant, on admission, is subjected to a rigid test. In the attic story of the building is a small room, the walls and ceiling of which are painted with yellow ochre. Last year, for it is only recently that the house has been applied to its present purpose, this room was occupied by a numerous and squalid family, some of whose members were the first victims of cholera, in Westminster. The massive chimney-stack projects far into the room, and in the deep recesses between it and the low walls on either side are two beds formed of straw, with a coarse counterpane for a covering. Beyond this there is not a vestige of furniture in the apartment. This is the Probation-room, the ordeal of which every applicant must pass ere he is fully received into the Institution. But he must pass a whole fortnight, generally alone, his fare being bread and water. His allowance of bread is a pound a-day, which he may dispose of as he pleases, either at a meal or at several. He does not pass the entire day in solitude, for during class-hours he is taken down to the school-room, where he is taught with the rest. But, with that exception, he is not allowed to mingle with

the rest of the inmates, being separated from them for the remainder of the day, and left to his own reflections in his lonely cell.

A man, compulsorily subjected to solitude and short commons, may make up his mind to it, and resign himself to his fate. But no one will voluntarily subject himself to such a test who is not tired of a dishonest life, and anxious to reform. In nearly nine cases out of ten it unmasks the impostor. Many shrink at once from the ordeal, and retire. Others undergo it for a day or two, and then leave; for, as there was no compulsion on them to enter, they are at all times at liberty to depart. Some stay for a week, and then withdraw, whilst instances have been known of their giving up after ten or twelve days' endurance. The few that remain are readily accepted as objects worthy the best efforts of the establishment.

The applicants, particularly the vagrants, are generally in the worst possible condition, as regards clothing. In many cases they are half-naked, like the wretched objects who make themselves up for charity in the streets. Their probation over, they are clad in comparatively decent attire, consisting chiefly of cast-off clothing, furnished by the contributors to the institution. They are then released from their solitary dormitory, and admitted to all the privileges of the house.

The tried and accepted inmates of the Institution have, for the two past years, averaged about thirty each year. They get up at an early hour, their first business being to clean out the establishment from top to bottom. They afterwards assemble at breakfast, which consists of cocoa and bread, of which they make a hearty meal. The business of instruction then commences, there being two school-rooms on the first floor, into one of which the more advanced pupils are put by themselves, the other being reserved for those that are more backward and for the new comers. It is into this latter room that the probationers are admitted during school-hours. During school-hours they are instructed in the fundamental doctrines of religion, and in the elements of education, including geography—particularly the geography of the colonies. The master exercises a general control over the whole establishment. The upper class is taught by a young man, who was himself one of the earliest inmates of the Institution, and who is now being trained for becoming a regular teacher. The other class is usually presided over by a monitor, also an inmate—but one who is in advance of his fellows. Most of those now in the house are able to read, and many to read well. Such as have been thieves are generally able to read when they enter, having been taught to do so in the prisons; those who cannot read being generally vagrants, or such as have been thieves without having been apprehended and convicted. They present a curious spectacle in their class-rooms. Their ages vary from

twenty-one to sixteen, there being two in at present under sixteen, but they were admitted under special circumstances. With the exception of the probationers, they are all dressed comfortably, but in different styles, according to the character and fashion of the clothing at the command of the establishment. Some wear the surtout, others the dress-coat; some the short jacket, and others again the paletot. They are all provided with shoes and stockings, each being obliged to keep his own shoes scrupulously clean. Indeed, they are under very wholesome regulations as to their ablutions, and the general cleanliness of their persons. As they stand ranged in their classes, the diversity of countenances which they exhibit is as striking as are the contrasts presented by their raiment. In some faces you can still trace the brutal expression which they wore on entering. In others, the low cunning, begotten by their mode of life, was more or less distinguishable. You could readily point to those who had been longest in the establishment, from the humanising influences which their treatment had had upon their looks and expressions. The faces of most of them were lit up with new-born intelligence, whilst it was painful to witness the vacant and stolid looks of two of them, who had but recently passed the ordeal of the dormitory. Generally speaking, they are found to be quick and apt scholars, their mode of life having tended, in most instances, to quicken their perceptions.

Between the morning and afternoon classes they dine,—their dinner comprising animal food three times a-week, being chiefly confined on other days to bread and dripping. They sup at an early hour in the evening, when cocoa and bread form again the staple of their meal. After supper, they spend an hour or two in the training-school, which is a large room adjoining the probationers' dormitory, where they are initiated into the mysteries of the tailors' and shoemakers' arts, under the superintendence of qualified teachers. They afterwards retire to rest, sleeping on beds laid out upon the floor, each bed containing one. When the house is full, the two class-rooms are converted at night into sleeping apartments. They are also compelled to attend some place of worship on the Sunday, and, in case of sickness, have the advantage of a medical attendant. During a part of the day they are allowed to walk out, in different gangs,—each gang under the care of one of their number. In their walks they are restricted as to time, and are required to avoid, as much as possible, the low neighbourhoods of the town. Should any of them desire to learn the business of a carpenter, they have the means of doing so; and two are now engaged in acquiring a practical knowledge of this useful trade.

Such is the curriculum which they undergo after being fully admitted into the house. They are so instructed as to wean them as much as

possible from their former habits, to inspire them with the desire of living honest lives, and to fit them for becoming useful members of society, in the different offices for which they are destined. They must be six months at least in the house before they are deemed ready to emigrate. Some are kept longer. They are all eager to go,—being, without exception, sickened at the thought of recurring to their previous habits of life. From twenty to thirty have already been sent abroad. The committee who superintend the establishment are anxious to keep forty on the average in the house throughout the year, in addition to sending twenty each year abroad. This, however, will require a larger fund than they have at present at their disposal.

Such is the Institution which, for two years past, has been silently and unostentatiously working its own quota of good in this little-known and pestilential region. It is designed for the reclamation of a class on which society turns its back. Its doors are open alike to the convicted and the unconvicted offender. Five-sixths of its present inmates have been the denizens of many jails—and some of them have only emerged from the neighbouring Penitentiary. It is not easy to calculate the amount of mature crime which, in the course of a few years, it will avert from society, by its timely rescue of the precocious delinquent. It is thus an institution which may appeal to the selfishness, as well as to the benevolence, of the community for aid: though not very generally known, it is visited by many influential parties; and some of the greatest ornaments of Queen Victoria's Court have not shrunk from crossing its threshold and contributing to its support.

Curious indeed would be the biographies which such an institution could furnish. The following, extracted from the Master's Record, will serve as a specimen. The name is, for obvious reasons, suppressed.

"John —, 16 years of age. Admitted June 3rd, 1848. Had slept for four months previously under the dry arches in West-street. Had made his livelihood for nearly five years by picking pockets. Was twice in jail—the last time in Tothill-Fields Prison. The largest sum he ever stole at a time, was a sovereign and a half. Could read when admitted. Learnt to write and cipher. Remained for eight months in the house. Behaved well. Emigrated to Australia. Doing well."

It is encouraging to know that the most favourable accounts have been received both of and from those who have been sent out as emigrants, not only from this, but also from the Pear-street School. It is now some time since a lad, who, although only fourteen, was taken into the latter, was sent to Australia. He had been badly brought up; his mother, during his boyhood, having frequently sent him out, either to beg or to steal. About a year after her son's departure, she called, in a state of

deep distress, upon the missionary of the district, and informed him that her scanty furniture was about to be seized for rent, asking him at the same time for advice. He told her that he had none to give her but to go and pay the rent, at the same time handing her a sovereign. She received it hesitatingly, doubting, for a moment, the evidence of her senses. She went and paid the rent, which was eighteen shillings, and afterwards returned with the change, which she tendered to the missionary with her heartfelt thanks. He told her to keep the balance, as the sovereign was her own—informing her, at the same time, that it had been sent her by her son, and had that very morning so opportunely come to hand, together with a letter, which he afterwards read to her. The poor woman for a moment or two looked stupefied and incredulous, after which she sank upon a chair, and wept long and bitterly. The contrast between her son's behaviour and her own conduct towards him, filled her with shame and remorse. She is now preparing to follow him to Australia.

Another case was that of a young man, over twenty years of age, who had likewise been admitted, under special circumstances, to the same Institution. He had been abandoned by his parents in his early youth, and had taken to the streets to avert the miseries of destitution. He soon became expert in the art of picking pockets, on one occasion depriving a person in Cornhill of no less than a hundred and fifty pounds in Bank notes. With this, the largest booty he had ever made, he repaired to a house in the neighbourhood, where stolen property was received. Into the room into which he was shown, a gloved hand was projected, through an aperture in the wall, from an adjoining room, into which he placed the notes. The hand was then withdrawn, and immediately afterwards projected again with twenty sovereigns, which was the amount he received for the notes. He immediately repaired to Westminster, and invested ten pounds of this sum in counterfeit money, at a house not a stone's throw from the Institution.

For the ten pounds he received, in bad money, what represented fifty. With this he sallied forth into the country with the design of passing it off—a process known amongst the craft as "shuffle-pitching." The first place he went to was Northampton, and the means he generally adopted for passing off the base coin was this:—Having first buried in the neighbourhood of the town all the good and bad money in his possession, with the exception of a sovereign of each, so that, if detected in passing a bad one, no more bad money would be found upon his person; he would enter a retail shop, say a draper's, at a late hour of the evening, and say that his master had sent him for some article of small value, such as a handkerchief. On its being shown him, he would

demand the price of it, and make up his mind to take it; whereupon he would lay down a good sovereign, which the shopkeeper would take up, but, as he was about to give him change, a doubt would suddenly arise in his mind as to whether his master would give the price asked for the article. He would then demand the sovereign back, with a view to going and consulting his master, promising, at the same time, to be back again in a few minutes. Back again he would come, and say that his master was willing to give the price, or that he wished the article at a lower figure. He took care, however, that a bargain was concluded between him and the shopkeeper; whereupon he would again lay down the sovereign, which, however, on this occasion, was the bad and not the good one. The unsuspecting shopkeeper would give him the change, and he would leave with the property and the good money. Such is the process of "shuffle-pitching." In the majority of instances he succeeded, but was sometimes detected. In this way he took the circuit twice of Great Britain and Ireland; stealing as he went along, and passing off the bad money, which he received, for good. There are few jails in the United Kingdom of which he has not been a denizen. His two circuits took him nine years to perform, his progress being frequently arrested by the interposition of justice. It was at the end of his second journey that he applied for admission to the Pear Street School. He had been too often in jail not to be able to read; but he could neither write nor cipher when he was taken in. He soon learnt, however, to do both; and, after about seven months' probation, emigrated to America from his own choice. The missionary of the district accompanied him on board as he was about to sail. The poor lad wept like a child when he took leave of his benefactor, assuring him that he never knew the comforts of a home until he entered the Pear Street School. Several letters have been received from him since his landing, and he is now busily employed, and—doing well!

Instances of this kind might be multiplied, if necessary, of what is thus being done daily and unostentatiously for the reclamation of the penitent offender, not only after conviction, but also before he undergoes the terrible ordeal of correction and a jail.

"PRESS ON."

A RIVULET'S SONG.

"JUST under an island, 'midst rushes and moss,
I was born of a rock-spring, and dew;
I was shaded by trees, whose branches and leaves
Ne'er suffered the sun to gaze through.

"I wandered around the steep brow of a hill,
Where the daisies and violets fair
Were shaking the mist from their wakening eyes,
And pouring their breath on the air.

"Then I crept gently on, and I moistened the feet
Of a shrub which enfolded a nest—
The bird in return sang his merriest song,
And showed me his feathery crest.

"How joyous I felt in the bright afternoon,
When the sun, riding off in the west,
Came out in red gold from behind the green trees
And burnished my tremulous breast!

"My memory now can return to the time
When the breeze murmured low plaintive tones,
While I wasted the day in dancing away,
Or playing with pebbles and stones.

"It points to the hour when the rain pattered
down,
Oft resting awhile in the trees;
Then quickly descending it ruffled my calm,
And whispered to me of the seas!

"Twas *then* the first wish found a home in my
breast
To increase as time hurries along;
'Twas then I first learned to lisp softly the words
Which I now love so proudly—'*Press on!*'

"I'll make wider my bed, as onward I tread,
A deep mighty river I'll be—
'*Press on!*' all the day will I sing on my way,
Till I enter the far-spreading sea."

It ceased. A youth lingered beside its green edge
Till the stars in its face brightly shone;
He hoped the sweet strain would re-echo again—
But he just heard a murmur,—"*Press on!*"

ADDRESS FROM AN UNDERTAKER TO THE TRADE.

(STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

I ADDRESS you, gentlemen, as an humble individual who is much concerned about the body. This little joke is purely a professional one. It must go no further. I am afraid the public thinks uncharitably of undertakers, and would consider it a proof that Dr. Johnson was right when he said that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. Well; we all try to do the best we can for ourselves, —everybody else as well as undertakers. Burials may be expensive, but so is legal redress. So is spiritual provision; I mean the maintenance of all our reverends and right reverends. I am quite sure that both lawyers' charges and the revenues of some of the chief clergy are very little, if any, more reasonable than our own prices. Pluralities are as bad as crowded gravepits, and I don't see that there is a pin to choose between the church and the churchyard. Sanitary revolutionists and incendiaries accuse us of gorging rottenness, and batten on corruption. We don't do anything of the sort, that I see, to a greater extent than other professions, which are allowed to be highly respectable. Political military, naval, university, and clerical parties of great eminence defend abuses in their several lines when profitable. We can't do better than follow such good examples. Let us stick up for business, and—I was going to say—

leave society to take care of itself. No; that is just what we should endeavour to prevent society from doing. The world is growing too wise for us, gentlemen. Accordingly, this Interments Bill, by which our interests are so seriously threatened, has been brought into Parliament. We must join heart and hand to defeat and crush it. Let us nail our colours—which I should call the black flag—to the mast, and let our war-cry be, "No surrender!" or else our motto will very soon be, "Resurgam;" in other words, it will be all up with us. We stand in a critical position in regard to public opinion. In order to determine what steps to take for protecting business, we ought to see our danger. I wish, therefore, to state the facts of our case clearly to you; and I say let us face them boldly, and not blink them. Therefore, I am going to speak plainly and plumply on this subject.

There is no doubt—between ourselves—that what makes our trade so profitable is the superstition, weakness, and vanity of parties. We can't disguise this fact from ourselves, and I only wish we may be able to conceal it much longer from others. As enlightened undertakers, we must admit that we are of no more use on earth than scavengers. All the good we do is to bury people's dead out of their sight. Speaking as a philosopher—which an undertaker surely ought to be—I should say that our business is merely to shoot rubbish. However, the rubbish is human rubbish, and bereaved parties have certain feelings which require that it should be shot gingerly. I suppose such sentiments are natural, and will always prevail. But I fear that people will by and by begin to think that pomp, parade, and ceremony are unnecessary upon melancholy occasions. And whenever this happens, Othello's occupation will, in a great measure, be gone.

I tremble to think of mourning relatives considering seriously what is requisite—and all that is requisite—for decent interment, in a rational point of view. Nothing more, I am afraid Common Sense would say, than to carry the body in the simplest chest, and under the plainest covering, only in a solemn and respectful manner, to the grave, and lay it in the earth with proper religious ceremonies. I fear Common Sense would be of opinion that mutes, scarfs, hatbands, plumes of feathers, black horses, mourning coaches, and the like, can in no way benefit the defunct, or comfort surviving friends, or gratify anybody but the mob, and the street-boys. But happily, Common Sense has not yet acquired an influence which would reduce every burial to a most low affair.

Still, people think now more than they did, and in proportion as they do think, the worse it will be for business. I consider that we have a most dangerous enemy in Science. That same Science pokes its nose into everything—even vaults and churchyards. It has explained how grave-water soaks into adjoin-

ing wells, and has shocked and disgusted people by showing them that they are drinking their dead neighbours. It has taught parties resident in large cities that the very air they live in reeks with human remains, which steam up from graves; and which, of course, they are continually breathing. So it makes out churchyards to be worse haunted than they were formerly believed to be by ghosts, and, I may add, vampyres, in consequence of the dead continually rising from them in this unpleasant manner. Indeed, Science is likely to make people dread them a great deal more than Superstition ever did, by showing that their effluvia breed typhus and cholera; so that they are really and truly very dangerous. I should not be surprised to hear some sanitary lecturer say, that the fear of churchyards was a sort of instinct implanted in the mind, to prevent ignorant people and children from going near such unwholesome places.

It would be comparatively well if the mischief done us by Science—Medicine and Chemistry, and all that sort of thing—stopped here. The mere consideration that burial in the heart of cities is unhealthy, would but lead to extramural interment, to which our only objection—though even that is no very trifling one—is that it would diminish mortality, and consequently our trade. But this Science—confound it!—shows that the dead do not remain permanently in their coffins, even when the sextons of metropolitan graveyards will let them. It not only informs Londoners that they breathe and drink the deceased; but it reveals how the whole of the defunct party is got rid of, and turned into gases, liquids, and mould. It exposes the way in which all animal matter—as it is called in chemical books—is dissolved, evaporates, and disappears; and is ultimately, as I may say, eaten up by Nature, and goes to form parts of plants, and of other living creatures. So that, if gentlemen really wanted to be interred with the remains of their ancestors, it would sometimes be possible to comply with their wishes only by burying them with a quantity of mutton—not to say with the residue of another quadruped than the sheep, which often grazes in churchyards. Science, in short, is hammering into people's heads truths which they have been accustomed merely to gabble with their mouths—that all flesh is indeed grass, or convertible into it; and not only that the human frame does positively turn to dust, but into a great many things besides. Now, I say, that when they become really and truly convinced of all this; when they know and reflect that the body cannot remain any long time in the grave which it is placed in; I am sadly afraid that they will think twice before they will spend from thirty to several hundred pounds in merely putting a corpse into the ground to decompose.

The only hope for us if these scientific views become general, is, that embalming will be resorted to; but I question if the religious

feeling of the country will approve of a practice which certainly seems rather like an attempt to arrest a decree of Providence; and would, besides, be very expensive. Here I am reminded of another danger, to which our prospects are exposed. It is that likely to arise from serious parties, in consequence of growing more enlightened, thinking consistently with their religious principles, instead of their religion being a mere sentimental kind of thing which they never reason upon. We often, you know, gentlemen, overhear the bereaved remarking that they trust the departed is in a better place. Why, if this were not a mere customary saying on mournful occasions—if the parties really believed this—do you think they would attach any importance to the dead body which we bury underground? No; to be sure: they would look upon it merely as a suit of left-off clothes—with the difference of being unpleasant and offensive, and not capable of being kept. They would see that a spirit could care no more about the corpse it had quitted, than a man who had lost his leg, would for the amputated limb. The truth is—don't breathe it, don't whisper it, except to the trade—that the custom of burying the dead with expensive furniture; of treating a corpse as if it were a sensible being; arises from an impression—though parties won't own it, even to themselves—that what is buried, is the actual individual, the man himself. The effect of thinking seriously, and at the same time rationally, will be to destroy this notion, and with it to put an end to all the splendour and magnificence of funerals, arising from it. Moreover, religious parties, being particular as to their moral conduct, would naturally consider it wrong and wicked to spend upon the dead an amount of money which might be devoted to the benefit of the living; and no doubt, when we come to look into it, such expenditure is much the same thing with the practice of savages and heathens in burying bread, and meat, and clothes, along with their deceased friends.

I have been suggesting considerations which are very discouraging, and which afford but a poor look-out to us undertakers. But, gentlemen, we have one great comfort still. It has become the fashion to inter bodies with parade and display. Fashion is fashion; and the consequence is that it is considered an insult to the memory of deceased parties not to bury them in a certain style; which must be respectable at the very least, and cost, on a very low average, twenty-five or thirty pounds. Many, such as professional persons and tradespeople, who cannot afford so much money, can still less afford to lose character and custom. That is where we have a pull upon the widows and children, many of whom, if it were not for the opinion of society, would be only too happy to save their little money, and turn it into food and clothing, instead of funeral furniture.

Now here the Metropolitan Interments Bill steps in, and aims at destroying our only chance of keeping up business as heretofore. We have generally to deal with parties whose feelings are not in a state to admit of their making bargains with us—a circumstance, on their parts, which is highly creditable to human nature; and favourable to trade. Thus, in short, gentlemen, we have it all our own way with them. But this Bill comes between the bereaved party and the undertaker. By the twenty-seventh clause, it empowers the Board of Health to provide houses and make arrangements for the reception and care of the dead previously to, and until interment; in order, as it explains in a subsequent clause, to the accommodation of persons having to provide the funerals—supposing such persons to desire the accommodation. Clause the twenty-eighth enacts “That the said Board shall make provision for the management and conduct, by persons appointed by them, of the funerals of persons whose bodies are to be interred in the Burial Grounds, to be provided under this Act, where the representatives of the deceased, or the persons having the care and direction of the funeral, desire to have the same so conducted; and the said Board shall fix and publish a scale of the sums to be payable for such funerals, inclusive of all matters and services necessary for the same, such sums to be proportioned to the description of the funeral, or the nature of the matter and services to be furnished and rendered for the same; but so that in respect of the lowest of such sums, the funerals may be conducted with decency and solemnity.” Gentlemen, if this enactment becomes law, we shall lose all the advantages which we derive from bereaved parties' state of mind. The Board of Health will take all trouble off their hands, at whatever sum they may choose to name. Of course they will apply to the Board of Health instead of coming to us. But what is beyond everything prejudicial to our interests, is the proviso “that in respect of the lowest of such sums, the funerals may be conducted with decency and solemnity.” Hitherto it has been understood that so much respect could not be paid in the case of what we call a low affair as in one of a certain style. We have always considered that a funeral ought to cost so much to be respectable at all. Therefore relations have gone to more expence with us, than they would otherwise have been willing to incur, in order to secure proper respect. But if proper respect is to be had at a low figure, the strongest hold that we have upon sorrowing relatives, will be taken away.

It is all very fine to say that we are a necessary class of tradesmen, and if this Bill passes must continue to be employed. If this Bill does pass we shall be employed simply as tradesmen, and shall obtain, like other tradesmen, a mere market price for our articles, and common hire for our labour. I am afraid that

it will be impossible to persuade the public that this would not be perfectly just and right. I think, therefore, that we had better not attack the Bill on its merits, but try to excite opposition against it on the ground of its necessary clauses. Let us oppose it as a scheme of jobbery, devised with a view to the establishment of offices and appointments. Let us complain as loudly as we can of its creating a new rate to defray the expenses of its working, and let us endeavour to get up a good howl against that clause of it which provides for compensation to incumbents, clerks, and sextons. We must cry out with all our might upon its centralising tendency, and of course make the most we can out of the pretence that it violates the sanctity of the house of mourning, and outrages the most fondly cherished feelings of Englishmen. Urge these objections upon church-wardens, overseers, and vestrymen; and especially din the objection to a burial rate into their ears. Recollect, our two great weapons—like those of all good old anti-reformers—are cant and clamour. Keep up the same cry against the Bill perseveringly, no matter how thoroughly it may be refuted or proved absurd. Literally, make the greatest noise in opposition to it that you are able, especially at public meetings. There, recollect a groan is a groan, and a hiss a hiss, even though proceeding from a goose. On all such occasions do your utmost to create a disturbance, to look like a popular demonstration against the measure. In addition to shouting, yelling, and bawling, I should say that another rush at another platform, another upsetting of the reporters' table, another terrifying of the ladies, and another mobbing the chairman, would be advisable. Set to work with all your united zeal and energy to carry out the suggestions of our Central Committee for the defeat of a Bill which, if passed, will inflict a blow on the undertaker as great as the boon it will confer on the widow and orphan—whom we, of course, can only consider as customers. The Metropolitan Interments Bill goes to dock us of every penny that we make by taking advantage of the helplessness of afflicted families. And just calculate what our loss would then be; for, in the beautiful language of St. Demetrius, the silversmith, "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth."

THE TWO SACKS.

IMITATED FROM PHÆDRUS.

At our birth, the satirical elves
Two sacks from our shoulders suspend:
The one holds the faults of ourselves;
The other, the faults of our friend:

The first we wear under our clothes
Out of sight, out of mind, at the back;
The last is so under our nose,
We know every scrap in the sack.

THE MODERN "OFFICER'S" PROGRESS.

I.—JOINING THE REGIMENT.

"I HAVE got some very sad news to tell you," wrote Lady Pelican to her friend, Mrs. Vermeil, a faded lady of fashion, who discontentedly occupied a suite of apartments at Hampton Court; "our Irish estates are in such a miserable condition—absolutely making us out to be in debt to *them*, instead of adding to *our* income, that poor George—you will be shocked to hear it—is actually obliged to go into the Infantry!"

The communication of this distressing fact may stand instead of the regular Gazette, announcing the appointment of the Hon. George Spoonbill to an Ensigny, by purchase, in the 100th regiment of foot. His military aspirations had been "Cavalry," and he had endeavoured to qualify himself for that branch of the service by getting up an invisible moustache, when the Irish agent wrote to say that no money was to be had in that quarter, and all thoughts of the Household Brigade were, of necessity, abandoned. But, though the more expensive career was shut out, Lord Pelican's interest at the Horse Guards remained as influential as before, and for the consideration of four hundred and fifty pounds which—embarrassed as he was—he contrived to muster, he had no difficulty in procuring a commission for his son George, in the distinguished regiment already named. There were, it is true, a few hundred prior claimants on the Duke's list; "but," as Lord Pelican justly observed, "if the Spoonbill family were not fit for the army, he should like to know who were!" An argument perfectly irresistible. Gazetted, therefore, the young gentleman was, as soon as the Queen's sign-manual could be obtained, and, the usual interval for preparation over, the Hon. George Spoonbill set out to join. But before he does so, we must say a word of what that "preparation" consisted in.

Some persons may imagine that he forthwith addressed himself to the study of Polybius, dabbled a little in Cormontaigne, got up Napier's History of the Peninsular War, or read the Duke's Despatches; others, that he went down to Birdcage-Walk, and placed himself under the tuition of Colour-Sergeant Pike, of the Grenadier Guards, a warrior celebrated for his skill in training military aspirants, or that he endeavoured by some other means to acquire a practical knowledge, however slight, of the profession for which he had always been intended. The Hon. George Spoonbill knew better. The preparation *he* made, was a visit, at least three times a day, to Messrs. Gorget and Plume, the military tailors in Jernyn Street, whose souls he sorely vexed by the persistence with which he adhered to the most accurate fit of his shell-jacket and coat, the set of his epaulettes, the cut of

his trowsers, and the shape of his chako. He passed his days in "trying on his things," and his evenings—when not engaged at the Casino, the Cider Cellar, or the Adelphi—in dining with his military friends at St. James's Palace, or at Knightsbridge Barracks. In their society he greatly improved himself, acquiring an accurate knowledge of l'ansqueten and ecarté, cultivating his taste for tobacco, and familiarising his mind with that reverence for authority which is engendered by the anecdotes of great military commanders that freely circulate at the mess-table. His education and his uniform being finished at about the same time, George Spoonbill took a not uncheerful farewell of the agonised Lady Pelican, whose maternal bosom streamed with the sacrifice she made in thus consigning her offspring to the vulgar hardships of a marching regiment.

An express train conveyed the honourable Ensign in safety to the country town where the "Hundredth" were then quartered, and in conformity with the instructions which he received from the Assistant Military Secretary at the Horse Guards—the only instructions, by the bye, which were given him by that functionary—he "reported" himself at the Orderly-room on his arrival, was presented by the Adjutant to the senior Major, by the senior Major to the Lieutenant-Colonel, and by the Lieutenant-Colonel to the officers generally when they assembled for mess.

The "Hundredth," being "Light Infantry," called itself "a crack regiment;" the military adjective signifying, in this instance, not so much a higher reputation for discipline and warlike achievements, as an indefinite sort of superiority arising from the fact that no man was allowed to enter the *corps* who depended upon his pay only for the figure he cut in it. Lieutenant-Colonel Tulip, who commanded, was very strict in this particular, and, having "the good of the service" greatly at heart, set his face entirely against the admission of any young man who did not enjoy a handsome paternal allowance or was not the possessor of a good income. He was himself the son of a celebrated army clothier, and, in the course of ten years, had purchased the rank he now held, so that he had a right, as he thought, to see that his regiment was not contaminated by contact with poor men. His military creed was, that no man had any business in the army who could not afford to keep his horses or tilbury, and drink wine every day; that he called respectable, anything short of it the reverse. If he ever relaxed from the severity of this rule, it was only in favour of those who had high connections; "a handle to a name" being as reverently worshipped by him as money itself; indeed, in secret, he preferred a lord's son, though poor, to a commoner, however rich; the poverty of a sprig of nobility not being taken exactly in a literal sense. Colonel Tulip had another theory also: during the aforesaid ten years, he had

acquired some knowledge of drill, and possessing an hereditary taste for dress, considered himself, thus endowed, a first-rate officer, though what he would have done with his regiment in the field is quite another matter. In the meantime he was gratified by thinking that he did his best to make it a crack corps, according to his notion of the thing, and such minor points as the moral training of the officers, and their proficiency in something more than the forms of the parade ground, were not allowed to enter into his consideration. The "Hundredth" were acknowledged to be "a devilish well-dressed, gentlemanly set of fellows," and were looked after with great interest at country balls, races, and regattas; and if this were not what a regiment ought to be, Colonel Tulip was, he flattered himself, very much out in his calculations.

The advent of the Hon. George Spoonbill was a very welcome one, as the vacancy to which he succeeded had been caused by the promotion of a young baronet into "Dragoons," and the new comer being the second son of Lord Pelican, with a possibility of being graced one day by wearing that glittering title himself, the hiatus caused by Sir Henry Muff's removal was happily filled up without any derogation to the corps. Having also ascertained, in the course of five minutes' conversation, that Mr. Spoonbill's "man" and two horses were to follow in a few days with the remainder of his baggage; and the young gentleman having talked rather largely of what the Governor allowed him (two hundred a-year is no great sum, but he kept the actual amount in the back ground, speaking "promiscuously" of "a few hundreds"), and of his intimacy with "the fellows in the Life Guards;" Colonel Tulip at once set him down as a decided acquisition to the "Hundredth," and intimated that he was to be made much of accordingly.

When we described the regiment as being composed of wealthy men, the statement must be received with a certain reservation. It was Colonel Tulip's hope and intention to make it so in time, when he had sufficiently "weeded" it, but *en attendant* there were three or four officers who did not quite belong to his favourite category. These were the senior Major and an old Captain, both of whom had seen a good deal of service, the Surgeon, who was a necessary evil, and the Quartermaster, who was never allowed to show with the rest of the officers except at "inspection," or some other unusual demonstration. But the rank and "allowance" of the first, and something in the character of the second, which caused him to be looked upon as a military oracle, made Colonel Tulip tolerate their presence in the corps, if he did not enjoy it. Neither had the Adjutant quite as much money as the commanding officer could have desired, but as his position kept him close to his duties, doing that for which Colonel Tulip took credit, he also was suffered to pass muster; he was a

brisk, precise, middle-aged personage, who hoped in the course of time to get his company, and whose military qualifications consisted chiefly in knowing "Torrens," the "Articles of War," the "Military Regulations," and the "Army List," by heart. The last-named work was, indeed, very generally studied in the regiment, and may be said to have exhausted almost all the literary resources of its readers, exceptions being made in favour of the weekly military newspaper, the monthly military magazine, and an occasional novel from the circulating library. The rest of the officers must speak for themselves, as they incidentally make their appearance. Of their character, generally, this may be said; none were wholly bad, but all of them might easily have been a great deal better.

Brief ceremony attends a young officer's introduction to his regiment, and the honourable prefix to Ensign Spoonbill's name was anything but a bar to his speedy initiation. Lieutenant-Colonel Tulip took wine with him the first thing, and his example was so quickly followed by all present, that by the time the cloth was off the table, Lord Pelican's second son had swallowed quite as much of Duff Gordon's sherry as was good for him. Though drinking is no longer a prevalent military vice, there are occasions when the wine circulates rather more freely than is altogether safe for young heads, and this was one of them. Claret was not the habitual "tippie," even of the crack "Hundredth;" but as Colonel Tulip had no objection to make a little display now and then, he had ordered a dozen in honour of the new arrival, and all felt disposed to do justice to it. The young Ensign had flattered himself that, amongst other accomplishments, he possessed "a hard head;" but, hard as it was, the free circulation of the bottle was not without its effect, and he soon began to speak rather thick, carefully avoiding such words as began with a difficult letter, which made his discourse somewhat periphrastic, or roundabout. But though his observations reached his hearers circuitously, their purpose was direct enough, and conveyed the assurance that he was one of those admirable Crichtons who are "wide awake" in every particular, and available for anything that may chance to turn up.

The conversation which reached his ears from the jovial companions who surrounded him, was of a similarly instructive and exhilarating kind, and tended greatly to his improvement. Captain Hackett, who came from "Dragoon Guards," and had seen a great deal of hard service in Ireland, elaborately set forth every particular of "I'll give you my honour, the most remarkable steeple-chase that ever took place in the three kingdoms," of which he was, of course, the hero. Lieutenant Wadding, who prided himself on his small waist, broad shoulders, and bushy whiskers, and was esteemed "a lady-killer," talked of every woman he knew and damaged

every reputation he talked about. Lieutenant Bray, who was addicted to sporting and played on the French horn, came out strong on the subject of hackles, May-flies, grey palmers, badgers, terriers, dew-claws, snap-shots and Eley's cartridges. Captain Cushion, a great billiard-player, and famous—in every sense—for "the one-pocket game," was eloquent on the superiority of his own cues, which were tipped with gutta percha instead of leather, and offered, as a treat, to indulge "any man in garrison with the best of twenty, one 'up,' for a hundred a-side." Captain Huff, who had a crimson face, a stiff arm, and the voice of a Stentor, and whose soul, like his visage, was steeped in port and brandy, boasted of achievements in the drinking line, which, fortunately, are now only traditional, though he did his best to make them positive. From the upper end of the table, where sat the two veterans and the doctor, came, mellowed by distance, grim recollections of the Peninsula, with stories of Pieton and Crawford, "the fighting brigade" and "the light division," interspersed with endless Indian narratives, equally grim, of "how our fellows were carried off by the cholera at Cawnpore," and how many tigers were shot, "when we lay in cantonments at Dum-dum;" the running accompaniment to the whole being a constant reference to so-and-so "of ours," without allusion to which possessive pronoun, few military men are able to make much progress in conversation.

Nor was Colonel Tulip silent, but his conversation was of a very lofty and, as it were, ethereal order,—quite transparent, in fact, if any one had been there to analyse it. It related chiefly to the magnates at the Horse Guards,—to what "the Duke" said to him on certain occasions specified,—to Prince Albert's appearance at the last levee,—to a favourite bay charger of his own,—to the probability that Lord Dawdle would get into the corps on the first exchange,—and to a partly-formed intention of applying to the Commander-in-Chief to change the regimental facings from buff to green.

The mess-table, after four hours' enjoyment of it in this intellectual manner, was finally abandoned for Captain Cushion's "quarters," that gallant officer having taken "quite a fancy to the youngster,"—not so much, perhaps, on account of the youngster being a Lord's youngster, as because, in all probability, there was something squeezeable in him, which was slightly indicated in his countenance. But whatever of the kind there might indeed have been, did not come out that evening, the amiable Captain preferring rather to initiate by example and the show of good fellowship, than by directly urging the neophyte to play. The rubber, therefore, was made up without him, and the new Ensign, with two or three more of his rank, confined themselves to cigars and brandy and water, a liberal indulgence in which completed what the wine had begun, and before midnight

chimed the Hon. George Spoonbill was—to use the mildest expression,—as unequivocally tipsy as the fondest parent or guardian could possibly have desired a young gentleman to be on the first night of his entering “the Service.”

Not yet established in barracks, Mr. Spoonbill slept at an hotel, and thither he was assisted by two of his boon companions, whom he insisted on regaling with devilled biscuits and more brandy and water, out of sheer gratitude for their kindness. Nor was this reward thrown away, for it raised the spirits of these youths to so genial a pitch that, on their way back—with a view, no doubt, to give encouragement to trade—they twisted off, as they phrased it, “no end to knockers and bell-handles,” broke half a dozen lamps, and narrowly escaping the police (with whom, however, they would gloriously have fought rather than have surrendered) succeeded at length in reaching their quarters,—a little excited, it is true, but by no means under the impression that they had done anything—as the articles of war say—“unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman.”

In the meantime, the jaded waiter at the hotel had conveyed their fellow-Ensign to bed, to dream—if he were capable of dreaming—of the brilliant future which his first day’s experience of actual military life held out.

PICTURES OF LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

GOING TO CHURCH.

THERE is something in the dress of an Australian Settler that is no less characteristic than becoming,—what a splendid turn-out of this class may be seen at some of the townships as they meet on the Sunday for Divine service. I have looked at such assemblages in all parts of the colony, until my eyes have dimmed with national pride, to think that to England should belong the right to own them; the old-fashioned Sunday scenes and manners of England, seen in her younger colonies, being thus revived. The gay carts, the dashing gigs, that are drawn round the fence of the churchyard enclosures,—the blood-horses, with side saddles, that are seen quietly roaming about, add much to the interest of the scene. True, there are no splendid equipages, but, then, there are no poor. The dress,—the appearance of the men,—the chubby faces of the children,—the neat and comfortable habiliments of the women (and here let me remark,—for the information of some of the gay young bachelors of England, that, among these Sabbath meetings may be seen here and there the blooming native maiden in a riding habit of the finest cloth, and of the newest fashion, the substantial settler’s daughter riding her own beautiful and pet mare; I say “pet mare,” because some of these maidens have a little stud of their own)—all these realities of rural life strongly impress a

stranger with the real comforts which these people enjoy.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

As people of different religions meet at times on the highway, somewhere near their respective places of worship, it is delightful to observe that, whatever faith they possess, Christian charity reigns. As neighbours, the men group together, sitting upon, or resting their backs against the fence, whilst a brilliant sun smiles on them. At the same time, their children may be seen decorating themselves with flowers, or dragging a splendid creeper, in order to beautify the horses, and make fly-brushes for them. After the weather has been commented upon, a political shade is seen to pass over the countenances of the assembly. There is great earnestness amongst them. The females arrange for their own comfort, by resting on the shafts of the carts, or seating themselves on the grass. Matrimony and muslins, births and milch cows, by turns engross their attention, while the men make free with matters of State.

As the soft sound of the bell gives notice that the hour of service is near, the party may be seen to break up: children throw aside their garlands, wives join their husbands, and with sober countenances and devout demeanour enter the House of God. There is one circumstance worthy of remark, namely, the perfect security with which they all leave their conveyances—great coats, and shawls, whips and saddles, in gigs and carts; proving that a fair day’s labour for a fair day’s work is a better protection for property than the police.

When divine service is over, the families keep more together. There is a sober reverence about them which shows that they have listened attentively. As they move to their conveyances, or walk on, it is pleasing to see that if their neighbours have been kept longer at another church, the first party out will often delay their departure till they arrive. These charitable pauses are delightful to witness; these neighbourly greetings make bigotry in dismay crouch to the earth, and show, that when the mind is rightly directed, the being of different religions is not inimical to friendship, for frequently in these cases the elder girl of a Catholic family may be seen in the cart of a Protestant neighbour; the wife of one carrying the younger child of the other, at the same time that the two husbands, as they get into the open road, slowly pace their horses, so that they may converse on their way home, occasionally interrupted perhaps by their sons, who, mounted on good horses, try their speed to please their fathers, and throw bunches of wild flowers to their mothers, while younger hands catch at the prize.

DINNER IN THE BUSH.

I unexpectedly joined the party I am now attempting to describe, and leaving my own travelling spring-van at the church-door, took

a seat in their cart. On arriving at the farm, the elder son met the party at the slip-rail (homely gate). He was a tall, healthy, open-hearted lad, who greeted us with—

“Come, Mother, be careful. Jump out, girls. Now, Mrs. C—, how welcome you are; and the dinner just ready! Ah! you need not tell me who gave you the sermon: he’s as good as the clock.”

As the girls had all been to church, and there was no female servant in the house, the description of this rural home, and a short detail of the dinner, may be acceptable.

The family room was large, with a commodious fire-place. The table was laid for twelve; the plates and dishes were of blue delf; the knives and forks looked bright and shiny. It may be remarked, that the Settler’s table in New South Wales is somewhat differently arranged from what one is accustomed to see in England, for here the knife and fork were placed at the right of the plate, while a chocolate-coloured tea-cup and saucer stood at the left; a refreshing cup of tea being made a part of the dinner repast. By the fire-place might be seen a large black pot, full of potatoes, with a white cloth laid on the top for the purpose of steaming them. Again, at the outer door might be noticed the son with a man-servant, looking into an oven, and drawing from thence a large hind-quarter of pork, followed by a peach pie.

“Lend a hand here!” shouted the son.

“Ah! I thought you could not do without me,” said the father.

“Keep the youngsters out of the way, and look about you, girls;” cried the mother.

Moving where I could better see the cause of the outcry, a round of beef, cut large and “handsome,” as the settlers say in the Bush, had been forced into a pot; but no fork, although a Bush-fork is rather a formidable tool, could remove it.

“You ought to have put a cord round it,” remarked the mother.

“Turn the pot on one side,” said the father.

“Over with it; out with it; shake it!—oh, here we have it now.”

As the pot was removed, the beef was seen to advantage, reeking in a bright clean milk-pan.

“Now, let us make it look decent,” said the self-trained cook, as with his knife he cut the out-pieces off to improve its appearance. His trimmings were substantial cuttings, and displayed to advantage the fine quality of the beef; each cutting he threw to his dogs, as they watched at a respectful distance his operations. Now, though some of my readers may not much admire this bush-culinary art, and this mode of dishing-up a dinner, still there was in the whole scene so much of honest hospitality, so much of cheerful and good humoured hilarity, exhibiting in the most pleasing form the simple manners of a primitive people,—the germs, in fact, of the class of English yeomanry, too often unable to

flourish in their own native land, ingrafted and revived in a foreign distant shore, that even the most fastidious and refined could not but feel at such a moment a peculiar zest in joining a family so innocently happy and guileless as this, surrounded as they were by abundance of all the essential necessaries of life. Not a shade of care clouded the party, as they sat down with thankfulness to partake of those things with which God had blessed their labour.

The arrangement of the table was something in unison with the rest. The pork, so well seasoned, graced the head of the table, while the burly piece of beef, now reeking and streaming from its late trimming, was placed before the honest master of this patriarchal family, with a plentiful supply of potatoes, peas, and greens, ranged in their proper places. As soon as the party had partaken of the substantial, the eldest daughter poured tea into the cups set by each one’s plate—for this is the custom amongst the Australian settlers; at the same time the good landlady cut up the peach pie.

The eldest son could now be seen through an open doorway, peering again into the rudely constructed oven, from which he pulled, with a good deal of self-importance and glee, an orange tart, whilst his assistant-cook placed custards on the table in tumblers. The good wife looked amazed, the husband thoughtful.

“How did you get the oranges,” asked the mother.

“Why, Frank Gore brought ’em,” he replied.

“And who made the custards?”

“I made ’em!”

WANTED, A GOOD WIFE.

“What! our Tom make custards!” exclaimed the mother.

“Why not?” replied the young man, evidently anxious to show that he could turn his hand to anything useful.

“I see, I see how it is,” said the father, “Tom heard that Mrs. C. was coming, and he wants a wife.”

“A wife! the like of him want a wife,” said the mother, who, for the first time, looked on his athletic and manly form with sad anxiety.

“Tom made the custard,” said Jane, “and William the tart.”

“I did not bring the oranges,” replied Tom, as Frank Gore entered with a dish of grapes.

“It’s a regular plot,” said the mother.

“A down right contrivance—and I expect it is a settled affair,” observed the father.

“Jane, don’t blush,” sportively remarked Lucy.

“Let me see,” said the father, thoughtfully. “Tom is four years older than I was when I married, so he is,—but Jane is too young.”

“Say a word,” whispered the mother to me; “say a word, Mrs. C.”

“A suag home indeed,—I only wish my

father could have seen the comforts I now enjoy."

The young people, seeing the turn matters were taking, scampered off with glowing cheeks.

"We have four farms I can say master to," pursued the father, "and eight hundred sheep, and six hundred head of cattle, forty pigs, and a bit of money in the bank, too, that the youngsters don't know of. Well, all the lad will want is a good wife. Let me see,—I'll be in Sydney next Monday five weeks,—I must buy them a few things, a chest of drawers,—yes, they'd be handy; and I might as well buy one for Jane, poor girl. Like to deal out to all alike; and the wife wants one. I only thought of taking the cart, but I will want a dray, and eight good bullocks, besides,—that's easy enough to be seen. Well, well; it's a nice snug home—one hundred and four acres,—two acres laid out for a vineyard,—forty under crop,—handy for the station, too." Thus the good man musingly spoke, partly to himself, and partly addressing his wife, who, with a cheerful and approving look, nodded consent.

HOMELY HINTS TO MARRIED STATESMEN.

At this little homestead there were five men, whose savings would have enabled them to have taken farms, if they could have met with suitable girls as wives; and they pretty plainly animadverted upon the policy of those whom they considered the proper persons to have rectified their grievances. One remarked, "What does Lord Stanley care, so that he has a wife himself!"

"Ah!" responded another; "and Peel, with all his great speeches, never said a single word about wives for us."

"Lord John Russell, too," said Tom Slaney, "seems just as bad as the rest." What does he think we're made of? wood, or stone, or dried biscuit?"

"It ought to be properly represented to Earl Grey," observed the fourth. "Do they call this looking after a young colony? Has nobody no sense?"

"Yes," replied the most sensitive of the party, "the *Queen* ought to know it,—it is a cruel shame."

A COTTAGE, ROMANTIC AND REAL.

John Whitney had now made his hut a comfortable cottage. In the centre of the room stood a neat table, shelves were arranged over a bush-dresser, and at one corner of the room could be seen a neat little plate-rack. A young carpenter in Australia cannot make these things without thinking of matrimony; and the one in Whitney's cottage was beautifully made, evidently intended as a bridal gift. At the opening of the small window was a neat box of mignonette; whilst a foot-stool, a salt-box, a board, a rolling-pin, afforded sufficient evidence that a wife was all that was wanted to make this abode a happy home.

Nor did the exterior lack any of those embellishments that are required to invest a cottage with those charms which the hand of nature alone can fully set forth. The tasteful mind and apt hand of Whitney mingled art and nature so well that the first could hardly be distinguished by the luxuriance of the latter. The workman laid first the train, and then allured nature in a manner to follow and adorn his handy-work. He first erected an open verandah of posts, saplings, and laths along the whole front of his cottage, leaving three or four door-ways, or spacious apertures for entrance. Against these posts he planted rose-trees, which in Australia grow to an extraordinary height; and around them he carefully trained beautiful creepers, passion-flower, and other wild plants of the Bush, so that in the course of a short time the framework became almost invisible. The posts seemed to have grown into pillars of rose-bush, thickly entwined with flowery creepers, threading their way the whole length and height of the verandah, and here and there forming the most fanciful festoons over the door-way, or round the tiny windows, thus throwing a coolness and a freshness of shade into the inmost recesses of the little cottage. There also might be observed two or three well-trained vines intermixed with all, which produced the most tempting clusters of grapes, as they could be seen to hang through the open lattice of the verandah; while, all over the roof of the house grew fine water-melons, the strong stems of which closely encircled the chimney.

It was truly delightful to view this sylvan cottage in the calm and balmy coolness of a dewy morning, and to behold this structure, as it were, of rose-trees and creepers, as the warmth of the morning sun opened those closed flowers that seem thus to take their rest for the night, and the fresh-blown rose-buds that were hardly to be seen the evening before; most of those could now be observed to be tenanted by that busy little creature, the bee, sent "as a colonist," from England to Australia, humming, in all the active vivacity of its nature, a joyful morning carol to the God of Nature. Indeed, were it not that there were appearances of some more substantial domestic comforts to be seen in the background—such as rows of beans, sweet peas, beds of cabbages, &c., set in the garden, and some young fruit-trees; while near a shady corner might be noticed young ducks feeding under a coop, and "little roasters" gambolling outside the pig-stye, which by the way was deeply shaded by large bushy rose-trees, this cottage at a distance might have been mistaken for a green-house. We ought not to omit that a number of fowls could be observed quietly roosting in some trees at the end of one of the outer buildings.

Truly, it was a little fairy home, with no rent, no taxes, no rates, to disturb the peace of the occupier; and no one, who has not

lived in Australia, can conceive with what ease and little expense such rural beauties, such little paradises, and domestic comforts can be formed and kept up in that country. Notwithstanding, however, the beauty of all this—the variety of flowers—the magnificence of the creepers—the stillness and quietness that reigned around, it must be frankly confessed there was a certain vacuum that required filling up. If the animal senses were gratified, the mind felt somehow dissatisfied. There was a coldness, a death-like silence, which hung over the place; there appeared to be a want of rationality in the thing, for there seemed to be no human beings to enjoy it, or not a sufficient number. Yes, this spot of beauty, to make it a delightful happy home, required, what one of our favourite poets, and the poet of nature, calls nature's "noblest work"—woman. 'Tis but too true—John Whitney wanted a wife to make his home a fit habitation for man. What is John Whitney without her? He may be an excellent carpenter, but he is at the same time a desolate, morose being, incapable of enjoying these beauties of nature. Poor John Whitney keenly felt this; and it was the hope alone, warming and clinging to his heart, that some day he could call himself the father of a family, that inspired him to gather all these beauties and comforts around him.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE name of Ebenezer Elliott is associated with one of the greatest and most important political changes of modern times;—with events not yet sufficiently removed from us, to allow of their being canvassed in this place with that freedom which would serve the more fully to illustrate his real merits. Elliott would have been a poet, in all that constitutes true poetry, had the Corn Laws never existed.

He was born on 25th March, 1781, at the New Foundry, Masborough, in the parish of Rotherham, where his father was a clerk in the employment of Messrs. Walker, with a salary of 60*l.* or 70*l.* per annum. His father was a man of strong political tendencies, possessed of humorous and satiric power, that might have qualified him for a comic actor. Such was the character he bore for political sagacity that he was popularly known as "Devil Elliott." The mother of the poet seems to have been a woman of an extreme nervous temperament, constantly suffering from ill health, and constitutionally awkward and diffident.

Ebenezer commenced his early training at a Dame's school; but shy, awkward, and desultory, he made little progress; nor did he thrive much better at the school in which he was afterwards placed. Here he employed his comrades to do his tasks for him, and of course laid no foundation for his future

education. His parents, disheartened by the lad's apparent stolidity, sent him next to Dalton School, two miles distant; and here he certainly acquired something, for he retained, to old age, the memory of some of the scenes through which he used to pass on his way to and from this school. For want of the necessary preliminary training, he could do little or nothing with letters; he rather preferred playing truant and roaming the meadows in listless idleness, wherever his fancy led him. This could not last. His father soon set him to work in the Foundry; and with this advantage, that the lad stood on better terms with himself than he had been for a considerable period, for he discovered that he could compete with others in work,—sheer hand-labour,—if he could not in the school. One disadvantage, however, arose, as he tells us, from his foundry life; for he acquired a relish for vulgar pursuits, and the village alehouse divided his attentions with the woods and fields. Still a deep impression of the charms of nature had been made upon him by his boyish rambles, which the debasing influences and associations into which he was thrown could not wholly wipe out. He would still wander away in his accustomed haunts, and purify his soul from her alehouse defilements, by copious draughts of the fresh nectar of natural beauty imbibed from the sylvan scenery around him.

The childhood and youth of the future poet presented a strange medley of opposites and antitheses. Without the ordinary measure of adaptation for scholastic pursuits, he inhaled the vivid influences of external things, delighting intensely in natural objects, and yet feeling an infinite chagrin and remorse at his own idleness and ignorance. We find him highly imaginative; making miniature lakes by sinking an iron vessel filled with water in a heap of stones, and gazing therein with wondrous enjoyment at the reflection of the sun and skies overhead; and exhibiting a strange passion for looking on the faces of those who had died violent deaths, although these dead men's features would haunt his imagination for weeks afterwards.

He did not, indeed, at this period, possess the elements of an ordinary education. A very simple circumstance sufficed to apply the spark which fired his latent energies, and nascent poetical tendencies: and he henceforward became a different being, elevated far above his former self. He called one evening, after a drinking bout on the previous night, on a maiden aunt, named Robinson, a widow possessed of about 30*l.* a-year, by whom he was shown a number of "Sowerby's English Botany," which her son was then purchasing in monthly parts. The plates made a considerable impression on the awkward youth, and he essayed to copy them by holding them to the light with a thin piece of paper before them. When he found he could trace their

forms by these means his delight was unbounded, and every spare hour was devoted to the agreeable task. Here commenced that intimate acquaintance with flowers, which seems to pervade all his works. This aunt of Ebenezer's, (good soul ! would that every shy, gawky Ebenezer had such an aunt !) bent on completing the charm she had so happily begun, displayed to him still further her son's book of dried specimens ; and this elated him beyond measure. He forthwith commenced a similar collection for himself, for which purpose he would roam the field still more than ever, on Sundays as well as week days, to the interruption of his attendances at chapel. This book he called his "Dry Flora," (*Hortus Siccus*) and none so proud as he when neighbours noticed his plants and pictures. He was not a little pleased to feel himself a sort of wonder, as he passed through the village with his plants ; and, greedy of praise, he allowed his acquaintance to believe that his drawings were at first hard, and made by himself from nature. "Thompson's Seasons," read to him about this time by his brother Giles, gave him a glimpse of the union of poetry with natural beauty ; and lit up in his mind an ambition which finally transformed the illiterate, rugged, half-tutored youth into the man who wrote "The Village Patriarch," and the "Corn Law Rhymes."

From this time he set himself resolutely to the work of self-education. His knowledge of the English language was meagre in the extreme ; and he succeeded at last only by making for himself a kind of grammar by reading and observation. He then tried French, but his native indolence prevailed, and he gave it up in despair. He read with avidity whatever books came in his way ; and a small legacy of books to his father came in just at the right time. He says he could never read through a second-rate book, and he therefore read masterpieces only ;—"after Milton, then Shakespeare ; then Ossian ; then Junius ; Paine's 'Common Sense ;' Swift's 'Tale of a Tub ;' 'Joan of Arc ;' Schiller's 'Robbers ;' Bürger's 'Lenora ;' Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall ;' and long afterwards, Tasso, Dante, De Staël, Schlegel, Hazlitt, and the '*Westminster Review*.'" Reading of this character might have been expected to lead to something ; and was well calculated to make an extraordinary impression on such a mind as Elliott's ; and we have the fruit of this course of study in the poetry which from this time he began to throw off.

He remained with his father from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year, working laboriously without wages, except an occasional shilling or two for pocket-money. He afterwards tried business on his own account. He made two efforts at Sheffield ; the last commencing at the age of forty, and with a borrowed capital of 150*l*. He describes in his nervous language the trials and difficulties he had to contend with ; and all these his imagi-

nation embodied for him in one grim and terrible form, which he christened "Bread Tax." With this demon he grappled in desperate energy, and assailed it vigorously with his caustic rhyme. This training, these mortifications, these misfortunes, and the demon "Bread Tax" above all, made Elliott successively despised, hated, feared, and admired, as public opinion changed towards him.

Mr. Howitt describes his warehouse as a dingy, and not very extensive place, heaped with iron of all sorts, sizes, and forms, with barely a passage through the chaos of rusty bars into the inner sanctum, at once, study, counting-house, library, and general receptacle of odds and ends connected with his calling. Here and there, to complete the jumble, were plaster casts of Shakspeare, Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon, suggestive of the presidency of literature over the materialism of commerce which marked the career of this singular being. By dint of great industry he began to flourish in business, and, at one time, could make a profit of 20*l*. a-day without moving from his seat. During this prosperous period he built a handsome villa-residence in the suburbs. He now had leisure to brood over the full force and effect of the Corn Laws. The subject was earnestly discussed then in all manufacturing circles of that district. Reverses now arrived. In 1837 he lost fully one-third of all his savings, getting out of the storm at last with about 6000*l*., which he wrote to Mr. Tait of Edinburgh, he intended, if possible, to retain. The palmy days of 20*l*. profits had gone by for Sheffield, and instead, all was commercial disaster and distrust. Elliott did well to retire with what little he had remaining. In his retreat he was still vividly haunted by the demon "Bread Tax." This, then, was the period of the Corn Law Rhymes, and these bitter experiences lent to them that tone of sincerity and earnestness—that fire and frenzy which they breathed, and which sent them, hot, burning words of denunciation and wrath, into the bosoms of the working classes,—the toiling millions from whom Elliott sprang. "Bread Tax," indeed, to him, was a thing of terrible import and bitter experience ; hence he uses no gentle terms, or honeyed phrases when dealing with the obnoxious impost. Sometimes coarse invective, and angry assertion, take the place of convincing reason, and calm philosophy. At others, there is a true vein of poetry and pathos running through the rather unpoetic theme, which touches us with its Wordsworthian feeling and gentleness. Then he would be found calling down thunders upon the devoted heads of the monopolists, with all a fanatic's hearty zeal, and in his fury he would even pursue them, not merely through the world, but beyond its dim frontiers and across the threshold of another state. Take them, however, as they stand— and more vigorous, effective, and startling

political poetry has not graced the literature of the age.

It was not to be supposed but that this trumpet-blast of defiance, and shrill scream of "war to the knife," should bring down upon him much obloquy, much vituperation: but all this fell harmlessly upon him; he rather liked it. When people began to bear with the turbid humour and angry utterances of the "Corn Law Rhymer," and grew familiar with the stormy march of his verse, it was discovered that he was something more than a mere political party song-writer. He was a true poet, whose credentials, signed and sealed in the court of nature, attested the genuineness of his brotherhood with those children of song who make the world holier and happier by the mellifluous strains they bring to us, like fragments of a forgotten melody, from the far-off world of beauty and of love.

Elliott will not soon cease to be distinctively known as the "Corn Law Rhymer;" but it will be by his non-political poems that he will be chiefly remembered by posterity as the Poet of the People;—for his name will still be, as it has long been, a "Household Word," in the homes of all such as love the pure influences of simple, sensuous, and natural poetry. As an author he did not make his way fast: he had written poetry for twenty years ere he had attracted much notice. A genial critique by Southey in the "Quarterly;" another by Carlyle in the "Edinburgh;" and favourable notices in the "Athenæum" and "New Monthly," brought him into notice; and he gradually made his way until a new and cheap edition of his works in 1840 stamped him as a popular poet. His poetry is just such as, knowing his history, we might have expected; and such as, not knowing it, might have bodied forth to us the identical man as we find him.

As we have said, Nature was his school; but flowers were the especial vocation of his muse. A small ironmonger—a keen and successful tradesman—we should scarcely have given him credit for such an exquisite love of the beautiful in Nature, as we find in some of those lines written by him in the crowded counting-room of that dingy warehouse. The incident of the floral miscellany: the subsequent study of "The Seasons;" the long rambles in meadows and on hill-sides, specimen-hunting for his *Hortus Siccus*;—sufficiently account for the exquisite sketches of scenery, and those vivid descriptions of natural phenomena, which showed that the coinage of his brain had been stamped in Nature's mint. The most casual reader would at once discover that, with Thompson, he has ever been the devoted lover and worshipper of Nature—a wanderer by babbling streams—a dreamer in the leafy wilderness—a worshipper of morning upon the golden hill-tops. He gives us pictures of

rural scenery warm as the pencil of a Claude, and glowing as the sunsets of Italy.

A few sentences will complete our sketch, and bring us to the close of the poet's pilgrimage. He had come out of the general collapse of commercial affairs in 1837, with a small portion of the wealth he had realised by diligent and continuous labour. He took a walk, on one occasion, into the country, of about eighteen miles, reached Argilt Hill, liked the place, returned, and resolved to buy it. He laid out in house and land about one thousand guineas. His family consisted of Mrs. Elliott and two daughters—a servant-maid—an occasional helper—a Welch pony and small gig,—“a dog almost as big as the mare, and much wiser than his master; a pony-cart; a wheel-barrow; and a grindstone—and,” says he, “turn up your nose if you like!”

From his own papers we learn that he had one son a clergyman, at Lothedale, near Skipton; another in the steel trade, on Elliott's old premises at Sheffield; two others unmarried, living on their means; another "drug-gisting at Sheffield, in a sort of chimney called a shop;" and another, a clergyman, living in the West Indies. Of his thirteen children, five were dead, and of whom he says—"They left behind them no memorial—but they are safe in the bosom of Mercy, and not quite forgotten even here!"

In this retirement he occasionally lectured and spoke at public meetings; but he began to suffer from a spasmodic affection of the nerves, which obliged him wholly to forego public speaking. This disease grew worse; and in December, 1839, he was warned that he could not continue to speak in public, except at the risk of sudden death. This disorder lingered about him for about six years: he then fell ill of a more serious disease, which threatened speedy termination. This was in May, 1849. In September, he writes, "I have been *very, very* ill." On the first of December, 1849, the event, which had so long been impending, occurred; and Elliott peacefully departed in the 63th year of his age.

Thus, then, the sun set on one whose life was one continued heroic struggle with opposing influences,—with ignorance first, then trade, then the corn laws, then literary fame, and, last of all, disease: and thus the world saw its last of the material breathing form of the rugged but kindly being who made himself loved, feared, hated, and famous, as the "CORN LAW RHYMER."

Monthly Supplement of 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS,'
Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.

Price 2s., Stamped 3s.,

THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE
OF
CURRENT EVENTS.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N^o. 14.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1850.

[PRICE 2d.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

"THE fitful flame of Young Romance," fed by the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Fairy tales and Heathen Mythologies; the wonderful fables of Genii and Magicians; stories of towns springing up, ready-built, out of deserts; tales of cities paved with gold; the Happy Valley of Rasselas; the territories of Oberon and Titania, Robert Owen's New Harmony, and the land of Cockaigne; Gulliver's Travels, the Adventures of Peter Wilkins, legends of beggars made kings, and mendicants millionaires; Sinbad the Sailor, Baron Munchausen, Law of Laurieston, Major Longbow, Colonel Crocket, the Poyais loan; illimitable exaggeration; undaunted lying; the most rampant schemes of the most rabid speculators; the wildest visions of the maddest poet; the airiest castle of the most Utopian lunatic—any one of these, and all of them put together, do not exceed the wondrous web of realities that is being daily woven around both hemispheres of the globe. Not to mention conversations carried on thousands of miles apart, by means of electricity, and a hundred other marvels that Science has converted into commonplaces, we would now confine ourselves to the latest "wonderful wonder that has ever been wondered at"—the gold region of California; but more especially to its capital, San Francisco.

The story of the magic growth of this city would have defied belief, had it not rapidly grown up literally under the "eyes of Europe." When the returns were made to the United States' authorities in 1831, it contained three hundred and seventy-one individuals, and very few more resided in it up to the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, in the Sacramento River. Even in April, 1849, we learn from a credible eye-witness, that there were only from thirty to forty houses in San Francisco; and that the population was so small, that so many as twenty-five persons could never be seen out of doors at one time. There now lie before us two prints; one of San Francisco, taken in November, 1848, soon after the discovery was made, and another exactly a year afterwards. In the first, we are able to count twenty-six huts and other dwellings dotted about at uneven distances, and four small ships in the harbour. In the second, the habitations

are countless. The hollow, upon which the city partly stands, presents a bird's-eye view of roofs, packed so closely together, that the houses they cover are innumerable; while the sides of the surrounding hills are thickly strewed with tents and temporary dwellings. On every side are buildings of all kinds, begun or half-finished, but the greater part of them mere canvas sheds, open in front, and displaying all sorts of signs, in all languages. Great quantities of goods are piled up in the open air, for want of a place to store them. The streets are full of people, hurrying to and fro, and of as diverse and bizarre a character as the houses: Yankees of every possible variety, native Californians in *sarapes* and *sombreros*, Chilians, Sonorians, Kanakas from Hawaii, Chinese with long tails, Malays and others in whose embrowned and bearded visages it is impossible to recognise any especial nationality. In the midst is the plaza, now dignified by the name of Portsmouth Square. It lies on the slope of the hill; and, from a high pole in front of a long one-story adobe building used as the Custom House, the American flag is flying. On the lower side is the Parker House Hotel. The Bay of San Francisco is black with the hulls of ships, and a thick forest of masts intercepts the landscapes of the opposite coast and the islet of Yerba Buena. Flags of all nations flutter in the breeze, and the smoke of three steamers is borne away on its wings in dense wreaths.—The first picture is one of stagnation and poverty, the other presents activity and wealth in glowing colours.

"Verily," says the correspondent of a Boston Paper, "the place was in itself a marvel. To say that it was daily enlarged by from twenty to thirty houses may not sound very remarkable after all the stories that have been told; yet this, for a country which imported both lumber and houses, and where labour was then ten dollars a day, is an extraordinary growth. The rapidity with which a ready-made house is put up and inhabited, strikes the stranger in San Francisco as little short of magic. He walks over an open lot in his before-breakfast stroll—the next morning, a house complete, with a family inside, blocks up his way. He goes down to the bay and looks out on the shipping—two or three days afterward a row of store-

houses, staring him in the face, intercepts the view."

An intelligent traveller from the United States, has recorded his impressions of this marvellous spot, as he saw it in August, 1849:—

"The restless, feverish tide of life in that little spot, and the thought that what I then saw and was yet to see will hereafter fill one of the most marvellous pages of all history, rendered it singularly impressive. The feeling was not decreased on talking that evening with some of the old residents, (that is of six months' standing,) and hearing their several experiences. Every new-comer in San Francisco is overtaken with a sense of complete bewilderment. The mind, however it may be prepared for an astonishing condition of affairs, cannot immediately push aside its old instincts of value and ideas of business, letting all past experiences go for nought and casting all its faculties for action, intercourse with its fellows, or advancement in any path of ambition, into shapes which it never before imagined. As in the turn of the dissolving views, there is a period when it wears neither the old nor the new phase, but the vanishing images of the one and the growing perceptions of the other are blended in painful and misty confusion. One knows not whether he is awake or in some wonderful dream. Never have I had so much difficulty in establishing, satisfactorily to my own senses, the reality of what I saw and heard."*

The same gentleman, after an absence in the interior of four months, gives a notion of the rapidity with which the city grew, in the following terms:—

"Of all the marvellous phases of the history of the Present, the growth of San Francisco is the one which will most tax the belief of the Future. Its parallel was never known, and shall never be beheld again. I speak only of what I saw with my own eyes. When I landed there, a little more than four months before, I found a scattering town of tents and canvas houses, with a show of frame buildings on one or two streets, and a population of about six thousand. Now, on my last visit, I saw around me an actual metropolis, displaying street after street of well-built edifices, filled with an active and enterprising people and exhibiting every mark of permanent commercial prosperity. Then, the town was limited to the curve of the Bay fronting the anchorage and bottoms of the hills. Now, it stretched to the topmost heights, followed the shore around point after point, and sending back a long arm through a gap in the hills, took hold of the Golden Gate and was building its warehouses on the open strait and almost fronting the blue horizon of the Pacific. Then the gold-seeking sojourner lodged in muslin rooms and canvas garrets, with a philosophic lack of furniture, and ate

his simple though substantial fare from pine boards. Now, lofty hotels, gaudy with verandas and balconies, were met with in all quarters, furnished with home luxury, and aristocratic restaurants presented daily their long bills of fare, rich with the choicest technicalities of the Parisian cuisine. Then, vessels were coming in day after day, to lie deserted and useless at their anchorage. Now scarce a day passed, but some cluster of sails, bound *outward* through the Golden Gate, took their way to all the corners of the Pacific. Like the magic seed of the Indian juggler, which grew, blossomed, and bore fruit before the eyes of his spectators, San Francisco seemed to have accomplished in a day the growth of half a century."

In San Francisco, everything is reversed. The operations of trade are exactly opposite to those of older communities. There the rule is scarcity of money and abundance of labour, produce, and manufactures; here cash overflows out of every pocket, and the necessaries of existence will not pour in fast enough. Mr. Taylor tells us, that "a curious result of the extraordinary abundance of gold and the facility with which fortunes were acquired, struck me at the first glance. All business was transacted on so extensive a scale that the ordinary habits of solicitation and compliance on the one hand, and stubborn cheapening on the other, seemed to be entirely forgotten. You enter a shop to buy something; the owner eyes you with perfect indifference, waiting for you to state your want: if you object to the price, you are at liberty to leave, for you need not expect to get it cheaper; he evidently cares little whether you buy it or not. One who has been some time in the country will lay down the money, without wasting words. The only exception I found to this rule was that of a sharp-faced Down-Easter just opening his stock, who was much distressed when his clerk charged me seventy-five cents for a coil of rope, instead of one dollar. This disregard for all the petty arts of money-making was really a refreshing feature of society. Another equally agreeable trait was the punctuality with which debts were paid, and the general confidence which men were obliged to place, perforce, in each other's honesty. Perhaps this latter fact was owing, in part, to the impossibility of protecting wealth, and consequent dependence on an honourable regard for the rights of others."

While this gentleman was in San Francisco, an instance of the fairy-like manner in which fortunes are accumulated, came under his observation. A citizen of San Francisco died insolvent to the amount of forty-one thousand dollars the previous autumn. His administrators were delayed in settling his affairs, and his real estate advanced so rapidly in value meantime, that after his debts were paid, his heirs derived a yearly income from it of forty thousand dollars!

* "Eldorado," by Bayard Taylor, correspondent to the "Tribune" newspaper.

The fable of a city paved with gold is realised in San Francisco. Mr. Taylor reports:—"Walking through the town, I was quite amazed to find a dozen persons busily employed in the street before the United States Hotel, digging up the earth with knives and crumbling it in their hands. They were actual gold-hunters, who obtained in this way about five dollars a day. After blowing the fine dirt carefully in their hands, a few specks of gold were left, which they placed in a piece of white paper. A number of children were engaged in the same business, picking out the fine grains by applying to them the head of a pin, moistened in their mouths. I was told of a small boy having taken home fourteen dollars as the result of one day's labour. On climbing the hill to the Post Office I observed in places, where the wind had swept away the sand, several glittering dots of the real metal, but, like the Irishman who kicked the dollar out of his way, concluded to wait till I should reach the heap. The presence of gold in the streets was probably occasioned by the leakings from the miners' bags and the sweepings of stores; though it may also be, to a slight extent, native in the earth, particles having been found in the clay thrown up from a deep well."

The prices paid for labour were at that time equally *romantic*. The carman of one firm (Messrs. Mellus, Howard, and Co.) drew a salary of twelve hundred a year; and it was no uncommon thing for such persons to be paid from fifteen to twenty dollars, or between three and four pounds sterling per day. Servants were paid from forty to eighty pounds per month. Since this time (August, 1849), however, wages had fallen; the labourers for the rougher kinds of work could—poor fellows—get no more than something above the pay of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British army, or about four hundred per annum. The scarcity of labour is best illustrated by the cost of washing, which was one pound twelve shillings per dozen. It was therefore found cheaper to put out washing to the antipodes; and to this day, San Francisco shirts are washed and "got up" in China and the Sandwich Islands. So many hundred dozens of dirty, and so many hundred dozens of washed linen form the part of every outward and inward cargo to and from the Golden City.

The profits upon merchandise about the time we are writing of, may be judged of by one little transaction recorded by Mr. Taylor:—"Many passengers," he writes, "began speculation at the moment of landing. The most ingenious and successful operation was made by a gentleman of New York, who took out fifteen hundred copies of 'The Tribune' and other papers, which he disposed of in two hours, at one dollar a-piece! Hearing of this I bethought me of about a dozen papers which I had used to fill up crevices in packing my valise. There was a newspaper merchant at the corner of the City Hotel, and to him I

proposed the sale of them, asking him to name a price. 'I shall want to make a good profit on the retail price,' said he, 'and can't give more than ten dollars for the lot.' I was satisfied with the wholesale price, which was a gain of just four thousand per cent."

The prices of food are enormous, and, unhappily, so are the appetites; "for two months after my arrival," says a respectable authority, "my sensations were like those of a famished wolf;" yet the first glance at the tariff of a San Francisco bill of fare is calculated to turn the keenest European stomach. "Where shall we dine to-day?" asked Mr. Taylor, during his visit. "The restaurants display their signs invitingly on all sides; we have choice of the United States, Tortoni's, the Alhambra, and many other equally classic resorts, but Delmonico's, like its distinguished original in New York, has the highest prices and the greatest variety of dishes. We go down Kearney Street to a two-story wooden house on the corner of Jackson. The lower story is a market; the walls are garnished with quarters of beef and mutton; a huge pile of Sandwich Island squashes fills one corner, and several cabbage-heads, valued at two dollars each, show themselves in the window. We enter a little door at the end of the building, ascend a dark, narrow flight of steps and find ourselves in a long, low room, with ceiling and walls of white muslin and a floor covered with oil-cloth. There are about twenty tables disposed in two rows, all of them so well filled that we have some difficulty in finding places. Taking up the written bill of fare, we find such items as the following:—

SOUPS.		Dol. Cents
Mock Turtle 0 75
St. Julien 1 00
FISH.		
Boiled Salmon Trout, Anchovy 1 75
Sauce 1 75
BOILED.		
Leg of Mutton, Caper sauce 1 00
Corned Beef, Cabbage 1 00
Ham and Tongues 0 75
ENTREES.		
Fillet of Beef, Mushroom sauce 1 75
Veal Cutlets, breaded 1 00
Mutton Chop 1 00
Lobster Salad 2 00
Sirloin of Venison 1 50
Baked Macaroni 0 75
Beef Tongue, Sauce piquante 1 00

So that, with but a moderate appetite, the dinner will cost us five dollars, if we are at all epicurean in our tastes. There are cries of 'steward!' from all parts of the room—the word 'waiter' is not considered sufficiently respectful, seeing that the waiter may have been a lawyer or a merchant's clerk a few months before. The dishes look very small as they are placed on the table, but they are skilfully cooked and are very palatable

to men that have ridden in from the diggings."

Lodging was equally extravagant. A bedroom in an hotel, 50*l.* per month, and a sleeping berth or "bunk"—one of fifty in the same apartment—1*l.* 4*s.* per week. Social intercourse is almost unknown. There are no females, and men have no better resource than gambling, which is carried on to an extent, and with a desperate energy, hardly conceivable. "Gambling," says a private correspondent, whose letter, dated April 20, 1850, now lies before us, "is carried on here with a bold and open front, so as to alarm and astonish one. Thousands and thousands change hands nightly. Go in, for instance, to a place called 'Parker House,' which is a splendid mansion, fitted up as well as any hotel in England; step into the front room, and you see five or six Monte, Roulette, and other gaming-tables, each having a bank of nearly half a bushel of gold and silver, piled up in the centre. That the excitement shall not be wholly devoid of diversion, the Muses lend their aid, and a band plays constantly to crowded rooms! Step into the next building, called 'El Dorado,' and there a similar scene is presented, and which is repeated, on a smaller scale, all over the town. The gamblers seem to control the town, but of course their days must be numbered. Fortunes are made or lost daily. People gamble with a freedom and recklessness which you can never dream of. Young men who come here must at all times resist gaming, or it must eventually end in their ruin: the same with drinking, as there is much of it here."

The variety of habits, manners, tastes, and prejudices, occasioned by the confluence in one spot of almost every variety of the human species, is another bar to a speedy deposit of all these floating and opposite elements into a compact and well assimilated community. "Here," writes the same gentleman, "we see the character and habits of the English, Irish, Scotch, German, Pole, French, Spaniard, and almost every other nation of Europe. Then you have the South American, the Australian, the Chilian; and finally, the force of this golden mania has dissolved the chain that has hitherto bound China in national solitude, and she has now come forth, like an anchorite from his cell, to join this varied mass of golden speculators. Here we see in miniature just what is done in the large cities of other countries; we have some of our luxuries from the United States and the tropics, butter from Oregon, and for the most part California, Upper or Lower, furnishes us with our beef, &c. The streets are all bustle, as you may imagine, in a place now of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, independent of a small world of floating population."

Not the smallest wonder, however, presented in this region, is the rapid manner in which social order was shaped out of the human chaos. When a new placer or "gulch"

was discovered, the first thing done was to elect officers and extend the area of order. The result was, that in a district five hundred miles long, and inhabited by one hundred thousand people—who had neither government, regular laws, rules, military or civil protection, nor even locks or bolts, and a great part of whom possessed wealth enough to tempt the vicious and depraved,—there was as much security to life and property as in any part of the Union, and as small a proportion of crime. The capacity of a people for self-government was never so triumphantly illustrated. Never, perhaps, was there a community formed of more unpropitious elements; yet from all this seeming chaos grew a harmony beyond what the most sanguine apostle of Progress could have expected. Indeed, there is nothing more remarkable connected with the capital of El Dorado, than the centre point it has become.

The story of Cadmus, who sowed dragons' teeth, and harvested armed men, who became the builders of cities; the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel; and the beautiful allegory of the lion lying down with the lamb; are all types of San Francisco. The first, of its sudden rise; the second, of the varieties of the genus Man it has congregated; and the third, of the extremes of those varieties, which range from the Polynesian savage to the most civilised individuals that Europe can produce. It is a coincidence well worthy of note, that, besides the intense attraction possessed from its gold, Upper or New California is of all other places the best adapted, from its geographical position, to become a rendezvous for all nations of the earth, and that the Bay of San Francisco is one of the best and most convenient for shipping throughout the western margin of the American continent. It is precisely the locality required to make a constant communication across the Pacific Ocean with the coasts of China, Japan, and the Eastern Archipelago commercially practicable. Its situation is that which would have been selected from choice for a concentration of delegates from the uttermost ends of the earth. If the Chinese, the Malay, the Ladrone, or the Sandwich Islander had wished to meet his Saxon or Celtic brother on a matter of mutual business, he would—deciding geographically—have selected California as the spot of assembly. The attractive powers of gold could not, therefore, have struck forth over the world from a better point than in and around San Francisco, both for the interests of commerce and for those of human intercourse.

The practical question respecting the Golden City remains yet to be touched. Does it offer wholesome inducements for emigration? On this subject we can do no more than quote the opinions of the intelligent and enterprising gentleman, to whose private letter we have already referred:—"This, I should

say, is the best country in the world for an active, enterprising, steady young man, provided he can keep his health, as the climate, without due precaution, is not a healthy one. In the summer season, the weather is pleasantly warm from morning till noon, then it is windy till evening, and dusty, and then becomes so cold as to require an over-coat. This weather lasts to October, when the wind gets round to the south-west. It is dry, warm, and pleasant now (April). This and the rainy season are the pleasantest and warmest here. Thousands, on arriving, fall victims to the prevailing disease of dysentery. On the latter account, therefore, I should not advise, or be the indirect means of inducing, any one to make the adventure here, because it is impossible to foresee or calculate whether or not he can stand the climate and inconveniences of this country; and, if so, he is sure to be exposed to a miserable and too often neglected sickness, and ending in a miserable death. I have not been ill myself so far, as my general health has been extremely good, and I never looked so well as now. The climate seems to operate injuriously on bilious habits; but to those who can stand it, it is decidedly pleasanter than England. Fires are never necessary. Out of doors, at night, a great-coat is required, but in the house it is always warm. The whole and only question, with a man making up his mind to locate in California, should be in regard to his health. Business of all descriptions is better here than in any other part of the world, and he who perseveres is sure to succeed.

"There are various opinions afloat, in regard to the fertility of the soil, some holding that there are productive valleys in the interior which would supply sufficient sustenance for home consumption: others assert the reverse. Certain it is, however, that in many parts in the interior, the climate is delightful, but owing to the long continued dry season, I have doubts as to her ever raising a sufficient supply of vegetable necessaries of life: our market now is supplied from the Sandwich Islands and Oregon.

"As to gold mining, it is altogether a lottery; one man may make a large amount daily, another will but just live. There is an inexhaustible quantity of gold, however, but with many it is inconceivably hard to get, as the operations are so many, and health so very precarious, that it is a mere chance matter if you succeed in getting a large sum speedily. It seems a question, whether it would not be advisable for the American Government to work the mines ultimately:

"California must 'go-a-head': the east will pour through the country her immense commerce into the States, and the mines will last for ages. Finally, I would now say to my friends, that, if you are inclined to come to this country, upon this my report of it, you must, to succeed, attend to my warnings as to drinking and gambling, and to my precautions against climate."

THE MODERN "OFFICER'S" PROGRESS.

II.—A SUBALTERN'S DAY.

HOWEVER interesting it might prove to the noble relatives of Ensign Spoonbill to learn his progress, step by step, we must—for reasons of our own—pass over the first few weeks of his new career with only a brief mention of the leading facts.

His brother-officers had instructed him in the art of tying on his sash, wearing his forage cap on one side, the secret of distinguishing his right hand from his left, and the mysteries of marching and counter-marching. The art of holding up his head and throwing out his chest, had been carefully imparted by the drill-serjeant of his company, and he had, accordingly, been pronounced "fit for duty."

What this was may best be shown, by giving an outline of "a subaltern's day," as he and the majority of his military friends were in the habit of passing it. It may serve to explain how it happens that British officers are so far in advance of their continental brethren in arms in the science of their profession, and by what process they have arrived at that intellectual superiority, which renders it a matter of regret that more serious interests than the mere discipline and well-being of only a hundred and twenty thousand men have not been confided to their charge.

The scene opens in a square room of tolerable size which, if simply adorned with "barrack furniture," (to wit, a deal table, two Windsor-chairs, a coal scuttle, and a set of fire-irons,) would give an idea of a British subaltern's "interior," of rather more Spartan-like simplicity than is altogether true. But to these were added certain elegant "extras," obtained not out of the surplus of five and three-pence a day—after mess and band subscriptions, cost of uniform, servant's wages, &c., had been deducted—but on credit, which it was easier to get than to avoid incurring expense. A noble youth, like Ensign Spoonbill, had only to give the word of command to be obeyed by Messrs Rosewood and Mildew, with the alacrity shown by the slaves of the lamp, and in an incredibly short space of time, the bare walls and floor of his apartment were covered with the gayest articles their establishment afforded. They included those indispensable adjuncts to a young officer's toilette, a full length cheval, and a particularly lofty pier-glass. A green-baize screen converted the apartment into as many separate rooms as its occupant desired, cutting it up, perhaps, a little here and there, but adding, on the whole, a great deal to its comfort and privacy. What was out of the line of Messrs Rosewood and Mildew—and that, as Othello says, was "not much"—the taste of Ensign Spoonbill himself supplied. To his high artistic taste were due the presence of a couple of dozen gilt-framed and highly-coloured prints, repre-

senting the reigning favorites of the ballet, the winners of the Derby and Leger, and the costumes of the "dressiest," and consequently the most distinguished corps in the service; the nice arrangement of cherry-stick tubes, amber mouth-pieces, meerscham bowls, and embroidered bags of Latakia tobacco; pleasing devices of the well-crossed foils, riding whips, and single sticks evenly balanced by fencing masks and boxing gloves; and, on the chimney-piece, the brilliant array of nick-nacks, from the glittering shop of Messrs Moses, Lazarus and Son, who called themselves "jewellers and dealers in curiosities," and who dealt in a few trifles which were not alluded to above their door-posts.

The maxim of "Early to bed" was not known in the Hundredth; but the exigencies of the service required that Ensign Spoonbill should rise with the *revellie*. He complained of it in more forcible language than Dr. Watts' celebrated sluggard; but discipline is inexorable, and he was not permitted to "slumber again." This early rising is a real military hardship. We once heard a lady of fashion counselling her friend never to marry a Guardsman. "You have no idea, love, what you'll have to go through; every morning of his life—in the season—he has to be out with the horrid regiment at half-past six o'clock!"

The Hon. Ensign Spoonbill then rose with the lark, though much against his will, his connection with that fowl having by preference a midnight tendency. Erect at last, but with a strong taste of cigars in his mouth, and a slight touch of whiskey-headache, the Ensign arrayed himself in his blue frock coat and Oxford grey trowsers; wound himself into his sash; adjusted his sword and cap; and, with a faltering step, made the best of his way into the barrack-square, where the squads were forming, which, with his eyes only half-open, he was called upon to inspect, prior to their being re-inspected by both lieutenant and captain. He then drew his sword, and "falling in" in the rear of his company, occupied that distinguished position till the regiment was formed and set in motion.

His duties on the parade-ground were—as a supernumerary—of a very arduous nature, and consisted chiefly in getting in the way of his captain as he continually "changed his flank," in making the men "lock up," and in avoiding the personal observation of the adjutant as much as possible; storing his mind, all the time, with a few of the epithets, more vigorous than courtly, which the commanding officer habitually made use of to quicken the movements of the battalion. He enjoyed this recreation for about a couple of hours, sometimes utterly bewildered by a "change of front," which developed him in the most inopportune manner; sometimes inextricably entangled in the formation of "a hollow square," when he became lost altogether; sometimes confounding himself with "the points," and being confounded

by the senior-major for his awkwardness; and sometimes following a "charge" at such a pace as to take away his voice for every purpose of utility, supposing he had desired to exercise it in the way of admonitory adjuration to the rear-rank. In this manner he learnt the noble science of strategy, and by this means acquired so much proficiency that, had he been suddenly called upon to manoeuvre the battalion, it is possible he might have gone on for five minutes without "clubbing" it.

The regiment was then marched home; and Ensign Spoonbill re-entered the garrison with all the honours of war, impressed with the conviction that he had already seen an immense deal of service; enough, certainly, to justify the ample breakfast which two or three other famished subs—his particular friends—assisted him in discussing, the more substantial part of which, involved a private account with the messman, who had a good many more of the younger officers of the regiment on his books. At these morning feasts—with the exception, perhaps, of a few remarks on drill as "a cussed bore"—no allusion was made to the military exercises of the morning, or to the prospective duties of the day. The conversation turned, on the contrary, on lighter and more agreeable topics;—the relative merits of bull and Scotch terriers; who made the best boots; whether "that gaerl at the pastrycook's" was "as fine a woman" as "the barmaid of the Rose and Crown;" if Hudson's cigars didn't beat Pontet's all to nothing; who married the sixth daughter of Jones of the Highlanders; interspersed with a few bets, a few oaths, and a few statements not strikingly remarkable for their veracity, the last having reference, principally, to the exploits for which Captain Smith made himself famous, to the detriment of Miss Bailey.

Breakfast over, and cigars lighted, Ensign Spoonbill and his friends, attired in shooting jackets of every pattern, and wearing felt hats of every colour and form, made their appearance in front of the officers' wing of the barracks; some semi-recumbent on the door-steps, others lounging with their hands in their coat pockets, others gracefully balancing themselves on the iron railings,—all smoking and talking on subjects of the most edifying kind. These pleasant occupations were, however, interrupted by the approach of an "orderly," who, from a certain clasped book which he carried, read out the unwelcome intelligence that, at twelve o'clock that day, a regimental court-martial, under the presidency of Captain Huff, would assemble in the officers' mess-room "for the trial of all such prisoners as might be brought before it," and that two lieutenants and two ensigns—of whom the Hon. Mr. Spoonbill was one—were to constitute the members. This was a most distressing and unexpected blow, for it had previously been arranged that a badger should be drawn

by Lieutenant Wadding's bull bitch Juno, at which interesting ceremony all the junior members of the court were to have "assisted." It was the more provoking, because the proprietor of the animal to be baited,—a gentleman in a fustian suit, brown leggings, high-lows, a white hat with a black crape round it, and a very red nose, indicative of a most decided love for "cordials and compounds"—had just "stepped up" to say that "the bedger *must* be dror'd that mornin'," as he was under a particular engagement to repeat the amusement in the evening for some gents at a distant town and "couldn't no how, not for no money, forfeit his sacred word." The majority of the young gentlemen present understood perfectly what this corollary meant, but, with Ensign Spoonbill amongst them, were by no means in a hurry to "fork out" for so immoral a purpose as that of inducing a fellow-man to break a solemn pledge. That gallant officer, however, laboured under so acute a feeling of disappointment, that, regardless of the insult offered to the worthy man's conscience, he at once volunteered to give him "a couple of sovs" if he would just "throw those snobs over," and defer his departure till the following day; and it was settled that the badger should be "drawn" as soon as the patrons of Joe Baggs could get away from the court-martial,—for which in no very equable frame of mind they now got ready,—retiring to their several barrack-rooms, divesting themselves of their sporting costume and once more assuming military attire.

At the appointed hour, the court assembled. Captain Huff prepared for his judicial labours by calling for a glass of his favourite "swizzle," which he dispatched at one draught, and then, having sworn in the members, and being sworn himself, the business began by the appointment of Lieutenant Hackett as secretary. There were two prisoners to be tried: one had "sold his necessaries" in order to get drunk; the second had made use of "mutinous language" *when drunk*; both of them high military crimes, to be severely visited by those who had no temptation to dispose of their wardrobes, and could not understand why a soldier's beer money was not sufficient for his daily potations; but who omitted the consideration that they themselves, when in want of cash, occasionally sent a pair of epaulettes to "my uncle," and had a champagne supper out of the proceeds, at which neither sobriety nor decorous language were rigidly observed.

The case against him who had sold his necessaries—to wit, "a new pair of boots, a shirt, and a pair of stockings," for which a Jew in the town had given him two shillings—was sufficiently clear. The captain and the pay-serjeant of the man's company swore to the articles, and the Jew who bought them (an acquaintance of Lieutenant Hackett, to whom he nodded with pleasing familiarity),

stimulated by the fear of a civil prosecution, gave them up, and appeared as evidence against the prisoner. He was found "guilty," and sentenced to three months' solitary confinement, and "to be put under stoppages," according to the prescribed formulæ.

But the trial of the man accused of drunkenness and mutinous language was not so readily disposed of; though the delay occasioned by his calling witnesses to character served only to add to the irritation of his virtuous and impartial judges. He was a fine-looking fellow, six feet high, and had a soldier-like bearing as any man in the Grenadier company, to which he belonged. The specific acts which constituted his crime consisted in having refused to leave the canteen when somewhat vexatiously urged to do so by the orderly serjeant, who forthwith sent for a file of the guard to compel him; thus urging him, when in an excited state, to an act of insubordination, the gist of which was a threat to knock the serjeant down, a show of resistance, and certain maledictions on the head of that functionary. In this, as in the former instance, there could be no doubt that the breach of discipline complained of had been committed, though several circumstances were pleaded in extenuation of the offence. The man's previous character, too, was very good; he was ordinarily a steady, well-conducted soldier, never shirked his hour of duty, was not given to drink, and, therefore, as the principal witness in his favour said, "the more aisily overcome when he tuck a dhrop, but as barrumless as a lamb, unless put upon."

These things averred and shown, the Court was cleared, and the members proceeded to deliberate. It was a question only of the nature and extent of the punishment to be awarded. The general instructions, no less than the favourable condition of the case, suggested leniency. But Captain Huff was a severe disciplinarian of the old school, an advocate for red-handed practice—the drum head and the halberds—and his opinion, if it might be called one, had only too much weight with the other members of the Court, all of whom were prejudiced against the prisoner, whom they internally—if not openly—condemned for interfering with their day's amusements. "Corporal punishment, of course," said Captain Huff, angrily; and his words were echoed by the Court, though the majority of them little knew the fearful import of the sentence, or they might have paused before they delivered over a fine resolute young man, whose chief crime was an ebullition of temper, to the castigation of the lash, which destroys the soldier's self-respect; degrades him in the eyes of his fellows; mutilates his body, and leaves an indelible scar upon his mind. But the fiat went forth, and was recorded in "hundreds" against the unfortunate fellow; and Captain Huff having managed to sign the proceedings, carried them off to the commanding officer's quarters,

to be "approved and confirmed;" a ratification which the Colonel was not slow to give; for he was one of that class who are in the habit of reconciling themselves to an act of cruelty, by always asserting in their defence that "an example is necessary." He forgot, in doing so, that this was not the way to preserve for the "Hundredth" the name of a crack corps, and that the best example for those in authority is Mercy.

With minds buoyant and refreshed by the discharge of the judicial functions, for which they were in every respect so admirably qualified, Ensign Spoonbill and his companions, giving themselves leave of absence from the afternoon parade, and having resumed their favourite "mufty," repaired to an obscure den in a stable-yard at the back of the Blue Boar—a low public house in the filthiest quarter of the town—which Mr. Joseph Baggs made his head-quarters, and there, for a couple of hours, solaced themselves with the agreeable exhibition of the contest between the badger and the dog Juno, which terminated by the latter being bitten through both her fore-paws, and nearly losing one of her eyes; though, as Lieutenant Wadding exultingly observed, "she was a deuced deal too game to give over for such trifles as those." The unhappy badger, that only fought in self-defence, was accordingly "drov'd," as Mr. Baggs reluctantly admitted, adding, however, that she was "nuffin much the wuss," which was more than could be said of the officers of the "Hundredth" who had enjoyed the spectacle.

This amusement ended, which had so far a military character that it familiarised the spectator with violence and bloodshed, though in an unworthy and contemptible degree, badgers and dogs, not men, being their subject, the young gentlemen adjourned to the High Street, to loiter away half an hour at the shop of Messrs. Moses, Lazarus and Son, whose religious observances and daily occupations were made their jest, while they ran in debt to the people from whom they afterwards expected consideration and forbearance. But not wholly did they kill their time there. The pretty pastry-cook, an innocent, retiring girl, but compelled to serve in the shop, came in for her share of their half-admiring and all-insolent persecutions, and when their slang and sentiment were alike exhausted, they dawdled back again to barracks, to dress for the fifth time for mess.

The events of the day, that is, the events on which their thoughts had been centered, again furnished the theme of the general conversation. Enough wine was drunk, as Captain Huff said, with the wit peculiar to him, "to restore the equilibrium;" the most abstinent person being Captain Cushion, who that evening gave convincing proof of the advantages of abstinence, by engaging Ensign Spoonbill in a match at billiards, the result of which was, that Lord Pelican's son found

himself, at midnight, minus a full half of the allowance for which his noble father had given him liberty to draw. But that he had fairly lost the money there could be no doubt, for the officer on the main-guard, who had preferred watching the game to going his rounds, declared to the party, when they afterwards adjourned to take a glass of grog with him before he turned in, that "except Jonathan, he had never seen any man make so good a bridge as his friend Spoonbill," and this fact Captain Cushion himself confirmed, adding, that he thought, perhaps, he could afford next time to give points. With the reputation of making a good bridge—a *Pons asinorum* over which his money had travelled—Ensign Spoonbill was fain to be content, and in this satisfactory manner he closed one Subaltern's day, there being many like it in reserve.

THE BELGIAN LACE-MAKERS.

THE indefatigable, patient, invincible, inquisitive, sometimes tedious, but almost always amusing German traveller, Herr Kohl, has recently been pursuing his earnest investigations in Belgium. His book on the Netherlands* has just been issued, and we shall translate, with abridgments, one of its most instructive and agreeable chapters;—that relating to Lace-making.

The practical acquaintance of our female readers with that elegant ornament, lace, is chiefly confined to wearing it, and their researches into its quality and price. A few minutes' attention to Mr. Kohl will enlighten them on other subjects connected with, what is to them, a most interesting topic, for lace is associated with recollections of mediæval history, and with the palmy days of the Flemish school of painting. More than one of the celebrated masters of that school have selected, from among his laborious countrywomen, the lace-makers (or, as they are called in Flanders, *Speldewerksters*), pleasing subjects for the exercise of his pencil. The plump, fair-haired Flemish girl, bending earnestly over her lace-work, whilst her fingers nimbly ply the intricately winding bobbins, figure in many of those highly esteemed representations of homely life and manners, which have found their way from the Netherlands into all the principal picture-galleries of Europe.

Our German friend makes it his practice, whether he is treating of the geology of the earth, or of the manufacture of Swedish bodkins, to begin at the very beginning. He therefore commences the history of lace-making, which, he says, is, like embroidery, an art of very ancient origin, lost, like a multitude of other origins, "in the darkness of by-gone ages." It may, with truth, be said that it is the national occupation of the women of the Low Countries, and one to

* *Reisen in der Niederlanden. Travels in the Netherlands.*

which they have steadily adhered from very remote times. During the long civil and foreign wars waged by the people of the Netherlands, while subject to Spanish dominion, other branches of Belgic industry either dwindled to decay, or were transplanted to foreign countries; but lace-making remained faithful to the land which had fostered and brought it to perfection, though it received tempting offers from abroad, and had to struggle with many difficulties at home. This Mr. Kohl explains by the fact, that lace-making is a branch of industry chiefly confined to female hands, and, as women are less disposed to travel than men, all arts and handicrafts exclusively pursued by women, have a local and enduring character.

Notwithstanding the overwhelming supply of imitations which modern ingenuity has created, *real Brussels lace* has maintained its value, like the precious metals and the precious stones. In the patterns of the best bone lace, the changeful influence of fashion is less marked than in most other branches of industry; indeed, she has adhered with wonderful pertinacity to the quaint old patterns of former times. These are copied and reproduced with that scrupulous uniformity which characterises the figures in the Persian and Indian shawls. Frequent experiments have been tried to improve these old patterns, by the introduction of slight and tasteful modifications, but these innovations have not succeeded, and a very skilful and experienced lace-worker assured Mr. Kohl, that the antiquated designs, with all their formality, are preferred to those in which the most elegant changes have been effected.

Each of the lace-making towns of Belgium excels in the production of one particular description of lace: in other words, each has what is technically called its own *point*. The French word *point*, in the ordinary language of needlework, signifies simply *stitch*; but in the terminology of lace-making, the word is sometimes used to designate the pattern of the lace, and sometimes the ground of the lace itself. Hence the terms *point de Bruxelles*, *point de Malines*, *point de Valenciennes*, &c. In England we distinguish by the name of *Point*, a peculiarly rich and curiously wrought lace formerly very fashionable, but now scarcely ever worn except in Court costume. In this sort of lace the pattern is, we believe, worked with the needle, after the ground has been made with the bobbins. In each town there prevail certain modes of working, and certain patterns which have been transmitted from mother to daughter successively, for several generations. Many of the lace-workers live and die in the same houses in which they were born; and most of them understand and practise only the stitches which their mothers and grandmothers worked before them. The consequence has been, that certain *points* have become unchangeably fixed in particular

towns or districts. Fashion has assigned to each its particular place and purpose; for example:—the *point de Malines* (Mechlin lace) is used chiefly for trimming night-dresses, pillow-cases, coverlets, &c.; the *point de Valenciennes* (Valenciennes lace) is employed for ordinary wear or negligé; but the more rich and costly *point de Bruxelles* (Brussels lace) is reserved for bridal and ball-dresses, and for the robes of queens and courtly ladies.

As the different sorts of lace, from the narrowest and plainest to the broadest and richest, are innumerable; so the division of labour among the lace-workers is infinite. In the towns of Belgium there are as many different kinds of lace-workers, as there are varieties of spiders in Nature. It is not, therefore, surprising that in the several departments of this branch of industry there are as many technical terms and phrases as would make up a small dictionary. In their origin, these expressions were all Flemish; but French being the language now spoken in Belgium, they have been translated into French, and the designations applied to some of the principal classifications of the work-women. Those who make only the ground, are called *Drocheuses*. The design or pattern, which adorns this ground, is distinguished by the general term “the Flowers;” though it would be difficult to guess what flowers are intended to be portrayed by the fantastic arabesque of these lace-patterns. In Brussels the ornaments or flowers are made separately, and afterwards worked into the lace-ground: in other places the ground and the patterns are worked conjointly. The *Platuseuses* are those who work the flowers separately; and the *Faiseuses de point à l’aiguille* work the figures and the ground together. The *Striqueuse* is the worker who attaches the flowers to the ground. The *Faneuse* works her figures by piercing holes or cutting out pieces of the ground.

The spinning of the fine thread used for lace-making in the Netherlands, is an operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention, that it is impossible it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp underground cellars; for it is so extremely delicate, that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in good condition only, when made and kept in a humid subterranean atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This sort of occupation naturally has an injurious effect on the health, and therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid.

To form an accurate idea of this operation, it is necessary to see a Brabant Thread-spinner at her work. She carefully examines

every thread, watching it closely as she draws it off the distaff; and that she may see it the more distinctly, a piece of dark blue paper is used as a background for the flax. Whenever the spinner notices the least unevenness, she stops the evolution of her wheel, breaks off the faulty piece of flax, and then resumes her spinning. This fine flax being as costly as gold, the pieces thus broken off are carefully laid aside to be used in other ways. All this could never be done by machinery. It is different in the spinning of cotton, silk, or wool, in which the original threads are almost all of uniform thickness. The invention of the English Flax-spinning Machine, therefore, can never supersede the work of the Belgian Fine Thread Spinners, any more than the Bobbin-Net Machine can rival the fingers of the Brussels lace-makers, or render their delicate work superfluous.

The prices current of the Brabant spinners usually include a list of various sorts of thread suited to lace-making, varying from 60 francs to 1800 francs per pound. Instances have occurred, in which as much as 10,000 francs have been paid for a pound of this fine yarn. So high a price has never been attained by the best spun silk; though a pound of silk, in its raw condition, is incomparably more valuable than a pound of flax. In like manner, a pound of iron may, by dint of human labour and ingenuity, be rendered more valuable than a pound of gold.

Lace-making, in regard to the health of the operatives, has one great advantage. It is a business which is carried on without the necessity of assembling great numbers of workpeople in one place, or of taking women from their homes, and thereby breaking the bonds of family union. It is, moreover, an occupation which affords those employed in it a great degree of freedom. The spinning-wheel and lace-pillows are easily carried from place to place, and the work may be done with equal convenience in the house, in the garden, or at the street-door. In every Belgian town in which lace-making is the staple business, the eye of the traveller is continually greeted with pictures of happy industry, attended by all its train of concomitant virtues. The costliness of the material employed in the work, viz., the fine flax thread, fosters the observance of order and economy, which, as well as habits of cleanliness, are firmly engrafted among the people. Much manual dexterity, quickness of eye, and judgment, are demanded in lace-making; and the work is a stimulator of ingenuity and taste; so that, unlike other occupations merely manual, it tends to rouse rather than to dull the mind. It is, moreover, unaccompanied by any unpleasant and harassing noise; for the humming of the spinning-wheel, and the regular tapping of the little bobbins, are sounds not in themselves disagreeable, or sufficiently loud to disturb conversation, or to interrupt the social song.

In Belgium, female industry presents itself under aspects alike interesting to the painter, the poet, and the philanthropist. Here and there may be seen a happy-looking girl, seated at an open window, turning her spinning-wheel or working at her lace-pillow, whilst at intervals she indulges in the relaxation of a curious gaze at the passers-by in the street. Another young *Speldewerkster*, more sentimentally disposed, will retire into the garden, seating herself in an umbrageous arbour, or under a spreading tree, her eyes intent on her work, but her thoughts apparently divided between it and some object nearer to her heart. At a doorway sits a young mother, surrounded by two or three children playing round the little table or wooden settle on which her lace-pillow rests. Whilst the mother's busy fingers are thus profitably employed, her eyes keep watch over the movements of her little ones, and she can at the same time spare an attentive thought for some one of her humble household duties.

Dressmakers, milliners, and other females employed in the various occupations which minister to the exigencies of fashion, are confined to close rooms, surrounded by masses of silk, muslin, &c. They are debarred the healthful practice of working in the open air, and can scarcely venture even to sit at an open window, because a drop of rain or a puff of wind may be fatal to their work and its materials. The lace-maker, on the contrary, whose work requires only her thread and her fingers, is not disturbed by a refreshing breeze or a light shower; and even when the weather is not particularly fine, she prefers sitting at her street-door or in her garden, where she enjoys a brighter light than within doors.

In most of the principal towns of the Netherlands there is one particular locality which is the focus of lace-making industry; and there, in fine weather, the streets are animated by the presence of the busy workwomen. In each of these districts there is usually one wide open street which the *Speldewerksters* prefer to all others, and in which they assemble, and form themselves into the most picturesque groups imaginable. It is curious to observe them, pouring out of narrow lanes and alleys, carrying with them their chairs and lace-pillows, to take their places in the wide open street, where they can enjoy more of bright light and fresh air than in their own places of abode.

"I could not help contrasting," says Kohl, "the pleasing aspect of these streets with the close and noisy workrooms in woollen and cotton manufactories. There the workpeople are all separated and classified according to age and sex, and marshalled like soldiers. There domestic and family ties are rudely broken. There chance or exigency separates the young factory girl from her favourite companions, and dooms her to association with strangers. There social conversation and the merry song are drowned in that stunning din

of machinery, which in the end paralyses even the power of thought."

Our German friend is a little hard upon factory life. Though not so picturesque, it does not, if candidly viewed, offer so very unfavourable a contrast to that passed by the Belgian Lace Workers.

THE POWER OF MERCY.

QUIET enough, in general, is the quaint old town of Lamborough. Why all this bustle to day? Along the hedge-bound roads which lead to it, carts, chaises, vehicles of every description are jogging along filled with countrymen; and here and there the scarlet cloak or straw bonnet of some female occupying a chair, placed somewhat unsteadily behind them, contrasts gaily with the dark coats, or grey smock-frocks of the front row; from every cottage of the suburb, some individuals join the stream, which rolls on increasing through the streets till it reaches the castle. The ancient moat teems with idlers, and the hill opposite, usually the quiet domain of a score or two of peaceful sheep, partakes of the surrounding agitation.

The voice of the multitude which surrounds the court-house, sounds like the murmur of the sea, till suddenly it is raised to a sort of shout. John West, the terror of the surrounding country, the sheep-stealer and burglar, had been found guilty.

"What is the sentence?" is asked by a hundred voices.

The answer is "Transportation for Life."

But there was one standing aloof on the hill, whose inquiring eye wandered over the crowd with indescribable anguish, whose pallid cheek grew more and more ghastly at every denunciation of the culprit, and who, when at last the sentence was pronounced, fell insensible upon the green-sward. It was the burglar's son.

When the boy recovered from his swoon, it was late in the afternoon; he was alone; the faint tinkling of the sheep-bell had again replaced the sound of the human chorus of expectation, and dread, and jesting; all was peaceful, he could not understand why he lay there, feeling so weak and sick. He raised himself tremulously and looked around, the turf was cut and spoilt by the trampling of many feet. All his life of the last few months floated before his memory, his residence in his father's hovel with ruffianly comrades, the desperate schemes he heard as he pretended to sleep on his lowly bed, their expeditions at night, masked and armed, their hasty returns, the news of his father's capture, his own removal to the house of some female in the town, the court, the trial, the condemnation.

The father had been a harsh and brutal parent, but he had not positively ill-used his boy. Of the Great and Merciful Father of the fatherless the child knew nothing. He deemed himself alone in the world. Yet grief was not

his pervading feeling, nor the shame of being known as the son of a transport. It was revenge which burned within him. He thought of the crowd which had come to feast upon his father's agony; he longed to tear them to pieces, and he plucked savagely a handful of the grass on which he leant. Oh, that he were a man! that he could punish them all—all,—the spectators first, the constables, the judge, the jury, the witnesses,—one of them especially, a clergyman named Leyton, who had given his evidence more positively, more clearly, than all the others. Oh, that he could do that man some injury,—but for him his father would not have been identified and convicted.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him,—his eyes sparkled with fierce delight. "I know where he lives," he said to himself; "he has the farm and parsonage of Millwood. I will go there at once,—it is almost dark already. I will do as I have heard father say he once did to the Squire. I will set his barns and his house on fire. Yes, yes, he shall burn for it,—he shall get no more fathers transported.

To procure a box of matches was an easy task, and that was all the preparation the boy made.

The autumn was far advanced. A cold wind was beginning to moan amongst the almost leafless trees, and George West's teeth chattered, and his ill-clad limbs grew numb as he walked along the fields leading to Millwood. "Lucky it's a dark night; this fine wind will fan the flame nicely," he repeated to himself.

The clock was striking nine, but all was quiet as midnight; not a soul stirring, not a light in the parsonage windows that he could see. He dared not open the gate, lest the click of the latch should betray him, so he softly climbed over; but scarcely had he dropped on the other side of the wall before the loud barking of a dog startled him. He cowered down behind the hay-rick, scarcely daring to breathe, expecting each instant that the dog would spring upon him. It was some time before the boy dared to stir, and as his courage cooled, his thirst for revenge somewhat subsided also, till he almost determined to return to Lamborough; but he was too tired, too cold, too hungry,—besides, the woman would beat him for staying out so late. What could he do? where should he go? and as the sense of his lonely and forlorn position returned, so did also the affectionate remembrance of his father, his hatred of his accusers, his desire to satisfy his vengeance; and, once more, courageous through anger, he rose, took the box from his pocket, and boldly drew one of them across the sand-paper. It flamed; he stuck it hastily in the stack against which he rested,—it only flickered a little, and went out. In great trepidation, young West once more grasped the whole of the remaining matches in his hand and ignited them, but at the same instant the dog barked.

He hears the gate open, a step is close to him, the matches are extinguished, the lad makes a desperate effort to escape,—but a strong hand was laid on his shoulder, and a deep calm voice inquired, "What can have urged you to such a crime?" Then calling loudly, the gentleman, without relinquishing his hold, soon obtained the help of some farming men, who commenced a search with their lanterns all about the farm. Of course they found no accomplices, nothing at all but the handful of half-consumed matches the lad had dropped, and he all that time stood trembling, and occasionally struggling, beneath the firm but not rough grasp of the master who held him.

At last the men were told to return to the house, and thither, by a different path, was George led till they entered a small, poorly-furnished room. The walls were covered with books, as the bright flame of the fire revealed to the anxious gaze of the little culprit. The clergyman lit a lamp, and surveyed his prisoner attentively. The lad's eyes were fixed on the ground, whilst Mr. Leyton's wandered from his pale, pinched features to his scanty, ragged attire, through the tatters of which he could discern the thin limbs quivering from cold or fear; and when at last impelled by curiosity at the long silence, George looked up, there was something so sadly compassionate in the stranger's gentle look, that the boy could scarcely believe that he was really the man whose evidence had mainly contributed to transport his father. At the trial he had been unable to see his face, and nothing so kind had ever gazed upon him. His proud bad feelings were already melting.

"You look half-starved," said Mr. Leyton, "draw nearer to the fire, you can sit down on that stool whilst I question you; and mind you answer me the truth. I am not a magistrate, but of course can easily hand you over to justice if you will not allow me to benefit you in my own way."

George still stood twisting his ragged cap in his trembling fingers, and with so much emotion depicted on his face, that the good clergyman resumed, in still more soothing accents; "I have no wish to do you anything but good, my poor boy; look up at me, and see if you cannot trust me: you need not be thus frightened. I only desire to hear the tale of misery your appearance indicates, to relieve it if I can."

Here the young culprit's heart smote him. Was this the man whose house he had tried to burn? On whom he had wished to bring ruin and perhaps death? Was it a snare spread for him to lead to confession? But when he looked on that grave compassionate countenance, he felt that it was *not*.

"Come, my lad, tell me all."

George had for years heard little but oaths, and curses, and ribald jests, or the thief's jargon of his father's associates, and had been constantly cuffed and punished; but

the better part of his nature was not extinguished; and at those words from the mouth of his *enemy*, he dropped on his knees, and clasping his hands, tried to speak; but could only sob. He had not wept before during that day of anguish; and now his tears gushed forth so freely, his grief was so passionate as he half knelt, half rested on the floor, that the good questioner saw that sorrow must have its course ere calm could be restored.

The young penitent still wept, when a knock was heard at the door, and a lady entered. It was the clergyman's wife, he kissed her as she asked how he had succeeded with the wicked man in the jail?

"He told me" replied Mr. Leyton, "that he had a son whose fate tormented him more than his punishment. Indeed his mind was so distracted respecting the youth, that he was scarcely able to understand my exhortations. He entreated me with agonising energy to save his son from such a life as he had led, and gave me the address of a woman in whose house he lodged. I was, however, unable to find the boy in spite of many earnest inquiries."

"Did you hear his name?" asked the wife.

"George West," was the reply.

At the mention of his name, the boy ceased to sob. Breathlessly he heard the account of his father's last request, of the benevolent clergyman's wish to fulfil it. He started up, ran towards the door, and endeavoured to open it; Mr. Leyton calmly restrained him, "You must not escape," he said.

"I cannot stop here. I cannot bear to look at you. Let me go!" The lad said this wildly, and shook himself away.

"Why, I intend you nothing but kindness."

A new flood of tears gushed forth; and George West said between his sobs,

"Whilst you were searching for me to help me, I was trying to burn you in your house. I cannot bear it." He sunk on his knees, and covered his face with both hands.

There was a long silence, for Mr. and Mrs. Leyton were as much moved as the boy, who was bowed down with shame and penitence, to which hitherto he had been a stranger.

At last the clergyman asked, "What could have induced you to commit such a crime?"

Rising suddenly in the excitement of remorse, gratitude, and many feelings new to him, he hesitated for a moment, and then told his story; he related his trials, his sins, his sorrows, his supposed wrongs, his burning anger at the terrible fate of his only parent, and his rage at the exultation of the crowd: his desolation on recovering from his swoon, his thirst for vengeance, the attempt to satisfy it. He spoke with untaught, child-like simplicity, without attempting to suppress the emotions which successively overcame him.

When he ceased, the lady hastened to the

crouching boy, and soothed him with gentle words. The very tones of her voice were new to him. They pierced his heart more acutely than the fiercest of the upbraidings and denunciations of his old companions. He looked on his merciful benefactors with bewildered tenderness. He kissed Mrs. Leyton's hand then gently laid on his shoulder. He gazed about like one in a dream who dreaded to wake. He became faint and staggered. He was laid gently on a sofa, and Mr. and Mrs. Leyton left him.

Food was shortly administered to him, and after a time, when his senses had become sufficiently collected, Mr. Leyton returned to the study, and explained holy and beautiful things, which were new to the neglected boy: of the great yet loving Father; of Him who loved the poor, forlorn wretch, equally with the richest, and noblest, and happiest; of the force and efficacy of the sweet beatitude, "Blessed are the Merciful for they shall obtain Mercy."

I heard this story from Mr. Leyton, during a visit to him in May. George West was then head ploughman to a neighbouring farmer, one of the cleanest, best behaved, and most respected labourers in the parish.

FLOWERS.

DEAR friend, love well the flowers! Flowers are the sign
Of Earth's all gentle love, her grace, her youth,
Her endless, matchless, tender gratitude,
When the Sun smiles on thee,—why thou art glad:
But when on Earth he smileth, *She* bursts forth
In beauty like a bride, and gives him back,
In sweet repayment for his warm bright love,
A world of flowers. You may see them born
On any day in April, moist or dry,
As bright as are the Heavens that look on them:
Some sown like stars upon the greensward; some
As yellow as the sunrise; others red
As Day is when he sets; reflecting thus,
In pretty moods, the bounties of the sky.

And now, of all fair flowers, which lovest thou
best?

The Rose! She is a queen, more wonderful
Than any who have bloomed on Orient thrones:
Sabeian Empress! in her breast, though small,
Beauty and infinite sweetness sweetly dwell,
Inextricable. Or dost dare prefer
The Woodbine, for her fragrant summer breath?
Or Primrose, who doth haunt the hours of Spring,
A wood-nymph brightening places lone and green?
Or Cowslip? or the virgin Violet,
That nun, who, nestling in her cell of leaves,
Shrinks from the world, in vain?

Yet, wherefore choose, when Nature doth not
choose,

Our mistress, our preceptress? *She* brings forth
Her brood with equal care, loves all alike,
And to the meanest as the greatest yields
Her sunny splendours and her fruitful rains.
Love *all* flowers, then. Be sure that wisdom lies
In every leaf and bloom; o'er hills and dales;
And thymy mountains; sylvan solitudes,

Where sweet-voiced waters sing the long year
through;

In every haunt beneath the Eternal Sun,
Where Youth or Age sends forth its grateful prayer,
Or thoughtful Meditation deigns to stray.

THE CATTLE-ROAD TO RUIN.

THERE is more animal food consumed in England than in any other country in the world. We do not merely say more, in proportion to the size of England, and the numbers of its inhabitants—for then we should only utter what every-body must know—but we mean actually *more*, without any such proportional considerations. Considering, then, this vast amount of animal food, in all its manifold bearings, it is impossible not to be struck with a sense of what vital importance it is to the health and general well-being of the community that this food should be of a perfectly wholesome kind. That very great quantities are not only unwholesome, but of the worst and most injurious kind, we shall now proceed to show. We will set this question clearly before the eyes of the reader, by tracing the brief and eventful history of an ox, from his journey to Smithfield, till he rolls his large eye upward for the last time beneath the unskilful blows of his slaughterer.

A good-natured, healthy, honest-faced ox, is driven out of his meadow at break of day, and finds a number of other oxen collected together in the high road, amidst the shouting and whistling of drovers, the lowing of many deep voices, and the sound of many cudgels. As soon as the expected numbers have all arrived from the different stalls and fields, the journey of twenty miles to the railway commences. Some are refractory—the thrusting and digging of the goad instantly produces an uproar, and even our good-natured ox cannot help contributing his share of lowing and bellowing, in consequence of one of these poignant digs received at random while he was endeavouring to understand what was required of him. From this moment there is no peace or rest in his life. The noise and contest is nearly over after a few miles, though renewed now and then at a cross-road, when the creatures do not know which way they are to go, and some very naturally go one way, and some the other. The contest is also renewed whenever they pass a pond, or brook, as the weather is sultry; and the roads are so dusty, besides the steam from the breath and bodies of the animals, that their journey seems to be through a dense, continuous, stifling cloud. It is noon; and the sun is glaring fiercely down upon the drove. They have as yet proceeded only twelve miles of their journey, but the sleek and healthy skin of our honest-faced ox has already undergone a considerable change—and as for his countenance, it is waxing wroth. His eye has become blood-shot since they passed the last village ale-house, where he made an attempt, in

passing, just to draw his feverish tongue along the water of the horse-trough, but was suddenly prevented by a violent blow of the hard nob-end of a drover's stick across the tip of his nose. Besides this, the wound he has received from the goad, has laid bare the skin on his back, and the sun is beginning to act upon this, as well as the flies. By the time the twenty niles are accomplished, he is in no mood at all for the close jam in which he is packed with a number of others in one of the railway cattle-waggons. He bellows aloud his pain and indignation; in which sonorous eloquence he is joined by a bullock at his side, who has lost half one horn by a violent blow from a drover's stick, because he had stopped to drink from a ditch at the road-side, and persisted in getting a taste. Our ox makes the acquaintance of this suffering individual, and they recount their wrongs to each other; but the idea of escape does not occur to them; they rather resign themselves to endure their destiny with stolidity, if possible. Hunger, however, and worse than this, thirst, causes sensations which are quite beyond all patient endurance; and again they uplift their great voices in anger and distress.

Our rather slow-minded ox has now arrived at the opinion that some mischief is deliberately intended him, and feels convinced that something more is needed in this world than passive submission. But what to do, he knows not. His courage is high—only he does not comprehend his position. Man, and his doings, are a dreadful puzzle to him. His one-horned friend fully coincides in all this. Meantime, they are foaming with heat, and thirst, and fever.

After a day's torture in this way, the animals are got out of the waggon, by a thrashing process which brings them pell-mell over each other, many landing on their knees, some head foremost, and one or two falling prostrate beneath the hoofs of the rest. The journey to London then commences, the two friends having been separated in the recent confusion.

With the dreadful scenes, among the live cattle, which regularly take place in Smithfield market, our readers have already been made acquainted; it will now be our duty to display before them several equally revolting, and, though in a different way, still more alarming, scenes and doings which occur in this neighbourhood, and in other markets and their vicinities.

Look at this ox, with dripping flanks, half-covered with mud; a horrid wound across his nose; the flesh laid bare in a rent on his back, and festering from exposure to the sun and the flies; his eye-balls rolling fiercely about, and clots of foam dropping from his mouth! Would any one believe that three days ago he was a good-natured, healthy, honest-faced ox? He is waiting to be sold. But who will give a decent price for a poor beast in this unsound condition? He is waiting with a cord round his neck, by which he is fastened

to a rail, and in his anguish he has drawn it so tight that he is half-strangled; but he does not care now. He can endure no more, he thinks, because he is becoming insensible. Presently, among several others brought to the same rail, he recognises his friend with the broken horn. They get side by side, and gasp deeply their mutual torments. There are no more loud lowings and bellowings; they utter nothing but gasps and groans. Besides the fractured horn, this bullock has since received a thrust from a goad in his right eye, by which the sight is not only destroyed, but an effect produced which makes it requisite to sell him at any price he will bring. This being agreed upon, he is led away to a slaughter-house near at hand. Our poor ox makes a strong effort to accompany his friend, and with his eye-balls almost starting from his head, tugs at the cord that holds him by the throat, until it breaks. He then hastens after the other, but is quickly intercepted by a couple of drovers, who assail him with such fury, that he turns about, and runs out of the market.

He is in too wretched and worn-out a condition to run fast, so he merely staggers onward amidst the blows, till suddenly a water-cart happens to pass. The sight of the shining drops of water seems to give the poor beast a momentary energy. He runs staggering at it head-foremost—his eyes half-shut,—falls with his head against the after-part of the wheel as the cart passes on,—and there lies lolling out his tongue upon the moistened stones. He makes no effort to rise. The drovers form a circle round him, and rain blows all over him; but the ox still lies with his tongue out upon the cool wet stones. They then wrench his tail round till they break it, and practise other cruelties upon him; but all in vain. There he lies.

While the drovers are pausing to wipe their sanguinary and demoniac foreheads, and recover their breath, the ox slowly, and as if in a sort of delirium, raises himself on his legs, and stands looking at the drovers with forlorn vacancy. At this juncture the Market Inspector joins the crowd, and after a brief glance at the various sores and injuries, condemns the ox as diseased—therefore unfit for sale. He is accordingly led off, limping and stumbling to the horse-slaughterer's in Sharp's Alley, duly attended by the Inspector, to see that his order of condemnation be carried into effect. They are followed at a little distance by two fellows, whose filthy habiliments show that they have slept amidst horrors, who keep the diseased ox in view with a sort of stealthy, wolfish "eye to business."

The dying ox, with the drover, and the Inspector, having slowly made their way through the usual market difficulties, and (to those who are not used to it) the equally revolting horrors of the outskirts, finally get into Sharp's Alley, and enter the terrific den of the licensed horse-slaughter-house.

It is a large knacker's yard, furnished

with all the usual apparatus for slaughtering diseased or worn-out horses, and plentifully bestrewn with the reeking members and frightful refuse of the morning's work. But even before the eye,—usually the first and quickest organ in action,—has time to glance round, the sense of smell is not only assailed, but taken by storm, with a most horrible, warm, moist, effluvium, so offensive, and at the same time so peculiar and potent, that it requires no small resolution in any one, not accustomed to it, to remain a minute within its precincts. Three of the corners are completely filled up with a heap of dead horses lying upon their backs, with their hoofs sticking bolt upright; while two other angles in the yard are filled with a mass of bodies and fragments, whose projecting legs and other members serve as stretchers for raw skins,—flayed from their companions, or from themselves, lying all discoloured, yet in all colours, beneath. By this means the skins are stretched out to dry. A few live animals are in the yard. There is one horse—waiting for his turn—as the ox-party come in; his knees are bent, his head is bowed towards the slushy ground, his dripping mane falling over his face, and almost reaching with its lank end to the dark muddled gore in which his fore hoofs are planted. A strange, ghastly, rattling sound, apparently from the adjoining premises, is kept up without intermission; a sort of inconceivably rapid devil's-tattoo, by way of accompaniment to the hideous scene.

Two dead horses are being skinned; but all the other animals—of the four-footed class we mean—are bullocks, in different stages of disease, and they are seven in number. These latter have not been condemned by the Inspector, but have been brought here to undergo a last effort for the purpose of being made saleable—washed and scrubbed, so as to have the chance of finding a purchaser by torchlight at some very low price; and failing in this, to be killed before they die, or cut up as soon after they die as possible. They were all distinguished by slang terms according to the nature and stage of their diseases. The two best of these bad bullocks are designated as “choppers;” the three next, whose hides are torn in several places, are called “rough-uns;” while those who are in a drooping and reeking condition, with literally a death-sweat all over them, are playfully called “wet-uns.” To this latter class belongs our poor ox, who is now brought in, and formally introduced by the Inspector, as diseased, and *condemned*. The others he does not see—or, at least, does not notice—his business being with the ox, who was the last comer. Having thus performed his duty, the Inspector retires!

But what *is* this ceaseless rattling tattoo that is kept up in the adjoining premises? The walls vibrate with it! Machinery of some kind? Yes—it is a chopping machine; and here you behold the “choppers,” both

horses and diseased bullocks, who will shortly be in a fit state for promotion, and will then be taken piece-meal next door. Ay, it is so, in sober and dreadful seriousness. Here, in this Sharp's Alley, you behold the largest horse-slaughter-house in the city; and here, next door, you will find the largest sausage manufactory in London. The two establishments thus conveniently situated, belong to near relations—brothers, we believe, or brothers-in-law.

Now, while the best of the diseased bullocks or “choppers” are taken to the sausage machine, to be advantageously mixed with the choppings of horse-flesh (to which latter ingredient the angry redness of so many “cured” sausages, *saveloys*, and all the class of *polonies* is attributable), who shall venture to deny that, in the callousness of old habits, and the boldness derived from utter impunity and profitable success, a very considerable addition is often made to the stock of the “choppers,” from many of the “rough-uns,” and from some of the more sound parts of the miserable “wet-uns?” Verily this thing may be—“'tis apt, and of great credit,” to the City of London.

But a few words must be said of the “closing scene” of our poor condemned ox. We would, most willingly, have passed this over, leaving it to the imagination of the reader; but as no imagination would be at all likely to approach the fact, we hope we shall be rendering a service to common humanity in doing some violence to our own, and the readers' feelings, by exposing such scenes to the gaze of day.

Owing to some press of business, the ox was driven to a neighbouring slaughter-house in the Alley. He was led to the fatal spot, sufficiently indicated, even amidst all the rest of the sanguinary floor, by its frightful condition. They placed him in the usual way; the slaughterman approached with his pole-axe, and swinging it round in a half-jocose and reckless manner, to hide his want of practice and skill, he struck the ox a blow on one side of his head, which only made him sink with a groan on his knees, and sway over on one side. In this attitude he lay groaning, while a torrent of blood gushed out of his mouth. He could not be made to rise again to receive the stroke of death or further torment. They kicked him with the utmost violence in the ribs and on the cheek with their iron-nailed shoes, but to no purpose. They then jumped upon him; he only continued to groan. They wrenched his already-broken tail till they broke it again, higher up, in two places. He strove to rise, but sank down as before. Finally they had recourse to the following torture: they closed his nostrils with wet cloths, held tightly up by both hands, so that no breath could escape, and they then poured a bucketful of dirty slaughterhouse water into his mouth and down his throat, till with the madness of suffocation the wretched animal was roused to a momentary struggle

for life, and with a violent fling of the head, which scattered all his torturers, and all their apparatus of wet rags and buckets, he rose frantically upon his legs. The same slaughterman now advanced once more with his pole-axe, and dealt a blow, but again missed his mark, striking only the side of the head. A third blow was more deliberately levelled at him, and this the ox, by an instinct of nature, evaded by a side movement as the axe descended. The slaughterman, enraged beyond measure, and yet more so by the jeers of his companions, now repeated his blows in quick succession, not one of which was effective, but only produced a great rising tumour. The elasticity of this tumour which defeated a death-blow, added to the exhaustion of the slaughterman's strength, caused this scene of barbarous butchery to be protracted to the utmost, and the groaning and writhing ox did not fall prostrate till he had received as many as fifteen blows. What followed cannot be written.

It is proper to add that scenes like these, resulting from want of skill in the slaughterman, are by no means so common in Smithfield, as in some other markets—Whitechapel more especially. But they occur occasionally in an equal or less degree, in every market of the metropolis.

The two haggard, wolf-eyed fellows who had prowled after the ox, and his Inspector, now step forward and purchase the bruised and diseased corpse of the slaughtered (murdered) animal, and carry it away to be sold to the poor, in small lots by gas-light, on Saturday nights, or in the form of soup; and to the rich, in the disguise of a well-seasoned English German-sausage, or other delicious preserved meat! So much for the Inspector, and the amount of duty he so ably performed!

We make the following extract from a pamphlet recently published, entitled, "An Enquiry into the present state of the Smithfield Cattle Market, and the Dead Meat Markets of the Metropolis."

"The *wet-uns* are very far gone in disease, and are so bad that those who have to touch them, carefully cover their hands to avoid immediate contact with such foul substances, naturally fearing the communication of *poi. n.* A servant of a respectable master butcher, about a twelvemonth ago, slightly scratched his finger with a bone of one of these diseased animals; the consequence was that he was obliged to go to the hospital, where he was for upwards of six weeks, and the surgeons all agreed that it was occasioned by the poison from the diseased bone. It is also a fact, that if the hands at any time come in contact with this meat, they are frequently so affected by the strong smell of the medicine which had been given to the animal when alive, that it is impossible for a considerable time to get rid of it; and yet, it will scarcely be believed, none of these poisonous substances are thrown away—all goes in some shape or form into the craving stomachs of the hungry poor, or is served up as a dainty for the higher classes. Even cows which die in calving, and still-born calves, are all brought to market and

sold. Let these facts be gainsayed; we defy contradiction."

We must by no means overlook the adventures and sufferings of sheep; nor the unwholesome condition to which great numbers of them are reduced before they are sold as human food.

A sheep is scudding and bouncing over a common, in the morning, with the dew glistening on her fleece. She is full of enjoyment, and knows no care in life. In the evening of the same day, she is slowly moving along a muddy lane, among a large flock; fatigued, her wool matted with dust and slush, her mouth parched with thirst, and one ear torn to a red rag by the dog. He was sent to do it by the shepherd, because she had lagged a little behind, to gaze through a gap in the hedge at a duck-pond in the field. She has been in a constant state of fright, confusion, and apprehension, ever since. At every shout of the shepherd's voice, or that of his boy, and at every bark of the dog, or sound of the rapid pattering of his feet as he rushes by, she has expected to be again seized, and perhaps torn to pieces. As for the passage of the dog over her back, in one of his rushes along the backs of the flock, as they huddle densely together near some crooked corner or cross-way—in utter confusion as to what they are wanted to do—what they themselves want to do—what is best to do—or what in the world is about to be done—no word of man, or bleat of sheep, can convey any adequate impression of the fright it causes her. On one of these occasions, when going through a narrow turnpike, the dog is sent over their backs to worry the leaders who are going the wrong way, and in her spring forward to escape the touch of his devilish foot, she lacerated her side against a nail in the gatepost, making a long wound.

The sudden pain of this causes her to leap out of the rank, up a bank; and seeing a green field beneath, the instinct of nature makes her leap down, and scour away. In a moment, the dog—the fury—is after her. She puts forth all her strength, all her speed—the wind is filled with the horrors of his voice—of the redoubling sound of his feet—he gains upon her—she springs aside—leaps up banks—over hurdles—through hedges—but he is close upon her;—without knowing it, she has made a circle, and is again nearing the flock, which she reaches just as he springs upon her shoulders and tears her again on the head, and his teeth lacerate anew her coagulated ear. She eventually arrives at the railway station, and is crushed into one of the market waggons; and in this state of exhaustion, fever, and burning thirst, remains for several hours, until she arrives in the suburbs of Smithfield. What she suffers in this place has been already narrated, till finally she is sold, and driven off to be slaughtered. The den where this last horror is perpetrated (for in what other terms can we designate all these unnecessary

brutalities?) is usually a dark and loathsome cellar. A slanting board is sometimes placed, down which the sheep are forced. But very often there is no such means of descent, and our poor jaded, footsore, wounded sheep—all foul and fevered, and no longer fit food for man—is seized in the half-naked blood-boltered arms of a fellow in a greasy red nightcap, and flung down the cellar, both her fore-legs being broken by the fall. She is instantly clutched by the ruffians below—dragged to a broad and dripping bench—flung upon it, on her back—and then the pallid face and patient eye looks upward!—and is understood.

And shall not we also—the denizens of a Christian land—understand it? Shall we not say—“Yes, poor victim of man’s necessities of food, we know that your death is one of the means whereby we continue to exist—one of the means whereby our generations roll onward in their course to some higher states of knowledge and civilisation—one of the means whereby we gain time to fill, to expand, and to refine the soul, and thus to make it more fitting for its future abode. But, knowing this, we yet must recognise in you, a fellow-creature of the earth, dwelling in our sight, and often close at our side, and trusting us—a creature ever harmless, and ever useful to us, both for food and clothing; nor do we deserve the good with which you supply us, nor even the proud name of Man, if we do not, at the same time, recognise your rightful claim to our humane considerations.

In the course of last year, there were sold in Smithfield Market, the enormous number of two hundred and thirty-six thousand cattle; and one million, four hundred and seventeen thousand sheep. A practical authority has curiously calculated the number of serious and extensive bruises, caused by sheer brutality, rather than any accidents, in the course of a year. He finds that the amount could not be less than five hundred and twelve thousand. These are only the body-bruises, and do not include any of the various cruelties of blows and cuts on the nose, hocks, horns, tails, ears, legs, &c. Of course, this fevered and bruised flesh rapidly decomposes, and is no longer fit for human food. The flesh of many an animal out of Smithfield, killed on Monday, has become diseased meat by Tuesday evening—a fact too well known. The loss on bruised meat in the year has been calculated, by a practical man, at three shillings a head on every bullock, and sixpence on every sheep, making a total loss of Sixty-Three Thousand Pounds per annum. This loss, it is to be understood, is independent of the quantity of bruised and diseased meat, which *ought* to be lost, but is sold at various markets, as human food. It is also independent of the numbers of diseased calves and pigs brought to market every week, and sold. Very much of this diseased meat is sold publicly—in Newgate Market, and Tyler’s Market more especially—and at

any rate there is a special and regular trade carried on in it. One soup establishment, for the working classes, is said to carry on a business amounting to between four hundred and five hundred pounds weekly, in diseased meat. It is also used by sausage, polony, and saveloy makers; for meat pies, and a-la-mode beef shops; and is very extensively by many of the concocters of preserved meats for home and foreign consumption. It is said that one of the Arctic Expeditions failed, chiefly, in consequence of the preserved meats failing them. They would not keep. Is it any wonder that they would not keep? What they were made of—wholly, or in part—has been sufficiently shown.

“In Newgate Market,” says the writer previously quoted, “the most disgraceful trade is carried on in diseased meat; as a proof of which, we assert that one person has been known to purchase from one hundred and twenty, to one hundred and thirty diseased carcasses of beasts weekly; and when it is known that there are from twenty to thirty persons, at the least, engaged in this nefarious practice in this market alone, some idea may be formed of its extent.

“The numbers of diseased sheep from *variola ovina*, of small-pox, sent to this market, are alarmingly on the increase, and it is much to be feared that this complaint is naturalised among our English flocks. It is very much propagated in the metropolis. It is an acknowledged fact that upwards of one hundred sheep in this state were weekly, and for a considerable period, consigned for sale from one owner, who had purchased largely from abroad, and this took place at the early part of the present year (1848), and was one of the causes of the inquiry in Parliament, and the subsequent act.

“An Inspector is appointed to this market with full powers, acting under a deputation from the Lord Mayor; but the duties of the office must be of a very difficult nature, and probably *interfere materially with the other avocations* of the Inspector, as we find but little evidence of his activity. Compare our statement above with the return laid before the Board of Trade, and it will appear that of fifty diseased carcasses not one on an average is seized.

“Close adjoining to Newgate Market, is Tyler’s Market, it is only separated by Warwick Lane. This market is said to be private property, and that no Inspector has ever been appointed. Every description of diseased meat is sold here in the most undisguised manner: it is *celebrated for diseased pork*. It has been stated by a practical man, one well acquainted with the facts, and fully capable of forming a correct opinion, that nearly one half of the pigs sold in this market during the pork season of 1847, ending March, 1848, was diseased and unfit for human food; and of all other diseased animals, what has been said of Newgate applies with far greater force to this market. In Leadenhall Market diseased meat is also sold, though not to the same extent. White-chapel Market is situate to the south of the main or high street bearing the above name. It is rather difficult to describe the trade carried on here. The situation of the shops—*long, dark, and narrow*, with the *slaughterhouses behind*—is well adapted for carrying on the disgraceful practices

in either a wholesale or retail manner to a very great extent. Some of the very worst description of diseased animals brought to Smithfield alive are here slaughtered, and large quantities of meat from the country, totally unfit for food, arrive in every stage of disease, and are sold by the pound and the stone, to a fearful extent. The following are the names of the other meat markets, to all of which some diseased animals and meat find their way,—and to none of them is any Inspector appointed:—

“Clare Market, retail; Newport, wholesale and retail: St. George’s, retail; Oxford, retail; Portman, retail; Brook’s, retail; Sheppard’s, retail; Boro’, retail; Carnaby, retail; Spitalfields, retail; Finsbury, retail. At all of these markets the meat is exposed for sale on Saturday evenings, under the glare of projecting gas burners; and the poor, who receive their wages on that day, and are the principal customers, are deceived by its appearance in this light; their object is of course to obtain the cheapest and the most economical joints; the meat without fat, which is generally most diseased, is selected by them, being considered the most profitable, though the fact is that this species of meat has been proved to be the cause of cancerous diseases, and diseases of the chest and lungs.”

The above was attested by one of the witnesses before the Committee of 1828. To think of these abominations having gone on regularly ever since! Why, it looks as though our legislators had received a communication from one of the Inspectors, assuring honourable gentlemen that “it was all nonsense, all this talk about diseased meat! If the meat was now and then a little queer—though he had never seen such a thing—none of the poor were any the worse for eating it!” But we will answer for one thing;—the Inspector never breathed a word about the *preserved meats* which so frequently present themselves with a modest air in purple and white china as delicacies for rich men’s tables!

The *foreign stock*, and the circumstances under which they arrive, must not be passed over. They are confined during four or five, or even six days, in the dark and stifling hold of the vessel, and it frequently occurs that in all this time there is scarcely any food given them (we are assured, on good authority, that there is often none) nor one drop of water. The condition in which they arrive may be conjectured. Besides the extensive preparations for the Monday’s market, which are made by the drovers and salesmen of the home stock during Sunday, the desecration of the “day of rest” is immensely increased by the supply of foreign stock, which arrives at the railway at the same time. Foreign vessels, (we are quoting from evidence before a Committee) bringing cattle, endeavour to arrive here on Sunday as early as possible, in order that the salesman may see the stock before the animals are brought into the market. There is also a very large supply of calves from Holland, which are all carted from Blackwall; and the confusion and uproar there, and at Brewer’s Quay on a Sunday morning, passes all belief.

Great quantities of cattle are also sent on Sunday in order to avoid the expence of *lairage*, or standing-room. About two thousand men and boys are employed in this real Sunday desecration. Need we say, it is of the most shocking and cruel nature? *Here* is something really worthy of the storm that is so much wasted on minor matters in this much-vexed question.

CLASS OPINIONS.

A FABLE.

A LAMB strayed for the first time into the woods, and excited much discussion among other animals. In a mixed company, one day, when he became the subject of a friendly gossip, the goat praised him.

“Pooh!” said the lion, “this is too absurd. The beast is a pretty beast enough, but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar, and, by the manes of my fathers, when he roars he does nothing but cry ba-a-a!” And the lion bleated his best in mockery, but bleated far from well.

“Nay,” said the deer, “I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough until I saw him leap. He kicks with his hind legs in running, and, with all his skipping, gets over very little ground.”

“It is a bad beast altogether,” said the tiger. “He cannot roar, he cannot run, he can do nothing—and what wonder? I killed a man yesterday, and, in politeness to the new comer, offered him a bit; upon which he had the impudence to look disgusted, and say, ‘No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.’”

So the beasts criticised the Lamb, each in his own way; and yet it was a good Lamb, nevertheless.

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL ON “LIFE” IN LONDON.

THE Modern Babylon, so great in other things, has a giant’s appetite for mortality. On an average, a thousand persons die in London weekly, and are, as a rule, buried under the ground on which they fall. In old days there was no general record of the character and locality of this great concentrated mortality; but since the establishment of our present system of registration of births, marriages, and deaths, we are able to test not only how many people die, but where they die and what they die of; and are able to tell more-over, to a considerable extent, how far the mortality may be ascribed to inevitable and how far to removable causes. We can now, in fact, almost say, how many die by the folly of man and how many by the law of nature.

The volumes in which this information is given are by no means attractive at a first glance. They appear under the authority of a government office, and contain column after

column and page after page of forbidding-looking figures, printed in the smallest and closest of type. Yet these account-books, in which the business done by the great destroyer is posted up from day to day, and year to year, contain some highly curious and important facts.

The average of a thousand deaths a week in London is by no means evenly distributed over the year, or over all parts of the metropolis. Each season and each parish has its peculiarities. Nor is mortality spread evenly over the various years of life, for the grim tyrant has a special appetite for humanity at particular ages.

We have already, in some words about weather wisdom, spoken of certain diagrams in which the changes of our English seasons have been delineated, and in which the characteristics of succeeding years are shown by curved lines. At the Registrar-General's sanctum—a quiet office in the quietest part of Somerset House—Mr. Farr has reduced those curves to circles, and the results display themselves in the shape of coloured diagrams, showing the varying temperature of years, and the degree in which temperature influences mortality. The mean temperature of the year arrives in spring about the 115th day, and in autumn about the 293rd day of the year. The coldest period is the first three weeks in January, the hottest days being from about the 200th to the 220th of the year. In the diagrams that exhibit these facts, certain spaces represent each one hundred deaths, and we soon see how much more favourable to life in England warm weather is than cold. In hot countries the reverse is the rule, hot seasons being fatal seasons, because excess at either end of the scale it is which does the mischief. In England the plague and other epidemics, which made such havoc amongst our forefathers were brought to killing intensity, in unusually hot seasons. But deficient as our sanitary regulations now are, they have been so greatly improved within the last century or two, that summer is no longer our period of greatest average mortality, unless we suffer from some terrible visitant like cholera, and then, of course, all ordinary calculations are set at nought. Moderation suits all human beings. Our excess of heat or of cold raises the mortality; moderate warmth being more favourable, however, than moderate cold.

Mortality in the Metropolis seems regulated by a variety of circumstances, the principal being the elevation of each district above the level of the river Thames; the number of persons who live in the same house; the size and character of the house as regards ventilation and cleanliness; the state of the sewerage; the number of paupers in the neighbourhood; and the abundant and good, or scanty and bad, supply of water. Each London parish has its rank and value in the registrar's records of health and death; and the figures are so exact, that there is no

evading the verdict they pronounce. At first thought, one might be inclined to expect that all the health would be found where all the wealth and fashion are congregated. But it is not so. As a rule, those districts stand well whose inhabitants are most blessed with the good things of this life, but, running through the catalogue as arranged in the order of their salubrity, we find some localities above the average of health—nay, one at the very top—which fashion knows nothing of.

In these statements of the registrar, the different districts of the Metropolis are placed in a list according to their healthiness, those in which the fewest persons die in a year out of a given equal number, standing first, followed by those next in sanitary order, until we come down to those which are but just above the average for all London. Passing that Rubicon, we see the names of those parishes in which death gets more than his proper proportion of victims every year; and then, one after another, down, down the list, until we reach its lowest depths, in those places where filth and fever reign paramount, and where such a destroyer as Cholera finds hundreds of victims already weakened by previous unhealthy influences, and ready to fall a rapid and easy prey.

Let us go through this graduated scale, that shows how health and disease struggle for the mastery, and how death turns the balance.

First on the list stands Iewisham, a large parish stretching from Blackheath across the open hilly fields towards Norwood, and including the hamlet of Sydenham. Its rural character, scattered population, and good water, explain its pre-eminence on the sanitary scale. The second name on the list carries us at once from a green suburban parish to one of the centres of fashion and aristocracy,—to St. George, Hanover Square. The presence of this parish, so high up on the scale, is due to several circumstances; and its claims to such prominence are more artificial than those of its rural competitor for the palm of healthfulness. The scale is made out from the census of 1841, which was taken during the height of the London season, when St. George's was of course much fuller than it is on the general average of the year. Its population, too, is to a great extent composed of servants "in place," and, therefore, generally young and in good health, and who, when dangerously sick, are sent to the hospitals, or to the country to die. The masters and mistresses of St. George's, also, are so circumstanced, that when in bad health they can try the sea-air, or retire to country seats. All these facts tend to lessen the mortality of the district, and thus tend to place it high up on the sanitary scale. Its advantages are, an average elevation of forty-nine feet above the high-water mark of the Thames; its neighbourhood to the parks; its wide open streets; a supply of water drawn from a Company whose system of filtration is very good; a comparatively

thin population, compared with its extent, there being, in this parish, only sixty-six persons to an acre; and the size and character of its houses, which return an average rental of 153*l.* a year.

From the fashionable "west end" we have to travel to a suburban spot for the third place in rank on the health-scale. It is the sub-district of Hampstead. All who have been upon its breezy heath, with its elevation three or four hundred feet above the river, and its open view of the surrounding country, will readily understand why Hampstead should rank high in salubrity—though its average of rental may be low, and though more persons (as they do) live in each house than in the houses of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe.

Fourth on the list comes Hackney, which has only thirteen persons to an acre. This advantage will be seen more strongly, when we know that Hampstead has but six, and Lewisham, but two; whilst East London has two hundred and eighty, and Southwark, one hundred and sixty-five persons per acre. Hackney also has water from the New River, a comparatively pure source; and, though its houses are small, with a rental of but 35*l.*, the number of occupants to each is but seven.

For the fifth in order of salubrity we have again to cross the Thames. It is Camberwell. This parish lies very low, being only four feet above the water mark; but, then, it is fringed on one side by the open country; is sheltered from cold winds; is thinly peopled, having only twelve persons to an acre, and only six occupants to a house. Its drainage is, almost necessarily, bad, but its neighbourhood to the green fields compensates for many sanitary evils.

Wandsworth, with a burden of poor-rates almost equal in poundage to that inflicted upon Southwark and Lambeth comes next. The recommendations of Wandsworth are, a population of only four to an acre. This indication of ample open spaces explains the general healthiness of the parish. Its position and bad drainage have rendered it liable to very heavy loss from epidemics. Cholera found a larger proportion of victims in Wandsworth than in the densest peopled parish on the north of the river.

"Merry Islington" ranks only seventh in spite of its high and dry position, and its New River water, and its neighbouring fields. Its elevation is eighty-eight feet above the river; its density of population, twenty-five to an acre; its average rental 35*l.*; its annual deaths, one in fifty.

Kensington and Chelsea follow next, and with them are included Brompton, Hammer-smith, and Fulham. They all lie low, but are in pleasant company with fields and open spaces; their people are well to do in the world, and a large portion drink good water.

The City of London district—that is, the

portion of the city round about the Mansion House, and including the houses and warehouses of the rich traders, who cluster near the Lord Mayor's chosen dwelling-place—comes next in order. This is explained by the elevation of the ground, which is thirty-eight feet above the river; by the value of the property (average rental 117*l.*) which excludes the poor; by the fact that the Lord Mayor and his neighbours do not drink Thames water; and that their wealth enables them to live well, and to obtain the best medical aid,—both for rich and poor. The most affluent also reside out of town, and many of their old people are drafted off in their old age to alms-houses, and to country unions. The mortality of this part of the city is two hundred and fourteen a year out of ten thousand living.

Next after the neighbourhood of the civic ruler, we have the locality which has been chosen for the palace of the sovereign—St. James's. The population of this parish is dense,—being two hundred and nine to an acre, though its rentals are high. The palace stands in by no means the best portion of the district, but the saving points are the parks and the absence of Thames water.

St. Pancras follows St. James's, its recommendations being an elevation of eighty feet above the river, and a population not one-third so closely packed as that of the parish occupied by the palace. Its density is sixty persons to an acre. Pancras, however, has many poor, and consequently heavy rates.

Marylebone, its neighbour, claims to follow Pancras, with a greater elevation and a better class of houses, yet with bad drainage and a heavier mortality. In Marylebone two hundred and twenty-two persons die in a year out of ten thousand. The population is more dense than in the poorer district of Pancras, but the near neighbourhood of Regent's Park and open country about Primrose Hill has, of course, a favourable influence.

We have now to re-cross the river for the thirteenth place upon this London Sanitary Scale. It is Newington, a suburban parish, with a level two feet below the water mark, and with bad water, yet having fewer deaths than more noted and more wealthy quarters. Like Wandsworth, however, it suffered severely from Cholera, as its swampy position would lead one to expect.

The district round the palace of the Archbishop—Lambeth—follows next in order. It is raised but a very few feet above the high water level; its rents are low, its poor rates high, its nuisances many; and its water supply bad. But it has the air-draught from the river on one side, and it is not very far from the fields on the other; and more than all, it has but thirty-nine persons to an acre, and so it escapes with fewer deaths in a year than its unfavourable position would lead one to anticipate. It is, however, another of those spots where Cholera made great havoc.

From what may be called one river side extremity of South London, we skip over the central water-side parishes, and go to the opposite extremity of the metropolis to find at Greenwich our next healthiest district. Like Lambeth, this place lies low, is badly drained, and has a poor class of houses, and consequently of people. The secret of its position on the scale of health is to be found in the fact that the population is not dense, being only twenty-one to an acre; that it has a fine park for a playground, and is in near neighbourhood to Blackheath, and thence to the open and healthy hills and fields of Kent.

Now we must return again to the centre of London for its next most healthy parish. It is St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; but having, it is almost needless to say, no rural character, except by name. Trafalgar Square, with its fountains, is almost its only enjoyable open space. The density of population is not over great for such a position; the rental high; the deaths two hundred and forty to ten thousand living each year.

Away east again for our next and last parish that stands above the general average of London. Stepney is the place, with its multitude of small houses at low rentals. It has its water from the river Lea, and its inhabitants have not very far to go when they wish for a ramble in the fields. Its yearly contribution to our total mortality is two hundred and forty-two out of ten thousand souls.

And here a dark line has to be drawn; for Stepney is close down upon the average mortality of all London. Each parish already named pays less than the average tribute to death—those presently to be enumerated pay more. The contributions vary from Clerkenwell, which is the least unhealthy on the black list to Whitechapel, which is the most unhealthy. This last parish indeed is the worst in all the metropolis. Between the two extremes of insalubrity, the districts range in the following order: Clerkenwell, brought down in the scale by its nests of poverty, and doubtless, by its huge over-gorged grave-yard. Bethnal Green, with its host of small houses, and average rental of only 9*l*. The Strand—the great thoroughfare of fine shops—with a back neighbourhood of filthy alleys and river-side abominations. Shoreditch, with its stock of poor people and old clothes. Westminster—regal, historical Westminster—raised but two feet above the water level, and famous alike for its abbey, its palace, and its rookeries. Bermondsey, just level with the water line, and poisoned by open drains and unsavoury factories. Rotherhithe, damp and foggy. St. Giles's, another spot renowned for vice, poverty, and dirt. St. George's, Southwark, low, poor, and densely crowded. Next come the two portions of the City of London, technically described as East London and West London, being in fact those parts beyond the centre surrounding the Mansion House—the

portions indeed especially indulged with the frowsiness of Cripplegate and the choked-up smells of Leadenhall; the abominations of Smithfield; the exhalations of the Fleet ditch; the fever-engendering closeness of the courts off Fleet Street; and the smoky, ill-smelling sinuosities of Whitefriars. Next below these "City of London districts" we have Holborn, with a density of two hundred and thirty-seven to an acre, and a yearly mortality of two hundred and sixty-six to ten thousand living. Then St. George's in the East, with a population far less closely packed than that of Holborn, yet sending two hundred and eighty-nine souls to judgment every year out of ten thousand living. Next St. Saviour's and St. Olave's, the two other Southwark parishes who drink Thames water taken from the stream near their own bridge, and therefore below the Fleet ditch. St. Luke's, the locality of another rookery. And, lastly, the zero of this register, Whitechapel—with its shambles, its poverty, its vice, and its heavy quota of two hundred and ninety deaths a year out of ten thousand living.

This glance at the results displayed in the registrar's thick volume of figures, published last year, gives us not only an idea of the curious information to be gleaned from the labours of Mr. Farr and his brother officers, but shows also how unevenly death visits the different portions of our huge city. If from our family of two millions the destroyer takes a thousand souls a week to their final account, the first and most certain to fall victims are those who, from ignorance, or recklessness, or poverty, outrage the natural laws by which alone health and life can be preserved.

A comparison between the chances of death which the Londoner runs as compared with those suffered by his fellow countrymen in other districts of England, might be put familiarly somewhat after this fashion. If a man's acquaintances were fixed at fifty-two in number, and they lived in scattered places over England, he would annually lose one by death in forty-five. If they lived in the south-eastern counties, the loss would be at the lower rate of one in fifty-two. If they all lived in London, he would lose one out of thirty-nine.

This additional mortality is the penalty now being, day by day, inflicted upon sinners against sanitary laws in the English metropolis.

BED.

"Oh, Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!"

WAS the heart's cry of the Ancient Mariner at the recollection of the blessed moment when the fearful curse of life in death fell off him, and the heavenly sleep first "slid into his soul." "Blessings on sleep!" said honest Sancho Panza: "it wraps one all round like a mantle!"—a mantle for the weary human

frame, lined softly, as with the down of the eider-duck, and redolent of the soothing odours of the poppy. The fabled Cave of Sleep was in the Land of Darkness. No ray of the sun, or moon, or stars, ever broke upon that night without a dawn. The breath of somniferous flowers floated in on the still air from the grotto's mouth. Black curtains hung round the ever-sleeping god; the Dreams stood around his couch; Silence kept watch at the portals. Take the winged Dreams from the picture, and what is left? The sleep of matter.

The dreams that come floating through our sleep, and fill the dormitory with visions of love or terror—what are they? Random freaks of the fancy? Or is sleep but one long dream, of which we see only fragments, and remember still less? Who shall explain the mystery of that loosening of the soul and body, of which night after night whispers to us, but which day after day is unthought of? Reverie, sleep, trance—such are the stages between the world of man and the world of spirits. Dreaming but deepens as we advance. Reverie deepens into the dreams of sleep—sleep into trance—trance borders on death. As the soul retires from the outer senses, as it escapes from the trammels of the flesh, it lives with increased power within. Spirit grows more spirit-like as matter slumbers. We can follow the development up to the last stage. What is beyond?

"And in that sleep of death, what dreams may come!"

says Hamlet—pausing on the brink of eternity, and vainly striving to scan the inscrutable, Trance is an awful counterpart of sleep and death—mysterious in itself, appalling in its hazards. Day after day noise has been hushed in the dormitory—month after month it has seen a human frame grow weaker and weaker, wanner, more deathlike, till the hues of the grave coloured the face of the living. And now he lies, motionless, pulseless, breathless. It is not sleep—is it death?

Leigh Hunt is said to have perpetrated a very bad pun connected with the dormitory, and which made Charles Lamb laugh immoderately. Going home together late one night, the latter repeated the well-known proverb, "A home's a home, however homely." "Aye," added Hunt, "and a bed's a bed however *bedly*." It is a strange thing, a bed. Somebody has called it a bundle of paradoxes: we go to it reluctantly, and leave it with regret. Once within the downy precincts of the four posts, how loth we are to make our exodus into the wilderness of life. We are as enamoured of our curtained dwelling as if it were the Land of Goshen or the Cave of Circe. And how many fervent vows have those dumb posts heard broken! every fresh perjury rising to join its cloud of hovering fellows, each morning weighing heavier and heavier, on our sluggard eyelids. A caustic proverb says—we are all "good

risers at night;" but woe's me for our agility in the morning. It is a failing of our species, ever ready to break out in all of us; and in some only vanquished after a struggle painful as the sundering of bone and marrow. The Great Frederic of Prussia found it easier, in after life, to rout the French and Austrians, than in youth to resist the seductions of sleep. After many single-handed attempts at reformation, he had at last to call to his assistance an old domestic, whom he charged, on pain of dismissal, to pull him out of bed every morning at two o'clock. The plan succeeded, as it deserved to succeed. All men of action are impressed with the importance of early rising. "When you begin to turn in bed, its time to turn out," says the old Duke; and we believe his practice has been in accordance with his precept. Literary men—among whom, as Bulwer says, a certain indolence seems almost constitutional—are not so clear upon this point; they are divided between Night and Morning, though the best authorities seem in favour of the latter. Early rising is the best *elixir vite*: it is the only lengthener of life that man has ever devised. By its aid the great Buffon was able to spend half a century—an ordinary lifetime—at his desk; and yet had time to be the most modish of all the philosophers who then graced the gay metropolis of France.

Sleep is a treasure and a pleasure; and, as you love it, guide it warily. Over-indulgence is ever suicidal, and destroys the pleasure it means to gratify. The natural times for our lying down and rising up are plain enough. Nature teaches us, and unsophisticated mankind followed her. Singing birds and opening flowers hail the sunrise, and the hush of groves and the closed eyelids of the parterre mark his setting. But "man hath sought out many inventions." We prolong our days into the depths of night, and our nights into the splendour of day. It is a strange result of civilisation! It is not merely occasioned by that thirst for varied amusement which characterises an advanced stage of society—it is not that theatres, balls, dancing, masquerades, require an artificial light, for all these are or have been equally enjoyed elsewhere beneath the eye of day. What is the cause, we really are not philosopher enough to say; but the prevalence of the habit must have given no little pungency to honest Benjamin Franklin's joke, when, one summer, he announced to the Parisians as a great discovery—that the sun rose each morning at four o'clock; and that, whereas, they burnt no end of candles by sitting up at night, they might rise in the morning and have light for nothing. Franklin's "discovery," we dare say, produced a laugh at the time, and things went on as before. Indeed so universal is this artificial division of day and night, and so interwoven with it are the social habits, that we shudder at the very idea of returning to the natural order of things. A

Robespierre could not carry through so stupendous a revolution. Nothing less than an avatar of Siva the Destroyer—Siva with his hundred arms, turning off as many gas-pipes, and replenishing his necklace of human skulls by decapitating the leading conservatives—could have any chance of success; and, ten to one, with our gassy splendours, and seducing glitter, we should convert that pagan devil ere half his work was done.

But of all the inventions which perverse ingenuity has sought out, the most incongruous, the most heretical against both nature and art, is Reading in Bed. Turning rest into labour, learning into ridicule. A man had better be up. He is spoiling two most excellent things by attempting to join them. Study and sleep—how incongruous! It is an idle coupling of opposites, and shocks a sensible man as much as if he were to meet in the woods the apparition of a winged elephant. Only fancy an elderly or middle-aged man (for youth is generally orthodox on this point,) sitting up in bed, spectacles on his nose, a Kilmarnock on his head, and his flannel jacket round his shivering shoulders,—doing what? Reading? It may be so—but he winks so often, possibly from the glare of the candle, and the glasses now and then slip so far down on his nose, and his hand now and then holds the volume so unsteadily, that if he himself didn't assure us to the contrary, we should suppose him half asleep. We are sure it must be a great relief to him when the neglected book at last tumbles out of bed, to such a distance that he cannot recover it.

Nevertheless, we have heard this extraordinary custom excused on the no less extraordinary ground of its being a soporific. For those who require such things, Marryat gives a much simpler recipe—namely, to mentally repeat any scraps of poetry you can recollect; if your own, so much the better. The monks of old, in a similar emergency, used to repeat the seven Penitential Psalms. Either of these plans, we doubt not, will be found equally efficacious, if one is able to use them—if anxiety of mind does not divert him from his task, or the lassitude of illness disable him from attempting it. Sleep, alas! is at times fickle and coy; and, like most subaltern friends, forsakes us when most wanted. Reading in that repertory of many curious things, the "Book of the Farm," we one day met with the statement that "a pillow of hops will ensure sleep to a patient in a delirious fever when every other expedient fails." We made a note of it. Heaven forbid that the recipe should ever be needed for us or ours! but the words struck a chord of sympathy in our heart with such poor sufferers, and we saddened with the dread of that awful visitation. The fever of delirium! when incoherent words wander on the lips of genius; when the sufferer stares strangely and vacantly on his ministering friends, or starts with freezing horror from the arms of familiar love! Ah!

what a dread tenant has the dormitory then. No food taken for the body, no sleep for the brain! a human being surging with diabolic strength against his keepers—a human frame gifted with superhuman vigour only the more rapidly to destroy itself! Less fearful to the eye, but more harrowing to the soul, is the dormitory whose walls enclose the sleepless victim of Remorse. No poppies or mandragora for him! His malady ends only with the fever of life. *Ends?* Grief, anxiety, "the thousand several ills that flesh is heir to," pass away before the lapse of time or the soothings of love, and sleep once more folds its dove-like wings above the couch.

"If there be a regal solitude," says Charles Lamb, "it is a bed. How the patient lords it there; what caprices he acts without control! How king-like he sways his pillow,—tumbling and tossing, and shifting and lowering, and thumping, and flattening, and moulding it to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples. He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now he lies full-length, then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum*. How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! He is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated on him as his only duty. 'Tis the two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not."

In this climate a sight of the sun is prized; but we love to see it most from bed. A dormitory fronting the east, therefore, so that the early sunbeams may rouse us to the dewy beauties of morning, we love. Let there also be festooned roses without the window, that on opening it the perfume may pervade the realms of bed. Our night-bower should be simple—neat as a fairy's cell, and ever perfumed with the sweet air of heaven. It is not a place for showy things, or costly. As fire is the presiding genius in other rooms, so let water, symbol of purity, be in the ascendant here; water, fresh and unturbid as the thoughts that here make their home—water, to wash away the dust and sweat of a weary world. Let no *fracas* disturb the quiet of the dormitory. We go there for repose. Our tasks and our cares are left outside, only to be put on again with our hat and shoes in the morning. It is an asylum from the bustle of life—it is the inner shrine of our household gods—and should be respected accordingly. We never entered during the ordinary process of bed-making—pillows tossed here, blankets and sheets pitched hither and thither in wildest confusion, chairs and pitchers in the middle of the floor, feathers and dust everywhere—without a jarring sense that sacrilege was going on, and that the *genius loci* had

departed. Rude hands were profaning the home of our slumbers!

A sense of security pervades the dormitory. A healthy man in bed is free from everything but dreams, and once in a lifetime, or after adjudging the Cheese Premium at an Agricultural Show—the nightmare. We once heard a worthy gentleman, blessed with a very large family of daughters, declare he had no peace in his house except in bed. There we feel as if in a City of Refuge, secure alike from the brawls of earth and the storms of heaven. Lightning, say old ladies, won't come through blankets. Even tigers, says Humboldt, "will not attack a man in his hammock." Hitting a man when he's down is stigmatised as villainous all the world over; and lions will rather sit with an empty stomach for hours than touch a man before he awakes. Tricks upon a sleeper! Oh, villainous! Every perpetrator of such unutterable treachery should be put beyond the pale of society. The First of April should have no place in the calendar of the dormitory. We would have the maxim "Let sleeping dogs lie," extended to the human race. And an angry dog, certainly, is a man roused needlessly from his slumbers. What an outcry we Northmen raised against the introduction of Greenwich time, which defrauded us of fifteen minutes' sleep in the morning; and how indiscriminate the ob-jurgations lavished upon printers' devils! Of all sinners against the nocturnal comfort of literary men, these imps are the foremost; and possibly it was from their malpractices in such matters that they first acquired their diabolic cognomen.

The nightcap is not an elegant head-dress, but its comfort is undeniable. It is a diadem of night; and what tranquillity follows our self-coronation! It is priceless as the invisible cap of Fortunatus; and, viewless beneath its folds, our cares cannot find us out. It is graceless. Well; what then? It is not meant for the garish eye of day, nor for the quizzing-glass of our fellow-men, or of the ridiculing race of women; neither does it outrage any taste for the beautiful in the happy sleeper himself. We speak as bachelors, to whom the pleasures of a manifold existence are unknown. Possibly the aesthetics of night are not uncared for when a man has another self to please, and when a pair of lovely eyes are fixed admiringly on his upper story; but such is the selfishness of human nature, that we suspect this abnegation of comfort will not long survive the honeymoon. The French, ever enamoured of effect, and who, we verily believe, even sleep "*posé*," sometimes substitute the many-coloured silken handkerchief for the graceless "*bonnet-de-nuit*." But all such substitutes are less comfortable and more troublesome; and of all irritating things, the most irritating is a complex operation in undressing. Aesthetics at night, and for the weary! No, no. The weary man frets at every extra button or super-

fluous knot, he counts impatiently every second that keeps him from his couch, and flies to the arms of sleep as to those of his mistress. Nevertheless, French novelette writers make a great outcry against nightcaps. We remember an instance. A husband—rather a good-looking fellow—suspects that his wife is beginning to have too tender thoughts towards a glossy-ring-letted Lothario who is then staying with them. So, having accidentally discovered that Lothario slept in a huge pecked nightcowl, and knowing that ridicule would prove the most effectual disenchanted, he fastened a string to his guest's bell, and passed it into his own room.

At the dead of night, when all were fast asleep, suddenly Lothario's bell rang furiously. Upstarted the lady—"their guest must be ill;"—and accompanied by her husband, elegantly coiffed in a turbaned silk handkerchief, she entered the room whence the alarm had sounded. They find Lothario sitting up in bed—his cowl rising pyramid-fashion, a fool's cap all but the bells—bewildered and in ludicrous consternation at being surprised thus by the fair Angelica; and, unable to conceal his chagrin, he completes his discomfiture by bursting out in wrathful abuse of his laughing host for so betraying his weakness for nightcaps.

The Poetry of the Dormitory! It is an inviting but too delicate a subject for our rough hands. Do not the very words call up a vision? By the light of the stars we see a lovely head resting on a downy pillow; the bloom of the rose is on that young cheek, and the half-parted lips murmur as in a dream: "Edward!" Love is lying like light at her heart, and its fairy wand is showing her visions. May her dreams be happy! "Edward!" Was it a sigh that followed that gentle invocation? What would the youth give to hear that murmur,—to gaze like yonder stars on his slumbering love. Hush! are the morning-stars singing together—a lullaby to soothe the dreamer? A low dulcet strain floats in through the window; and soon, mingling with the breathings of the lute, the voice of youth. The harmony penetrates through the slumbering senses to the dreamer's heart; and ere the golden curls are lifted from the pillow, she is conscious of all. The serenade begins anew. What does she hear?

"Stars of the summer night!

Far in yon azure deeps,

Hide, hide your golden light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!

Tell her her lover keeps

Watch! while in slumbers light

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!"*

* The first and last stanzas of a Serenade of Longfellow's.

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THE OLD LADY IN THREADNEEDLE STREET.

PERHAPS there is no Old Lady who has attained to such great distinction in the world, as this highly respectable female. Even the Old Lady who lived on a hill, and who, if she's not gone, lives there still; or that other Old Lady who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do—are unknown to fame, compared with the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. In all parts of the civilised earth the imaginations of men, women, and children figure this tremendous Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in some rich shape or other. Throughout the length and breadth of England, old ladies dote upon her; young ladies smile upon her; old gentlemen make much of her, young gentlemen woo her; everybody courts the smiles, and dreads the coldness, of the powerful Old Lady in Threadneedle Street. Even prelates have been said to be fond of her; and Ministers of State to have been unable to resist her attractions. She is next to omnipotent in the three great events of human life. In spite of the old saw, far fewer marriages are made in Heaven, than with an eye to Threadneedle Street. To be born in the good graces of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, is to be born to fortune: to die in her good books, is to leave a far better inheritance, as the world goes, than "the griming honour that Sir Walter hath," in Westminster Abbey. And there she is, for ever in Threadneedle Street, another name for wealth and thrift, threading her golden-eyed needle all the year round.

This Old Lady, when she first set up, carried on business in Grocers' Hall, Poultry; but in 1732 she quarrelled with her landlords about a renewal of her lease, and built a mansion of her own in Threadneedle Street. She reared her new abode on the site of the house and garden of a former director of her affairs, Sir John Houblon. This was a modest structure, somewhat dignified by having a statue of William the Third placed before it; but not the more imposing from being at the end of an arched court, densely surrounded with habitations, and abutting on the churchyard of St. Christopher le Stocks.

But now, behold her, a prosperous gentle-

woman in the hundred and fifty-seventh year of her age; "the oldest inhabitant" of Threadneedle Street! There never was such an insatiable Old Lady for business. She has gradually enlarged her premises, until she has spread them over four acres; confiscating to her own use not only the parish church of St. Christopher, but the greater part of the parish itself.

We count it among the great events of our young existence, that we had, some days since, the honour of visiting the Old Lady. It was not without an emotion of awe that we passed her Porter's Lodge. The porter himself, blazoned in royal scarlet, and massively embellished with gold lace, is an adumbration of her dignity and wealth. His cocked hat advertises her stable antiquity as plainly as if she had written up, in imitation of some of her lesser neighbours, "established in 1694." This foreshadowing became reality when we passed through the Hall—the tellers' hall. A sensation of unbounded riches permeated every sense, except, alas! that of touch. The music of golden thousands clattered in the ear, as they jingled on counters until its last echoes were strangled in the puckers or tightened money-bags, or died under the clasps of purses. Wherever the eye turned, it rested on money; money of every possible variety; money in all shapes; money of all colours. There was yellow money, white money, brown money; gold money, silver money, copper money; paper money, pen and ink money. Money was wheeled about in trucks; money was carried about in bags; money was scavengered about with shovels. Thousands of sovereigns were jerked hither and thither from hand to hand—grave games of pitch and toss were played with staid solemnity; piles of bank notes—competent to buy whole German dukedoms and Italian principalities—husted to and fro with as much indifference as if they were (as they had been) old rags.

This Hall of the Old Lady's overpowered us with a sense of wealth; oppressed us with a golden dream of Riches. From this vision an instinctive appeal to our own pockets, and a few miserable shillings, awakened us to Reality. When thus aroused we were in one of the Old Lady's snug, elegant, waiting-rooms, which is luxuriously Turkey-carpeted

and adorned with two excellent portraits of two ancient cashiers; regarding one of whom the public were warned:—

“Sham Abraham you may,
I’ve often heard say:

But you mustn’t sham ‘Abraham Newland.’”

There are several conference-rooms for gentlemen who require a little private conversation with the Old Lady—perhaps on the subject of discounts.

It is no light thing to send in one’s card to the Foster-Mother of British commerce; the Soul of the State; “the Sun,” according to Sir Francis Baring, around which the agriculture, trade, and finance of this country revolves; the mighty heart of active capital, through whose arteries and veins flows the entire circulating medium of this great country. It was not, therefore, without agitation that we were ushered from the waiting-room, into that celebrated private apartment of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—the Parlour—the Bank Parlour, the inmost mystery—the *cella* of the great Temple of Riches.

The ordinary associations called up by the notion of an old lady’s comfortable parlour, were not fulfilled by this visit. There is no domestic snugness, no easy chair, no cat, no parrot, no japanned bellows, no portrait of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold in the Royal Box at Drury Lane Theatre; no kettle-holder, no worsted rug for the urn, no brass footman for the buttered toast, in the parlour in Threadneedle Street. On the contrary, the room is extensive—supported by pillars; is of grand and true proportions; and embellished with architectural ornaments in the best taste. It has a long table for the confidential managers of the Old Lady’s affairs (she calls these gentlemen her Directors) to sit at; and usually, a side table fittingly supplied with a ready-laid lunch.

The Old Lady’s “Drawing” Room is as unlike—but then she is such a peculiar Old Lady!—any ordinary Drawing-room as need be. It has hardly any furniture, but desks, stools, and books. It is of immense proportions, and has no carpet. The vast amount of visitors the Old Lady receives between nine and four every day, would make lattice-work in one forenoon of the stoutest carpet ever manufactured. Everybody who comes into the Old Lady’s Drawing-room delivers his credentials to her gentlemen-ushers, who are quick in examining the same, and exact in the observance of all points of form. So highly-prized, however, is a presentation (on any grand scale) to the Old Lady’s Drawing-room, notwithstanding its plainness, that there is no instance of a Drawing-room at Court being more sought after. Indeed, it has become a kind of proverb that the way to Court often lies through the Old Lady’s apartments, and some suppose that the Court Sticks are of gold and silver in compliment to her.

As to the individual appearance of the Old Lady herself, we are authorised to state that

the portrait of a Lady (accompanied by eleven balls on a sprig, and a beehive) which appears in the upper left-hand corner of all the Bank of England Notes, is not the portrait of the Lady. She invariably wears a cap of silver paper, with her yellow hair gathered carefully underneath. When she carries any defensive or offensive weapon, it is not a lance, but a pen; and her modesty would on no account permit her to appear in such loose drapery as is worn by the party in question—who we understand is depicted as a warning to the youthful merchants of this country to avoid the fate of George Barnwell.

In truth, like the Delphian mystery, SHE of Threadneedle Street is invisible, and delivers her oracles through her high priests: and, as Herodotus got his information from the priests in Egypt, so did we learn all we know about the Bank from the great officers of the Myth of Threadneedle Street. All of them are remarkable for great intelligence and good humour, particularly one MR. MATTHEW MARSHALL; for whom the Old Lady is supposed to have a sneaking kindness, as she is continually promising to pay him the most stupendous amounts of money. From what these gentlemen told us, we are prepared unhesitatingly to affirm in the teeth of the assertions of Plutarch, and Pliny, and Justin, that although Croesus might have been well enough to do in the world in his day, he was but a pettifogger compared with the Great Lady of St. Christopher le Stocks. The Lydian king never employed nine hundred clerks, or accommodated eight hundred of them under one roof; and if he could have done either, he would have been utterly unable to muster one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year to pay them. He never had bullion in his cellars, at any one time, to the value of sixteen millions and a half sterling, as our Old Lady has lately averaged; nor “other securities”—much more marketable than the precious stones Croesus showed to Solon—to the amount of thirty millions. Besides, *all* his capital was “dead weight;” that in Threadneedle Street is active, and is represented by an average paper currency of twenty millions per annum.

After this statement of facts, we trust that modern poets when they want a hyperbole for wealth will cease to cite Croesus, and draw their future inspirations from the shrine and cellars of the Temple opposite the Auction Mart; or, as the late Mr. George Robins designated it when professionally occupied, “The Great House over the way.”

When we withdrew from the inmost fane of this Temple, we were ushered by the priest, who superintends the manufacture of the mysterious Deity’s oracles, into those recesses of her Temple in which these are made. Here we perceived, that, besides carrying on the ordinary operations of banking, the Old Lady is an extensive printer, engraver, book-binder, and publisher. She maintains a

steam-engine to drive letter-press and copper-plate printing machines, besides the other machinery which is employed in various operations, from making thousand pound notes to weighing single sovereigns. It is not until you see three steam-printing machines—such as we use for this publication—and hear that they are constantly revolving, to produce, at so many thousand sheets per hour, the printed forms necessary for the accurate account-keeping of this great Central Establishment and its twelve provincial branches, that you are fully impressed with the magnitude of the Old Lady's transactions. In this one department no fewer than three hundred account-books are printed, ruled, bound, and used every week. During that short time they are filled with MS. by the eight hundred subordinates and their chiefs. By way of contrast we saw the single ledger which sufficed to post up the daily transactions of the Old Lady on her first establishment in business. It is no bigger than that of a small tradesman's, and served to contain a record of the year's accounts. Until within the last few years, visitors to the Bullion Office were shown the old box into which the books of the Bank were put every night for safety during the Old Lady's early career. This receptacle is no bigger than a seaman's chest. A spacious fire-proof room is now nightly filled with each day's accounts, and they descend to it by means of a great hydraulic trap in the Drawing Office; the mountain of calculation when collected being too huge to be moved by human agency.

These works are, of course, only produced for private reference; but the Old Lady's publishing business is as extensive as it is profitable and peculiar. Although her works are the reverse of heavy or erudite—being "flimsy" to a proverb—yet the eagerness with which they are sought by the public, surpasses that displayed for the productions of the greatest geniuses who ever enlightened the world; she is, therefore, called upon to print enormous numbers of each edition,—generally one hundred thousand copies; and reprints of equally large impressions are demanded, six or seven times a year. She is protected by a stringent copyright; in virtue of which, piracy is felony, and was, until 1831, punished with death. The very paper is copyright, and to imitate even that entails transportation. Indeed its merits entitle it to every protection, for it is a very superior article. It is so thin that each sheet, before it is sized, weighs only eighteen grains; and so strong, that, when sized and doubled, a single sheet is capable of suspending a weight of fifty-six pounds.

The literature of these popular prints is concise to terseness. A certain individual, duly accredited by the Old Lady, whose autograph appears in one corner, promises to pay to the before-mentioned Mr. Matthew Marshall, or bearer on demand, a certain sum, for the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. There is a date and a number; for the

Old Lady's sheets are published in Numbers; but, unlike other periodicals, no two copies of her's are alike. Each has a set of numerals, shown on no other.—It must not be supposed from the utter absence of rhetoric in this Great Woman's literature, that it is devoid of ornament. On the contrary, it is illustrated by eminent artists: the illustrations consisting of the waves of a watermark made in the paper; a large black blot, with the statement in white letters of the sum which is promised to be paid; and the portrait referred to in a former part of this account of the Wonderful Old Lady.

She makes it a practice to print thirty thousand copies of these works daily. Everything possible is done by machinery,—engraving, printing, numbering; but we refrain from entering into further details of this portion of the Old Lady's Household here, as we are preparing a review of her valuable works, which shall shortly appear, in the form of a History of a Bank-note. The publication department is so admirably conducted, that a record of each individual piece of paper launched on the ocean of public favour is kept, and its history traced till its return; for another peculiarity of the Old Lady's establishment is, that every impression put forth comes back—with few exceptions—in process of time to her shelves; where it is kept for ten years, and then burnt. This great house is, therefore, a huge circulating library. The daily average number of notes brought back into the Old Lady's lap—examined to detect forgeries; defaced; entered upon the record made when they were issued; and so stored away that they can be reproduced at any given half-hour for ten years to come,—is twenty-five thousands. On the day of our visit, there came in twenty-eight thousand and seventy-four of her picturesque pieces of paper, representing one million, one thousand, two hundred and seventy pounds sterling, to be dealt with as above, preparatory to their decennial slumber on her library shelves.

The apartment in which the notes are kept previous to issue, is the Old Lady's Store-room. There is no jam, there are no pickles, no preserves, no gallipots, no stoneware jars, no spices, no anything of that sort, in the Store-room of the Wonderful Old Lady. You might die of hunger in it. Your sweet tooth would decay and tumble out, before it could find the least gratification in the Old Lady's Store-room. There was a mouse found there once, but it was dead, and nothing but skin and bone. It is a grim room, fitted up all round with great iron-safes. They look as if they might be the Old Lady's ovens, never heated. But they are very warm, in the City sense; for when the Old Lady's two store-keepers have, each with his own key, unlocked his own one of the double locks attached to each, and opened the door, Mr. Matthew Marshall gives you to hold a little bundle of paper, value two millions

sterling; and, clutching it with a strange tingling, you feel disposed to knock Mr. Matthew Marshall down, and, like a patriotic Frenchman, to descend into the streets.

No tyro need be told that these notes are representatives of weightier value, and were invented partly to supersede the necessity of carrying about ponderous parcels of precious metal. Hence—to treat of it soberly—four paper parcels taken out, and placed in our hands—consisting of four reams of Bank notes ready for issue, and not much more bulky than a thick octavo volume—though they represent gold of the weight of *two tons*, and of the value of two millions of pounds sterling, yet weigh not quite one pound avoirdupois each, or nearly four pounds together. The value in gold of what we could convey away in a couple of side pockets (if simply permitted by the dear Old Lady in Threadneedle Street, without proceeding to extremities upon the person of the Chief Cashier) would have required, but for her admirable publications, two of Barclay and Perkins's strongest horses to draw.*

We have already made mention of the Old Lady's Lodge, Hall, Parlour, Store-room, and Drawing-room. Her Cellars are not less curious. In these she keeps neither wine, nor beer, nor wood, nor coal. They are devoted solely to the reception of the precious metals. They are like the caves of Treasures in the Arabian Nights; the common Lamp that shows them becomes a Wonderful Lamp in Mr. Marshall's hands, and Mr. Marshall becomes a Genie. Yet only by the power of association: for they are very respectable arched cellars that would make dry skittle-grounds, and have nothing rare about them but their glittering contents. One vault is full of what might be barrels of oysters—if it were not the Russian Loan. Another is rich here and there with piles of gold bars, set cross-wise, like sandwiches at supper, or rich biscuits in a confectioner's shop. Another has a moonlight air from the presence of so much silver. Dusky avenues branch off, where gold and silver amicably bide their time in cool retreats, not looking at all mischievous here, or anxious to play the Devil with our souls. Oh for such cellars at home! "Look out for your young master half a dozen bars of the ten bin." "Let me have a wedge of the old crusted." "Another Million before we part—only one Million more, to finish with!" The Temperance Cause would make but slow way, as to such cellars, we have a shrewd suspicion!

Beauty of colour is here associated with worth. One of these brilliant bars of gold weighs sixteen pounds troy, and its value is eight hundred pounds sterling. A pile of these, lying in a dark corner—like neglected cheese, or bars of yellow soap—and which

might be contained in an ordinary tea-chest, is worth two hundred and ten thousand pounds. Fortune herself transmuted into metal seems to repose at our feet. Yet this is only an *eightieth* part of the wealth contained in the Old Lady's cellars.

The future history of this metal is explained in three sentences; it is coined at the Mint, distributed to the public, worn by friction (or "sweated" by Jews) till it becomes light. What happens to it then we shall see.

By a seldom failing law of monetary attraction nearly every species of cash, "hard" or soft, metallic or paper, finds its way some time or other back to the extraordinary Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. All the sovereigns returned from the banking-houses are consigned to a secluded cellar; and, when you enter it, you will possibly fancy yourself on the premises of a clock-maker who works by steam. Your attention is speedily concentrated to a small brass box not larger than an eight-day pendule, the works of which are impelled by steam. This is a self-acting weighing machine, which with unerring precision tells which sovereigns are of standard weight, and which are light, and of its own accord separates the one from the other. Imagine a long trough or spout—half a tube that has been split into two sections—of such a semi-circumference as holds sovereigns edgeways, and of sufficient length to allow of two hundred of them to rest in that position one against another. This trough thus charged is fixed slopingly upon the machine over a little table as big as that of an ordinary sovereigns-balance. The coin nearest to the Lilliputian platform drops upon it, being pushed forward by the weight of those behind. Its own weight presses the table down; but how far down? Upon that hangs the whole merit and discriminating power of the machine. At the back, and on each side of this small table, two little hammers move by steam backwards and forwards at different elevations. If the sovereign be full weight, down sinks the table too low for the higher hammer to hit it; but the lower one strikes the edge, and off the sovereign tumbles into a receiver to the left. The table pops up again, receives, perhaps, a light sovereign, and the higher hammer having always first strike, knocks it into a receiver to the right, time enough to escape its colleague, which, when it comes forward, has nothing to hit, and returns to allow the table to be elevated again. In this way the reputation of thirty-three sovereigns is established or destroyed every minute. The light weights are taken to a clipping machine, slit at the rate of two hundred a minute, weighed in a lump, the balance of deficiency charged to the banker from whom they were received, and sent to the Mint to be re-coined. Those which have passed muster are re-issued to the public. The inventor of this beautiful little detector was Mr. Cotton, a former governor. The comparatively few sovereigns brought in by

* One thousand sovereigns weigh twenty-one pounds, and five hundred and twelve Bank-notes weigh exactly one pound.

the general public are weighed in ordinary scales by the tellers. The average loss upon each light coin, on an average of thirty-five thousand taken in 1843, was twopence three farthings.

The business of the "Great House" is divided into two branches; the issue and the banking department. The latter has increased so rapidly of late years, that the last addition the Old Lady was constrained to make to her house was the immense Drawing-room aforesaid, for her customers and their payees to draw cash on checks and to make deposits. Under this noble apartment is the Strong Room, containing private property, supposed to be of enormous value. It is placed there for safety by the constituents of the Bank, and is concealed in tin boxes, on which the owners' names are legibly painted. The descent into this stronghold—by means of the hydraulic trap we have spoken of—is so eminently theatrical, that we believe the Head of the Department, on going down with the books, is invariably required to strike an attitude, and to laugh in three sepulchral syllables; while the various clerks above express surprise and consternation.

Besides private customers, everybody knows that our Old Lady does all the banking business for the British Government. She pays the interest to each Stock-holder in the National Debt, receives certain portions of the revenue, &c. A separate set of offices is necessary, to keep all such accounts, and these Stock Offices contain the most varied and extensive collection of autographs extant. Those whom Fortune entitles to dividends, must, by themselves or by their agents, sign the Stock books. The last signature of Handel, the composer, and that upon which Henry Fauntleroy was condemned and executed, are among the foremost of these lions. Here, standing in a great long building of divers stories, looking dimly upward through iron gratings, and dimly downward through iron gratings, and into musty chambers diverging into the walls on either hand, you may muse upon the National Debt. All the sheep that ever came out of Northamptonshire, seem to have yielded up their skins to furnish the registers in which its accounts are kept. Sweating and wasting in this vast silent library, like manuscripts in a mouldy old convent, are the records of the Dividends that are, and have been, and of the Dividends unclaimed. Some men would sell their fathers into slavery, to have the rummaging of these old volumes. Some, who would let the Tree of Knowledge wither while they lay contemptuously at its feet, would bestir themselves to pluck at these leaves, like shipwrecked mariners. These are the books to profit by. This is the place for X. Y. Z. to hear of something to his advantage in. This is the land of Mr. Joseph Ady's dreams. This is the dusty fountain whence those wondrous paragraphs occasionally flow

into the papers, disclosing how a labouring thatcher has come into a hundred thousand pounds—a long, long way to come—and gone out of his wits—not half so far to go. Oh, wonderful Old Lady! threading the needle with the golden eye all through the labyrinth of the National Debt, and hiding it in such dry hay-stacks as are rotting here!

With all her wealth, and all her power, and all her business, and all her responsibilities, she is not a purse-proud Old Lady; but a dear, kind, liberal, benevolent Old Lady; so particularly considerate to her servants, that the meanest of them never speaks of her otherwise than with affection. Though her domestic rules are uncommonly strict; though she is very severe upon "mistakes," be they ever so unintentional; though till lately she made her in-door servants keep good hours, and would not allow a lock to be turned or a bolt to be drawn after eleven at night, even to admit her dearly beloved Matthew Marshall himself—yet she exercises a truly tender and maternal care over her family of eight hundred strong. To benefit the junior branches, she has recently set aside a spacious room, and the sum of five hundred pounds, to form a library. With this handsome capital at starting, and eight shillings a year subscribed by the youngsters, an excellent collection of books will soon be formed. Here, from three till eight o'clock every lawful day, the subscribers can assemble for recreation or study; or, if they prefer it, they can take books to their homes. A member of the Committee of Management attends in turn during the specified hours—a self-imposed duty, in the highest degree creditable to, but no more than is to be expected from, the stewards of a Good Mistress; who, when any of her servants become superannuated, soothes declining age with a pension. The last published return states the number of pensioners at one hundred and ninety three; each of whom received on an average 161*l.*, or an aggregate of upwards of 31,000*l.* per annum.

Her kindness is not unrequited. Whenever anything ails her, the assiduous attention of her people is only equalled by her own bounty to them. When dangerously ill of the Panic in 1825, and the outflow of her circulating medium was so violent that she was in danger of bleeding to death, some of her upper servants never left her for a fortnight. At the crisis of her disorder, on a memorable Saturday night (December the seventeenth) her Deputy-Governor—who even then had not seen his own children for a week—reached Downing Street "reeling with fatigue," and was just able to call out to the King's Ministers—then anxiously deliberating on the dear Old Lady's case—that she was out of danger! Another of her managing men lost his life in his anxiety for her safety, during the burning of the Royal Exchange, in January, 1838. When the fire broke out, the cold was intense; and although he had but just recovered from an attack of the gout, he rushed to the rescue of

his beloved Old Mistress, saw everything done that could be done for her safety, and died from his exertions. Although the Old Lady is now more hale and hearty than ever, two of the Senior Clerks sit up in turn every night, to watch over her; in which duty they are assisted by a company of Foot Guards.

The kind Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has, in short, managed to attach her dependants to her by the strongest of ties—that of love. So pleased are some with her service, that when even temporarily resting from it, they feel miserable. A late Chief Cashier never solicited but one holiday, and that for only a fortnight. In three days he returned expressing his extreme disgust with every sort of recreation but that afforded him by the Old Lady's business. The last words of another old servant when on his death-bed, were, "Oh, that I could only die on the Bank steps!"

THE SERF OF POBEREZE.

THE materials for the following tale were furnished to the writer while travelling last year near the spot on which the events it narrates took place. It is intended to convey a notion of some of the phases of Polish, or rather Russian serfdom (for, as truly explained by one of the characters in a succeeding page, it is Russian), and of the catastrophes it has occasioned, not only in Catherine's time, but occasionally at the present. The Polish nobles—themselves in slavery—earnestly desire the emancipation of their serfs, which Russian domination forbids.

The small town of Pobereze stands at the foot of a stony mountain, watered by numerous springs in the district of Podolia, in Poland. It consists of a mass of miserable cabins, with a Catholic chapel and two Greek churches in the midst, the latter distinguished by their gilded towers. On one side of the market-place stands the only inn, and on the opposite side are several shops, from whose doors and windows look out several dirtily dressed Jews. At a little distance, on a hill covered with vines and fruit-trees, stands the Palace, which does not, perhaps, exactly merit such an appellation, but who would dare to call otherwise the dwelling of the lord of the domain?

On the morning when our tale opens, there had issued from this palace the common enough command to the superintendent of the estate, to furnish the master with a couple of strong boys, for service in the stables, and a young girl, to be employed in the wardrobe. Accordingly, a number of the best-looking young peasants of Olgogrod assembled in the broad avenue leading to the palace. Some were accompanied by their sorrowful and weeping parents, in all of whose hearts, however, rose the faint and whispered hope, "Perhaps it will not be *my* child they will choose!"

Being brought into the court-yard of the palace, the Count Roszynski, with the several members of his family, had come out to pass

in review his growing subjects. He was a small and insignificant-looking man, about fifty years of age, with deep-set eyes and overhanging brows. His wife, who was nearly of the same age, was immensely stout, with a vulgar face and a loud disagreeable voice. She made herself ridiculous in endeavouring to imitate the manners and bearing of the aristocracy, into whose sphere she and her husband were determined to force themselves, in spite of the humbleness of their origin. The father of the "Right Honourable" Count Roszynski was a valet, who, having been a great favourite with his master, amassed sufficient money to enable his son, who inherited it, to purchase the extensive estate of Olgogrod, and with it the sole proprietorship of 1600 human beings. Over them he had complete control; and, when maddened by oppression, if they dared resent, woe unto them! They could be thrust into a noisome dungeon, and chained by one hand from the light of day for years, until their very existence was forgotten by all except the jailer who brought daily their pitcher of water and morsel of dry bread.

Some of the old peasants say that Sava, father of the young peasant girl, who stands by the side of an old woman, at the head of her companions in the court-yard, is immured in one of these subterranean jails. Sava was always about the Count, who, it was said, had brought him from some distant land, with his little motherless child. Sava placed her under the care of an old man and woman, who had the charge of the bees in a forest near the palace, where he came occasionally to visit her. But once, six long months passed, and he did not come! In vain Anielka wept, in vain she cried, "Where is my father?"—No father appeared. At last it was said that Sava had been sent to a long distance with a large sum of money, and had been killed by robbers. In the ninth year of one's life the most poignant grief is quickly effaced, and after six months Anielka ceased to grieve. The old people were very kind to her, and loved her as if she were their own child. That Anielka might be chosen to serve in the palace never entered their head, for who would be so barbarous as to take the child away from an old woman of seventy and her aged husband?

To-day was the first time in her life that she had been so far from home. She looked curiously on all she saw,—particularly on a young lady about her own age, beautifully dressed, and a youth of eighteen, who had apparently just returned from a ride on horseback, as he held a whip in his hand, whilst walking up and down examining the boys who were placed in a row before him. He chose two amongst them, and the boys were led away to the stables.

"And I choose this young girl," said Constantia Roszynski, indicating Anielka; "she is the prettiest of them all. I do not like ugly faces about me."

When Constantia returned to the drawing-room, she gave orders for Anielka to be taken to her apartments, and placed under the tutelage of Mademoiselle Dufour, a French maid, recently arrived from the first milliner's shop in Odessa. Poor girl! when they separated her from her adopted mother, and began leading her towards the palace, she rushed, with a shriek of agony, from them, and grasped her old protectress tightly in her arms! They were torn violently asunder, and the Count Roszynski quietly asked, "Is it her daughter, or her grand-daughter?"

"Neither, my lord,—only an adopted child."

"But who will lead the old woman home, as she is blind?"

"I will, my lord," replied one of his servants, bowing to the ground; "I will let her walk by the side of my horse, and when she is in her cabin she will have her old husband,—they must take care of each other."

So saying, he moved away with the rest of the peasants and domestics. But the poor old woman had to be dragged along by two men; for in the midst of her shrieks and tears she had fallen to the ground, almost without life.

And Anielka? They did not allow her to weep long. She had now to sit all day in the corner of a room to sew. She was expected to do everything well from the first; and if she did not, she was kept without food or cruelly punished. Morning and evening she had to help *Mdlle. Dufour* to dress and undress her mistress. But Constantia, although she looked with hauteur on everybody beneath her, and expected to be slavishly obeyed, was tolerably kind to the poor orphan. Her true torment began, when, on leaving her young lady's room, she had to assist *Mdlle. Dufour*. Notwithstanding that she tried sincerely to do her best, she was never able to satisfy her, or to draw from her augur but harsh reproaches.

Thus two months passed.

One day *Mdlle. Dufour* went very early to confession, and Anielka was seized with an eager longing to gaze once more in peace and freedom on the beautiful blue sky and green trees, as she used to do when the first rays of the rising sun streamed in at the window of the little forest cabin. She ran into the garden. Enchanted by the sight of so many beautiful flowers, she went farther and farther along the smooth and winding walks, till she entered the forest. She who had been so long away from her beloved trees, roamed where they were thickest. Here she gazes boldly around. She sees no one! She is alone! A little farther on she meets with a rivulet which flows through the forest. Here she remembers that she has not yet prayed. She kneels down, and with hands clasped and eyes upturned she begins to sing in a sweet voice the Hymn to the Virgin.

As she went on she sang louder and with increased fervour. Her breast heaved with emotion, her eyes shone with unusual bril-

liancy; but when the hymn was finished she lowered her head, tears began to fall over her cheeks, until at last she sobbed aloud. She might have remained long in this condition, had not some one come behind her, saying, "Do not cry, my poor girl; it is better to sing than to weep." The intruder raised her head, wiped her eyes with his handkerchief, and kissed her on the forehead.

It was the Count's son, Leon!

"You must not cry," he continued; "be calm, and when the filipony (pedlars) come, buy yourself a pretty handkerchief." He then gave her a rouble and walked away. Anielka, after concealing the coin in her corset, ran quickly back to the palace.

Fortunately, *Mdlle. Dufour* had not yet returned, and Anielka seated herself in her accustomed corner. She often took out the rouble to gaze fondly upon it, and set to work to make a little purse, which, having fastened to a ribbon, she hung round her neck. She did not dream of spending it, for it would have deeply grieved her to part with the gift of the only person in the whole house who had looked kindly on her.

From this time Anielka remained always in her young mistress's room; she was better dressed, and *Mdlle. Dufour* ceased to persecute her. To what did she owe this sudden change? Perhaps to a remonstrance from Leon. Constantia ordered Anielka to sit beside her whilst taking her lessons from her music-masters, and on her going to the drawing-room, she was left in her apartments alone. Being thus more kindly treated, Anielka lost by degrees her timidity; and when her young mistress, whilst occupied over some embroidery, would tell her to sing, she did so boldly and with a steady voice. A greater favour awaited her. Constantia, when unoccupied, began teaching Anielka to read in Polish; and *Mdlle. Dufour* thought it politic to follow the example of her mistress, and began to teach her French.

Meanwhile, a new kind of torment commenced. Having easily learnt the two languages, Anielka acquired an irresistible passion for reading. Books had for her the charm of the forbidden fruit, for she could only read by stealth at night, or when her mistress went visiting in the neighbourhood. The kindness hitherto shown her, for a time, began to relax. Leon had set off on a tour, accompanied by his old tutor, and a bosom friend as young, as gay, and as thoughtless as himself.

So passed the two years of Leon's absence. When he returned, Anielka was seventeen, and had become tall and handsome. No one who had not seen her during this time, would have recognised her. Of this number was Leon. In the midst of perpetual gaiety and change, it was not possible he could have remembered a poor peasant girl; but in Anielka's memory he had remained as a superior being, as her benefactor, as the only one who had spoken kindly to her, when poor, neglected,

forlorn! When in some French romance she met with a young man of twenty, of a noble character and handsome appearance, she bestowed on him the name of Leon. The recollection of the kiss he had given her ever brought a burning blush to her cheek, and made her sigh deeply.

One day Leon came to his sister's room. Anielka was there, seated in a corner at work. Leon himself had considerably changed; from a boy he had grown into a man. "I suppose Constantia," he said, "you have been told what a good boy I am, and with what docility I shall submit myself to the matrimonial yoke, which the Count and Countess have provided for me?" and he began whistling, and danced some steps of the Mazurka.

"Perhaps you will be refused," said Constantia coldly.

"Refused! Oh, no. The old Prince has already given his consent, and as for his daughter, she is desperately in love with me. Look at these moustachios, could anything be more irresistible?" and he glanced in the glass and twirled them round his fingers; then continuing in a graver tone, he said, "To tell the sober truth, I cannot say that I reciprocate. My intended is not at all to my taste. She is nearly thirty, and so thin that whenever I look at her, I am reminded of my old tutor's anatomical sketches. But, thanks to her Parisian dress-maker, she makes up a tolerably good figure, and looks well in a Cachemere. Of all things, you know, I wished for a wife with an imposing appearance, and I don't care about love. I find it's not fashionable, and only exists in the exalted imagination of poets."

"Surely people are in love with one another sometimes," said the sister.

"Sometimes," repeated Anielka, inaudibly. The dialogue had painfully affected her, and she knew not why. Her heart beat quickly, and her face was flushed, and made her look more lovely than ever.

"Perhaps. Of course we profess to adore every pretty woman," Leon added abruptly. "But, my dear sister, what a charming ladies' maid you have!" He approached the corner where Anielka sat, and bent on her a coarse familiar smile. Anielka, although a serf, was displeased, and returned it with a glance full of dignity. But when her eyes rested on the youth's handsome face, a feeling, which had been gradually and silently growing in her young and inexperienced heart, predominated over her pride and displeasure. She wished ardently to recal herself to Leon's memory, and half unconsciously raised her hand to the little purse which always hung round her neck. She took from it the rouble he had given her.

"See!" shouted Leon, "what a droll girl; how proud she is of her riches! Why, girl, you are a woman of fortune, mistress of a whole rouble!"

"I hope she came by it honestly," said

the old Countess, who at this moment entered.

At this insinuation, shame and indignation kept Anielka, for a time, silent. She replaced the money quickly in its purse, with the bitter thought that the few happy moments which had been so indelibly stamped upon her memory, had been utterly forgotten by Leon. To clear herself, she at last stammered out, seeing they all looked at her enquiringly, "Do you not remember, M. Leon, that you gave me this coin two years ago in the garden?"

"How odd!" exclaimed Leon, laughing, "do you expect me to remember all the pretty girls to whom I have given money? But I suppose you are right, or you would not have treasured up this unfortunate rouble as if it were a holy relic. You should not be a miser, child; money is made to be spent."

"Pray, put an end to these jokes," said Constantia impatiently; "I like this girl, and I will not have her teased. She understands my ways better than any one, and often puts me in good humour with her beautiful voice."

"Sing something for me, pretty damsel," said Leon, "and I will give you another rouble, a new and shining one."

"Sing instantly," said Constantia imperiously.

At this command Anielka could no longer stifle her grief; she covered her face with her hands, and wept violently.

"Why do you cry?" asked her mistress impatiently; "I cannot bear it; I desire you to do as you are bid."

It might have been from the constant habit of slavish obedience, or a strong feeling of pride, but Anielka instantly ceased weeping. There was a moment's pause, during which the old Countess went grumbling out of the room. Anielka chose the Hymn to the Virgin she had warbled in the garden, and as she sung, she prayed fervently;—she prayed for peace, for deliverance from the acute emotions which had been aroused within her. Her earnestness gave an intensity of expression to the melody, which affected her listeners. They were silent for some moments after its conclusion. Leon walked up and down with his arms folded on his breast. Was it agitated with pity for the accomplished young slave? or by any other tender emotion? What followed will show.

"My dear Constantia," he said, suddenly stopping before his sister and kissing her hand, "will you do me a favour?"

Constantia looked enquiringly in her brother's face without speaking.

"Give me this girl."

"Impossible!"

"I am quite in earnest," continued Leon, "I wish to offer her to my future wife. In the Prince her father's private chapel they are much in want of a solo soprano."

"I shall not give her to you," said Constantia.

"Not as a free gift, but in exchange. I will

give you instead a charming young negro—so black. The women in St. Petersburg and in Paris raved about him : but I was inexorable ; I half-refused him to my princess.”

“No, no,” replied Constantia ; “I shall be lonely without this girl, I am so used to her.”

“Nonsense ! you can get peasant girls by the dozen ; but a black page, with teeth whiter than ivory, and purer than pearls ; a perfect original in his way ; you surely cannot withstand. You will kill half the province with envy. A negro servant is the most fashionable thing going, and yours will be the first imported into the province.”

This argument was irresistible. “Well,” replied Constantia, “when do you think of taking her ?”

“Immediately ; to-day at five o’clock,” said Leon ; and he went merrily out of the room. This then was the result of his cogitation—of Anielka’s Hymn to the Virgin. Constantia ordered Anielka to prepare herself for the journey, with as little emotion as if she had exchanged away a lap-dog, or parted with a parrot.

She obeyed in silence. Her heart was full. She went into the garden that she might relieve herself by weeping unseen. With one hand supporting her burning head, and the other pressed tightly against her heart, to stifle her sobs, she wandered on mechanically till she found herself by the side of the river. She felt quickly for her purse, intending to throw the rouble into the water, but as quickly thrust it back again, for she could not bear to part with the treasure. She felt as if without it she would be still more an orphan. Weeping bitterly, she leaned against the tree which had once before witnessed her tears.

By degrees the stormy passion within her gave place to calm reflection. This day she was to go away ; she was to dwell beneath another roof, to serve another mistress. Humiliation ! always humiliation ! But at least it would be some change in her life. As she thought of this, she returned hastily to the palace that she might not, on the last day of her servitude, incur the anger of her young mistress.

Scarcely was Anielka attired in her prettiest dress, when Constantia came to her with a little box, from which she took several gay-coloured ribbons, and decked her in them herself, that the serf might do her credit in the new family. And when Anielka, bending down to her feet, thanked her, Constantia, with marvellous condescension, kissed her on her forehead. Even Leon cast an admiring glance upon her. His servant soon after came to conduct her to the carriage, and showing her where to seat herself, they rolled off quickly towards Radapol.

For the first time in her life Anielka rode in a carriage. Her head turned quite giddy, she could not look at the trees and fields as they flew past her ; but by degrees she became more accustomed to it, and the fresh air en-

livening her spirits, she performed the rest of the journey in a tolerably happy state of mind. At last they arrived in the spacious courtyard before the Palace of Radapol, the dwelling of a once rich and powerful Polish family, now partly in ruin. It was evident, even to Anielka, that the marriage was one for money on the one side, and for rank on the other.

Among other renovations at the castle, occasioned by the approaching marriage, the owner of it, Prince Pelazia, had obtained singers for the chapel, and had engaged Signor Justiniani, an Italian, as chapel-master. Immediately on Leon’s arrival, Anielka was presented to him. He made her sing a scale, and pronounced her voice to be excellent.

Anielka found that, in Radapol, she was treated with a little more consideration than at Olgogrod, although she had often to submit to the caprices of her new mistress, and she found less time to read. But to console herself, she gave all her attention to singing, which she practised several hours a day. Her naturally great capacity, under the guidance of the Italian, began to develop itself steadily. Besides sacred, he taught her operatic music. On one occasion Anielka sung an aria in so impassioned and masterly a style, that the enraptured Justiniani clapped his hands for joy, skipped about the room, and not finding words enough to praise her, exclaimed several times, “Prima Donna ! Prima Donna !”

But the lessons were interrupted. The Princess’s wedding-day was fixed upon, after which event she and Leon were to go to Florence, and Anielka was to accompany them. Alas ! feelings which gave her poignant misery still clung to her. She despised herself for her weakness ; but she loved Leon. The sentiment was too deeply implanted in her bosom to be eradicated ; too strong to be resisted. It was the first love of a young and guileless heart, and had grown in silence and despair.

Anielka was most anxious to know something of her adopted parents. Once, after the old prince had heard her singing, he asked her with great kindness about her home. She replied, that she was an orphan, and had been taken by force from those who had so kindly supplied the place of parents. Her apparent attachment to the old bee-keeper and his wife so pleased the prince, that he said, “You are a good child, Anielka, and tomorrow I will send you to visit them. You shall take them some presents.”

Anielka, overpowered with gratitude, threw herself at the feet of the prince. She dreamed all night of the happiness that was in store for her, and the joy of the poor, forsaken, old people ; and when the next morning she set off, she could scarcely restrain her impatience. At last they approached the cabin ; she saw the forest, with its tall trees, and the meadows covered with flowers. She leaped from the carriage, that she might be nearer these trees

and flowers, every one of which she seemed to recognise. The weather was beautiful. She breathed with avidity the pure air which, in imagination, brought to her the kisses and caresses of her poor father! Her foster-father was, doubtless, occupied with his bees; but his wife?

Anielka opened the door of the cabin; all was silent and deserted. The arm-chair on which the poor old woman used to sit, was overturned in a corner. Anielka was chilled by a fearful presentiment. She went with a slow step towards the bee-hives; there she saw a little boy tending the bees, whilst the old man was stretched on the ground beside him. The rays of the sun, falling on his pale and sickly face, showed that he was very ill. Anielka stooped down over him, and said, "It is I, it is Anielka, your own Anielka, who always loves you."

The old man raised his head, gazed upon her with a ghastly smile, and took off his cap.

"And my good old mother, where is she?"

Anielka asked.

"She is dead!" answered the old man, and falling back he began laughing idiotically. Anielka wept. She gazed earnestly on the worn frame, the pale and wrinkled cheeks, in which scarcely a sign of life could be perceived; it seemed to her that he had suddenly fallen asleep, and not wishing to disturb him, she went to the carriage for the presents. When she returned, she took his hand. It was cold. The poor old bee-keeper had breathed his last!

Anielka was carried almost senseless back to the carriage, which quickly returned with her to the castle. There she revived a little; but the recollection that she was now quite alone in the world, almost drove her to despair.

Her master's wedding and the journey to Florence were a dream to her. Though the strange sights of a strange city slowly restored her perceptions, they did not her cheerfulness. She felt as if she could no longer endure the misery of her life; she prayed to die.

"Why are you so unhappy?" said the Count Leon kindly to her, one day.

To have explained the cause of her wretchedness would have been death indeed.

"I am going to give you a treat," continued Leon. "A celebrated singer is to appear to-night in the theatre. I will send you to hear her, and afterwards you shall sing to me what you remember of her performances."

Anielka went. It was a new era in her existence. Herself, by this time, an artist, she could forget her griefs, and enter with her whole soul into the beauties of the art she now heard practised in perfection for the first time. To music a chord responded in her breast which vibrated powerfully. During the performances she was at one moment pale and trembling, tears rushing into her eyes; at another, she was ready to throw herself at

the feet of the cantatrice, in an ecstasy of admiration. "Prima donna,"—by that name the public called on her to receive their applause, and it was the same, thought Anielka, that Justiniani had bestowed upon her. Could *she* also be a prima donna? What a glorious destiny! To be able to communicate one's own emotions to masses of entranced listeners; to awaken in them, by the power of the voice, grief, love, terror.

Strange thoughts continued to haunt her on her return home. She was unable to sleep. She formed desperate plans. At last she resolved to throw off the yoke of servitude, and the still more painful slavery of feelings which her pride disdained. Having learnt the address of the prima donna, she went early one morning to her house.

On entering she said, in French, almost incoherently, so great was her agitation—"Madam, I am a poor serf belonging to a Polish family who have lately arrived in Florence. I have escaped from them; protect, shelter me. They say I can sing."

The Signora Teresina, a warm-hearted, passionate Italian, was interested by her artless earnestness. She said, "Poor child! you must have suffered much"—she took Anielka's hand in hers. "You say you can sing; let me hear you." Anielka seated herself on an ottoman. She clasped her hands over her knees, and tears fell into her lap. With plaintive pathos, and perfect truth of intonation, she prayed in song. The Hymn to the Virgin seemed to Teresina to be offered up by inspiration.

The Signora was astonished. "Where," she asked, in wonder, "were you taught?"

Anielka narrated her history, and when she had finished, the prima donna spoke so kindly to her that she felt as if she had known her for years. Anielka was Teresina's guest that day and the next. After the Opera, on the third day, the prima donna made her sit beside her, and said:—

"I think you are a very good girl, and you shall stay with me always."

The girl was almost beside herself with joy. "We will never part. Do you consent, Anielka?"

"Do not call me Anielka. Give me instead some Italian name."

"Well, then, be Giovanna. The dearest friend I ever had—but whom I have lost—was named Giovanna," said the prima donna.

"Then, I will be another Giovanna to you."

Teresina then said, "I hesitated to receive you at first, for your sake as well as mine; but you are safe now. I learn that your master and mistress, after searching vainly for you, have returned to Poland."

From this time Anielka commenced an entirely new life. She took lessons in singing every day from the Signora, and got an engagement to appear in inferior characters at the theatre. She had now her own income, and her own servant—she, who had till then

been obliged to serve herself. She acquired the Italian language rapidly, and soon passed for a native of the country.

So passed three years. New and varied impressions failed, however, to blot out the old ones. Anielka arrived at great perfection in her singing, and even began to surpass the prima donna, who was losing her voice from weakness of the chest. This sad discovery changed the cheerful temper of Teresina. She ceased to sing in public; for she could not endure to excite pity, where she had formerly commanded admiration.

She determined to retire. "You," she said to Anielka, "shall now assert your claim to the first rank in the vocal art. You will maintain it. You surpass me. Often, on hearing you sing, I have scarcely been able to stifle a feeling of jealousy."

Anielka placed her hand on Teresina's shoulder, and kissed her.

"Yes," continued Teresina, regardless of everything but the bright future she was shaping for her friend. "We will go to Vienna—there you will be understood and appreciated. You shall sing at the Italian Opera, and I will be by your side—unknown, no longer sought, worshipped—but will glory in your triumphs. They will be a repetition of my own; for have I not taught you? Will they not be the result of my work?"

Though Anielka's ambition was fired, her heart was softened, and she wept violently.

Five months had scarcely elapsed, when a *furor* was created in Vienna by the first appearance, at the Italian Opera, of the Signora Giovanna. Her enormous salary at once afforded her the means of even extravagant expenditure. Her haughty treatment of male admirers only attracted new ones; but in the midst of her triumphs she thought often of the time when the poor orphan of Poberze was cared for by nobody. This remembrance made her receive the flatteries of the crowd with an ironical smile; their fine speeches fell coldly on her ear, their eloquent looks made no impression on her heart: *that*, no change could alter, no temptation win.

In the flood of unexpected success a new misfortune overwhelmed her. Since their arrival at Vienna, Teresina's health rapidly declined, and in the sixth months of Anielka's operatic reign she expired, leaving all her wealth, which was considerable, to her friend.

Once more Anielka was alone in the world. Despite all the honours and blandishments of her position, the old feeling of desolateness came upon her. The new shock destroyed her health. She was unable to appear on the stage. To sing was a painful effort; she grew indifferent to what passed around her. Her greatest consolation was in succouring the poor and friendless, and her generosity was most conspicuous to all young orphan girls without fortune. She had never ceased to love her native land, and seldom appeared

in society, unless it was to meet her countrymen. If ever she sang, it was in Polish.

A year had elapsed since the death of the Signora Teresina when the Count Selka, a rich noble of Volkynia, at that time in Vienna, solicited her presence at a party. It was impossible to refuse the Count and his lady, from whom she had received great kindness. She went. When in their saloons, filled with all the fashion and aristocracy in Vienna, the name of Giovanna was announced, a general murmur was heard. She entered, pale and languid, and proceeded between the two rows made for her by the admiring assembly, to the seat of honour beside the mistress of the house.

Shortly after, the Count Selka led her to the piano. She sat down before it, and thinking what she should sing, glanced round upon the assembly. She could not help feeling that the admiration which beamed from the faces around her was the work of her own merit, for had she neglected the great gift of nature—her voice, she could not have excited it. With a blushing cheek, and eyes sparkling with honest pride, she struck the piano with a firm hand, and from her seemingly weak and delicate chest poured forth a touching Polish melody, with a voice pure, sonorous, and plaintive. Tears were in many eyes, and the beating of every heart was quickened.

The song was finished, but the wondering silence was unbroken. Giovanna leaned exhausted on the arm of the chair, and cast down her eyes. On again raising them, she perceived a gentleman who gazed fixedly at her, as if he still listened to echoes which had not yet died within him. The master of the house, to dissipate his thoughtfulness, led him towards Giovanna. "Let me present to you, Signora," he said, "a countryman, the Count Leon Roszynski."

The lady trembled; she silently bowed, fixed her eyes on the ground, and dared not raise them. Pleading indisposition, which was fully justified by her pallid features, she soon after withdrew.

When on the following day Giovanna's servant announced the Counts Selka and Roszynski, a peculiar smile played on her lips; and when they entered, she received the latter with the cold and formal politeness of a stranger. Controlling the feelings of her heart, she schooled her features to an expression of indifference. It was manifest from Leon's manner, that without the remotest recognition, an indefinable presentiment regarding her possessed him. The Counts had called to know if Giovanna had recovered from her indisposition. Leon begged to be permitted to call again.

Where was his wife? why did he never mention her? Giovanna continually asked herself these questions when they had departed.

A few nights after, the Count Leon arrived sad and thoughtful. He prevailed on Giovanna

to sing one of her Polish melodies; which she told him had been taught, when a child, by her nurse. Roszynski, unable to restrain the expression of an intense admiration he had long felt, frantically seized her hand, and exclaimed, "I love you!"

She withdrew it from his grasp, remained silent for a few minutes, and then said slowly, distinctly, and ironically, "But I do not love you, Count Roszynski."

Leon rose from his seat. He pressed his hands to his brow, and was silent. Giovanna remained calm and tranquil. "It is a penalty from Heaven," continued Leon, as if speaking to himself, "for not having fulfilled my duty as a husband towards one whom I chose voluntarily, but without reflection. I wronged her, and am punished."

Giovanna turned her eyes upon him. Leon continued, "Young, and with a heart untouched, I married a princess about ten years older than myself, of eccentric habits and bad temper. She treated me as an inferior. She dissipated the fortune hoarded up with so much care by my parents, and yet was ashamed on account of my origin to be called by my name. Happily for me, she was fond of visiting and amusements. Otherwise, to escape from her, I might have become a gambler, or worse; but, to avoid meeting her, I remained at home—for there she seldom was. At first from ennui, but afterwards from real delight in the occupation, I gave myself up to study. Reading formed my mind and heart. I became a changed being. Some months ago my father died, my sister went to Lithuania, whilst my mother, in her old age, and with her ideas, was quite incapable of understanding my sorrow. So when my wife went to the baths for the benefit of her ruined health, I came here in the hope of meeting with some of my former friends—I saw you—"

Giovanna blushed like one detected; but speedily recovering herself, asked with calm pleasantry, "Surely you do not number me among your former friends?"

"I know not. I have been bewildered. It is strange; but from the moment I saw you at Count Selka's, a powerful instinct of love overcame me; not a new feeling; but as if some latent, long-hid, undeveloped sentiment had suddenly burst forth into an uncontrolled passion. I love, I adore you. I——"

The Prima Donna interrupted him—not with speech, but with a look which averted, which chilled him. Pride, scorn, irony sat in her smile. Satire darted from her eyes. After a pause, she repeated slowly and pointedly, "Love me, Count Roszynski!"

"Such is my destiny," he replied. "Nor, despite your scorn, will I struggle against it. I feel it is my fate ever to love you; I fear it is my fate never to be loved by you. It is dreadful."

Giovanna witnessed the Count's emotion with sadness. "To have," she said mournfully, "one's first pure, ardent, passionate affection

unrequited, scorned, made a jest of, is indeed a bitterness, almost equal to that of death."

She made a strong effort to conceal her emotion. Indeed she controlled it so well as to speak the rest with a sort of gaiety.

"You have at least been candid, Count Roszynski; I will imitate you by telling a little history that occurred in your country. There was a poor girl born and bred a serf to her wealthy lord and master. When scarcely fifteen years old, she was torn from a state of happy rustic freedom—the freedom of humility and content—to be one of the courtly slaves of the Palace. Those who did not laugh at her, scolded her. One kind word was vouchsafed to her, and that came from the lord's son. She nursed it and treasured it; till, from long concealing and restraining her feelings, she at last found that gratitude had changed into a sincere affection. But what does a man of the world care for the love of a serf? It does not even flatter his vanity. The young nobleman did not understand the source of her tears and her grief, and he made a present of her, as he would have done of some animal to his betrothed."

Leon, agitated and somewhat enlightened, would have interrupted her; but Giovanna said, "Allow me to finish my tale. Providence did not abandon this poor orphan, but permitted her to rise to distinction by the talent with which she was endowed by nature. The wretched serf of Pobereze became a celebrated Italian cantatrice. Then her former lord meeting her in society, and seeing her admired and courted by all the world, without knowing who she really was, was afflicted, as if by the dictates of Heaven, with a love for this same girl,—with a guilty love—"

And Giovanna rose, as she said this, to remove herself further from her admirer.

"No, no!" he replied earnestly; "with a pure and holy passion."

"Impossible!" returned Giovanna. "Are you not married?"

Roszynski vehemently tore a letter from his vest, and handed it to Giovanna. It was sealed with black, for it announced the death of his wife at the baths. It had only arrived that morning.

"You have lost no time," said the cantatrice, endeavouring to conceal her feelings under an iron mask of reproach.

There was a pause. Each dared not speak. The Count knew—but without actually and practically believing what seemed incredible—that Anielka and Giovanna were the same person—*his slave*. That terrible relationship checked him. Anielka, too, had played her part to the end of endurance. The long-cherished tenderness—the faithful love of her life could not longer be wholly mastered. Hitherto they had spoken in Italian. She now said in Polish,

"You have a right, my Lord Roszynski, to that poor Anielka who escaped from the

service of your wife in Florence; you can force her back to your palace, to its meanest work; but"—

"Have mercy on me!" cried Leon.

"But," continued the serf of Pobereze, firmly, "you cannot force me to love you."

"Do not mock—do not torture me more; you are sufficiently revenged. I will not offend you by importunity. You must indeed hate me! But remember that we Poles wished to give freedom to our serfs; and for that very reason our country was invaded and dismembered by despotic powers. We must therefore continue to suffer slavery as it exists in Russia; but, soul and body, we are averse to it: and when our country once more becomes free, be assured no shadow of slavery will remain in the land. Curse then our enemies, and pity us that we stand in such a desperate position between Russian bayonets and Siberia, and the hatred of our serfs."

So saying, and without waiting for a reply, Leon rushed from the room. The door was closed. Giovanna listened to the sounds of his rapid footsteps till they died in the street. She would have followed, but dared not. She ran to the window. Roszynski's carriage was rolling rapidly away, and she exclaimed vainly, "I love you, Leon; I loved you always!"

Her tortures were unendurable. To relieve them she hastened to her desk, and wrote these words:—

"Dearest Leon, forgive me; let the past be for ever forgotten. Return to your Aniëlka. She always has been, ever will be, yours!"

She despatched the missive. Was it too late? or would it bring him back? In the latter hope she retired to her chamber, to execute a little project.

Leon was in despair. He saw he had been premature in so soon declaring his passion after the news of his wife's death, and vowed he would not see Aniëlka again for several months. To calm his agitation, he had ridden some miles into the country. When he returned to his hotel after some hours, he found her note. With the wild delight it had darted into his soul, he flew back to her.

On regaining her saloon a new and terrible vicissitude seemed to sport with his passion:—she was nowhere to be seen. Had the Italian cantatrice fled? Again he was in despair; stupified with disappointment. As he stood uncertain how to act in the midst of the floor, he heard, as from a distance, an Ave Maria poured forth in tones he half-recognised. The sounds brought back to him a host of recollections; a weeping serf, the garden of his own palace. In a state of new rapture he followed the voice. He traced it to an inner chamber, and he there beheld the lovely singer kneeling, in the costume of a Polish serf. She rose, greeted Leon with a touching smile, and stepped forward with serious bashfulness. Leon extended his arms; she sank into them; and in that fond

embrace all past wrongs and sorrows were forgotten! Aniëlka drew from her bosom a little purse, and took from it a piece of silver. It was the rouble. *Noe*, Leon did not smile at it. He comprehended the sacredness of this little gift; and some tears of repentance fell upon Aniëlka's hand.

A few months after, Leon wrote to the steward of Olgogrod to prepare everything splendidly for the reception of his second wife. He concluded his letter with these words:—"I understand that in the dungeon beneath my palace there are some unfortunate men, who were imprisoned during my father's lifetime. Let them be instantly liberated. This is my first act of gratitude to God, who has so infinitely blessed me!"

Aniëlka longed ardently to behold her native land. They left Vienna immediately after the wedding, although it was in the middle of January.

It was already quite dark when the carriage, with its four horses, stopped in front of the portico of the Palace of Olgogrod. Whilst the footman was opening the door on one side, a beggar solieiting alms appeared at the other, where Aniëlka was seated. Happy to perform a good action, as she crossed the threshold of her new home, she gave him some money; but the man, instead of thanking her, returned her bounty with a savage laugh, at the same time scowling at her in the fiercest manner from beneath his thick and shaggy brows. The strangeness of this circumstance sensibly affected Aniëlka, and clouded her happiness. Leon soothed and reassured her. In the arms of her beloved husband, she forgot all but the happiness of being the idol of his affections.

Fatigue and excitement made the night most welcome. All was dark and silent around the palace, and some hours of the night had passed, when suddenly flames burst forth from several parts of the building at once. The palace was enveloped in fire; it raged furiously. The flames mounted higher and higher; the windows cracked with a fearful sound, and the smoke penetrated into the most remote apartments.

A single figure of a man was seen stealing over the snow, which lay like a winding-sheet on the solitary waste; his cautious steps were heard on the frozen snow as it crisped beneath his tread. It was the beggar who had accosted Aniëlka. On a rising ground, he turned to gaze on the terrible scene. "No more unfortunate wretches will now be doomed to pass their lives in your dungeons," he exclaimed. "What was *my* crime? Reminding my master of the lowness of his birth. For this they tore me from my only child—my darling little Aniëlka; they had no pity even for her orphan state; let them perish all!"

Suddenly a young and beautiful creature rushes wildly to one of the principal windows: she makes a violent effort to escape. For a moment her lovely form, clothed in white,

shines in terrible relief against the background of blazing curtains and walls of fire, and as instantly sinks back into the blazing element. Behind her is another figure, vainly endeavouring to aid her,—he perishes also; neither are ever seen again!

This appalling tragedy horrified even the perpetrator of the crime. He rushed from the place; and as he heard the crash of the falling walls, he closed his ears with his hands, and darted on faster and faster.

The next day some peasants discovered the body of a man frozen to death, lying on a heap of snow,—it was that of the wretched incendiary. Providence, mindful of his long, of his cruel imprisonment and sufferings, spared him the anguish of knowing that the mistress of the palace he had destroyed, and who perished in the flames, was his own beloved daughter—the Serf of Pobreze!

A STROLL BY STARLIGHT.

We left the Village. On the beaten road
Our steps and voices were the only sound.
The lady Moon was not yet come abroad,—
Our coyly-veiled companion. We found
A footway through the corn; upon the ground
The crake among the holms was occupied;
Rapid of movement, from all points around
Came his rough note whose music is supplied
By iteration while all sounds are hushed beside.

The stars were out, the sky was full of them,
Dotted with worlds. The land was all asleep.
And, like its gentle breath, from stem to stem
Through the dry corn a murmur there would
creep,
Murmur of music: as when in the deep
Of the sun-pierced Ægean, with turned ear,
The Nereids might have heard its waters leap
And kiss the dimpled islands, thus, less near,
Fainter, more like a thought, did to our hearts
appear,

The midnight melody. Our way then led
Where myriad blades of grass were drinking dew;
Thirsty, to God they looked, by God were fed,
Whose cloudless heaven could their life renew.
A cove beside us on the starry blue
Cut its hard outline. Through the leaves a fire
Shone with enlarging brilliance; red of hue
The large moon rose,—did to a throne aspire
Of dizzy height, and paled in winning her desire.

A change of level, and another scene;
Life, light, and noise. The roaring furnace-blast,
Flame-pointed cones and fields of blighted green!
The vivid fires, dreaming they have surpassed
The stars in brightness, furiously cast
Upward their wild strength to possess the sky;
Break into evanescent stars at last,—
Glitter and fall as fountains. Thus men try,
And thus men try in vain, false gods to deify.

The roar and flame diminish. Busy light
Streams from the casting-house. The liquid ore
Through arch and lancet window, dazzling Night,
Flows in rich rills upon the sanded floor.
Steropes, Arges, Brontes, from the shore
Of Acheron returned, seem glowing here;
Such form the phantom of Hephæstus wore,

Illumined by his forge. Each feature clear,
Men glorified by fire seem demon-births of fear.

But the ray reddens, and the light grows dim.
The cooling iron, counterpaned with sand
By those night servitors, no longer grim
In unaccustomed glow, from the green land
And yonder sky, now ceases to command
Our thoughts to wander. As we backward gaze,
The blast renews; with aspiration grand
The flames again soar upward: but we raise
Our glances to God's Lamp, which overawes their
blaze.

So forward through the stillness we proceed.
Winding around a hill, the white road leaves
Life, light, and noise behind. We, gladly freed
From human interruption, we, mute thieves,
Pass onward through Night's treasure; each
receives
From her rich store his bosom full of wealth,
For secret hoarding. Now an oak-wood weaves
A cloister way to sanctify the stealth
Practised in loving guise, and for the spirit's health.

We climb into the moonlight once again.
A broken rail beside the way doth keep
Neglectful guard above the Vale's domain.
The Vale is in the silence laid asleep,
Not far below. Among her beauties peep
The wakeful stars, and from above her bed
The grey night-veil, wherein to rest so deep
She sank, the Moon hath lifted; yet the thread
Of slumber holds, the dream hath from her face
not fled.

Yon meadow track leads by the church; it saves
Ten minutes if we follow it. We laugh
To see our saving lost among the graves.
Deciphering a moonlit Epitaph
We linger, laugh and sigh. All mirth is half
Made up of melancholy. There is pure
Humour in woe. Man's grief is oft the staff
On which his happy thoughts can lean secure;
And he who most enjoys, he too can most endure.

We leave the tombstones, death-like, white, and
still,
Fixed in the dim light,—awful, unbeheld.
A squalid village, straggling up a hill
We pass. In passing, one among us yelled,
And from no gallinaceous throat expelled
A crow sonorous. From the near church tower,
Through the cold, voiceless air of night there
knell'd
The passing bell of a departed hour:
What sign of budding day? How will the morn-
ing flower?

CHIPS.

THERE is a saying that a good workman is known by his chips. Such a prodigious accumulation of chips takes place in our Manufactory, that we infer we must have some first-rate workmen about us.

There is also a figure of speech, concerning a chip of the old block. The chips with which our old block (aged fifteen weeks) is overwhelmed every week, would make some five-and-twenty blocks of similar dimensions.

There is a popular simile—an awkward one in this connexion—founded on the

dryness of a chip. This has almost deterred us from our intention of bundling a few chips together now and then. But, reflection on the natural lightness of the article has reassured us; and we here present a few to our readers,—and shall continue to do so from time to time.

DESTRUCTION OF PARISH REGISTERS.

As the poorest man cannot foresee to what inheritance he may succeed, through the instrumentality of Parochial Registers, so in their preservation every member of the community is more or less interested; but the Parish Register returns of 1833 show that a general feeling seemed to exist in favour of their destruction. Scarcely one of them pronounced the Registers in a satisfactory state. The following sentences abound in the Blue Book: "leaves cut out," "torn out," "injured by damp," "mutilated," "in fragments," "destroyed by fire," "much torn," "illegible," "tattered," "imperfect," "early registers lost."

Thanks to the General Registry Act of William the Fourth, all such records made since 1835 are now properly cared for; but those prior to that date are still in parochial keeping, to be torn, lost, burnt, interpolated, stolen, defaced, or rendered illegible at the good pleasure of every wilful or heedless individual of a destructive organisation. Some time ago Mr. Walbran, of Ripon, found part of a Parish Register among a quantity of waste-paper in a cheesemonger's shop. The same gentleman has rescued the small but very interesting register of the chapelry of Denton, in the county of Durham, from the fate which once had nearly befallen it, by causing several *literatim* copies to be printed and deposited in public libraries. Among other instances of negligent custody, Mr. Downing Bruce, the barrister, relates, in a recently published pamphlet, that the Registers of South Otterington, containing several entries of the great families of Talbot, Herbert, and Fauconberg, were formerly kept in the cottage of the parish-clerk, who used all those preceding the eighteenth century for waste paper; a considerable portion having been taken to "sing a goose!"

Abstraction, loss, and careless custody of registers is constantly going on. Mr. Bruce mentions, that in 1845 he made some copious extracts from the dilapidated books at Andover, "but on recently visiting that place for the purpose of a supplementary search," he says, "I found that these books were no longer in existence, and that those which remained were kept in the rectory-house, in a damp place under the staircase, and in a shameful state of dilapidation." The second case occurred at Kirkby Malzeard, near Ripon, where the earliest register mentioned in the parliamentary return was reported to be lost. "Having occasion to believe that

the statement was not correct," Mr. Bruce states, "I persevered in my inquiries, and at length fortunately discovered the book, in a tattered state, behind some old drawers in the curate's back kitchen. Again, at Farlington, near Sheriff Hutton, the earliest registers were believed and represented to be lost, until I found their scattered leaves at the bottom of an old parish chest which I observed in the church."

Even as we write, an enquiry appears in the newspapers from the parish officers of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, addressed to "collectors" and others, after their own Registers; two among the most historically important and interesting years of the seventeenth century are nowhere to be found.

The avidity and dishonesty of many of these "collectors," or archaeological cockchafers, are shocking to think of. They seem to have passed for their own behoof a universal statute of limitations; and when a book, an autograph, or a record is a certain number of years old, they think it is no felony to steal it. Recently we were interested in searching the Register for the birth of Joseph Addison; and at the altar of the pretty little church of Milston, in Wilts, we were told that a deceased rector had cut out the leaf which contained it, to satisfy the earnest longings of a particular friend, "a collector"—a poet, too, who ought to have been ashamed to instigate the larceny. It is hoped that his executors—his name has been inserted in a burial register since—will think fit to restore it to its proper place at their early convenience.

Mr. Bruce recommends that the whole of the Registers now deposited in parish churches, in rectors' coal-cellars, churchwardens' out-houses, curates' back-kitchens, and goose-eating parish clerks' cottages, should be collected into one central fire-proof building in London.

Innocent Mr. Bruce! While the great historical records of this land are "preserved" over tons of gunpowder in the White Tower of the Tower in London; while the Chancery records are feeding a fine, fat, historical, and uncommonly numerous breed of rats in the cellars of the Rolls Chapel; while some of the most important muniments existing (including William the Conqueror's Domesday Book) are being dried up in the Chapter-House of Westminster Abbey, by the united heats of a contiguous brew-house and an adjacent wash-house; and while heaps of monastic charters and their surrenders to Henry the Eighth, with piles of inestimable historical treasures, are huddled together upon scaffolds in the interior of the dilapidated Riding-School in Carlton Ride—can Mr. Bruce, or any other man of common sense, suppose that any attention whatever will be paid by any person in power to his very modest suggestion?

THE MODERN "OFFICER'S" PROGRESS.

III.—THE CATASTROPHE.

WHAT the Psalmist said in sorrow, those who witnessed the career of the Honourable Ensign Spoonbill and his companions might have said, not in sorrow only but in anger: "One day told another, and one night certified another."

When duty was to be performed—for even under the command of such an officer as Colonel Tulip the routine of duty existed—it was slurred over as hastily as possible, or got through as it best might be. When, on the other hand, pleasure was the order of the day,—and this was sought hourly,—no resource was left untried, no expedient unattempted; and strange things, in the shape of pleasure, were often the result.

The nominal duties were multifarious, and, had they been properly observed, would have left but a comparatively narrow margin for recreation,—for there was much in the old forms which took up time, without conveying any great amount of real military instruction.

The orderly officer for the day—we speak of the subaltern—was supposed to go through a great deal. His duty it was to assist at inspections, superintend drills, examine the soldiers' provisions, see their breakfasts and dinners served, and attend to any complaints, visit the regimental guards by day and night, be present at all parades and musters, and, finally, deliver in a written report of the proceedings of the four-and-twenty hours.

To go through this routine, required—as it received in some regiments—a few days' training; but in the Hundredth there was none at all. Every officer in that distinguished corps was supposed to be "a Heaven-born genius," and acquired his military education as pigeons pick up peas. The Hon. Ensign Spoonbill looked at his men after a fashion; could swear at them if they were excessively dirty, and perhaps awe them into silence by a portentous scowl, or an exaggerated loudness of voice; but with regard to the real purpose of inspection, he knew as little, and cared as much, as the valet who aired his noble father's morning newspaper. His eye wandered over the men's kits as they were exposed to his view; but to his mind they only conveyed the idea of a kaleidoscopic rag-fair, not that of an assortment of necessaries for the comfort and well-being of the soldier. He saw large masses of beef, exhibited in a raw state by the quartermaster, as the daily allowance for the men; but if any one had asked him if the meat was good, and of proper weight, how could he have answered, whose head was turned away in disgust, with his face buried in a scented cambric handkerchief, and his delicate nature loathing the whole scene? In the same spirit he saw the men's breakfasts and dinners served; fortifying his opinion, at the first, that

coffee could only be made in France, and wondering, at the second, what sort of *potage* it could be that contrived to smell so disagreeably. These things might be special affectations in the Hon. Ensign, and depended, probably, on his own peculiar organisation; but if the rest of the officers of the Hundredth did not manifest as intense a dislike to this part of their duties, they were members of much too "crack" a regiment to give themselves any trouble about the matter. The drums beat, the messes were served, there was a hasty gallop through the barrack-rooms, scarcely looking right or left, and the orderly officer was only too happy to make his escape without being stopped by any impertinent complaint.

The "turning out" of the barrack guard was a thing to make an impression on a bystander. A loud shout, a sharp clatter of arms, a scurry of figures, a hasty formation, a brief enquiry if all was right, and a terse rejoinder that all *was* remarkably so, constituted the details of a visit to the body of men on whom devolved the task of extreme watchfulness, and the preservation of order. If the serjeant had replied "All wrong," it would have equally enlightened Ensign Spoonbill, who went towards the guardhouse because his instructions told him to do so; but why he went there, and for what purpose he turned out the guard, never entered into his comprehension. Not even did a sense of responsibility awaken in him when, with much difficulty, he penned the report which gave, in a narrative form, the summary of the duties he had performed in so exemplary a manner. Performed, do we say? Yes, once or twice wholly, but for the most part with many gaps in the schedule. Sometimes the dinners were forgotten, now and then the taptoo, generally the afternoon parade, and not unfrequently the whole affair. For the latter omission, there was occasionally a nominal "wiggling" administered, not by the commanding officer himself, but through the adjutant; and as that functionary was only looked upon by the youngsters in the light of a bore, without the slightest reverence for his office, his words—like those of Cassius—passed like the idle wind which none regarded. When Ensign Spoonbill "mounted guard" himself, his vigilance on his new post equalled the assiduity we have seen him exhibit in barracks. After the formality of trooping, marching down, and relieving, was over, the Honourable Ensign generally amused himself by a lounge in the vicinity of the guardhouse, until the field-officer's "rounds" had been made; and that visitation at an end for the day, a neighbouring billiard-room, with Captain Cushion for his antagonist or "a jolly pool" occupied him until dinner-time. It was the custom in the garrison where the Hundredth were quartered, as it was, indeed, in many others, for the officers on guard to dine with their mess, a couple of hours or so

being granted for this indulgence. This relaxation was made up for, by their keeping close for the rest of the evening; but as there were generally two or three off duty sufficiently at leisure to find cigars and brandy-and-water attractive, even when consumed in a guard-room, the hardship of Ensign Spoonbill's official imprisonment was not very great. With these friends, and these creature-comforts to solace, the time wore easily away till night fell, when the field-officer, if he was "a good fellow," came early, and Ensign Spoonbill, having given his friends their *congé*, was at liberty to "turn in" for the night, the onerous duty of visiting sentries and inspecting the reliefs every two hours, devolving upon the serjeant.

It may be inferred from these two examples of Ensign Spoonbill's ideas of discipline and the service, what was the course he generally adopted when *on* duty, without our being under the necessity of going into further details. What he did when *off* duty helped him on still more effectually.

Lord Pelican's outfit having "mounted" the young gentleman, and the credit he obtained on the strength of being Lord Pelican's son, keeping his stud in order, he was enabled to vie with the crackest of the crack Hundredth; subject, however, to all the accidents which horseflesh is heir to—especially when allied to a judgment of which green was the prevailing colour. A "swap" to a disadvantage; an indiscreet purchase; a mistake as to the soundness of an animal; and such other errors of opinion, entailed certain losses, which might, after all, have been borne, without rendering the applications for money at home, more frequent than agreeable; but when under the influence of a natural obstinacy, or the advice of some very "knowing ones," Ensign Spoonbill proceeded to back his opinion in private matches, handicaps, and steeple-chases, the privy purse of Lady Pelican collapsed in a most unmistakable manner. Nor was this description of amusement the only rock-a-head in the course of the Honourable Ensign. The art or science of betting embraces the widest field, and the odds, given or taken, are equally fatal, whether the subject that elicits them be a match at billiards or a horse-race. Nor are the stakes at blind-hokey or unlimited loo less harmless, when you hav'n't got luck and *have* such opponents as Captain Cushion.

In spite of the belief in his own powers, which Ensign Spoonbill encouraged, he could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was every day a loser; but wiser gamblers than he—if any there be—place reliance on a "turn of luck," and all he wanted to enable him to take advantage of it, was a command of cash; for even one's best friends prefer the coin of the realm to the most unimpeachable I. O. U.

The want of money is a common dilemma,—not the less disagreeable, however because

it is common—but in certain situations this want is more apparent than real. The Hon. Ensign Spoonbill was in the predicament of impecuniosity; but there were—as a celebrated statesman is in the habit of saying—three courses open to him. He might leave off play, and do without the money; he might "throw himself" on Lord Pelican's paternal feelings; or he might *somehow* contrive to raise a supply on his own account. To leave off just at the moment when he was sure to win back all he had lost, would have been ridiculous; besides, every man of spirit in the regiment would have cut him. To throw himself upon the generosity of his sire, was a good poetical idea; but, practically, it would have been of no value: for, in the first place, Lord Pelican had no money to give—in the next, there was an elder brother, whose wants were more imperative than his own; and lastly, he had already tried the experiment, and failed in the most signal manner. There remained, therefore, only the last expedient; and being advised, moreover, to have recourse to it, he went into the project *tête baissée*. The "advice" was tendered in this form.

"Well, Spooney, my boy, how are you, this morning?" kindly enquired Captain Cushion, one day on his return from parade, from which the Honourable Ensign had been absent on the plea of indisposition.

"Deuced queer," was the reply; "that Roman punch always gives me the splittingest headaches!"

"Ah! you're not used to it. I'm as fresh as a four-year old. Well, what did you do last night, Spooney?"

"Do! why, I lost, of course; *you* ought to know that."

"I—my dear fellow! Give you my honour I got up a loser!"

"Not to me, though," grumbled the Ensign.

"Can't say as to that," replied the Captain; "all I know is, that I am devilishly minus."

"Who won, then?" enquired Spoonbill.

"Oh!" returned the Captain, after a slight pause, "I suspect—Chowser—he has somebody's luck and his own too!"

"I think he must have mine," said the Ensign, with a faint smile, as the alternations of the last night's Blind Hookey came more vividly to his remembrance. "What did I lose to you, Cushion?" he continued, in the hope that his memory had deceived him.

The Captain's pocket-book was out in an instant.

"Sixty-five, my dear fellow; that was all. By-the-bye, Spooney, I'm regularly hard up; can you let me have the tin? I wouldn't trouble you, upon my soul, if I could possibly do without it, but I've got a heavy bill coming due to-morrow, and I can't renew."

The Honourable Ensign sank back on his pillow, and groaned impotently. Rallying, however, from this momentary weakness, he raised his head, and, after apostrophising the

spirit of darkness as his best friend, exclaimed, "I'll tell you what it is, Cushion, I'm thoroughly cleaned out. I haven't got a dump!"

"Then you must fly a kite," observed the Captain, coolly. "No difficulty about that."

This was merely the repetition of counsel of the same friendly nature previously urged. The shock was not greater, therefore, than the young man's nerves could bear.

"How is it to be done?" asked the neophyte.

"Oh, I think I can manage that for you. Yes," pursued the Captain, musing, "Lazarus would let you have as much as you want, I dare say. His terms are rather high, to be sure; but then the cash is the thing. He'll take your acceptance at once. Who will you get to draw the bill?"

"Draw!" said the Ensign, in a state of some bewilderment. "I don't understand these things—couldn't you do it?"

"Why," replied the Captain, with an air of intense sincerity, "I'd do it for you with pleasure—nothing would delight me more; but I promised my grandmother, when first I entered the service, that I never *would* draw a bill as long as I lived; and as a man of honour, you know, and a soldier, I can't break my word."

"But I thought you said you had a bill of your own coming due to-morrow," observed the astute Spoonbill.

"So I did," said the Captain, taken rather aback in the midst of his protestations, "but then it isn't—exactly—a thing of *this* sort; it's a kind of a—bond—as it were—old family matters—the estate down in Lincolnshire—that I'm clearing off. Besides," he added, hurriedly, "there are plenty of fellows who'll do it for you. There's young Brittles—the Manchester man, who joined just after you. I never saw anybody screw into baulk better than he does, except yourself—he's the one. Lazarus, I know, always prefers a young customer to an old one; knowing chaps, these Jews, arn't they?"

Captain Cushion's last remark was, no doubt, a just one—but he might have applied the term to himself with little dread of disparagement; and the end of the conversation was, that it was agreed a bill should be drawn as proposed, "say for three hundred pounds," the Captain undertaking to get the affair arranged, and relieving Spoonbill of all trouble, save that of "merely" writing his name across a bit of stamped paper. These points being settled, the Captain left him, and the unprotected subaltern called for brandy and soda-water, by the aid of which stimulus he was enabled to rise and perform his toilette.

Messrs. Lazarus and Sons were merchants who perfectly understood their business, and, though they started difficulties, were only too happy to get fresh birds into their net. They knew to a certainty that the sum they were

asked to advance would not be repaid at the end of the prescribed three months: it would scarcely have been worth their while to enter into the matter if it had; the profit on the hundred pounds' worth of jewellery, which Ensign Spoonbill was required to take as part of the amount, would not have remunerated them sufficiently. Guessing pretty accurately which way the money would go, they foresaw renewed applications, and a long perspective of accumulating acceptances. Lord Pelican might be a needy nobleman; but he *was* Lord Pelican, and the Honourable George Spoonbill was his son; and if the latter did not succeed to the title and family estates, which was by no means improbable, there was Lady Pelican's settlement for division amongst the younger children. So they advanced the money; that is to say, they produced a hundred and eighty pounds in cash, twenty they took for the accommodation (half of which found its way into the pocket of—never mind, we won't say anything about Captain Cushion's private affairs), and the value of the remaining hundred was made up with a series of pins and rings of the most stunning magnificence.

This was the Honourable Ensign Spoonbill's first bill-transaction, but, the ice once broken, the second and third soon followed. He found it the pleasantest way in the world of raising money, and in a short time his affairs took a turn so decidedly commercial, that he applied the system to all his mercantile transactions. He paid his tailors after this fashion, satisfied Messrs. Mildew and his upholsterers with negotiable paper, and did "bits of stiff" with Galloper, the horse-dealer, to a very considerable figure. He even became facetious, not to say inspired, by this great discovery; for, amongst his papers, when they were afterwards overhauled by the official assignee—or some such fiscal dignitary,—a bacchanalian song in manuscript was found, supposed to have been written about this period, the *refrain* of which ran as follows:—

"When creditors clamour, and cash fails the till,
There is nothing so easy as giving a bill."

It needs no ghost to rise from the grave to prophesy the sequel to this mode of "raising the wind." It is recorded twenty times a month in the daily papers,—now in the Bankruptcy Court, now in that for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. Ensign Spoonbill's career lasted about eighteen months, at the end of which period—not having prospered by means of gaming to the extent he anticipated—he found himself under the necessity of selling out and retiring to a continental residence, leaving behind him debts, which were eventually paid, to the tune of seven thousand, two hundred and fourteen pounds, seventeen shillings, and tenpence three farthings, the vulgar fractions having their origin in the hair-splitting occasioned by reduplication of interest. He chose for his

abode the pleasant town of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where he cultivated his moustaches, acquired a smattering of French, and an insight into the mystery of pigeon-shooting. For one or other of these qualifications—we cannot exactly say which—he was subsequently appointed *attaché* to a foreign embassy, and at the present moment, we believe, is considered one of those promising young men whose diplomatic skill will probably declare itself one of these days, by some stroke of time, which shall set all Europe by the ears.

With respect to Colonel Tulip's "crack" regiment, it went, as the saying is, "to the Devil." The exposure caused by the affair of Ensign Spoonbill—the smash of Ensign Brittles, which shortly followed—the duel between Lieutenant Wadding and Captain Cushion, the result of which was a ball (neither "spot" nor "plain," but a bullet) through the head of the last-named gentleman, and a few other trifles of a similar description, at length attracted the "serious notice" of his Grace the Commander-in-Chief. It was significantly hinted to Colonel Tulip that it would be for the benefit of the service in general, and that of the Hundredth in particular, if he exchanged to half-pay, as the regiment required re-modelling. A smart Lieutenant-Colonel who had learnt something, not only of drill, but of discipline, under the hero of "Young Egypt," in which country he had shared that general's laurels, was sent down from the Horse Guards, "Weeding" to a considerable extent took place; the Majors and the Adjutant were replaced by more efficient men, and, to sum up all, the Duke's "Circular" came out, laying down a principle of *practical military education, while on service*, which, if acted up to,—and there seems every reason to hope it will now be,—bids fair to make good officers of those who heretofore were merely idlers. It will also diminish the opportunities for gambling, drinking, and bill-discounting, and substitute, for the written words on the Queen's Commission, the real character of a soldier and a gentleman.

HOW TO SPEND A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

If the walls of London—the bill-stickers' chosen haunt—could suddenly find a voice to tell their own history, we might have a few curious illustrations of the manners and customs—the fashions, fancies, and popular idols—of the English during the last half century,—from the days when a three feet blue bill was thought large enough to tell where Bonaparte's victories might be read about, to the advent acres of flaring paper and print which announce a Bal Masque or a new Haymarket Comedy. One of the most startling contrasts of such a confession would refer to the announcements about means of locomotion. It is not very long ago that "The Highflyer,"

"The Tally-ho," the Brighton "Age," and the Shrewsbury "Wonder" boasted, in all the glory of red letters, their wonder-feat speed of ten miles an hour;—"York in one day;" "Manchester in twenty-four hours;" and so on. The same wall now tells the passer-by a different tale, for we have Excursion Trains, of all sorts of pleasant places at all sorts of low fares. "Twelve Hours to Paris" is the burden of one placard, whilst another shows how "Cologne on the Rhine" may be reached in twenty-four.

Nor is this marvellous change in speed—this real economy of life—the only variation from old modes; for the cost in money of a journey has diminished with its cost of time. The cash which a few years ago was required to go to York, will now take the tourist to Cologne. The Minster of the one city is now, therefore, rivalled as a point for sight-seers by the Dom-Kirche of the other. When the South-Eastern Railway Company offers to take the traveller, who will pay them about three pounds at London Bridge one night, and place him by the next evening on the banks of the Rhine,—the excellent tendency is, that the summer holiday folks will extend their notions of an excursion beyond the Channel.

Steam, that makes the trip from London to Cologne so rapid and so cheap, does not stop there, but is ready now to bear the traveller by railway to Brunswick, Hanover, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna,—nay, with one short gap, he may go all the way to Trieste, on the Adriatic, by the iron road. Steam is ready also on the Rhine to carry him at small charge up that stream towards Switzerland. Indeed, afloat by steamer and ashore by railway, the tourist who leaves London Bridge on a Monday night may well reach Basle by Thursday or Friday, seeing many things on his way, including the best scenery of the Rhine. The beautiful portion of the banks of that river forms but a small part of its entire length; indeed, on reaching Cologne, the traveller is disappointed to find so little that is remarkable in what he beholds on the banks of the famous stream. It is not till he ascends many miles higher that he feels repaid for his journey. *The scenery lies between Coblenz and Bingen, and in extent bears some such proportion to the whole length of the river as would the banks of the Thames from Chelsea to Richmond to the entire course of our great river, from its rise in Gloucestershire to its junction with the sea.* In addition to the part just named, there are some few other points where the Rhine is worth seeing,—such as the fall at Schaffhausen,—but Switzerland may claim this as one of *its* attractions. It is a fine river from Basle, even down through the Dutch rushes and flats to the sea; but, with all its reputation, there is only a morsel of the Rhine worth going to look at, and that lies, as we have just said, between its junction with the picturesque Moselle at Coblenz and the small town of Bingen. Between those points it

passes through hills and near mountains, whose sides and summits boast the castles and ruins so often painted and often sung; and these spots are now within the reach of the three pounds first-class railway ticket, now-a-days announced by placard on the walls and boardings of London.

Once on a Rhine steamer, and Switzerland is within easy reach.

On our table, as we write, lies the second edition of a volume* written by the physician to the Queen's Household, Dr. Forbes, showing how a month may be employed in Switzerland. He adopted the South Eastern Railway plan, and, starting by a mail train at half-past eight in the evening of the 3rd of August, found himself and companions on the next evening looking from the window of an hotel on the Rhine. Steam and a week placed him in Switzerland. Here railways must be no longer reckoned on, and the tourist, if he be in search of health, may try what pedestrian exercise will do for him. This the Doctor strongly recommends; and, following his own prescription, we find him—though a sexagenarian—making capital way; now as a pedestrian, anon on horseback, and then again on foot, only adopting a carriage when there was good reason for such assistance. He describes the country, as all do who have been through it, as a land of large and good inns, well stored with luxurious edibles and drinkables. Against a too free use of them, he doctor-like gives a medical hint or two, and goes somewhat out of his way, perhaps, to show how much better the waters of the mountains may be than the wine. Indeed the butter, the honey, the milk, the cheese, and the melted snows of Switzerland win his warmest praises. The bread is less fortunate; but its inferiority, and many other small discomforts, are overlooked and almost forgotten in his enjoying admiration of what he found good on his way amidst the mountain valleys and breezy passes of his route. The bracing air, the brilliant sky, the animating scenes, the society of emulous and cheerful companions, and, above all, the increased corporeal exercise soon produce a change in the mind and the body, in the spirits and the stomach of the tourist.

What a marvellous change it is for a smoke-dried man who for months, perhaps years, has been "in populous cities pent," to escape from his thralldom, and find himself far away from his drudgeries and routines up amongst the mountains and the lakes, and surrounded by the most magnificent scenes in nature; where he sees in all its glory that which a townsman seldom gets a glimpse of—a sunrise in its greatest beauty; and where sunsets throw a light over the earth, which makes its beauties emulate those of the heavens! Day by day, during summer in Switzerland, such enjoyments are at hand.

* "The Physician's Holiday."

One traveller may choose one route, and another another; for there are many and admirable changes to be rung upon the roads to be taken. Dr. Forbes, for instance, went from Basle to Schaffhausen, thence to Zurich, and, steaming over a part of the lake, made for Zug, and thence to the Rigi. He returned to the Zurich-See, and then went to Wallestadt, Chur, and the Via Mala. Had he to shorten his trip without great loss of the notable scenes, he might, having first reached Lucerne, have left that place for Meyringen, and then pursued his subsequent way by the line of the lakes, visiting the various glorious points in their neighbourhood that challenged his attention—Grindelwald, Schreckhorn, Lauterbrunnen, Unterseen, and so on to Thun; then by the pass of the Gemmi to Leuk, and, from there, to what is described by our author as the gem of his whole Swiss experience—the Riffenberg, and the view at Monte Rosa:—

"Sitting there, up in mid-heaven, as it were, on the smooth, warm ledge of our rock; in one of the sunniest noons of a summer day; amid air cooled by the elevation and the perfect exposure to the most delicious temperature; under a sky of the richest blue, and either cloudless, or only here and there gemmed with those aerial and sun-bright cloudlets which but enhance its depth; with the old field of vision, from the valley at our feet to the horizon, filled with majestic shapes of every variety of form, and of a purity and brilliancy of whiteness which left all common whiteness dull:—we seemed to feel as if there could be no other mental mood but that of an exquisite yet cheerful serenity—a sort of delicious abstraction, or absorption of our powers, in one grand, vague, yet most luxurious perception of Beauty and Loveliness.

"At another time, it would almost seem at the same time, so rapid was the alternation from mood to mood, the immeasurable vastness and majesty of the scene, the gigantic bulk of the individual mountains, the peaks towering so far beyond the level of our daily earth, as to seem more belonging to the sky than to it, our own elevated and isolated station hemmed in on every side by untrodden wastes and impassable walls of snow, and, above all, the utter silence, and the absence of every indication of life and living things—suggesting the thought that the foot of man had never trodden, and never would tread there: these and other analogous ideas would excite a tone of mind entirely different—solemn, awful, melancholy. . . .

"I said at the time, and I still feel disposed to believe, that the whole earth has but few scenes that can excel it in grandeur, in beauty, and in wonderfulness of every kind. I thought then, and I here repeat my opinion in cool blood, that had I been brought hither blindfolded from London, had had my eyes opened but for a single hour on this astonishing

panorama, and had been led back in darkness as I came, I should have considered the journey, with all its privations, well repaid by what I saw."

Having seen this crowning glory of mountain scenery, the tourist intent only upon a short trip might adopt one of many variations for his return to Basle. If on going out he had missed any bright spot, he should see it on his way back. He must remember:

Interlachen, one of the sweetest spots in all Switzerland, which, though only about four miles in extent, affords a perfect specimen of a Swiss valley in its best form.

The Lake of Thun, inferior to that of Wallenstadt in grandeur, and to that of Lucerne in beauty, but superior to the Lake of Zurich in both; and in respect to the view from it, beyond all these; none of them having any near or distant prospect comparable to that looking back, where the snowy giants of the Oberland, with the Jungfrau, and her silver horus, are seen over the tops of the nearer mountains.

The "show glacier" of the Rosenlauri, which is so easy of access.

The view from the Hotel of the Jungfrau on the Wengern Alp.

The lake scenery near Alpnach.

All these points should be made either out or home. They are not likely to be forgotten by the tourist when once seen. On the pilgrimage to these wonders of nature, the other peculiarities of the country and its people will be observed, and amongst them the frequency of showers and the popularity of umbrellas; the great division of landed property; the greater number of beggars in the Romanist as compared with the Protestant Cantons, and the better cultivation of the latter; the numerous spots of historical interest, as Morgarten, Sempach, Naefels; where the Swiss have fought for the liberty they enjoy (to say nothing of the dramatic William Tell, and his defeat of the cruel Gesler); the fruitfulness and number of Swiss orchards (which give us our grocers' "French plums"), the excellent flavor of Alpine strawberries and cream; the scarcity of birds; and the characteristic sounds of the Swiss horn, the Ranz des Vaches, and the night chaunts of the watchmen.

On the map attached to Dr. Forbes's volume are the dates, jotted down, when our traveller entered Switzerland, at Basle, and when he left it on his return to smoke and duty in London. He reached the land of mountains and lakes on the 11th of August; he quitted it on the 12th of September; four days afterwards he was being bothered at the Custom-House at Blackwall. The last words of his book are these:—"In accordance with a principle kept constantly in view while writing out the particulars of the Holiday now concluded, viz. to give to those who may follow the same or a similar track, such economical and financial details as may be useful to them, I may here

state that the total expenses of the tour—from the moment of departure to that of return—was, as near as may be, *One Guinea per diem* to each of the travellers."

The thousands of young gentlemen with some leisure and small means, who are in the habit of getting rid of both in unhealthy amusements, need hardly be told that a winter's abstinence from certain modes and places of entertainment would be more than rewarded by a single summer holiday spent after the manner of Dr. Forbes and his younger companions. No very heroic self-denial is necessary; and the compensation—in health, higher and more intense enjoyment, and the best sort of mental improvement—is incalculable.

What we have here described is an expensive proceeding compared with the cheap contract trips which are constantly diverging from the Metropolis, to every part of England, Ireland, Scotland, and to all attainable places on the Continent. These, so far as we are able to learn, have hitherto been well conducted; and although the charges for every possible want—from the platform of the London Terminus back again to the same spot, are marvellously moderate—the speculations, from their frequent repetition, appear to have been remunerative to the projectors.

CHRISTOPHER SHRIMBLE ON THE "DECLINE OF ENGLAND."

To Mr. Ledru Rollin.

SIR,

I generally believe everything that is going to happen; and as it is a remarkable fact that everything that is going to happen is of a depressing nature, I undergo a good deal of anxiety. I am very careful of myself (taking a variety of patent medicines, and paying particular attention to the weather), but I am not strong. I think my weakness is principally on my nerves, which have been a good deal shaken in the course of my profession as a practising attorney; in which I have met with a good deal to shock them; but from which, I beg leave most cheerfully to acquaint you, I have retired.

Sir, I am certain you are a very remarkable public gentleman, though you have the misfortune to be French. I am convinced you know what is going to happen, because you describe it in your book on "The Decline of England," in such an alarming manner. I have read your book and, Sir, I am sincerely obliged to you for what you have made me suffer; I am very miserable and very grateful.

You have not only opened up a particularly dismal future, but you have shown me in what a miserable condition we, here, (I mean in Tooting, my place of abode, and the surrounding portion of the British Empire) are at this present time; though really I was not aware of it.

I suppose that your chapter on the law of this land is the result of a profound study of the statutes at large and the "Reports of Cases argued," &c.; for students of your nation do not take long for that sort of thing, and you have been amongst us at least three months. In the course of your "reading up" you must doubtless have perused the posthumous reports of J. Miller, Q. C. (Queen's Comedian). There you doubtless found the cause of Hammer *v.* Tongs, which was an action of *tort* tried before Gogg, C. J. Flamfacier (Serjeant)—according to the immortal reporter of good things—stated his case on behalf of the plaintiff so powerfully, that before he could get to the peroration, said plaintiff's hair stood on end, tears rolled down his cheeks in horror and pity at his own wrongs, and he exclaimed, while wringing his pocket-handkerchief, "Good gracious! That villain Tongs! What a terrific box on my ear it must have been! To think that a man may be almost murdered without knowing it!"

I am Hammer, and you, Mr. Rollin, are Tongs. Your book made my ears to tingle quite as sharply as if you had actually boxed them. I must, however, in justice to the little hair that Time has left me, positively state that, even while I was perusing your most powerful passages, it showed no propensity for the perpendicular. I felt very nervous for all that; for still—although I could hardly believe that a French gentleman residing for a few months in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, London, could possibly obtain a thorough knowledge, either from study or personal observation, of the political, legislative, agricultural, agrarian, prelatical, judicial, colonial, commercial, manufacturing, social, and educational systems and condition of this empire—yet, from the unqualified manner in which you deliver yourself upon all these branches, I cannot choose but think that your pages must, like certain fictions, be at least founded on *some* fact; that to have concocted your volume—of smoke—there must be some fire somewhere. Or is it only the smell of it?

For, Sir, even an alarm of fire is unpleasant; and, to an elderly gentleman with a very small stake in the country (prudently inserted in the three per cent. consols), reading of the dreadful things which you say are to happen to one's own native land is exceedingly uncomfortable, especially at night; when "in silence and in gloom" one broods over one's miseries, personal and national; when, in fact, your or any one else's *bête noire* is apt to get polished off with a few extra touches of blacking. Bless me! when I put my candle out the other night, and thought of your portrait of Britannia, I quite shook; and when I lay down I could almost fancy her shadow on the wall. Even now I see her looking uncommonly sickly, in spite of the invigorating properties of the waves she so constantly "rules;" the

trident and shield—her "supporters" for ages—can hardly keep her up. Grief, and forebodings of the famine which you promise, has made her dwindle down from Great to Little Britain. The British Lion at her feet is in the last stage of consumption; in such a shocking state of collapse, that he will soon be in a condition to jump out of his skin; but you do not point out the Ass who is to jump into it.

Fortunately for my peace I found, on reading a little further, that this is not Britannia as she is, but Britannia seen by you, "as in a glass darkly"—as she is to be—when some more of her blood has been sucked by a phlebotomising Oligarchy and State-pensionary; by an ogreish Cotton lordocracy; by a sanguinary East India Company, whose "atrocious greediness caused ten millions of Indians to perish in a month;" by the servile Parsonocracy, who "read their sermons, in order that the priest may be able to place his discourse before the magistrate, if he should be suspected of having preached anything contrary to law;" by the Landlords, whose oppressions cause labourers to kill one another "to get a premium upon death;" and by a variety of other national leeches, which your imagination presents to our view with the distinctness of the monsters in a drop of Thames water seen through a solar microscope.

But, Sir, as Mr. Hammer said, "to think that a man may be almost murdered without knowing it!" and so, I say, (one trial of your book will prove the fact) may a whole parish—such as Tooting—or an entire country—such as England. If it had not been for your book I should not have had the remotest notion that "English society is about to fall with a fearful crash." Society at large, so far as I can observe it (at Tooting, and elsewhere), seems to be quite innocent of its impending fate; and if one may judge from appearances (but then you say, we may not),—we are rather better off than usual just now: indeed, when you paint Britannia as she is at the present writing, she makes a rather fat and jolly portrait than otherwise. In your "Exposition" (for 1850) you say: "The problem is not to discover whether England is great, but whether her greatness can endure." In admitting, in the handsomest manner possible, that England *is* great, you go on to say, that "Great Britain, which is only two hundred leagues long, and whose soil is far from equal to that of Aragon or Lombardy, draws every year from its agriculture, by a skilful cultivation and the breeding of animals, a revenue which amounts to more than three billions six hundred millions francs, and this revenue of the mother-country is almost doubled by the value of similar produce in its colonies and dependencies. Her industry, her commerce, and her manufactures, create a property superior to the primal land-productions, and all owing to her inexhaustible mines, her natural wealth,

and her admirable system of circulation by fourscore and six canals, and seventy lines of railway. The total revenue of England then amounts to upwards of twelve billion francs. Her power amongst the nations is manifest by the number and greatness of her fleets and of her domains. In Europe she possesses, besides her neighbour-islets, Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands; in Asia, she holds British Hindostan with its tributaries, Ceylon, and her compulsory allies of the Panjab and of Scinde—that is to say, almost a world; in Africa she claims Sierra Leone with its dependencies, the Isle of France, Seychelles, Fernandez Po, the Cape of Good Hope and Saint Helena; in America, she possesses Upper and Lower Canada, Cape Breton, the Lesser Antilles, the Bermudas, Newfoundland, Lucays, Jamaica, Dominica, Guiana, the Bay of Honduras, and Prince Edward's Island; lastly, in Oceania, she has Van Dieman's Land, Norfolk Island, Nova Scotia, Southern Australia; and these hundred nations make up for her more than one hundred and fifty millions of subjects, including the twenty-seven to twenty-eight millions of the three mother kingdoms. As to her mercantile marine, two details will suffice to make it known; she has about thirty thousand sailing-vessels and steamers, without counting her eight thousand colonial ships; and in one year she exports six or seven hundred millions of cotton stuffs, which makes for a single detail an account beyond the sum total of all the manufacturing exportation of France."

But now for the plague spot! All this territory, and power, and commercial activity is, you say, our ruin; all this wealth is precisely our pauperism; all this happiness is our misery. What Montesquieu says, and you Mr. Ledru Rollin indorse with your unerring imprimatur, *must* be true:—"The fortune of maritime empires cannot be long, for they only reign by the oppression of the nations, and while they extend themselves abroad, they are undermining themselves within."

Upon my word, Mr. Rollin, this looks very likely; and when you see your neighbours gaily promounging Regent Street; when you hear of the "Lion of Waterloo" (at whom you are so obliging as to say in your Preface, you have no wish "to fire a spent ball") giving his usual anniversary dinner to the usual number of guests, and with his usual activity stepping off afterwards to a ball; when you are told that a hundred thousand Londoners can afford to enjoy themselves at Epsom Races; and that throughout the country there is just now more enjoyment and less grumbling than there has been for years, I can quite understand that your horror at the innocent disregard thus evinced at the tremendous "blow up" that is coming, must be infinitely more real than that of Serjeant Planchet. "Alas!" you exclaim

with that "profound emotion" with which your countrymen are so often afflicted; "Government returns inform me that during the past year English pauperism has decreased eleven per cent, and that the present demand for labour in the manufacturing districts nearly equals the supply? The culminating point is reached; destruction must follow!"

Heavens! Mr. Rollin, I tremble with you. The plethora of prosperity increases, and will burst the sooner! We, eating, drinking, contented, trafficking, stupid, revolution-hating, spiritless, English people, "are undermining ourselves within." We are gorging ourselves with National prosperity to bring on a National dyspepsia, and will soon fall asleep under the influence of a national nightmare! Horrible! the more so because

"Alas! unconscious of their fate,
The little victims play."

Now, Sir, I wish to ask you calmly and candidly, if there *is* any fire at the bottom of your volumes of smoke? or have you read your records, and seen our country through a flaming pair of Red Spectacles, that has converted everything within their range into Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones?

Indeed I hope it is so; for though I am very much obliged to you for putting us on our guard, you have made me very miserable. This is the worst shock of all. With my belief in "what is going to happen," I have led but a dog-life of it, ever since I retired from that cat-and-dog life, the Law. First, the Reform Bill was to ruin us out of hand; then, the farmers threatened us with what was going to happen in consequence of Free Trade; and that was bad enough, for it was starvation—no less. What was going to happen if the Navigation Laws were repealed, I dare not recall. Now we are to be swept off the face of the earth if we allow letters to be sorted on a Sunday. But these are comparative trifles to what you, Mr. R., assert is going to happen, whatever we do or don't do. However, I am resolved on one thing—I won't be in at the death, or rather *with* the death. I shall pull up my little stake in Capel Court, and retire to some quiet corner of the world, such as the Faubourg St. Antoine, the foot of Mount Vesuvius, or Chinese Tartary.

Your's truly,
CHRISTOPHER SHRIMBLE.

Paradise Row, Teetong.

Monthly Supplement of 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS,'
Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL:

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[PRICE 2d.]

A DAY IN A PAUPER PALACE.

IN some states of English existence Ruin is the road to Fortune. Falstaff threatened to make a commodity of his wounds; the well attested disaster of a begging letter writer confers upon him an income; the misfortune of a thief—that of being captured—occasionally ends in a colonial estate, and a carriage and pair; both the better assured if he can tell a good story of misfortunes, and is hypocrite enough to commence as a Pentonville "model." In Manchester the high road to fortune is to be born a pauper; should especially orphanhood, either by death or desertion, ensue.

At the easy distance of five miles from the great Cotton Capital, on the road to the great Cotton Port, through shady lanes and across verdant meadows, is the village of Swinton. At its entrance, on a pleasing elevation, stands a building which is generally mistaken for a wealthy nobleman's residence. The structure is not only elegant but extensive; it is in the Tudor style of architecture, with a frontage of four-hundred and fifty feet. It is studded with more than a hundred windows, each tier so differing in shape and size from the others as to prevent monotonous uniformity. Two winding flights of steps in the centre lead to a handsome entrance hall, above which rise two lofty turrets to break the outline of the extensive roof. The depth of the edifice is great—its whole proportions massive. Pleasure-gardens and play-grounds surround it. In front an acre and a half of flower-beds and grass-plots are intersected by broad gravel-walks and a carriage-drive. Some more of the land is laid out for vegetables. Beyond is a meadow, and the whole domain is about twenty-two acres in extent; all in good, some in picturesque, cultivation.

The stranger gazing upon the splendid brick edifice, with its surrounding territory, is surprised when he is told that it is not the seat of an ancient Dukedom; but that it is a modern palace for pauper children. He is *not* surprised when he hears that it cost 60,000*l.*

The contemplation of sumptuous arrangements of this nature for the benefit of helpless penury, naturally engenders an argument:—is it quite fair to the industrious

poor that the offspring of paupers should be placed in a better position than that of his own?—that these should have better instruction, be better fed, and better clothed?—that a premium should thus be put upon the neglect of their children by vicious parents; while, there is no helping hand held out to the industrious and virtuous for the proper training of *their* children: so that the care of their offspring by the latter is, by comparison, a misfortune; while desertion or neglect by the former is a blessing to theirs, to whom Garrick's paradox can be justly applied, that Their Ruin is the Making of them.

That is one side of the argument. The other stands thus; ought the misdeeds of parents to be visited on their innocent children? should pauper and outcast infants be neglected so as to become pests to Society, or shall they be so trained as to escape the pauper-spirit, and make amends to Society for the bad citizenship of their parents, by their own persevering industry, economy, and prudence in mature life? Common sense asks, does the State desire good citizens or bad? If good ones, let her manufacture them; and if she can do so by the agency of such establishments as that of Swinton, at not too great a cost, let us not be too critical as to her choice of the raw material.

In order to see whether the Swinton establishment fulfils this mission we solicited a gentleman qualified for the task to visit it; and from his information we have drawn up the following account:—

Having, he says, passed through the entrance hall, we chatted for a time with the chaplain, who is at the head of the establishment. From him we learnt that there are in the institution six hundred and thirty children, of whom three hundred and five are orphans, and one hundred and twenty-four deserted by their parents. Besides the chaplain there is a head master, a medical officer, a Roman Catholic priest, a governor and matron, six schoolmasters and four schoolmistresses, with a numerous staff of subordinate officials, male and female, including six nurses, and teachers of divers trades. The salaries and wages of the various officers and servants amount to about 1800*l.* a year, exclusive of the cost of their board which the greater number enjoy also.

We went into the play-ground of the junior department, where more than a hundred and fifty children were assembled. Some were enjoying themselves in the sunshine, some were playing at marbles, others were frisking cheerfully. These children ranged from four to seven years of age. There are some as young as a year and a half in the school. The greater number were congregated at one end of the yard, earnestly watching the proceedings of the master who was giving fresh water to three starlings in cages that stood on the ground. One very young bird was enjoying an airing on the gravel. Two others were perched on a cask. The master informed us it was a part of his system to instruct his charges in kindness to animals by example. He found that the interest which the children took in the animals and in his proceedings towards them, was of service in impressing lessons of benevolence among them towards each other. The practical lessons taught by the master's personal attention to his feathered favourites, outweighed, he thought, the theoretic inconsistency of confining birds in cages.

The play-ground is a training school in another particular. On two sides grew several currant trees, on which the fruit is allowed to ripen without any protection. Though some of the scholars are very young, there do not occur above two or three cases of unlawful plucking per annum. The appropriate punishment of delinquents is for them to sit and see the rest of their school-fellows enjoy, on a day appointed, a treat of fresh ripe fruit, whilst they are debarred from all participation.

The personal appearance of the pupils was not prepossessing. Close cropping the hair may be necessary at the first admission of a boy, but surely is not needed after children have been for some time trained in the establishment, in habits of cleanliness. The tailors of the establishment (its elder inmates), are evidently no respecters of persons. Measuring is utterly repudiated, and the style in vogue is the comic or incongruous. The backs of the boys seemed to be Dutch-built; their legs seemed cased after Turkish patterns; while the front view was of Falstaffian proportions, some of the trousers are too short for the legs, and some of the legs too short for the trousers. The girls are better dressed. Amongst them are some of prepossessing faces, intelligent appearance, and pleasing manners. Here and there may be discerned, however, vacancy of look, and inaptness to learn. Among the boys, sometimes, occurs a face not quite clean enough, and a shirt collar that seems to have suffered too long a divorce from the wash-tub.

During the time we spent in the play-ground, sundry chubby urchins came up to the master with small articles which they had found; it being the practice to impress on each, that nothing found belongs to the finder unless, after due inquiry, no owner can be discovered. One brought something look-

ing like liquorice; another produced a half-penny, which the master appropriated. Perhaps, the master had dropped the halfpenny to test the honesty of some of his pupils. One little fellow was made happy by permission to keep a marble which he had picked up.

The children obeyed the summons to school with pleasing alacrity. This is owing partly to the agreeable mode of tuition adopted, and in some measure to the fact that the lessons are not allowed to become tedious and oppressive. As soon as any parties give unequivocal signs of weariness, either there is some playful relaxation introduced, or such children are sent into the play-ground. On the present occasion, as soon as the master applied his mouth to a whistle, away trooped the children in glad groups to an ante-room. Here, arranged in five or six rows, boys and girls intermixed stood with eyes fixed on the master, awaiting his signals. At the word of command, each alternate row faced to the right, the others to the left, and filed off, accompanying their march with a suitable tune; their young voices blending in cheerful harmony, while they kept time by clapping their hands, and by an occasional emphatic stamp of the foot.

To enliven the routine of school duties, the master's cur takes part in them. He is a humorous dog, with an expressive countenance, and a significant wag of the tail. In the intervals of lessons, his duty—which is also his pleasure—consists in jumping over the benches or threading the labyrinths of little legs under them. Now he darts with wild glee into a spelling class; now he rushes among an alphabet group, and snarls a playful “r-r-r-r,” as if to teach the true pronunciation of the canine letter; now he climbs up behind a seated urchin, puts his forepaws on the favourite's shoulders, and, with a knowing look towards the master, recommends his friend for promotion to a monitorship.

It was surprising to find that the pupils took not the slightest notice of the antics of the master's dog. They heeded nothing but their lessons; but we learned that the dog was a part of the discipline. He accustomed the children to startling eccentricities and unexpected sounds; he presented a small, extraneous, but wholesome difficulty in the pursuit of Knowledge. He, and the currant bush, the pretty treasure-troves, and other contrivances, were intentional temptations which the children were trained to resist. We beg very pointedly to recommend the study of these facts to the attention of the inventors and advocates of the Pentonville Model system. They involve an important principle,—and a principle equally applicable to adults as to children. The morals of the young, or the penitence of the criminal, which result from a system depriving the pupil of every possible temptation to do otherwise than right, will assuredly lapse into vice when incentives to it are presented. Evil exists very plenti-

fully in this world, and it must be recognised and dealt with; it is not by concealing it from the young but by teaching him to resist it that we do wise. It must at the same time be admitted that the principle can be carried too far; and if the master *did* intentionally drop the halfpenny, it was exactly there that he pushed his excellent principle too far.

The teaching of the juniors is conducted mainly *vivâ voce*; for the mass of them are under six years of age. The class was opened thus:

"What day is this?"

"Monday."

"What sort of a day is it?"

"Very fine."

"Why is it a fine day?"

"Because the sun shines, and it does not rain."

"Is rain a bad thing, then?"

"No."

"What is it useful for?"

"To make the flowers and the fruit grow."

"Who sends rain and sunshine?"

"God."

"What ought we to do in return for his goodness?"

"Praise him!"

"Let us praise him, then," added the master.

And the children, all together, repeated and then sung a part of the 149th Psalm.—A lesson on morals succeeded, which evidently interested the children. It was partly in the form of a tale told by the master. A gentleman who was kind to the poor, went to visit in gaol a boy imprisoned for crime. The restraint of the gaol, and the shame of the boy, were so described, as to impress the children with strong interest. Then the boy's crime was traced to disobedience, and the excellence of obedience to teachers and parents was shown. The fact that punishment comes out of, and follows our own actions was enforced by another little story.

By this time some of the very young children showed symptoms of lassitude. One fat little mortal had fallen asleep; and this class was consequently marshalled for dismissal, and as usual marched out singing, to play for a quarter of an hour.

A lesson in reading was now administered to a class of older children. For facilitating this achievement, generally so difficult, the master has introduced the phonic system, in some degree according to a mode of his own, by which means even the youngest children make remarkable progress. We need not discuss it here.

The scene the schoolroom, during the reading lesson, presented, was remarkable. Groups of four or five little fellows were gathered in various parts of the room before a reading-card, one acting as monitor; who was sometimes a girl. It was a pleasing sight to see half-a-dozen children seated or kneeling in a circle round the same book, their heads

almost meeting in the centre, in their earnestness to see and hear, while the monitor pointed quickly with the finger to the word which each in succession was to pronounce. All seemed alert, and the eyes of the monitors kindled with intelligence. Meanwhile the master was busied in passing from one class to another, listening to the manner in which the pronunciation was caught, or the correctness with which the rapid combination of letters and syllables was made. Sometimes he stayed a few minutes with a class to give aid, then proceeded to another; and occasionally, on finding by a few trials, that a boy was quite familiar with the work of his class, he would remove him to another more advanced. These transfers were frequent.

In an adjoining room were assembled, under the care of the schoolmaster's wife, some of the more advanced scholars. One class in this room was particularly interesting—a class composed of the monitors who receive extra instruction in order to fit them for their duties.

After an interval the whole attended a class for general knowledge: in this the mutual instruction system was adopted. A pupil stood out on a platform—the observed of all observers—to be questioned and cross-questioned by his or her schoolfellow, like a witness in a difficult law case, until supplanted by a pupil who could answer better. A degree of piquancy was thus imparted to the proceeding, which caused the attention of the pupils not to flag for a moment. One girl, with red hair and bright eyes, weathered a storm of questions bravely. A sample of the queries put by these young inquisitors, will show the range of subjects necessary to be known about. What are the months of spring? What animal cuts down a tree, and where does it live? Which are the Cinque Ports? What planet is nearest the sun? What is the distance from Manchester to Lancaster? How high is St. Paul's Cathedral? What are the names of the common metals? What causes water to rise and become clouds?

One urchin who could scarcely be seen over the head of another, and who was evidently of a meteorological turn of mind, bawled out in a peculiarly sedate and measured manner,

"What does the wind do?"

To have answered the question fully would have taken a day, but a single answer satisfied the querist, and was of a sanitary character.

"The wind," replied the female Rufus, "cools us in summer and blows away the bad air." An agreeable enough answer as we sat in the middle of the schoolroom on a hot day, when the thermometer was seventy-one degrees in the shade, and a pleasant breeze stealing through the open windows occasionally fanned our warm cheeks. This concluded our visit to the junior department.

Meanwhile, the education of the elder children was proceeding in other parts of the

building. The lessons of the senior sections are conducted in a much quieter manner than those of the junior classes; even in a way which some persons would consider tame and uninteresting. This quietude was, however, more than balanced by another department. As we passed to the elder boys' court-yard, the chaplain threw open the door of a room, where a small music class was practising the fife and the drum. The class consisted of eight youths, who had not learnt long, but performed the "Troubadour" in creditable style. When they marched out, they headed about two hundred boys, who were drawn up in line; the music-master acting as drill-sergeant and commander-in-chief. After passing through some drill-exercises, they marched off, drums beating and colours flying, to dinner.

We need say no more of this pleasing ceremony than that it was heartily performed. The viands were relished in strong illustration of Dr. Johnson's emphatic remark, "Sir, I like to dine."

After dinner, we visited the workshops—a very active scene. The living tableaux were formed chiefly by young tailors and cobblers. A strict account is kept of all manufactured articles and of their cost; and we learnt that a boy's suit of fustian (labour included) costs 4s. 10½*d.*; a girl's petticoat 12¾*d.*; and that the average weekly cost of clothing worn by the children was estimated at 3½*d.* per head—making 15s. 2*d.* for the wearing apparel of each child per year. This may be taken as a commentary on the "slop work" prices to which public attention has been so forcibly drawn of late.

In all the industrial sections, the children are occupied alternately at their work and in school—labouring for one afternoon and next morning, and then attending their classes in school for the next afternoon and morning. This is a decided improvement on the Mettray system. In that agricultural colony, the boys only attend school once a week, and work at handicrafts, or on the farm, during the other five. There is, however, something defective in the Swinton plan, as applicable to advanced pupils; perhaps they are not stimulated sufficiently; but it happens that no pupil-teacher had ever passed a government examination; although last year the grant of money, by the Committee of Privy Council for the educational departments of the Swinton school, amounted to 531*l.* Those among the scholars who have gone into other lines of life, have generally conducted themselves well; and when absorbed into the masses of society, have become a help and a credit instead of a bane to it. Indeed, having been brought up at the Pauper Palace appears a safe certificate with the public, who are eager for the girls of this school as domestic servants. Both boys and girls, on leaving the institution, are furnished with two complete sets of clothes, and their subsequent behaviour is repeatedly inquired into.

As we descended the steps of the school we scanned the prospect seen from it. The foreground of the landscape was dotted with rural dwellings, interspersed with trees. In the distance rose the spires and tall chimneys of Manchester, brightened by the rays of the evening sun, while a sea of smoke hung like a pall over the great centre of manufacturing activity, and shut out the view beyond. It typified the dark cloud of pauperism which covers so large a portion of the land, and which it is hoped such institutions as the Swinton Industrial Schools are destined to dispel. The centre of manufacturing activity is also the centre of practical and comprehensive education. Why does this activity continue to revolve so near its centre? Why has it not radiated over the length and breadth of the land? The Swinton Institution is a practical illustration of what can be done with even the humblest section of the community; and if it have a disadvantage, that is precisely because it succeeds too well. It places the child-pauper above the child of the industrious. Narrow minds advocate the levelling of the two, by withdrawing the advantage from the former. Let us, however, hope that no effort will relax to bring out, in addition to Pauper Palaces, Educational Palaces for all classes and denominations.

Thus ended our visit to the "Pauper Palace." As we issued from the iron gate into the open road we met a long line of the elder girls, accompanied by a master, returning from a walk which they had taken, after school hours and before supper, for the benefit of their health. The glad smile of recognition, and the cheerful salutation with which they greeted us as we bade them good evening, were a touch of that gentle nature which "makes the whole world kin." It refreshed us like a parting blessing from well-known friends.

HOW WE WENT HUNTING IN CANADA.

AFTER his disasters in New Ireland, our friend Blungle could not be prevailed upon to go fishing again.* The sport was conducted under circumstances which deprived it of all attraction to him. He could understand fishing in the Thames,—sitting all day in a comfortable arm-chair in a punt, moored off Ditton, with a stock of brandy and water and mild Havannahs. This was true sport; but digging holes in the ice to catch fish was neither sportsman-like nor exciting. Under the circumstances, he was not to be reasoned with; so we only laughed at him,—Perroque advising him, on his return to St. Pancras, to try his luck in a parlour fish-bowl. This put him on his mettle,—and to show that he was ready to "rough it" with any man, he challenged us to go hunting

* See page 243.

with him. Perroque, who was as great an adept on snow-shoes as on skates, gave him no time to retract, and a hunt after Moose was at once determined upon.

Our accoutrements consisted of snow-shoes (which, when slung over the shoulders, looked not unlike a pair of large wings), a rifle, an "Arkansas toothpick," and a flask. We started without delay, and on the afternoon of the second day were once more in the township of Leeds, which we had fixed upon as the scene of our operations.

Archibald McQuaigh was an old Highlander who had emigrated from Strathoddy, and who prided himself greatly on his ancestry, and on having been the man who "felled the first tree in Leeds," in 1817; since which time the township had made marvellous strides in advancement and prosperity, and McQuaigh was fond of saying that the crash of the first victim to the axe was still ringing in his ears. He had pushed his way boldly into the woods, with nothing but an axe, a set of bagpipes, a peck of oatmeal, and a bottle of whiskey,—the last two being the remains of the stock of provisions which he had taken on board with him at Glasgow. With this scanty outfit he began the hardy life of a settler,—borrowing flour and pork from his neighbours, the nearest of whom was fifteen miles off, until the gathering of his first crop, when he became an independent man. Years, although not without a fight for it, had produced their effect even on McQuaigh. He had shrunk somewhat in all his proportions, but his skin and flesh looked like plastic horn, which seemed to bid defiance to decay. Blungle felt quailish, when first presented to him, for he had still a very fiery look, calculated to affect the nervous,—his hair, which was becoming grey at the tips, now looking like so many red-hot wires elevated to a white heat at the points. His manly activity had not yet forsaken him, his frame being still well knit and compact, and there were few in the township who would even then venture to wrestle with him. He had been originally a deer-keeper to the Marquis of Glen-Fuddle, and his early vocation gave him a taste for the chase which never forsook him, and it was in the double capacity of an enthusiastic sportsman and a hospitable man, that we carried letters of introduction to him.

We were received with true Highland hospitality, after the old style. After dinner McQuaigh repeated half of "Ossian" in the original to us, giving us incidentally to understand that the poet belonged to a younger branch of his family. He spoke English as a convenience, but had great contempt for it as a language. Indeed, he used to call it, sneeringly, "a tongue," and maintained that Gaelic was the only real language on earth.

The next morning at breakfast, McQuaigh announced that in five minutes after that meal was disposed of, we should be on our way for the part of the forest which was to be the scene

of our operations. A Moose deer is a great prize, which is not often secured, and the appearance of one makes quite a noise in a neighbourhood. For some days back a rumour had been rife throughout the township that one had been seen at a point about three miles distant from McQuaigh's residence; and it was only on the evening before our arrival, that that worthy had been himself informed by a man who had come from a neighbouring settlement that he had crossed its track on the way. This accounted for a somewhat high state of fever in which we found him on arrival; and our appearance gave him great relief, by furnishing him at once with an excuse for a hunt, and companions in his sport.

Having plentifully provided ourselves with creature comforts from McQuaigh's larder and whiskey-cask, we started in a common farm sleigh, in which we had all to stand upright, for the point at which we were to push into the forest. McQuaigh had secured the attendance of a French Canadian named Jean Baptiste, who was a servant on an adjoining farm, and who was as expert a Moose-hunter as any man in the province.

Having gained the summit of a steep hill, the gillie was sent back with the sleigh, and we prepared to diverge into the bush. The snow lay fully five feet deep around us; and before leaving the beaten track, our first care was to adjust our snow-shoes, which are indispensable to Canadian winter sport. Each shoe is about the size of a large kite, which it also resembles in shape. The outer frame is made of light cedar, bent and bound together by two slender bars, placed about equidistant from both ends. The thin spaces contained between the outer frame and the bars, are filled up with a network composed of a substance resembling cat-gut. The toe is attached to the snow-shoe close to the front bar, the heel being left at liberty: so that when it is raised in the act of dragging the foot forward, the snow-shoe is not raised with it, being dragged horizontally upon the surface. The object of the snow-shoe is to prevent the pedestrian from sinking in the soft snow, which it effects by giving him a far broader basis to rest upon than Nature has provided him. Thus accoutred, a man will pass rapidly, and in safety over the deepest deposits—having to take much longer strides than usual, in order that the snow-shoes may clear one another. The exercise is somewhat fatiguing, and requires some practice to be perfect in it. Blungle was not an adept, and before he had proceeded ten paces, he was prostrate on his face, and fully three feet beneath the surface. His plight in somewhat resembled that of the boy who had let the inflated bladders—with the aid of which he attempted to swim—slip down to his feet, which they elevated to the surface, keeping his head, however, under water. The only thing dis-

cernible for the moment, of our fellow-companion, was his snow-shoes, which were moving convulsively to and fro, near the surface. Encumbered by them, he would never have risen again but for our aid; and it was some time ere he succeeded in getting his mouth, ears, and nose, emptied of the snow; he was more cautious afterwards in the management of his feet, although his inexperience somewhat retarded our progress.

We were soon in the very depths of the forest, and lonely indeed are these Canadian woods in the dreary winter time. All under foot was enveloped in snow, from which as from a white sea, rose like so many colossal columns, the stately trunks of the trees, through the leafless boughs of which, as through an extended trellis-work, the blue sky was discernible over head. The undulations of the surface pleasantly diversified a scene which would otherwise have been monotonous; and we made our way merrily over hill and valley, but ever through the unbroken forest, in the deep dells of which we now and then crossed a streamlet, whose course had been arrested, and whose voice had been hushed for months by the relentless frost.

We had been thus occupied for about three hours, when we at length came upon the track of the game:—a deep furrow had been made in the snow; bespeaking the labour which the animal must have had in ploughing his way through it. We stopped; and McQuaigh, giving vent to a long expiration, half between a whistle and a sigh, exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his horny features, "We have him as sure as a gun, if nobody else has got scent of him; and you see," he added, pointing to the untrodden snow around, "there's not the track of a living soul after him."

"But what chance have we?" I asked, "seeing that it must be more than two days at least since the Moose passed this spot?"

"Give a deer any reasonable start in the winter time," replied McQuaigh, "and a man on his snow-shoes will run him down. We have only to follow his track, and depend on't we'll go over more ground than he will in a day." So saying, he led off in the direction which our prey had evidently taken. Blungle did not like the possibility of being for a week on the track of one deer; but he put the best face on it, and laboured to keep up with us.

We had not gone far, ere, like the confluence of a small with a larger stream, we found the track of an ordinary deer converge upon that of the Moose. From the point of junction, the follower, as affording him an easier passage through the snow, had kept to the track of his more powerful leader.

"Let's hurry, and we'll have the two of them," said McQuaigh, and he doubled the length of his strides. Blungle groaned, but laboured on.

We thus pursued the now double track, until the shades of evening stole over the forest, and imparted a mysterious solemnity to the lonely solitudes, which we had invaded. After a hard day's work, we looked out for a spot in which to rest for the night. We resolved to bivouac by a huge elm, whose hollow trunk rose without branch or twig to break its symmetry, for nearly sixty feet from the ground. We dug a hole in the snow, more than four feet deep, spreading our blankets on the bottom of it. On one side we were sheltered by the elm; on the other three by our snowy circumvallation. Our next care was to light a blazing fire, which we did in the hollow of the tree; after which we laid ourselves down to sleep, Jean Baptiste having orders to keep the first watch, and to awake any of us, whom he might find getting stiff. In five minutes Blungle was snoring as comfortably as if he were reposing on his own pillow in Bloomsbury.

I was about turning the corner of consciousness, when McQuaigh, who was stretched beside me, and who never seemed to shut more than one eye at a time, started suddenly to his feet, and seizing the axe which was resting against the tree, raised it to his shoulder, and stood intently watching the hollow in which the fire was burning. He was quite a picture, standing out, as he did, in fine relief from the surrounding darkness, as the crackling flames threw their ruddy glare on his brawny frame and furrowed visage. But his sudden movement indisposing me for the artistic mood, I was at once on my feet beside him, and it was not till then that I heard sounds proceed from the hollow trunk, which gave me some clue to what had so suddenly called him into action. I had but brief time for consideration, for, in a moment or two afterwards, down came a heavy body into the fire, scattering the faggots about in all directions. Blungle, who was still asleep, was aroused by one of the blazing embers grazing his nose, and on jumping up precipitated himself into the embrace of a shaggy bear, which was about to treat him to a fatal hug, when McQuaigh's axe descended with terrific force upon its skull, which it cleft in twain. The slaughtered brute fell on its side carrying Blungle along with it, who, when he was removed, was nearly as insensible as the bear.

"There's never two of them in a tree," said McQuaigh, "so we may go to sleep now." We did so, and I slept soundly for two or three hours, Jean Baptiste kept watch as before, employing himself, until his turn came for sleeping, in dressing the carcass of the bear, from which, in the morning, we were supplied with hot chops for breakfast. If we did not consider them unsavory, it was perhaps because our appetites were too good to be very discriminating. We could not persuade Blungle to touch them. He was possessed of an abstract idea that it was un-

christian to eat a bear. At first he positively refused to accompany us any further, but on McQuaigh expressing a friendly hope that he would get safe out of the woods if he attempted to return alone, he made up his mind that the lesser of two evils was to stick to the party. He made a solemn vow, however, that should he ever live to see the Zoological Gardens again, he would carefully avoid even a glance at the bears.

After breakfast, we resumed our course, keeping close to the track as on the preceding day. We had not gone far when, on descending a steep bank, we heard a rustling sound proceed from a thicket on the margin of a tolerably sized stream which lay across our path.

"It's but the little one," said McQuaigh, whose keen eye caught a momentary sight of a deer, which was immediately lost again to him in the thicket. "Make ready for action."

We were, of course, all excitement, and Blungle obeyed the injunction by deliberately levelling his rifle at Jean Baptiste, who was a little in advance of us, with a view to driving the deer from his hiding place. McQuaigh, observing this movement, with a sudden wave of his arm elevated the muzzle into the air, just as Blungle drew the trigger, and the ball went whistling through the trees, cutting off several twigs in its course.

"To take a man when there's venison in the way," said McQuaigh, who seemed to impute Blungle's aim solely to a want of taste, "who ever heard of such a thing?" Blungle could not have been more frightened, had he pointed his rifle against himself, and, for some time afterwards, he apostrophised the adverse character of his fate, in terms not the most suited for delicate ears. The discharge of the rifle startled the deer, which bounded at once in full sight from the thicket. A ball from Perroque wounded him in the flank, McQuaigh's trigger was drawn in an instant, but his piece missed fire, much to his annoyance, and as he said himself, "for the first time in its life." I fired too—but to this day I have not the slightest idea what became of the ball—the wounded animal plunged wildly towards the stream, which he endeavoured to cross. But it was rapid at that particular point, and the ice which was but imperfectly formed gave way with him. He struggled hard to keep himself on the surface, until a ball from McQuaigh's rifle took effect on his head, and he was at once dragged under by the impetuous current. A little further on, the stream plunged down several rocky ledges in foaming rapids, which bade defiance to the frost. We gained this point just in time to see the body of the deer emerge from beneath the ice; it was immediately afterwards carried over a cataract and precipitated amongst masses of ice, which rose from the chasm like a cluster of basaltic columns and inverted stalactites.

As it would have taken too much time to

recover it, we left the mangled body of the deer in the icy crevice into which it had fallen, and ascending to a point above the rapids, crossed the river, where the ice was strong. We then recovered the track, which we followed for the rest of the day, passing several small settlements in the woods, all of which had been carefully avoided by the Moose. In the evening we bivouacked as before, but this time in the neighbourhood of a solid tree. Blungle struck it all round with the axe to assure himself that it was not hollow, and expressed his satisfaction that it rung sound. Next morning we plunged deeper and deeper into the forest wilds. About mid-day, Blungle, whose patience was well-nigh exhausted, began to be seriously offended at the non-appearance of our prey, and confidentially hinted to Perroque and myself that wild goose rhymed to wild Moose. But, at that moment, Baptiste who was in advance, was observed to fling his arms into the air, and then to direct our attention to a point a little to the right of us, where we caught the first sight of the object of pursuit. The Moose was at some distance from us, buried to the belly in snow, and scraping the green bark from a young tree. Being too far off to fire with effect, we glided silently towards him over the snow, concealing ourselves as much as possible by going from tree to tree. He was a full-grown animal, and, for some time, was not aware of our approach; but, as we came within doubtful shot of him, he looked anxiously around, exhibiting symptoms of agitation and alarm.

"Eang at him," said McQuaigh, "or we may lose our chance." He had scarcely uttered the words, when our four rifles were simultaneously discharged. The Moose gave a tremendous bound and plunged through the snow, endeavouring to escape us. We made after him at once, reloading our rifles as we proceeded. When we came up to the spot occupied by him, it was evident that he had been seriously wounded, from the extent to which the snow was stained with blood. We soon observed that his efforts to escape became fainter and fainter, and, as he was staggering and about to fall, a ball from McQuaigh's rifle took effect in his heart, and he sank in the snow.

The Moose deer's nose is considered a great dainty by both civilised man and savage. Blungle, although well provided in that facial department himself, was almost petrified at its size. "It looked," he said, "as if the animal carried a small carpet-bag in front in which to keep his provender." Having cut the nose off, we confided it to the care of Jean Baptiste.

"Look out for blazes," said McQuaigh, as we prepared to return.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Blungle, raising his rifle to his shoulder as if he expected an attack from another bear. But there was nothing the matter, "blazes" being the term applied to the marks left by the

surveyors on certain trees, to denote the lines of the different townships, as they are cleared from the woods. By means of these marks the woodsman can readily direct himself to a settlement—to find which was now McQuaigh's object. Dragging the body of the deer after us, we proceeded for about two hours guided by the blazes, and, at last, came to a small settlement, where we procured a couple of sleighs, one for Jean Baptiste and the slaughtered Moose, and the other for ourselves. At a late hour of the night we gained McQuaigh's residence, considerably fatigued after our exertions.

We spent two days more with our eccentric but warm-hearted host, after which he let us depart reluctantly. We reached Quebec on the following day, and soon regaled a party of friends on our valuable trophy, the Moose deer's nose.

THE MODERN SCIENCE OF THIEF-TAKING.

If thieving be an Art (and who denies that its more subtle and delicate branches deserve to be ranked as one of the Fine Arts?), thief-taking is a Science. All the thief's ingenuity; all his knowledge of human nature; all his courage; all his coolness; all his imperturbable powers of face; all his nice discrimination in reading the countenances of other people; all his manual and digital dexterity; all his fertility in expedients, and promptitude in acting upon them; all his Protean cleverness of disguise and capability of counterfeiting every sort and condition of distress; together with a great deal more patience, and the additional qualification, integrity, are demanded for the higher branches of thief-taking.

If an urchin picks your pocket, or a bungling "artist" steals your watch so that you find it out in an instant, it is easy enough for any private in any of the seventeen divisions of London Police to obey your panting demand to "Stop thief!" But the tricks and contrivances of those who wheedle money out of your pocket rather than steal it; who cheat you with your eyes open; who clear every vestige of plate out of your pantry while your servant is on the stairs; who set up imposing warehouses, and ease respectable firms of large parcels of goods; who steal the acceptances of needy or dissipated young men;—for the detection and punishment of such impostors a superior order of police is requisite.

To each division of the Force is attached two officers, who are denominated "detectives." The staff, or head-quarters, consists of six sergeants and two inspectors. Thus the Detective Police, of which we hear so much, consists of only forty-two individuals, whose duty it is to wear no uniform, and to perform the most difficult operations of their craft. They have not only to counteract the machinations of every sort of rascal whose only means of existence is avowed rascality, but to clear

up family mysteries, the investigation of which demands the utmost delicacy and tact.

One instance will show the difference between a regular and a detective policeman. Your wife discovers on retiring for the night, that her toilette has been plundered; her drawers are void; except the ornaments she now wears, her beauty is as unadorned as that of a quakeress: not a thing is left; all the fond tokens you gave her when her pre-nuptial lover, are gone; your own miniature, with its setting of gold and brilliants; her late mother's diamonds; the bracelets "dear papa" presented on her last birth-day; the top of every bottle in the dressing-case brought from Paris by Uncle John, at the risk of his life, in February 1848, are off—but the glasses remain. Every valuable is swept away with the most discriminating villainy; for no other thing in the chamber has been touched; not a chair has been moved; the costly pendule on the chimney-piece still ticks; the entire apartment is as neat and trim as when it had received the last finishing sweep of the housemaid's duster. The entire establishment runs frantically up stairs and down stairs; and finally congregates in my Lady's Chamber. Nobody knows anything whatever about it; yet everybody offers a suggestion, although they have not an idea "who ever did it." The housemaid bursts into tears; the cook declares she thinks she is going into hysterics; and at last you suggest sending for the Police; which is taken as a suspicion of, and insult on the whole assembled household, and they descend into the lower regions of the house in the sulks.

X 49 arrives. His face betrays sheepishness, combined with mystery. He turns his bull's-eye into every corner, and upon every countenance (including that of the cat), on the premises. He examines all the locks, bolts, and bars, bestowing extra diligence on those which enclosed the stolen treasures. These he declares have been "Violated;" by which he means that there has been more than one "Rape of the Lock." He then mentions about the non-disturbance of other valuables; takes you solemnly aside, darkens his lantern, and asks if you suspect any of your servants, in a mysterious whisper, which implies that *he* does. He then examines the upper bedrooms, and in that of the female servants he discovers the least valuable of the rings, and a cast-off silver tooth-pick between the mattresses. You have every confidence in your maids; but what *can* you think? You suggest their safe custody; but your wife intercedes, and the policeman would prefer speaking to his inspector before he locks anybody up.

Had the whole matter remained in the hands of X 49, it is possible that your troubles would have lasted you till now. A train of legal proceedings—actions for defamation of character and suits for damages—would have followed, which would have cost more than

the value of the jewels, and the entire exaceration of all your neighbours and every private friend of your domestics. But, happily, the Inspector promptly sends a plain, earnest-looking man, who announces himself as one of the two Detectives of the X division. He settles the whole matter in ten minutes. His examination is ended in five. As a connoisseur can determine the painter of a picture at the first glance, or a wine-taster the precise vintage of a sherry by the merest sip; so the Detective at once pounces upon the authors of the work of art under consideration, by the style of performance; if not upon the precise executant, upon the "school" to which he belongs. Having finished the toilette branch of the inquiry, he takes a short view of the parapet of your house, and makes an equally cursory investigation of the attic window fastenings. His mind is made up, and most likely he will address you in these words:—

"All right, Sir. This is done by one of 'The Dancing School!'"

"Good Heavens!" exclaims your plundered partner. "Impossible, why *our* children go to Monsieur Pettitoes, of No. 81, and I assure you he is a highly respectable professor. As to his pupils, I—"

The Detective smiles and interrupts. "Dancers," he tells her, "is a name given to the sort of burglar by whom she had been robbed; and every branch of the thieving profession is divided into gangs, which are termed 'Schools.'" From No. 82 to the end of the street the houses are unfinished. The thief made his way to the top of one of these, and crawled to your garret—"

"But we are forty houses distant, and why did he not favour one of my neighbours with his visit?" you ask.

"Either their uppermost stories are not so practicable, or the ladies have not such valuable jewels."

"But how do they know that?"

"By watching and inquiry. This affair may have been in action for more than a month. Your house has been watched; your habits ascertained; they have found out when you dine—how long you remain in the dining-room. A day is selected; while you are busy dining, and your servants busy waiting on you, the thing is done. Previously, many journeys have been made over the roofs, to find out the best means of entering your house. The attic is chosen; the robber gets in, and creeps noiselessly, or 'dances' into the place to be robbed."

"Is there *any* chance of recovering our property?" you ask anxiously, seeing the whole matter at a glance.

"I hope so. I have sent some brother officers to watch the Fences' houses."

"Fences?"

"Fences," explains the Detective, in reply to your innocent wife's inquiry, "are purchasers of stolen goods. Your jewels will

be forced out of their settings, and the gold melted."

The lady tries, ineffectually, to suppress a slight scream.

"We shall see, if, at this unusual hour of the night, there is any bustle in or near any of these places; if any smoke is coming out of any one of their furnaces, where the melting takes place. I shall go and seek out the precise 'garretter'—that's another name these plunderers give themselves—whom I suspect. By his trying to 'sell' your domestics by placing the ring and toothpick in their bed, I think I know the man. It is just in his style."

The next morning, you find all these suppositions verified. The Detective calls, and obliges you at breakfast—after a sleepless night—with a complete list of the stolen articles, and produces some of them for identification. In three months, your wife gets nearly every article back; her damself's innocence is fully established; and the thief is taken from his "school" to spend a long holiday in a penal colony.

This is a mere common-place transaction, compared with the achievements of the staff of the little army of Detective policemen at head-quarters. Sometimes they are called upon to investigate robberies; so executed, that no human ingenuity appears to ordinary observers capable of finding the thief. He leaves not a trail or a trace. Every clue seems cut off; but the experience of a Detective guides him into tracks quite invisible to other eyes. Not long since, a trunk was rifled at a fashionable hotel. The theft was so managed, that no suspicion could rest on any one. The Detective sergeant who had been sent for, fairly owned, after making a minute examination of the case, that he could afford no hope of elucidating the mystery. As he was leaving the bed-room, however, in which the plundered portmanteau stood, he picked up an ordinary shirt-button from the carpet. He silently compared it with those on the shirts in the trunk. It did not match them. He said nothing, but hung about the hotel for the rest of the day. Had he been narrowly watched, he would have been set down for an eccentric critic of linen. He was looking out for a shirt-front or wristband without a button. His search was long and patient; but at length it was rewarded. One of the inmates of the house showed a deficiency in his dress, which no one but a Detective would have noticed. He looked as narrowly as he dared at the pattern of the remaining fasteners. It corresponded with that of the little tell-tale he had picked up. He went deeper into the subject, got a trace of some of the stolen property, ascertained a connexion between it and the suspected person, confronted him with the owner of the trunk, and finally succeeded in convicting him of the theft.—At another hotel-robbery, the blade of a knife, broken in the lock of a

portmanteau, formed the clue. The Detective employed in that case was for some time indefatigable in seeking out knives with broken blades. At length he found one belonging to an under-waiter, who proved to have been the thief.

The swell-mob—the London branch of which is said to consist of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred members—demand the greatest amount of vigilance to detect. They hold the first place in the “profession.”

Their cleverness consists in evading the law; the most expert are seldom taken. One “swell,” named Mo. Clark, had an iniquitous career of a quarter of a century, and never was captured during that time. He died a “prosperous gentleman” at Boulogne, whither he had retired to live on his “savings,” which he had invested in house property. An old hand named White lived unharmed to the age of eighty; but he had not been prudent, and existed on the contributions of the “mob,” till his old acquaintances were taken away, either by transportation or death, and the new race did not recognise his claims to their bounty. Hence he died in a workhouse. The average run of liberty which one of this class counts upon is four years.

The gains of some of the swell mob are great. They can always command capital to execute any especial scheme. Their travelling expenses are large; for their harvests are great public occasions, whether in town or country. As an example of their profits, the exploits of four of them at the Liverpool Cattle Show some seven years ago, may be mentioned. The London Detective Police did not attend, but one of them waylaid the rogues at the Euston Station. After an attendance of four days, the gentlemen he was looking for appeared, handsomely attired, the occupants of first-class carriages. The Detective, in the quietest manner possible, stopped their luggage; they entreated him to treat them like “gentlemen.” He did so, and took them into a private room, where they were so good as to offer him fifty pounds to let them go. He declined, and over-hauled their booty; it consisted of several gold pins, watches, (some of great value,) chains and rings, silver snuff-boxes, and bank-notes of the value of one hundred pounds! Eventually, however, as owners could not be found for some of the property, and some others would not prosecute, they escaped with a light punishment.

In order to counteract the plans of the swell mob, two of the sergeants of the Detective Police make it their business to know every one of them personally. The consequence is, that the appearance of either of these officers upon any scene of operations is a bar to anything or anybody being “done.” This is an excellent characteristic of the Detectives, for they thus become as well a Preventive Police. We will give an illustration:—

You are at the Oxford commemoration. As you descend the broad stairs of the Roebuck to dine, you overtake on the landing a gentleman of foreign aspect and elegant attire. The variegated pattern of his vest, the jetty gloss of his boots, and the exceeding whiteness of his gloves—one of which he crushes in his somewhat delicate hand—convince you that he is going to the grand ball, to be given that evening at Merton. The glance he gives you while passing, is sharp, but comprehensive; and if his eye does rest upon any one part of your person and its accessories more than another, it is upon the gold watch which you have just taken out to see if dinner be “due.” As you step aside to make room for him, he acknowledges the courtesy with “Par-r-r-don,” in the richest Parisian *gros parole*, and a smile so full of intelligence and courtesy, that you hope he speaks English, for you set him down as an agreeable fellow, and mentally determine that if he dines in the Coffee-room, you will make his acquaintance.

On the mat at the stair-foot there stands a man. A plain, honest-looking fellow, with nothing formidable in his appearance, or dreadful in his countenance; but the effect his apparition takes on your friend in perspective, is remarkable. The poor little fellow raises himself on his toes, as if he had been suddenly overbalanced by a bullet; his cheek pales, and his lip quivers, as he endeavours ineffectually to suppress the word “*coquin!*” He knows it is too late to turn back (he evidently would, if he could), for the man’s eye is upon him. There is no help for it, and he speaks first; but in a whisper. He takes the new comer aside, and all you can overhear is spoken by the latter, who says he insists on Monsieur withdrawing his “School” by the seven o’clock train.

You imagine him to be some poor wretch of a schoolmaster in difficulties; captured, alas, by a bailiff. They leave the inn together, perhaps for a sponging house. So acute is your pity, that you think of rushing after them, and offering bail. You are, however, very hungry, and, at this moment, the waiter announces that dinner is on table.

In the opposite box there are covers for four, but only three convives. They seem quiet men—not gentlemen, decidedly, but well enough behaved.

“What has become of Monsieur?” asks one. None of them can divine.

“Shall we wait any longer for him?”

“Oh, no—Waiter—Dinner!”

By their manner, you imagine that the style of the Roebuck is a “cut above them.” They have not been much used to plate. The silver forks are so curiously heavy, that one of the guests, in a dallying sort of way, balances a prong across his fingers, while the chasing of the castors engages the attention of a second. This is all done while they talk. When the fish is brought, the third casts a careless glance or two at the dish cover, and when the waiter has gone for the sauce, he taps it with his nails, and says

enquiringly to his friend across the table, "Silver?"

The other shakes his head, and intimates a hint that it is *only* plated. The waiter brings the cold punch, and the party begin to enjoy themselves. They do not drink much, but they mix their drinks rather injudiciously. They take sherry upon cold punch, and champagne upon that, dashing in a little port and bottled stout between. They are getting merry, not to say jolly, but not at all inebriated. The amateur of silver dish-covers has told a capital story, and his friends are revelling in the heartiest of laughs, when an apparition appears at the end of the table. You never saw such a change as his presence causes, when he places his knuckles on the edge of the table and looks at the diners *servatim*; the courtiers of the sleeping beauty suddenly struck somniferous were nothing to this change. As if by magic, the loud laugh is turned to silent consternation. You now, most impressively, understand the meaning of the term "dumbfounded." The mysterious stranger makes some enquiry about "any cash?"

The answer is "Plenty."

"All square with the landlord, then?" asks the same inflexible voice as—to my astonishment—that which put the Frenchman to the torture.

"To a penny," the reply.

"Quite square?" continues the querist, taking with his busy eye a rapid inventory of the plate.

"S' help me——"

"Hush!" interrupts the dinner spoiler, holding up his hand in a cautionary manner.

"Have you done anything to-day?"

"Not a thing."

Then there is some more in a low tone; but you again distinguish the word "school," and "seven o'clock train." They are too old to be the Frenchman's pupils; perhaps they are his assistants. Surely they are not all the victims of the same *capias* and the same officer!

By this time the landlord, looking very nervous, arrives with his bill: then comes the head waiter, who clears the table; carefully counting the forks. The reckoning is paid, and the trio steal out of the room with the man of mystery behind them,—like sheep driven to the shambles.

You follow to the Railway station, and there you see the Frenchman, who complains bitterly of being "sold for nothing" by his enemy. The other three utter a confirmative groan. In spite of the evident omnipotence of their persevering follower, your curiosity impels you to address him. You take a turn on the platform together, and he explains the whole mystery. "The fact is," he begins, "I am Sergeant Witchem, of the Detective police."

"And your four victims are?"—

"Members of a crack school of swell-mobsmen."

"What do you mean by 'school?'"

"Gang. There is a variety of gangs—that is to say, of men who 'work' together, who play into one another's hands. These gentlemen hold the first rank, both for skill and enterprise, and had they been allowed to remain would have brought back a considerable booty. Their chief is the Frenchman."

"Why do they obey your orders so passively?"

"Because they are sure that if I were to take them into custody, which I could do, knowing what they are, and present them before a magistrate, they would all be committed to prison for a month, as rogues and vagabonds."

"They prefer then to have lost no inconsiderable capital in dress and dinner, to being laid up in jail."

"Exactly so."

The bell rings, and all five go off into the same carriage to London.

This is a circumstance that actually occurred; and a similar one happened when the Queen went to Dublin. The mere appearance of one of the Detective officers before a "school" which had transported itself in the Royal train, spoil their speculation; for they all found it more advantageous to return to England in the same steamer with the officer, than to remain with the certainty of being put in prison for fourteen or twenty-eight days as rogues and vagabonds.

So thoroughly well acquainted with these men are the Detective officers we speak of, that they frequently tell what they have been about by the expression of their eyes and their general manner. This process is aptly termed "reckoning them up." Some days ago, two skilful officers, whose personal acquaintance with the swell mob is complete, were walking along the Strand on other business, when they saw two of the best dressed and best mannered of the gang enter a jeweller's shop. They waited till they came out, and, on scrutinising them, were convinced, by a certain conscious look which they betrayed, that they had stolen something. They followed them, and in a few minutes something was passed from one to the other. The officers were convinced, challenged them with the theft, and succeeded in eventually convicting them of stealing two gold eye-glasses, and several jewelled rings. "The eye," said our informant, "is the great detector. We can tell in a crowd what a swell-mobsmen is about by the expression of his eye."

It is supposed that the number of persons who make a trade of thieving in London is not more than six thousand; of these, nearly two hundred are first-class thieves or swell mobsmen; six hundred "macemen," and trade swindlers, bill-swindlers, dog-stealers, &c.; About forty burglars, "dancers," "garretters," and other adepts with the skeleton-keys. The rest are pickpockets, "gonophs"—mostly young thieves who sneak into areas, and rob tills—and other pilferers.

To detect and circumvent this fraternity, is the science of thief-taking. Here, it is, however, impossible to give even an imperfect notion of the high amount of skill, intelligence, and knowledge, concentrated in the character of a clever Detective Policeman. We shall therefore finish the sketch in another paper.

THE BALLAD OF RICHARD BURNELL.

From his bed rose Richard Burnell
At the early dawn of day,
Ere the bells of London City
Welcomed in the morn of May.

Early on that bright May morning
Rose the young man from his bed,
He, the happiest man in London,—
And blithely to himself he said :

“ ‘ When the men and maids are dancing,
And the folk are mad with glee,
In the Temple's shady gardens
Let me walk and talk with thee ! ’

“ Thus my Alice spake last even,
Thus with trembling lips she spake,
And those blissful words have kept me
Through the live-long night awake.

“ ‘Tis a joy beyond expression,
When we first, in truth, perceive
That the love we long have cherished
Will not our fond hearts deceive !

“ Never dared I to confess it,
Deeds of homage spake instead ;
True love is its own revealer,
She must know it ! oft, I said.

“ All my words, and all my actions,
But one meaning could impart ;
Love can love's least sign interpret,
And she reads my inmost heart.

“ And her good, old merchant father,
—Father he has been to me—
Saw the love growing up between us,
Saw—and was well-pleased to see.

“ Seven years I truly served him,
Now my time is at an end—
Master is he now no longer,
Father will be—has been friend.

“ I was left betimes an orphan,
Heir unto great merchant-wealth,
But the iron rule of kinsfolk
Dimmed my youth, and sapped my health.

“ Death had been my early portion
Had not my good guardian come ;
He, the father of my Alice,
And conveyed me to his home.

“ Here began a new existence,
—Then how new the love of friends !
And for all the child's afflictions,
Each one strove to make amends.

“ Late my spring-time came, but quickly
Youth's rejoicing currents run,
And my inner life unfolded
Like a flower before the sun.

“ Hopes, and aims, and aspirations,
Grew within the growing boy ;
Life had new interpretation ;
Manhood brought increase of joy.

“ In and over all was Alice,
Life-infusing, like the spring ;
My soul's soul ! even joy without her
Was a poor and barren thing !

“ And she spoke last eve at parting,
‘ When the folk are mad with glee,
In the Temple's pleasant gardens
Let me walk and talk with thee ! ’

“ As she spoke, her sweet voice trembled—
Love such tender tones can teach !
And those words have kept me waking,
And the manner of her speech !

“ For such manner has deep meaning,”
Said young Burnell, blithe and gay ;—
And the bells of London City
Pealed a welcome to the May.

Whilst the folk were mad with pleasure,
‘ Neath the elm-tree's vernal shade,
In the Temple's quiet gardens
Walked the young man and the maid.

On his arm her hand was resting,
And her eyes were on the ground ;
She was speaking, he was silent ;
Not a word his tongue had found.

“ Friend beloved,” she thus addressed him,
“ I have faith and hope in thee !
Thou canst do what no one else can—
Thou canst be a friend to me !

“ Richard, we have lived together
All these years of happy youth ;
Have, as sister and as brother,
Lived in confidence and truth.

“ Thou from me hast hid no feelings,
Thy whole heart to me is known ;
I—I only have kept from thee
One dear, little thought alone.

“ Have I wronged thee in so doing,
Then forgive me ! but give ear,
‘Tis to bare my heart before thee
That I now am with thee here.

“ Well thou know'st my father loves thee ;
‘Tis his wish that we should wed,—
I shame not to speak thus frankly—
Wish, or *will* more justly said.

“ But this cannot be, my brother,
Cannot be—'twere nature's wrong !—
I have said so to my father,—
But thou know'st his will is strong.”

Not a word spake Richard Burnell ;
Not a word came to his lips ;
Like one tranced he stood and listened ;
Life to him was in eclipse.

In a lower tone she murmured,
Murmured like a brooding dove,
“ Know thou,—Leonard Woodvil loves me,—
And—that he has won my love.”

—Came a pause. The words she uttered
Seemed to turn him into stone,
Pale he stood and mute beside her,
And with blushes she went on.

"This is known unto my father ;—
Leonard is well known to thee,
Thou hast praised him, praised him often—
Oh, how dear such praise to me !

"But my father, stern and stedfast,
Will not list to Leonard's prayer ;—
And 'tis only thou canst move him,—
Only thou so much canst dare.

"Tell my father firmly, freely,
That we only love each other—
'Tis the truth, thou know'st it, Richard,
As a sister and a brother !

"Tell my father, if we wedded,
Thou and I, it would be guilt !—
Thus it is that thou canst aid us,—
And thou wilt—I know thou wilt !

"Yes, 'tis thus that thou must aid us,
And thou wilt !—I say no more !—
We've been friends, but this will make us
Better friends than heretofore !"

Yet some moments he was silent ;
His good heart was well nigh broke ;
She was blinded to his anguish ;—
And "I will !" at length he spoke.

They were wedded. 'Twas a wedding
That had far and nigh renoon,
And from morning until even
Rang the bells of London town.

Time went on : the good, old merchant
Wore a cloud upon his brow :
"Wherefore this ?" his friends addressed him,
"No man should be blithe as thou !"

"In my old age I am lonely,"
Said the merchant ; "she is gone ;—
And young Burnell, he I nurtured,
He who was to me a son ;

"He has left me !—I'm deserted—
E'en an old man feels such woe !
'Twas but natural *she* should marry,
But *he* should not have served me so ?

"'Twas not that which I expected !—
He was very dear to me,—
And I thought no London merchant
Would have stood as high as he !

"He grew very strange and moody,
What the cause I cannot say ;—
And he left me when my daughter,
My poor Alice went away !

"This I felt a sore unkindness ;—
Youth thinks little, feels still less !—
Burnell should have stayed beside me,
Stayed to cheer my loneliness !

"I had been a father to him,
He to me was like a son ;
Young folks should have more reflection,—
'Twas what *I* could not have done !

"True, he writes me duteous letters ;
Calls me father, tells me all
That in foreign parts are doing :—
But young people write so small,

"That I'm often forced to leave them,
Pleasant letters though they be,
Until Alice comes from Richmond,
Then she reads them out to me.

"Alice fain would have me with her ;
Leonard well deserves my praise—
But he's not my Richard Burnell,
Knows not my old wants and ways !

"No, my friends, I'll not deny it,
It has cut me to the heart,
That the son of my adoption
Thus has played a cruel part !"

So the merchant mourned and murmured ;
And all foreign charms unheeding,
Dwelt the lonely Richard Burnell,
With his bruised heart still bleeding.

Time went on, and in the spring-tide,
When the birds begun to build,
And the heart of all creation
With a vast delight was filled.

Came a letter unto Alice—
Then a babe lay on her breast—
'Twas the first which Richard Burnell
Unto Alice had addressed.

Few the words which it contained,
But each word was like a sigh ;
"I am sick and very lonely ;—
Let me see thee ere I die !

"In this time of tribulation
Thou wilt be a friend to me :
Therefore in the Temple Gardens
Let me once more speak with thee."

Once more in the Temple Gardens
Sat they 'neath the bright blue sky,
With the leafage thick around them,
And the river rolling by.

Pale and weak was Richard Burnell,
Gone all merely outward grace,
Yet the stamp of meek endurance
Gave sad beauty to his face.

Silent by his side sat Alice,
Now no word her tongue could speak,
All her soul was steeped in pity,
And large tears were on her cheek.

Burnell spake ; "Within these Gardens
Thy commands on me were laid,
And although my heart was breaking
Yet were those commands obeyed.

"What I suffered no one knoweth,
Nor shall know, I proudly said,
And, when grew the grief too mighty,
Then—there was no help—I fled.

"Yes, I loved thee, long had loved thee,
And alone the God above,
He, who at that time sustained me,
Knows the measure of my love !

"Do not let these words displease thee ;
Life's sore battle will soon cease ;
I have fallen amid the conflict,
But within my soul is peace.

"It has been a fiery trial,
But the fiercest pang is past ;
Once more I am come amongst you—
Oh, stand by me at the last !

"Leonard will at times come to me,
And thy father, I will try
To be cheerful in his presence,
As I was in days gone by.

"Bitter had it been to leave him,
But in all my heart's distress,
The great anguish which consumed me,
Seemed to swallow up the less.

"Let me go! my soul is wearied,
No fond heart of me has need,
Life has no more duties for me;—
I am but a broken reed!

"Let me go, ere courage faileth,
Gazing, gazing thus on thee!—
But in life's last awful moment,
Alice! thou wilt stand by me!"

From her seat rose Alice Woodvil,
And in stedfast tones began,
Like a strong yet mourning angel,
To address the dying man.

"Not in death alone, my brother,
Would I aid thee in the strife,
I would fain be thy sustainer,
In the fiercer fight of life.

"With the help of God, thy spirit
Shall not sink an easy prey.
Oh, my friend, prayer is a weapon
Which can turn whole hosts away!

"God will aid thee! We will hold thee
By our love!—thou shalt not go!—
And from out thy wounded spirit,
We will pluck the thorns of woe.

"Say not life has no more duties
Which can claim thee! where are then,
All the sinners; the neglected;
All the weeping sons of men?

"Ah, my friend, hast thou forgotten
All our dreams of early days?
How we would instruct poor children,
How we would the fallen raise!

"God has not to me permitted,
Such great work of human love,
He has marked me out a lower
Path of duty where to move.

"But to thee, His chosen servant,
Is this higher lot allowed;
He has brought thee through deep waters,
Through the furnace, through the cloud;

"He has made of thee, a mourner
Like the Christ, that thou may'st rise,
To a purer height of glory,
Through the pangs of sacrifice!

"'Tis alone of his appointing,
That thy feet on thorns have trod;
Suffering, woe, renunciation,
Only bring us nearer God.

"And when nearest Him then largest
The enfranchised heart's embrace:—
It was Christ, the man rejected,
Who redeemed the human race.

"Say not then thou hast no duties;—
Friendless outcasts on thee call,
And the sick and the afflicted,
And the children, more than all.

"Oh, my friend, rise up and follow,
Where the hand of God shall lead;
He has brought thee through affliction,
But to fit thee for his need!"

—Thus she spoke, and as from midnight,
Springs the opal-tinted morn,
So, within his dreary spirit,
A new day of life was born.

Strength sublime may rise from weakness,
Groans be turned to songs of praise,
Nor are life's divinest labours,
Only told by length of days.

Young he died: but deeds of mercy,
Beautified his life's short span,
And he left his worldly substance,
To complete what he began.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT MATRIMONY

MODERN science is invading all the old realms of whims and fancies, charms and witchcrafts, prejudices and superstitions. No kind of ignorance seems sacred from attack. The wise men of our generation are evidently bent beyond recall on finding out all things that may by possibility be discoverable, no matter what pains the search may impose. Not content with making lightning run messages, chemistry polish boots, and steam deliver parcels and passengers, the *savants* are superseding the astrologers of old days, and the gipsies and wise women of modern ones, by finding out and revealing the hitherto hidden laws which rule that charming mystery of mysteries—that lode star of young maidens and gay bachelors—matrimony.

In our fourteenth number we gave a description of the facts made out by the returns of the Registrar-General on the subject of life and death in London and the Country. The office of that official has some other duties, however, beyond that of chronicling the business of mortality and birth in this land of ours. There is a third great heading in his tables, under which there are long lists of serious looking figures, and they tell, not in units, or in *fevs*, like the back page of a newspaper, but in tens of thousands, how many marriages take place in England. And besides the mere number of these interesting events, these figures reveal what are found to be the laws regulating their frequency and other circumstances connected with them, such as how many couples are joined by the costly and unusual mode of special license; how many by ordinary license; how many (and they are the great majority) by the old English fashion of "out-asking" by banns; how many by the new systems introduced for the union of various classes of dissenters, at Registrars' offices, in registered places of worship; how many between Quakers and between Jews; and, beyond all these particulars, how many young folks, hot of heart and full of courage, take the awful plunge into matrimony whilst "not of full age;" how many men reject the advice of Sir Roger de Coverley, and marry widows; and how many widows, like the wife of Bath, love matrimony so well that when once released from its bonds they tie themselves up in them again. The history

of this registration of marriages is soon told. This plan of recording the matrimonial engagements of the country commenced in 1745, when the marriage act came into operation. Before that date marriages were performed clandestinely, and by such extraordinary persons that any correct record of their number was impossible. "Fleet marriages" are thus noticed by Smollett:—"There was a band of profligate miscreants, the refuse of the clergy, dead to every sentiment of virtue, abandoned to all sense of decency and decorum, for the most part prisoners for debt or delinquency, and indeed the very outcasts of human society, who hovered about the verge of the Fleet Prison to intercept customers, plying like porters for employment, and performed the ceremony of marriage without license or question, in cellars, garrets, or ale-houses, to the scandal of religion, and the disgrace of that order which they professed. The ease with which this ecclesiastical sanction was obtained, and the vicious disposition of those wretches open to the practices of fraud and corruption, were productive of polygamy, indigence, conjugal infidelity, prostitution, and every curse that could embitter the married state. A remarkable case of this nature having fallen under the cognizance of the Peers (in 1753) in an appeal from an inferior tribunal, that House ordered the judges to prepare a new Bill for preventing such abuses; and one was accordingly framed, under the auspices of Lord Hardwick, at that time Lord High Chancellor of England."

"It underwent a great number of alterations and amendments, which were not effected without violent contest and altercation; at length, however, it was floated through both houses on the tide of a great majority, and steered into the safe harbour of royal approbation."

For seventy-seven years after the passing of this bill the number of marriages was collected with tolerable accuracy, and published in the Parish Register Abstracts. No other country has so valuable an abstract of tables. Since that time the Registrar-General's office has made this branch of our national statistics almost accurate.

Premising that the documents from which our statements are derived are the Annual Reports of the Registrar-General, of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, in England, issued—not for a short term, but during the last six years—that the observations extend over a still longer period—we may proceed to cull out what appear to be the economical laws regulating matrimony, with any peculiarities characterising their operation amongst us. We would say the *general laws*—for individual peculiarities will, of course, influence individual matches. One young lady will secure the youth of her choice by force of beauty, or by mere weight of purse; managing mothers will get husbands for their girls, whatever

wind may blow, or however trade or politics may influence the less fortunate or less clever world. The great beauty, the great talents, and the great wealth are the exceptions in the lottery of life. In speaking of matrimonial prospects we, like the Registrar-General, mean the prospects of the great family of twenty millions of souls that make up the population of this land we live in.

About a century ago, the marriages in London were under six thousand a-year—they are now four times as many. In all the country, the increase has been most remarkable in the Metropolis and in Manchester. In particular localities the proportion is found to differ. Thus Yorkshire, the seat of the Woollen manufactures and of prosperous agriculturists, appears to be the most marrying district of all England; Lancashire and Cheshire, the Cotton districts, coming next; and London third. Staffordshire and Worcestershire, Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire stand next, followed by other counties more or less blessed by the presence of Hymen, but descending gradually till we reach the matrimonial zero which is found in the agricultural parts of Middlesex. The average annual number of weddings is about one hundred and twenty-three thousand. It would help a winter night's amusement to decide how many pounds weight of Californian produce must be wanted for the rings? How many garlands of orange blossoms for the hair and bonnets of the brides? The probabilities of marriage, of course, vary; but the rule seems to hold, that about one in seventeen unmarried women, between the ages of fifteen and forty-five, are married in a year throughout the country. Marriages have their seasons. They are least numerous in winter, and most numerous after harvest in the December quarter; the births and deaths, on the contrary, are most numerous in the winter quarter ending in March, and least numerous in the summer quarter ending September. War diminishes marriages by taking great numbers of marriageable men away from their homes; whilst a return of peace increases marriages, when soldiers and sailors with small pensions are discharged. Trade and manufactures have also become more active in England on the cessation of wars, and the employment and wages thus induced, have contributed still more to add to the numbers of those entering the married state. The establishment of new, or the extension of old, employments promotes marriages; the cotton manufactures, the canals of the last century, the railways of the present day, are examples. Indeed, an increase of their incomes, is taken by the generality of the people for the beginning of perennial prosperity, and is followed by a multitude of marriages. There are only about fifteen persons married annually, for the first time, out of a thousand living. There are about five children born in wedlock to every marriage. The births now exceed the deaths in England,

in about the proportion of three to two—three young subjects present themselves for Queen Victoria, in place of every two that pass away. "The number of marriages in a nation," says the Registrar, "perhaps fluctuates independently of external causes; but it is a fair deduction from the facts, that the marriage returns in England point to periods of prosperity, little less distinctly than the funds measure the hopes and fears of the money market. If the one is the barometer of credit, the other is the barometer of prosperity—a prosperity partly in possession, and still more in hope." The year 1845 was a great matrimonial year, the proportion of persons married being more than had been known in England for ninety years before. It was a season of great speculation, activity, and temporary prosperity. Three years before, in 1842, on the contrary, there was a great diminution in the number of weddings. It was a year of difficulty and high prices. Rather more than ten per cent. of the persons married in 1845, had been married more than once. When food is dear, as in 1839, marriages are few; as food becomes cheap, as in 1845, marriages are many. When a cheap food year indicates a year of "marrying and giving in marriage," another sign is generally found; the price of consols indicates a condition of national affairs much more conducive to matrimonial arrangements, than young ladies would imagine. In what may be called the great English matrimonial period, the three per cents. were about par, instead of being about 88, as they were in the unfavourable season a short time before. When employment is plenty, trade active, and money *easy*, Doctors Commons becomes brisk, clergymen have long lists of banns to declare, and the Registrar's column of marriages fills up.

As an instance of the influence of the price of food and want of employment upon the number of marriages, let us take an illustration from the Registrar as to the period from 1792 to 1798. The weather was bad, the funds low, and bread excessively dear, and upon particular districts a change of fashion made the burthen fall with still additional weight. The "Church and King" riots broke out in July, 1791, in Birmingham; and the mob burnt Dr. Priestley's library, several houses, and some dissenting chapels; in May, 1792, they again rose, but the magistrates this time evinced some vigour, and put a stop to the outrages. A staple manufacture of Birmingham had been subject to one of the mutations of fashion, which caused great distress; for it is recorded, that, on December 21st, 1791, "several respectable buckle-manufacturers from Birmingham, Walsall, and Wolverhampton, waited upon His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with a petition setting forth the distressed situation of thousands in the different branches of the buckle manufacture, from the fashion now, and for some time back, so prevalent, of wearing shoe-

strings instead of buckles. His Royal Highness graciously promised his utmost assistance by his example and influence." After the recovery of George III. from his first illness, in 1789, an immense number of buckles were manufactured about Birmingham; Walsall among other places invested the greater part of its available wealth in the speculation. The king unfortunately went in the state procession to St. Paul's without buckles: and Walsall was nearly ruined. Shoe-strings gradually supplied the place of straps. The effect of this freak of fashion and speculation on the marriages of Birmingham was to reduce them most seriously; and it had probably more to do with the licentious Birmingham riots, than the more patent political agitation of the day. The disuse of wigs, buckles, buttons, and leather breeches at the close of the eighteenth century, is supposed to have affected the business of a million of people. In 1765, the peace of London had been disturbed by the periwig-makers, who went in procession to petition the young king, "submitting to His Majesty's goodness and wisdom, whether his own example was not the only means of rescuing them from their distress, as far as it was occasioned by so many people wearing their own hair." When change of fashions influence unfavourably the employment of the people, and when, at the same time, influenced or increased by lack of work, their poverty increases, matrimony is at a discount. It is not simply the poorer classes, dependent on weekly wages for their support, who feel the influence of times of business activity, and allow it to impel them to matrimony. When the workman is busy, the trader makes profits, the landlord gets his rents, and all sections of the community feel the beneficial influence of a prosperous season. The number of those persons entirely removed from such social sympathies is very few; indeed, as a great rule, when the workmen are prosperous, all classes above them are thriving too: and when the one section of the great English family is influenced to matrimony in an unusual degree, the others feel the influence of the same law. When the reaction, a period of depression, arrives, the number of marriages declines, but they have never fallen back to their original numbers. A time of prosperity lifts up the total in a remarkable manner, and when the happy time ceases, the number falls—but not equal to the level from which it sprung. It is to a certain degree a permanent increase.

As to the mode in which marriages are performed, it appears that nine out of ten take place according to the rites of the established church. The marriages by banns are about six times as numerous as those by license. Upon these weddings, by aid of Doctors Commons, there is, it seems, a vast sum of money spent; but who are the lucky men receiving it, does not appear very clearly, and the services they render for

the cash is still more doubtful. There are about eighteen thousand licenses granted by Doctors Commons and by country surrogates every year. The usual cost of the license at Doctors Commons is 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* There is 10*s.* 6*d.* additional for minors; and in the country, surrogates, it is said, obtain higher fees. At only 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, the tax on eighteen thousand licenses is 47,250*l.* a year. The stamps on each license are 12*s.* 6*d.* Deducting this sum, the licenses to marry yield at least 36,000*l.* a year. The expense of granting licenses in a manner the most useful and convenient to the public would not be considerable; and it is not easy to see why the surplus revenue derivable from the tax, should not go into the public treasury, when a portion of the expenses of the registration of births, deaths, and marriages, is paid out of the Consolidated Fund. The aggregate amount of charges for the General Register Office, at which all the returns of the country are examined, indexed, and analysed, and the Act is administered, was 13,794*l.* in 1846; and the six hundred and twenty-one superintendent registrars received 9097*l.* for examining certified copies. After discharging the expenses of the civil registration, defrayed by the Consolidated Fund, and the cost of the decennial census, a large surplus would be left, out of 47,250*l.* for licenses, to go to the public revenue of the country. And this would not interfere in the slightest degree with the marriage fees; which would continue to be paid to the officiating clergy. In the places of worship registered by Dissenters, there were not quite ten thousand marriages in one year; nearly four thousand in the same year took place in the Superintendent Registrar's offices; one hundred and eighty-four according to the rites of the Jews; and seventy-four marriages between Quakers. The only fortune-teller who can henceforth be believed, is the one who answers the question, "When will the wedding take place?" by saying, "When trade flourishes, and when bread is cheap."

C H I P S.

FROM MR. THOMAS BOVINGTON.

Long Hornets, June, 1850.

Sir,

I want to ask you a few questions, Mr. Conductor. In the first place—What am I to do with my beasts? Those I got back from Smithfield, after two months' care and no small expense, have come round again, and I've got a few others ready for market; but *what* market? Country markets don't suit me, for I can't get my price at them; and, as you know, I would rather kill the cattle myself than send them to Smithfield.

Again,—What is the Royal Commission about? They have reported against Smithfield, and why don't Government shut it up? Isn't there Islington? Everything is ready there

to open a market to-morrow. I can answer for that, for I was there yesterday and went over it. I inquired particularly about the drainage, for, if you remember, Brumpton told me they could not drain it. Well, perhaps they could not very conveniently when he was last there, but now they tell me that a thousand pounds would do the entire job. I'll tell you how:—You see the market stands about fifty-one feet above the Trinity high-water mark of the Thames. Well, close by, in the Southgate road, there is a new sewer, that runs into a regular system of sewers which drain Hoxton, Spitalfields, and all that part down to London bridge—and the cattle market being eighteen feet above the level of the Southgate sewer, it will only be requisite to cut a culvert into it, for the entire space to be drained out and over.

Now, my last question is this: Why don't the people belonging to the Islington market make the necessary sewer at once? If they did, what excuse could government have for not shutting up Smithfield, and moving the cattle market to Islington?

I am, Sir,

Yours to command,

T. BOVINGTON.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD TREE.

A PROSE POEM.

THERE is an old yew tree which stands by the wall in a dark quiet corner of the churchyard.

And a child was at play beneath its wide-spreading branches, one fine day in the early spring. He had his lap full of flowers, which the fields and lanes had supplied him with, and he was humming a tune to himself as he wove them into garlands.

And a little girl at play among the tombstones crept near to listen; but the boy was so intent upon his garland, that he did not hear the gentle footsteps, as they trod softly over the fresh green grass. When his work was finished, and all the flowers that were in his lap were woven together in one long wreath, he started up to measure its length upon the ground, and then he saw the little girl, as she stood with her eyes fixed upon him. He did not move or speak, but thought to himself that she looked very beautiful as she stood there with her flaxen ringlets hanging down upon her neck. The little girl was so startled by his sudden movement, that she let fall all the flowers she had collected in her apron, and ran away as fast as she could. But the boy was older and taller than she, and soon caught her, and coaxed her to come back and play with him, and help him to make more garlands; and from that time they saw each other nearly every day, and became great friends.

Twenty years passed away. Again, he was

seated beneath the old yew tree in the churchyard.

It was summer now; bright, beautiful summer, with the birds singing, and the flowers covering the ground, and scenting the air with their perfume.

But he was not alone now, nor did the little girl steal near on tiptoe, fearful of being heard. She was seated by his side, and his arm was round her, and she looked up into his face, and smiled as she whispered: "The first evening of our lives we were ever together was passed here: we will spend the first evening of our wedded life in the same quiet, happy place." And he drew her closer to him as she spoke.

The summer is gone; and the autumn; and twenty more summers and autumns have passed away since that evening, in the old churchyard.

A young man, on a bright moonlight night, comes reeling through the little white gate, and stumbling over the graves. He shouts and he sings, and is presently followed by others like unto himself, or worse. So, they all laugh at the dark solemn head of the yew tree, and throw stones up at the place where the moon has silvered the boughs.

Those same boughs are again silvered by the moon, and they droop over his mother's grave. There is a little stone which bears this inscription:—

"HER HEART BRAKE IN SILENCE."

But the silence of the churchyard is now broken by a voice—not of the youth—nor a voice of laughter and ribaldry.

"My son!—dost thou see this grave? and dost thou read the record in anguish, whereof may come repentance?"

"Of what should I repent?" answers the son; "and why should my young ambition for fame relax in its strength because my mother was old and weak?"

"Is this indeed our son?" says the father, bending in agony over the grave of his beloved.

"I can well believe I am not;" exclaimeth the youth. "It is well that you have brought me here to say so. Our natures are unlike; our courses must be opposite. Your way lieth here—mine yonder!"

So the son left the father kneeling by the grave.

Again a few years are passed. It is winter, with a roaring wind and a thick grey fog. The graves in the Church-yard are covered with snow, and there are great icicles in the Church-porch. The wind now carries a swathe of snow along the tops of the graves, as though the "sheeted dead" were at some melancholy play; and hark! the icicles fall with a crash and jingle, like a solemn mockery of the echo of the unseemly mirth of one who is now coming to his final rest.

There are two graves near the old yew tree; and the grass has overgrown them. A third is close by; and the dark earth at

each side has just been thrown up. The bearers come; with a heavy pace they move along; the coffin heaveth up and down, as they step over the intervening graves.

Grief and old age had seized upon the father, and worn out his life; and premature decay soon seized upon the son, and gnawed away his vain ambition, and his useless strength, till he prayed to be borne, not the way yonder that was most opposite to his father and his mother, but even the same way they had gone—the way which leads to the Old Churchyard Tree.

SABBATH PARIASHS.

We are overwhelmed with "Chips" from letter-writers, letter-senders, letter-receivers, letter-sorters, and post-office clerks. Our own office has become a post-office. It would seem as if all the letters that ought to have been written for delivery on several previous Sundays in the ordinary course, and by the agency of the great establishment in St. Martin's-le-Grand, have only not been indited in order that we might be the sufferers. Doubtless, the other channels of public information have equally received in the course of each week the surplus of what would have been, but for the Plumptre and Ashley obstruction, Sunday letters. The public are in arms, and every arm has a pen at the end; every pen is dipped in the blackest ink of indignation, or is tinged with the milder tint of remonstrance.

Our most desperate remonstrants are provincial post-office clerks; for it would appear that Lord Ashley's outcasts from Sunday society have a worse chance of being received into it now than ever. Their labours are in many cases so heavy on Saturday nights, that they are obliged to lie in bed during the whole of church time on Sunday, to recover from their fatigues.

We select one from the heap, for publication. The writer gives a clear account of the hardships of a provincial post-office clerk before he was relieved from Sunday duty by the Royal mandate.

"Sir,

"For three years I was what you are pleased to call in your article on the 'Sunday Screw' a Post-Office Pariah, at an office in a most 'corresponding' town; my Sunday duties were as follows:—at four I rose, sorted my letters and newspapers, delivered them to the messengers, sorted and stamped (both sides) the letters for the cross-country mails, swept out and dusted the place, then I went to my room again, had a nap, rose, washed, and dressed in my best; I came down to breakfast at eight, took a walk, till Church time, and amused myself till five in the afternoon, when I attended at the office and received letters till half-past six.

"I usually attended divine service; at eight I sorted and stamped the letters and dispatched the mails; at nine I had done my work; all this I did myself and never dreamed of being assisted. The rush of business is now, I understand, so great on the arrival of the Saturday afternoon mails, that every assistant and Post-Office clerk will wish Lord Ashley safely imprisoned in the Whited Sepulchres.

"Your, very obediently,
"EX-PARIAH."

Judging from the tone in which the earnest remonstrances from all kinds of people that pile our tables are couched, we fear that, during the last few Sundays, the bulk of the disappointed public in the provinces has benefited very little by the change in a moral point of view. Vexation has, we fear, taken the place of that religious, calm, and beneficent state of mind in which the Sabbath ought to be passed. The object, therefore, of the promoters of the measure—increased veneration for the first day of the week—has failed; for of course their whole and sole object in the affair has been the furtherance of the cause of religion, and not a desire to get quits with Mr. Rowland Hill for the calm, manly, triumphant manner in which he caused truth to vanquish them in the recent agitation on the same question.

DUST;

OR UGLINESS REDEEMED.

ON a murky morning in November, wind north-east, a poor old woman with a wooden leg was seen struggling against the fitful gusts of the bitter breeze, along a stony zig-zag road full of deep and irregular cart-ruts. Her ragged petticoat was blue, and so was her wretched nose. A stick was in her left hand, which assisted her to dig and hobble her way along; and in her other hand, supported also beneath her withered arm, was a large rusty iron sieve. Dust and fine ashes filled up all the wrinkles in her face; and of these there were a prodigious number, for she was eighty-three years old. Her name was Peg Dotting.

About a quarter of a mile distant, having a long ditch and a broken-down fence as a foreground, there rose against the muddled-grey sky, a huge Dust-heap of a dirty black colour,—being, in fact, one of those immense mounds of cinders, ashes, and other emptyings from dust-holes and bins, which have conferred celebrity on certain suburban neighbourhoods of a great city. Towards this dusky mountain old Peg Dotting was now making her way.

Advancing towards the Dust-heap by an opposite path, very narrow and just reclaimed from the mud by a thick layer of freshly broken flints, there came at the same time

Gaffer Doubleyear, with his bone-bag slung over his shoulder. The rags of his coat fluttered in the east-wind, which also whistled keenly round his almost rimless hat, and troubled his one eye. The other eye, having met with an accident last week, he had covered neatly with an oyster-shell, which was kept in its place by a string at each side, fastened through a hole. He used no staff to help him along, though his body was nearly bent double, so that his face was constantly turned to the earth, like that of a four-footed creature. He was ninety-seven years of age.

As these two patriarchal labourers approached the great Dust-heap, a discordant voice hallooed to them from the top of a broken wall. It was meant as a greeting of the morning, and proceeded from little Jem Clinker, a poor deformed lad whose back had been broken when a child. His nose and chin were much too large for the rest of his face, and he had lost nearly all his teeth from premature decay. But he had an eye gleaming with intelligence and life, and an expression at once patient and hopeful. He had balanced his misshapen frame on the top of the old wall, over which one shrivelled leg dangled, as if by the weight of a hob-nailed boot that covered a foot large enough for a ploughman.

In addition to his first morning's salutation of his two aged friends, he now shouted out in a tone of triumph and self-gratulation, in which he felt assured of their sympathy—"Two white skins, and a tor'shell-un."

It may be requisite to state that little Jem Clinker belonged to the dead-cat department of the Dust-heap, and now announced that a prize of three skins, in superior condition, had rewarded him for being first in the field. He was enjoying a seat on the wall in order to recover himself from the excitement of his good fortune.

At the base of the great Dust-heap the two old people now met their young friend—a sort of great-grandson by mutual adoption—and they at once joined the party who had by this time assembled as usual, and were already busy at their several occupations.

But besides all these, another individual, belonging to a very different class, formed a part of the scene, though appearing only on its outskirts. A canal ran along at the rear of the Dust-heap, and on the banks of its opposite side slowly wandered by—with hands clasped and hanging down in front of him, and eyes bent vacantly upon his hands—the forlorn figure of a man in a very shabby great-coat, which had evidently once belonged to one in the position of a gentleman. And to a gentleman it still belonged—but in *what* a position? A scholar, a man of wit, of high sentiment, of refinement, and a good fortune withal—now by a sudden "turn of law" bereft of the last only, and finding that none of the rest, for which (having his fortune) he had been so much

admired, enabled him to gain a livelihood. His title-deeds had been lost or stolen, and so he was bereft of everything he possessed. He had talents, and such as would have been profitably available had he known how to use them for this new purpose; but he did not; he was misdirected; he made fruitless efforts, in his want of experience; and he was now starving. As he passed the great Dust-heap, he gave one vague, melancholy gaze that way, and then looked wistfully into the canal. And he continued to look into the canal as he slowly moved along, till he was out of sight.

A Dust-heap of this kind is often worth thousands of pounds. The present one was very large and very valuable. It was in fact a large hill, and being in the vicinity of small suburb cottages, it rose above them like a great black mountain. Thistles, groundsel, and rank grass grew in knots on small parts which had remained for a long time undisturbed; crows often alighted on its top, and seemed to put on their spectacles and become very busy and serious; flocks of sparrows often made predatory descents upon it; an old goose and gander might sometimes be seen following each other up its side, nearly midway; pigs routed round its base,—and, now and then, one bolder than the rest would venture some way up, attracted by the mixed odours of some hidden marrow-bone enveloped in a decayed cabbage-leaf—a rare event, both of these articles being unusual oversights of the Searchers below.

The principal ingredient of all these Dust-heaps is fine cinders and ashes; but as they are accumulated from the contents of all the dust-holes and bins of the vicinity, and as many more as possible, the fresh arrivals in their original state present very heterogeneous materials. We cannot better describe them, than by presenting a brief sketch of the different departments of the Searchers and Sorters, who are assembled below to busy themselves upon the mass of original matters which are shot out from the carts of the dustmen.

The bits of coal, the pretty numerous results of accident and servants' carelessness, are picked out, to be sold forthwith; the largest and best of the cinders are also selected, by another party, who sell them to laundresses, or to braziers (for whose purposes coke would not do so well); and the next sort of cinders, called the *breeze*, because it is left after the wind has blown the finer cinders through an upright sieve, is sold to the brick-makers.

Two other departments, called the "soft-ware" and the "hard-ware," are very important. The former includes all vegetable and animal matters—everything that will decompose. These are selected and bagged at once, and carried off as soon as possible, to be sold as manure for ploughed land, wheat, barley, &c. Under this head, also, the dead

cats are comprised. They are, generally, the perquisites of the women searchers. Dealers come to the wharf, or dust-field, every evening; they give sixpence for a white cat, fourpence for a coloured cat, and for a black one according to her quality. The "hard-ware" includes all broken pottery,—pans, crockery, earthenware, oyster-shells, &c., which are sold to make new roads.

"The bones" are selected with care, and sold to the soap-boiler. He boils out the fat and marrow first, for special use, and the bones are then crushed and sold for manure.

Of "rags," the woollen rags are bagged and sent off for hop-manure; the white linen rags are washed, and sold to make paper, &c.

The "tin things" are collected and put into an oven with a grating at the bottom, so that the solder which unites the parts melts, and runs through into a receiver. This is sold separately; the detached pieces of tin are then sold to be melted up with old iron, &c.

Bits of old brass, lead, &c., are sold to be melted up separately, or in the mixture of ores.

All broken glass vessels, as cruets, mustard-pots, tumblers, wine-glasses, bottles, &c., are sold to the old-glass shops.

As for any articles of jewellery,—silver spoons, forks, thimbles, or other plate and valuables, they are pocketed off-hand by the first finder. Coins of gold and silver are often found, and many "coppers."

Meantime, everybody is hard at work near the base of the great Dust-heap. A certain number of cart-loads having been raked and searched for all the different things just described, the whole of it now undergoes the process of sifting. The men throw up the stuff, and the women sift it.

"When I was a young girl," said Peg Dotting—

"That's a long while ago, Peggy," interrupted one of the sifters: but Peg did not hear her.

"When I was quite a young thing," continued she, addressing old John Doubleyear, who threw up the dust into her sieve, "it was the fashion to wear pink roses in the shoes, as bright as that morsel of ribbon Sally has just picked out of the dust; yes, and sometimes in the hair, too, on one side of the head, to set off the white powder and salve-stuff. I never wore one of these head-dresses myself—don't throw up the dust so high, John—but I lived only a few doors lower down from those as *did*. Don't throw up the dust so high, I tell 'ee—the wind takes it into my face."

"Ah! There! What's that?" suddenly exclaimed little Jem, running, as fast as his poor withered legs would allow him, towards a fresh heap, which had just been shot down on the wharf from a dustman's cart. He made a dive and a search—then another—then one deeper still. "I'm *sure* I saw it!" cried he, and again made a dash with both

hands into a fresh place, and began to distribute the ashes and dust and rubbish on every side, to the great merriment of all the rest.

"What did you see, Jemmy?" asked old Doubleyear, in a compassionate tone.

"Oh, I don't know," said the boy, "only it was like a bit of something made of real gold!"

A fresh burst of laughter from the company assembled followed this somewhat vague declaration, to which the dustmen added one or two elegant epithets, expressive of their contempt of the notion that *they* could have overlooked a bit of anything valuable in the process of emptying sundry dust-holes, and carting them away.

"Ah," said one of the sifters, "poor Jem's always a-fancying something or other good—but it never comes."

"Didn't I find three cats this morning!" cried Jem, "two on 'em white 'uns! How you go on!"

"I meant something quite different from the like o' that," said the other; "I was a-thinking of the rare sights all you three there have had, one time and another."

The wind having changed and the day become bright, the party at work all seemed disposed to be more merry than usual. The foregoing remark excited the curiosity of several of the sifters, who had recently joined the "company," the parties alluded to were requested to favour them with the recital; and though the request was made with only a half-concealed irony, still it was all in good-natured pleasantry, and was immediately complied with. Old Doubleyear spoke first.

"I had a bad night of it with the rats some years ago—they run'd all over the floor, and over the bed, and one on 'em come'd and guv a squeak close into my ear—so I couldn't sleep comfortable. I wouldn't ha' minded a trifle of it; but this was too much of a good thing. So, I got up before sun-rise, and went out for a walk; and thinking I might as well be near our work-place, I slowly come'd down this way. I worked in a brickfield at that time, near the canal yonder. The sun was just a-rising up behind the Dust-heap as I got in sight of it; and soon it rose above, and was very bright; and though I had two eyes then, I was obligated to shut them both. When I opened them again, the sun was higher up; but in his haste to get over the Dust-heap, he had dropped something. You may laugh. I say he had dropped something. Well—I can't say what it was, in course—a bit of his-self, I suppose. It was just like him—a bit on him, I mean—quite as bright—just the same—only not so big. And not up in the sky, but a-lying and sparkling all on fire upon the Dust-heap. Thinks I—I was a younger man then by some years than I am now—I'll go and have a nearer look. Though you be a bit o' the sun, maybe you won't hurt a poor man. So, I walked towards the Dust-heap, and up

I went, keeping the piece of sparkling fire in sight all the while. But before I got up to it, the sun went behind a cloud—and as he went out-like, so the young 'un he had dropped, went out arter him. And I had my climb up the heap for nothing, though I had marked the place vere it lay, though perczely. But there was no signs at all on him, and no morsel left of the light as had been there. I searched all about; but found nothing 'cept a bit o' broken glass as had got stuck in the heel of an old shoe. And that's my story. But if ever a man saw anything at all, I saw a bit o' the sun; and I thank God for it. It was a blessed sight for a poor ragged old man of three score and ten, which was my age at that time."

"Now, Peggy!" cried several voices, "tell us what you saw. Peg saw a bit o' the moon."

"No," said Mrs. Dotting, rather indignantly; "I'm no moon-raker. Not a sign of the moon was there, nor a spark of a star—the time I speak on."

"Well—go on, Peggy—go on."

"I don't know as I will," said Peggy.

But being pacified by a few good-tempered, though somewhat humorous, compliments, she thus favoured them with her little adventure.

"There was no moon, nor stars, nor comet, in the 'versal heavens, nor lamp nor lantern along the road, when I walked home one winter's night from the cottage of Widow Pin, where I had been to tea, with her and Mrs. Dry, as lived in the almshouses. They wanted Davy, the son of Bill Davy the milkman, to see me home with the lantern, but I wouldn't let him 'cause of his sore throat. Throat!—no, it wasn't his throat as was rare sore—it was—no, it wasn't—yes, it was—it was his toe as was sore. His big toe. A nail out of his boot had got into it. I *told* him he 'd be sure to have a bad toe, if he didn't go to church more regular, but he wouldn't listen; and so my words come'd true. But, as I was a-saying, I wouldn't let him light me with the lantern by reason of his sore throat—*toe*, I mean—and as I went along, the night seemed to grow darker and darker. A straight road, though, and I was so used to it by day-time, it didn't matter for the darkness. Hows'ever, when I come'd near the bottom of the Dust-heap as I had to pass, the great dark heap was so zackly the same as the night, you couldn't tell one from t'other. So, thinks I to myself—*what* was I thinking of at this moment?—for the life o' me I can't call it to mind; but that's neither here nor there, only for this,—it was a something that led me to remember the story of how the devil goes about like a roaring lion. And while I was a-hoping he might not be out a-roaring that night, what should I see rise out of one side of the Dust-heap, but a beautiful shining star of a violet colour. I stood as still—as stock-still as any I don't-know-what! There it lay, as beautiful as a new-born babe, all a-shining

in the dust ! By degrees I got courage to go a little nearer—and then a little nearer still—for, says I to myself, I'm a sinful woman, I know, but I have repented, and do repent constantly of all the sins of my youth, and the backslidings of my age—which have been numerous ; and once I had a very heavy backsliding—but that's neither here nor there. So, as I was a-saying, having collected all my sinfulness of life, and humbleness before heaven, into a goodish bit of courage, forward I steps—a little furdur—and a leetle furdur more—*un-til* I come'd just up to the beautiful shining star lying upon the dust. Well, it was a long time I stood a-looking down at it, before I ventured to do, what I afterwards did. But *at last* I did stoop down with both hands slowly—in case it might burn, or bite—and gathering up a good scoop of ashes as my hands went along, I took it up, and began a-carrying it home, all shining before me, and with a soft blue mist rising up round about it. Heaven forgive me !—I was punished for meddling with what Providence had sent for some better purpose than to be carried home by an old woman like me, whom it has pleased heaven to afflict with the loss of one leg, and the pain, ixpense, and inconvenience of a wooden one. Well—I was punished ; covetousness had its reward ; for, presently, the violet light got very pale, and then went out ; and when I reached home, still holding in both hands all I had gathered up, and when I took it to the candle, it had turned into the red shell of a lobsky's head, and its two black eyes poked up at me with a long stare,—and I may say, a strong smell, too,—enough to knock a poor body down."

Great applause, and no little laughter, followed the conclusion of old Peggy's story, but she did not join in the merriment. She said it was all very well for young folks to laugh, but at her age she had enough to do to pray ; and she had never said so many prayers, nor with so much fervency, as she had done since she received the blessed sight of the blue star on the Dust-heap, and the chastising rod of the lobster's head at home.

Little Jem's turn now came ; the poor lad was, however, so excited by the recollection of what his companions called "Jem's Ghost," that he was unable to describe it in any coherent language. To his imagination it had been a lovely vision,—the one "bright consummate flower" of his life, which he treasured up as the most sacred image in his heart. He endeavoured, in wild and hasty words, to set forth, how that he had been bred a chimney-sweep ; that one Sunday afternoon he had left a set of companions, most on 'em sweeps, who were all playing at marbles in the church-yard, and he had wandered to the Dust-heap, where he had fallen asleep ; that he was awoke by a sweet voice in the air, which said something about some one having lost her way !—that he, being now wide awake, looked up, and saw with his own eyes a young Angel,

with fair hair and rosy cheeks, and large white wings at her shoulders, floating about like bright clouds, rise out of the Dust ! She had on a garment of shining crimson, which changed as he looked upon her to shining gold, then to purple and gold. She then exclaimed, with a joyful smile, "I see the right way !" and the next moment the Angel was gone !

As the sun was just now very bright and warm for the time of year, and shining full upon the Dust-heap in its setting, one of the men endeavoured to raise a laugh at the deformed lad, by asking him if he didn't expect to see just such another angel at this minute, who had lost her way in the field on the other side of the heap ; but his jest failed. The earnestness and devout emotion of the boy to the vision of reality which his imagination, aided by the hues of sunset, had thus exalted, were too much for the gross spirit of banter, and the speaker shrunk back into his dust-shovel, and affected to be very assiduous in his work as the day was drawing to a close.

Before the day's work was ended, however, little Jem again had a glimpse of the prize which had escaped him on the previous occasion. He instantly darted, hands and head foremost into the mass of cinders and rubbish, and brought up a black mash of half-burnt parchment, entwined with vegetable refuse, from which he speedily disengaged an oval frame of gold, containing a miniature, still protected by its glass, but half covered with mildew from the damp. He was in ecstasies at the prize. Even the white cat-skins paled before it. In all probability some of the men would have taken it from him "to try and find the owner," but for the presence and interference of his friends Peg Dotting and old Doubleyear, whose great age, even among the present company, gave them a certain position of respect and consideration. So all the rest now went their way, leaving the three to examine and speculate on the prize.

These Dust-heaps are a wonderful compound of things. A banker's cheque for a considerable sum was found in one of them. It was on Herries and Farquhar, in 1847. But banker's cheques, or gold and silver articles, are the least valuable of their ingredients. Among other things, a variety of useful chemicals are extracted. Their chief value, however, is for the making of bricks. The fine cinder-dust and ashes are used in the clay of the bricks, both for the red and grey stacks. Ashes are also used as fuel between the layers of the clump of bricks, which could not be burned in that position without them. The ashes burn away, and keep the bricks open. Enormous quantities are used. In the brick-fields at Uxbridge, near the Drayton Station, one of the brickmakers alone will frequently contract for fifteen or sixteen thousand chaldron of this cinder-dust, in one order. Fine

coke or coke-dust, affects the market at times as a rival ; but fine coal, or coal-dust, never, because it would spoil the bricks.

As one of the heroes of our tale had been originally—before his promotion—a chimney-sweeper, it may be only appropriate to offer a passing word on the general subject of soot. Without speculating on its origin and parentage, whether derived from the cooking of a Christmas dinner, or the production of the beautiful colours and odours of exotic plants in a conservatory, it can briefly be shown to possess many qualities both useful and ornamental.

When soot is first collected, it is called "rough soot," which, being sifted, is then called "fine soot," and is sold to farmers for manuring and preserving wheat and turnips. This is more especially used in Herefordshire, Bedfordshire, Essex, &c. It is rather a costly article, being fivepence per bushel. One contractor sells annually as much as three thousand bushels ; and he gives it as his opinion, that there must be at least one hundred and fifty times this quantity (four hundred and fifty thousand bushels per annum) sold in London. Farmer Smutwise, of Bradford, distinctly asserts that the price of the soot he uses on his land is returned to him in the straw, with improvement also to the grain. And we believe him. Lime is used to dilute soot when employed as a manure. Using it pure will keep off snails, slugs, and caterpillars, from peas and various other vegetables, as also from dahlias just shooting up, and other flowers ; but we regret to add that we have sometimes known it kill, or burn up, the things it was intended to preserve from unlawful eating. In short, it is by no means so safe to use for any purpose of garden manure, as fine cinders and wood-ashes, which are good for almost any kind of produce, whether turnips or roses. Indeed, we should like to have one fourth or fifth part of our garden-beds composed of excellent stuff of this kind. From all that has been said, it will have become very intelligible why these Dust-heaps are so valuable. Their worth, however, varies not only with their magnitude (the quality of all of them is much the same), but with the demand. About the year 1820, the Marylebone Dust-heap produced between four thousand and five thousand pounds. In 1832, St. George's paid Mr. Stapleton five hundred pounds a year, not to leave the Heap standing, but to carry it away. Of course he was only too glad to be paid highly for selling his Dust.

But to return. The three friends having settled to their satisfaction the amount of money they should probably obtain by the sale of the golden miniature-frame, and finished the castles which they had built with it in the air, the frame was again enfolded in the sound part of the parchment, the rags and rottenness of the law were cast away, and up they rose to bend their steps home-

ward to the little hovel where Peggy lived, she having invited the others to tea that they might talk yet more fully over the wonderful good luck that had befallen them.

"Why, if there isn't a man's head in the canal!" suddenly cried little Jem. "Looky there!—isn't that a man's head?—Yes; it's a drowneded man?"

"A drowneded man, as I live!" ejaculated old Doubleyear.

"Let's get him out, and see!" cried Peggy. "Perhaps the poor soul's not quite gone."

Little Jem scuttled off to the edge of the canal, followed by the two old people. As soon as the body had floated nearer, Jem got down into the water, and stood breast-high, vainly measuring his distance with one arm out, to see if he could reach some part of the body as it was passing. As the attempt was evidently without a chance, old Doubleyear managed to get down into the water behind him, and holding him by one hand, the boy was thus enabled to make a plunge forward as the body was floating by. He succeeded in reaching it ; but the jerk was too much for the weakness of his aged companion, who was pulled forwards into the canal. A loud cry burst from both of them, which was yet more loudly echoed by Peggy on the bank. Doubleyear and the boy were now struggling almost in the middle of the canal with the body of the man swirling about between them. They would inevitably have been drowned, had not old Peggy caught up a long dust-rake that was close at hand—scrambled down up to her knees in the canal—clawed hold of the struggling group with the teeth of the rake, and fairly brought the whole to land. Jem was first up the bank, and helped up his two heroic companions ; after which, with no small difficulty, they contrived to haul the body of the stranger out of the water. Jem at once recognised in him the forlorn figure of the man who had passed by in the morning, looking so sadly into the canal, as he walked along.

It is a fact well known to those who work in the vicinity of these great Dust-heaps, that when the ashes have been warmed by the sun, cats and kittens that have been taken out of the canal and buried a few inches beneath the surface, have usually revived ; and the same has often occurred in the case of men. Accordingly the three, without a moment's hesitation, dragged the body along to the Dust-heap, where they made a deep trench, in which they placed it, covering it all over up to the neck.

"There now," ejaculated Peggy, sitting down with a long puff to recover her breath, "he'll lie very comfortable, whether or no."

"Couldn't lie better," said old Doubleyear, "even if he knew it."

The three now seated themselves close by, to await the result.

"I thought I'd a lost him," said Jem, "and

myself too ; and when I pulled Daddy in arter me, I guv us all three up for this world."

"Yes," said Doubleyear, "it must have gone queer with us if Peggy had not come in with the rake. How d' yee feel, old girl ; for you've had a narrow escape too. I wonder we were not too heavy for you, and so pulled you in to go with us."

"The Lord be praised !" fervently ejaculated Peggy, pointing towards the pallid face that lay surrounded with ashes. A convulsive twitching passed over the features, the lips trembled, the ashes over the breast heaved, and a low moaning sound, which might have come from the bottom of the canal, was heard. Again the moaning sound, and then the eyes opened, but closed almost immediately. "Poor dear soul !" whispered Peggy, "how he suffers in surviving. Lift him up a little. Softly. Don't be afear'd. We're only your good angels, like—only poor cinder-sifters—don'tee be afear'd."

By various kindly attentions and manœuvres such as these poor people had been accustomed to practise on those who were taken out of the canal, the unfortunate gentleman was gradually brought to his senses. He gazed about him, as well he might—now looking in the anxious, though begrimed, faces of the three strange objects, all in their "weeds" and dust—and then up at the huge Dust-heap, over which the moon was now slowly rising.

"Land of quiet Death !" murmured he, faintly, "or land of Life, as dark and still—I have passed from one into the other ; but which of ye I am now in, seems doubtful to my senses."

"Here we are, poor gentleman," cried Peggy, "here we are, all friends about you. How did 'ee tumble into the canal ?"

"The Earth, then, once more !" said the stranger, with a deep sigh. "I know where I am, now. I remember this great dark hill of ashes—like Death's kingdom, full of all sorts of strange things, and put to many uses."

"Where do you live ?" asked Old Double-year ; "shall we try and take you home, Sir ?"

The stranger shook his head mournfully. All this time, little Jem had been assiduously employed in rubbing his feet and then his hands ; in doing which the piece of dirty parchment, with the miniature-frame, dropped out of his breast-pocket. A good thought instantly struck Peggy.

"Run, Jemmy dear—run with that golden thing to Mr. Spikechin, the pawnbroker's—get something upon it directly, and buy some nice brandy—and some Godfrey's cordial—and a blanket, Jemmy—and call a coach, and get up outside on it, and make the coachee drive back here as fast as you can."

But before Jemmy could attend to this, Mr. Waterhouse, the stranger whose life they had preserved, raised himself on one

elbow, and extended his hand to the miniature-frame. Directly he looked at it, he raised himself higher up—turned it about once or twice—then caught up the piece of parchment, and uttering an ejaculation, which no one could have distinguished either as of joy or of pain, sank back fainting.

In brief, this parchment was a portion of the title-deeds he had lost ; and though it did not prove sufficient to enable him to recover his fortune, it brought his opponent to a composition, which gave him an annuity for life. Small as this was, he determined that these poor people, who had so generously saved his life at the risk of their own, should be sharers in it. Finding that what they most desired was to have a cottage in the neighbourhood of the Dust-heap, built large enough for all three to live together, and keep a cow, Mr. Waterhouse paid a visit to Manchester Square, where the owner of the property resided. He told his story, as far as was needful, and proposed to purchase the field in question.

The great Dust-Contractor was much amused, and his daughter—a very accomplished young lady—was extremely interested. So the matter was speedily arranged to the satisfaction and pleasure of all parties. The acquaintance, however, did not end here. Mr. Waterhouse renewed his visits very frequently, and finally made proposals for the young lady's hand, she having already expressed her hopes of a propitious answer from her father.

"Well, Sir," said the latter, "you wish to marry my daughter, and she wishes to marry you. You are a gentleman and a scholar, but you have no money. My daughter is what you see, and she has no money. But I have ; and therefore, as she likes you, and I like you, I'll make you both an offer. I will give my daughter twenty thousand pounds,—or you shall have the Dust-heap. Choose !"

Mr. Waterhouse was puzzled and amused, and referred the matter entirely to the young lady. But she was for having the money, and no trouble. She said the Dust-heap might be worth much, but they did not understand the business. "Very well," said her father, laughing, "then, there's the money."

This was the identical Dust-heap, as we know from authentic information, which was subsequently sold for forty thousand pounds, and was exported to Russia to rebuild Moscow.

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Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.

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OF
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N^o. 17.]

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THE GHOST OF ART.

I AM a bachelor, residing in rather a dreary set of chambers in the Temple. They are situated in a square court of high houses, which would be a complete well, but for the want of water and the absence of a bucket. I live at the top of the house, among the tiles and sparrows. Like the little man in the nursery-story, I live by myself, and all the bread and cheese I get—which is not much—I put upon a shelf. I need scarcely add, perhaps, that I am in love, and that the father of my charming Julia objects to our union.

I mention these little particulars as I might deliver a letter of introduction. The reader is now acquainted with me, and perhaps will condescend to listen to my narrative.

I am naturally of a dreamy turn of mind ; and my abundant leisure—for I am called to the bar—coupled with much lonely listening to the twittering of sparrows, and the pattering of rain, has encouraged that disposition. In my "top set," I hear the wind howl, on a winter night, when the man on the ground floor believes it is perfectly still weather. The dim lamps with which our Honourable Society (supposed to be as yet unconscious of the new discovery called Gas) make the horrors of the staircase visible, deepen the gloom which generally settles on my soul when I go home at night.

I am in the Law, but not of it. I can't exactly make out what it means. I sit in Westminster Hall sometimes (in character) from ten to four ; and when I go out of Court, I don't know whether I am standing on my wig or my boots.

It appears to me (I mention this in confidence) as if there were too much talk and too much law—as if some grains of truth were started overboard into a tempestuous sea of chaff.

All this may make me mystical. Still, I am confident that what I am going to describe myself as having seen and heard, I actually did see and hear.

It is necessary that I should observe that I have a great delight in pictures. I am no painter myself, but I have studied pictures and written about them. I have seen all the most famous pictures in the world ; my education and reading have been sufficiently general

to possess me beforehand with a knowledge of most of the subjects to which a Painter is likely to have recourse ; and, although I might be in some doubt as to the rightful fashion of the scabbard of King Lear's sword, for instance, I think I should know King Lear tolerably well, if I happened to meet with him.

I go to all the Modern Exhibitions every season, and of course I revere the Royal Academy. I stand by its forty Academical articles almost as firmly as I stand by the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. I am convinced that in neither case could there be, by any rightful possibility, one article more or less.

It is now exactly three years—three years ago, this very month—since I went from Westminster to the Temple, one Thursday afternoon, in a cheap steam-boat. The sky was black, when I imprudently walked on board. It began to thunder and lighten immediately afterwards, and the rain poured down in torrents. The deck seeming to smoke with the wet, I went below ; but so many passengers were there, smoking too, that I came up again, and buttoning my pea-coat, and standing in the shadow of the paddle-box, stood as upright as I could, and made the best of it.

It was at this moment that I first beheld the terrible Being, who is the subject of my present recollections.

Standing against the funnel, apparently with the intention of drying himself by the heat as fast as he got wet, was a shabby man in threadbare black, and with his hands in his pockets, who fascinated me from the memorable instant when I caught his eye.

Where had I caught that eye before ? Who was he ? Why did I connect him, all at once, with the Vicar of Wakefield, Alfred the Great, Gil Blas, Charles the Second, Joseph and his Brethren, the Fairy Queen, Tom Jones, the Decameron of Boccaccio, Tam O'Shanter, the Marriage of the Doge of Venice with the Adriatic, and the Great Plague of London ? Why, when he bent one leg, and placed one hand upon the back of the seat near him, did my mind associate him wildly with the words, "Number one hundred and forty-two, Portrait of a gentleman ?" Could it be that I was going mad ?

I looked at him again, and now I could have taken my affidavit that he belonged to the Vicar of Wakefield's family. Whether he was the Vicar, or Moses, or Mr. Burchill, or the Squire, or a conglomeration of all four, I knew not; but I was impelled to seize him by the throat, and charge him with being, in some fell way, connected with the Primrose blood. He looked up at the rain, and then—oh Heaven!—he became Saint John. He folded his arms, resigning himself to the weather, and I was frantically inclined to address him as the Spectator, and firmly demand to know what he had done with Sir Roger de Coverley.

The frightful suspicion that I was becoming deranged, returned upon me with redoubled force. Meantime, this awful stranger, inexplicably linked to my mistress, stood drying himself at the funnel; and ever, as the steam rose from his clothes, diffusing a mist around him, I saw through the ghostly medium all the people I have mentioned, and a score more, sacred and profane.

I am conscious of a dreadful inclination that stole upon me, as it thundered and lightened, to grapple with this man, or demon, and plunge him over the side. But, I constrained myself—I know not how—to speak to him, and in a pause of the storm, I crossed the deck, and said:

“What are you?”

He replied, hoarsely, “A Model.”

“A what?” said I.

“A Model,” he replied. “I sets to the profession for a bob a-hour.” (All through this narrative I give his own words, which are indelibly imprinted on my memory.)

The relief which this disclosure gave me, the exquisite delight of the restoration of my confidence in my own sanity, I cannot describe. I should have fallen on his neck, but for the consciousness of being observed by the man at the wheel.

“You then,” said I, shaking him so warmly by the hand, that I wrung the rain out of his coat-cuff, “are the gentleman whom I have so frequently contemplated, in connection with a high-backed chair with a red cushion, and a table with twisted legs.”

“I am that Model,” he rejoined moodily, “and I wish I was anything else.”

“Say not so,” I returned. “I have seen you in the society of many beautiful young women;” as in truth I had, and always (I now remembered) in the act of making the most of his legs.

“No doubt,” said he. “And you’ve seen me along with wares of flowers, and any number of table-kivers, and antique cabinets, and various gammon.”

“Sir?” said I.

“And various gammon,” he repeated, in a louder voice. “You might have seen me in armour, too, if you had looked sharp. Blessed if I ha’n’t stood in half the suits of armour as ever came out of Pratt’s shop—and sat, for

weeks together, a eating nothing, out of half the gold and silver dishes as has ever been lent for the purpose out of Storrses, and Mortimerses, or Garrardses, and Davenportseses.”

Excited, as it appeared, by a sense of injury, I thought he never would have found an end for the last word. But, at length it rolled sullenly away with the thunder.

“Pardon me,” said I, “you are a well-favored, well-made man, and yet—forgive me—I find, on examining my mind, that I associate you with—that my recollection indistinctly makes you, in short—excuse me—a kind of powerful monster.”

“It would be a wonder if it didn’t,” he said. “Do you know what my points are?”

“No,” said I.

“My throat and my legs,” said he. “When I don’t set for a head, I mostly sets for a throat and a pair of legs. Now, granted you was a painter, and was to work at my throat for a week together, I suppose you’d see a lot of lumps and bumps there, that would never be there at all, if you looked at me, complete, instead of only my throat. Wouldn’t you?”

“Probably,” said I, surveying him.

“Why, it stands to reason,” said the Model. “Work another week at my legs, and it’ll be the same thing. You’ll make ’em out as knotty and as knobby, at last, as if they was the trunks of two old trees. Then, take and stick my legs and throat on to another man’s body, and you’ll make a reg’lar monster. And that’s the way the public gets their reg’lar monsters, every first Monday in May, when the Royal Academy Exhibition opens.”

“You are a critic,” said I, with an air of deference.

“I’m in an uncommon ill humour, if that’s it,” rejoined the Model, with great indignation. “As if it warn’t bad enough for a bob a-hour, for a man to be mixing himself up with that there jolly old furniter that one ’ud think the public know’d the wery nails in by this time—or to be putting on greasy old ats and cloaks, and playing tambourines in the Bay o’ Naples, with Wesuvius a smokin’ according to pattern in the background, and the wines a bearing wonderful in the middle distance—or to be unpolitely kicking up his legs among a lot o’ gals, with no reason whatever in his mind, but to show ’em—as if this warn’t bad enough, I’m to go and be thrown out of employment too!”

“Surely no!” said I.

“Surely yes,” said the indignant Model. “BUT I’LL GROW ONE.”

The gloomy and threatening manner in which he muttered the last words, can never be effaced from my remembrance. My blood ran cold.

I asked of myself, what was it that this desperate Being was resolved to grow? My breast made no response.

I ventured to implore him to explain his

meaning. With a scornful laugh, he uttered this dark prophecy :

"I'LL GROW ONE. AND, MARK MY WORDS, IT SHALL HAUNT YOU !"

We parted in the storm, after I had forced half-a-crown on his acceptance, with a trembling hand. I conclude that something supernatural happened to the steam-boat, as it bore his reeking figure down the river ; but it never got into the papers.

Two years elapsed, during which I followed my profession without any vicissitudes ; never holding so much as a motion, of course. At the expiration of that period, I found myself making my way home to the Temple, one night, in precisely such another storm of thunder and lightning as that by which I had been overtaken on board the steam-boat—except that this storm, bursting over the town at midnight, was rendered much more awful by the darkness and the hour.

As I turned into my court, I really thought a thunderbolt would fall, and plough the pavement up. Every brick and stone in the place seemed to have an echo of its own for the thunder. The water-spouts were overcharged, and the rain came tearing down from the house-tops as if they had been mountain-tops.

Mrs. Parkins, my laundress—wife of Parkins the porter, then newly dead of a dropsy—had particular instructions to place a bedroom candle and a match under the staircase lamp on my landing, in order that I might light my candle there, whenever I came home. Mrs. Parkins invariably disregarding all instructions, they were never there. Thus it happened that on this occasion I groped my way into my sitting-room to find the candle, and came out to light it.

What were my emotions when, underneath the staircase lamp, shining with wet as if he had never been dry since our last meeting, stood the mysterious Being whom I had encountered on the steam-boat in a thunder-storm, two years before ! His prediction rushed upon my mind, and I turned faint.

"I said I'd do it," he observed, in a hollow voice, "and I have done it. May I come in ?"

"Misguided creature, what have you done ?" I returned.

"I'll let you know," was his reply, "if you'll let me in."

Could it be murder that he had done ? And had he been so successful that he wanted to do it again, at my expense ?

I hesitated.

"May I come in ?" said he.

I inclined my head, with as much presence of mind as I could command, and he followed me into my chambers. There, I saw that the lower part of his face was tied up, in what is commonly called a Belcher handkerchief. He slowly removed this bandage, and exposed to view a long dark beard, curling over his upper lip, twisting about the corners

of his mouth, and hanging down upon his breast.

"What is this ?" I exclaimed involuntarily, "and what have you become ?"

"I am the Ghost of Art !" said he.

The effect of these words, slowly uttered in the thunderstorm at midnight, was appalling in the last degree. More dead than alive, I surveyed him in silence.

"The German taste came up," said he, "and threw me out of bread. I am ready for the taste now."

He made his beard a little jagged with his hands, folded his arms, and said,

"Severity !"

I shuddered. It was so severe.

He made his beard flowing on his breast, and, leaning both hands on the staff of a carpet-broom which Mrs. Parkins had left among my books, said :

"Benevolence."

I stood transfixed. The change of sentiment was entirely in the beard. The man might have left his face alone, or had no face. The beard did everything.

He laid down, on his back, on my table, and with that action of his head threw up his beard at the chin.

"That's death !" said he.

He got off my table and, looking up at the ceiling, cocked his beard a little awry ; at the same time making it stick out before him.

"Adoration, or a vow of vengeance," he observed.

He turned his profile to me, making his upper lip very bulgy with the upper part of his beard.

"Romantic character," said he.

He looked sideways out of his beard, as if it were an ivy-bush. "Jealousy," said he. He gave it an ingenious twist in the air, and informed me that he was carousing. He made it shaggy with his fingers—and it was Despair ; lank—and it was avarice ; tossed it all kinds of ways—and it was rage. The beard did everything.

"I am the Ghost of Art," said he. "Two bob a-day now, and more when its longer ! Hair's the true expression. There is no other. I SAID I'D GROW IT, AND I'VE GROWN IT, AND IT SHALL HAUNT YOU !"

He may have tumbled down stairs in the dark, but he never walked down or ran down. I looked over the bannisters, and I was alone with the thunder.

Need I add more of my terrific fate ? It HAS haunted me ever since. It glares upon me from the walls of the Royal Academy, (except when MACLISE subdues it to his genius,) it fills my soul with terror at the British Institution, it lures young artists on to their destruction. Go where I will, the Ghost of Art, eternally working the passions in hair, and expressing everything by beard, pursues me. The prediction is accomplished, and the Victim has no rest.

THE WONDERS OF 1851.

A CERTAIN Government office having a more than usual need of some new ideas, and wishing to obtain them from the collective mind of the country, consulted Mr. Trappem, the official solicitor—a gentleman of great experience—on the subject. "A new idea," said he, "is not the only thing you will want; these new ideas, to be worth anything, must be reduced to practical demonstration, by models, plans, or experiments. This will cost much time, labour, and money, and be attended through its progress with many disappointments. The rule, therefore, is to *throw it open to the public*. Let the inventive spirits of the whole public be set to work; let them make the calculations, designs, models, plans; let them try all the experiments at their own expense; let them all be encouraged to proceed by those suggestions which are sure to excite the greatest hopes and the utmost emulation, without committing the Honourable Board to anything. When at length two or three succeed, then the Honourable Board steps in, and taking a bit from one, and a bit from another, but the whole, or chief part, from no one in a direct way, rejects them all individually and collectively, and escapes all claims and contingencies. A few compliments, enough to keep alive hope, and at the same time keep the best men quiet, should finally be held out, and the competitors may then be safely left to long delays and the course of events. That's the way."

Too true, Mr. Trappem—that *is* the way; and many a Government office, or other imposing array of Committee-men, and Honourable Boards, have practised this same expedient upon the inventive genius and collective knowledge and talent of the public. The last instances which deserve to be recorded, not merely because they are the most recent, but rather on account of their magnitude and completeness, are the invitations to competitors for models and plans, issued by the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers,—and by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations.

In order to supersede prevaricating denials and evasions of what we have to say concerning the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, it may be as well to premise that they have for some time adopted the cunning "fence" of a "Committee of Commissioners," behind which the Commissioners make a dodge on all difficult, alarming, and responsible occasions. When all is safe, and clear, and sunny, it is the Commissioners who have done the thing; directly matters look awkward, and a bad business, the diplomatic bo-peeps leap away from the bursting clouds,—and the Committee of Commissioners have done it all, for which the main body of the Right Honourable Board is by no means responsible. A similar manœuvre has been adopted by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of Industry, who have got two Committees to screen them.

Now, in the name of all worthily striving spirits,—of all those who have devoted their talents, time, and money to the production of models, designs, or plans,—of all those who have laboured hard by day or by night, perhaps amidst other arduous and necessary avocations,—in the name of all those, who, possessing real knowledge and skill, have naturally and inevitably been led to indulge in high hopes, if not of entire success, at least of fair play and of some advantage to themselves in reward, remuneration for reasonable and necessary expenses incurred, or, at any rate, in receiving honourable mention,—and, finally, in the name of common justice, we do most loudly and earnestly protest against all these and similar appeals to the collective intellect of the public, unless conducted upon some liberal and definite method of compensation for all eminently meritorious labours.

That one great prize—either as a substantial tribute, or in the exclusive adoption of an entire plan—should be awarded to one man, and that the half-dozen next to him in merit, perhaps equal or superior, should derive no benefit at all, is manifestly a most clumsy and unjust arrangement. But when we find great appeals to the public, nobly answered, and yet *no one* work selected as the work desired,—no one rewarded—but every one *used* and got rid of—then, indeed, we see an abuse of that kind which ought to be most fully exposed, so that it may serve as a warning in future "to all whom it may concern."

It is curious to observe how much more quickly some nations, as well as individuals, take a hint than others. Among the models and plans sent in answer to the public invitation of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of Industry, there are a great many, and of a most excellent kind, from our sprightly and sanguine friends, the French—while, notwithstanding the chief originator and patron is from the *Faderland*, not one of those who are more especially distinguished as entitled to the highest honours, is from Germany! Out of the eighteen names thus selected, no less than twelve are Frenchmen; four are English; one Austrian; and a solitary Dutchman. In all Prussia, there was not found one man to venture. It would seem as though they were aware of these tricks. But how is it that so few of our own countrymen are thus distinguished and complimented? Is it because they are deficient in the requisite talent, or do they not take sufficient interest in the matter? Surely neither of these reasons will be satisfactory to account for the fact of our native architects and designers having been so palpably beaten at this first trial of skill. We shall probably be told that the best men of France have entered the lists in this competition; whereas our best men have stood aloof. Why is this? May it not be that "old birds are not caught with chaff?" Our best men are generally well employed, and it is not worth their while to waste their time

in competitions which almost invariably end in so unsatisfactory a manner. The same thing occurred, and may be answered in the same way, with regard to the hundred and sixty or seventy Plans sent in for the Drainage of London. Our most eminent civil engineers stood aloof. A few very able men, it is true, entered into the contest with enthusiasm, at great expense of time, labour, and money, (one of them, Mr. J. B. M^cClean, spent nearly 500*l.* in surveys, &c.) but very few of them will ever do this again. Out of the two hundred and forty-five competitors who have sent designs and plans, in reply to the equally vague and formal invitation of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, not a single name of the hundred and sixty or seventy engineers, surveyors, architects, builders, &c., who sent in designs for the Drainage of London, is to be found either in List A, or List B, of those whom the Commissioners of the Exhibition have mentioned as entitled to honorary distinction. They were, no doubt, very thoroughly sickened by the previous affair.

We have said that, at the very least, those who have sent in excellent designs should receive honourable mention. This is liberally bestowed by the Commissioners of the Exhibition on eighteen individuals; but that is not sufficient. Neither is the longer list of names, thus honoured, perfectly just, inasmuch as it excludes many whose plans display very great merit. As for the Commissioners of Sewers, the report they issued concerning the plans sent to them, was meagre and mean to the last degree. Its timidity at a just and decent compliment, absolutely amounted to the ludicrous. If they thanked anybody at all, the thanks seemed warily pushed towards the parties by the Solicitor of the Commission at the end of a long pole. They had not even a word of commendation to offer to two or three men who had sent in designs of the most comprehensive and original character,—designs which were, at least, as practicable as any of the “tunnel schemes,” or others which they ventured, in their caustic way, to applaud. We would more especially mention the plans of Mr. Richard Dover, Mr. John Martin, Mr. John Sutton (*The Margin Sewer*), Mr. Jasper Rogers, Mr. William H. Smith (*Second Series*), and the one signed “*Nunc aut Nunquam*,” which latter, for grandeur of conception, equals the very greatest works of ancient and modern times. Placed beside such unmannerly treatment as this, and comparing the two reports, that of the Commissioners of the Exhibition reads like the production of gentlemen and scholars, beside the penurious reservations and dryness of the Commissioners of Sewers.

With regard, however, to the great superiority of foreign artists over our own in the present matter of competition, and our utter defeat in the first trial of the respective strength of Nations, some very excellent

remarks have been put forth by the “*Atheneum*.” “Let us see,” says the writer, “if the men who did come up to this architectural battle have been fairly dealt with. It is essential to the integrity of a combat that it should be fought with the weapon prescribed. If one of two combatants bring a sword double the length of his adversary’s, or a rifle to his rival’s pistol, we should scarcely hold that the defeat of the latter is proof that he is inferior in fence or in aim.” This is closely and fairly put. The answer must be, that our artists have *not* been fairly beaten. The advertisement of the Committee requested “information and suggestions” on the general form of the building in plan, &c., and they laid down rules and regulations to which “they earnestly requested the contributors to conform,” declaring that they would not recognise any plans which were “sent in a form inconsistent with these rules.” They were clearly defined. For instance—they directed that the communications must consist of a single sheet of paper of given dimensions; that the drawing should be a simple ground-plan, also of limited dimensions; and that it should *only* contain “such elevations and sections of the building, on the same sheet, as might be necessary to elucidate the system proposed.” Surely all this is clear enough.

Let us now see how some of the most successful of the competitors have attended to these conditions on which they were to enter the arena.

What extensive pleasure-grounds are those?—and adorned with such architectural displays? They are the work of Monsieur Cailoux. But, a little further on, we behold pleasure-grounds and architectural structures yet more ornate and refined. They are from the hand of Monsieur Charpentier. Further on, another, by Monsieur Cleemputte; and another by Monsieur Gaulle—a complicated work of thoughtful elaboration. Yet even these are destined to be surpassed by the luxurious fancies of other artists.

So far from denying or doubting that many of these designs are beautiful, we close our eyes, and see in imagination the exquisite magnificence of the structures, into which no coarse and profane hands should dare to wheel or carry rude raw materials of any kind; there, everything must be finished to the highest degree of polished art and refined taste. Also, no lumbering pieces of machinery or mechanism must risk doing injury to the walls, and pillars, and profusion of glass—no uncouth agricultural implements, or other tools of horny-handed Industry. Hither, let no enthusiasts in smoke-jacks, patent capstans, door-hinges, dock-gates, double-barréd gridirons, humane chimney-sweeping apparatuses, peat-charcoal, bachelor’s broilers, fire-annihilators, patent filters, portable kitchens, or electric telegraphs, dare to send their uncouth machinery and compounds; but only such things as are delicate of texture, rainbow-

coloured, and exquisite to the smell, while the visitors (none of whom will be admitted except in full dress, and great numbers of whom will always appear in court dresses) perambulate about, gazing now on this side, and now on that, to the sound of the seraphine and Moorish flutes.

Let us awake from this charming vision; but it was natural to fall into it on such suggestions. Again we are in danger. For who can contemplate the elegant originality of Monsieur Jacquet (No. 25) without emotion, or a "wish to be there?" His ground-plan resembles a section of some enormous fan-light of painted glass, or like part of a gigantic Oriental fan, made of the plumes of some fabulous peacock. Nor must we pass over the suggestion of our countrymen, Messrs. Felix and White (No. 72), because they are not equally imaginative, for they certainly manifest very much and excellent thought in their architectural display; though, like our foreign friends, no thought at all of the cost of such a work. The same may be said of the beautiful pleasure-grounds designed by Mr. Reilly (No. 102), with circular, oval, and serpentine garden-plots, flower-beds, and shrubberies, and labyrinthine walks or covered ways of glass.

But there are more—yet more of these delightful and deliberate violations of the terms on which competitors were to enter the lists—one vying with another, not in producing the most excellently useful and economical structure for the purpose required, but the most perfect exhibition of the artist's especial taste, "regardless of expense." Yes, there are more of these deserving notice. One competitor—nay, three of them—propose that the entire building should be made of iron, domes and towers inclusive; another, that it shall be all made of glass, such as we might find in an Arabian Nights' Tale. Monsieur Soyier, the mighty cook (No. 165), begins the synopsis of his design by proposing to take up, and remove the great marble arch from Buckingham Palace, as though it were a "trifle," and serve it up for a grand entrance opposite the Prince of Wales's Gate. Here, also, is a structure which arrests the attention even amidst the surrounding wonders, and appears to be several conservatories and libraries on a colossal scale of glass framework, delightfully intermingled with domes and turrets, and observatories, with here and there minarets and pagodas, of the delicious character presented by those fragile structures which make such a tempting figure on the festive board, standing erect among the dessert-plates. Yet, once more, behold the prodigal laying out of palace-gardens, not to speak of the ante-industrial palace itself (which reminds one of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence"), gardens with alcoves and aviaries, and fountains, glass temples, green labyrinths, flower-beds and flower-stands, vases and *jets-d'eau*, sculpture, shrubberies, shaded lovers'

walks, public promenades, with lords and ladies and princes and princesses, of all nations, sauntering about, and the clouds and sky of an Italian sunset lighting up and colouring the whole. For this, and similar *chateaux*, we are quite at a loss to conjecture the principle on which they present themselves on this occasion; but we have no doubt that they all belong to that munificent patron of art, and great landed proprietor, the Marquis of Carrabas.

Now, that our own architects are able to compete successfully with the best of our foreign friends in works of imaginative design, we do not affirm; neither, for the reasons previously adduced by the "Athenæum," do we consider ourselves justified in denying it, from the result of the present struggle. But for our own artists and others, who have confined themselves to the terms and preliminaries announced by the Commissioners, have they succeeded?—that is the question. Not satisfactorily, we think. Our architects are, for the most part, impracticable, from the expense required, and the wilful forgetfulness that the building is to be of a temporary character; while our surveyors and builders have been thinking too much of railway-stations, not of that sober, simple, and sufficient kind which the occasion requires, but (according to the error in these stations) of that large, ornate, and redundant kind which is meant to be admired as much as used, and also to last for ages. This latter mistake is very characteristic of our countrymen. They do not feel, nor comprehend, the art of knocking up a temporary structure; they are always for something that will endure.

In certain matters requiring great skill and many forethoughts, most of these plans are not very successful. For instance, the prevention of terrible confusion and danger in the constant arrivals and departures of visitors—carriages, vehicles of all sorts, horsemen, and shoals of pedestrians. This relates to the approaches and entrances outside; and the position and approaches of the exit-doors inside; also, the best means of directing and managing the currents of visitors within. It seems pretty clear that everybody must not be allowed to follow his "own sweet will" in all respects, or there will be many a deadlock, and perhaps a deadly struggle, with all the usual disastrous consequences. Many of the plans seek to direct the current of visitors (indicated by shoals of little arrows with their heads pointing the same way) not so much for the convenience and freedom of the public, as in accordance with the architectural points to be displayed. Others appear to intend that the direction of the current shall be forced by the pressure from the column constantly advancing behind. This might be dangerous. The current might surely be managed so as to combine direction on a large scale with a considerable amount of individual freedom; and, in any case, the amount of pressure

from the masses behind should be regulated by sectional barriers.

How to find your way out? This may be a question well worth consideration. Of course there will be a sufficient number of exit-doors; but if you have to walk and struggle through several miles of bazaar-counters or winding ways, amidst dense crowds, before you can discover a means of egress, your amount of pleasure is not likely to induce a second visit. Mr. Brandon for instance (No. 207), has beautiful domed temples and libraries (so they appear) or other "glass cases," while the ground-plan presents a series of circuitous batches of stalls, or bazaar-counters, not unlike large circles of sheep-pens, except that there is a free passage between them. Hence, the currents, or rather, the "rapids," of visitors must inevitably be going and coming, and jostling, and conflicting; and others arriving at a dead stand, and having no chance of progression, or retreat, without a "trial of strength,"—the whole producing of necessity an inextricable maze and confusion, with an impossibility for a long time of finding a way out, even when able to move.

This question of the current of visitors, and of movement in general, is ingeniously settled by one gentleman, who proposes to have a railway along the grand central line, for the conveyance up and down of all sorts of goods and articles, heavy or light. We presume that the progress of the carriages and trucks would be very slow, so that the visitors, when fatigued, might, at their pleasure, step up to a seat, and be quietly conveyed along to any part of the line. This notion has, of course, been laughed at, and we confess to having amused ourselves considerably with the "train" of thought induced by it; but we are not sure, in the present state of mechanical science, whether something very commodious might not result from a modification of the idea. The fares, if any (and we think there should be a trifle paid to check reckless crowding), should not exceed a penny. The inventor will thus perceive that, if we have laughed, we have also sympathised, and are quite ready to get up and have a ride. One gentleman (Mr. C. H. Smith) proposes to erect three octagonal vestibules, communicating with all principal compartments; the roof to be upheld by suspension chains. Cast-iron frames are to hold rough glass, laid in plates lapping over each other, like tiles. This is certainly a sensible provision against a hail-storm, which has occurred to no one else, amidst their prodigalities in glass.

But, amidst all these wonders of 1851, are there no plain, simple, practical plans sent in? There are a good many. Some of these are certainly not very attractive, presenting, as they do, the appearance of a superior kind of barracks, hospitals, alms-houses, nursery-grounds; and one of these plans is laid out entirely like a series of cucumber-frames, with

shifting lights at top. There are, however, several of these sober designs which possess great practical merit, and have preserved a due consideration of the terms on which the competition was proposed. Of these, the Commissioners and Committees have availed themselves in all respects suited to their own views and wishes; and out of all these, combined with their own especial fancies, they seem likely to produce an interminable range of cast-iron cow-sheds, having (as a specimen of the present high state of constructive genius) an enormous slop-basin, of iron frame-work, inverted in the centre, as an attraction for the admiring eyes of all the nations.

But other problems have to be solved. The classification and arrangement of the raw materials, the manufactured articles, the machinery, and the works of plastic art, is a question of very great importance. It not only involves the things themselves, but their respective countries. Should the productions of each country be kept separate? This appears the natural arrangement, or how should any one make a study of the powers of any special country. Prince Albert, it seems, wishes otherwise. He thinks that a fusion of the productions of all nations will be more in accordance with the broad general principle of the Exhibition—more tending to amalgamate and fraternise one country with another. This feeling is excellent; but we fear it would cause an utter confusion, and amidst the heterogeneous masses, nobody would be able to make a study of the productions of any particular nation. An eminent civil engineer suggests that the productions of the respective countries should be ranged together from side to side of the entire width of the edifice—thus you can at once see the works of industry of England, France Germany, America, Switzerland, &c. &c. by walking up and down from one side to the other; and you can obtain a collective view of the works of all these countries by walking longitudinally, or from end to end of the building. To some such classification and arrangement as this, we think, the Committee will be compelled to have recourse at last.

The other problem to which we adverted, is one which is not so liable to be solved as saturated with hot water, and then dragged from one quarter of the metropolis to another before it is settled by some arbitrary decision. We allude to the spot on which the buildings of the Exhibition are to be erected. Hyde Park is not unlikely to be a subject of much contest. The latent idea of preserving the most important part of the "temporary" structure has alarmed all the drivers and riders in Hyde Park, and all those whose windows overlook it. And no wonder;—to say nothing of the crowds and stoppages outside the park, and the slough within, produced by the enormous traffic of heavy wheels, long before the Exhibition opens. Battersea Fields was next

mentioned, and thought advantageous, not only from the open space they present, but the facilities of water-conveyance for goods and passengers. Still, the distance is rather against such a choice. It would probably reduce the number of times each visitor would go to the Exhibition, and, consequently, be a check upon the money taken at the doors. Hundreds of thousands flock daily to Greenwich during the Fair; but the argument will not hold good, in all respects, as regards the present question. Regent's Park has been named as more appropriate; but there is a strong and manifest objection to any interference with that much-used place of public recreation. To cut up its green turf, and gravelled roads, would be even more monstrous than any spoliation of Hyde Park. No locality could be selected, perhaps, for such a purpose that would be perfectly free from all objections. Still we are so convinced of the multitude of inconveniences inevitably attendant on such an Exhibition in the midst of the metropolis—and we feel so strongly the cool, high-handed injustice of parcelling out the public property at Court, and stopping up the public breathing-places, for any purpose—that we urge its removal to some spot out of the town, easily accessible both by railway and river.

"I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE YOUNG
AGAIN."

I WOULD not have thee young again
Since I myself am old;
Not that thy youth was ever vain,
Or that my age is cold;
But when upon thy gentle face
I see the shades of time,
A thousand memories replace
The beauties of thy prime.

Though from thine eyes of softest blue
Some light hath passed away,
Love looketh forth as warm and true
As on our bridal day.
I hear thy song, and though in part
'Tis fainter in its tone,
I heed it not, for still thy heart
Seems singing to my own.

LITTLE MARY.

A TALE OF THE BLACK YEAR.

THAT was a pleasant place where I was born, though 'twas only a thatched cabin by the side of a mountain stream, where the country was so lonely, that in summer time the wild ducks used to bring their young ones to feed on the bog, within a hundred yards of our door; and you could not stoop over the bank to raise a pitcher full of water, without frightening a shoal of beautiful speckled trout. Well, 'tis long ago since my brother Richard, that's now grown a fine clever man, God bless him!—and myself, used to set off together up the mountain to pick bunches of the cotton plant and the bog myrtle, and to look for

birds' and wild bees' nests. 'Tis long ago—and though I'm happy and well off now, living in the big house as own maid to the young ladies, who, on account of my being foster-sister to poor darling Miss Ellen, that died of decline, treat me more like their equal than their servant, and give me the means to improve myself; still at times, especially when James Sweeney, a dacent boy of the neighbours, and myself are taking a walk together through the fields in the cool and quiet of a summer's evening, I can't help thinking of the times that are passed, and talking about them to James with a sort of peaceful sadness, more happy maybe than if we were laughing aloud.'

Every evening, before I say my prayers, I read a chapter in the Bible that Miss Ellen gave me; and last night I felt my tears dropping for ever so long over one verse,—“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.” The words made me think of them that are gone—of my father, and his wife that was a true fond mother to me; and, above all, of my little sister Mary, the *clureen bawn** that nestled in her bosom.

I was a wild slip of a girl, ten years of age, and my brother Richard about two years older, when my father brought home his second wife. She was the daughter of a farmer up at Lackabawn, and was reared with care and dacency; but her father held his ground at a rack-rent, and the middleman that was between him and the head landlord did not pay his own rent, so the place was ejected, and the farmer collected every penny he had, and set off with his family to America. My father had a liking for the youngest daughter, and well become him to have it, for a sweeter creature never drew the breath of life; but while her father passed for a *strong*† farmer, he was timorous-like about asking her to share his little cabin; however, when he found how matters stood, he didn't lose much time in finding out that she was willing to be his wife, and a mother to his boy and girl. *That* she was, a patient loving one. Oh! it often sticks me like a knife, when I think how many times I fretted her with my foolishness and my idle ways, and how 'twas a long time before I'd call her “mother.” Often, when my father would be going to chastise Richard and myself for our provoking doings, especially the day that we took half-a-dozen eggs from under the hatching hen, to play “Blind Tom” with them, she'd interfere for us, and say,—“Tim, *aleagh*, don't touch them this time; sure 'tis only *arch* they are: they'll get more sense in time.” And then, after he was gone out, she'd advise us for our good so pleasantly, that a thundercloud itself couldn't look black at her. She did wonders too about the house and garden. They were both dirty

* White dove

† Rich.

and neglected enough when she first came over them; for I was too young and foolish, and my father too busy with his out-door work, and the old woman that lived with us in service too feeble and too blind to keep the place either clean or decent; but my mother got the floor raised, and the green pool in front drained, and a parcel of roses and honeysuckles planted there instead. The neighbours' wives used to say 'Twas all pride and upsetting folly, to keep the kitchen-floor swept clean, and to put the potatoes on a dish, instead of emptying them out of the pot into the middle of the table; and, besides, 'twas a cruel unnatural thing, they said, to take away the pool from the ducks, that they were always used to paddle in so handy. But my mother was always too busy and too happy to heed what they said; and, besides, she was always so ready to do a kind turn for any of them, that, out of pure shame, they had at last to leave off abusing her "fine English ways."

West of our house there was a straggling, stony piece of ground, where, within the memory of man, nothing ever grew but nettles, docks, and thistles. One Monday, when Richard and myself came in from school, my mother told us to set about weeding it, and to bring in some basketsful of good clay from the banks of the river: she said that if we worked well at it until Saturday, she'd bring me a new frock, and Dick a jacket, from the next market-town; and encouraged by this, we set to work with right good will, and didn't leave off till supper time. The next day we did the same; and by degrees, when we saw the heap of weeds and stones that we got out, growing big, and the ground looking nice and smooth and red and rich, we got quite anxious about it ourselves, and we built a nice little fence round it to keep out the pigs. When it was manured, my mother planted cabbages, parsnips, and onions in it; and, to be sure, she got a fine crop out of it, enough to make us many a nice supper of vegetables stewed with pepper, and a small taste of bacon or a red herring. Besides, she sold in the market as much as bought a Sunday coat for my father, a gown for herself, a fine pair of shoes for Dick, and as pretty a shawl for myself, as e'er a colleen in the country could show at mass. Through means of my father's industry and my mother's good management, we were, with the blessing of God, as snug and comfortable a poor family as any in Munster. We paid but a small rent, and we had always plenty of potatoes to eat, good clothes to wear, and cleanliness and decency in and about our little cabin.

Five years passed on in this way, and at last little Mary was born. She was a delicate fairy thing, with that look, even from the first, in her blue eyes, which is seldom seen, except where the shadow of the grave darkens the cradle. She was fond of her father, and of Richard, and of myself, and would laugh and crow when she saw us, but *the love in the core*

of her heart was for her mother. No matter how tired, or sleepy, or cross the baby might be, one word from *her* would set the bright eyes dancing, and the little rosy mouth smiling, and the tiny limbs quivering, as if walking or running couldn't content her, but she must fly to her mother's arms. And how that mother doted on the very ground she trod! I often thought that the Queen in her state carriage, with her son, God bless him! alongside of her, dressed out in gold and jewels, was not one bit happier than my mother, when she sat under the shade of the mountain ash near the door, in the hush of the summer's evening, singing and *crowning* her only one to sleep in her arms. In the month of October, 1845, Mary was four years old. That was the bitter time, when first the food of the earth was turned to poison; when the gardens that used to be so bright and sweet, covered with the purple and white potato blossoms, became in one night black and offensive, as if fire had come down from heaven to burn them up. 'Twas a heart-breaking thing to see the labouring men, the crathurs! that had only the one half-acre to feed their little families, going out, after work, in the evenings to dig their suppers from under the black stalks. Spadeful after spadeful would be turned up, and a long piece of a ridge dug through, before they'd get a small kish full of such withered *crohauneens*,* as other years would be hardly counted fit for the pigs.

It was some time before the distress reached us, for there was a trifle of money in the savings' bank, that held us in meal, while the neighbours were next door to starvation. As long as my father and mother had it, they shared it freely with them that were worse off than themselves; but at last the little penny of money was all spent, the price of flour was raised; and, to make matters worse, the farmer that my father worked for, at a poor eight-pence a day, was forced to send him and three more of his labourers away, as he couldn't afford to pay them even *that* any longer. Oh! 'twas a sorrowful night when my father brought home the news. I remember, as well as if I saw it yesterday, the desolate look in his face when he sat down by the ashes of the turf fire that had just baked a yellow meal cake for his supper. My mother was at the opposite side, giving little Mary a drink of sour milk out of her little wooden piggin, and the child didn't like it, being delicate and always used to sweet milk, so she said:

"Mammy, won't you give me some of the nice milk instead of that?"

"I haven't it *asthore*, nor can't get it," said her mother, "so don't ye fret."

Not a word more out of the little one's mouth, only she turned her little cheek in towards her mother, and stayed quite quiet, as if she was hearkening to what was going on.

* Small potatoes.

"Judy," said my father, "God is good, and sure 'tis only in Him we must put our trust; for in the wide world I can see nothing but starvation before us."

"God is good, Tim," replied my mother; "He won't forsake us."

Just then Richard came in with a more joyful face than I had seen on him for many a day.

"Good news!" says he, "good news, father! there's work for us both on the Droumcarra road. The government works are to begin there to-morrow; you'll get eight-pence a day, and I'll get six-pence."

If you saw our delight when we heard this, you'd think 'twas the free present of a thousand pounds that came to us, falling through the roof, instead of an offer of small wages for hard work.

To be sure the potatoes were gone, and the yellow meal was dear and dry and chippy—it hadn't the *nature* about it that a hot potato has for a poor man; but still 'twas a great thing to have the prospect of getting enough of even that same, and not to be obliged to follow the rest of the country into the poor-house, which was crowded to that degree that the crathurs there—God help them!—hadn't room even to die quietly in their beds, but were crowded together on the floor like so many dogs in a kennel. The next morning my father and Richard were off before day-break, for they had a long way to walk to Droumcarra, and they should be there in time to begin work. They took an Indian meal cake with them to eat for their dinner, and poor dry food it was, with only a draught of cold water to wash it down. Still my father, who was knowledgeable about such things, always said it was mighty wholesome when it was well cooked; but some of the poor people took a great objection against it on account of the yellow colour, which they thought came from having sulphur mixed with it—and they said, Indeed it was putting a great affront on the decent Irish to mix up their food as if 'twas for mangy dogs. Glad enough, poor creatures, they were to get it afterwards, when sea-weed and nettles, and the very grass by the roadside, was all that many of them had to put into their mouths.

When my father and brother came home in the evening, faint and tired from the two long walks and the day's work, my mother would always try to have something for them to eat with their porridge—a bit of butter, or a bowl of thick milk, or maybe a few eggs. She always gave me plenty as far as it would go; but 'twas little she took herself. She would often go entirely without a meal, and then she'd slip down to the huckster's, and buy a little white bun for Mary; and I'm sure it used to do her more good to see the child eat it, than if she got a meat-dinner for herself. No matter how hungry the poor little thing might be, she'd always break off a bit to put into her mother's mouth, and she would not

be satisfied until she saw her swallow it; then the child would take a drink of cold water out of her little tin porringer, as contented as if it was new milk.

As the winter advanced, the weather became wet and bitterly cold, and the poor men working on the roads began to suffer dreadfully from being all day in wet clothes, and, what was worse, not having any change to put on when they went home at night without a dry thread about them. Fever soon got amongst them, and my father took it. My mother brought the doctor to see him, and by selling all our decent clothes, she got for him whatever was wanting, but all to no use: 'twas the will of the Lord to take him to himself, and he died after a few days' illness.

It would be hard to tell the sorrow that his widow and orphans felt, when they saw the fresh sods planted on his grave. It was not grief altogether like the grand stately grief of the quality, although maybe the same sharp knife is sticking into the same sore bosom *inside* in both; but the *outside* differs in rich and poor. I saw the mistress a week after Miss Ellen died. She was in her drawing-room with the blinds pulled down, sitting in a low chair, with her elbow on the small work-table, and her cheek resting on her hand—not a speck of anything white about her but the cambric handkerchief, and the face that was paler than the marble chimney-piece.

When she saw me, (for the butler, being busy, sent me in with the luncheon-tray,) she covered her eyes with her handkerchief, and began to cry, but quietly, as if she did not want it to be noticed. As I was going out, I just heard her say to Miss Alice in a choking voice:—

"Keep Sally here always; our poor darling was fond of her." And as I closed the door, I heard her give one deep sob. The next time I saw her, she was quite composed: only for the white cheek and the black dress, you would not know that the burning feel of a child's last kiss had ever touched her lips.

My father's wife mourned for him after another fashion. *She* could not sit quiet, she must work hard to keep the life in them to whom he gave it; and it was only in the evenings when she sat down before the fire with Mary in her arms, that she used to sob and rock herself to and fro, and sing a low wailing keen for the father of the little one, whose innocent tears were always ready to fall when she saw her mother cry. About this time my mother got an offer from some of the hucksters in the neighbourhood, who knew her honesty, to go three times a week to the next market-town, ten miles off, with their little money, and bring them back supplies of bread, groceries, soap, and candles. This she used to do, walking the twenty miles—ten of them with a heavy load on her back—for the sake of earning enough to keep us alive. 'Twas very seldom that Richard could get a stroke of work to do: the boy wasn't

strong in himself, for he had the sickness too; though he recovered from it, and always did his best to earn an honest penny wherever he could. I often wanted my mother to let me go in her stead and bring back the load; but she never would hear of it, and kept me at home to mind the house and little Mary. My poor pet lamb! 'twas little minding she wanted. She would go after breakfast and sit at the door, and stop there all day, watching for her mother, and never heeding the neighbours' children that used to come wanting her to play. Through the live-long hours she would never stir, but just keep her eyes fixed on the lonesome *boreen*;* and when the shadow of the mountain-ash grew long, and she caught a glimpse of her mother ever so far off, coming towards home, the joy that would flush on the small patient face, was brighter than the sunbeam on the river. And faint and weary as the poor woman used to be, before ever she sat down, she'd have Mary nestling in her bosom. No matter how little she might have eaten herself that day, she would always bring home a little white bun for Mary; and the child, that had tasted nothing since morning, would eat it so happily, and then fall quietly asleep in her mother's arms.

At the end of some months I got the sickness myself, but not so heavily as Richard did before. Any way, he and my mother tended me well through it. They sold almost every little stick of furniture that was left, to buy me drink and medicine. By degrees I recovered, and the first evening I was able to sit up, I noticed a strange wild brightness in my mother's eyes, and a hot flush on her thin cheeks—she had taken the fever.

Before she lay down on the wisp of straw that served her for a bed, she brought little Mary over to me: "Take her, Sally," she said—and between every word she gave the child a kiss—"Take her; she's safer with you than she'd be with me, for you're over the sickness, and 'tisn't long any way I'll be with you, my jewel," she said, as she gave the little creature one long close hug, and put her into my arms.

'Twould take long to tell all about her sickness—how Richard and I, as good right we had, tended her night and day; and how, when every farthing and farthing's worth we had in the world was gone, the mistress herself came down from the big house, the very day after the family returned home from France, and brought wine, food, medicine, linen, and everything we could want.

Shortly after the kind lady was gone, my mother took the change for death; her senses came back, she grew quite strong-like, and sat up straight in the bed.

"Bring me the child, Sally *aleagh*," she said. And when I carried little Mary over to her, she looked into the tiny face, as if she was reading it like a book.

* By-road.

"You won't be long away from me, my own one," she said, while her tears fell down upon the child like summer-rain.

"Mother," said I, as well as I could speak for crying, "sure you *know* I'll do my best to tend her."

"I know you will, *acushla*; you were always a true and dutiful daughter to me and to him that's gone; but, Sally, there's *that* in my weeny one that won't let her thrive without the mother's hand over her, and the mother's heart for her's to lean against. And now —"

It was all she could say: she just clasped the little child to her bosom, fell back on my arm, and in a few moments all was over. At first, Richard and I could not believe that she was dead; and it was very long before the orphan would loose her hold of the stiffening fingers; but when the neighbours came in to prepare for the wake, we contrived to flatter her away.

Days passed on; the child was very quiet; she used to go as usual to sit at the door, and watch hour after hour along the road that her mother always took coming home from market, waiting for her that could never come again. When the sun was near setting, her gaze used to be more fixed and eager; but when the darkness came on, her blue eyes used to droop like the flowers that shut up their leaves, and she would come in quietly without saying a word, and allow me to undress her and put her to bed.

It troubled us and the young ladies greatly that she would not eat. It was almost impossible to get her to taste a morsel; indeed the only thing she would let inside her lips was a bit of a little white bun, like those her poor mother used to bring her. There was nothing left untried to please her. I carried her up to the big house, thinking the change might do her good, and the ladies petted her, and talked to her, and gave her heaps of toys and cakes, and pretty frocks and coats; but she hardly noticed them, and was restless and uneasy until she got back to her own low sunny door-step.

Every day she grew paler and thinner, and her bright eyes had a sad fond look in them, so like her mother's. One evening she sat at the door later than usual.

"Come in, *alannah*," I said to her. "Won't you come in for your own Sally?"

She never stirred. I went over to her; she was quite still, with her little hands crossed on her lap, and her head drooping on her chest. I touched her—she was cold. I gave a loud scream, and Richard came running; he stopped and looked, and then burst out crying like an infant. Our little sister was dead!

Well, my Mary, the sorrow was bitter, but it was short. You're gone home to Him that comforts as a mother comforteth. *Agra machree*, your eyes are as blue, and your hair as golden, and your voice as sweet, as they were when you watched by the cabin-door;

but your cheeks are not pale, *acushla*, nor your little hands thin, and the shade of sorrow has passed away from your forehead like a rain-cloud from the summer sky. She that loved you so on earth, has clasped you for ever to her bosom in heaven; and God himself has wiped away all tears from your eyes, and placed you both and our own dear father far beyond the touch of sorrow or the fear of death.

A GREAT MAN DEPARTED.

THERE was a festive hall with mirth resounding;
Beauty and wit, and friendliness surrounding;
With minstrelsy above, and dancing feet re-
bounding.

And at the height came news, that held sus-
pended

The sparkling glass!—till slow the hand de-
scended—

And cheeks grew pale and straight—and all the
mirth was ended.

Beneath a sunny sky, 'twas heard with wonder,
A flash had cleft a lofty tree asunder,
Without a previous cloud—and with no rolling
thunder.

Strong was the stem—its boughs above all
thralling—

And in its roots and sap no cankers galling—
Prosperity was perfect, while Death's hand was
falling.

Man's body is less safe than any tree;

We build our ship in strong security—

A Finger, from the dark, points to the trembling
sea.

Man, like his knowledge, and his soul's en-
deavour,

Is framed for no fixed altitude—but ever
Moves onward: the first pause, returns all to the
Giver.

Riches and health, fine taste, all means of
pleasure;

Success in highest efforts—fame's best treasure—
All these were thine,—o'ertopped—and over-
weighed the measure.

But in recording thus life's night-shade warning,
We hold the memory of thy kind heart's
morning:—

Man's intellect is not man's sole nor best adorning.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE PUBLIC RECORDS.

"BURN all the records of the realm! My mouth shall be the parliament." Thus spoke Jack Cade; and it would appear from the manner in which the public records are at the present time "bestowed," that those who have had the stowing of them, cordially echo the sentiment. The historical, legal, and territorial archives of this country—believed to be, when properly arranged and systematised, the most complete and valuable in existence—are spread and distributed over six depositories. Some little description of three of these only, will show the jeopardy in which

such records of the Wisdom of our ancestors, as we yet possess, are placed, and the adventures which have befallen many of them.

Many of the most valuable documents of the past—including the Chancery Records from the reign of John to Edward I.—are kept in the Tower of London. Some in the White and some in the Wakefield Tower, close to which is an hydraulic steam-engine in daily operation. The basement of the former contains tons of gunpowder, the explosion of which would destroy all Tower Hill, and change even the course of the Thames; while the fate of paper and parchment thrown up by such a volcano, it is not even possible to imagine. The White Tower is also replenished with highly inflammable ordnance stores, tarpaulins carefully pitched, soldiers' kits, and all kinds of wood-work, among which common labourers not imbued with extra-carefulness are constantly moving about. That no risk may be wanting, an eye-witness relates that he has seen boiling pitch actually in flames, quite close to this repository. When the fire of the Tower *did* take place, its flames leaped and darted their dangerous tongues within forty feet of it. So alarmed were the authorities on that occasion, that this tower underwent a constant nocturnal shower-bath during the time the small Armoury was burning. But when the danger was over, though fire-proof barrack-houses were built for the soldiers, the records were still left to be lodged over the gunpowder.

Among the treasures in these ill-kept "keeps," are the logs and other Admiralty documents, state papers, and royal letters, many of which have never been consulted; because the manner in which they are stowed away rendered consultation impossible. They are, no doubt, silently waiting to clear up many of the disputed points, and to set right many of the false impressions and unmitigated untruths of history. Inquisitions—the antiquity of which may be guessed when we state that those up to the 14th of Richard II. have only yet been arranged in books—are also massed together ready for explosion or ignition. These are amongst the most curious of our ancient documents, being the notes of the oldest of our legal rituals—the "Crown's quest." The Chancery proceedings and privy seals piled in the White Tower, are endless.

In the Rolls' House, in Chancery Lane—which, with its chapel, was annexed by Edward III., in 1377, to the office of Custos Rotulorum, or Keeper of the Rolls—are located the Records of the Court of Chancery from that year to the present time. That every public document, wherever situated, may be rendered in as great jeopardy as possible, a temporary shed, like a navy's hut, has been recently knocked up for the Treasury papers in the Rolls' Garden; other of the Records are quietly accommodated in the pews and behind the communion-table in the Rolls' Chapel—

a building which is heated by hot-air flues, in a manner similar to that which originated the burning of the Houses of Parliament.

Perhaps, however, our most valuable muniments repose in the Chapter-House of Westminster Abbey, a building still surrounded by the same facilities for fire as those which the late Charles Buller detailed to the House of Commons fourteen years ago. "Ever since 1732," he said, "it had been reported to the House of Commons that there was a brewhouse and a washhouse at the back of the Chapter-House, where the Records were kept, and by which the Chapter-House was endangered by fire. In 1800, this brewhouse and this washhouse were again reported as dangerous. In 1819, this brewhouse and washhouse again attracted the serious notice of the Commissioners. In 1831, it was thought expedient to send a deputation to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and to request His Majesty's Surveyor General to report upon the perils of this brewhouse and washhouse, and endeavour to get the Dean and Chapter to pull them down. But the Dean and Chapter asserted the vested rights of the Church, and no redress was obtained against the brewhouse and washhouse. In 1833, another expedition, headed by the Right Honourable Sir R. Inglis, was made to the Chapter-House; but the right honourable baronet, desiring not to come into collision with the Church, omitted all mention of the brewhouse and washhouse. And thus the attention of the Commissioners had been constantly directed to this eternal brewhouse and this eternal washhouse, without any avail. There they still remain, as a monument of the inefficiency of the Commissioners, and of the great power and pertinacity of the Church of this country." The newspaper reports of this speech end with "Loud laughter from all parts of the House."

In the Chapter-House of Westminster Abbey, the Conqueror's Domesday Book, an unequalled collection of treaties and state documents from the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries; others bearing upon the important events during the York and Lancastrian wars, and excambial returns belonging to the English Crown, of the most minute and precise character, are still at the mercy of the brewhouse and washhouse. There is a little adventure connected with the proceedings of the Courts of Star Chamber which we must here introduce:—Their registries and records were kept in an apartment of the Royal Palace of Westminster from the time of the dissolution of the Courts. They were shifted from room to room at the mercy of the Officers of the Palace. Committees of the House of Commons from time to time examined them, and reported equally as to their value, and the dirt, confusion, and neglect in which they were set apart for the public use. But it was not till the fire in the Cottonian Library, in 1731,

frightened the custodian, that an order from the Privy Council was obtained for the removal of these documents to the Chapter-House. This house also possesses a unique collection of the disused dies for coining; and when the Nepalese Minister and his suite visited the Office, they were particularly attracted by these primitive dies, which were at once recognised as being now used in the north-west of India. There are the wash-house and the brewhouse still.

But the most monstrous instance furnished to us of the disregard and contempt in which our civil, political, legal, or ecclesiastical authorities hold the very pedigrees of their professional avocations, is to be found in the ludicrously huge and unsuitable storehouse called Carlton Ride—a low, brick-slatted roof, workhouse-looking building, at the east end of Carlton Terrace. Mr. Braidwood, the superintendent of the London Fire-Brigade, has pithily said, that "The Public Records in the Tower of London and Carlton Ride are exposed to risks of fire to which no merchant of ordinary prudence would subject his books of accounts." The protective staff of this establishment, besides the clerks and workmen during the day, consists of two soldiers, two policemen, and two firemen, four thousand gallons of water—a sort of open air bath at the top of the building—three rows of buckets, ready-charged fire-mains, two tell-tale clocks, five dark lanterns, and a cat.

Carlton Ride was, originally, the Riding-House of the Prince of Wales's residence, Carlton House. Under it are arched storehouses for carriages and horse furniture; and these were used for the carriages and horses of the late good Queen Dowager. When a question was raised as to the capability of the structure to support the thousands of tons of records which were to be treasured therein, the district Clerk of the Works satisfied all enquiries by noticing the fact, that the strength of the building had been tested to the utmost during the Spa Fields riots, when it was occupied by the horses and ammunition-waggons of the Royal Artillery, packed together as close as they could stand.

To adapt the interior of this place for the public archives, the first process of building, and that only, was resorted to;—scaffolding was put up, so that, on entering this receptacle of the national records of Great Britain, the visitor finds himself in one of a series of gloomy, dimly-lighted, mouldy-smelling alleys, or stacks, of wooden scaffolding, the sides of which are faced with records, reaching to some thirty feet high. At first sight, it reminds him of an immense mediæval timber-yard, in which no business has been done since the time of the Tudors. Here two-thirds of our country's public and private history are huddled together; not with the systematic red tapery of a public office, but,

—to use an expressive vulgarism—"anyhow." Whichever way the eye turns, it meets reams of portfolios, piles of boxes, stacks of wills—rolls of every imaginable shape, like those of a baker—square, round, flat, oblong, short, and squat; some plaited like twopenny twists, others upright as rolls of tobacco; a few in thick convolutions, jammed together as if they were double Gloucester cheeses; there are heaps laid lengthwise, like mouldering coffins; some stacked up on end, like bundles of firewood, and others laid down, like the bottles in a wine-bin. The hay-loft which extends over the riding-school is similarly occupied, and all the racks, presses, shelves, boxes, beams, and scaffolding, being of wood, Mr. Braidwood has good right for estimating that a fire would burn it up "like matches" in less than twenty minutes. That, however, there should be no accidental deficiency of combustibles, the riding-school was partitioned into two divisions, one side for the records of the Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer, and the other for the domestic furniture, china, paintings, weapons of warfare of all kinds, books, prints, &c., belonging to Carlton House. It is evident that in the estimation of the powers that were, the records were classed with the other lumber. But this store of second-hand furniture could not take fire of itself; and that no chance might be lost, the functionary in charge of it, finding his half of the "ride" a dreary, comfortable, and cold place, even for a lumber store, warmed it by means of a large stove with a chimney-flue which perforated one side of the building. On several occasions he was observed during the winter months—particularly after meal-time—to be somnolently reposing by the stove, while the flue was judiciously emulating his example, by acquiring all the heat possible from the fire—and, indeed, once or twice its face was illumined by a red glow of satisfaction rather alarming to those in charge of the records, who witnessed it. Some five or six years ago, by the instigation of Lord Lincoln, who was then Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, Prince Albert paid a visit to Carlton Ride, and after examining the furniture, &c., directed that it should be all removed, and that the remainder of the building should be given up for the records; consequently, a variety of important parchments were removed into it—chiefly ecclesiastical records, touching the property belonging to the religious houses dissolved in King Henry VIII.'s time, together with a most valuable and minute series of documents, relating to the receipt and expenditure of the royal revenue, from Henry II. down to Charles II. To these were added various Exchequer and Common Pleas records.

The water as well as the fire test of destruction has been also applied to our national muniments. The Common Pleas records previous to the coronation of George IV. were

deposited in a long room, called "Queen Elizabeth's Kitchen," lying under the Old Court of Exchequer on the west side of Westminster Hall. This room was frequently flooded during the prevailing high tides of spring or autumn. Rats and vermin abounded, and neither candle nor soap could be kept in the rooms, although mere public documents were deemed quite safe there. The consequence was, that before these could be removed, the authorities had to engage in a little sporting. The rats had to be hunted out by means of dogs. We believe this was about the time that the celebrated dog "Billy" was in the height of fame; and we are not quite sure that his services were not secured for this great Exchequer Hunt. After several fine "bursts" the rats allowed the documents to be removed, and turned into a temporary wooden building, which was so intensely cold during winter time, that those wishing to make searches prepared themselves with clothing as if they were going on an Arctic expedition. Here mice abounded in spite of the temperature; and the candles, which the darkness of this den rendered necessary, were gradually consumed by them. But this light sort of food wanted a more consolidating diet, and they found a relishing *piece de resistance* in the prayer-book of the Court, a great portion of which they nibbled away. Ten years afterwards the records were packed off to the King's Mews, Charing Cross, into stables and harness lofts; and on the demolition of this building in 1835, Carlton Ride was selected as their resting-place. The records of the Queen's Remembrancer of the Exchequer (an officer who was presumed to preserve "memoranda or remembrances" of the condition of the royal exchequer) kept company with the Common Pleas muniments in their trials and journeyings.

At present, we repeat, the whole of the records of the three Courts, Queen's Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas, are located under the same roof at Carlton Ride. Such of the records as are in this building are reasonably accessible to the public. Many of them are of intense interest. Fees only nominal in amount are imposed, to restrain inquisitive, troublesome, or merely idle inquirers; a restriction highly necessary against pedigree-hunters and lady-searchers. One poor deluded female, who fancied herself Duchess of Cornwall, and claimed the hereditary fee-simple of the counties of Devon and Cornwall, caused the employment of more clerks and messengers to procure the documents for her extravagant humours than any legion of lawyers' clerks hot with the business of term time. She begged, she implored, she raved, she commanded, she threatened, she cried aloud for "all the fines," for "all the recoveries," for "all the indentures of lease and release" touching the landed property of these two counties.

Pedigree-hunters abound. One of these

requested to be allowed to remain among these founts of antiquity day and night. In his unwearied and invincible zeal he brought his meals with him, and declared that rest was out of the question until he was satisfied which of his ancestors were "Roberts," and which "Johns," from the time of the Seventh Henry. A hair-brained quack doctor has seriously asserted his claim to a large quantity of these public documents.

On the other hand, persons really interested in these records take no heed of them. Messrs. Brown, Smith, and Tomkins buy and sell manors and advowsons, Waltons and Stokes, and Combes cum Tythings, without knowing or caring that there are records of the actual transfers of the same properties between the holders of them since the days of King John! There is no sympathy for these things, even with those who might fairly be presumed to have a direct interest in the preservation of them, or with the public at large. Out of many examples of this sort, we need only cite one from the "Westminster Review":—"The Duke of Bedford inherits the Abbey of Woburn, and its monastic rights, privileges, and hereditaments; and there are public records, detailing with the utmost minuteness the value of this and all the church property which "Old Harry" seized, and all the stages of its seizure; the preliminary surveys to learn its value; perhaps the very surrender of the monks of Woburn; the annual value and detail of the possessions of the monastery whilst the Crown held it; the very particulars of the grant on which the letters patent to Lord John Russell were founded; the inrolment of the letters patent themselves. But neither his Grace of Bedford, the duke and lay impropiator, nor his brother, the Prime Minister and the historian, have seemed to regard these important documents as worthy of safe keeping.

On public grounds, nothing was for a long time done, although, as Bishop Nicholson said in 1714, "Our stores of Public Records are justly reckoned to excel in age, beauty, correctness, and authority, whatever the choicest archives abroad can boast of the like sort."

We are happy to perceive by the "Eleventh Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records" that the work of arranging, repairing, cleaning, cataloguing, and rendering accessible these documents, proceeds diligently. But we are more happy to discover that the disastrous adventures of our Public Records are nearly at an end. The Deputy Keeper acknowledges "with extreme satisfaction the receipt of communications made to Lord Langdale from the Lords Commissioners of Your Majesty's Treasury, intimating that their Lordships propose to commence the building of the Repository so emphatically urged by his Lordship the Master of the Rolls, and so long desired; the site thereof to be the Rolls Estate, and the Building to be comprehended within the boundaries of such

Estate, the said site being in all respects the best and most convenient which the metropolis affords."

A MIGHTIER HUNTER THAN NIMROD.

A GREAT deal has been said about the prowess of Nimrod, in connexion with the chase, from the days of him of Babylon to those of the late Mr. Apperley of Shropshire; but we question whether, amongst all the sporting characters mentioned in ancient or modern story, there ever was so mighty a hunter as the gentleman whose sporting calendar now lies before us.* The annals of the chase, so far as we are acquainted with them, supply no such instances of familiar intimacy with Lions, Elephants, Hippopotami, Rhinoceroses, Serpents, Crocodiles, and other furious animals, with which the human species in general is not very forward in cultivating an acquaintance.

Mr. Cumming had exhausted the Deer forests of his native Scotland; he had sighed for the rolling prairies and rocky mountains of the Far West, and was tied down to military routine as a Mounted Rifleman in the Cape Colony, when he determined to resign his commission into the hands of Government, and himself to the delights of hunting amidst the untrodden plains and forests of Southern Africa. Having provided himself with waggons to travel and live in, with bullocks to draw them, and with a host of attendants; a sufficiency of arms, horses, dogs, and ammunition, he set out from Graham's-Town, in October 1843. From that period his hunting adventures extended over five years, during which time he penetrated from various points and in various directions from his starting-place in lat. 33 down to lat. 20, and passed through districts upon which no European foot ever before trod; regions where the wildest of wild animals abound—nothing less serving Mr. Cumming's ardent purpose.

A lion story in the early part of his book will introduce this fearless hunter-author to our readers better than the most elaborate dissection of his character. He is approaching Colesberg, the northernmost military station belonging to the Cape Colony. He is on a trusty steed, which he calls also "Colesberg." Two of his attendants on horseback are with him. "Suddenly," says the author, "I observed a number of vultures seated on the plain about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and close beside them stood a huge lioness, consuming a blesblook which she had killed. She was assisted in her repast by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting along with her in the most friendly and confidential manner. Directing my followers' attention to the spot, I remarked, 'I see the lion;' to which

* A Hunter's Life in South Africa. By R. Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre.

they replied, 'Whar? whar? Yah! Almagtig! dat is he;' and instantly reining in their steeds and wheeling about, they pressed their heels to their horses' sides, and were preparing to betake themselves to flight. I asked them, what they were going to do? To which they answered, 'We have not yet placed caps on our rifles.' This was true; but while this short conversation was passing, the lioness had observed us. Raising her full round face, she overhauled us for a few seconds and then set off at a smart canter towards a range of mountains some miles to the northward; the whole troop of jackals also started off in another direction; there was, therefore, no time to think of caps. The first move was to bring her to bay, and not a second was to be lost. Spurring my good and lively steed, and shouting to my men to follow, I flew across the plain, and, being fortunately mounted on Colesberg, the flower of my stud, I gained upon her at every stride. This was to me a joyful moment, and I at once made up my mind that she or I must die." The lioness soon after "suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back towards me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, 'Does this fellow know who he is after?' Having thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forwards, making a loud, rumbling noise like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch, nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. My Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing, the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast were clear; after which she made a short run towards us, uttering her deep-drawn murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by their reins, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside; but this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purdey rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a precious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness; and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to

her. I knelt on one side, and, taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder; upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lioness sprang upon Colesberg, and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws; the worst wound was on his haunch, which exhibited a sickening, yawning gash, more than twelve inches long, almost laying bare the very bone. I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting; but I must confess, when the whole affair was over, I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely. When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and, slewing her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain a lifeless corpse."

This is, however, but a harmless adventure compared with a subsequent escapade—not with one, but with six lions. It was the hunter's habit to lay wait near the drinking-places of these animals, concealed in a hole dug for the purpose. In such a place on the occasion in question, Mr. Cumming—having left one of three rhinoceroses he had previously killed as a bait—ensconced himself. Such a savage festival as that which introduced the adventure, has never before, we believe, been introduced through the medium of the softest English and the finest hot-pressed paper to the notice of the civilised public. "Soon after twilight," the author relates, "I went down to my hole with Kleinboy and two natives, who lay concealed in another hole, with Wolf and Boxer ready to slip, in the event of wounding a lion. On reaching the water I looked towards the carcass of the rhinoceros, and, to my astonishment, I beheld the ground alive with large creatures, as though a troop of zebras were approaching the fountain to drink. Kleinboy remarked to me that a troop of zebras were standing on the height. I answered, 'Yes;' but I knew very well that zebras would not be capering around the carcass of a rhinoceros. I quickly arranged my blankets, pillow, and guns in the hole, and then lay down to feast my eyes on the interesting sight before me. It was bright moonlight, as clear as I need wish, and within one night of being full moon. There were six

large lions, about twelve or fifteen hyenas, and from twenty to thirty jackals, feasting on and around the carcasses of the three rhinoceroses. The lions feasted peacefully, but the hyenas and jackals fought over every mouthful, and chased one another round and round the carcasses, growling, laughing, screeching, chattering, and howling without any intermission. The hyenas did not seem afraid of the lions, although they always gave way before them; for I observed that they followed them in the most disrespectful manner, and stood laughing, one or two on either side, when any lions came after their comrades to examine pieces of skin or bones which they were dragging away. I had lain watching this banquet for about three hours, in the strong hope that, when the lions had feasted, they would come and drink. Two black and two white rhinoceroses had made their appearance, but, scared by the smell of the blood, they had made off. At length the lions seemed satisfied. They all walked about with their heads up, and seemed to be thinking about the water; and in two minutes one of them turned his face towards me, and came on; he was immediately followed by a second lion, and in half a minute by the remaining four. It was a decided and general move, they were all coming to drink right bang in my face, within fifteen yards of me."

The hunters were presently discovered. "An old lioness, who seemed to take the lead, had detected me, and, with her head high and her eyes fixed full upon me, she was coming slowly round the corner of the little vley to cultivate further my acquaintance! This unfortunate coincidence put a stop at once to all further contemplation. I thought, in my haste, that it was perhaps most prudent to shoot this lioness, especially as none of the others had noticed me. I accordingly moved my arm and covered her; she saw me move and halted, exposing a full broadside. I fired; the ball entered one shoulder, and passed out behind the other. She bounded forward with repeated growls, and was followed by her five comrades all enveloped in a cloud of dust; nor did they stop until they had reached the cover behind me, except one old gentleman, who halted and looked back for a few seconds, when I fired, but the ball went high. I listened anxiously for some sound to denote the approaching end of the lioness; nor listened in vain. I heard her growling and stationary, as if dying. In one minute her comrades crossed the vley a little below me, and made towards the rhinoceros. I then slipped Wolf and Boxer on her scent, and, following them into the cover, I found her lying dead."

Mr. Cumming's adventures with elephants are no less thrilling. He had selected for the aim of his murderous rifle two huge female elephants from a herd. "Two of the troop had walked slowly past at about sixty yards, and the one which I had selected was feeding

with two others on a thorny tree before me. My hand was now as steady as the rock on which it rested, so, taking a deliberate aim, I let fly at her head, a little behind the eye. She got it hard and sharp, just where I aimed, but it did not seem to affect her much. Uttering a loud cry, she wheeled about, when I gave her the second ball, close behind the shoulder. All the elephants uttered a strange rumbling noise, and made off in a line to the northward at a brisk ambling pace, their huge fanlike ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. I did not wait to load, but ran back to the hillock to obtain a view. On gaining its summit, the guides pointed out the elephants; they were standing in a grove of shady trees, but the wounded one was some distance behind with another elephant, doubtless its particular friend, who was endeavouring to assist it. These elephants had probably never before heard the report of a gun; and having neither seen nor smelt me, they were unaware of the presence of man, and did not seem inclined to go any further. Presently my men hove in sight, bringing the dogs; and when these came up, I waited some time before commencing the attack, that the dogs and horses might recover their wind. We then rode slowly towards the elephants, and had advanced within two hundred yards of them, when, the ground being open, they observed us, and made off in an easterly direction; but the wounded one immediately dropped astern, and next moment she was surrounded by the dogs, which, barking angrily, seemed to engross her attention. Having placed myself between her and the retreating troop, I dismounted, to fire within forty yards of her, in open ground. Colesberg was extremely afraid of the elephants, and gave me much trouble, jerking my arm when I tried to fire. At length I let fly; but, on endeavouring to regain my saddle, Colesberg declined to allow me to mount; and when I tried to lead him, and run for it, he only backed towards the wounded elephant. At this moment I heard another elephant close behind; and on looking about I beheld the 'friend,' with uplifted trunk, charging down upon me at top speed, shrilly trumpeting, and following an old black pointer named Schwartz, that was perfectly deaf, and trotted along before the enraged elephant quite unaware of what was behind him. I felt certain that she would have either me or my horse. I, however, determined not to relinquish my steed, but to hold on by the bridle. My men, who of course kept at a safe distance, stood aghast with their mouths open, and for a few seconds my position was certainly not an enviable one. Fortunately, however, the dogs took off the attention of the elephants; and just as they were upon me I managed to spring into the saddle, where I was safe. As I turned my back to mount, the elephants were so very near, that I really expected to feel one of their trunks lay hold of me. I rode

up to Kleinboy for my double-barrelled two-grooved rifle: he and Isaac were pale and almost speechless with fright. Returning to the charge, I was soon once more alongside, and, firing from the saddle, I sent another brace of bullets into the wounded elephant. Colesberg was extremely unsteady, and destroyed the correctness of my aim. The 'friend' now seemed resolved to do some mischief, and charged me furiously, pursuing me to a distance of several hundred yards. I therefore deemed it proper to give her a gentle hint to act less officiously, and accordingly, having loaded, I approached within thirty yards, and gave it her sharp, right and left, behind the shoulder; upon which she at once made off with drooping trunk, evidently with a mortal wound. Two more shots finished her: on receiving them she tossed her trunk up and down two or three times, and falling on her broadside against a thorny tree, which yielded like grass before her enormous weight, she uttered a deep hoarse cry and expired."

Mr. Cumming's exploits in the water are no less exciting than his land adventures. Here is an account of his victory over a hippopotamus, on the banks of the Limpopo river, near the northernmost extremity of his journeyings.

"There were four of them, three cows and an old bull; they stood in the middle of the river, and, though alarmed, did not appear aware of the extent of the impending danger. I took the sea-cow next me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and then occasionally remained still, sitting for a few minutes on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle two of the others took up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river; they trotted along, like oxen, at a smart pace as long as the water was shallow. I was now in a state of very great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared that she would get down into deep water, and be lost like the last one; her struggles were still carrying her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter I accordingly fired a second shot from the bank, which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye; she then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river. I had great fears of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation; so, divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the water, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was shallower. As I approached Behemoth her eye looked very wicked. I halted for a moment, ready to dive under the water if she attacked me, but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so, running

in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the slightest, and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail. Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle, and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing and sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time and I holding on at her rump like grim Death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank. Here the Bushman quickly brought me a stout buffalo-rhein from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree. I then took my rifle, and sent a ball through the centre of her head, and she was numbered with the dead."

There is nothing in "Waterton's Wanderings," or in the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" more startling than this "Waltz with a Hippopotamus!"

In the all-wise disposition of events, it is perhaps ordained that wild animals should be subdued by man to his use at the expense of such tortures as those described in the work before us. Mere amusement, therefore, is too light a motive for dealing such wounds and death Mr. Cumming owns to; but he had other motives,—besides a considerable profit he has reaped in trophies, ivory, fur, &c., he has made in his book some valuable contributions to the natural history of the animals he wounded and slew.

CHIPS.

A MARRIAGE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

A FAIR Correspondent supplies us with the following "Chip" from St. Petersburg:—

In England we used to think the marriage ceremony, with all its solemn adjuncts, an impressive affair; but it is child's play when compared with the elaborate formalities of a Russian wedding. In England, the bride, though a principal, is a passive object; but in Russia she has, before and at the ceremony, to undergo as much physical fatigue and exertion as a prima donna who has to tear through a violent opera, making every demonstration of the most passionate grief. But you shall hear how they manage on these occasions.

The housekeeper of Mons. A., who has been in his service for eighteen years, and consequently no very youthful bride, took it into her head to marry a shoemaker, who.

like his intended, is not remarkable for his personal beauty. Friday was fixed for the happy day, and about two in the afternoon I caught sight of the bride, weeping and wailing in a most doleful manner. I saw or heard no more of her till six in the evening, when she appeared in Mad. A.'s room, attired for the ceremony. Her dress was of dark silk, (she not being allowed to wear white, in consequence of some early indiscretions,) with a wreath of white roses round her head, and a long white veil, which almost enveloped her. She sobbed, howled, went off into hysterics, and fainted; I felt excessively sorry for her, but did all my soothing in vain, for she refused to be comforted. As soon as she became calm, we all assembled in the drawing-room, and Mons. A.'s godson, a little fellow of five years old, entered the room first, bearing the patron saint, St. Nicholas, then came the bride, followed by her train of female friends. She knelt down before Mons. and Mad. A., and they each in turn held the image over her head, saying they blessed her, and hoped she would "go to her happiness." She kissed their feet frantically; and they then assisted her up, kissed her, and she was conducted weeping to the carriage.

On arriving at the church about half-past seven we were met by friends of the bridegroom, who stood at one end of the church, surrounded by his family, and every now and then casting anxious and tender looks at the beloved one, who was again howling and sobbing like a mad woman. I thought how painful it must be for him, poor man, to witness such distress, and wondered why she should marry any one for whom she manifested so much dislike. After administering restoratives, she became calmer, and the priests appeared—when off she went again into a fit of hysterics more sudden, though not so violent as her previous performances; but, this time, was soon restored, and the ceremony commenced.

One priest stood at the altar, and two others at a kind of table or reading-desk at some distance. The un-happy couple were placed beside each other, behind the priests, who commenced chanting the service in beautiful style. The bride and bridegroom held each a lighted wax taper in their hand; a little more chanting, and rings were exchanged; more chanting, and then a small piece of carpet was brought, upon which they both stood; two crowns were then presented to them, and after they had kissed the saint upon them, these were held over their heads by the bridesmen. More chanting; then there was wine brought, which they were obliged to drink, first he and then she; they made three sups of it, though, at first, there appeared only about a wine-glassful; after this the Priest took hold of them and walked them round the church three times, the bridegroom's man following holding the crowns over their heads to the best of his ability; but he fell short of his

duty, for the bridegroom was rather tall and his man rather short: hence there was some difficulty and slight awkwardness in this part of the proceedings; then followed a kind of exhortation, delivered in a very impressive manner by the senior Priest. After this, they proceeded to the altar, prostrated themselves before it, kissing the ground with great apparent fervour; then all the saints on the wall were kissed, and lastly the whole of the party assembled. We then adjourned to the carriages, and after a quick ride soon found ourselves at home.

Here Monsieur and Madame A. performed the part of *Père et Mère*, met the bridal party, carrying the black bread and salt which is always given on such occasions. This was, with some words—a blessing, of course—waved over the heads of the newly married couple, who were on their knees kissing most vehemently the feet of their *Père et Mère*. After this ceremony, which means "May you never want the good here offered you," they arose, and again the kissing mania came upon the whole party with greater vehemence than ever. Nothing was heard for some time but the sound of lips; at length a calm came, and with it champagne, in which every one of them drank "Long life and happiness to the newly-wed pair," all striking their glasses till I thought there would be a universal smash, so violently were they carried away by their enthusiasm; then came chocolate, and lastly fruit.

As soon as the feasting was over, the dancing commenced with a Polonaise; the steward, a great man in the house, leading off the bride, who by this time had forgotten all her sorrows. About twenty couple followed, and away they went, through one room, out at another, until they had made the whole circuit of the apartments.

We left them at half-past eleven, but they kept up the fun till five in the morning, when they conducted the happy pair to their dwelling.

Upon my expressing pity for the bride, and also my astonishment why she married a man who appeared so very repugnant to her, I learnt that she would not be considered either a good wife or a good woman unless she was led to the altar in a shower-bath of tears; in fact, in Russia, the more tears a woman sheds, the better her husband likes her!

A NEW JOINT-STOCK PANDEMONIUM COMPANY.

GAMING without risk, certainty in chance, Fortune showering her favours out of the dice-box, are promised by the promoters of a New Joint-Stock Company just set on foot in Paris, the prospectus of which now lies before us. This is nothing less than a society for the propagation of gambling in San Francisco; "capital, one hundred and fifty thousand francs, in three hundred shares of five

hundred francs each, provisionally registered on May 10, 1850. Chief Office, No. 17, Rue Vivienne."

The promoters of this precious CERCLE DE SAN FRANCISCO declare that certainty will be the issue of this notable scheme, the essence of which is hazard. "There never was," they say, "an enterprise more sure of gain. Three years, with twelve dividends, paid once a quarter, will produce enormous results. These have been accurately tested by the most conscientious (?) calculations, based on the produce of the German gaming-houses, and we have ascertained that each share of five hundred francs will yield an annual dividend of three thousand francs over and above interest at six per cent!"

The future House itself is thus painted in bright perspective:—"A fine house of wood, of two stories, with a magnificent coffee-room on the ground-floor; a vast saloon on the first-floor for two roulette-tables; on the second, apartments for the manager, the servants, and the officers; the whole completely furnished, with all necessary appurtenances for warming and lighting. Tables, implements, counters, iron coffers for the specie, &c., are to be immediately exported by a sailing vessel. M. Mauduit, the manager, will accompany these immense munitions, together with subordinates of known probity. M. Charles, chief-of-the-play at Aix, in Savoy, is to follow, as director of the expedition, at the end of October, by steamer. It is expected that preparations will be complete, so as to open the Cercle in San Francisco on the 31st December of this year."

Of all the bare-faced schemes that was ever presented to a French public, this is surely the most extravagant. There is nothing in *Jerome Patdot* that equals it in impudence.

YOUTH AND SUMMER.

It is Summer. Day is now at its longest, the season at its brightest; and the heat comes down through the glowing heavens—broiling the sons of labour, but whitening the fields for the harvest. Like hapless Semele, consumed by the splendours of her divine lover, Earth seems about to perish beneath the ardent glances of the God of Day. The sun comes bowling from the Tropics to visit the Hyperboreans. The strange phenomenon of the Polar day—when for six months he keeps careering through the sky, without a single rising or setting, rolling like a fiery ball along the edge of the horizon, glittering like a thousand diamonds on the fields of ice—is now melting the snows that hide the lichens, the rein-deer's food; and, quivering down through the azure shallows of the Greenland coast, infuses the fire of love and the lust for roaming into the "scaly myriads" of the herring tribe.

On ourselves, the Summer sun is shining,

glowing—robing in gold the declining days of July, and taking her starry jewels from the crown of Night—nay, lifting the diadem from her sable brow, and invading the skies of mid-night with his lingering beams. Oh, what a glory in those evening skies! The sun, just set, brings out the summits of the far-off hills sharp and black against his amber light: Nature is dreaming; yonder sea is calm as if it had never known a storm. It is the hour of Reverie: old memories, half-forgotten poetry, come floating like dreams into the soul. We wander in thought to the lonely Greek Isle, where Juan and Haidee are roaming with encircling arms upon the silvery sands, or gaze in love's reverie from the deserted banquet-room upon the slumbering waters of the Ægean. We see the mariner resting on his oars within the shadow of Ætna, and hear the "Ave Sanctissima" rising in solemn cadence from the waveless sea. We stand beneath the lovely skies of Italy—we rest on the woody slopes of the Apennines, where the bell of some distant convent is proclaiming sundown, and the vesper hymn floats on the rosy stillness, a vocal prayer.

"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot where I do
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft;
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
And the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft;
While not a breath stole through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer!"

Study is impossible in the Summer evenings—those long, clear, mellow nights, when the Evening Star hangs like a diamond lamp in the amber skies of the West, and the hushed air seems waiting for serenades. The very charm of our Study is then our ruin. Whenever we lift our eyes from the page, we look clear away, as from a lofty turret, upon the ever-shifting glories of sunset, where far-off mountains form the magic horizon, and a wide arm of the sea sleeps calmly between, reflecting the skyey splendours. Our heart is not in our task. There is a vague yearning within us, for happiness more ethereal than any we have yet beheld, a happiness which the eye cannot figure, which only the soul can feel—it is the Spirit dreaming of its immortal home. Now and then we pause—the beauty without, half-unconsciously fixes upon itself our dreamy gaze.

"Oh, Summer night!
So soft and bright!"

That air, that lovely serenade of Donizetti's, seems floating in the room. A sweet voice is singing it in my ear, in my heart. Ah, those old times! I think of the hour when first I heard that strain, and of the fair creature singing it—with the twilight shadows around us, and her lip, that might have tempted an Angel, curling, half-proudly, half-kindly, as "upon entreaty" she resumed the strain. I fall into deeper reverie as I recollect it

all—those evenings of entrancement, those days of boyish pain and jealousy. And ever the melody comes floating in through my brain, yet without attracting my thoughts—a strain of sweetest sounds accompanying the dissolving views which are dreamily, perpetually, forming and changing, gathering and dispersing, before my mind's eye, like the rose-clouds of sunset. Those shapes are too ethereal for the mind to grasp them. Is it a Juno-like form, beneath the skies and amid the flowers of Summer—with Zephyr playing among her golden curls, as she lifts from her neck a hair-chain to yield it to the suit of love! Or is it a zigzag path on a hill-side—a steed backing on a precipice—a lovely girl on the green bank, clinging to her preserver—sinking, swooning, quivering from that vision of sudden death! Who shall daguerreotype those airy shapes? We feel their presence rather than know their form, and the instant we try to see what we are seeing, they are gone!

We are no bad risers in the morning, but we never saw the sun rise on Midsummer-day but once. It is many years ago, yet we remember it as vividly as if it had been this morning. It was from the summit of the Calton Hill, the unfinished Acropolis, the still-born ruin of Modern Athens. The whole sky in the south and west, opposite to where the sun was about to appear, was suffused from the horizon to the zenith with a deep pink or rose hue; and in the midst, spanning the heavens, stood a magnificent Rainbow! A symbol of peace in a sea of blood! There lay the palatial edifices of the New Town, white and still in the hush of early morning, and high above them and around them rose that strange emblem of mercy amid judgment. Such an apparition might fitly have filled the skies of the Cities of the Plain on that woeful morn, the last the blessed sun ever rose upon them;—ere amid mutterings in the earth and thunders in the clouds, the volcano awoke from its sleep, and the red lava poured from its sources of fire—when clouds of stones and ashes, falling, falling, gathered deeper and deeper above the Plain, and the descending lightnings set fire to the thousand fountains of naphtha bubbling up from their subterranean reservoirs—when a whirlwind of flame shot up against the face of the sky, like the last blasphemy of a godless world; and with a hollow groaning, the sinking, convulsed earth hid the scene of pollution and wrath beneath the ever mournful-looking waters of the Dead Sea. The skies of night and morning are familiar to me as those of day, but never but that once did that Heavenly Spectre meet my eye.

As I reached the northern brow of the hill, it wanted but a minute or two of sunrise; in a few seconds a new Day would dawn—a flake would separate itself from the infinite Future, and be born into the world. I stood

awaiting the Incarnation of Time. A flapping wing broke on the solemn stillness. Two rooks rose slowly from the ground, where they had been preying upon the tenants of the turf. Below me, to the east and north, spread out the waters of the Firth of Forth—not a billow breaking against its rocky islets—its broad expanse of the colour of lead, sombre and waveless, like the lifeless waters of the Asphaltite Sea; while, toiling like an imp of darkness, a small steamboat tore up its leaden-like surface, disappearing behind the house-tops of Leith. The spirits of night seemed hurrying to their dens, to escape the golden arrows of the God of Day. In the bowery gardens below me, the birds began an overture as the curtain of the Dawn was lifting. At length the sun shot up into the sky; then seemed to pause for some time, his lower limb resting on the dark sea, his upper almost touching a bank of overhanging cloud. Pale tremulous rays, like those of the aurora borealis, darted laterally from the orb, shooting quivering along the sky, and returning: the waves of light were ebbing and flowing on the sands of Night. The sea and the slopes of the Calton still lay in the dull hues of dawn; but a strange cold sun-gleam which one felt instinctively would be short-lived, glittered around me on the crest of the hill, and on the white stone monuments that crown it as with a diadem. Foremost and loftiest rose the noble columns of the National Monument, even in their imperfection the most Grecian of British edifices, standing aloft like the ruins of Minerva's temple on the bluff Cape of Sunium, visible from afar to mariners entering the romantic Bay of the Forth. The glitter which now tinged them with gold was bright and brief as the national fervour which gave them birth. In a few minutes the sun passed up behind the bank of cloud, and nothing remained of his beams but a golden streak on the far edge of the waters.

Fair Summer has come, and the ocean woos us. Breaking her ward, she has leapt like a lovely Bacchante to our arms; while men who have been "sighing like furnace" for her, and chiding the dull delay of her coming, now fly from her embraces into the sea—plunge into the haunts of the Nereids. In what "infernal machines" do they go a-wooing! And yet they appear to have every confidence in their natural powers of attraction; the Nereids run no danger of being deceived as to the *physique* of their human admirers. Queer fishes some of them are, certainly! Only look at yon big fat old fellow, for all the world like a skinned porpoise, foundering and blowing in the shallows like a stranded whale! while another more modest animal, of like dimensions, floats like cork or blubber in deep water, thumping energetically with leg and arm, and hides obesity in a cataract of foam. Yonder, over

the clear blue depths, breasting at his ease the flood, goes the long steady stroke of the practised swimmer—an animal half-amphibious, seen at times afar off, lifting on the crest of a wave a mile at sea. With laugh and splutter a band of juveniles rub their heads with water in the most approved manner, as if they were a set of old toppers afraid of apoplexy; or with whoop and hollo engage in a water-combat, or in a race in bunting that reminds one of running in sacks; while a still younger member of the human family roars lustily as he clings to his pitiless nurse's neck, or emerges half-suffocated from the prescriptive thrice-repeated dip. Yet there is something gladsome in the flash of the waters around the sportive bathers, and in the glancing glitter of the sun-beams on the ivory-like arms that are swaying to and fro upon the blue waters. It speaks of Summer; and that of itself awakens gladness.

As we look upon the earth in a glorious summer-day, we feel as if all nature loved us, and that a spirit within is answering to the loving call of the outer world. We feel as if caressed by the beauty floating around—as if the mission of nature were to delight us. And it is so. It was to be a joy for Man that this glorious world sprang out of Chaos, and it was to enjoy it that we were gifted with our many senses of beauty. How narrow the enjoyment of the body to the domain of the spirit! The possessions and enjoyments of man consist less in the acres we can win from our fellows, than in the wide universe around us. Creature-comforts are unequally divided, but the charm of existence, the joy that rays from all nature, are the property of all. Who can set a price upon the colours of the rose or the hues of sunset? Yet, would the Vernon Gallery be an adequate exchange? Water and air, prime necessities of physical life, are not more free to all, than is its best and highest food everywhere accessible to the spirit. What we want is, to rub the dust of the earth off our souls, and let them mirror the beauty of the universe. What we want is, to open the nature within to the nature without—to clear the mind from ignorance, the heart from prejudice. We must learn to see things as they are—to find beauty in nature, love in man, good everywhere; not to shut our eyes or look through a distorting medium. We scramble for the crumbs of worldly success, and too often have neglected the higher delights that are free to our taking. Like the groveller in the Pilgrim's Progress, we rake amid straws on the ground, when a crown of joy is ready to descend upon us if we will only look up. We turn aside the river from its bed, and toil in the sand for golden dust, destroying happiness in the search for its symbol, and forget that the world itself may be made golden, that the art of the Alchemist may be ours. The true sunshine of life is in the heart. It is there that the smile is born that makes the light

of life, the rosy smile that makes the world of beauty, and keeps life sweet—the smile that “makes a summer where darkness else would be.”

We are in one of the pretty lanes of England. The smoke of a great city is beginning to curl up into the morning skies, but the sounds of that wakening Babylon cannot reach us in our green seclusion. As we step along lightly, cheerily, in the cool sunlight, hark to the glad voices of children; and lo! a cottage-home, sweeter-looking than any we have yet passed. Honeysuckles and jessamine wreath the wooden trellis of the porch with verdure and flowers. In those flowers the early bee is hanging and humming, birds are chirping aloft, and cherubs are singing below. An urchin, with his yellow curls half-blinding his big blue eyes, sits on the sunny gravel-walk, playing with a frisky, red-collared kitten. On the steps of the door, beneath the shade of the trellis-work, sit two girls, a lapful of white roses before them, which they are gathering into a bouquet, or sticking into each other's hair. What are they singing?

Come, come, come! Oh, the merry Summer morn!

From dewy slumbers breaking,
Birds and flowers are waking.

Come, come, come! and leave our beds forlorn!

Hark, hark, hark! I hear our playmates call!

Hurrah! for merry rambles!

Morn is the time for gambols.

Yes, yes, yes! Let's go a-roving all!

Haste, haste, haste! To woodland dells away!

There flowers for us are springing,
And little birds are singing—

“Come, come, come! Good-morrow! come away!”

A wiseacre lately remarked, as a proof of the *sober sense* of the age, that no one now sang about the happiness of childhood! *Sombre* sense, he should have said,—if he misused the word “sense” at all. No happiness,—nay, no peculiar happiness in childhood! Does he mean to maintain that we get happier as we get older?—that life, at the age of Methuselah, is as joyous as at fifteen? Has novelty, which charms in all the details of existence, no charm in existence itself? Is suspicion—that infallible growth of years, that baneful result of knowledge of the world—no damper on happiness? Is innocence nothing? Is *ennui* known to the young? No, no!

Youth is the summer of life; it is the very heyday of joy,—the poetry of existence. Youth beholds everything through a golden medium,—through the prism of fancy, not in the glass of reason; in the rose-hue of idealism, not the naked forms that we call reality.

“All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest!”

We have but to look around us and within us to see the sad truth exemplified. Summer is fading with its roses—Youth vanishes with its dreams. “Passing away” is written

on all things earthly. Yet "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." We have a compensating faculty, which gives immortality to the mortal in the cells of memory; the joys of which Time has robbed us still live on in perennial youth. Nay, more, they live unmarred by the sorrows that in actual life grow up along with them. As the colours of fancy fade from the Present, they gather in brighter radiance around the Past. We conserve the roses of Summer—let us emblan the memories of Youth.

THE POWER OF SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A GRIM Lion obstructs the paths of ardent Benevolence in its desire to lessen the monster evils of society, and constantly roars "Impossible! Impossible!" Well-disposed Affluence surveys the encroaching waves of destitution and crime as they roll onwards, spreading their dark waters over the face of society, and folds its hands in powerless despair,—a despair created by a false notion of the inefficacy of individual or limited action. "Who can stem such a tide?" it exclaims; "we must have some great comprehensive system. Without that, single efforts are useless."

Upon this untrue and timid premise many a purse is closed, many a generous impulse checked. It is never remembered that all great facts, for evil or for good, are an aggregate of small details, and must be grappled with *in detail*. Every one who hath and to spare, has it in his power to do some good and to check some evil; and if all those to whom the ability is given were to do their part, the great "Comprehensive System" which is so much prayed for would arrange itself. The hand of Charity is nowhere so open as in this country; but is often paralysed for the want of being well directed.

Of what individual energy can accomplish in a very limited sphere, we can now afford a practical instance. What a single individual in energetic earnest has effected in the "Devil's Acre," described in a former number,* can be done by any other single individual in any other sink of vice and iniquity, in every other part of the globe.

In the spring of 1848 the attention of Mr. Walker, the Westminster Missionary of the City Mission, was called to the necessity of applying some remedy to the alarming vice and destitution that prevailed amongst a large section of a densely peopled community, whose future prospects seemed to be totally neglected. A vast mass of convicted felons, and vagrants, who had given themselves up as entirely lost to human society, and whose ambition was solely how they could attain the skill of being the most accomplished burglars, congregate upon the "Devil's Acre." Most of these degraded youths were strangers to all religious and moral impressions—destitute of

any ostensible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, and having no provision made for them when sent from prison. They had no alternative but again resorting to begging or stealing for a miserable existence; and not only they themselves being exposed to all the contaminating influences of bad example, and literally perishing for lack of knowledge, but also leading others astray—such as boys from nine to twelve years of age, whom, in a short time, they would train as clever in vice as themselves, and make them useful in their daily avocations.

Nearly ten years' experience in visiting their haunts of misery and crime, and entering into friendly conversation with them, taught Mr. Walker that punishment acted with but little effect as a check upon criminal offenders; and it was thought more worthy of the Christian philanthropists to set on foot a system of improvement, which should change the habits and elevate the character of this degraded part of our population,—a system which should rescue them from the haunts of infamy, instil into their minds the principles of religion and morality, and train them to honest and industrious occupations. With these great objects in view, a scheme of training was commenced which has since flourished. *One lad* was selected from the Ragged School, fed, and lodged, as an experiment. The boy had been a thief and vagrant for several years, was driven from his home through the ill-usage of a step-grandfather: the only clothing he possessed was an old tattered coat, and part of a pair of trousers, and these one complete mass of filth. After five months' training, through the kindness of Lord Ashley, he was accepted as an emigrant to Australia. Finding he was successful, his joy and gratitude were unbounded. A short time before he embarked, he said, "If ever I should be possessed of a farm, it shall be called Lord Ashley's Farm. I shall never forget the Ragged Schools; for if it had not been for it, instead of going to Australia with a good character, I should have been sent to some other colony loaded with chains." He has since been heard of as being in a respectable situation, conducting himself with the strictest propriety.

Being successful in reclaiming one, Mr. Walker was encouraged to select six more from the same Ragged School, varying from the age of fifteen to nineteen years; although at the time it was not known where a shilling could be obtained towards their support, he was encouraged to persevere. A small room was taken at two shillings per week; a truss of straw was purchased, and a poor woman was kind enough to give two old rugs, which was the only covering for the six. They were content to live on a small portion of bread and dripping per day, and attend the Ragged School; at last an old sack was bought for the straw, and a piece of carpet, in addition to the two rugs, to cover them. One of them

* At page 297.

was heard to say one night, while absolutely enjoying this wretched accommodation, "Now, are we not comfortable?—should we not be thankful? How many poor families there are who have not such good beds to lie on!" One of those he addressed, aged nineteen years, had not known the comfort of such a bed for upwards of three years, having slept during that time in an empty cellar. Five of those lads are now in Australia, and the other—who had been the leader of a gang of thieves for several years—is now a consistent member and communicant in the Church, and fills a responsible situation in England.

When the experiment was in this condition, a benevolent lady not only contributed largely towards the support of the inmates, but also recommended her friends to follow her example. A larger room was taken; the lady ordered beds and bedding to be immediately purchased: the merits of the system became more publicly known; two additional rooms were taken, and ultimately the whole premises converted into a public institution, known as the Westminster Ragged Dormitory, and particularly alluded to in the article before mentioned.

Since its establishment, there have been one hundred and sixty-three applications. Seventy-six have been admitted from the streets; thirteen from various prisons, recommended by the Chaplains; twenty-three did not complete their probation; four were dismissed for misconduct; three absconded after completing their probation; five were dismissed for want of funds; two restored to their friends; two are filling situations in England; fifteen emigrated to Australia; five to the United States; and thirty are at present in the Institution.

The expense at which fifty-four young persons were thus, between April 1848 and May 1850, rescued from perdition, has been 37*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*, which took two years to collect and disburse. More than double the number of cases presented themselves than could be admitted, and five were obliged to be hurled back into crime and want after admission, for want of funds. We mention this to show what might have been done, had Mr. Walker's efforts been seconded with anything like liberality.

As a specimen of the sort of stuff the promoters of this humble Institution had to work upon, we add the "case" of a couple of the inmates which was privately communicated to us. We shall call the boys Borley and Pole.

"R. Borley, 14 years of age, born in Kent Street, Borough; never knew his father; his mother died two years ago; she lived by hawking. Since her death he has lived by begging, sometimes got a parcel to carry at the Railway Station; also got jobs to carry baskets and hold horses at the Borough Market; when he had money, lodged in low lodging-houses, near the London Docks and

in the Mint in the Borough. The most money he ever got in one day was 9*d.* He has been in the habit of attending the different markets in London. He has been weeks together without ever being in a bed; he generally slept about the markets, in passages, under arches, and in carts. He had no shirt for the last twelve months, no cap, no shoes; an old jacket and a pair of trousers were his only covering; sometimes two days without food, and when he had food, seldom anything but dry bread; sometimes in such a state of hunger, that he has been compelled to eat raw vegetables, this was the case when he took the fever; he had been lying out in the streets for some nights; he was in such a weak state that he dropped down in the streets. A gentleman lifted him up, took him to a shop and gave him some bread and cheese, afterwards took him to a magistrate, who sent him to the workhouse, where it was found the poor boy had fever, and was immediately sent to the fever hospital. When brought to Pear Street yesterday, he was not a little surprised to find the boy Pole in the school; he would not have known him but for his speech, so much had he improved in appearance. Pole had lived in the lodging-houses with him. He said he has cause to remember Pole. On one occasion he was Pole's bedfellow, they were both in a most destitute state for want of clothing; neither of them had a shirt, but of the two, Borley had the best trousers; when he rose in the morning Pole was off and had put on Borley's trousers, leaving behind him a pair that had but one leg, and that was in rags; although yesterday was their first meeting after this robbery, still it was a very happy one! They congratulated each other at the good fortune of being received into such an Institution. Borley tells me that Pole was a dreadful thief. He stole wherever he could; he brought the articles he stole to the lodging-house keepers, who bought them readily. So notorious did Pole become, that before morning he would have stolen the article he had sold or anything else, and sold it to another lodging-house keeper. Thus he went on until he could scarce get lodgings either in the Borough or Whitechapel. Since Pole has been in Pear Street, he has never shown anything but a desire to do what is right. Borley is an interesting lad, and will do well."

May 16, 1850.

One Mr. Walker, who would begin, as he did, with one wretched boy in each metropolitan district, and in each town throughout Great Britain, would do more to reduce poor's rates, county rates, police rates—to supersede "great penal experiments," and to diminish enormous judicial and penal expenditure, than all the political economists and "great system" doctors in the world. But the main thing is to begin at the cradle. It is many millions of times more hopeful to prevent, than to cure.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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A DETECTIVE POLICE PARTY.

IN pursuance of the intention mentioned at the close of a former paper on "The Modern Science of Thief-taking," we now proceed to endeavour to convey to our readers some faint idea of the extraordinary dexterity, patience, and ingenuity, exercised by the Detective Police. That our description may be as graphic as we can render it, and may be perfectly reliable, we will make it, so far as in us lies, a piece of plain truth. And first, we have to inform the reader how the anecdotes we are about to communicate, came to our knowledge.

We are not by any means devout believers in the Old Bow-Street Police. To say the truth, we think there was a vast amount of humbug about those worthies. Apart from many of them being men of very indifferent character, and far too much in the habit of consorting with thieves and the like, they never lost a public occasion of jobbing and trading in mystery and making the most of themselves. Continually puffed besides by incompetent magistrates anxious to conceal their own deficiencies, and hand-in-glove with the penny-a-liners of that time, they became a sort of superstition. Although as a Preventive Police they were utterly ineffective, and as a Detective Police were very loose and uncertain in their operations, they remain with some people, a superstition to the present day.

On the other hand, the Detective Force organised since the establishment of the existing Police, is so well chosen and trained, proceeds so systematically and quietly, does its business in such a workman-like manner, and is always so calmly and steadily engaged in the service of the public, that the public really do not know enough of it, to know a title of its usefulness. Impressed with this conviction, and interested in the men themselves, we represented to the authorities at Scotland Yard, that we should be glad, if there were no official objection, to have some talk with the Detectives. A most obliging and ready permission being given, a certain evening was appointed with a certain Inspector for a social conference between ourselves and the Detectives, at our Office in Wellington Street, Strand, London. In consequence of

which appointment the party "came off," which we are about to describe. And we beg to repeat that, avoiding such topics as it might for obvious reasons be injurious to the public, or disagreeable to respectable individuals, to touch upon in print, our description is as exact as we can make it.

The reader will have the goodness to imagine the Sanctum Sanctorum of Household Words. Anything that best suits the reader's fancy, will best represent that magnificent chamber. We merely stipulate for a round table in the middle, with some glasses and cigars arranged upon it; and the editorial sofa elegantly hemmed in between that stately piece of furniture and the wall.

It is a sultry evening at dusk. The stones of Wellington Street are hot and gritty, and the watermen and hackney-coachmen at the Theatre opposite, are much flushed and aggravated. Carriages are constantly setting down the people who have come to Fairy-Land; and there is a mighty shouting and bellowing every now and then, deafening us for the moment, through the open windows.

Just at dusk, Inspectors Wield and Stalker are announced; but we do not undertake to warrant the orthography of any of the names here mentioned. Inspector Wield presents Inspector Stalker. Inspector Wield is a middle-aged man of a portly presence, with a large, moist, knowing eye, a husky voice, and a habit of emphasising his conversation by the aid of a corpulent fore-finger, which is constantly in juxta-position with his eyes or nose. Inspector Stalker is a shrewd, hard-headed Scotchman—in appearance not at all unlike a very acute, thoroughly-trained schoolmaster, from the Normal Establishment at Glasgow. Inspector Wield one might have known, perhaps, for what he is—Inspector Stalker, never.

The ceremonies of reception over, Inspectors Wield and Stalker observe that they have brought some sergeants with them. The sergeants are presented—five in number, Sergeant Dornton, Sergeant Wicheam, Sergeant Mith, Sergeant Fendall, and Sergeant Straw. We have the whole Detective Force from Scotland Yard with one exception. They sit down in a semi-circle (the two Inspectors at the two ends) at a little distance from the round table, facing the editorial sofa. Every

man of them, in a glance, immediately takes an inventory of the furniture and an accurate sketch of the editorial presence. The Editor feels that any gentleman in company could take him up, if need should be, without the smallest hesitation, twenty years hence.

The whole party are in plain clothes. Sergeant Dornton, about fifty years of age, with a ruddy face and a high sun-burnt forehead, has the air of one who has been a Sergeant in the army—he might have sat to Wilkie for the Soldier in the Reading of the Will. He is famous for steadily pursuing the inductive process, and, from small beginnings, working on from clue to clue until he bags his man. Sergeant Witchem, shorter and thicker-set, and marked with the small pox, has something of a reserved and thoughtful air, as if he were engaged in deep arithmetical calculations. He is renowned for his acquaintance with the swell mob. Sergeant Mith, a smooth-faced man with a fresh bright complexion, and a strange air of simplicity, is a dab at housebreakers. Sergeant Fendall, a light-haired, well-spoken, polite person, is a prodigious hand at pursuing private inquiries of a delicate nature. Straw, a little wiry Sergeant of meek demeanour and strong sense, would knock at a door and ask a series of questions in any mild character you chose to prescribe to him, from a charity-boy upwards, and seem as innocent as an infant. They are, one and all, respectable-looking men; of perfectly good deportment and unusual intelligence; with nothing lounging or slinking in their manners; with an air of keen observation, and quick perception when addressed; and generally presenting in their faces, traces more or less marked of habitually leading lives of strong mental excitement. They have all good eyes; and they all can, and they all do, look full at whomsoever they speak to.

We light the cigars, and hand round the glasses (which are very temperately used indeed), and the conversation begins by a modest amateur reference on the Editorial part to the swell mob. Inspector Wield immediately removes his cigar from his lips, waves his right hand, and says, "Regarding the Swell Mob, Sir, I can't do better than call upon Sergeant Witchem. Because the reason why? I'll tell you. Sergeant Witchem is better acquainted with the Swell Mob than any officer in London."

Our heart leaping up when we beheld this rainbow in the sky, we turn to Sergeant Witchem, who very concisely, and in well-chosen language, goes into the subject forthwith. Meantime, the whole of his brother officers are closely interested in attending to what he says, and observing its effect. Presently they begin to strike in, one or two together, when an opportunity offers, and the conversation becomes general. But these brother officers only come in to the assistance of each other—not to the contradiction—and

a more amicable brotherhood there could not be. From the swell mob, we diverge to the kindred topics of cracksmen, fences, public-house dancers, area-sneaks, designing young people who go out "gonophing," and other "schools," to which our readers have already been introduced. It is observable throughout these revelations, that Inspector Stalker, the Scotchman, is always exact and statistical, and that when any question of figures arises, everybody as by one consent pauses, and looks to him.

When we have exhausted the various schools of Art—during which discussion the whole body have remained profoundly attentive, except when some unusual noise at the Theatre over the way, has induced some gentleman to glance inquiringly towards the window in that direction, behind his next neighbour's back—we burrow for information on such points as the following. Whether there really are any highway robberies in London, or whether some circumstances not convenient to be mentioned by the aggrieved party, usually precede the robberies complained of, under that head, which quite change their character? Certainly the latter, almost always. Whether in the case of robberies in houses, where servants are necessarily exposed to doubt, innocence under suspicion ever becomes so like guilt in appearance, that a good officer need be cautious how he judges it? Undoubtedly. Nothing is so common or deceptive as such appearances at first. Whether in a place of public amusement, a thief knows an officer, and an officer knows a thief,—supposing them, beforehand, strangers to each other—because each recognises in the other, under all disguise, an inattention to what is going on, and a purpose that is not the purpose of being entertained? Yes. That's the way exactly. Whether it is reasonable or ridiculous to trust to the alleged experiences of thieves as narrated by themselves, in prisons, or penitentiaries, or anywhere? In general, nothing more absurd. Lying is their habit and their trade; and they would rather lie—even if they hadn't an interest in it, and didn't want to make themselves agreeable—than tell the truth.

From these topics, we glide into a review of the most celebrated and horrible of the great crimes that have been committed within the last fifteen or twenty years. The men engaged in the discovery of almost all of them, and in the pursuit or apprehension of the murderers, are here, down to the very last instance. One of our guests gave chase to and boarded the Emigrant Ship, in which the murderess last hanged in London was supposed to have embarked. We learn from him that his errand was not announced to the passengers, who may have no idea of it to this hour. That he went below, with the captain, lamp in hand—it being dark, and the whole steerage abed and seasick—and engaged the Mrs. Manning who *was* on board, in a

conversation about her luggage, until she was, with no small pains, induced to raise her head, and turn her face towards the light. Satisfied that she was not the object of his search, he quietly re-embarked in the Government steamer alongside, and steamed home again with the intelligence.

When we have exhausted these subjects, too, which occupy a considerable time in the discussion, two or three leave their chairs, whisper Sergeant Witchem, and resume their seats. Sergeant Witchem, leaning forward a little, and placing a hand on each of his legs, then modestly speaks as follows :

"My brother-officers wish me to relate a little account of my taking Tally-ho Thompson. A man oughtn't to tell what he has done himself ; but still, as nobody was with me, and, consequently, as nobody but myself can tell it, I'll do it in the best way I can, if it should meet your approval."

We assure Sergeant Witchem that he will oblige us very much, and we all compose ourselves to listen with great interest and attention.

"Tally-ho Thompson," says Sergeant Witchem, after merely wetting his lips with his brandy-and-water, "Tally-ho Thompson was a famous horse-stealer, couper, and magsman. Thompson, in conjunction with a pal that occasionally worked with him, gammoned a countryman out of a good round sum of money, under pretence of getting him a situation—the regular old dodge—and was afterwards in the 'Hue and Cry' for a horse—a horse that he stole, down in Hertfordshire. I had to look after Thompson, and I applied myself, of course, in the first instance, to discovering where he was. Now, Thompson's wife lived, along with a little daughter, at Chelsea. Knowing that Thompson was somewhere in the country, I watched the house—especially at post-time in the morning—thinking Thompson was pretty likely to write to her. Sure enough, one morning the postman comes up, and delivers a letter at Mrs. Thompson's door. Little girl opens the door, and takes it in. We're not always sure of postmen, though the people at the post-offices are always very obliging. A postman may help us, or he may not,—just as it happens. However, I go across the road, and I say to the postman, after he has left the letter, 'Good morning! how are you?' 'How are you?' says he. 'You've just delivered a letter for Mrs. Thompson.' 'Yes, I have.' 'You didn't happen to remark what the post-mark was, perhaps?' 'No,' says he, 'I didn't.' 'Come,' says I, 'I'll be plain with you. I'm in a small way of business, and I have given Thompson credit, and I can't afford to lose what he owes me. I know he's got money, and I know he's in the country, and if you could tell me what the post-mark was, I should be very much obliged to you, and you'd do a service to a tradesman in a small way of business that can't afford a loss.' 'Well,' he said, 'I do assure you that I did not

observe what the post-mark was; all I know is, that there was money in the letter—I should say a sovereign.' This was enough for me, because of course I knew that Thompson having sent his wife money, it was probable she'd write to Thompson, by return of post, to acknowledge the receipt. So I said 'Thankee' to the postman, and I kept on the watch. In the afternoon I saw the little girl come out. Of course I followed her. She went into a stationer's shop, and I needn't say to you that I looked in at the window. She bought some writing-paper and envelopes, and a pen. I think to myself, 'That'll do!'—watch her home again—and don't go away, you may be sure, knowing that Mrs. Thompson was writing her letter to Tally-ho, and that the letter would be posted presently. In about an hour or so, out came the little girl again, with the letter in her hand. I went up, and said something to the child, whatever it might have been; but I couldn't see the direction of the letter, because she held it with the seal upwards. However, I observed that on the back of the letter there was what we call a kiss—a drop of wax by the side of the seal—and again, you understand, that was enough for me. I saw her post the letter, waited till she was gone, then went into the shop, and asked to see the Master. When he came out, I told him, 'Now, I'm an Officer in the Detective Force; there's a letter with a kiss been posted here just now, for a man that I'm in search of; and what I have to ask of you, is, that you will let me look at the direction of that letter.' He was very civil—took a lot of letters from the box in the window—shook 'em out on the counter with the faces downwards—and there among 'em was the identical letter with the kiss. It was directed, Mr. Thomas Pigeon, Post-Office, B———, to be left 'till called for. Down I went to B——— (a hundred and twenty miles or so) that night. Early next morning I went to the Post-Office; saw the gentleman in charge of that department; told him who I was; and that my object was to see, and track, the party that should come for the letter for Mr. Thomas Pigeon. He was very polite, and said, 'You shall have every assistance we can give you; you can wait inside the office; and we'll take care to let you know when anybody comes for the letter.' Well, I waited there, three days, and began to think that nobody ever *would* come. At last the clerk whispered to me, 'Here! Detective! Somebody's come for the letter!' 'Keep him a minute,' said I, and I ran round to the outside of the office. There I saw a young chap with the appearance of an Ostler, holding a horse by the bridle—stretching the bridle across the pavement, while he waited at the Post-Office Window for the letter. I began to pat the horse, and that; and I said to the boy, 'Why, this is Mr. Jones's Mare!' 'No. It an't.' 'No?' said I. 'She's very like Mr. Jones's Mare!' 'She an't Mr. Jones's Mare,

anyhow,' says he. 'It's Mr. So-and-So's, of the Warwick Arms.' And up he jumped, and off he went—letter and all. I got a cab, followed on the box, and was so quick after him that I came into the stable-yard of the Warwick Arms, by one gate, just as he came in by another. I went into the bar, where there was a young woman serving, and called for a glass of brandy-and-water. He came in directly, and handed her the letter. She casually looked at it, without saying anything, and stuck it up behind the glass over the chimney-piece. What was to be done next?

"I turned it over in my mind while I drank my brandy-and-water (looking pretty sharp at the letter the while), but I couldn't see my way out of it at all. I tried to get lodgings in the house, but there had been a horse-fair, or something of that sort, and it was full. I was obliged to put up somewhere else, but I came backwards and forwards to the bar for a couple of days, and there was the letter, always behind the glass. At last I thought I'd write a letter to Mr. Pigeon myself, and see what that would do. So I wrote one, and posted it, but I purposely addressed it, Mr. John Pigeon, instead of Mr. Thomas Pigeon, to see what *that* would do. In the morning (a very wet morning it was) I watched the postman down the street, and cut into the bar, just before he reached the Warwick Arms. In he came presently with my letter. 'Is there a Mr. John Pigeon staying here?' 'No!—stop a bit though,' says the barmaid; and she took down the letter behind the glass. 'No,' says she, 'it's Thomas, and *he* is not staying here. Would you do me a favor, and post this for me, as it is so wet?' The postman said Yes; she folded it in another envelope, directed it, and gave it him. He put it in his hat, and away he went.

"I had no difficulty in finding out the direction of that letter. It was addressed, Mr. Thomas Pigeon, Post-Office, R—, Northamptonshire, to be left till called for. Off I started directly for R—; I said the same at the Post-Office there, as I had said at B—; and again I waited three days before anybody came. At last another chap on horseback came. 'Any letters for Mr. Thomas Pigeon?' 'Where do you come from?' 'New Inn, near R—.' He got the letter, and away *he* went—at a canter.

"I made my enquiries about the New Inn, near R—, and hearing it was a solitary sort of house, a little in the horse line, about a couple of miles from the station, I thought I'd go and have a look at it. I found it what it had been described, and sauntered in, to look about me. The landlady was in the bar, and I was trying to get into conversation with her; asked her how business was, and spoke about the wet weather, and so on; when I saw, through an open door, three men sitting by the fire in a sort of parlor, or kitchen; and one of those men, according to the description I had of him, was Tally-ho Thompson!

'I went and sat down among 'em, and tried to make things agreeable; but they were very shy—wouldn't talk at all—looked at me, and at one another, in a way quite the reverse of sociable. I reckoned 'em up, and finding that they were all three bigger men than me, and considering that their looks were ugly—that it was a lonely place—railroad station two miles off—and night coming on—thought I couldn't do better than have a drop of brandy-and-water to keep my courage up. So I called for my brandy-and-water; and as I was sitting drinking it by the fire, Thompson got up and went out.

"Now the difficulty of it was, that I wasn't sure it *was* Thompson, because I had never set eyes on him before; and what I had wanted was to be quite certain of him. However, there was nothing for it now, but to follow, and put a bold face upon it. I found him talking, outside in the yard, with the landlady. It turned out afterwards, that he was wanted by a Northampton officer for something else, and that, knowing that officer to be pock-marked (as I am myself), he mistook me for him. As I have observed, I found him talking to the landlady, outside. I put my hand upon his shoulder—this way—and said, 'Tally-ho Thompson, it's no use. I know you. I'm an officer from London, and I take you into custody for felony!' 'That be d—d!' says Tally-ho Thompson.

"We went back into the house, and the two friends began to cut up rough, and their looks didn't please me at all, I assure you. 'Let the man go. What are you going to do with him?' 'I'll tell you what I'm going to do with him. I'm going to take him to London to-night, as sure as I'm alive. I'm not alone here, whatever you may think. You mind your own business, and keep yourselves to yourselves. It'll be better for you, for I know you both very well.' I'd never seen or heard of 'em in all my life, but my bouncing cowed 'em a bit, and they kept off, while Thompson was making ready to go. I thought to myself, however, that they might be coming after me on the dark road, to rescue Thompson; so I said to the landlady, 'What men have you got in the house, Missis?' 'We haven't got no men here,' she says, sulkily. 'You have got an ostler, I suppose?' 'Yes, we've got an ostler.' 'Let me see him.' Presently he came, and a shaggy-headed young fellow he was. 'Now attend to me, young man,' says I; 'I'm a Detective Officer from London. This man's name is Thompson. I have taken him into custody for felony. I'm going to take him to the railroad station. I call upon you in the Queen's name to assist me; and mind you, my friend, you'll get yourself into more trouble than you know of, if you don't!' You never saw a person open his eyes so wide. 'Now, Thompson, come along!' says I. But when I took out the handcuffs, Thompson cries, 'No! None of that! I won't stand *them!* I'll go along with you quiet, but I won't

bear none of that!' 'Tally-ho Thompson,' I said, 'I'm willing to behave as a man to you, if you are willing to behave as a man to me. Give me your word that you'll come peaceably along, and I don't want to handcuff you.' 'I will,' says Thompson, 'but I'll have a glass of brandy first.' 'I don't care if I've another,' said I. 'We'll have two more, Missis,' said the friends, 'and con-found you, Constable, you'll give your man a drop, won't you?' I was agreeable to that, so we had it all round, and then my man and I took Tally-ho Thompson safe to the railroad, and I carried him to London that night. He was afterwards acquitted, on account of a defect in the evidence; and I understand he always praises me up to the skies, and says I'm one of the best of men."

This story coming to a termination amidst general applause, Inspector Wiold, after a little grave smoking, fixes his eye on his host, and thus delivers himself:

"It wasn't a bad plant that of mine, on Fikey, the man accused of forging the Sou' Western Railway debentures—it was only t'other day—because the reason why? I'll tell you.

"I had information that Fikey and his brother kept a factory over yonder there," indicating any region on the Surrey side of the river, "where he bought second-hand carriages; so after I'd tried in vain to get hold of him by other means, I wrote him a letter in an assumed name, saying that I'd got a horse and shay to dispose of, and would drive down next day, that he might view the lot, and make an offer—very reasonable it was, I said—a reg'lar bargain. Straw and me then went off to a friend of mine that's in the livery and job business, and hired a turn-out for the day, a precious smart turn-out, it was—quite a slap-up thing! Down we drove, accordingly, with a friend (who's not in the Force himself); and leaving my friend in the shay near a public-house, to take care of the horse, we went to the factory, which was some little way off. In the factory, there was a number of strong fellows at work, and after reckoning 'em up, it was clear to me that it wouldn't do to try it on there. They were too many for us. We must get our man out of doors. 'Mr. Fikey at home?' 'No, he ain't.' 'Expected home soon?' 'Why, no, not soon.' 'Ah! is his brother here?' 'I'm his brother.' 'Oh! well, this is an ill-convenience, this is. I wrote him a letter yesterday, saying I'd got a little turn-out to dispose of, and I've took the trouble to bring the turn-out down, a' purpose, and now he ain't in the way.' 'No, he an't in the way. You couldn't make it convenient to call again, could you?' 'Why, no, I couldn't. I want to sell; that's the fact; and I can't put it off. Could you find him anywheres?' At first he said 'No, he couldn't, and then he wasn't sure about it, and then he'd go and try. So, at last he went up-stairs, where there was a sort

of loft, and presently down comes my man himself, in his shirt sleeves.

"Well," he says, "this seems to be rayther a pressing matter of yours." "Yes," I says, "it is rayther a pressing matter, and you'll find it a bargain—dirt-cheap." "I ain't in partickler want of a bargain just now," he says, "but where is it?" "Why," I says, "the turn-out's just outside. Come and look at it." He hasn't any suspicions, and away we go. And the first thing that happens is, that the horse runs away with my friend (who knows no more of driving than a child) when he takes a little trot along the road to show his paces. You never saw such a game in your life!

"When the bolt is over, and the turn-out has come to a stand-still again, Fikey walks round and round it, as grave as a judge—me too. 'There, Sir!' I says. 'There's a neat thing!' 'It an't a bad style of thing,' he says. 'I believe you,' says I. 'And there's a horse!'—for I saw him looking at it. 'Rising eight!' I says, rubbing his fore-legs. (Bless you, there an't a man in the world knows less of horses than I do, but I'd heard my friend at the Livery Stables say he was eight year old, so I says, as knowing as possible, 'Rising Eight.') 'Rising eight, is he?' says he. 'Rising eight,' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'what do you want for it?' 'Why, the first and last figure for the whole concern is five-and-twenty pound!' 'That's very cheap!' he says, looking at me. 'An't it?' I says. 'I told you it was a bargain! Now, without any higgling and haggling about it, what I want is to sell, and that's my price. Further, I'll make it easy to you, and take half the money down, and you can do a bit of stiff* for the balance.' 'Well,' he says again, 'that's very cheap.' 'I believe you,' says I; 'get in and try it, and you'll buy it. Come! take a trial!'

"Ecod, he gets in, and we get in, and we drive along the road, to show him to one of the railway clerks that was hid in the public-house window to identify him. But the clerk was bothered, and didn't know whether it was him, or wasn't—because the reason why? I'll tell you,—on account of his having shaved his whiskers. 'It's a clever little horse,' he says, 'and trots well; and the shay runs light.' 'Not a doubt about it,' I says. 'And now, Mr. Fikey, I may as well make it all right, without wasting any more of your time. The fact is, I'm Inspector Wiold, and you're my prisoner.' 'You don't mean that?' he says. 'I do, indeed.' 'Then burn my body,' says Fikey, 'if this ain't too bad!'

"Perhaps you never saw a man so knocked over with surprise. 'I hope you'll let me have my coat?' he says. 'By all means.' 'Well, then, let's drive to the factory.' 'Why, not exactly that, I think,' said I; 'I've been there, once before, to-day. Suppose we send for it.' He saw it was no go

* Give a bill.

so he sent for it, and put it on, and we drove him up to London, comfortable."

This reminiscence is in the height of its success, when a general proposal is made to the fresh-complexioned, smooth-faced officer, with the strange air of simplicity, to tell the "Butcher's story." But we must reserve the Butcher's story, together with another not less curious in its way, for a concluding paper.

"SWINGING THE SHIP."

A VISIT TO THE COMPASS OBSERVATORY.

THE noble ship with her floating battery of heavy guns, her hundreds of seamen, smart and brave, her powder, shot, and shell for destroying an enemy, and her tons of provender to supply her crew; with her anxious captain and aspiring lieutenants, mates, middys, warrant officers, and her pipeclayed marines are on board. The long pennon whips the winds; the hurry, bustle, and noise of preparation has subsided into the quietude of everything in its place; when the word passes that she is "Ready for Sea."

Next morning the newspapers find just a line and a half in their naval corner for the announcement,—“Her Majesty’s ship Unutterable, 120 guns, went out of harbour yesterday. After she has been swung, and had her compasses adjusted, she will sail for the Pacific.”

“Swing a hundred and twenty gun ship?” says the good citizen interrogatively to himself, as he devours his coffee and his newspaper at breakfast. He pays his taxes and is proud of Britannia and the British navy, but his admiration of the nautical does not help him to a solution. “After she has been swung!” he repeats, and then more immediate affairs draw off his attention, and he leaves the Unutterable to undergo the mysterious. He turns to the debates.

Naval officers are of course more wise on the point, and some of them have more knowledge of the operation than liking for it. It’s apt to spoil the paint now and then, and gives trouble, and upsets some of their arrangements. Many, it must be confessed, have more experience than science in their composition, and when they let out their true feeling, indulge, perhaps, in a half growl, in which the words “new-fangled” and “deal of trouble” might be heard. But the operation goes on nevertheless, and little doubt but the toil is forgotten and the growl repented when—far, far at sea, a murky sky shuts out the sun and the stars, and forbids heaven to tell the navigator where he is—with a waste of waters, hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles around him, he has nought but his figures and his little trembling needles of magnetised iron to guide him on his way; to direct him wide of the sunken rock and the sandy shoal as he nears the wished-for coast.

The loss of British ships by wreck has been

stated at between five and six hundred in a year—or about “a ship and a half-a-day.” This terrible loss has been ascribed to many causes—to the tides and currents of the ocean; to imperfect logs; inaccurate charts; unsteady steerage; inattention to the lead; stress of weather; defective ships, and defective management; but last, if not greatest, says Captain Johnson, who gives this catalogue of sources of disaster, we have the errors of the compass. These errors were noticed—now nearly a couple of centuries ago, and from those days to the present time careful mariners have often called attention to the subject. “Officers in charge of convoys during the war,” continues Captain Johnson, “will probably remember the care with which the general signal was displayed at sunset, to steer a given course during the night,” with what alacrity that signal was repeated by the ships of war in their stations, and answered by every merchant-vessel in the fleet; and they will also possibly remember with what surprise,—nay, indignation,—they observed when daylight came, almost the entire convoy dispersed over the ocean as far as the eye could reach, and mayhap a suspicious looking stranger or two escorting those farthest away, further astray, in despite of all the shots fired during a morning watch to recall them. That such dispersements were in part attributable to the differences of the compasses in each ship, there can be no doubt; but the greatest delinquents in this particular, in all probability, were not the merchant vessels, but rather the ships of war; *the attractive power of their guns upon the compasses* being now a well-known and constantly proved fact.”

The Apollo frigate, and forty merchantmen of her convoy, in 1803 were wrecked together on the coast of Portugal, when they believed themselves to be two hundred miles to the westward. The error of the frigate’s compasses is believed to have been the cause of the disaster; and a similar belief exists with respect to the dreadful wrecks of our line-of-battle ships on the coasts of Jutland and Holland in 1811. The wreck of the *Reliance*, Indiaman, on the coast of France, when one hundred and nine lives were lost, in 1842, is another painful accident ascribed to errors of the compasses induced by the presence on board of a large iron tank forty-six feet long, the attraction of which had been overlooked—for a hollow tank has a magnetic influence as great as a solid mass of the same external dimensions—and such a mass would weigh four hundred and sixty-eight tons.

These errors in the needle that guides the ship, so dangerous in their results, at last attracted official attention in England. Inquiries were extended in various directions, and it was found that “in some ships the deviation was small; in others it was large enough to cause the loss of a ship, even during a short run; whilst in others, again, from the position of some iron stanchion, bolt or bar, or stand

of arms, the error might be changed in the opposite direction ; so that the deviation in one vessel was not a guide to its amount or direction in another ; and that there was no other remedy but ascertaining the fact by direct experiment in each ship." These facts were recognised by a committee of English officers, appointed to investigate the matter, one of whom was the Captain Johnson whom we have already quoted, and of whose subsequent labours we shall have further presently to speak.

With these words of explanatory preface, let us set out on a visit to the establishment where the dangers of those afloat are sought to be lessened by scientific investigations on shore.

About two miles and a half eastwards from the Greenwich Observatory, in the picturesque parish of Charlton, and on the extreme corner of the high land that runs from Blackheath, till it juts out close upon the banks of the Thames—stands the building we are in search of. Those who may try to discover it will probably find some little difficulty in the task, for the place is unpretending in outward aspect, and is little known in the neighbourhood ; has never before been publicly described—except, perhaps, in those unread publications called Blue Books, and in the technical volume of the naval officer who has charge of this sanctum of science.

It is called the Compass Observatory ; and its locality may probably be more completely indicated by saying that it is not very distant from, though on a far higher level than that corner of the Woolwich Dockyard whence the great chimney soars up like a rival monument to that on Fish Street Hill, and where the engine that sets the Dockyard Machines in motion hums like a bee of forty-horse power. When the place is reached, those who expect to see "a public building," will be disappointed ; those who like to find that Science may abide in small and humble places, will be pleased. A long strip of newly-reclaimed land, a detached brick house, and in its rear, an octagonal wooden structure of little greater outward pretensions than a citizen's "summer house," make up the whole establishment.

Passing under the pleasant shade of two fine oak trees, and then between a collection of very promising roses, we enter the house. Once inside, we see that the spirit of order, regularity, and neatness, is there paramount. The exactitude requisite for scientific observation, gives a habit of exactness in other things. In one room we perceive a galvanic battery ready for experiments ; a disc of iron for showing a now defunct mode of steadying the vibrations of the compass ; a specimen of the mixed iron and wood braced together as they are now employed in the construction of first-class ships of the Royal Navy, like the Queen's Yacht ; and more interesting than all the rest, a copper bowl,

contrived by Arago, for stilling the irritability (so to speak) of the magnetic needle.

The French astronomer and ex-minister of the Provisional Government here claims our admiration of his scientific skill, and his work suggests the reflexion how much more pleasant the calm pursuit of nature's laws must be to such a man, than the turbulent effort to enact rules and constitutions for an impetuous and changeable people. Passing from this room to another, we find books, and charts, and maps, on which are laid down the magnetic currents over the great oceans, and amongst its instrumental relics, a magnetic needle that belonged to poor Captain Cook. It is a plain small bar of steel in a rough wooden case, but to the mariner who loves his craft and its heroes, this morsel of iron has an interest greater than the most perfect of nautical inventions—for Cook was a seaman who achieved great ends with humble means and from humble beginnings. A third room is full of compasses of all sorts, sizes, and kinds, from China, from Denmark, from France ; from the most rude and simple, to the most complex and finished. All the schemes and plans ever proposed for improving this useful invention are here preserved. Many of the contrivances have been discovered more than once. A sanguine theorist completes what to him is perfectly new. Certain that he is to be immortalised and enriched, he sets off to the Observatory with his treasure, to reveal his grand secret, and receive the anticipated reward. He is shown into the compass-room, and there,—horror of horrors,—upon the table, amidst a host of others, there is an old discarded instrument the very counterpart of his own ! It was made, and tried, and discarded, years ago.

From the main brick building we pass through another line of roses, and under a bower, boasting some fifty different varieties of that charming flower, to the wooden structure in the rear, which is, in fact, the Observatory.

This building is entirely free from iron. It is approached by stone steps ; the door has a pure copper lock, which being opened by a copper key, swings on copper hinges to admit the visitor after he has first cleared the dirt from his shoes upon a copper scraper. Nearly facing the door is a stove to keep up the temperature in cold weather. It looks black enough, and has a black funnel. When the visitor is told that Captain Johnson has his coat-buttons carefully made without any iron shank concealed under their silken cover ; and that his assistant, Mr. Brunton, repudiates buttons to his jacket altogether, and has pockets guiltless of a knife ; he is apt to turn to the stove, and hint the presence there of the forbidden metal.

"Ah, ah !" is the reply, it looks like iron sure enough ; but the fireplace, the chimney, the poker, the shovel, are all alike. Nothing

but copper, copper, pure copper. This suggests an anecdote. When the operations in this Compass Observatory were first commenced, there was found to be a small variation in the magnet. The instruments were re-adjusted; their character was investigated, their construction re-examined; other observations were made—but still the variation continued. Pockets were searched for knives; the garden looked over to see that no stray spade or rake had been left outside the building, yet near enough for mischief. Nothing could be discovered. At length the *brass* bolt on the window was suspected; and though brass had a good character, not being thought capable of coaxing the magnet from its truth, it was, in despair of finding any other delinquent, unscrewed from its position. No sooner was this done, than the wayward needle returned to its true position; the brass bolt was ejected in disgrace, and no morsel of the brazen metal has since been allowed to show itself within the precincts of the building sacred to the mysterious fluid that draws the iron needle to the North.

Once inside the Observatory, the first impression is one of isolation and quietude. Look up to the wooden roof, and you see two shutters, to be opened when an observation is to be made upon a star. Through the floor rise three pedestals of masonry, built solidly from the earth, and isolated from the Observatory floor, so that no vibration may be communicated to them. All three stand in a row, running north and south. The object of two of them is to support with complete steadiness and truth two instruments for determining, at any moment of time, the exact magnetic north, whilst the third pedestal holds one by one the compasses brought there to be tested. The most northern of these three narrow stone tables is, in fact, a bed of trial—a place of ordeal—whilst the other two support the instrumental judges, who are to pass sentence upon the fluttering needles brought under their unyielding gaze. The test is a severe one. It is easy, with proper means, to get the true magnetic north with a fixed instrument on shore, but to make something that shall tell it with equal truth upon the deck of a ship, as it heaves and tosses, and plunges on the sea, is a very different thing. Yet, instruments equal to such triumphs of skill are obtained, and in this place it is that their qualities are first investigated. The south pedestal has upon it a tall tube of glass, within which there hang some long fibres of untwisted silk, supporting a magnetic tube so beautifully poised, that it obeys without let or hindrance its natural tendency towards the magnetic north. This tubular magnet has at one end a glass on which a scale and figures are engraved, but so fine and small as to be with difficulty seen by the naked eye. The second pedestal supports a telescope, with which the observer looks down the tubular throat of the magnet towards this

tiny scale on the glass at its extremity. Our friends, the "spiders," have contributed some lines to the telescope, and the centre one of these crosses the exact figure showing the magnetic position at the moment.

With this figure in his mind, the telescope and the observer's eye are poised in the opposite direction, through the window of the Observatory, towards a spot some half mile to the north, called Cox's Mount; an eminence on which a wall has been raised to bear a numbered scale similar to that on the magnet—with this difference—that the one is very minute, and the other very large. To the corresponding figure on the distant wall the instrument is directed, and being thus pointed towards the true magnetic north, it is brought to bear upon the pivot of the compass—which by this time occupies a place on the top of the third pedestal to be tested. Without a complex description, and the free use of scientific terms, it would be perhaps impossible to convey a thoroughly exact conception of the steps of the whole process. Such a detail would be not only too technical, but unnecessary, here. It will be enough in general terms to say, therefore, that the indication obtained from a star, or from the instrument on the south pedestal, called the collimator, is, by means of the instrument in the centre, combined with a mark upon a distant object, and then brought down to prove the true powers of the compass placed on the third pedestal. It is a beautifully exact operation. The silence of isolation, the steadiness of stone tables and practised operators, the most beautifully constructed instruments, are combined to ensure accurate realities as a result. The tests are so varied, and so often repeated, that no error can escape, and the compass, when it leaves the building to begin its adventures afloat, commences its career with an irreproachable character as a Standard Compass of the Royal Navy—to be, on board the ship of war to which it is sent, a kind of master instrument of reference, by which ruder and cheaper compasses may be checked and regulated.

Just as the history of the stars and of the variations of the magnet is registered and posted up at the Greenwich Observatory, so is that of the compasses entered up here. Every compass that passes its examination may be said to receive its commission, and be appointed to a ship. Its number is taken; its vessel and destination are noted, and, subsequently, its length of service. On its return home from successive trips, it comes back to this place, when its character is again investigated and note made of any loss of magnetic power, of any deviations it may have exhibited, how it may have lost and how gained, and of any other circumstances showing either improvement or deterioration. Now and then one is blacklisted, but this seldom happens; the greatest loss yet noted being 30 minutes. The Standard Compasses cost, when made new,

with tripod and all complete, 25*l.* each. After they have been some years in service afloat, they are sent into hospital for overhaul and repair. This costs generally 4*l.* or 5*l.*, and they are then again as good as ever, and ready to guide another ship on her way over the mighty waters. The scientific part of the fittings of a ship of war, though of greatest value, are thus of lowest cost. A Standard Compass is, indeed, a beautiful result of human ingenuity. Generations of seamen and men of science have discussed the best form and materials, and the best mode of suspending the needle, that it may most freely and truly follow its mysterious love for the north. From the days of the old adventurers round the globe, to the date of the last voyages to the Arctic regions, successive sea captains have thought, and watched, and suggested, and the Standard Compass of the English Navy combines, it is believed, all that is best in all their thinking. After the Observatory was established, and one of its duties had been defined to be to pursue investigations on the deviation of the needle, it was thought desirable to have specimens of the instruments used in the war ships of other naval nations. With the open liberality that unites in brotherhood the scientific men of all countries, France and Denmark sent specimens of what their best men had succeeded in perfecting for the use of their navies. These instruments are very good, and attract deserved attention in the observatory-collection of specimens. The Frenchman is scientific, simple, and with an excellent contrivance for a moveable agate plane to avoid friction in the motion of the needle. The Dane is a good substantial instrument, even more excellently finished than the compasses issued to our navy.

The English Compass is, however, believed with good reason to be the best yet contrived. It has grown up to its present excellence by slow degrees. Human ingenuity has been taxed to its utmost, and it has passed to its present perfection through the various trials of needles of all sorts of shapes swung in all sorts of ways, and by springs, and floating cards, modifying the instrument to the varying conditions of a small boat tossing on waves, or a line of battle ship jarring under the recoil of a broadside. And now we find our Compass-needle made of iron that, being got from the Swedish mines, has travelled to Strasbourg to be prepared for clock springs; thence to Paris, to be still more highly wrought by the watchmaker; and then to London, to take its sea-going shape. Four bars of this choice metal, or of shear-steel of equally fine quality, are ranged edgewise under a card, thickened and stiffened yet kept transparent by a sheet of mica, brought from the Russian mines; this card moves upon a point made of a metal harder than steel, and incapable of corrosion; and which sometimes, under the name of Iridium, but more correctly under that of "native alloy,"

is found by the refiners as they smelt the platinum and silver gained from the Ural Mountains or the mines of Spain. The Iridium or alloy comes to the workshop in the tiniest of glass bottles—bottles as small round as a goose-quill, and about an inch long—in morsels not much bigger than a pin's head, and weighing each less than half a grain. Some of these prove too soft, some too spongy, some too brittle, but at last one is found hard and good, and it is soldered upon the pivot, that, when sharpened and polished, is to work upon a cap, formed of a ruby, brought from the East. A bowl of the metal suggested by the French philosopher being prepared, from the produce of the mines of Cornwall; and the science of the English philosopher, and the skill of the English workman, having brought all these things into their proper shape and places; we have, as the result, the Standard Compass, whose fitness to guide her Majesty's ship the Unutterable, we have just seen tested by Captain Johnson at the Woolwich Compass Observatory.

Our favourite newspaper has just stated that that gallant ship "is now at Greenhithe waiting to have her compasses adjusted." So, then, the instruments so accurate at the Observatory a few days ago, are all wrong again on shipboard. Just so. The moment they get to their places afloat, their fidelity to the north wavers,—in one ship more, in another less; but in all in a greater or smaller degree in proportion to the quantity of iron used in the construction of the vessel, and the nearness of that metal to the compasses; in proportion to the number of the iron guns and the total weight of metal carried; to the length of the funnel in steamships, and to the condition of that funnel whether upright or hauled down. All this is both new and strange enough. We have learnt already what loss of ships convoyed and ships wrecked has arisen from these deviations: deviations long neglected on board all vessels and to this hour unrecognised or unattended to in our mercantile marine! Since the Royal Navy, however, has a scientific officer, Captain Johnson, especially employed in attending to the important duty of adjusting the compasses: let us go with him and his assistant, Mr. Brunton, from the Compass Observatory to the anchorage at Greenhithe, and see how he will "swing" the gallant line of battle ship, the Unutterable.

The trip occupies a very short time, for we have steam at command. Arrived in the Reach, we find five floating buoys anchored in the stream, one forming a centre, and four being disposed at equal distances about it, just as the five pips are placed upon a card—say the five of spades. The good ship to be operated upon is already fast by the head to the centre buoy, and Captain Johnson having mounted her deck, and his assistant, Mr.

Brunton, having been rowed ashore, a rope is run out from the ship's stern and made fast to one of the corner buoys. The Standard Compass being fixed in the proper position which it is to occupy in the ship, neither too high nor too low, and the guns and other iron being round about it, as they are to remain during the voyage, the mooring ropes are adjusted, and the ship's head is put due north. Meanwhile, Mr. Brunton has set up a compass ashore, and all being ready, Captain Johnson, at a given moment, observes the bearing of a distant object—the Tower at Shooter's Hill—noting the bearing of the needle on board. At that instant the pennant that floated at the mast-head is hauled down from the truck. This being the concerted signal, at the same second of time the assistant ashore observed the needle of his compass. The two instruments vary, and the deviation of that on board, compared with that ashore, is due to the iron of the ship. The stern ropes are hauled from one buoy to another, and again made fast, the ship's head now pointing in another direction. The observations and the signals are repeated. Each deviation of the ship's compass is carefully noted upon a card previously prepared for the purpose. The ship's stern is then hauled round to the third outside buoy, and the compasses being again examined, she is next hauled round to the fourth buoy. Her head by this time has been north, east, south, west; on each point the deviations of her compasses have been tested, noted, and the card shows their character and proper adjustment. *The ship has been swung.* Science has done its best for her, and the word is given to heave anchor, for she is now truly "Ready for Sea."

AN EXPLORING ADVENTURE.

THE Litany of a Bushman on the Borders might well run, "From native dogs, from scabby sheep, from blacks, from droughts, from governors' proclamations, good Lord, deliver us."

The droughts come in their appointed season, and the day will be, when wells and tanks and aqueducts will redeem many a part from the curse of periodical barrenness: the blacks soon tame or fade before the white man's face; unfortunately the seat of the native dogs, and home-bred or town-bred governing crotchets are more plentiful in long settled than new found countries. At any rate, I have experienced them all, and now give the following passage of my life for the benefit of the gentlemen "who live at home at ease," hatching theories for our good—Heaven help their silliness!

I had been two years comfortably settled with a nice lot of cattle and sheep, part my own, part on "thirds," when the people south of me began to complain of drought. I had enough feed and water; the question was, whether it would last.

I called my bullock-driver, Bald-faced Dick, into consultation. He was laid up at the time with a broken leg. Dick strongly advised looking for a new station "to the northward."

The sheep would do for months, but he thought we were overstocked with cattle. I had a good deal of confidence in Dick's judgment; for he was a "first fleeter," that is, came over with Governor Phillips in the first fleet; had seen everything in the colony, both good and bad; had, it was whispered, in early years fled from a flogging master, and lived, some said, with the blacks; others averred with a party of Gully-rakers (cattle-stealers); he swore horridly, was dangerous when he had drunk too much rum, but was a thorough Bushman; by the stars, or by sun, and the fall of the land, could find his way anywhere by day or night, understood all kinds of stock, and could make bullocks understand him. He knew every roving character in the colony, the quality of every station, and more about the far interior than he chose to tell to every one. With all his coarseness, he was generous and good-natured, and when well paid, and fairly and strictly treated, stood upon "Bush honour," and could be thoroughly depended on.

Having had an opportunity of serving him in a rather serious matter previous to his entering my service, I was pretty sure of his best advice.

The end of it was, for a promise of five pounds he obtained from a friend of his a description of a country hitherto unsettled, and first-rate for cattle. These men, who can neither read nor write, have often a talent for description, which is astonishing.

Having heard a minute detail of the "pack," and studied a sort of map drawn on the lid of a tea-chest with a burned stick, I decided on exploring with my overseer, Jem Carden, and, if successful, returning for the cattle and drags, all loaded for founding a station.

We only took our guns and tomahawks, with tea, sugar, a salt tongue, and small damper ready baked, being determined to make long marches, starting early, camping at mid-day, and marching again in the evening as long as it was light.

Our first stage was only twenty-five miles to young Marson's cattle-station. Marson was a cadet, of a noble family, and having been too fast at home and in India as a cavalry subaltern, had been sent out with a fair capital to Australia, under the idea that a fortune was to be had for asking, and no means of expense open in the Bush. What money he did not leave in the bars and billiard-rooms of Sydney, he invested in a herd of six hundred cattle; to look after these, he had four men, whom he engaged, one because he could fight, another because he could sing, and all because they flattered him. With these fellows he lived upon terms of perfect equality, with a

keg of rum continually on the tap. Then, for want of better society, he made his hut the rendezvous of a tribe of tame blacks.

We found him sitting on the floor in a pair of trowsers and ragged shirt, unwashed, uncombed, pale-faced and red-eyed, surrounded by half-a-dozen black gins (his sultanas), a lot of dogs, poultry, a tame kangaroo, and two of his men. The floor was littered with quart pots, lumps of fat, and damper outside the hut; the relations of the black ladies had made a fire, and were cooking a piece of a fine young heifer. What with the jabbering of the gins, the singing and swearing of the men, and the yelping of the dogs, it was no place for a quiet meal, so we only stayed long enough to drink a pot of tea, so as not to offend, and passed on to camp an hour under the shade of a thicket near the river.

Marson having, with the assistance of his black friends, consumed all his stock, has returned home; and, I hear, asserts everywhere that Australia is not a country a gentleman can live in.

Our course next, after crossing the dividing range, lay over a very flat country, all burned up as far as the eye could reach,—a perfect desert of sand. The chain of pools which formed the river after rain, were nearly choked up by the putrifying carcasses of cattle, smothered in fighting for water. The air was poisonous; the horses sank fetlock-deep at every stride; the blazing sun was reflected back from the hot sand with an intensity that almost blinded our half-shut eyes. After three hours of this misery, we struck into a better country, and soon after came up to the camp of a squatter, who had been forced forward by the drought. He had marked out about twenty miles along the river for his run,—a pretty good slice, I thought, when, before turning back, he said, "That is all I want." It was no business of ours, as we had views further a-field. For three days we pushed on, making from thirty to forty miles a day, without seeing anything exactly to our mind. We rode over arid plains, dotted with scrubby brushwood, then up precipitous hills; now leaping, now clambering down and up, and now riding round to avoid dry gullies and ravines; passing occasionally breaks of green pasture, but insufficiently watered for my purpose. Sometimes our way lay along mountain sides, sometimes in the dry bed of a torrent. Sometimes huge boulders interrupted our course, sometimes the gigantic trunks of fallen trees. More than once we had to steer through a forest of the monotonous, shadeless gum, with its lofty, dazzlingly white trunks festooned with the brown, curly bark of the previous year, and its parasol-like but shadeless branches, where crimson, green, and snowy parrot tribes shrieked and whistled among the evergreen leaves. It is impossible to conceive anything more gorgeous than these birds as they fluttered in the sun; but I confess that, "on serious thoughts

intent," during this journey, they were more often associated with my ideas of supper than anything else.

The evening of the third day, we found ourselves obliged to camp down with a scanty supply of brackish water, and no signs of any living thing. The next day was worse; a land of silence and desolation, where it seemed as if mountains had been crumbled up and scattered about in hills and lumps. The dry earth cracked and yawned in all directions. Failing to find water, we camped down, parched, weary, silent, but not despairing.

The next morning the horses were gone.

I cannot find words to describe what we suffered in the subsequent twelve hours. I had walked until my feet were one mass of blisters, and was ready to lie down and die ten times in the day; but somehow I found strength to walk, always chewing a bullet. At length, at nightfall, we found our horses; and, nearly at the same time, to crown our delight—water. At the sight of this, we both involuntarily sank down on our knees to return thanks for life saved.

The next morning, after a scanty breakfast, we set to work, and by dint of cutting away with axe and jack-knife, at the expense of clothes and skin, through a brigalow scrub for half a mile, found our way into a gap through which our track lay, and which we had missed. It led straight to the dividing range.

After crossing five miles from the foot of the range, through a barren tract, our eyes and hearts were suddenly rejoiced by the sight of the wished-for land.

A plain, covered with fine green barley-grass, as high as our horses' heads, and sprinkled over with the myal shrub, which cattle and sheep will eat and thrive on, even without grass. Such was the delicious prospect before us. A flood had evidently but lately subsided, for lagoons full of water were scattered all about; a river running at the rate of five miles an hour, serpentine as far as the eye could see, from which the water-fowl fluttered up as we passed; the eagle hawks were sweeping along after flocks of quail, and mobs of kangaroos hopping about like huge rabbits. There was not a sign of horn or hoof anywhere, but it was evident the aborigines were numerous, for there were paths worn down where they had been in the habit of travelling, from one angle of the river to another; we could trace their footmarks and of all sizes, and thereupon we unslung our guns and looked at the priming. Altogether I thought I had discovered the finest place for a cattle-station in the colony; I found out afterwards that the first appearance of a new country before it has been stocked is not to be depended on.

We formed a camp in an angle of the river, so as to have protection on three sides, ventured, in spite of the danger, to light a fire and cook some game. Oh, how delicious was that meal! As I lay near the river's

edge, peeping through the tall grass, I saw the horrid emus, that rare and soon to be extinct bird, come down the slopes on the opposite side to drink in numbers; a sure sign that white men were as yet strangers to these plains.

We spent some days in examination, and during the exploration met with adventures with the aborigines, I will not now relate. Having marked a station with my initials, and in returning made out a route practicable for drays, by which I afterwards made my way with a large herd of cattle, although not without enduring more than I could tell in a few lines.

Our horses having picked up their flesh in a fortnight's spell on the green plains, we got back at a rattling pace, but, before arriving home, met with an adventure I shall not soon forget. It was at the first station we reached after crossing the "barrens" that divided our newly discovered country. A hut had just been built for the Stockman, a big strong Irishman, more than six feet high, a regular specimen of a Tipperary chicken. He had been entertaining us with characteristic hospitality; and we were smoking our pipes round the fire, when the hut-keeper rushed in without his hat, crying—

"Tom! Tom! the blacks are coming down on us, all armed, as hard as they can run. Shut the door! for Heaven's sake shut the door!" Tom banged it to, and put his shoulder against it, while the keeper was pulling up the bar, and Carden and I were getting the lock-cases off our fire-arms. Unfortunately the door was made roughly of green wood, and had shrunk, leaving gaps between the slabs.

In the mean time about thirty blacks hurled a volley of spears that made the walls ring again; and then advancing boldly up, one of them thrust a double-jagged spear through the door, slap into Tom's throat. My back was turned towards him, being busy putting a fresh cap on my carbine. I heard his cry, and, turning, saw him fall into the arms of the hut-keeper. I thrust the barrel of my piece through a hole against a black devil, and fired at the same moment that my man did. The two dropped; the rest retreated, but turned back, and caught up their dead friends. Carden flung open the door again, and gave them the contents of his other barrel. My black put the hut-keeper's musket into my hand; I gave them a charge of buck-shot. Three more fell, and the rest, dropping their friends, disappeared across the river. All this was the work of a moment. We then turned our attention to the stock-keeper. The spear had entered at the chin, and come out on the other side three or four inches. There was not a great flow of blood, but he was evidently bleeding inwardly. He was perfectly collected, and said he was quite sure he should die.

We cut the end of the spear short off, but

did not dare to take it out. The hut-keeper got on a horse, leading another, and rode for a doctor who lived one hundred and fifty miles off; he never stopped except to give the horses a feed two or three times in the whole distance, but when he reached his journey's end, the doctor was out. In the mean time poor Tom made his will, disposing of a few head of cattle, mare and foal, and also signed a sort of dying testament to the effect that he had never wronged any of the blacks in any way. The weather was very hot, mortification came on, and he died in agony two days after receiving his wound.

The outrage was reported to the Commissioner, but no notice was taken of it although we were paying a tax for Border Police at the time.

Not many years have elapsed since we fought for our lives—since I read the burial service over the poor murdered Stockman. A handsome verandah'd villa now stands in the place of the slab hut; yellow corn waves over the Irishman's grave, and while cattle and sheep abound, as well white men, women, and children, there is not a wild black within two hundred miles.

THE BIRTH OF MORNING.

PURE, calm, diffused, the twilight of the morn
Is in the glen, among the dewy leaves.
Its gentle radiance, more heavenly-born
Than the half-loving sunbeam, never grieves
A nook, unvisited. This Earth receives
The light which makes no shade, as the caress
Of God on his creation, and upheaves
Her soft face, innocent with peace, to bless,
Babe-like, his watchful eye with waking tenderness.

A gate admits us to the Hill we seek;
Through woods a track upon the turf we find;
The trees are dripping dew, their tall stems creak
And rub together when the morning wind
Lightly caresses them. We pause to mind
The note of one awakened bird, whose cry,
Quaint and repeated, is not like its kind.
Our ears are ignorant. Now up the high
And mossy slope we climb, beneath an open sky.

We reach the summit. Earth is in a dream
Of misty seas, and islands strangely born—
The unreal, from reality. The stream
Of wraith-like sights which, ere he can be torn
From peaceful sleep, delights the travel-worn
At slumber's painted gate, is not more wild
Than the imagining of Earth when Morn
Bids her awaken. So a dreaming child
Looks through white angel wings, and sees all
undefiled.

The blessed dream-land fancy of the young,
More truthful than the reasoning of age,
Is like this vision of the morning, sprung
Of earth and air. These lines upon the page
Of Nature have life in them. They assuage
The fevers of the world, they are the dew
Of calm,—and God is calm. How mortals wago
Their wars of weakness Light reveals to view;
Reason fights through the false, but Fancy feels
the true.

AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY.

IN one of the dirtiest and most gloomy streets leading to the Rue Saint Denis, in Paris, there stands a tall and ancient house, the lower portion of which is a large mercer's shop. This establishment is held to be one of the very best in the neighbourhood, and has for many years belonged to an individual on whom we will bestow the name of Ramin.

About ten years ago, Monsieur Ramin was a jovial red-faced man of forty, who joked his customers into purchasing his goods, flattered the pretty *grisettes* outrageously, and now and then gave them a Sunday treat at the barrier, as the cheapest way of securing their custom. Some people thought him a careless, good-natured fellow, and wondered how, with his off-hand ways, he contrived to make money so fast, but those who knew him well saw that he was one of those who "never lost an opportunity." Others declared that Monsieur Ramin's own definition of his character was, that he was a "*bon enfant*," and that "it was all luck." He shrugged his shoulders and laughed when people hinted at his deep scheming in making, and his skill in taking advantage of Excellent Opportunities.

He was sitting in his gloomy parlour one fine morning in Spring, breakfasting from a dark liquid honoured with the name of onion soup, glancing at the newspaper, and keeping a vigilant look on the shop through the open door, when his old servant Catherine suddenly observed :

"I suppose you know Monsieur Bonelle has come to live in the vacant apartment on the fourth floor?"

"What!" exclaimed Monsieur Ramin in a loud key.

Catherine repeated her statement, to which her master listened in total silence.

"Well!" he said, at length, in his most careless tones; "what about the old fellow?" and he once more resumed his triple occupation of reading, eating, and watching.

"Why," continued Catherine, "they say he is nearly dying, and that his housekeeper, Marguerite, vowed he could never get upstairs alive. It took two men to carry him up; and when he was at length quiet in bed, Marguerite went down to the porter's lodge and sobbed there a whole hour, saying, "Her poor master, had the gout, the rheumatics, and a bad asthma; that though he had been got up stairs, he would never come down again alive; that if she could only get him to confess his sins and make his will, she would not mind it so much; but that when she spoke of the lawyer or the priest, he blasphemed at her like a heathen, and declared he would live to bury her and every body else."

Monsieur Ramin heard Catherine with great attention, forgot to finish his soup, and remained for five minutes in profound rui-

nation, without so much as perceiving two customers who had entered the shop and were waiting to be served. When aroused, he was heard to exclaim :

"What an excellent opportunity!"

Monsieur Bonelle had been Ramin's predecessor. The succession of the latter to the shop was a mystery. No one ever knew how it was that this young and poor assistant managed to replace his patron. Some said that he had detected Monsieur Bonelle in frauds which he threatened to expose, unless the business were given up to him as the price of his silence; others averred that, having drawn a prize in the lottery, he had resolved to set up a fierce opposition over the way, and that Monsieur Bonelle, having obtained a hint of his intentions, had thought it most prudent to accept the trifling sum his clerk offered, and avoid a ruinous competition. Some charitable souls—moved no doubt by Monsieur Bonelle's misfortune—endeavoured to console and pump him; but all they could get from him was the bitter exclamation, "To think I should have been duped by *him!*" For Ramin had the art, though then a mere youth, to pass himself off on his master as an innocent provincial lad. Those who sought an explanation from the new mercer, were still more unsuccessful. "My good old master," he said in his jovial way, "felt in need of repose, and so I obligingly relieved him of all business and botheration."

Years passed away; Ramin prospered, and neither thought nor heard of his "good old master." The house, of which he tenanted the lower portion, was offered for sale: he had long coveted it, and had almost concluded an agreement with the actual owner, when Monsieur Bonelle unexpectedly stepped in at the eleventh hour, and by offering a trifle more secured the bargain. The rage and mortification of Monsieur Ramin were extreme. He could not understand how Bonelle, whom he had thought ruined, had scraped up so large a sum; his lease was out, and he now felt himself at the mercy of the man he had so much injured. But either Monsieur Bonelle was free from vindictive feelings, or those feelings did not blind him to the expediency of keeping a good tenant; for though he raised the rent, until Monsieur Ramin groaned inwardly, he did not refuse to renew the lease. They had met at that period; but never since.

"Well, Catherine," observed Monsieur Ramin to his old servant, on the following morning, "How is that good Monsieur Bonelle getting on?"

"I dare say you feel very uneasy about him," she replied with a sneer.

Monsieur Ramin looked up and frowned.

"Catherine," said he, dryly, "you will have the goodness, in the first place, not to make impertinent remarks; in the second place, you will oblige me by going up stairs to

inquire after the health of Monsieur Bonelle, and say that I sent you."

Catherine grumbled, and obeyed. Her master was in the shop, when she returned in a few minutes, and delivered with evident satisfaction the following gracious message:

"Monsieur Bonelle desires his compliments to you, and declines to state how he is; he will also thank you to attend to your own shop, and not to trouble yourself about his health."

"How does he look?" asked Monsieur Ramin with perfect composure.

"I caught a glimpse of him, and he appears to me to be rapidly preparing for the good offices of the undertaker."

Monsieur Ramin smiled, rubbed his hands, and joked merrily with a dark-eyed grisette, who was cheapening some ribbon for her cap. That girl made an excellent bargain that day.

Towards dusk the mercer left the shop to the care of his attendant, and softly stole up to the fourth story. In answer to his gentle ring, a little old woman opened the door, and, giving him a rapid look, said briefly,

"Monsieur is inexorable; he won't see any doctor whatever."

She was going to shut the door in his face, when Ramin quickly interposed, under his breath, with "I am not a doctor."

She looked at him from head to foot.

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Nothing of the sort, my good lady."

"Well then, are you a priest?"

"I may almost say, quite the reverse."

"Indeed you must go away, Master sees no one."

Once more she would have shut the door; but Ramin prevented her.

"My good lady," said he in his most insinuating tones, "it is true I am neither a lawyer, a doctor, nor a priest. I am an old friend, a very old friend of your excellent master; I have come to see good Monsieur Bonelle in his present affliction."

Marguerite did not answer, but allowed him to enter, and closed the door behind him. He was going to pass from the narrow and gloomy ante-chamber into an inner room—whence now proceeded a sound of loud coughing—when the old woman laid her hand on his arm, and raising herself on tiptoe, to reach his ear whispered:

"For Heaven's sake, Sir, since you are his friend, do talk to him; do tell him to make his will, and hint something about a soul to be saved, and all that sort of thing: do, Sir!"

Monsieur Ramin nodded and winked in a way that said "I will." He proved however his prudence by not speaking aloud; for a voice from within sharply exclaimed,

"Marguerite, you are talking to some one. Marguerite, I will see neither doctor nor lawyer; and if any meddling priest dare—"

"It is only an old friend, Sir," interrupted Marguerite, opening the inner door.

Her master, on looking up, perceived the

red face of Monsieur Ramin peeping over the old woman's shoulder, and refully cried out,

"How dare you bring that fellow here? And you, Sir, how dare you come?"

"My good old friend, there are feelings," said Ramin, spreading his fingers over the left pocket of his waistcoat,— "there are feelings," he repeated, "that cannot be subdued. One such feeling brought me here. The fact is, I am a good-natured easy fellow, and I never bear malice. I never forget an old friend, but love to forget old differences when I find one party in affliction."

He drew a chair forward as he spoke, and composedly seated himself opposite to his late master.

Monsieur Bonelle was a thin old man with a pale sharp face and keen features. At first he eyed his visitor from the depths of his vast arm-chair; but, as if not satisfied with this distant view, he bent forward, and laying both hands on his thin knees, he looked up into Ramin's face with a fixed and piercing gaze. He had not, however, the power of disconcerting his guest.

"What did you come here for?" he at length asked.

"Merely to have the extreme satisfaction of seeing how you are, my good old friend. Nothing more."

"Well, look at me—and then go."

Nothing could be so discouraging: but this was an Excellent Opportunity, and when Monsieur Ramin had an excellent opportunity in view, his pertinacity was invincible. Being now resolved to stay, it was not in Monsieur Bonelle's power to banish him. At the same time, he had tact enough to render his presence agreeable. He knew that his coarse and boisterous wit had often delighted Monsieur Bonelle of old, and he now exerted himself so successfully as to betray the old man two or three times into hearty laughter.

"Ramin," said he, at length, laying his thin hand on the arm of his guest, and peering with his keen glance into the mercer's purple face, "you are a funny fellow, but I know you; you cannot make me believe you have called just to see how I am, and to amuse me. Come, be candid for once; what do you want?"

Ramin threw himself back in his chair, and laughed blandly, as much as to say, "Can you suspect me?"

"I have no shop now out of which you can wheedle me," continued the old man; "and surely you are not such a fool as to come to me for money."

"Money?" repeated the draper, as if his host had mentioned something he never dreamt of. "Oh, no!"

Ramin saw it would not do to broach the subject he had really come about, too abruptly, now that suspicion seemed so wide awake—the opportunity had not arrived.

"There is something up, Ramin, I know;

I see it in the twinkle of your eye: but you can't deceive me again."

"Deceive *you*?" said the jolly schemer, shaking his head reverentially. "Deceive a man of your penetration and depth? Impossible! The bare supposition is flattery. My dear friend," he continued, soothingly, "I did not dream of such a thing. The fact is, Bonelle, though they call me a jovial, careless, rattling dog, I have a conscience; and, somehow, I have never felt quite easy about the way in which I became your successor down-stairs. It *was* rather sharp practice, I admit."

Bonelle seemed to relent.

"Now for it," said the Opportunity-hunter to himself.—"By-the-by," (speaking aloud,) "this house must be a great trouble to you in your present weak state? Two of your lodgers have lately gone away without paying—a great nuisance, especially to an invalid."

"I tell you I'm as sound as a colt."

"At all events, the whole concern must be a great bother to you. If I were you, I would sell the house."

"And if I were *you*," returned the landlord, dryly, "I would buy it —"

"Precisely," interrupted the tenant, eagerly.

"That is, if you could get it. Phoo! I knew you were after something. Will you give eighty thousand francs for it?" abruptly asked Monsieur Bonelle.

"Eighty thousand francs!" echoed Ramin. "Do you take me for Louis Philippe or the Bank of France?"

"Then, we'll say no more about it—are you not afraid of leaving your shop so long?"

Ramin returned to the charge, heedless of the hint to depart. "The fact is, my good old friend, ready money is not my strong point just now. But if you wish very much to be relieved of the concern, what say you to a life annuity? I could manage that."

Monsieur Bonelle gave a short, dry, churchyard cough, and looked as if his life were not worth an hour's purchase. "You think yourself immensely clever, I dare say," he said. "They have persuaded you that I am dying. Stuff! I shall bury you yet."

The mercer glanced at the thin fragile frame, and exclaimed to himself, "Deluded old gentleman!" "My dear Bonelle," he continued, aloud, "I know well the strength of your admirable constitution; but allow me to observe that you neglect yourself too much. Now, suppose a good sensible doctor—"

"Will you pay him?" interrogated Bonelle sharply.

"Most willingly," replied Ramin, with an eagerness that made the old man smile. "As to the annuity, since the subject annoys you, we will talk of it some other time."

"After you have heard the doctor's report," sneered Bonelle.

The mercer gave him a stealthy glance, which the old man's keen look immediately detected. Neither could repress a smile:

these good souls understood one another perfectly, and Ramin saw that this was not the Excellent Opportunity he desired, and departed.

The next day Ramin sent a neighbouring medical man, and heard it was his opinion that if Bonelle held on for three months longer, it would be a miracle. Delightful news!

Several days elapsed, and although very anxious, Ramin assumed a careless air, and did not call upon his landlord, or take any notice of him. At the end of the week old Marguerite entered the shop to make a trifling purchase.

"And how are we getting on up-stairs?" negligently asked Monsieur Ramin.

"Worse and worse, my good Sir," she sighed. "We have rheumatic pains, which make us often use expressions the reverse of Christian-like, and yet nothing can induce us to see either the lawyer or the priest; the gout is getting nearer to our stomach every day, and still we go on talking about the strength of our constitution. Oh, Sir, if you have any influence with us, do, pray do, tell us how wicked it is to die without making one's will or confessing one's sins."

"I shall go up this very evening," ambiguously replied Monsieur Ramin.

He kept his promise, and found Monsieur Bonelle in bed, groaning with pain, and in the worst of tempers.

"What poisoning doctor did you send?" he asked, with an ireful glance; "I want no doctor, I am not ill; I will not follow his prescription; he forbade me to eat; I *will* eat."

"He is a very clever man," said the visitor. "He told me that never in the whole course of his experience has he met with what he called so much 'resisting power' as exists in your frame. He asked me if you were not of a long-lived race."

"That is as people may judge," replied Monsieur Bonelle. "All I can say is, that my grandfather died at ninety, and my father at eighty-six."

"The doctor owned that you had a wonderfully strong constitution."

"Who said I hadn't?" exclaimed the invalid feebly.

"You may rely on it, you would preserve your health better if you had not the trouble of these vexatious lodgers. Have you thought about the life annuity?" said Ramin as carelessly as he could, considering how near the matter was to his hopes and wishes.

"Why, I have scruples," returned Bonelle, coughing. "I do not wish to take you in. My longevity would be the ruin of you."

"To meet that difficulty," quickly replied the mercer, "we can reduce the interest."

"But I must have high interest," placidly returned Monsieur Bonelle.

Ramin, on hearing this, burst into a loud fit of laughter, called Monsieur Bonelle a sly old fox, gave him a poke in the ribs, which made the old man cough for five minutes, and

then proposed that they should talk it over some other day. The mercer left Monsieur Bonelle in the act of protesting that he felt as strong as a man of forty.

Monsieur Ramin felt in no hurry to conclude the proposed agreement. "The later one begins to pay, the better," he said, as he descended the stairs.

Days passed on, and the negotiation made no way. It struck the observant tradesman that all was not right. Old Marguerite several times refused to admit him, declaring her master was asleep: there was something mysterious and forbidding in her manner that seemed to Monsieur Ramin very ominous. At length a sudden thought occurred to him: the housekeeper—wishing to become her master's heir—had heard his scheme and opposed it. On the very day that he arrived at this conclusion, he met a lawyer, with whom he had formerly had some transactions, coming down the staircase. The sight sent a chill through the mercer's commercial heart, and a presentiment—one of those presentiments that seldom deceive—told him it was too late. He had, however, the fortitude to abstain from visiting Monsieur Bonelle until evening came; when he went up, resolved to see him in spite of all Marguerite might urge. The door was half-open, and the old housekeeper stood talking on the landing to a middle-aged man in a dark cassock.

"It is all over! The old witch has got the priests at him," thought Ramin, inwardly groaning at his own folly in allowing himself to be forestalled.

"You cannot see Monsieur to-night," sharply said Marguerite, as he attempted to pass her.

"Alas! is my excellent friend so very ill?" asked Ramin, in a mournful tone.

"Sir," eagerly said the clergyman, catching him by the button of his coat, "if you are indeed the friend of that unhappy man, do seek to bring him into a more suitable frame of mind. I have seen many dying men, but never so much obstinacy, never such infatuated belief in the duration of life."

"Then you think he really is dying?" asked Ramin; and, in spite of the melancholy accent he endeavoured to assume, there was something so peculiar in his tone, that the priest looked at him very fixedly as he slowly replied,

"Yes, Sir, I think he is."

"Ah!" was all Monsieur Ramin said; and as the clergyman had now relaxed his hold of the button, Ramin passed in spite of the remonstrances of Marguerite, who rushed after the priest. He found Monsieur Bonelle still in bed and in a towering rage.

"Oh! Ramin, my friend," he groaned, "never take a housekeeper, and never let her know you have any property. They are harpies, Ramin,—harpies! such a day as I have had; first, the lawyer, who comes to write down 'my last testamentary dispo-

sitions,' as he calls them; then the priest, who gently hints that I am a dying man. Oh, what a day!"

"And *did* you make your will, my excellent friend?" softly asked Monsieur Ramin, with a keen look.

"Make my will?" indignantly exclaimed the old man; "make my will? what do you mean, Sir? do you mean to say I am dying?"

"Heaven forbid!" piously ejaculated Ramin.

"Then why do you ask me if I have been making my will?" angrily resumed the old man. He then began to be extremely abusive.

When money was in the way, Monsieur Ramin, though otherwise of a violent temper, had the meekness of a lamb. He bore the treatment of his host with the meekest patience, and having first locked the door so as to make sure that Marguerite would not interrupt them, he watched Monsieur Bonelle attentively, and satisfied himself that the Excellent Opportunity he had been ardently longing for had arrived. "He is going fast," he thought; "and unless I settle the agreement to-night, and get it drawn up and signed to-morrow, it will be too late."

"My dear friend," he at length said aloud, on perceiving that the old gentleman had fairly exhausted himself and was lying panting on his back, "you are indeed a lamentable instance of the lengths to which the greedy lust of lucre will carry our poor human nature. It is really distressing to see Marguerite, a faithful, attached servant, suddenly converted into a tormenting harpy by the prospect of a legacy! Lawyers and priests flock around you like birds of prey, drawn thither by the scent of gold! Oh, the miseries of having delicate health combined with a sound constitution and large property!"

"Ramin," groaned the old man, looking inquiringly into his visitor's face, "you are again going to talk to me about that annuity—I know you are!"

"My excellent friend, it is merely to deliver you from a painful position."

"I am sure, Ramin, you think in your soul I am dying," whimpered Monsieur Bonelle.

"Absurd, my dear Sir. Dying? I will prove to you that you have never been in better health. In the first place you feel no pain."

"Excepting from rheumatism," groaned Monsieur Bonelle.

"Rheumatism! who ever died of rheumatism? and if that be all——"

"No, it is not all," interrupted the old man with great irritability; "what would you say to the gout getting higher and higher up every day?"

"The gout is rather disagreeable, but if there is nothing else——"

"Yes, there is something else," sharply said Monsieur Bonelle. "There is an asthma that will scarcely let me breathe, and a racking pain in my head that does not allow me a

moment's ease. "But if you think I am dying, Ramin, you are quite mistaken."

"No doubt, my dear friend, no doubt; but in the meanwhile, suppose we talk of this annuity. Shall we say one thousand francs a year?"

"What?" asked Bonelle, looking at him very fixedly.

"My dear friend, I mistook; I meant two thousand francs per annum," hurriedly rejoined Ramin.

Monsieur Bonelle closed his eyes, and appeared to fall into a gentle slumber. The mercer coughed; the sick man never moved.

"Monsieur Bonelle."

No reply.

"My excellent friend."

Utter silence.

"Are you asleep?"

A long pause.

"Well, then, what do you say to three thousand?"

Monsieur Bonelle opened his eyes.

"Ramin," said he, sententiously, "you are a fool; the house brings me in four thousand as it is."

This was quite false, and the mercer knew it; but he had his own reasons for wishing to seem to believe it true.

"Good Heavens!" said he, with an air of great innocence, "who could have thought it, and the lodgers constantly running away. Four thousand? Well, then, you shall have four thousand."

Monsieur Bonelle shut his eyes once more, and murmured "The mere rental—nonsense!" He then folded his hands on his breast, and appeared to compose himself to sleep.

"Oh, what a sharp man of business he is!" Ramin said, admiringly: but for once omnipotent flattery failed in its effect: "So acute!" continued he, with a stealthy glance at the old man, who remained perfectly unmoved. "I see you will insist upon making it the other five hundred francs."

Monsieur Ramin said this as if five thousand five hundred francs had already been mentioned, and was the very summit of Monsieur Bonelle's ambition. But the ruse failed in its effect; the sick man never so much as stirred.

"But, my dear friend," urged Monsieur Ramin in a tone of feeling remonstrance, "there is such a thing as being too sharp, too acute. How can you expect that I shall give you more when your constitution is so good, and you are to be such a long liver?"

"Yes, but I may be carried off one of those days," quietly observed the old man, evidently wishing to turn the chance of his own death to account.

"Indeed, and I hope so," muttered the mercer, who was getting very ill-tempered.

"You see," soothingly continued Bonelle, "you are so good a man of business, Ramin, that you will double the actual value of the house in no time. I am a quiet, easy person,

indifferent to money; otherwise this house would now bring me in eight thousand at the very least."

"Eight thousand!" indignantly exclaimed the mercer. "Monsieur Bonelle, you have no conscience. Come now, my dear friend, do be reasonable. Six thousand francs a year (I don't mind saying six) is really a very handsome income for a man of your quiet habits. Come, be reasonable." But Monsieur Bonelle turned a deaf ear to reason, and closed his eyes once more. What between opening and shutting them for the next quarter of an hour, he at length induced Monsieur Ramin to offer him seven thousand francs.

"Very well, Ramin, agreed," he quietly said; "you have made an unconscionable bargain." To this succeeded a violent fit of coughing.

As Ramin unlocked the door to leave, he found old Marguerite, who had been listening all the time, ready to assail him with a torrent of whispered abuse for duping her "poor dear innocent old master into such a bargain." The mercer bore it all very patiently; he could make allowances for her excited feelings, and only rubbed his hands and bade her a jovial good evening.

The agreement was signed on the following day, to the indignation of old Marguerite, and the mutual satisfaction of the parties concerned.

Every one admired the luck and shrewdness of Ramin, for the old man every day was reported worse; and it was clear to all that the first quarter of the annuity would never be paid. Marguerite, in her wrath, told the story as a grievance to every one: people listened, shook their heads, and pronounced Monsieur Ramin to be a deuced clever fellow.

A month elapsed. As Ramin was coming down one morning from the attics, where he had been giving notice to a poor widow who had failed in paying her rent, he heard a light step on the stairs. Presently a sprightly gentleman, in buoyant health and spirits, wearing the form of Monsieur Bonelle, appeared. Ramin stood aghast.

"Well, Ramin," gaily said the old man, "how are you getting on? Have you been tormenting the poor widow up-stairs? Why, man, we must live and let live!"

"Monsieur Bonelle," said the mercer, in a hollow tone; "may I ask where are your rheumatics?"

"Gone, my dear friend,—gone."

"And the gout that was creeping higher and higher every day," exclaimed Monsieur Ramin, in a voice of anguish.

"It went lower and lower, till it disappeared altogether," composedly replied Bonelle.

"And your asthma——"

"The asthma remains, but asthmatic people are proverbially long-lived. It is, I have been told, the only complaint that Methuselah was

troubled with." With this Bonelle opened his door, shut it, and disappeared.

Ramin was transfixed on the stairs; petrified with intense disappointment, and a powerful sense of having been duped. When he was discovered, he stared vacantly, and raved about an Excellent Opportunity of taking his revenge.

The wonderful cure was the talk of the neighbourhood, whenever Monsieur Bonelle appeared in the streets, jauntily flourishing his cane. In the first frenzy of his despair, Ramin refused to pay; he accused every one of having been in a plot to deceive him; he turned off Catherine and expelled his porter; he publicly accused the lawyer and priest of conspiracy; brought an action against the doctor, and lost it. He had another brought against him for violently assaulting Marguerite in which he was cast in heavy damages. Monsieur Bonelle did not trouble himself with useless remonstrances, but, when his annuity was refused, employed such good legal arguments, as the exasperated mercer could not possibly resist.

Ten years have elapsed, and MM. Ramin and Bonelle still live on. For a house which would have been dear at fifty thousand francs, the draper has already handed over seventy thousand.

The once red-faced, jovial Ramin is now a pale haggard man, of sour temper and aspect. To add to his anguish, he sees the old man thrive on that money which it breaks his heart to give. Old Marguerite takes a malicious pleasure in giving him an exact account of their good cheer, and in asking him if he does not think Monsieur looks better and better every day. Of one part of this torment Ramin might get rid, by giving his old master notice to quit, and no longer having him in his house. But this he cannot do; he has a secret fear that Bonelle would take some Excellent Opportunity of dying without his knowledge, and giving some other person an Excellent Opportunity of personating him, and receiving the money in his stead.

The last accounts of the victim of Excellent Opportunities represent him as being gradually worn down with disappointment. There seems every probability of his being the first to leave the world; for Bonelle is heartier than ever.

REVIEW OF A POPULAR PUBLICATION. IN THE SEARCHING STYLE.

THE BANK NOTE. *Oblong Octavo.* London, 1850. *The Governor and Company of the Bank of England.* Price, from Five to One Thousand Pounds.

The object of this popular but expensive pocket companion, is not wholly dissimilar from that of its clever and cheaper contemporary "Notes and Queries." As the latter is a "medium of intercommunication for literary

men," so the former is a medium of intercommunication for commercial men; and surely there is no work with which so many queries are constantly connected as the Bank Note. Nothing in existence is so assiduously inquired for; nothing in nature so perseveringly sought.

This is not to be wondered at; for in whatever light we view it, to whatever test we bring it, whether we read it backwards or forwards, from left to right, or from right to left; or whether we make it a transparency to prove its substantial genuineness and worth, who can deny that the Bank Note is a most valuable work?—a publication, in short, without which no gentleman's pocket can be complete?

Few can rise from a critical examination of the literary contents of this narrow sheet, without being forcibly struck with the power, combined with the exquisite fineness of the writing. It strikes conviction at once. It dispels all doubts, and relieves all objections. There is a pithy terseness in the construction of the sentences; a downright, direct, straightforward, coming to the point, which would be wisely imitated in much of the contemporaneous literature that constantly obtains currency (though not as much). Here we have no circumlocution, no discursive pedantry, no smell of the lamp; the figures, though wholly derived from the East (being Arabic numerals), are distinct and full of purpose; and if the writing abounds in flourishes, which it does, these are not rhetorical, but boldly graphic: struck with a nervous decision of style, which, instead of obscuring the text and meaning, convinces the reader that he who traced them when promising to pay the sum of five, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, one hundred, or a thousand pounds, means honestly and instantly to keep his word: that he *will* pay it to bearer on demand, without one moment's hesitation.

Strictly adapted for utility, yet the dulcet is not wholly overlooked; for, besides figures and flourishes, the graces of art are shed over this much-prized publication. The figure of Britannia is no slavish reproduction of any particular school whatever. She sits upon her scroll of state utterly inimitable and alone. She is hung up in one corner of the page, the sole representative of the P. R. F. P., or pre-issue-of-the-fourpenny-piece, school. Neither, if judged by the golden rule of our greatest bard, is the work wholly deficient in another charm. As we have just explained, its words are few: brevity is the soul of wit. And we fearlessly put it to the keenest appreciator of good things, whether a Bank Note (say for a hundred) is not the best joke conceivable—except, indeed, a Bank Note for a thousand.

A critical analysis of a work of this importance cannot be complete without going deeply into the subject. Reviewing is, alas, too often mere surface-work; for seldom do we find the critic going below the superficials,

or extending his scrutiny beyond the letter-press. We shall, however, set a bright example of profundity, and having discharged our duty to the face of the Bank Note, shall proceed to penetrate below it: having analysed the print, we shall now speak of the paper.

The late Mr. Cobbett, to express his idea of the intrinsic worthlessness of these sheets, in comparison with the prices at which they pass current, was wont to designate Bank Notes as "Rags." It may, indeed, be said of them that, "Rags they were, and to tinder they turn;" for they are born of shreds of linen, and, ten years after death, are converted in bonfires into the finest of known tinder. It may be considered a curious fact by those who wear shirts, and a painful, because hopeless one, by those who make them, that the refuse or cuttings of linen forms, with a slight admixture of cotton, the pabulum or pulp of Bank Note Paper. Machinery has made no inroads on this branch of paper-making. The pulp is kept so well mixed in a large vat, that the fibrous material presents the appearance of a huge cauldron of milk. Into this the paper-maker dips his mould, which is a fine wire sieve, having round its edge, a slight mahogany frame, called the "Deckel," which confines the pulp to the dimensions of the mould. This dip is quite a feat of dexterity, for on it depends the thickness and evenness of the sheet of paper. The water-mark, or, more properly, the wire-mark, is obtained by twisting wires to the desired form or design, and stitching them on the face of the mould; therefore the design is above the level face of the mould, by the thickness of the wires it is composed of. Hence, the pulp in settling down on the mould, must of necessity be thinner on the wire design than on other parts of the sheet. When the water has run off through the sieve-like face of the mould, the new-born sheet of paper is transferred to a blanket; this operation is called "couching," and is effected by pressing the mould gently but firmly on the blanket, when the spongy sheet clings to the cloth. Sizing is a subsequent process, and, when dry, the water-mark is plainly discernible, being, of course, transparent where the substance is thinnest. The paper is then made up into reams of five hundred sheets each, ready for press. The water-mark in the notes of the Bank of England is secured to that Establishment by a special Act of Parliament. Indeed, imitation of anything whatever connected with a Bank Note is an extremely hazardous feat.

A scrupulous examination of this curious piece of paper, implants a thorough conviction that it is a very superior article—in short, unique. There is nothing like it in the world of sheets. Tested by the touch, it gives out a crisp, crackling, sharp, sound—a note essentially its own—a music which resounds from no other quires. To the eye it shows a colour belonging neither to blue-wove

nor yellow-wove, nor to cream-laid, but a white, like no other white, either in paper and pulp. The rough fringiness of three of its edges are called the "deckeled" edges, being the natural boundary of the pulp when first moulded; the fourth is left smooth by the knife, which eventually cuts the two notes in twain. It is so thin that, when printed, there is much difficulty in making erasures; yet it is so strong that a "water-leaf" (a leaf before the application of size) will support thirty-six pounds; and, with the addition of one grain of size, half a hundred weight, without tearing; yet the quantity of fibre of which it consists, is no more than eighteen grains and a half.

The process of engraving the Bank Note is peculiar. Its general design is remarkably plain—steel plates are used, and are engraved in a manner somewhat analogous to that employed in the Mint for the production of the coin, except that heavy pressure is used instead of a blow. The form of the Note is divided into four or five sections, each engraved on steel dies which are hardened. Steel rollers, or mills, are obtained from these dies, and each portion of the Note is impressed on a steel plate to be printed from by the mills until the whole form is complete.

By means of a very ingenious machine, the engraving on the plates when worn by long printing is repaired by the same mills, and thus perfect identity of form is permanently secured. The merits of this system are due to the late Mr. Oldham, and the many improvements introduced not only into this, but into the printing department, are the work of his son and successor, Mr. Thomas Oldham, the present chief engraver to the Bank of England. The plate—always with a pair of notes upon it—is now ready for the press; for it contains all the literary part of the work, except the date, the number, and the cashier's signature.

We must now review the manner of printing. Before passing through the press, all paper must be damped that it may readily absorb ink; and Bank Note paper is not exempt from this law; but the process by which it is complied with is an ingenious exception to the ordinary modes. The sheets are put into an iron chamber which is exhausted of air; water is then admitted, and forces itself through every pore at the rate of thirty thousand sheets, or double notes, per minute!

In a long gallery that looks like a chamber of the Inquisition with self-acting racks, stands a row of plate-printing presses worked by steam. Every time a sheet passes through them they emit a soft "click" like a ship's capstan creaking in a whisper. By this sound they announce to all whom it may concern that they have printed two Bank Notes. They are tell-tales, and keep no secrets; for, not content with stating the fact aloud, each press moves, by means of a chain, an index of numerals at the end of the room; so that the chief of the department can see at any hour of the day

how many each press has printed. To take an impression of a note plate "on the sly," is therefore impossible. By a clever invention of Mr. Oldham the impression returns to the printer when made, instead of remaining on the opposite side of the press, after it has passed through the rollers, as of old. The plates are heated, for inking, over steam boxes instead of charcoal fires.

When a ream, consisting of five hundred sheets or one thousand notes, have been printed, they are placed in a tray which is inserted in a sort of shelf-trap that shuts up with a spring. No after-abstractation can, therefore, take place. One such repository is over the index appertaining to each press, and at the end of the day it can at once be seen whether the number of sheets corresponds with the numerals of the tell-tale. Any sort of mistake can thus be readily detected. The average number of "promises to pay" printed per diem is thirty thousand.

As we cannot allow the dot over an *i*, or the cross of a *t* to escape the focus of our critical microscope, we now proceed to apply it to the Bank Ink. Like the liquid of Messrs. Day and Martin, this inestimable composition, with half the usual labour, produces the most brilliant jet-black, fully equal to the highest Japan varnish, and is warranted to keep in any climate. It is made from the charred husks of Rhemish grapes after their juice has been expressed and bottled for exportation to the dinner-tables of half the world. When mixed with pure linseed oil, carefully prepared by boiling and burning, the vinous refuse produces a species of blacks so tenacious that they obstinately refuse to be emancipated from the paper when once enslaved to it by the press. It is so intensely nigritious that, compared with it, all other blacks are musty browns; and pale beside it. If the word of a printer's devil may be taken, it is many degrees darker than the streams of Erebus. Can deeper praise be awarded?

The note is, when plate-printed, two processes distant from negotiable; the first being the numbering and dating—and here we must point out the grand distinction which exists between the publication which we have the satisfaction of stating, now lies before us (but it is only a "Five") and ordinary prints. When the types for this miscellany, for instance, are once set up, every copy struck off from them by the press is precisely similar. On the contrary, of those emitted from the Bank presses *no two are alike*. They differ either in date, in number, or in denomination. This difference constitutes a grand system of check, extending over every stage of every Bank Note's career—a system which records its completion and issue, tracks it through its public adventures, recognises it when it returns to the Bank, from among hundreds of thousands of companions, and finally enables the proper officers to pounce upon it, in case of inquiry, at any official half-hour for ten

years after it has returned in fulfilment of its "promise to pay." To promise an explanation of what must appear so complicated a plan, may seem to the reader like a threat of prolixity. But he may read on in security; the system is as simple as the alphabet.

Understand then, that the dates of Bank Notes are arbitrary, and bear no reference to the day of issue. At the beginning of the official year (February) the Directors settle what dates each of the eleven denominations of Bank Notes shall bear during the ensuing twelve months, taking care to apportion to each sort of note a separate date. The table of dates is then handed to the proper officer, who prints accordingly. The five-pound Note which now rejoices our eyes is, for example, dated February the 2nd, 1850; we therefore know that there is no genuine note in existence, for any other sum, which bears that date; and if a note for ten, twenty, fifty, hundred, &c., having "2nd Feb., 1850," upon it were to be offered to us or to a Bank Clerk, we or he would, without a shadow of further evidence, in pound it as a forgery.

Now, as to the numbering:—It is a rule that of every date and denomination, one hundred thousand Notes—no more and no less—shall be completed and issued at one time. We know, therefore, that our solitary five is one of a hundred thousand other fives, each bearing a different number—from 1 * to 100,000—but all dated 2nd Feb., 1850. The numbers are printed on each Note by means of a letter-press, the types of which change with each pull of the press. For the first Note, the press is set at "00001," and when that is printed, the "1," by the mere act of impression, retires to make room for "2," which impresses itself on the next Note, and so on up to "100,000." The system has been applied to the stamping of railway tickets. The date, being required for the whole series, is of course immovable. After this has been done, the autograph of a cashier is only requisite to render the Note worth the value inscribed on it, in gold.

While the printers are at work, manufacturing each series of Notes, the account-book makers are getting-up a series of ledgers so exactly to correspond, that the books of themselves, without the stroke of a pen, are a record of the existence of the Note. The book in which the birth of our own especial and particular "Five" is registered, is legibly inscribed, "Fives, Feb. 2, 1850."

When you open a page, you find it to consist of a series of horizontal and perpendicular lines, like the pattern of a pair of shepherd's plaid inexpressibles, variegated with columns of numerals; these figures running on regularly from No. 1, on the top of the first page, to No. 100,000 at the bottom of the last. It

* To prevent fraudulent additions of numerals, less than five figures are never used. When units, tens, &c., are required, they are preceded by cyphers. "One" is therefore expressed on a Bank Note thus:—"00001."

must therefore be obvious to the meanest capacity that the mere existence of that book, with its arbitrary date and series of numbers, corresponding to the like series of Notes, is a sufficient record of the existence and issue of the latter. The return of each Note after its public travels, is recorded in the square opposite to its number. Each page of the book contains two hundred squares and numbers; consequently, whatever number a Note may bear, the Clerk who has to register its safe return from a long round of public circulation, knows at once on which page of the book to pounce for its own proper and particular square. In that he inserts the date of its return—not at full length, but in cypher. “S” in red ink means 1850, and the months are indicated by one of the letters of the word **AMBIDEXTROUS**, with the date in numerals. Our only, and therefore favourite, five is numbered 31177. Should it chance to finish its travels in the Accountant’s Office on the 6th of August next, it will be narrowly inspected (for fear of forgery) and defaced—a Clerk will then turn at once to the book lettered “Fives, Feb. 2” and so exactly will he know which page to open, and where the square numbered 31177 is situated, that he could point to it blindfold. He will write in it “6 t,” which means 6th August; that being the eighth month in the year, and “t” the eighth letter in the chosen word.

The intermediate history of a Bank Note is soon told. Nineteen-twentieths are issued to Bankers or known houses of business. If Glynn’s, or Smith’s, or any other banking firm, require a hundred ten-pound Notes, the Clerk who issues them makes a memorandum showing the number of the Notes so issued, and the name of the party to whom they have been handed—an easy process, because Notes being new,* are always given out in regular series, and the first and last Note that makes the sum required need only be recorded. Most Bankers make similar memoranda when notes pass out of their hands; and the public, as each Note circulates among them, frequently sign the name of the last holder. When an unknown person presents a Note for gold at the Bank of England, he is required to write his name and address on it, and if the sum be very large, it is not paid without inquiry. By these expedients, a stolen, lost, or forged note can often be traced from hand to hand up to its advent.

The average periods which each denomination of London Notes remain in circulation has been calculated, and is shown by the following

ACCOUNT OF THE NUMBER OF DAYS A BANK NOTE ISSUED IN LONDON REMAINS IN CIRCULATION:—

£5	72·7 days	£50	38·8 days
10	77·0 ”	100	29·4 ”
20	57·4 ”	200	12·7 ”
30	18·9 ”	300	10·6 ”
40	13·7 ”	500	11·8 ”
	£1000		11·1 ”

The Bank ceased to re-issue its Notes since 1835.

The exceptions to these averages are few, and, therefore, remarkable. The time during which some Notes remain unrepresented are reckoned by the century. On the 27th of September, 1845, a fifty pound Note was presented bearing date 20th January, 1743. Another for ten pounds, issued on the 19th November, 1762, was not paid till the 20th April, 1843. There is a legend extant, of the eccentric possessor of a thousand pound Note, who kept it framed and glazed for a series of years, preferring to feast his eyes on it, to putting the amount it represented out at interest. It was converted into gold, however, without a day’s loss of time by his heirs, on his demise. Stolen and lost Notes are generally long absentees. The former usually make their appearance soon after some great horse-race, or other sporting event, altered or disguised so as to deceive Bankers, to whom the Bank of England furnishes a list of the numbers and dates of stolen Notes. In a Chapter on Forgery, which we are preparing, the reader will see some singular facts on this point.

Mr. Francis, in his “History of the Bank of England,” tells a curious story about a bank-post bill, which was detained during thirty years from presentation and payment. It happened in the year 1740:—“One of the Directors, a very rich man, had occasion for 30,000*l.*, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought; to facilitate the matter, he carried the sum with him to the Bank and obtained for it a Bank bill. On his return home, he was suddenly called out upon particular business; he threw the Note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few minutes afterwards to lock it up, it was not to be found. No one had entered the room; he could not therefore suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The Director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had happened to him; and as he was known to be a perfectly honourable man he was readily believed. It was only about four-and-twenty hours from the time that he had deposited his money; they thought, therefore, that it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it should ever be found, or to pay the money himself, if it should be presented by any stranger. About thirty years afterwards (the Director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune), an unknown person presented the lost bill at the Bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which that bill was annulled; he would not listen to it; he maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The Note was payable to bearer; and the thirty thousand pounds were paid him. The heirs of the Director would not listen to any de-

Mr. J. M. 29. C. Lake

London

13:10:1

13:10:1



Promise to pay to the Bearer on demand the Summe of Fifty five pounds the 19 day of October 1699

For the Gov: and Comp: of the Bank of England

Thomas Madock

555
44
44
5

mands of restitution ; and the Bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect having purchased the Director's house, had taken it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the Note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the Bank."

Carelessness, equal to that recorded above, is not at all uncommon, and gives the Bank enormous profit, against which the loss of a mere thirty thousand pound is but a trifle. Bank-Notes have been known to light pipes, to wrap up snuff, to be used as curl-papers ; and British tars, mad with rum and prize-money, have not unfrequently, in time of war, made sandwiches of them, and eaten them between bread-and-butter. In the forty years between the years 1792 and 1832 there were out-standing Notes (presumed to have been lost or destroyed) amounting to one million, three hundred and thirty odd thousand pounds ; every shilling of which was clear profit to the Bank.

The superannuation, death, and burial of a Bank of England Note is a story soon told. The returned Notes, or promises performed, are kept in "The Library" for ten years, and then burnt in an iron cage in one of the Bank yards.

A few words on the history and general appearance of the Bank of England Note will conclude our criticism.

The strong principle to insure the detection of forgery is uniformity ; hence, from the very first Note issued by the Bank, to that, the merits of which we are now discussing, the same general design has been preserved,—only that the execution has been from time to time improved ; except, we are bound to add, that of the signatures, some of which are still as illegible as ever. Originally, Notes were granted more in the form of Bank post-bills,—that is, not nominally to a member of the establishment, but really to the party applying for them, and for any sum he might require. If it suited his convenience, he presented his Note several times, drawing such lesser sums as he might require ; precisely as if it were a letter of credit, after the manner of the Sailor mentioned in the latest edition of Joe Miller. Jack, somehow or other, got possession of a fifty-pound Note ; the sum was so dazzlingly enormous that he had not the heart, on presenting it for payment, to demand the whole sum at once, for fear of breaking the Bank. So, leaning confidentially over the counter, he whispered to the cashier, that he wouldn't be hard upon 'em. He knew times were bad,—so, as it was all the same to him, he would take five sovereigns now, and the rest at so much a week. In like manner, the fac-simile on the opposite page, while it presents a specimen of one of the earliest Bank Notes in existence, shows that the holder took the amount as Jack proposed ;—by instalments. It was granted to Mr. Thomas

Powell, on the 19th of December, 1699, for five hundred and fifty-five pounds. His first draft was one hundred and thirty-one pounds, ten shillings, and one penny ; the second "in gold," three hundred and sixty ; the third, sixty-three pounds, nine shillings, and eleven-pence, when the note was retained by the Bank as having been fully honoured.

With this curious specimen of the ancient Bank of England Note, we take leave of the modern ones—only, however, for a short time. In a week or two, we shall change the topic (as we have previously intimated) to one closely bearing upon it. Circumstances, however, demand that we should change the subject of it at a much earlier date.

INNOCENCE AND CRIME.

AN ANECDOTE.

A BENEVOLENT old gentleman—the late Mr. Harcourt Brown of Beech Hall—was plodding his way home to his hotel from a ramble in the suburbs of London ; and having made a bold attempt at "a short cut," soon found himself lost in a maze of squalid streets, leading one into the other, and apparently leading no where else. He inquired his way in vain. From the first person, he received a coarse jest ; from another, a look of vacant stupidity ; a third eyed him in dogged silence. He stepped with one foot into several wretched little shops ; but the people really seemed to know nothing beyond the next street or alley, except one man, a dealer in tripe, of a strange, earthy colour, who called over his shoulder, "Oh, you're miles out o' your way !" The only exception to the general indifference, rudeness and stupidity, was a thin sallow-cheeked man, who had a fixed smile on his face, and spoke in rather an abject cringing tone of obsequiousness, and even walked up one street and down a second to show Mr. Brown the way. But it soon became evident that he knew nothing about the matter, and he slunk away with the same fixed unmeaning smile.

In this state of affairs Mr. Brown buttoned up his coat, and manfully resolved to work his way out of this filthy locality by walking straight forward.

Trudging onward at a smart pace, the worthy gentleman presently heard the sound of sobbing and crying, and behind the boards of a shed at the side of a ruined hovel he saw a girl of some nine or ten years of age, clasping and unclasping her hands in a paroxysm of grief and apprehension. "Oh, what *shall* I do?—what *shall* I do?" sobbed the child.

She started with terror as Mr. Brown approached, and hid her head in the folds of her little apron ; but on being assured by the mild voice of Mr. Brown that he had no thought of hurting her, she ventured to look up. She had soft blue eyes, flaxen hair of silvery glossiness, pretty features ; and, notwithstanding the stain of tears down a

cheek which had a smear of brickdust upon it, had a most innocent and prepossessing face.

"What is the matter, my little girl?" inquired Mr. Brown.

The child turned one shoulder half round, and displayed the red and purple marks of blows from a whip or stick.

"What cruel wretch has done this?" asked Mr. Brown. "Tell me, child; tell me directly."

"It was mother," sobbed the child.

"Ah—I'm sorry to hear this. Perhaps you have been naughty?"

"Yes, Sir;" answered the child.

"Poor child," ejaculated Mr. Brown; "but you will not be naughty again. What was your offence. Come, tell me?"

"I shook it, Sir; oh, yes, it's quite true; I did shake it very much."

"What did you shake?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"I shook the doll, Sir."

"The doll! Oh, you mean you shook the baby; that, certainly was naughty of you;" said Mr. Brown.

"No, Sir; it was not the baby I shook—it was the doll; and I'm afraid to go home—mother will be sure to beat me again."

An impulse of benevolence led Mr. Brown's hand to search for his purse. Had he tried the wrong pocket? His purse was on the other side. No, it was not—it must be in this inner pocket. Where is Mr. Brown's purse? It is not in any of his pockets! He tries them all over again. And his pocket-book!—chiefly of memorandums, but also having a few bank-notes. This is gone too—and his silk handkerchief—both his handkerchiefs!—also his silver-gilt snuff-box, filled with rappee only five minutes before he left the hotel this morning—he is certain he had it when he came out—but it is certainly gone! Every single thing he had in his pockets is gone.

The child also—now *she* is gone! Mr. Brown looks around him, and yonder he sees the poor child flying with frequent looks behind of terror,—and now a shrill and frightful voice causes him to start. Turning in that direction, the sudden flight of the little girl is immediately explained. Over the rubbish and refuse, at a swift, wild pace, courses a fiendish woman, with a savage eye and open mouth, her cheeks hollow, her teeth projecting, her thin hair flying like a bit of diseased mane over her half-naked shoulder; she has a stick in her hand, with which she constantly threatens the flying child, whom her execrations follow yet more swiftly than her feet.

Mr. Brown remained watching them till they were out of sight. He once more searched all his pockets, but they were all empty. He called to mind the man with the fixed smile on his hollow cadaverous cheek, and several other faces of men whom he had casually noticed in the course of the last half hour, thinking what a pity it was that some-

thing could not be done for them. He now began to think it was a very great pity that something had not *already* been done for them or with them, for they had certainly "done" him. Poor Mr. Brown!

Some six or seven months after this most disagreeable adventure, it chanced that Mr. Brown was going over the prison at Coldbath Fields, accompanied by the Governor. As they entered one of the wards, the voice of a child sobbing, attracted the ears of our philanthropist. In answer to his inquiries, the Governor informed him that it was a child of about eleven years of age, who had been detected in the act of picking a lady's pocket in one of the most crowded thoroughfares.

On a few kind words being spoken to her, she looked up; and in the blue eye, glossy flaxen hair, and pretty features, Mr. Brown at once recognised the little girl who had "shaken the doll."

"This child is an innocent creature!" cried he, turning to the Governor, "the victim of ignorance and cruel treatment at home. I recollect her well. Her mother had beaten her most shamefully; and the last glimpse I had of her was in her flight from a still more savage assault. And for what crime do you suppose?"

"For not picking pockets expertly, I dare say," replied the Governor.

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "Would you believe it, Sir; it was for nothing more than a childish bit of pretence-anger with her doll, on which occasion she gave the doll a good shaking. Mere pretence, you know."

"My dear Sir," said the Governor, smiling, "I fancy I am right, after all. She was beaten for not being expert in the study and practice of pocket-picking at home. You are not, perhaps, aware that the lesson consists in picking the pockets of a figure which is hung up in the room, in such a way that the least awkwardness of touch makes it shake, and rings a little bell attached to it. This figure is called the 'doll.' Those who ring the bell, shake it in emptying its pockets, are punished according to the mind and temper of the instructor."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Brown, "to what perfection must the art be brought! Then it is all accounted for. The sallow gentleman with the fixed smile must have been master of the craft of not shaking the doll, when he took my purse, pocket-book, snuff-box, and both handkerchiefs from me, without my feeling so much as the motion of the air!"

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL:

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N^o. 19.]

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[PRICE 2d.]

THE LAST OF A LONG LINE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

SIR ROGER ROCKVILLE of Rockville was the last of a very long line. It extended from the Norman Conquest to the present century. His first known ancestor came over with William, and must have been a man of some mark, either of bone and sinew, or of brain, for he obtained what the Americans would call a prime location. As his name does not occur in the Roll of Battle Abbey, he was, of course, not of a very high Norman extraction; but he had done enough, it seems, in the way of knocking down Saxons, to place himself on a considerable eminence in this kingdom. The centre of his domains was conspicuous far over the country, through a high range of rock overhanging one of the sweetest rivers in England. On one hand lay a vast tract of rich marsh land, capable, as society advanced, of being converted into meadows; and on the other, as extensive moorlands, finely undulating, and abounding with woods and deer.

Here the original Sir Roger built his castle on the summit of the range of rock, with huts for his followers; and became known directly all over the country of Sir Roger de Rockville, or Sir Roger of the hamlet on the Rock. Sir Roger, as doubt, was a mighty hunter before the lord of the feudal district; it is certain that his descendants were. For generations they led a jolly life at Rockville, and were always ready to exchange the excitement of the chase for a bit of civil war. Without that the country would have grown dull, and ale and venison lost their flavour. There was no gay London in those days, and a good brisk skirmish with their neighbours in helm and hauberk was the way of spending their season. It was their parliamentary debate, and was necessary to stir their blood. Protection and Free Trade were as much the great topics of interest as they are now, only they did not trouble themselves so much about Corn bills. Their bills were of good steel, and their protective measures were arrows a cloth-yard long. Protection meant a good suit of mail; and a castle with its duly prescribed moats, bastions, portcullises, and donjon keep. Free Trade was a lively inroad into the neighbouring

baron's lands, and the importation thence of goodly herds and flocks. Foreign cattle for home consumption was as *striking an article* in their markets as in ours, only the blows were expended on one another's heads, instead of the heads of foreign bullocks—that is, bullocks from over the Welch or Scotch Marches, as from beyond the next brook.

Thus lived the Rockvilles for ages. In all the iron combats of those iron times they took care to have their quota. Whether it were Stephen against Matilda, or Richard against his father, or John against the barons; whether it were York or Lancaster, or Tudor or Stuart. The Rockvilles were to be found in the *mêlée*, and winning power and lands. So long as it required only stalwart frames and stout blows, no family cut a more conspicuous figure. The Rockvilles were at Bosworth Field. The Rockvilles fought in Ireland under Elizabeth. The Rockvilles were staunch defenders of the cause in the war of Charles I. with his Parliament. The Rockvilles even fought for James II. at the Boyne, when three-fourths of the most loyal of the English nobility and gentry had deserted him in disgust and indignation. But from that hour they had been less conspicuous.

The opposition to the successful party, that of William of Orange, of course brought them into disgrace: and though they were never molested on that account, they retired to their estate, and found it convenient to be as unobtrusive as possible. Thenceforward you heard no more of the Rockvilles in the national annals. They became only of consequence in their own district. They acted as magistrates. They served as high sheriffs. They were a substantial county family, and nothing more. Education and civilisation advanced; a wider and very different field of action and ambition opened upon the aristocracy of England. Our fleets and armies abroad, our legislature at home, law and the church, presented brilliant paths to the ambition of those thirsting for distinction, and the good things that follow it. But somehow the Rockvilles did not expand with this expansion. So long as it required only a figure of six feet high, broad shoulders, and a strong arm, they were a great and conspicuous race. But when the head became the member most in request, they ceased to go

a-head. Younger sons, it is true, served in army and in navy, and filled the family pulpit, but they produced no generals, no admirals, no archbishops. The Rockvilles of Rockville were very conservative, very exclusive, and very stereotype. Other families grew poor, and enriched themselves again by marrying plebeian heiresses. New families grew up out of plebeian blood into greatness, and intermingled the vigour of their fresh earth with the attenuated aristocratic soil. Men of family became great lawyers, great statesmen, great prelates, and even great poets and philosophers. The Rockvilles remained high, proud, bigotted, and *borné*.

The Rockvilles married Rockvilles, or their first cousins, the Cragvilles, simply to prevent property going out of the family. They kept the property together. They did not lose an acre, and they were a fine, tall, solemn race—and nothing more. What ailed them?

If you saw Sir Roger Rockville,—for there was an eternal Sir Roger—filling his office of high sheriff,—he had a very fine carriage, and a very fine retinue in the most approved and splendid of antique costumes;—if you saw him sitting on the bench at quarter sessions, he was a tall, stately, and solemn man. If you saw Lady Rockville shopping, in her handsome carriage, with very handsomely attired servants; saw her at the county ball, or on the race-stand, she was a tall, aristocratic, and stately lady. That was in the last generation—the present could boast of no Lady Rockville.

Great outward respect was shown to the Rockvilles on account of the length of their descent, and the breadth of their acres. They were always, when any stranger asked about them, declared, with a serious and important air, to be a very ancient, honourable, and substantial family. "Oh! a great family are the Rockvilles, a very great family."

But if you came to close quarters with the members of this great and highly distinguished family, you soon found yourself fundamentally astonished: you had a sensation come over you, as if you were trying, like Moses, to draw water from a rock, without his delegated power. There was a goodly outside of things before you, but nothing came of it. You talked, hoping to get talking in return, but you got little more than "noes" and "yeses," and "oh! indeeds!" and "realls," and sometimes not even that, but a certain look of aristocratic dignity or dignification, that was meant to serve for all answers. There was a sort of resting on aristocratic oars or "sculls," that were not to be too vulgarly handled. There was a feeling impressed on you, that eight hundred years of descent and ten thousand a-year in landed income did not trouble themselves with the trifling things that gave distinction to lesser people—such as literature, fine arts, politics, and general knowledge. These were very well for those who had nothing else to pride

themselves on, but for the Rockvilles—oh! certainly they were by no means requisite.

In fact, you found yourself, with a little variation, in the predicament of Cowper's people,

————— who spent their lives
In dropping buckets into empty wells,
And *growing tired* of drawing nothing up.

Who hasn't often come across these "dry wells" of society; solemn gulphs out of which you can pump nothing up? You know them; they are at your elbow every day in large and brilliant companies, and defy the best sucking-buckets ever invented to extract anything from them. But the Rockvilles were each and all of this adust description. It was a family feature, and they seemed, if either, rather proud of it. They must be so; for proud they were, amazingly proud; and they had nothing besides to be proud of, except their acres, and their ancestors.

But the fact was, they could not help it. It was become organic. They had acted the justice of peace, maintained the constitution against upstarts and manufacturers, signed warrants, supported the church and the house of correction, committed poachers, and then rested on the dignity of their ancestors for so many generations, that their skulls, brains, constitutions, and nervous systems, were all so completely moulded into that shape and baked into that mould, that a Rockville would be a Rockville to the end of time, if God and Nature would have allowed it. But such things wear out. The American Indians and the Australian nations wear out; they are not progressive, and as Nature abhors a vacuum, she does not forget the vacuum wherever it may be, whether in a hot desert, or in a cold and stately Rockville;—a very ancient, honourable, and substantial family that lies fallow till the thinking faculty literally dies out.

For several generations there had been symptoms of decay about the Rockville family. Not in its property, that was as large as ever; not in their personal stature and physical aspect. The Rockvilles continued, as they always had been, a tall and not bad-looking family. But they grew gradually less prolific. For a hundred and fifty years past there had seldom been more than two, or at most three, children. There had generally been an heir to the estate, and another to the family pulpit, and sometimes a daughter married to some neighbouring squire. But Sir Roger's father had been an only child, and Sir Roger himself was an only child. The danger of extinction to the family, apparent as it was, had never induced Sir Roger to marry. At the time that we are turning our attention upon him, he had reached the mature age of sixty. Nobody believed that Sir Roger now would marry; he was the last, and likely to be, or his line.

It is worth while here to take a glance at

Sir Roger and his estate. They bore a strange contrast. The one bore all the signs of progress, the other of a stereotyped feudality. The estate, which in the days of the first Sir Roger de Rockville had been half morass and half wilderness, was now cultivated to the pitch of British agricultural science. The marshlands beyond the river were one splendid expanse of richest meadows, yielding a rental of four solid pounds per acre. Over hill and dale on this side for miles, where formerly ran wild deer, and grew wild woodlands or furze-bushes, now lay excellent farms and hamlets, and along the ridge of the ancient cliffs rose the most magnificent woods. Woods, too, clothed the steep hill-sides, and swept down to the noble river, their very boughs hanging far out over its clear and rapid waters. In the midst of these fine woods stood Rockville Hall, the family seat of the Rockvilles. It reared its old brick walls above the towering mass of elms, and travellers at a distance recognised it for what it was, the mansion of an ancient and wealthy family.

The progress of England in arts, science, commerce, and manufacture, had carried Sir Roger's estate along with it. It was full of active and moneyed farmers, and flourished under modern influences. How lucky it would have been for the Rockville family had it done the same!

But amid this estate there was Sir Roger solitary, and the last of the line. He had grown well enough—there was nothing stunted about him, so far as you could see on the surface. In stature, he exceeded six feet. His colossal elms could not boast of a proper relative growth. He was as large a landlord, and as tall a justice of the peace, as you could desire; but, unfortunately, he was, after all, only the shell of a man. Like many of his veteran elms, there was a very fine stem, only it was hollow. There was a man, just with the rather awkward deficiency of a soul.

And it were no difficult task to explain, either, how this had come about. The Rockvilles saw plainly enough the necessity of manuring their lands, but they scorned the very idea of manuring their family. What! that most ancient, honourable, and substantial family, suffer any of the common earth of humanity to gather about its roots! The Rockvilles were so careful of their good blood, that they never allied it to any but blood as pure and inane as their own. Their elms flourished in the rotten earth of plebeian accumulations, and their acres produced large crops of corn from the sewage of towns and fat sinks, but the Rockvilles themselves took especial care that no vulgar vigour from the rich heap of ordinary human nature should infuse a new force of intellect into their race. The Rockvilles needed nothing; they had all that an ancient, honourable, and substantial family could need. The Rockvilles had no need to study at school—why should they? They did not want to get on. The Rockvilles

did not aspire to distinction for talent in the world—why should they? They had a large estate. So the Rockville soul, unused from generation to generation, grew—

Fine by degrees, and *spiritually* less,

till it tapered off into nothing.

Look at the last of a long line in the midst of his fine estate. Tall he was, with a stoop in his shoulders, and a bowing of his head on one side, as if he had been accustomed to stand under the low boughs of his woods, and peer after intruders. And that was precisely the fact. His features were thin and sharp; his nose prominent and keen in its character; his eyes small, black, and peering like a mole's, or a hungry swine's. Sir Roger was still oracular on the bench, after consulting his clerk, a good lawyer,—and looked up to by the neighbouring squires in election matters, for he was an unswerving tory. You never heard of a rational thing that he had said in the whole course of his life; but that mattered little, he was a gentleman of solemn aspect, of stately gait, and of a very ancient family.

With ten thousand a-year, and his rental rising, he was still, however, a man of overwhelming cares. What mattered a fine estate if all the world was against him? And Sir Roger firmly believed that he stood in that predicament. He had grown up to regard the world as full of little besides upstarts, radicals, manufacturers, and poachers. All were banded, in his belief, against the landed interest. It demanded all the energy of his very small faculties to defend himself and the world against them.

Unfortunately for his peace, a large manufacturing town had sprung up within a couple of miles of him. He could see its red-brick walls, and its red-tiled roofs, and its tall smoke-vomiting chimneys, growing and extending over the slopes beyond the river. It was to him the most irritating sight in the world; for what were all those swarming weavers and spinners but arrant radicals, upstarts, sworn foes of the ancient institutions and the landed interests of England? Sir Roger had passed through many a desperate conflict with them for the return of members to parliament. They brought forward men that were utter wormwood to all his feelings, and they paid no more respect to him and his friends on such occasions than they did to the meanest creature living. Reverence for ancient blood did not exist in that plebeian and rapidly multiplying tribe. There were master manufacturers there actually that looked and talked as big as himself, and *entre nous*, a vast deal more cleverly. The people talked of rights and franchises, and freedom of speech and of conscience, in a way that was really frightful. Then they were given most inveterately to running out in whole and everlasting crowds on Sundays and holidays into the fields and woods; and as there was no

part of the neighbourhood half so pleasant as the groves and river banks of Rockville, they came swarming up there in crowds that were enough to drive any man of acres frantic.

Unluckily, there were roads all about Rockville; foot roads, and high roads, and bridge roads. There was a road up the river side, all the way to Rockville woods, and when it reached them, it divided like a fork, and one prong or foot-path led straight up a magnificent grove of a mile long, ending close to the hall; and another ran all along the river side, under the hills and branches of the wood.

Oh, delicious were these woods! In the river there were islands, which were covered in summer with the greenest grass, and the freshest of willows, and the clear waters rushed around them in the most inviting manner imaginable. And there were numbers of people extremely ready to accept this delectable invitation of these waters. There they came in fine weather, and as these islands were only separated from the mainland by a little and very shallow stream, it was delightful for lovers to get across—with laughter, and treading on stepping-stones, and slipping off the stepping-stones up to the ankles into the cool brook, and pretty screams, and fresh laughter, and then landing on those sunny, and to them really enchanted, islands. And then came fishermen, solitary fishermen, and fishermen in rows; fishermen lying in the flowery grass, with fragrant meadow-sweet and honey-breathing clover all about their ears; and fishermen standing in file, as if they were determined to clear all the river of fish in one day. And there were other lovers, and troops of loiterers, and shouting roysterers, going along under the boughs of the wood, and following the turns of that most companionable of rivers. And there were boats going up and down; boats full of young people, all holiday finery and mirth, and boats with duck-hunters and other, to Sir Roger, detestable marauders, with guns and dogs, and great bottles of beer. In the fine grove, on summer days, there might be found hundreds of people. There were picnic parties, fathers and mothers with whole families of children, and a grand promenade of the delighted artisans and their wives or sweethearts.

In the times prior to the sudden growth of the neighbouring town, Great Stockington, and to the simultaneous development of the love-of-nature principle in the Stockingtonians, nothing had been thought of all these roads. The roads were well enough till they led to these inroads. Then Sir Roger aroused himself. This must be changed. The roads must be stopped. Nothing was easier to his fancy. His fellow-justices, Sir Benjamin Bullockshed and Squire Sheepshank, had asked his aid to stop the like nuisances, and it had been done at once. So Sir Roger put up notices all about, that the roads were to be stopped by an Order of Session, and these

notices were signed, as required by law, by their worships of Bullockshed and Sheepshank. But Sir Roger soon found that it was one thing to stop a road leading from One-man-Town to Lonely Lodge, and another to attempt to stop those from Great Stockington to Rockville.

On the very first Sunday after the exhibition of those notice-boards, there was a ferment in the grove of Rockville, as if all the bees in the county were swarming there, with all the wasps and hornets to boot. Great crowds were collected before each of these obnoxious placards, and the amount of curses vomited forth against them was really shocking for any day, but more especially for a Sunday. Presently there was a rush at them; they were torn down, and simultaneously pitched into the river. There were great crowds swarming all about Rockville all that day, and with looks so defiant that Sir Roger more than once contemplated sending off for the Yeoman Cavalry to defend his house, which he seriously thought in danger.

But so far from being intimidated from proceeding, this demonstration only made Sir Roger the more determined. To have so desperate and irreverent a population coming about his house and woods, now presented itself in a much more formidable aspect than ever. So, next day, not only were the placards once more hoisted, but rewards offered for the discovery of the offenders, attended with all the maledictions of the insulted majesty of the law. No notice was taken of this, but the whole of Great Stockington was in a buzz and an agitation. There were posters plastered all over the walls of the town, four times as large as Sir Roger's notices, in this style:—

“Englishmen! your dearest rights are menaced! The Woods of Rockville, your ancient, rightful, and enchanting resorts, are to be closed to you. Stockingtonians! the eyes of the world are upon you. ‘Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!’ England expects every man to do his duty! And your duty is to resist and defy the grasping soil-lords, to seize on your ancient Patrimony!”

“Patrimony! Ancient and rightful resort of Rockville!” Sir Roger was astounded at the audacity of this upstart, plebeian race. What! they actually claimed Rockville, the heritage of a hundred successive Rockvilles, as their own. Sir Roger determined to carry it to the Sessions; and at the Sessions was a magnificent muster of all his friends. There was Sir Roger himself in the chair; and on either hand, a prodigious row of county squirearchy. There was Sir Benjamin Bullockshed, and Sir Thomas Tenterhook, and all the squires,—Sheepshank, Ramsbottom, Turnbull, Otterbrook, and Swagsides. The Clerk of Session read the notice for the closing of all the footpaths through the woods of Rockville, and declared that this notice had been

duly, and for the required period publicly, posted. The Stockingtonians protested by their able lawyer Daredeville, against any order for the closing of these ancient woods—the inestimable property of the public.

“Property of the public!” exclaimed Sir Roger. “Property of the public!” echoed the multitudinous voices of indignant Bullocksheds, Tenterhooks, and Ramsbottoms. “Why, Sir, do you dispute the right of Sir Roger Rockville to his own estate?”

“By no means;” replied the undaunted Daredeville; “the estate of Rockville is unquestionably the property of the honourable baronet, Sir Roger Rockville; but the roads through it are the as unquestionable property of the public.”

The whole bench looked at itself; that is, at each other, in wrathful astonishment. The swelling in the diaphragms of the squires Otterbrook, Turnbull, and Swagsides, and all the rest of the worshipful row, was too big to admit of utterance. Only Sir Roger himself burst forth with an abrupt—

“Impudent fellows! But I’ll see them first!”

“Grant the order!” said Sir Benjamin Bullockshed; and the whole bench nodded assent. The able lawyer Daredeville retired with a pleasant smile. He saw an agreeable prospect of plenty of grist to his mill. Sir Roger was rich, and so was Great Stockington. He rubbed his hands, not in the least like a man defeated, and thought to himself, “Let them go at it—all right.”

The next day the placards on the Rockville estate were changed for others bearing “STOPPED BY ORDER OF SESSIONS!” and alongside of them were huge carefully painted boards, denouncing on all trespassers prosecutions according to law. The same evening came a prodigious invasion of Stockingtonians—tore all the boards and placards down, and carried them on their shoulders to Great Stockington, singing as they went, “See, the Conquering Heroes come!” They set them up in the centre of the Stockington marketplace, and burnt them, along with an effigy of Sir Roger Rockville.

That was grist at once to the mill of the able lawyer Daredeville. He looked on, and rubbed his hands. Warrants were speedily issued by the Baronets of Bullockshed and Tenterhook, for the apprehension of the individuals who had been seen carrying off the notice-boards, for larceny, and against a number of others for trespass. There was plenty of work for Daredeville and his brethren of the robe; but it all ended, after the flying about of sundry mandamuses and assize trials, in Sir Roger finding that though Rockville was his, the roads through it were the public’s.

As Sir Roger drove homeward from the assize, which finally settled the question of these footpaths, he heard the bells in all the steeples of Great Stockington burst forth with a grand peal of triumph. He closed fast the

windows of his fine old carriage, and sunk into a corner; but he could not drown the intolerable sound. “But,” said he, “I’ll stop their pic-nic-ing. I’ll stop their fishing. I’ll have hold of them for trespassing and poaching!” There was war henceforth between Rockville and Great Stockington.

On the very next Sunday there came literally thousands of the jubilant Stockingtonians to Rockville. They had brought baskets, and were for dining, and drinking success to all footpaths. But in the great grove there were keepers, and watchers, who warned them to keep the path, that narrow well-worn line up the middle of the grove. “What! were they not to sit on the grass?”—“No!”—“What! were they not to pic-nic?”—“No! not there!”

The Stockingtonians felt a sudden damp on their spirits. But the river bank! The cry was “To the river bank! There they *would* pic-nic.” The crowd rushed away down the wood, but on the river bank they found a whole regiment of watchers, who pointed again to the narrow line of footpath, and told them not to trespass beyond it. But the islands! they went over to the islands. But there too were Sir Roger’s forces, who warned them back! There was no road there—all found there would be trespassers, and be duly punished.”

The Stockingtonians discovered that their triumph was not quite so complete as they had flattered themselves. The footpaths were theirs, but that was all. Their ancient license was at an end. If they came there, there was no more fishing; if they came in crowds, there was no more pic-nic-ing; if they walked through the woods in numbers, they must keep to Indian file, or they were summoned before the county magistrates for trespass, and were soundly fined; and not even the able Daredeville would undertake to defend them.

The Stockingtonians were chop-fallen, but they were angry and dogged; and they thronged up to the village and the front of the hall. They filled the little inn in the hamlet—they went by scores, and roving all over the churchyard, read epitaphs

That teach the rustic moralists to die,

but don’t teach them to give up their old indulgences very good-humouredly. They went and sat in rows on the old churchyard wall, opposite to the very windows of the irate Sir Roger. They felt themselves beaten, and Sir Roger felt himself beaten. True, he could coerce them to the keeping of the footpaths—but, then, they had the footpaths! True, thought the Stockingtonians, we have the footpaths, but then the pic-nic-ing, and the fishing, and the islands! The Stockingtonians were full of sullen wrath, and Sir Roger was—oh, most expressive old Saxon phrase—HAIRSORE! Yes, he was one universal wound of vexation and jealousy of his rights. Every hair in his body was like a pin sticking into him. Come within a dozen yards of him; nay, at the most, blow on him, and he was

excruciated—you rubbed his sensitive hairs at a furlong's distance.

The next Sunday the people found the churchyard locked up, except during service, when headles walked there, and desired them not to loiter and disturb the congregation, closing the gates, and showing them out like a flock of sheep the moment the service was over. This was fuel to the already boiling blood of Stockington. The week following, what was their astonishment to find the much frequented inn gone! it was actually gone! not a trace of it; but the spot where it had stood for ages, turfed, planted with young spruce trees, and fenced off with post and rail! The exasperated people now launched forth an immensity of fulminations against the churl Sir Roger, and a certain number of them resolved to come and seat themselves in the street of the hamlet and there dine; but a terrific thunderstorm, which seemed in league with Sir Roger, soon routed them, drenched them through, and on attempting to seek shelter in the cottages, the poor people said they were very sorry, but it was as much as their holdings were worth, and they dare not admit them.

Sir Roger had triumphed! It was all over with the old delightful days at Rockville. There was an end of pic-nic-ing, of fishing, and of roving in the islands. One sturdy disciple of Izaak Walton, indeed, dared to fling a line from the banks of Rockville grove, but Sir Roger came upon him and endeavoured to seize him. The man coolly walked into the middle of the river, and, without a word, continued his fishing.

"Get out there!" exclaimed Sir Roger, "that is still on my property." The man walked through the river to the other bank, where he knew that the land was rented by a farmer. "Give over," shouted Sir Roger, "I tell you the water is mine."

"Then," said the fellow, "bottle it up, and be hanged to you! Don't you see it is running away to Stockington?"

There was bad blood between Rockville and Stockington for ever. Stockington was incensed, and Sir Roger was hairsore.

A new nuisance sprung up. The people of Stockington looked on the cottagers of Rockville as sunk in deepest darkness under such a man as Sir Roger and his cousin the vicar. They could not pic-nic, but they thought they could hold a camp-meeting; they could not fish for roach, but they thought they might for souls. Accordingly there assembled crowds of Stockingtonians on the green of Rockville, with a chair and a table, and a preacher with his head bound in a red handkerchief; and soon there was a sound of hymns, and a zealous call to come out of the darkness of the spiritual Babylon. But this was more than Sir Roger could bear; he rushed forth with all his servants, keepers, and cottagers, overthrew the table, and routing the assembly, chased them to the boundary of his estate.

The discomfited Stockingtonians now fulminated awful judgments on the unhappy Sir Roger, as a persecutor and a malignant. They dared not enter again on his parish, but they came to the very verge of it, and held weekly meetings on the highway, in which they sang and declaimed as loudly as possible, that the winds might bear their voices to Sir Roger's ears.

To such a position was now reduced the last of the long line of Rockville. The spirit of a policeman had taken possession of him. He had keepers and watchers out on all sides, but that did not satisfy him. He was perpetually haunted with the idea that poachers were after his game, that trespassers were in his woods. His whole life was now spent in stealing to, and fro in his fields and plantations, and prowling along his river side. He lurked under hedges, and watched for long hours under the forest trees. If any one had a curiosity to see Sir Roger, they had only to enter his fields by the wood side, and wander a few yards from the path, and he was almost sure to spring out over the hedge, and in angry tones demand their name and address. The descendant of the chivalrous and steel-clad De Rockvilles was sunk into a restless spy on his own ample property. There was but one idea in his mind—encroachment. It was destitute of all other furniture but the musty technicalities of warrants and commitments. There was a stealthy and skulking manner in everything that he did. He went to church on Sundays, but it was no longer by the grand iron gate opposite to his house, that stood generally with a large spider's web woven over the lock, and several others in different corners of the fine iron tracery, bearing evidence of the long period since it had been opened. How different to the time when the Sir Roger and Lady of Rockville had had these gates thrown wide on a Sunday morning, and, with all their train of household servants at their back, with true antique dignity, marched with much proud humility into the house of God. Now, Sir Roger—the solitary, suspicious, undignified Sir Roger, the keeper and policeman of his own property—stole in at a little side gate from his paddock, and back the same way, wondering all the time whether there was not somebody in his pheasant preserves, or Sunday trespassers in his grove.

If you entered his house, it gave you as cheerless a feeling as its owner. There was the conservatory, so splendid with rich plants and flowers in his mother's time—now a dusty receptacle of hampers, broken hand-glasses, and garden tools. These tools could never be used, for the gardens were grown wild. Tall grass grew in the walks, and the huge unpruned shrubs disputed the passage with you. In the wood above the gardens, reached by several flights of fine, but now moss-grown, steps, there stood a pavilion, once clearly very beautiful. It was now

damp and ruinous—its walls covered with greenness and crawling insects. It was a great lurking-place of Sir Roger when on the watch for poachers.

The line of the Rockvilles was evidently running fast out. It had reached the extremity of imbecility and contempt—it must soon reach its close.

Sir Roger used to make his regular annual visit to town; but of late, when there, he had wandered restlessly about the streets, peeping into the shop-windows; and if it rained, standing under entries for hours together, till it was gone over. The habit of lurking and peering about, was upon him; and his feet bore him instinctively into those narrow and crowded alleys where swarm the poachers of the city—the trespassers and anglers in the game preserves and streams of humanity. He had lost all pleasure in his club; the most exciting themes of political life retained no piquancy for him. His old friends ceased to find any pleasure in him. He was become the driest of all dry wells. Poachers, and anglers, and Methodists, haunted the wretched purlieus of his fast fading-out mind, and he resolved to go to town no more. His whole nature was centred in his woods. He was for ever on the watch; and when at Rockville again, if he heard a door clap when in bed, he thought it a gun in his woods, and started up, and was out with his keepers.

Of what value was that magnificent estate to him?—those superb woods; those finely-hanging cliffs; that clear and *riant* river coming travelling on, and taking a noble sweep below his windows,—that glorious expanse of neat verdant meadows stretching almost to Stockington, and enlivened by numerous herds of the most beautiful cattle—those old farms and shady lanes overhung with hazel and wild rose; the glittering brook, and the songs of woodland birds—what were they to that worn-out old man, that victim of the delusive doctrine of blood, of the man-trap of an hereditary name?

There the poet could come, and feel the presence of divinity in that noble scene, and hear sublime whispers in the trees, and create new heavens and earths from the glorious chaos of nature around him, and in one short hour live an empyrean of celestial life and love. There could come the very humblest children of the plebeian town, and feel a throb of exquisite delight pervade their bosoms at the sight of the very flowers on the sod, and see heaven in the infinite blue above them. And poor Sir Roger, the holder, but not the possessor of all, walked only in a region of sterility, with no sublimer ideas than poachers and trespassers—no more rational enjoyment than the brute indulgence of hunting like a ferret, and seizing his fellow-men like a bulldog. He was a specimen of human nature degenerated, retrograded from the divine to the bestial, through the long-operating influences of false notions and in-

stitutions, continued beyond their time. He had only the soul of a keeper. Had he been only a keeper, he had been a much happier man.

His time was at hand. The severity which he had long dealt out towards all sorts of offenders made him the object of the deepest vengeance. In a lonely hollow of his woods, watching at midnight with two of his men, there came a sturdy knot of poachers. An affray ensued. The men perceived that their old enemy, Sir Roger, was there; and the blow of a hedge-stake stretched him on the earth. His keepers fled—and thus ignominiously terminated the long line of the Rockvilles. Sir Roger was the last of his line, but not of his class. There is a feudal art of sinking, which requires no study; and the Rockvilles are but one family amongst thousands who have perished in its practice.

THE CHEMISTRY OF A CANDLE.

THE Wilkinsons were having a small party,—it consisted of themselves and Uncle Bagges—at which the younger members of the family, home for the holidays, had been just admitted to assist after dinner. Uncle Bagges was a gentleman from whom his affectionate relatives cherished expectations of a testamentary nature. Hence the greatest attention was paid by them to the wishes of Mr. Bagges, as well as to every observation which he might be pleased to make.

“Eh! what? you sir,” said Mr. Bagges, facetiously addressing himself to his eldest nephew, Harry,—“Eh! what? I am glad to hear, sir, that you are doing well at school. Now—eh? now, are you clever enough to tell me where was Moses when he put the candle out?”

“That depends, uncle,” answered the young gentleman, “on whether he had lighted the candle to see with at night, or by daylight, to seal a letter.”

“Eh! Very good, now! ‘Pon my word, very good,” exclaimed Uncle Bagges. “You must be Lord Chancellor, sir—Lord Chancellor, one of these days.”

“And now, uncle,” asked Harry, who was a favourite with the old gentleman, “can you tell me what you do when you put a candle out?”

“Clap an extinguisher on it, you young rogue, to be sure.”

“Oh! but I mean, you cut off its supply of oxygen,” said Master Harry.

“Cut off its ox’s—eh? what? I shall cut off your nose, you young dog, one of these fine days.”

“He means something he heard at the Royal Institution,” observed Mrs. Wilkinson. “He reads a great deal about chemistry, and he attended Professor Faraday’s lectures there on the chemical history of a candle, and has been full of it ever since.”

“Now, you sir,” said Uncle Bagges, “come

you here to me, and tell me what you have to say about this chemical, eh?—or comical; which?—this comical chemical history of a candle.”

“He'll bore you, Bagges,” said Mr. Wilkinson. “Harry, don't be troublesome to your uncle.”

“Troublesome! Oh, not at all. He amuses me. I like to hear him. So let him teach his old uncle the comicality and chemicality of a farthing rushlight.”

“A wax candle will be nicer and cleaner, uncle, and answer the same purpose. There's one on the mantel-shelf. Let me light it.”

“Take care you don't burn your fingers, or set anything on fire,” said Mrs. Wilkinson.

“Now, uncle,” commenced Harry, having drawn his chair to the side of Mr. Bagges, “we have got our candle burning. What do you see?”

“Let me put on my spectacles,” answered the uncle.

“Look down on the top of the candle around the wick. See, it is a little cup full of melted wax. The heat of the flame has melted the wax just round the wick. The cold air keeps the outside of it hard, so as to make the rim of it. The melted wax in the little cup goes up through the wick to be burnt, just as oil does in the wick of a lamp. What do you think makes it go up, uncle?”

“Why—why, the flame draws it up, doesn't it?”

“Not exactly, uncle. It goes up through little tiny passages in the cotton wick, because very, very small channels, or pipes, or pores, have the power in themselves of sucking up liquids. What they do it by is called cap—something.”

“Capillary attraction, Harry,” suggested Mr. Wilkinson.

“Yes, that's it; just as a sponge sucks up water, or a bit of lump-sugar the little drop of tea or coffee left in the bottom of a cup. But I mustn't say much more about this, or else you will tell me I am doing something very much like teaching my grandmother to—you know what.”

“Your grandmother, eh, young sharpshins?”

“No—I mean my uncle. Now, I'll blow the candle out, like Moses; not to be in the dark, though, but to see into what it is. Look at the smoke rising from the wick. I'll hold a bit of lighted paper in the smoke, so as not to touch the wick. But see, for all that, the candle lights again. So this shows that the melted wax sucked up through the wick is turned into vapour; and the vapour burns. The heat of the burning vapour keeps on melting more wax, and that is sucked up too within the flame, and turned into vapour, and burnt, and so on till the wax is all used up, and the candle is gone. So the flame, uncle, you see, is the last of the candle, and the candle seems to go through the flame into nothing—although it doesn't, but goes into several things, and isn't it curious, as Pro-

fessor Faraday said, that the candle should look so splendid and glorious in going away?”

“How well he remembers, doesn't he?” observed Mrs. Wilkinson.

“I dare say,” proceeded Harry, “that the flame of the candle looks flat to you; but if we were to put a lamp glass over it, so as to shelter it from the draught, you would see it is round,—round sideways, and running up to a peak. It is drawn up by the hot air; you know that hot air always rises, and that is the way smoke is taken up the chimney. What should you think was in the middle of the flame?”

“I should say, fire,” replied Uncle Bagges.

“Oh, no! The flame is hollow. The bright flame we see is something no thicker than a thin peel, or skin; and it doesn't touch the wick. Inside of it is the vapour I told you of just now. If you put one end of a bent pipe into the middle of the flame, and let the other end of the pipe dip into a bottle, the vapour or gas from the candle will mix with the air there; and if you set fire to the mixture of gas from the candle and air in the bottle, it would go off with a bang.”

“I wish you'd do that, Harry,” said Master Tom, the younger brother of the juvenile lecturer.

“I want the proper things,” answered Harry. “Well, uncle, the flame of the candle is a little shining case, with gas in the inside of it, and air on the outside, so that the case of flame is between the air and the gas. The gas keeps going into the flame to burn, and when the candle burns properly, none of it ever passes out through the flame; and none of the air ever gets in through the flame to the gas. The greatest heat of the candle is in this skin, or peel, or case of flame.”

“Case of flame!” repeated Mr. Bagges.

“Live and learn. I should have thought a candle-flame was as thick as my poor old noddle.”

“I can show you the contrary,” said Harry. “I take this piece of white paper, look, and hold it a second or two down upon the candle-flame, keeping the flame very steady. Now I'll rub off the black of the smoke, and—there—you find that the paper is scorched in the shape of a ring; but inside the ring it is only dirtied, and not singed at all.”

“Seeing is believing,” remarked the uncle.

“But,” proceeded Harry, “there is more in the candle-flame than the gas that comes out of the candle. You know a candle won't burn without air. There must be always air around the gas, and touching it like, to make it burn. If a candle hasn't got enough air, it goes out, or burns badly, so that some of the vapour inside of the flame comes out through it in the form of smoke, and this is the reason of a candle smoking. So now you know why a great clumsy dip smokes more than a neat wax candle; it is because the thick wick of the dip makes too much fuel in proportion to the air that can get to it.”

"Dear me! Well, I suppose there is a reason for everything," exclaimed the young philosopher's mamma.

"What should you say, now," continued Harry, "if I told you that the smoke that comes out of a candle is the very thing that makes a candle light? Yes; a candle shines by consuming its own smoke. The smoke of a candle is a cloud of small dust, and the little grains of the dust are bits of charcoal, or carbon, as chemists call it. They are made in the flame, and burnt in the flame, and, while burning, make the flame bright. They are burnt the moment they are made; but the flame goes on making more of them as fast as it burns them; and that is how it keeps bright. The place they are made in, is in the case of flame itself, where the strongest heat is. The great heat separates them from the gas which comes from the melted wax, and, as soon as they touch the air on the outside of the thin case of flame, they burn."

"Can you tell how it is that the little bits of carbon cause the brightness of the flame?" asked Mr. Wilkinson.

"Because they are pieces of solid matter," answered Harry. "To make a flame shine, there must always be some solid—or at least liquid—matter in it."

"Very good," said Mr. Bagges,—“solid stuff necessary to brightness.”

"Some gases and other things," resumed Harry, "that burn with a flame you can hardly see, burn splendidly when something solid is put into them. Oxygen and hydrogen—tell me if I use too hard words, uncle—oxygen and hydrogen gases, if mixed together and blown through a pipe, burn with plenty of heat but with very little light. But if their flame is blown upon a piece of quicklime, it gets so bright as to be quite dazzling. Make the smoke of oil of turpentine pass through the same flame, and it gives the flame a beautiful brightness directly."

"I wonder," observed Uncle Bagges, "what has made you such a bright youth."

"Taking after uncle, perhaps," retorted his nephew. "Don't put my candle and me out. Well, carbon or charcoal is what causes the brightness of all lamps, and candles, and other common lights; so, of course, there is carbon in what they are all made of."

"So carbon is smoke, eh? and light is owing to your carbon. Giving light out of smoke, eh? as they say in the classics," observed Mr. Bagges.

"But what becomes of the candle," pursued Harry, "as it burns away? where does it go?"

"Nowhere," said his mamma, "I should think. It burns to nothing."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Harry, "everything—everybody goes somewhere."

"Eh!—rather an important consideration that," Mr. Bagges moralised.

"You can see it goes into smoke, which makes soot for one thing," pursued Harry. "There are other things it goes into, not to be seen by

only looking, but you can get to see them by taking the right means,—just put your hand over the candle, uncle."

"Thank you, young gentleman, I had rather be excused."

"Not close enough down to burn you, uncle; higher up. There,—you feel a stream of hot air; so something seems to rise from the candle. Suppose you were to put a very long slender gas-burner over the flame, and let the flame burn just within the end of it, as if it were a chimney,—some of the hot steam would go up and come out at the top, but a sort of dew would be left behind in the glass chimney, if the chimney was cold enough when you put it on. There are ways of collecting this sort of dew, and when it is collected it turns out to be really water. I am not joking, uncle. Water is one of the things which the candle turns into in burning,—water coming out of fire. A jet of oil gives above a pint of water in burning. In some lighthouses they burn, Professor Faraday says, up to two gallons of oil in a night, and if the windows are cold the steam from the oil clouds the inside of the windows, and, in frosty weather, freezes into ice."

"Water out of a candle, eh?" exclaimed Mr. Bagges. "As hard to get, I should have thought, as blood out of a post. Where does it come from?"

"Part from the wax, and part from the air, and yet not a drop of it comes either from the air or the wax. What do you make of that, uncle?"

"Eh? Oh! I'm no hand at riddles. Give it up."

"No riddle at all, uncle. The part that comes from the wax isn't water, and the part that comes from the air isn't water, but when put together they become water. Water is a mixture of two things, then. This can be shown. Put some iron wire or turnings into a gun-barrel open at both ends. Heat the middle of the barrel red-hot in a little furnace. Keep the heat up, and send the steam of boiling water through the red-hot gun-barrel. What will come out at the other end of the barrel won't be steam; it will be gas, which doesn't turn to water again when it gets cold, and which burns if you put a light to it. Take the turnings out of the gun-barrel, and you will find them changed to rust, and heavier than when they were put in. Part of the water is the gas that comes out of the barrel, the other part is what mixes with the iron turnings, and changes them to rust, and makes them heavier. You can fill a bladder with the gas that comes out of the gun-barrel, or you can pass bubbles of it up into a jar of water turned upside down in a trough, and, as I said, you can make this part of the water burn."

"Eh?" cried Mr. Bagges. "Upon my word! One of these days, we shall have you setting the Thames on fire."

"Nothing more easy," said Harry, "than

to burn part of the Thames, or of any other water; I mean the gas that I have just told you about, which is called hydrogen. In burning, hydrogen produces water again, like the flame of the candle. Indeed, hydrogen is that part of the water, formed by a candle burning, that comes from the wax. All things that have hydrogen in them produce water in burning, and the more there is in them the more they produce. When pure hydrogen burns, nothing comes from it but water, no smoke or soot at all. If you were to burn one ounce of it, the water you would get would be just nine ounces. There are many ways of making hydrogen, besides out of steam by the hot gun-barrel. I could show it you in a moment by pouring a little sulphuric acid mixed with water into a bottle upon a few zinc or steel filings, and putting a cork in the bottle with a little pipe through it, and setting fire to the gas that would come from the mouth of the pipe. We should find the flame very hot, but having scarcely any brightness. I should like you to see the curious qualities of hydrogen, particularly how light it is, so as to carry things up in the air; and I wish I had a small balloon to fill with it and make go up to the ceiling, or a bag-pipe full of it to blow soap-bubbles with, and show how much faster they rise than common ones, blown with the breath."

"So do I," interposed Master Tom.

"And so," resumed Harry, "hydrogen, you know, uncle, is part of water, and just one-ninth part."

"As hydrogen is to water, so is a tailor to an ordinary individual, eh?" Mr. Bagges remarked.

"Well, now then, uncle, if hydrogen is the tailor's part of the water, what are the other eight parts? The iron turnings used to make hydrogen in the gun-barrel, and rusted, take just those eight parts from the water in the shape of steam, and are so much the heavier. Burn iron turnings in the air, and they make the same rust, and gain just the same in weight. So the other eight parts must be found in the air for one thing, and in the rusted iron turnings for another, and they must also be in the water; and now the question is, how to get at them?"

"Out of the water? Fish for them, I should say," suggested Mr. Bagges.

"Why, so we can," said Harry. "Only, instead of hooks and lines, we must use wires—two wires, one from one end, the other from the other, of a galvanic battery. Put the points of these wires into water, a little distance apart, and they instantly take the water to pieces. If they are of copper, or a metal that will rust easily, one of them begins to rust, and air-bubbles come up from the other. These bubbles are hydrogen. The other part of the water mixes with the end of the wire and makes rust. But if the wires are of gold, or a metal that does not rust easily, air-bubbles rise from the ends of both wires.

Collect the bubbles from both wires in a tube, and fire them, and they turn to water again; and this water is exactly the same weight as the quantity that has been changed into the two gases. Now then, uncle, what should you think water was composed of?"

"Eh? well—I suppose of those very identical two gases, young gentleman."

"Right, uncle. Recollect that the gas from one of the wires was hydrogen, the one-ninth of water. What should you guess the gas from the other wire to be?"

"Stop—eh?—wait a bit—eh?—oh!—why, the other eight-ninths, to be sure."

"Good again, uncle. Now this gas that is eight-ninths of water is the gas called oxygen that I mentioned just now. This is a very curious gas. It won't burn in air at all itself, like gas from a lamp, but it has a wonderful power of making things burn that are lighted and put into it. If you fill a jar with it—"

"How do you manage that?" Mr. Bagges inquired.

"You fill the jar with water," answered Harry, "and you stand it upside down in a vessel full of water too. Then you let bubbles of the gas up into the jar and they turn out the water and take its place. Put a stopper in the neck of the jar, or hold a glass plate against the mouth of it, and you can take it out of the water and so have bottled oxygen. A lighted candle put into a jar of oxygen blazes up directly and is consumed before you can say Jack Robinson. Charcoal burns away in it as fast, with beautiful bright sparks—phosphorus with a light that dazzles you to look at—and a piece of iron or steel just made red-hot at the end first, is burnt in oxygen quicker than a stick would be in common air. The experiment of burning things in oxygen beats any fire-works."

"Oh, how jolly!" exclaimed Tom.

"Now we see, uncle," Harry continued, "that water is hydrogen and oxygen united together, that water is got wherever hydrogen is burnt in common air, that a candle won't burn without air, and that when a candle burns there is hydrogen in it burning, and forming water. Now, then, where does the hydrogen of the candle get the oxygen from, to turn into water with it?"

"From the air, eh?"

"Just so. I can't stop to tell you of the other things which there is oxygen in, and the many beautiful and amusing ways of getting it. But as there is oxygen in the air, and as oxygen makes things burn at such a rate, perhaps you wonder why air does not make things burn as fast as oxygen. The reason is, that there is something else in the air that mixes with the oxygen and weakens it."

"Makes a sort of gaseous grog of it, eh?" said Mr. Bagges. "But how is that proved?"

"Why, there is a gas, called nitrous gas, which, if you mix it with oxygen, takes all the

oxygen into itself, and the mixture of the nitrous gas and oxygen, if you put water with it, goes into the water. Mix nitrous gas and air together in a jar over water, and the nitrous gas takes away the oxygen, and then the water sucks up the mixed oxygen and nitrous gas, and that part of the air which weakens the oxygen is left behind. Burning phosphorus in confined air will also take all the oxygen from it, and there are other ways of doing the same thing. The portion of the air left behind is called nitrogen. You wouldn't know it from common air by the look; it has no colour, taste, nor smell, and it won't burn. But things won't burn in it, either; and anything on fire put into it goes out directly. It isn't fit to breathe,—and a mouse, or any animal, shut up in it, dies. It isn't poisonous, though; creatures only die in it for want of oxygen. We breathe it with oxygen, and then it does no harm, but good; for if we breathed pure oxygen, we should breathe away so violently, that we should soon breathe our life out. In the same way, if the air were nothing but oxygen, a candle would not last above a minute."

"What a tallow-chandler's bill we should have!" remarked Mrs. Wilkinson.

"If a house were on fire in oxygen," as Professor Faraday said, 'every iron bar, or rafter, or pillar, every nail and iron tool, and the fire-place itself; all the zinc and copper roofs, and leaden coverings, and gutters, and pipes, would consume and burn, increasing the combustion.'

"That would be, indeed, burning 'like a house on fire,'" observed Mr. Bagges.

"Think," said Harry, continuing his quotation, "'of the Houses of Parliament, or a steam-engine manufactory. Think of an iron-proof chest—no proof against oxygen. Think of a locomotive and its train,—every engine, every carriage, and even every rail would be set on fire and burnt up.' So now, uncle, I think you see what the use of nitrogen is, and especially how it prevents a candle from burning out too fast."

"Eh?" said Mr. Bagges. "Well, I will say I do think we are under considerable obligations to nitrogen."

"I have explained to you, uncle," pursued Harry, "how a candle, in burning, turns into water. But it turns into something else besides that; there is a stream of hot air going up from it that won't condense into dew; some of that is the nitrogen of the air which the candle has taken all the oxygen from. But there is more in it than nitrogen. Hold a long glass tube over a candle, so that the stream of hot air from it may go up through the tube. Hold a jar over the end of the tube to collect some of the stream of hot air. Put some lime-water, which looks quite clear, into the jar; stop the jar, and shake it up. The lime-water, which was quite clear before, turns milky. Then there is something made by the burning of the candle that changes the colour

of the lime-water. That is a gas, too, and you can collect it, and examine it. It is to be got from several things, and is a part of all chalk, marble, and the shells of eggs or of shell-fish. The easiest way to make it is by pouring muriatic or sulphuric acid on chalk or marble. The marble or chalk begins to hiss or bubble, and you can collect the bubbles in the same way that you can oxygen. The gas made by the candle in burning, and which also is got out of the chalk and marble, is called carbonic acid. It puts out a light in a moment; it kills any animal that breathes it, and it is really poisonous to breathe, because it destroys life even when mixed with a pretty large quantity of common air. The bubbles made by beer when it ferments, are carbonic acid, so is the air that fizzes out of soda-water,—and it is good to swallow though it is deadly to breathe. It is got from chalk by burning the chalk as well as by putting acid to it, and burning the carbonic acid out of chalk makes the chalk lime. This is why people are killed sometimes by getting in the way of the wind that blows from lime-kilns."

"Of which it is advisable carefully to keep to the windward," Mr. Wilkinson observed.

"The most curious thing about carbonic acid gas," proceeded Harry, "is its weight. Although it is only a sort of air, it is so heavy that you can pour it from one vessel into another. You may dip a cup of it and pour it down upon a candle, and it will put the candle out, which would astonish an ignorant person; because carbonic acid gas is as invisible as the air, and the candle seems to be put out by nothing. A soap-bubble or common air floats on it like wood on water. Its weight is what makes it collect in brewers' vats; and also in wells, where it is produced naturally; and owing to its collecting in such places it causes the deaths we so often hear about of those who go down into them without proper care. It is found in many springs of water, more or less; and a great deal of it comes out of the earth in some places. Carbonic acid gas is what stupifies the dogs in the Grotto del Cane. Well, but how is carbonic acid gas made by the candle?"

"I hope with your candle you'll throw some light upon the subject," said Uncle Bagges.

"I hope so," answered Harry. "Recollect it is the burning of the smoke, or soot, or carbon of the candle that makes the candle-flame bright. Also that the candle won't burn without air. Likewise that it will not burn in nitrogen, or air that has been deprived of oxygen. So the carbon of the candle mingles with oxygen, in burning, to make carbonic acid gas, just as the hydrogen does to form water. Carbonic acid gas, then, is carbon or charcoal dissolved in oxygen. Here is black soot getting invisible and changing into air; and this seems strange, uncle, doesn't it?"

"Ahem! Strange, if true," answered Mr

Bagges. "Eh?—well! I suppose it's all right."

"Quite so, uncle. Burn carbon or charcoal either in the air or in oxygen, and it is sure always to make carbonic acid, and nothing else, if it is dry. No dew or mist gathers in a cold glass jar if you burn dry charcoal in it. The charcoal goes entirely into carbonic acid gas, and leaves nothing behind but ashes, which are only earthy stuff that was in the charcoal, but not part of the charcoal itself. And now, shall I tell you something about carbon?"

"With all my heart," assented Mr. Bagges.

"I said that there was carbon or charcoal in all common lights,—so there is in every common kind of fuel. If you heat coal or wood away from the air, some gas comes away, and leaves behind coke from coal, and charcoal from wood; both carbon, though not pure. Heat carbon as much as you will in a close vessel, and it does not change in the least; but let the air get to it, and then it burns and flies off in carbonic acid gas. This makes carbon so convenient for fuel. But it is ornamental as well as useful, uncle. The diamond is nothing else than carbon."

"The diamond, eh? You mean the black diamond."

"No; the diamond, really and truly. The diamond is only carbon in the shape of a crystal."

"Eh? and can't some of your clever chemists crystallise a little bit of carbon, and make a Koh-i-noor?"

"Ah, uncle, perhaps we shall, some day. In the meantime I suppose we must be content with making carbon so brilliant as it is in the flame of a candle. Well; now you see that a candle-flame is vapour burning, and the vapour, in burning, turns into water and carbonic acid gas. The oxygen of both the carbonic acid gas and the water comes from the air, and the hydrogen and carbon together are the vapour. They are distilled out of the melted wax by the heat. But, you know, carbon alone can't be distilled by any heat. It can be distilled, though, when it is joined with hydrogen, as it is in the wax, and then the mixed hydrogen and carbon rise in gas of the same kind as the gas in the streets, and that also is distilled by heat from coal. So a candle is a little gas manufactory in itself, that burns the gas as fast as it makes it."

"Haven't you pretty nearly come to your candle's end?" said Mr. Wilkinson.

"Nearly. I only want to tell uncle, that the burning of a candle is almost exactly like our breathing. Breathing is consuming oxygen, only not so fast as burning. In breathing we throw out water in vapour and carbonic acid from our lungs, and take oxygen in. Oxygen is as necessary to support the life of the body, as it is to keep up the flame of a candle."

"So," said Mr. Bagges, "man is a candle,

eh? and Shakespeare knew that, I suppose, (as he did most things,) when he wrote—

'Out, out, brief candle!'

Well, well; we old ones are moulds, and you young squires are dips and rushlights, eh? Any more to tell us about the candle?"

"I could tell you a great deal more about oxygen, and hydrogen, and carbon, and water, and breathing, that Professor Faraday said, if I had time; but you should go and hear him yourself, uncle."

"Eh? well! I think I will. Some of us seniors may learn something from a juvenile lecture, at any rate, if given by a Faraday. And now, my boy, I will tell you what," added Mr. Bagges, "I am very glad to find you so fond of study and science: and you deserve to be encouraged: and so I'll give you a what-d'ye-call-it?—a Galvanic Battery on your next birth-day; and so much for your teaching your old uncle the chemistry of a candle."

AN OLD HAUNT.

THE rippling water, with its drowsy tone,—
The tall olms, tow'ring in their stately pride,—
And—sorrow's type—the willow sad and lone,
Kissing in graceful woe the murmuring tide;—
The grey church-tower,—and dimly seen beyond,
The faint hills gilded by the parting sun,—
All were the same, and seem'd with greeting fond
To welcome me as they of old had done.
And for a while I stood as in a trance,
On that loved spot, forgetting toil and pain;—
Buoyant my limbs, and keen and bright my glance,
For that brief space I was a boy again!
Again with giddy mates I careless play'd,
Or plied the quiv'ring oar, on conquest bent;—
Again, beneath the tall elms' silent shade,
I woo'd the fair, and won the sweet consent.
But brief, alas! the spell,—for suddenly
Peal'd from the tower the old familiar chimes,
And with their clear, heart-thrilling melody,
Awaked the spectral forms of darker times.
And I remember'd all that years had wrought—
How bow'd my care-worn frame, how dimm'd
my eye,
How poor the gauds by Youth so keenly sought,
How quench'd and dull Youth's aspirations high!
And in half mournful, half upbraiding host,
Duties neglected—high resolves unkept—
And many a heart by death or falsehood lost,
In lightning current o'er my bosom swept.
Then bow'd the stubborn knees, as backward
sped
The self-accusing thoughts in dread array,
And slowly, from their long-congeal'd bed,
Forced the remorseful tears their silent way.
Bitter, yet healing drops! in mercy sent,
Like soft dews falling on a thirsty plain,—
And 'ere those chimes their last faint notes had
spent,
Strengthen'd and calm'd, I stood erect again.

Strengthen'd, the tasks allotted to fulfil ;—
 Calm'd, the thick-coming sorrows to endure ;
 Fearful of nought but of my own frail will,—
 In His Almighty strength and aid secure.

For a sweet voice had whisper'd hope to me,—
 Had through my darkness shed a kindly ray ;—
 It said : "The past is fix'd immutably,
 Yet is there comfort in the coming day !"

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

BEFORE we give a more exclusive attention to the "illustrious stranger," we think it will be advisable to present the reader with a brief authentic account of the circumstances which led to the honour conferred upon England by the visit of this extraordinary personage. These circumstances are little known to the world ; indeed, we have reason to believe they have never before been published.

The British Consul at Cairo had frequently intimated to His Highness the Pasha of Egypt, that a live hippopotamus would be regarded as a very interesting and valuable present in England. Now, there were sundry difficulties of a serious nature involved in this business. In the first place, the favourite resort of the hippopotami is a thousand or fifteen hundred miles distant from Cairo ; in the second place, the hippopotamus being amphibious, is not easily come-at-able ; when he is environed, he is a tremendous antagonist, by reason of his great strength, enormous weight, his wrathfulness when excited, and we may add his prodigious mouth with its huge tusks. We are speaking of the *male* hippopotamus. He is often slain by a number of rifle-balls (he only makes a comic grin of scorn at a few) and laid low from a distance : but as to being taken alive, that is a triumph which has scarcely ever been permitted to mortal man of modern times. It is quite a different matter in respect of the elephant. He cannot take to the water, and neither dive clean away, nor upset your boat with a plunge of his forehead ; besides which you cannot get two tame renegade hippopotami to assist in the capture and subjugation of a relative, as is the case with elephants. Accordingly, His Highness the Pasha, not liking to compromise the dignity of despotism, and his own position as sovereign of Egypt, by promising anything which he might, perhaps, be unable to perform, turned a deaf ear to the repeated overtures of the British Consul. He never refused his request ; he simply did not hear what he said, or could not be made to have a clear understanding as to what the Consul really wanted. His Highness had already given him the skin and bones of hippopotami, and many other animals alive and dead. If he wished for any birds, he was welcome to as many as he pleased !

It so chanced, however, that Abbas Pasha took it into his head, or somebody told him, that we had in England several extraordinary breeds of dogs, horses, and cows,—hounds

that could catch a gazelle by sheer fleetness, small fighting-dogs that would master a bull,—horses that could compete with his finest Arabian steeds, and beat them in a hard day's hunt over rough ground. He bethought himself, therefore, of the hippopotamus. One good turn of this kind might deserve another of a different kind.

"So, Consul," said the Pasha abruptly one day, when Mr. Murray was dining with him, "so, you want a hippopotamus ?"

"Very much, your Highness."

"And you think that such an animal would be an acceptable present to your Queen and country ?"

"He would be accounted a great rarity," said the Consul ; "our naturalists would receive him with open arms—figuratively speaking,—and the public would crowd to pay their respects to him."

Abbas Pasha laughed at this pleasantry of the Consul. "Well," said he, "we will inquire about this matter." He half-turned his head over one shoulder to his attendants : "Send here the Governor of Nubia !" The attendants thus ordered made their salam, and retired.

Anybody, not previously aware of the easy habits of a despotic sovereign, would naturally conclude that the Governor of Nubia was, at this time, in Cairo, and at no great distance from the royal abode. But it was not so. The Governor of Nubia was simply there—at home—smoking his pipe in Nubia. This brief and unadorned order, therefore, involved a post-haste messenger on a dromedary across the Desert, with a boat up the Nile, and then more dromedaries, and then another boat, and again a dromedary, till the Pasha's mandate was delivered. We next beheld the Governor of Nubia, in full official trim, proceeding post-haste with his suite across the Desert, and down the Nile, travelling day and night, until finally he is announced to the Pasha, and admitted to his most serene and fumigations presence. The Governor makes his grand salam.

"Governor," says the Pasha—and we have this unique dialogue on the best authority—"Governor, have you hippopotami in your country ?"

"We have, your Highness."

Abbas Pasha reflected a moment ; then said—"Send to me the Commander of the Nubian army. Now, go !"

This was the whole dialogue. The Governor made his salam, and retired. With the same haste and ceremony, so far as the two things can be combined, he returned to Nubia by boat, and dromedary, and horse, and covered litter ; and the same hour found the Commander of the army of Nubia galloping across the Desert with his attendants, in obedience to the royal mandate.

The Pasha, knowing that all means of speed will be used, and what those means will be, together with the nature of the route, is able to calculate to a day when the Commander ought to arrive—and therefore

must arrive,—at his peril, otherwise. The British Consul is invited to dine with his Highness on this day.

Duly, as expected, the Commander of the Nubian army arrives, and is announced, just as the repast is concluded. He is forthwith ushered into the presence of the sublime beard and turban. Coffee and pipes are being served. The Commander makes his grand salam, shutting his eyes before the royal pipe.

“Commander,” says the Pasha, without taking his pipe from his mouth, “I hear that you have hippotami in your country.”

“It is true, your Highness; but—”

“Bring me a live hippopotamus—a young one. Now, go!”

This was actually the dialogue which took place on the occasion—and the whole of it. The Commander of the Nubian forces made his grand salam—retired—and returned as he came,—“big” with the importance of his errand,—but also not without considerable anxiety for its result.

Arriving at Dongola, the Commander summoned his chief officers and captains of the Nubian hosts to a council of war on the subject of the hippopotamus hunt, on the result of which—he intimated—several heads were at stake, besides his own. A similar communication was speedily forwarded to the chief officers of the right wing of the army, quartered in their tents at Sennaar. The picked men of all the forces having been selected, the two parties met in boats at an appointed village on the banks of the Nile, and there concerted their measures for the expedition.

The Commander divided the chosen body into several parties, and away they sped up the Nile. They followed the course of the river, beyond the point where it branches off into the Blue Nile, and the White Nile. Good fortune at length befel one of the parties; but this cost much time, and many unsuccessful efforts—now pursuing a huge savage river-horse, with rifle-balls and flying darts; now pursued by him in turn with foaming jaws and gnashing tusks—all of which may readily be conjectured, from the fact that they did not fall in with their prize till they had reached a distance, up the White Nile, of one thousand five hundred miles above Cairo. In the doublings and re-doublings of attack and retreat, of pursuit and flight, and renewed assault, they must of course have traversed in all, at least two thousand miles.

Something pathetic attaches to the death of the mother of “our hero,”—something which touches our common nature, but which such hunters as Mr. Gordon Cumming would not be at all able to understand. A large female hippopotamus being wounded, was in full flight up the river; but presently a ball or two reached a mortal part, and then the maternal instinct made the animal pause. She fled no more, but turned aside, and made towards a heap of brushwood and water-bushes that grew on the banks of the river, in order (as the event

showed) to die beside her young one. She was unable to proceed so far, and sank dying beneath the water. The action, however, had been so evidently caused by some strong impulse and attraction in that direction, that the party instantly proceeded to the clump of water-bushes. Nobody moved—not a green flag stirred; not a sprig trembled; but directly they entered, out burst a burly young hippopotamus-calf, and plunged head foremost down the river-banks. He had all but escaped, when amidst the excitement and confusion of the picked men, one of them who had “more character” than the rest, made a blow at the slippery prize with his boat-hook, and literally brought him up by burying the hook in his fat black flank. Two other hunters—next to him in presence of mind and energy—threw their arms round the great barrel-bellied infant, and hoisted him into the boat, which nearly capsized with the weight and struggle.

In this one circumstance of a hippopotamus being ordered by his Highness Abbas Pasha, has been pleasantly shown the ease and brevity with which matters are managed by a despotic government. We complain at home—and with how much reason, everybody knows too well—of the injurious and provoking slowness of all good legislative acts; but here we have a beautiful little instance, or series of little instances, of going rather too fast. Things are settled off-hand in the East by a royal mandate—from the strangling of a whole seraglio, to the suckling of a young hippopotamus.

Returning down the Nile with their unwieldy prize, for whose wounded flank the best surgical attendance the country afforded, was of course procured, it soon became a matter of immense importance and profound consultation as to how and on what the innocent young monster should be fed. He would not touch flesh of any kind; he did not seem to relish fruit; and he evidently did not, at present, understand grass. A live fish was put into his mouth, but he instantly gave a great gape and allowed it to flap its way out again and fall into the water. Before long, however, the party reached a village. The Commander of the army saw what to do. He ordered his men to seize all the cows in the village, and milk them. This was found very acceptable to their interesting charge, who presently despatched a quantity that alarmed them, lest they should be unable to keep up the due balance of supply and demand. The surplus milk, however, they carried away in gourds and earthen vessels. But they found it would not keep; it became sour butter, and melted into oil. They were, therefore, compelled, after a milking to carry off with them one of the best cows. In this way they returned fifteen hundred miles down the Nile, stopping at every village on their way—seizing all the cows and milking them dry. By these means they managed to supply the

"table" of the illustrious captive, whose capacities in disposing of the beverage appeared to increase daily.

The hunting-division of the army, headed by the Commander-in-Chief, arrived at Cairo with their prize on the 14th of November, 1849. The journey down the Nile, from the place where he was captured, *viz.*, the White Nile, had occupied between five and six months. This, therefore, with a few additional days, may be regarded as the age of our hippopotamus on reaching Cairo. The colour of his skin, at that time, was for the most part of a dull, reddish tone, very like that (to compare great things with small) of a naked new-born mouse. The Commander hastened to the palace to report his arrival with the prize to his royal master, into the charge of whose officers he most gladly resigned it. His Highness, having been informed of the little affair of the succession of "cows," determined to place the vivacious un-weaned "infant prodigy" in the hands of the British Consul without a moment's delay.

The announcement was accordingly made with oriental formality by the chief officer of Abbas Pasha's palace, to whom the Honorable Mr. Murray made a suitable present in return for the good tidings. A lieutenant of the Nubian army, with a party of soldiers, arrived shortly after, bringing with them the animal, whose renown had already filled the whole city. He excited full as much curiosity in Cairo, as he has since done here, being quite as great a rarity. This will be easily intelligible when the difficulties of the capture, and the immense distance of the journey are taken into consideration, with all the contingencies of men, boats, provisions, cows, and other necessary expenses.

The overjoyed Consul had already made all his preparations for receiving the illustrious stranger. He had, in the first place, secured the services of Hamet Safi Cannana, well known for his experience and skill in the care and management of animals. A commodious apartment had then been fitted up in the court-yard of the Consul's house, with one door leading out to a bath. As the winter would have to be passed in Cairo, proper means were employed for making this a warm, or tepid bath. Here then our hippopotamus lived, "the observed of all observers," drinking so many gallons of milk a day (never less than twenty or thirty quarts) that he soon produced a scarcity of that article in Cairo. Nor will this be so much a matter of surprise, when it is considered that they do not understand there the excellent methods of manufacturing enough milk to answer any demand, which obtains with us in London, where such an event as a scarcity of milk was never known by the oldest inhabitant.

Meanwhile active preparations were making for his arrival in Alexandria, to be shipped on board the Ripon steamer. The vessel was furnished with a house on the main-deck,

opening by steps down into a tank in the hold, containing four hundred gallons of water. It had been built and fitted up at Southampton from a plan furnished by Mr. Mitchell, Secretary of the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, to whose energies and foresight we are indebted for the safe possession of this grotesque, good-tempered and unique monster. The tank, by various arrangements, they contrived to fill with fresh water every other day. A large quantity was taken on board in casks; a fresh supply at Malta; and, besides this, which was by no means enough, they made use of the condensed water of the engines, which amounted to upwards of three hundred gallons per day. As there are some hippopotami who enjoy the sea on certain coasts of the world, it is not improbable but our friend would soon have got used to sea-water; but Mr. Mitchell was determined to run no risks, prudently considering that, in the first place, the strength of the salt water, to one whose mother had been accustomed, and her ancestors for generations, to the mild streams of Nilus, might disagree with "young pickle;" and secondly, if he chanced to take to it amazingly, how would he bear the change when he arrived at his mansion in the Regent's Park. Fresh water, therefore, was provided for his bath every other day throughout the voyage.

The British Consul began to prepare for the departure of his noble guest at the end of April; and in the early part of May, the Consul took an affectionate leave of him, and would have embraced him, but that the extraordinary girth of his body rendered such a demonstration impossible.

So, our hippopotamus departed from Grand Cairo in a large padded cart. He had refused a very nice horse-box which the Consul had provided for him. Some feeling about his dignity, we suppose; though Hamet Safi Cannana considered the objection arose from a certain care of his skin, which might have got a little chafe or hard rub in the horse-box. It was a lesson to Mr. Murray for life. No effort, of course, was made to compel the great personage to enter this machine, because it is one of Hamet's principles of management never to irritate an animal—always to keep him in good temper—never directly and immediately to thwart his will in anything that is not injurious, impracticable, or particularly unreasonable. Very delightful all this! Who would not be a hippopotamus? Who that was not Cæsar, would not wish to be Pompey?

On arriving at Alexandria, full ten thousand people rushed out into the streets to see our hippopotamus pass. If no one had ever seen the amphibious prodigy in Cairo, it is not to be wondered at that the mental condition of Alexandria was in the same lamentable degree of darkness.

The crowd was so great, that the British Consul (whose feelings had so mastered him

on taking leave of his guest, that he had been obliged to follow the *cortège*) was under the necessity of applying to the Governor of Alexandria for an escort of troops. This was forthwith granted, and down they came galloping along the streets of Alexandria, with waving scimitars! It was well the hippopotamus did not see them from his padded cart, where he lay asleep—it might have caused a little misunderstanding.

Order being restored, and a great lane made in the crowd, Hamet Safi Cannana commenced the gradual and delicate process of awaking the great personage. In the course of an hour or so, during which time the escort of soldiers all "stood attention," the excited feelings of the anxious lane of population were gratified by—the sight of the Arab ceremoniously advancing in gentleman-usher fashion, while close behind him slowly lounged the hippopotamus.

He embarked on board the Ripon, where he was soon joined by his Excellency General Jung Bahadoor Ranajee, and the Nepaulese princes, his brothers. These latter personages would have been great objects of attraction under any other circumstances; but what could stand against such a rival as the occupant of the great house and bath on the main-deck?

During the voyage, "our fat friend" attached himself yet more strongly to his attendant and interpreter, Hamet; indeed, the devotion to his person which this assiduous and thoughtful person had manifested from his first promotion to the office, had been of a kind to secure such a result from any one at all accessible to kindly affections. Hamet had commenced by sleeping side-by-side with his charge in the house at Cairo, and adopted the same arrangement for the night during the first week of the voyage to England. Finding, however, as the weather grew warmer, and the hippopotamus bigger and bigger, that this was attended with some inconvenience, Hamet had a hammock slung from the beams immediately over the place where he used to sleep—in fact, just over his side of the bed—by which means he was raised two or three feet above his usual position. Into this hammock got Hamet, and having assured the hippopotamus, both by his voice, and by extending one arm over the side so as to touch him, that he was there as usual at his side, and "all was right," he presently fell asleep. How long he slept Hamet does not know, but he was awake by the sensation of a jerk and a hoist, and found himself lying on the bed in his old place, close beside our fat friend. Hamet tried the experiment once more; but the same thing again occurred. No sooner was he asleep than the hippopotamus got up—raised his broad nose beneath the heaviest part of the hammock that swung lowest, and by an easy and adroit toss, pitched Hamet clean out. After this, Hamet, acting on his rule of never thwarting

his charge in anything reasonable, abandoned the attempt of a separate bed, and took up his nightly quarters by his side as before.

As for the voyage, it was passed pleasantly enough by the most important of the illustrious strangers on board. His Excellency the Nepaulese ambassador, together with the prince his brother, were uncommonly seasick; but as for our fat friend, he enjoyed himself all the way. He liked his bath, for which there was no lack of fresh water supplies, and his provisions were equally satisfactory. Two cows and ten goats had been taken on board for his sole use and service; these, however, not being found sufficient for a "growing youth," the ship's cow was confiscated for the use of his table; and this addition, together with we forget how many dozen sacks of Indian corn meal, enabled him to reach our shores in excellent health and spirits.

A word as to the title of "river-horse," when taken in conjunction with his personal appearance, his habits, and his diet. The hippopotamus has nothing in common with the horse; he seems to us rather an aquatic pig, or a four-footed land porpoise. In fact, he appears to partake of the wild boar, the bull, and the porpoise—the latter predominating at present, but when he gets his tusks, we much fear there will be an alteration in his manners for the worse. As to his eventual size, the prospect is alarming. He is at present only seven months old, and he will continue growing till he is fifteen years of age. What news for the London cows!

Arrived at Southampton, our hippopotamus, house and all, with Hamet Safi Cannana at his side, was hoisted up at the vessel's yard-arm, and gradually lowered upon a great iron truck, which was then wheeled off to the railway station. The whole concern was deposited in the special carriage of a special train, and on this he travelled from Southampton to London. He arrived at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park at ten o'clock at night, and found Lord Brougham, Professor Owen, Thomas Bell, and Mr. Mitchell all waiting (we believe they were not in court dresses) to receive him. They were presently joined by the learned Editor of the "Annals of Natural History," the learned Editor of the "Zoologist," in company with Mr. Van Voorst, and several artists who made sketches by the light of a lantern. Doyle, Wolf, Harrison Weir, Foster, (for the "Illustrated London News") and others, were all in assiduous attendance, watchful of every varying outline. The illustrious stranger descended from his carriage, and entered the gardens. First went the lantern; then Hamet Safi Cannana with a bag of dates slung over his shoulder; and after him slowly lounged our uncaught treasure, with a prodigy of a grin such as he alone can give, expressive of his humorous sense of all the honours and luxuries that awaited him.

We understand it is a cabinet secret, that

the Pasha has ordered a fresh party of hunting soldiers to proceed up the river, as far as the White Nile, to search for another young hippopotamus—a female! We may, therefore, look forward to the unrivalled fame of possessing a royal pair—“sure *such* a pair” as were never yet seen in any collection of Natural History—to say nothing of the chance of a progeny. These are national questions, —why should they be cabinet secrets?

We are certainly a strange people —we English. Our indefatigable energies and matchless wealth often exhibit themselves in eccentric fancies. No wonder, foreigners —philosophers and all—are so much puzzled what to make of us. They point to the unaided efforts of a Waghorn, and to his widow's pension-mite—and then they point to our hippopotamus! Truly, it is not easy to reply to the inference, and impossible to evade it. We have had a Chaucer and a Milton, a Hobbes, and a Newton, a Watt and a Winsor; and we have had other great poets, and philosophers, and machinists, and men of learning and science, and have several of each now living among us: but any amount of a people's anxious interest, which the present state of popular education induces, is very limited indeed compared to that which is felt by all classes for a Tom Thumb, a Jim Crow, or our present Idol. Howbeit, as the last is really a great improvement on the two former fascinating exotics, it is to be hoped that we shall, in course of time, more habitually display some kind of discrimination in the objects of our devotion.

CHIPS.

RAILWAY COMFORT

In all the utilities of Railway travelling, England is supreme. Speed, represented by from thirty to sixty miles an hour, “just (to quote the words of Lubin Log) as the passenger pleases;” punctuality, that admits of the setting of watches by arrivals and departures; and safety, exemplified by the loss of no human life from any other cause than the carelessness of the sufferer, during the past two years, are proofs of British supremacy in locomotion. Yet—by a strange perversity not easily accounted for in a country known all over the rest of the world as the Kingdom of Comfort—the point apparently aimed at is to render the transit of the human frame as uncomfortable an operation as possible. Every elegance and luxury is bestowed upon waiting-rooms where extreme punctuality renders it unnecessary for people to wait; and upon refreshment-rooms in which travellers are allowed ten minutes to scald themselves with boiling coffee, or to choke themselves with impossible pork-pies; but carriages in which travellers have to be cramped up, often for hours, and sometimes for whole days, are apparently contrived to inflict as much torture as prac-

ticable. In order to force those who cannot afford it into the first-class, second and third-class carriages are only one and two degrees removed from cattle pens. And that these should not be too delicious, the humbler order of passengers will not easily forget that a director once proposed to hire a number of chimney-sweeps to render—what, with the best company, are nothing better than locomotive hutches—perfectly untenable.

They manage these things better abroad. There a detestable class-feeling—a contemptible purse-worship, which rigidly separates people according to their pecuniary circumstances; which metes out the smallest privilege or comfort at a price—does not exist to prevent the managers of railways from making the journeys of their customers and supporters as pleasant as possible. On the French railroads, (setting aside the question that the fares are much lower,) the second-class carriages are comfortably cushioned, having pretty silk blinds to keep out the sun; windows that really are capable of being pulled up and down, besides hooks for hats,—a great convenience on a journey. For the blinds, indeed, an enterprising blind-maker in France agreed to furnish them to one railway company, gratis, on condition that they used no other for a certain number of years, and allowed him to make them the medium of his advertisements. Talk of advertising vans—can they be compared to the brilliant notion of advertising railways—trains of puffs, wafting the genius of inventors faster than the wind! We throw out the hint to the “advertising world” in this country.

In winter, even in an English first-class carriage, there is no protection against frost and damp; but in nearly all the foreign railways, no sooner does the winter set in than the first-class traveller finds the bottom of his carriage provided with a long tin case full of hot water. In the cold months, masses of woollen cloth and railway wrappers, are seen shaking in the corners of first-class English carriages with shivering, comfortless, human beings inside them, despairing of any sort of warmth whatever.

Comfort in railway travelling is, however brought to the highest perfection in Germany. An esteemed correspondent at Vienna writes to us on this subject in the following terms:—On the “*Wiener-Neustädter Eisenbahn*,” (the Vienna and Neustadt Railway), the carriages of the first, second, and third-class may each be said to resemble a spacious room, furnished with seats, something like a concert-room, and having a broad passage down the middle. Thus one may get up, walk towards a friend a dozen seats off; or, if you require more air or a change of position, you will find the backs of the seats shift so as to enable you to turn round, and sit down the other way without inconvenience to any one. I need not say that on this railway there is no struggle for “that corner place with your back

to the engine," which is a desirable object throughout our three kingdoms,—for every place is a corner place, having light and air, and you may sit which way you please.

Attached to each carriage, and going the whole length of the train, is a broad wooden plank, along which the guards are constantly walking, so that the slightest thing amiss could scarcely occur without their perceiving it immediately. Just before the arrival of the train at any station, one of these functionaries—for there are several—quietly opens the door and, instead of calling out "I say, you sir!" or "Come, marm, your ticket, I can't be a waitin' here all day," as we have heard in England, walks without any hurry or bustle down the division from one end to the other, repeating, in a clear and ordinary tone of voice the name of the station which is being approached, and requiring the tickets of such passengers as are going to alight there. With such an arrangement—giving ample time for the gathering together of coats, canes, umbrellas, reticules, and so forth—even Martha Struggles herself might have got through a journey unscathed and "unflustered."

The admirable arrangement displayed in America, as well as in Germany, for receiving tickets without that delay which has been so much complained of in England, cannot be sufficiently applauded. When however delay is unavoidable, to receive the mails, or from some other cause, no sooner does the train stop, than a waiter, or sometimes a pretty waitress—who is more likely to find customers—trips up the steps with a tray laden with iced water and lemonade, glasses of light wine or *maitrank*, (a kind of Burr ridge-cup,) biscuits, cakes, and other edible nick-nacks, so that the passenger may take some slight refectation without getting down.

In the railway from Bonn to Cologne, on the Rhine, they have pushed convenience yet farther, having provided the first-class carriages with tables, so that during the journey, one pressed for time may write letters with the greatest ease; pens and a portable inkstand being all that is necessary for that purpose. Paper may be had at the station.

It has been also suggested on several of the continental railways, that such travellers as chose to pay for the space, might have a regular bed; a great convenience for ladies or invalids, unable to bear the fatigue of a journey of many hours by night.

These hints might be followed with very great advantage to the shareholders in particular and to the public in general, by the directors of British lines.

IMPROVING A BULL.

THE highly respectable old lady who addressed us on a former occasion, has obliged us with another communication, on a most important subject:—

"Sir,—You would have heard before, but the cause was a mad bull, which being tossed

might at my age be very ill-convenient. But that's nothing to what I'm going to tell you. Only to think of the power of horns! Bulls tosses very high, I've heard, but did you ever hear, Mr. Conductor, of a mad bull tossing a widow and six children across the sea, half over the side of the round world, from our Borough to Australia? Well you may stare, but it's a fact!

"The bull run right at me, full butt, and so I grasped my umbrella with both hands and ran to where the shops was—drat the boys, how they did screech about one!—and it was cold water, which I doesn't often drink, by which means I came to in a pastry-cook's. The name was Bezzle, I see it on a bag while she was putting in gingerbread nuts for Mrs. Jenks's baby, which I bought not to be under obligation for stepping in.

"Gracious mussy, Mrs. Bezzle,' says I, 'why wasn't I killed? What ever is the reason of them bulls?'

"Says she, 'It's market day.'

"Smithfield!' says I.

"Says Mrs. Bezzle, 'Mum, all the abuse and outcry against Smithfield is very narrow-minded.'

"Says I, 'How so?'

"Says she, 'It don't consider shop-keepers. When a bull takes a line of street, it drives the people into the shops on either side, and they make purchases for fear of being gored.'

"Heighty teighty, mum,' I says, 'you are alluding to my ginger-bread.'

"Says she, 'I scorn allusions. It's a rule. Whether it's bulls or thunderstorms, or what it is we look to, we respects whatever sends us customers.'

"Says I, 'Mrs. Bezzle, you astonish me. Where's your family trade?'

"Says she, 'There are too many traders. Where one of us earns meat, three of us only earn potatoes.'

"Emigrate,' says I.

"Says she, 'That's very well, but then,' says she, 'in such a move it's hard to know which way to put one's foot, and when a step's made, if it's a wrong one, it's not easy to retrace it.'

"Spirited trading—' says I.

"Ah!' says she, cutting me short rudely; but I forgave her, owing to her feelings. 'Take Chandlery, within seven minutes of this door, mum. One man sells soap under cost price, and other things at profit, hoping to bring people to his shop for soap, and then get them to buy other articles. But his neighbour sells cheap herrings in the same way; another sacrifices pickles, and another makes light of the candle business. What's the result? Folks buy in the cheapest market; go for soap to the man who sells that at the ruin prices, go for herrings to his neighbour, go down the other street for pickles, and get candles over the way.'

"Well,' says I, 'that's an illustration of

Cheapness, but,' says I, 'it's dishonest. A fair trader has no right to sell an article at less than its first cost.'

"No right!" says she. 'And I dessay he thinks he has no right to starve. It's very hard to judge. The young tradesman, with his little capital and knowledge of a trade, has got his sweetheart and his ambition. He must wedge into society somehow, and he begins with the sharp end.'

"But," says I, 'it isn't sharp, Mrs. Bezzle.'

"So she shakes her head; says she, 'I'll give you an example which is true, and one out of a many.'

"I once knew an excellent young man who died of cholera. He left a widow and three little children. After deducting all expenses for her husband's burial, the widow found that she possessed a hundred pounds. With fear and trembling, she embarked this money, in an effort to support herself. With it she fitted up a little shop, and had begun to earn a livelihood, when——"

"Well, Mrs. Bezzle, what prevented her?"

—"An empty house close by was taken by another person following her trade. Immediately her receipts diminished. One cannot live except by bread that can be got out of a neighbour's cupboard. The widow and the children have already lost eighty pounds, have only twenty left; their house is taken by the year, and so they still are in it; and the poor lost woman cannot be comforted. Her hope is gone."

"Heigh, dear," says I, 'it wasn't so in my young days. I believe this is owing to over-population,' says I.

"Well," says Mrs. Bezzle, perking up. 'It's cruel to blame us for our struggles. What if I have got nine, and six on 'em dependant on penny tarts and gingerbread for meat, drink, washing, and lodging, are they to be thrown in my teeth?'

"Emigrate," says I, six times more pointedly than before.

"Where to?" says she, 'and how? Who can tell me that?'

"Go and lay your case before Parson Pullaway; he knows our M.P., and he knows all about colonial places. Hasn't his brother's wife's first cousin got one of them? He is Sub-under-Secretary to Lord Oxfordmixture, who has all the emigration settlements under his thumb.'

"I'll think about it," says Mrs. Bezzle, quite struck-like,—for down came the scales on the counter like a shot, and the whole ounce of sugar-candy jumped into the little boy's apron of its own accord. He had come for two penn'orth on pretence of a cough. 'Besides, didn't Mr. Pullaway christen seven out of my nine children, and not a penny of the fees owing for?'

"The last word as ever I spoke to Mrs. Bezzle was, 'Emigrate!'

"Well, who would have thought it? Next week Mrs. Bezzle's business was to sell. The week after, it was sold. The week after that, Mrs. Bezzle and her son Tom, and Tom's wife, and Tom's brother Sam, and Mrs. Bezzle's eldest daughter, and little James, and Sarah, and Mary Ann, and the two little urchins, were on board a ship, at Liverpool, bound for Port Philip. That's a year, come Michaelmas, ago.

"But, drat 'em, why didn't they pay the postage? Two-and-two is a consideration when butter (best fresh) is a rising a penny a pound every week. Not but what I was glad to hear from Mrs. Bezzle. Tom and his wife, and his brother Sam, are settled in a 'run;' and though there was some words I couldn't make out, I dare say they didn't explain how a 'run' could be a settlement. 'Quite the reverse!' as Mrs. Jenks said—(I have made it up with her, though she did insinuate the gingerbread-nuts the mad bull made me buy gave her babby the cholera; and, bless it! it was only the teeth after all). Mrs. Bezzle has settled herself in the mutton-pie and cheese-cake line, and has no fear of opposition; and as in Port Philip there is good digestions and plenty of 'em, pies is popular. Prices, too, is better,—penny pies being tuppence. James is on the 'run,' along with his eldest brother. Sarah an't married yet,—for out of six offers, a young gal of seventeen has a right to be puzzled for six months or so, and more dropping in every week. Mary Anne is family governess to a rich copper-man, with plenty of stock—I suppose by that he is in the soup line. However, all is doing well.

"Well, Mr. Conductor, it was all owing to that bull, wasn't it? If I hadn't improved that solemn occasion, where would Mrs. Bezzle, and four out of six of her helpless offspring have been by this time?—why, in the workhus."

LUNGS FOR LONDON.

TRAVELLERS describe nothing to be so much dreaded by the people of the East as a flight of locusts, except indeed a settlement of locusts. When those devouring insects alight on the fields and pastures, they begin from a centre composed of myriads, and eat up everything green within radii extending over not acres, but miles. They fall upon gardens and leave them deserts; and upon a field they do not permit so much as a blade of grass to indicate where grass was.

Although, in fact, these little devastators do not trouble us; in effect, Londoners are the victims of equally efficient destroyers of their green places.

Bricklayers are spreading the webs and meshes of houses with such fearful rapidity in every direction, that the people are being gradually confined within narrow prisons, only open at the top for the admission of what would be air if it were not smoke. Suburban open spaces are being entombed in

brick-and-mortar mausoleums for the suffocation as well as for the accommodation of an increasing populace; who, if they wish to get breath, can find nowhere to draw it from, short of a long journey. The Lungs of London have undergone congestion, and even their cells are underground.

Of all the neighbourhoods of which London is a collection, Finsbury and Islington have suffered most. Within the recollection of middle-aged memories, Clerkenwell Green was of the right colour; Moorfields, Spafields, and the East India Company's Fields, were adorned with grass; and he must be young indeed who cannot remember cricket-playing in White Conduit, Canonbury, Shepherd and Shepherdess, Rhodes, and Laycock's, besides countless acres of other "Fields," which are now blotted out from the face of the Country to become Town, in the densest sense of the word. Thanks to the window tax and the bricklayer, fresh air will be thoroughly bricked out, unless a vigorous effort be made to stop the invasion of burnt clay and water.

Mr. Lloyd, a gentleman of Islington who dreamt a few years since that he lived in the country, but has recently awoke to the conviction that his once suburban residence has been completely incorporated with the town, determined, if possible, to arrest the invasion of habitations. His plan is to dam out the flood of encroachment by emparking a large space at Islington for the behoof of the Borough of Finsbury, which contains a population of three hundred thousand panting souls. This space is, according to his plan, that which surrounds the village of Highbury, one of the highest and airiest suburbs of London. It is within two miles of the City, and might be rendered accessible to Victoria Park in the east, and to Regent's Park in the west. The proposed enclosure will take in a good portion of the course of the New River, and a large quantity of ground so well and picturesquely wooded, that a paling and a name are only requisite to convert it at once into a park. In shape the enclosure would be a triangle, the base of which is the Holloway Road and Hopping Lane, and the apex, a point at which the Seven Sisters' Road joins the Green Lanes. The extent of these grounds is about three hundred acres, and the total cost of securing them to the public is not more than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Mr. Lloyd has been vigorously agitating this matter for more than nine years, and yet—such is the pace at which the public are apt to move in affairs in which the public alone is itself concerned—it is only lately that he has obtained an attentive hearing for his plan.

A prospect of success appears now, however, to dawn. Public meetings have been lately held in every district concerned, in which every sort of co-operation has been promised.

A single difficulty seems to stand in the way; one little thing needful is only required to turn the project into an accomplished fact, and that is, the money,—one hundred and fifty thousand pounds merely. Mr. Lloyd and his coaljutors have, we believe, mentioned their little difficulty at the Treasury, and are awaiting an answer. This state of things would form a curious problem for De Morgan, Quetelet, or others learned in the doctrine of probabilities: given, official routine multiplied by systematic delay, what are the chances of the cash required within the present generation?

A park for Finsbury is too urgent a demand for a dense population to allow of much time being wasted in knocking at the door of the Treasury. The public must bestir *themselves* in the scheme, and it will soon be accomplished and carried out.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

WHERE the green banners of the forest float,
Where, from the Sun's imperial domain,
Armour'd in gold, attentive to the note
Of piping birds, the sturdy trees remain,
Those never-angered armies; where the plain
Boasts to the day its bosom ornaments
Of corn and fruitage; where the low refrain
Of seaside music song on song invents,
Laden with placid thought, whereto the heart
assents,
Often I wander. Nor does the light Noon,
Garrulous to man's eye, declaring all
That Morning pale (watched by her spectre moon,
Or solemn Vesper, seated near the pall
Of Day) holds unrevealed; nor does the fall
Of curtain on our human pantomime,
The sweeping by of Day's black funeral
Through Night's awe-stricken realms, with tread
sublime,
Chiefly delight my heart; beauty pervades all time.
Morning: the Day is innocent, and weeps;
Noon: she is wedded and enjoys the Earth;
Evening: wearied of the world she sleeps.
Night watches till another Day has birth.
The innocence of Morning, and the mirth
Of Noon, the holy calm of Eventide,
The watching while Day is not, there is dearth
Of joy within his soul who hath not cried:
"I welcome all, O God,—share all Thou wilt
provide!"

THE PRESERVATION OF LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK.

It is a difficult matter to reconcile with the sympathy, which it is well-known the sufferings of the unfortunate always receive in England, the apparent apathy which exists among the public, on a subject so important as the preservation of Life from Shipwreck. Several pleas in extenuation have been urged by those most interested. In the first place, there is that natural hardihood and contempt of danger in the English sailor, which it is, occasionally, impossible to tame down to any-

thing like prudence and forethought. This indomitable spirit of emulation and daring, is found to be the greatest enemy to the adoption of any of those appliances which science has rendered available. The Deal boatman trusts his life in precisely the same sort of craft that his father, and his father's father, did before him. Confident in, and proud of, the skill which he has inherited from them, he scorns to tarnish, as he falsely reasons, his name by the habitual use of buoy or belt, lest those of his comrades who are firmly entrenched behind their ancient prejudices, should set him down as faint-hearted, and unworthy the honourable name of a "Deal boatman."

The still more inaccessible Scotch fisherman, with his four thousand piscatory brethren, "shoots his nets" on the exposed coast of Caithness, in the open boat used by his ancestors, notwithstanding the evil consequences which have often ensued. The latest example of the ill effects of this tenacity of opinion occurred two years since, when a fearful gale, which did more or less damage along the whole eastern face of England and Scotland, wrecked and damaged a hundred and twenty-four of their boats, drowned a hundred men, and occasioned a loss to the fishing community of above seven thousand pounds, which, although a large sum, will not bear any comparison with the misery and destitution thus entailed upon the widows and orphans of the lost.

It is impossible to say how many of these unfortunate men might have been saved, had they had proper harbours to run for, with lights and beacons to warn, and life-boats to afford assistance; proper boats to keep the sea, and buoys and belts, as a last resource; but surely we are warranted in thinking that fully one half would have been left among us.

In both these examples, it must be acknowledged that it would be a useless effort to attempt any sudden innovations on these deeply-seated prejudices; the only thing that can be done, in either case, is to let the new principle quietly work of itself. Let us find a life-belt for the Deal boatman, which he can wear and work in, until in it he recognises his best friend; let the Scotch fisherman have ocular demonstration that the "model" boat prosecutes the fishery with equal success, and far greater safety and comfort in bad weather, and we shall soon have a different system of things.

In the course of each year an average of something like six hundred ship disasters occur on the shores of this kingdom alone,—some wrecked through stress of weather; some by carelessness, and other disgraceful causes; some through mistaking lights, or having been lured to destruction by useless ones; some through actual rottenness of timber; some dashed to pieces on the very rock for which they were anxiously looking half a mile

further a-head, where it *ought* to have been, according to the chart; and some from other causes, more or less easily averted. These losses are attended by the almost incredible destruction of a thousand lives, and the value of tens of thousands of pounds sterling.

The shocking wreck of the *Orion*—not, we say with sorrow, the last occurrence of the kind—startled, for a moment, the public from their culpable apathy. But the shock passed away; and attention to this subject is gradually subsiding into the usual indifference. The details of this catastrophe ought to have had a more permanent effect on the public mind. In the moment of danger, the gear of the boats was so imperfect, that these could only be released from their davits by capsizing their human cargoes into the deep. Even when they righted, they immediately filled, for the plug-holes were actually un-stopped. The most ordinary precautions for saving life were not at hand, as precautions. The hen-coops, barrels, seats, combings, and other means of escape, by which many were saved, were purely accidental life-preservers.

Every English ship, before leaving port, should be submitted to a supervising power similar to the inspection that emigrant ships undergo, in order that it should be certified that means, both simple and efficacious, for the safety of the passengers and crew, exist on board—boats, belts, mattresses, rafts; everything, in short, that can add to the security of those about to "go down to the sea in ships."

That this sort of supervision is effectual, is proved by the few disasters which happen to the vessels of the Royal Navy. In these ships, everything is not only kept in its proper place, to be ready when wanted, but each man is constantly exercised in what he is to do with it when no danger is apprehended, that he may be in a state of prompt efficiency when it is. The Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean squadron can step on board any one of his ships in the middle of the night; and although three-fourths of its crew are asleep in their hammocks, he can, by ordering the "beat to quarters," make sure of every man being at his post in seven minutes, ready for action or for any sudden disaster. This sort of discipline it is which is so much required in the merchant navy. In case of a ship striking, a dozen men rush to do one thing,—perhaps to release a boat from one of her davits,—and, consequently, swamp the boat, by leaving the stern rope untouched. Captain Basil Hall, in his "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," describes the vigilant precaution daily made even against the loss of one life. To each life-buoy there is as regular a "service" as to any other part or apparatus of the ship. He says:—

"On the top of the mast is fixed a port-fire, calculated to burn, I think, twenty minutes

or half-an-hour; this is ignited most ingeniously by the same process which lets the buoy down into the water. So that a man falling overboard at night, is directed to the buoy by the blaze on the top of its pole or mast, and the boat sent to rescue him also knows in what direction to pull. Even supposing, however, the man not to have gained the life-buoy, it is clear that, if above the surface at all, he must be somewhere in that neighbourhood; and if he shall have gone down, it is still some satisfaction, by recovering the buoy, to ascertain that the poor wretch is not left to perish by inches. The method by which this excellent invention is attached to the ship, and dropped into the water in a single instant, is perhaps not the least ingenious part of the contrivance. The buoy is generally fixed amidships over the stern, where it is held securely in its place by being strung, or threaded, as it were, on two strong perpendicular iron rods fixed to the taffrail, and inserted in holes piercing the framework of the buoy. The apparatus is kept in its place by what is called a slip-stopper, a sort of catch-bolt or detent, which can be unlocked at pleasure, by merely pulling a trigger. Upon withdrawing the stopper, the whole machine slips along the rods, and falls at once into the ship's wake. The trigger which unlocks the slip-stopper is furnished with a lanyard, passing through a hole in the stern, and having at its inner end a large knob, marked 'Life-Buoy;' this alone is used in the day-time. Close at hand is another wooden knob, marked 'Lock,' fastened to the end of a line fixed to the trigger of a gun-lock primed with powder: and so arranged, that when the line is pulled, the port-fire is instantly ignited, while, at the same moment, the life-buoy descends, and floats merrily away, blazing like a light-house. It would surely be an improvement to have both these operations always performed simultaneously, that is, by one pull of the string. The port-fire would thus be lighted in every case of letting go the buoy; and I suspect the smoke in the day-time would often be as useful in guiding the boat, as the blaze always is at night. The gunner who has charge of the life-buoy lock sees it freshly and carefully primed every evening at quarters, of which he makes a report to the captain. In the morning the priming is taken out, and the lock uncocked. During the night a man is always stationed at this part of the ship, and every half-hour, when the bell strikes, he calls out 'Life-buoy!' to show that he is awake and at his post, exactly in the same manner as the look-out-men abaft, on the beam, and forward, call out 'Starboard quarter!' 'Starboard gangway!' 'Starboard bow!' and so on, completely round the ship, to prove that they are not napping."

We should like to hear of Government experimenting with rockets and mortars, with a

view to their improvement. Often the safety of a whole ship's company has depended upon the strength of a light cord, attached to a rocket, which has been lying in store for years; often it has happened that this very cord has been *just* a few feet too short! or has snapped, or has got entangled, or something else equally simple, but equally fatal. Let us look also to our *quasi* life-boats, some so heavy that they cannot be launched, or so dangerous as to drown their own crews—some constructed one way, some another—none on any recognised and universal principle. We are very proud of our name of Englishmen, and lay the flattering unction to our soul, that we are a highly civilised and reasonable community; but whilst we grow magniloquent in praises of our country and her commerce, we forget that we owe it all to the poor Jack Tar, for whose life and comfort we don't seem to care a fig. Else why have these inquiries not been before instituted? What is the use of our Trinity Boards, and Ballast Boards, and Light-house Boards, and all other Boards, if the seaman is not to know one light from another when he sees it, or if it is to be placed so that he *cannot* see it? What is the use of our keeping up a Hydrographic department, at an expense little short of thirty thousand a-year, if the surveys, and charts, and valuable data, the result of its labours, are to be so little appreciated? The truth is, that the masters of many of the mercantile marine are incapable of taking advantage of them, and of other improvements in nautical science, from incompetence. We trust, however, that the bill intended to remedy *that* defect, lately introduced by the Ministry into the House of Commons, will, if passed, have the desired object. Although it has been abandoned "at this late period of the session" out of respect to the approaching 12th of August and 1st of September, we trust it will be taken up again soon after the next meeting of Parliament.

WINGED TELEGRAPHS.

MAGNETIC Electricity for telegraphic purposes has nearly superseded pigeons. Till very recently a regular "service" of Carrier Pigeons existed between London and Paris, for the quick conveyance of such intelligence as was likely to affect the funds. The French capital was the focus of the system, in exemplification of the adage that "all roads lead to Paris," and pigeon expresses branched off in all directions from that city even to St. Petersburg. Relays of them are still kept up between Paris and Madrid, besides a few other places. The most celebrated relays of winged messengers were those which bore intelligence between Antwerp, Brussels, and Paris. In the former city a society of pigeon-fanciers, for amusement and emulation, keeps up an establishment of them. Their doings are amusingly chronicled in Kohl's last book of Travels, *Reisen in den Niederlanden*.

Having been invited to join some members of the Society of Antwerp Pigeon Fanciers, he wended his way about five o'clock one morning through the silent streets of the ancient city. A few members of the association, he says, who directed the expedition, were followed by servants carrying two flat baskets, in which the pigeons, about to be dispatched, were carefully deposited. As we proceeded along, my companions related to me some particulars concerning the carrier pigeons, or "*pigeons voyageurs*," as these winged messengers are designated. The carriers are a peculiar race of pigeons endowed with powers of memory and observation which enable them to find their way to any place by a course along which they have once flown. Every kind of pigeon is not capable of being taught to do this. Of the methods adopted by the Antwerp association for training and teaching these carriers, I learnt the following particulars.

Supposing a dispatch of pigeons is to be sent off from Antwerp to Brussels or Paris, the birds are kept for some time at the place of arrival or terminus, and during that interval are plentifully fed and carefully tended. By little excursive flights, taken day by day, they are gradually familiarised with different parts of the town in which they have been nurtured, and with places in its vicinity. When sufficiently practised in finding their way to short distances, the pigeons are conveyed to a station some leagues from their dove-cote. Here they are kept for a time without food, and then set to flight. On taking wing, they rapidly soar to a vast height, scanning the line of the horizon to discern the church spires, or other lofty points which enable them to distinguish their home. Some of the less intelligent birds lose their way, and are seen no more. Those who return home (to Paris, or wherever else it may be), are again plentifully fed. Then after a little space of time they are carried in baskets some miles further in the direction of Antwerp; again they are put on a short allowance of food and negligently tended. When the pigeons depart on their next flight, the Parisian church spires have sunk far beneath the horizon; however, they soon succeed in combining that portion of the route with which they are acquainted with the part as yet unknown to them. They hover round and round in the air, seeking to catch one or other thread that is to guide them through the labyrinth. Some find it; others do not.

In this manner the carrier pigeons are practised bit by bit along the whole distance between Paris and Antwerp. They attentively observe, or study, and learn by heart, each conspicuous object which serves them as a land-mark on the way. It is usual to exercise particular pigeons between the two cities, which it is wished to connect by this sort of postal communication; and it is neces-

sary to have a certain number for going, and others for returning. After the birds have been accustomed to inhabit a certain district, and to travel by a particular route, it is not found easy to divert them from their wonted course, and to make them available in any other direction.

My friends, the members of the Antwerp Society, assured me that their pigeons had frequently flown from Paris to Antwerp in six or seven hours; consequently in a much shorter time than that in which the same journey is performed by the railway train. By bird's flight, the distance between the two cities is forty miles (German*), and therefore it follows that these carrier pigeons must travel at the rate of from twenty to thirty English miles an hour. It is scarcely conceivable that they should possess the strength of wing and vigour of lungs requisite for such a flight; and it is no unfrequent occurrence for several of them to die on arriving at their journey's end. In stormy weather the loss of two-thirds of the birds dispatched on such a long flight, is a disaster always to be counted on. It is, therefore, usual to send off a whole flock, all bearing the same intelligence, so as to ensure the chance of one at least reaching its destination.

The pigeon expedition which I saw dispatched from Antwerp, consisted of about thirty birds. The point of departure was a somewhat elevated site in the outskirts of the city. A spot like this is always made choice of, lest the pigeons, on first taking flight, should lose themselves amidst the house-tops and church-spires of the city with which they are unacquainted; and by having the open country before them, they are enabled to trace out their own land-marks. When the pigeons are to be sent off on lengthened journeys, it is usual to convey them to the point of departure at a very early hour in the morning:—by this means they are dispatched in quietude, unmolested by an assemblage of curious gazers, and they have the light of a whole day before them for their journey. Carrier pigeons do not pursue their flight after night-fall, being then precluded by the darkness from seeing the surrounding country with sufficient distinctness to enable them to discern their resting-places, or stations. In the obscurity of night the whole flock might light on strange dove-cotes, and be captured; an accident which would occasion the total failure of a postal expedition, for the few pigeons who might escape capture, would, on the return of morning, be bewildered, and unable to recombine their plan of route.

Pigeons are not suited for postal communication between places so remote one from another that the journey cannot be completed in a single day. If it can be accomplished in one flight, so much the better. Antwerp and Paris are, I believe,

* The German mile includes nearly three and a half English miles.

the extreme points of distance within which carrier pigeons are capable of journeying with certainty.

Herr Kohl gives no account of these stations or stages. We once saw one at Montrieul, the first station beyond Dover, towards Paris. The town stands on a high eminence, and is well adapted for the purpose. The cote was on the roof of a *café*. It was a square apartment with a flat ceiling, in which was cut a small door or trap: on the inside of this was fixed a small bell. If a Dover pigeon had alighted on the trap, the bell would have rung, and called the attention of an attendant always in waiting. The pigeon would have been secured, the dispatch taken from under its wing, and the messenger put into its cage. In a twinkling the cyphered paper would be fastened under the wing of the Beauvais or Amiens pigeon, and it would be sent off. On arriving at its destination, the same formula would be gone through, and the Paris pigeon would take the dispatch to its destination. Although several pigeons, even in fine weather, are entrusted with the same message, two seldom arrive at the common destination at the same time, so that at each place the operation we have described is frequently repeated, in order that at least one of many dispatches may be certain of arriving at the destination.

These establishments were costly. Besides the great number of pigeons necessary to be kept at each station, some of the single birds were valuable. Fifty and sixty pounds was sometimes given for a clever pigeon. Those between Dover and Montrieul, and *vice versa*, were among the most valuable, for none but sharp-sighted messengers could find their way across the Channel; few flights were sent away without some members of it being lost.

But to return to the Antwerp pigeons—and to Mr. Kohl. Having, he continues, reached the open, elevated spot before-mentioned, the flat baskets carried by the servants were uncovered, and the little *voyageurs* rapidly winged their way upwards. The intelligence they were to convey to Paris was written in little billets, fastened under their wings. The pigeons I saw sent off had been brought in covered baskets from Paris, and were as yet totally unacquainted with Antwerp and its environs. Their ignorance of the locality was manifest in the wavering uncertainty of their movements when they first took wing. On rising into the air, they gathered closely together, like foreigners in a strange country, and presently they steered their course along the confines of the city, in a direction quite contrary to that of Paris. They then soared upwards, spirally, and after several irregular movements (during which they seemed to be looking for the right way, and hesitating which course to take), they all suddenly darted off to south-west, directing their rapid flight straight to Paris, as if

gladly quitting inhospitable Antwerp, where they had been scantily fed and carelessly tended.

As soon as the birds were fairly out of sight, the pigeon-trainers proceeded homeward, not a little gratified by the conviction that their fleet messengers, with the intelligence they bore under their wings, would outstrip the speed of a railway train which had started some time before them.

To me the most interesting point in the whole scene was the interval (about the space of a quarter of an hour) during which the pigeons wavered to and fro, seeking their way in a state of uncertainty. That appeared to me to be a wonderful manifestation of intelligence on the part of the birds. It is frequently affirmed that the carrier pigeon finds its way without the exercise of intelligence or observation, and merely by the aid of some incomprehensible instinct; but, from my own observations of the Antwerp pigeons, I am convinced that this is a mistake. Another circumstance tending to show that the birds are guided by something more than mere instinct, is, that during foggy weather the employment of carrier pigeons is found to be almost as impracticable as the use of the optical telegraph. But though it is not the practice to dispatch carrier pigeons at times when the atmosphere is very thickly obscured by fog, yet, owing to the keenness and accuracy of the visual power of these birds, which is much more perfect than that of man, they have an advantage over the telegraph. The latter is wholly useless when the atmosphere is only slightly obscured; but carrier pigeons frequently soar quite above the region of mist, and are thus enabled to trace their course without interruption. Stations of carrier pigeons are established in most of the principal towns of Belgium.

The members of the Antwerp pigeon-training society, whom I accompanied on the occasion above described, were citizens of the middle class of society. But in Belgium, pigeon-training has its attractions even for persons of rank and wealth, many of whom are enthusiastic pigeon fanciers; indeed, pigeon-flying is as fashionable an amusement in Belgium as horse racing in England. Prizes, consisting of sums of money as high as sixty thousand francs, are frequently won in matches of pigeons—to say nothing of the betting to which those matches give occasion.

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N^o. 20.]

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A DETECTIVE POLICE PARTY.

THE fresh-complexioned, smooth-faced officer, with the strange air of simplicity, began, with a rustic smile, and in a soft, wheedling tone of voice, to relate the Butcher's Story, thus :

"It's just about six years ago, now, since information was given at Scotland Yard of there being extensive robberies of lawns and silks going on, at some wholesale houses in the City. Directions were given for the business being looked into; and Straw, and Fendall, and me, we were all in it."

"When you received your instructions," said we, "you went away, and held a sort of Cabinet Council together?"

The smooth-faced officer coaxingly replied, "Ye-es. Just so. We turned it over among ourselves a good deal. It appeared, when we went into it, that the goods were sold by the receivers extraordinarily cheap—much cheaper than they could have been if they had been honestly come by. The receivers were in the trade, and kept capital shops—establishments of the first respectability—one of 'em at the West End, one down in Westminster. After a lot of watching and inquiry, and this and that among ourselves, we found that the job was managed, and the purchases of the stolen goods made, at a little public-house near Smithfield, down by Saint Bartholomew's; where the Warehouse Porters, who were the thieves, took 'em for that purpose, don't you see? and made appointments to meet the people that went between themselves and the receivers. This public-house was principally used by journeymen butchers from the country, out of place, and in want of situations; so, what did we do, but—ha, ha, ha!—we agreed that I should be dressed up like a butcher myself, and go and live there!"

Never, surely, was a faculty of observation better brought to bear upon a purpose, than that which picked out this officer for the part. Nothing in all creation, could have suited him better. Even while he spoke, he became a greasy, sleepy, shy, good-natured, chuckle-headed, unsuspecting, and confiding young butcher. His very hair seemed to have suet in it, as he made it smooth upon his head, and his fresh complexion to be lubricated by large quantities of animal food.

—"So I—ha, ha, ha!" (always with the confiding snigger of the foolish young butcher) "so I dressed myself in the regular way, made up a little bundle of clothes, and went to the public-house, and asked if I could have a lodging there? They says, 'yes, you can have a lodging here,' and I got a bedroom, and settled myself down in the tap. There was a number of people about the place, and coming backwards and forwards to the house; and first one says, and then another says, 'Are you from the country, young man?' 'Yes,' I says, 'I am. I'm come out of Northamptonshire, and I'm quite lonely here, for I don't know London at all, and it's such a mighty big town?' 'It is a big town,' they says. 'Oh, it's a very big town!' I says. 'Really and truly I never was in such a town. It quite confuses of me!'—and all that, you know.

"When some of the Journeymen Butchers that used the house, found that I wanted a place, they says, 'Oh, we'll get you a place!' And they actually took me to a sight of places, in Newgate Market, Newport Market, Clare, Carnaby—I don't know where all. But the wages was—ha, ha, ha!—was not sufficient, and I never could suit myself, don't you see? Some of the queer frequenters of the house, were a little suspicious of me at first, and I was obliged to be very cautious indeed, how I communicated with Straw or Fendall. Sometimes, when I went out, pretending to stop and look into the shop-windows, and just casting my eye round, I used to see some of 'em following me; but, being perhaps better accustomed than they thought for, to that sort of thing, I used to lead 'em on as far as I thought necessary or convenient—sometimes a long way—and then turn sharp round, and meet 'em, and say, 'Oh, dear, how glad I am to come upon you so fortunate! This London's such a place, I'm blown if I ain't lost again!' And then we'd go back all together, to the public-house, and—ha, ha, ha! and smoke our pipes, don't you see?"

"They were very attentive to me, I am sure. It was a common thing, while I was living there, for some of 'em to take me out, and show me London. They showed me the Prisons—showed me Newgate—and when they showed me Newgate, I stops at the place

where the Porters pitch their loads, and says, 'Oh dear,' 'is this where they hang the men! Oh Lor!' 'That!' they says, 'what a simple cove he is! *That* an't it!' And then, they pointed out which *was* it, and I says 'Lor!' and they says, 'Now you'll know it agen, won't you?' And I said I thought I should if I tried hard—and I assure you I kept a sharp look out for the City Police when we were out in this way, for if any of 'em had happened to know me, and had spoke to me, it would have been all up in a minute. However, by good luck such a thing never happened, and all went on quiet: though the difficulties I had in communicating with my brother officers were quite extraordinary.

"The stolen goods that were brought to the public-house, by the Warehouse Porters, were always disposed of in a back parlor. For a long time, I never could get into this parlor, or see what was done there. As I sat smoking my pipe, like an innocent young chap, by the tap-room fire, I'd hear some of the parties to the robbery, as they came in and out, say softly to the landlord, 'Who's that? What does *he* do here?' 'Bless your soul,' says the landlord, 'He's only a'—ha, ha, ha!—he's only a green young fellow from the country, as is looking for a butcher's sitiuation. Don't mind *him*!' So, in course of time, they were so convinced of my being green, and got to be so accustomed to me, that I was as free of the parlor as any of 'em, and I have seen as much as Seventy Pounds worth of fine lawn sold there, in one night, that was stolen from a warehouse in Friday Street. After the sale, the buyers always stood treat—hot supper, or dinner, or what not—and they'd say on those occasions 'Come on, Butcher! Put your best leg foremost, young 'un, and walk into it!' Which I used to do—and hear, at table, all manner of particulars that it was very important for us Detectives to know.

"This went on for ten weeks. I lived in the public-house all the time, and never was out of the Butcher's dress—except in bed. At last, when I had followed seven of the thieves, and set 'em to rights—that's an expression of ours, don't you see, by which I mean to say that I traced 'em, and found out where the robberies were done, and all about 'em—Straw, and Fendall, and I, gave one another the office, and at a time agreed upon, a descent was made upon the public-house, and the apprehensions effected. One of the first things the officers did, was to collar me—for the parties to the robbery weren't to suppose yet, that I was anything but a Butcher—on which the landlord cries out, 'Don't take *him*,' he says, 'whatever you do! He's only a poor young chap from the country, and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth!' However, they—ha, ha, ha!—they took me, and pretended to search my bedroom, where nothing was found but an old fiddle belonging to the landlord, that had got there somehow

or another. But, it entirely changed the landlord's opinion, for when it was produced, he says 'My fiddle! The Butcher's a pur-loiner! I give him into custody for the robbery of a musical instrument!'

"The man that had stolen the goods in Friday Street was not taken yet. He had told me, in confidence, that he had his suspicions there was something wrong (on account of the City Police having captured one of the party), and that he was going to make himself scarce. I asked him, 'Where do you mean to go, Mr. Shepherdson?' 'Why, Butcher,' says he, 'the Setting Moon, in the Commercial Road, is a snug house, and I shall hang out there for a time. I shall call myself Simpson, which appears to me to be a modest sort of a name. Perhaps you'll give us a look in, Butcher?' 'Well,' says I, 'I think I *will* give you a call'—which I fully intended, don't you see, because, of course, he was to be taken! I went over to the Setting Moon next day, with a brother officer, and asked at the bar for Simpson. They pointed out his room, upstairs. As we were going up, he looks down over the banisters, and calls out, 'Halloa, Butcher! is that you?' 'Yes, it's me. How do you find yourself?' 'Bobbish,' he says; 'but who's that with you?' 'It's only a young man, that's a friend of mine,' I says. 'Come along, then,' says he; 'any friend of the Butcher's is as welcome as the Butcher!' So, I made my friend acquainted with him, and we took him into custody.

"You have no idea, Sir, what a sight it was, in Court, when they first knew that I wasn't a Butcher, after all! I wasn't produced at the first examination, when there was a remand; but I was, at the second. And when I stepped into the box, in full police uniform, and the whole party saw how they had been done, actually a groan of horror and dismay proceeded from 'em in the dock!

"At the Old Bailey, when their trials came on, Mr. Clarkson was engaged for the defence, and he *couldn't* make out how it was, about the Butcher. He thought, all along, it was a real Butcher. When the counsel for the prosecution said, 'I will now call before you, gentlemen, the Police-officer,' meaning myself, Mr. Clarkson says, 'Why Police-officer? Why more Police-officers? I don't want Police. We have had a great deal too much of the Police. I want the Butcher! However, Sir, he had the Butcher and the Police-officer, both in one. Out of seven prisoners committed for trial, five were found guilty, and some of 'em were transported. The respectable firm at the West End got a term of imprisonment; and that's the Butcher's Story!'

The story done, the chuckle-headed Butcher again resolved himself into the smooth-faced Detective. But, he was so extremely tickled by their having taken him about, when he

was that Dragon in disguise, to show him London, that he could not help reverting to that point in his narrative; and gently repeating, with the Butcher snigger, "Oh, dear! I says, 'is that where they hang the men? Oh, Lor!' 'That!' says they. 'What a simple cove he is!'"

It being now late, and the party very modest in their fear of being too diffuse, there were some tokens of separation; when Serjeant Dornton, the soldierly-looking man, said, looking round him with a smile:

"Before we break up, Sir, perhaps you might have some amusement in hearing of the Adventures of a Carpet Bag. They are very short; and, I think, curious."

We welcomed the Carpet Bag, as cordially as Mr. Shepherdson welcomed the false Butcher at the Setting Moon. Serjeant Dornton proceeded:

"In 1847, I was dispatched to Chatham, in search of one Mesheck, a Jew. He had been carrying on, pretty heavily, in the bill-stealing way, getting acceptances from young men of good connexions (in the army chiefly), on pretence of discount, and bolting with the same.

"Mesheck was off, before I got to Chatham. All I could learn about him was, that he had gone, probably to London, and had with him—a Carpet Bag.

"I came back to town, by the last train from Blackwall, and made inquiries concerning a Jew passenger with—a Carpet Bag.

"The office was shut up, it being the last train. There were only two or three porters left. Looking after a Jew with a Carpet Bag, on the Blackwall Railway, which was then the high road to a great Military Depot, was worse than looking after a needle in a hayrick. But it happened that one of these porters had carried, for a certain Jew, to a certain public-house, a certain—Carpet Bag.

"I went to the public-house, but the Jew had only left his luggage there for a few hours, and had called for it in a cab, and taken it away. I put such questions there, and to the porter, as I thought prudent, and got at this description of—the Carpet Bag.

"It was a bag which had, on one side of it, worked in worsted, a green parrot on a stand. A green parrot on a stand was the means by which to identify that—Carpet Bag.

"I traced Mesheck, by means of this green parrot on a stand, to Cheltenham, to Birmingham, to Liverpool, to the Atlantic Ocean. At Liverpool he was too many for me. He had gone to the United States, and I gave up all thoughts of Mesheck, and likewise of his—Carpet Bag.

"Many months afterwards—near a year afterwards—there was a Bank in Ireland robbed of seven thousand pounds, by a person of the name of Doctor Dundey, who escaped to America; from which country some of the stolen notes came home. He was supposed to have bought a farm in New Jersey. Under

proper management, that estate could be seized and sold, for the benefit of the parties he had defrauded. I was sent off to America for this purpose.

"I landed at Boston. I went on to New York. I found that he had lately changed New York paper-money for New Jersey paper-money, and had banked cash in New Brunswick. To take this Doctor Dundey, it was necessary to entrap him into the State of New York, which required a deal of artifice and trouble. At one time, he couldn't be drawn into an appointment. At another time, he appointed to come to meet me, and a New York officer, on a pretext I made; and then his children had the measles. At last, he came, per steambot, and I took him, and lodged him in a New York Prison called the Tombs; which I dare say you know, Sir?"

Editorial acknowledgment to that effect.

"I went to the Tombs, on the morning after his capture, to attend the examination before the magistrate. I was passing through the magistrate's private room, when, happening to look round me to take notice of the place, as we generally have a habit of doing, I clapped my eyes, in one corner, on a—Carpet Bag.

"What did I see upon that Carpet Bag, it you'll believe me, but a green parrot on a stand, as large as life!

"That Carpet Bag, with the representation of a green parrot on a stand," said I, "belongs to an English Jew, named Aaron Mesheck, and to no other man, alive or dead!"

"I give you my word the New York Police officers were doubled up with surprise.

"How do you ever come to know that?" said they.

"I think I ought to know that green parrot by this time," said I; "for I have had as pretty a dance after that bird, at home, as ever I had, in all my life!"

"And was it Mesheck's?" we submissively inquired.

"Was it, Sir? Of course it was! He was in custody for another offence, in that very identical Tombs, at that very identical time. And, more than that! Some memoranda, relating to the fraud for which I had vainly endeavoured to take him, were found to be, at that moment, lying in that very same individual—Carpet Bag!"

Such are the curious coincidences and such is the peculiar ability, always sharpening and being improved by practice, and always adapting itself to every variety of circumstances, and opposing itself to every new device that perverted ingenuity can invent, for which this important social branch of the public service is remarkable! For ever on the watch, with their wits stretched to the utmost, these officers have, from day to day and year to year, to set themselves against every novelty of trickery and dexterity that the combined imaginations of all the lawless

rascals in England can devise, and to keep pace with every such invention that comes out. In the Courts of Justice, the materials of thousands of such stories as we have narrated—often elevated into the marvellous and romantic, by the circumstances of the case—are dryly compressed into the set phrase, “in consequence of information I received, I did so and so.” Suspicion was to be directed, by careful inference and deduction, upon the right person; the right person was to be taken, wherever he had gone, or whatever he was doing to avoid detection: he is taken; there he is at the bar; that is enough. From information I, the officer, received, I did it; and, according to the custom in these cases, I say no more.

These games of chess, played with live pieces, are played before small audiences, and are chronicled nowhere. The interest of the game supports the player. Its results are enough for Justice. To compare great things with small, suppose LEVERRIER or ADAMS informing the public that from information he had received he had discovered a new planet; or COLUMBUS informing the public of his day that from information he had received, he had discovered a new continent; so the Detectives inform it that they have discovered a new fraud or an old offender, and the process is unknown.

Thus, at midnight, closed the proceedings of our curious and interesting party. But one other circumstance finally wound up the evening, after our Detective guests had left us. One of the sharpest among them, and the officer best acquainted with the Swell Mob, had his pocket picked, going home!

HEALTH BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

THERE was a story current in the city of Mosul, about the time that the first edition of “The Hundred and One Nights” began to be popular in Oriental society, of a certain Prince who was taken ill of the plague. Though his retinue was large, he was the only person who was in imminent danger. The Court physician was also at death’s door, and a strange doctor was sent for, who pronounced the Great Man to be in a fearful state of debility, but retired without prescribing. The Prince waited long and anxiously for remedies, but in vain. He clapped his hands to summon a slave. “Where,” he exclaimed, “is the physic?”

“Sun of the Earth,” exclaimed the Nubian, “it is all taken!”

“And who has dared to swallow the medicine designed for the anointed of Allah?”

“As it is written by the Prophet,” returned Hassan, “when the sheik sickens, his slaves droop.’ Thy whole household was sick, and clamoured for medicine; and, lo, the man of drugs straightway drenched them therewith, ordering us all, on pain of the Prophet’s curse, not to give thee so much as a single grain of rhubarb.”

“Breath of Mahomet,” ejaculated his Mightiness; “am I then to die, and are my slaves to live?”

When a Mussulman is puzzled what to say, he invariably exclaims, “Allah is merciful;” which was Hassan’s consolation.

“Let the wretched mediciner appear!” commanded the Prince.

The doctor came. “Illustrious father of a hundred generations!” said the general practitioner, “thine own physician only could cure thee, and he lies on his pallet a helpless being. I may not so much as look at thy transcendent tongue, or feel thine omnipotent pulse.”

“Wherefore? O licenciate of the Destroyer!”

“Inasmuch as I may not infringe the *vested rights* of thine own special and appointed physician. The law—even that of the Medes and Persians, which never altereth—forbids me. Thy slaves I *may* heal, seeing that no vested rights in them exist; but—”

Here the Prince interrupted the speaker with a hollow groan, and sank on his pillow in despair.

The Arabic manuscript, from which this affecting incident was translated, ends with these words—“and the Prince died.”

This story is evidently a foreshadowing of what has recently happened in reference to the metropolis of this country and the Public Health Act. London was *in extremis* from the effects of density of population, filth, bad air, bad water, the window-tax, and deficient drainage. It called in certain sanitary doctors—the regular consulting body, namely, the Government, being too weak to afford the slightest assistance. The result was, that a prescription, in the form of the Public Health Act, was concocted,—but was made applicable to every other member of the great retinue or towns, *except* to the Imperial City; which was exempted in consequence of the existing Vested Rights in crowded houses, deadly stenches, putrid water, foggy courts, and cesspools. “Although,” in the words of a resolution, passed at the meeting which formed the Metropolitan Sanitary Association, “the strenuous efforts made in the metropolitan districts to procure a sanitary enactment mainly contributed to the passing of the Public Health Act; yet these districts were the only parts excluded from the benefits of that enactment. This exclusion has led to much misery and a great sacrifice of life.”

This exception was so monstrous, that even the Corporation of the City of London took powers under their own Sewers’ Act for the preservation of the health of the people dwelling within the City boundary,—who number no more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand out of the two millions of us who are congregated in civic and suburban London. The remaining one million eight hundred thousand are left to be stifled or diseased at the good pleasure of Vested Interests. Indeed, it is ascertained that a quarter of a million of

individuals absolutely *do die* every year from the want of such a sanitary police as the Public Health Act, amended by some few additional powers, would establish. What number of persons are really sent out of the world from preventable causes. It is also true that those causes can be efficiently removed for about a halfpenny per head a-week; or threepence per week per house; or about eight times less than those who die unnecessarily cost the public in hospitals, poor's rates, and burial. In the "Journal of Public Health" for November, 1848, and August, 1849, it is shown by elaborate tables, that the direct cost of, and estimated money loss through, typhus fever alone in the metropolis, amounted during the four years, 1843—1847, to one million three hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds, or two hundred and sixty-five thousand, six hundred pounds annually. This sum is exclusive of the amounts contributed for the purchase and maintenance of fever hospitals. For 1848, when the mortality from typhus had increased to three thousand five hundred and sixty-nine, the direct cost and money loss was estimated at four hundred and forty thousand pounds.

This cold-blooded way of putting the really appalling state of the case is, alas! the only successful mode of appealing to that hard-headed, though sometimes soft-hearted, periphrasis, John Bull, when he is under no special exciting cause of dread. His heart is only reached through his pocket, except when put in a state of alarm. Cry "Cholera!" or any other frightful conjuration, and he bestirs himself. To cholera we owe the few sanitary measures now in force; but which were passed by the House—as a coward may seem courageous—in its agonies of fright. The moment, however; Cholera bulletins ceased to be issued, John buttoned up his pockets tighter than ever, and Parliament was dumb regarding public health, except to undo one or two good things it had done. The inflated promises of the legislature collapsed into thin air, on the very day the danger was withdrawn. It was the legend over again of the nameless gentleman who, when he was sick, swore he would turn a monk; but when he got well "the devil a monk was he." Ever since, sanitary legislation has been as much a dead letter in the Metropolis, as if the deadly condition of some of its districts had never been whispered between the wind and the nobility of Westminster, in Parliament assembled.

It has no effect upon unreasoning John Bull to tell him that, on an average, cholera does not devour a tithe of the victims which fever, consumption, and other preventible diseases make away with. Cholera comes upon him like an ogre, eating its victims all at once, and he quakes with terror; the daily, deadly destruction of human beings by "every-day" diseases, he takes no heed of. Take him, however, a slate and pencil; count costs to him; show that cholera costs so much; that

ordinary, contagious, but preventible diseases, cost so much more; and that prevention is so many hundred per cent. cheaper than the cheapest cures, he begins to be amenable to reason. Nothing but pocket arithmetic, terror, or melo-dramatic appeals to his soft-hearted sympathy, moves John Bull.

In order to supply the best of these exertations by the accumulation of carefully sifted, and well authenticated facts, and sound reasonings; the results of scientific investigations, and of a large range of pathological statistics, the Metropolitan Sanitary Association has been for some months—like another "Ole Joe"—knocking at the door of Old John. Whether the heavy old gentleman will soon open it to conviction and improvement depends, we think, very much upon the energy and liberality with which that society is supported and seconded by the public; for whose sole benefit it was called into existence. To the exertions of many of its leading members, if not to the collective body itself, John Bull has responded, by admitting into his premises the Extra-Mural Interment Bill, and we think he is just now holding his door a-jar to catch the Water Supply Bill, which it is hoped he will admit, and pass through That House next session. Meantime we, in common with the association aforesaid, beg his attention to a few other points of improvement:—

The adage "as free as air," has become obsolete by Act of Parliament. Neither air nor light have been free since the imposition of the window-tax. We are obliged to pay for what nature supplies lavishly to all, at so much per window per year; and the poor who cannot afford the expense, are stinted in two of the most urgent necessities of life. The effects produced by a deprivation of them are not immediate, and are therefore unheeded. When a poor man or woman in a dark, close, smoky house is laid up with scrofula, consumption, water in the head, wasting, or a complication of epidemic diseases, nobody thinks of attributing the illness to the right cause;—which may be a want of light and air. If he or she were struck down by a flash of lightning, there would be an immediate outcry against the authorities, whoever they may be, for not providing proper lightning conductors; but because the poison—generated by the absence of light and air—is not seen at work, the victim dies unheeded, and the window tax, which shuts out the remedies, is continued without a murmur. In illustration of these facts, we may quote a little information respecting the tadpole, an humble animal, which—if the author of "Vestiges of Creation" be any authority and the theory of development be more than a childish dream—was the progenitor of man himself. The passage is from the report of the half-fledged Health of Towns' Commission:—

"If the young of some of the lower tribes of creatures are supplied with their proper

food, and if all the other conditions necessary for their nourishment are maintained, while at the same time light is wholly excluded from them, their development is stopped; they no longer undergo the metamorphosis through which they pass from imperfect into perfect beings; the tadpole, for example, is unable to change its water-breathing apparatus, fitted for its first stage of existence, into the air-breathing apparatus, with the rudiment of which it is furnished, and which is intended to adapt it for a higher life, namely, for respiration in air. In this imperfect state it continues to live; it even attains an enormous bulk, for such a creature in its state of transition, but it is unable to pass out of its transitional state; it remains permanently an imperfect being, and is doomed to pass a perpetual life in water, instead of attaining maturity and passing its mature life in air."

It may give some support to the theory of tadpole development above mentioned, to add, that the same cause produces the very same effects upon human beings; upon human mothers, and upon human children. Human mothers living in dark cellars produce an unusual proportion of defective children. Go into the narrow streets, and the dark lanes, courts, and alleys of our splendid cities, there you will see an unusual number of deformed people, men, women, and children, but particularly children. In some cells under the fortifications of Lisle, a number of poor people took up their abode; the proportion of defective infants produced by them became so great, that it was deemed necessary to issue an order commanding these cells to be shut up. The window duties multiply cells like those of the fortifications of Lisle, in London, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in Bristol, and in every city and town in England by hundreds and by thousands, and with the same result; but the cells here are not shut up, nor is the cause that produces them removed. Even in cases in which the absence of light is not so complete as to produce a result thus definite and striking, the effects of the privation are still abundantly manifest in the pale and sickly complexion, and the enfeebled and stunted frame; nor can it be otherwise, since, from the essential constitution of organised beings, light is as necessary to the development of the animal as it is to the growth of the plant. The diseases the want of it produces are of long continuance, and waste the means of life before death results; they may therefore be characterised as pauperising diseases. As to death itself, it has been calculated that nearly ten thousand persons perish annually in London alone from diseases solely produced by an impeded circulation of air and admission of light.

This prodigal waste of health, strength, and of life itself, falls much more heavily on the poor, than the mere fiscal burden, imposed by the tax, falls on the richer classes.

Inasmuch, then, as health is the capital of the working man, whatever be the necessities of the state, *nothing* can justify a tax affecting the health of the people, and especially the health of the labouring community, whose bodily strength constitutes their wealth, and oftentimes their only possession. In conclusion we may say, without wishing to libel any respectable Act of Parliament, that the Window-Tax kills countless human beings in tens of thousands every year.

The next improvement which must speedily be pushed under John Bull's very nose, is the removal of the nuisances which abound in crowded neighbourhoods from Land's End to John o'Groats. The back-yards of houses in poor neighbourhoods are so many gardens, sown broadcast with the seeds of disease, and but too plentifully manured for abundant and continual crops. When rain falls on the surface of these parterres of poison, and is afterwards evaporated by the heat of the sun, there rises a malaria, intensified by decomposing refuse, which, inhaled into human lungs, engenders consumption, ending in the parish workhouse and death. It is a fact that the surfaces of some of the back-yards in London have been raised six feet by successive accumulations of vegetable and animal refuse. We must have no more such accumulations; offal of every kind must be removed daily by Act of Parliament.

Ill-kept stables, which cause horses to become blind, and men to die of typhus, must be reformed; cow-feeding sheds, which produce diseased milk and offensive refuse, must be abolished, and milk supplied per railway from the country; disgusting and noxious manufactures, such as are carried on a few yards west of Lambeth Palace, on the river's bank, must be removed to consort with knackers' yards, in places remote from human habitations.

The strong bar which John Bull opposes to such improvements is the dread of the Centralisation, which, he says, carrying them into effect would occasion. Local Government, he insists, is the great bulwark of the British Constitution. No bill is ever brought into Parliament for the good of the people,—that is well known,—but is passed for the sake of the places it creates, and the patronage it gives. Now, if we allow a practicable bill for the removal of these nuisances to pass, a swarm of commissioners, secretaries, clerks, inspectors, inquisitors, dustmen, and scavengers will be let loose upon the contented public, to supersede snug, comfortable, local boards, and to ruin innocent contractors. "Is," John asks vehemently, "this to be borne?" and answers himself with equal emphasis, "Decidedly not. We prefer the nuisances." But common sense steps in to reply, that as nuisances are a matter of taste, if every board could confine its own nuisances to its own parish so as not to take its neighbours by the nose, there would, perhaps, be no harm in letting it doze

and wallow in its own filth as long as its taste would dictate. But as this is impossible, centralisation or no centralisation, Government, or somebody else, *must* interfere to protect the extra-parochial lieges from destruction, by upsetting the Board and removing the rest of the nuisances.

A practical example of the impossibility of confining noxious nuisances to the boundaries whence they originate, is afforded in the immediate neighbourhood of one of the most beautiful parts of the metropolis. In a neighbourhood studded thickly with elegant villas and mansions—namely, Bayswater and Notting Hill, in the parish of Kensington—is a plague spot scarcely equalled for its insalubrity by any other in London: it is called the Potteries. It comprises some seven or eight acres, with about two hundred and sixty houses (if the term can be applied to such hovels), and a population of nine hundred or one thousand. The occupation of the inhabitants is principally pig-fattening; many hundreds of pigs, ducks, and fowls are kept in an incredible state of filth. Dogs abound for the purpose of guarding the swine. The atmosphere is still further polluted by the process of fat-boiling. In these hovels discontent, dirt, filth, and misery, are unsurpassed by anything known even in Ireland. Water is supplied to only a small proportion of the houses. There are foul ditches, open sewers, and defective drains, smelling most offensively, and generating large quantities of poisonous gases; stagnant water is found at every turn, not a drop of *clean* water can be obtained,—all is charged to saturation with putrescent matter. Wells have been sunk on some of the premises, but they have become, in many instances, useless from organic matter soaking into them; in some of the wells the water is perfectly black and fetid. The paint on the window frames has become black from the action of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. Nearly all the inhabitants look unhealthy, the women especially complain of sickness, and want of appetite; their eyes are shrunken, and their skin shrivelled.

The poisonous influence of this pestilential locality extends far and wide. Some twelve or thirteen hundred feet off there is a row of clean houses, called Crafter Terrace; the situation, though rather low, is open and airy. On Saturday and Sunday, the 8th and 9th of September, 1849, the inhabitants complained of an intolerable stench, the wind then blowing directly upon the Terrace from the Potteries. Up to this time, there had been no case of cholera among the inhabitants; but the next day the disease broke out virulently, and on the following day, the 11th of September, a child died of cholera at No. 1. By the 22nd of the same month, no less than seven persons in the Terrace lost their lives by this fatal malady.

It would be thought, that such a state of

things could not have been permitted to remain undisturbed, but merely required to be brought to light to be remedied. The medical officers have, time after time, reported the condition of the place to the Board of Guardians. Fifteen medical men have testified to the unhealthy state of the Potteries. The inspector of nuisances has done the same. The magistrates have repeatedly granted orders for the removal of the pigs. The General Board of Health have given directions that all the nuisances should be removed, yet nothing, or next to nothing, has been done. The inspector of nuisances has been dismissed, the guardians have signified their intention to inspect the districts themselves, yet things remain in *statu quo*.

Is there then no possibility of cleansing this more than Augean stable? None: the single but insurmountable difficulty being that some of the worst parts of the district are the property of one of the guardians!

Surely the force of self-government can no farther go. Another word in defence of centralisation—the great bugbear of the self-conceited parish orator—would be wasted.

In conclusion, we earnestly call on the public to second and support the efforts of the Metropolitan Sanitary Association to get the evils we have adverted to lessened or wholly removed. The rapid increase of the population demands additional exertion and additional arrangements for their well-being. At present, retrogression instead of improvement assails us. It is an appalling fact, that the number of persons dying of the class of diseases called preventible has been steadily increasing. Mr. Farr, of the Registrar-General's office, has declared there could be no question that the health of London is becoming worse every year. In 1846, the number of persons dying of zymotic or epidemic diseases was about nineteen per cent. of the total mortality; in 1847, it was twenty-eight per cent.; in 1848, thirty-four per cent.; and last year it increased to forty-one per cent.; thus showing that nearly one-half of the mortality of London was more or less owing to preventible causes.

To reverse this state of things the people of this country must not wait for another great and fatal Fright. We know that typhus fever and consumption, like open drains and stinking water, are mean, commonplace, unexciting instruments of death, which do not get invested with dramatic interest; yet they kill as unerringly as the knife or the bullet of the assassin; only they murder great multitudes instead of single individuals. If, therefore, he will only fix his eyes on the victims of the diseases which can be easily prevented, it is well worth John Bull's while to consider whether substantially it is not as sound a policy to save a million or two of lives per annum, as to hang the hero and heroine of a Bermondsey murder.

WHAT THERE IS IN THE ROOF OF THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

PERHAPS no one of the London Squares is more full of interesting associations, and certainly no one of them is more fresh and pleasant to look upon, than Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the centre of its green Lord William Russell was beheaded; upon the old wall that used to run along its eastern side Ben Jonson, it is said, worked as a bricklayer; and amongst its north range of buildings stands the thin sandwich of a house that holds the manifold artistic gems of the Soane Museum; its west side was the scene of some of Lord George Gordon's riotings; whilst on its south side stands the noble-looking Grecian fronted building dedicated to the purposes of the English College of Surgeons.

This building has many uses, and many points challenging general admiration and approval, the chief of them being its possession of the museum made by John Hunter; afterwards purchased, and now supported, by the nation; and open freely, not only to medical men of all countries, but to the public at large. The visitor who passes under its handsome portico, up the steps and enters its heavy mahogany and plate-glass doors, finds himself in a large hall. On his right is a staid-looking, black-robed porter, who requires him to enter his name in the visitor's book—a preliminary which members equally with strangers have to go through. On his left are the doors leading to the secretary's office, where students may, from time to time, be seen going in to register their attendance upon the prescribed lectures, and, later in their career, passing through the same portals big with the desperate announcement that they are ready to submit to the examinations that must be passed before they can get a diploma. Facing the entrance door is a second enclosed hall, with a roof supported by fluted columns, and on the left of this a broad stately architectural stone staircase leading to the library and the council-chamber—the scene of those dreadful ordeals, the examinations, where Hospital Surgeons sit surrounded by crimson and gold, and marble busts, and noble pictures, to *operate* upon sweating and stuttering and hesitating students who, two by two, are seated in large chairs to be passed or *plucked*.

The library is a noble, large room, of excellent proportions, occupying the whole length of the building in front, having tall plate-glass embayed windows, each with its table and chair; and in each of which the passers-by in Lincoln's Inn Fields, may generally see a live surgeon framed and glazed, busily occupied with his books, or still more busily helping to keep up the tide of gossip for which the place is celebrated. For some twenty feet from the floor on all sides, the walls are lined with books, telling in various languages about all kinds of maladies and all

sorts of plans for cure. Above this, and just under the handsomely panelled roof, hang portraits of old surgeons, each famous in his time, and now enjoying a sort of quiet renown amongst their successors in the art and science of chirurgery. All we have seen thus far, betokens the quiet repose of wealth, dignity, and learned leisure and ease. No bustle, no noise, no trace of urgent labour is heard or seen. Such of the officers of the place as may be encountered, have a look of somnolent if not sleek sufficiency, and seem to claim a share of the consideration which all are ready to concede, as due to the character of the spot. Returning to the hall, another door, facing that of the secretary, leads to the great attraction and pride of the place—the Hunterian Museum—a collection of skeletons and glittering rows of bottles full of evidences how “fearfully and wonderfully” all living creatures are made. On all sides we see the bony relics of defunct men and animals—giants, dwarfs, both human and quadruped, challenging attention. The huge megatherium, the bones of poor Chuny, the elephant shot in Exeter 'Change, the skeleton of O'Brien the Irish giant, who walked about the world eight feet high, and near him all that remains of the form of the Sicilian dwarf, who when alive was not taller than O'Brien's knee. On the walls tier after tier of bottles are ranged, till the eye following them up towards the top of the building, fatigued by their innumerable abundance, and the variety of their contents, again seeks the ground and its tables, there to encounter an almost equal crowd of curious things collected from the earth, the air, and the sea, to show how infinite the varieties in which Nature indulges, and how almost more than infinite the curious ways in which life varies the tenement it inhabits. But with this multiplicity of things we see no confusion, or trace of carelessness or poverty. All is neatness, order, and repose. Not a particle of dirt offends the eye; not a film of dust dims the brilliancy of the regiments of bottles drawn up in long files upon the shelves, to salute the visitor. The place is a very drawing-room of science, all polished and set forth in trim order for the reception of the public. It is the best room in the house kept for the display of the *results* of the labours of the physiologist,—a spot devoted to the revelations of anatomy, without the horrifying accompaniments of the dissecting-room.

Thus far we have passed through what are in truth the public portions of the College of Surgeons, just glancing at its museum, unequalled as a physiological collection by any other in the world. In their surprise at the curious things it contains, there are many, no doubt, who wonder also where the things all came from; and what patient men have gone on since John Hunter's time, adding to his museum where it was deficient and keeping all its parts in their present admirable state.

Such a question, if put to the officials, would most likely obtain a very vague and misty reply ; but a glance behind the scenes at the College will afford an ample and curious explanation, and show how one section of the Searchers for Facts, silently and unheeded, work on in their self-chosen, quiet, scientific path—undisturbed by the noises and the bustle, the excitements and the strife of the modern Babylon, that heaves and throbs around them.

Leave the handsome rooms, with their clear light, and polish, and air of neatness, and come with us up the side stair that leads to the unshown recesses, where, high up in the roof, the workers in anatomy carry on their strange duties. As we open the side door that leads towards these secret chambers, we should go from daylight to darkness, were it not for the gas that is kept burning there. Up the stairs we go, and as we ascend, the way becomes lighter and lighter as we rise, but the stone steps soon change for wooden ones, and at length bring us from the silent stairs to a silent and gloomy-looking passage, having three doors opening into it, and some contrivances overhead for letting in a little light, and letting out certain odours that here abound,—greatly to the discomfort of the novice who first inhales them. We are now in the roof of the building, and on getting a glimpse through a window, we may see the housetops are below us, the only companions of our elevation being a number of neighbouring church-spires.

The feeling of the spot is one of almost complete isolation from the world below, and a neighbourhood to something startling if not almost terrible. Like Fatima in Bluebeard's Tower, impelled by an overbearing curiosity, we turn the lock of the centre door, and enter the chamber. A strange sight is presented. The room is large, with the sloping roof-beams above, and a stained and uncovered floor below. The walls all round are crowded with shelves, covered with bottles of various sizes full of the queerest-looking of all queer things. Many are of a bright vermilion colour ; others yellow ; others brown ; others black ; whilst others again display the opaque whiteness of bloodless death. Three tables are in the room, but these are as crowded as the walls. Cases of instruments, microscopes, tall jars, cans, a large glass globe full of water-newts, hydras, and mosses ; small cases of drawers filled with microscopic objects, and a thousand other odds and ends. Here is a long coil of snake's eggs, just brought from a country stable-yard ; there some ears of diseased wheat, sent by a noble landlord who studies farming ; beside them lies part of a leaf of the gigantic water-lily, the Victoria Regia, and near that a portion of a vegetable marrow is macerating in a saucer to separate some peculiar vessels for exhibition under the microscope. There are two windows to the room, besides some ventilators in the roof ; and before one of these, where the light is best, are ranged microscopes complete and

ready for use, and round about them all sorts of scraps of glass and glaziers' diamonds, and watch-glasses, and forceps, and scissors, and bottles of marine-glue, and of gold-size,—these being the means and appliances of the microscopic observer. Before the second window is a sink, in which stand jars of frogs and newts, and other small creatures. A lathe, a desk, and writing utensils, the model of a whale cast ashore in the Thames, an old stiff-backed wooden chair, once the seat of the Master of the Worshipful Company of Surgeons, a few cases of stuffed birds and animals, and some tall glass-stoppered bottles that went twice round the world with Captain Cook and Dr. Solander, make up the catalogue of the chief contents of an apartment, which, at first glance, has the look of an auctioneer's room filled with the sold-off stock of a broken down anatomical teacher. A closer inspection, however, shows that though there is so great a crowd of objects, there is little or no confusion, and the real meaning of the place, its intention, and labours, reveal themselves.

We are in a storeroom of the strange productions of all corners of the earth, from the air above and from the waters below. Every particle in every bottle that looks perhaps to the uninitiated eye only a mass of bad fish preserved in worse pickle, has its value. A thin slice of it taken out and placed under the microscope, illustrates some law of the animal economy, or displays, perhaps, some long undiscovered fact, or shows to the surprise of the gazer, a series of lines beautifully arranged, or perhaps curiously mingled, and rich in their figured combinations as the frozen moisture of a window-frame on a winter's morning. To this room as to a general centre come contributions from all corners of the earth ; the donors being chiefly medical men employed on expeditions, or in the public service, though other medicos, who go to seek fortune in strange lands, often remember their alma mater, and pack up a bottle of curious things "to send to the College." Doctors on shipboard, doctors with armies, doctors in Arctic ships, or on Niger expeditions ; in the far regions of Hindustan, and in the fogs and storms of Labrador, think now and then of their "dissecting days," and of the noble collection in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which every true student feels bound to honour, and to help to make complete. Many, when going forth into distant countries, are supplied from this place with bottles specially adapted to receive objects in request, and receive also a volume of instructions, how the specimens may be best preserved. "When a quadruped is too large to be secured whole, cut off the portion of the head containing the teeth," says one direction. "If no more can be done," says another, "preserve the heart and great blood-vessels." "Of a full-grown whale," says a third of these notes, "send home the eyes with the surrounding skin, their muscles and fat in an entire mass." "When many specimens of a

rare and curious bird are procured, the heads of a few should be taken off and preserved in spirit." "When alligators and crocodiles are too large to be preserved whole, secure some part. The bones of such things are especially desirable. Secure also the eggs in different stages." "Snakes may be preserved whole, or in part, especially the heads, for the examination of their teeth and fangs." "Eyes of fishes are proper objects of preservation." Such are a few of the hints sent forth to their medical disciples by the College, and the fruits of the system are a bountiful supply. Never a week passes but something rare or curious makes its appearance in Lincoln's Inn Fields; sometimes from one quarter, sometimes from another, but there is always something coming, either by messenger or parcel-cart. Apart from these foreign sources, there are other contributaries to the general stock. Country doctors and hospital surgeons, from time to time, send in their quota; the Zoological Society likewise contribute all their dead animals. When the elephant died at the Regent's Park Gardens, a College student and an assistant were busily occupied for days dissecting the huge animal. When the rhinoceros expired at the same place, a portion of its viscera was hailed as a prize; and when the whale was cast, not long ago, upon the shores of the Thames, the watermen who claimed it as their booty, steamed off to the College to find a customer for portions of the unwieldy monster; nor were they disappointed. Beyond all these, there still remains another searcher out of materials for the scalpel and the microscope. He is a character in his way. By trade, half cattle-slaughterer half-oysterman, he is by choice a sort of dilettante anatomist. One day he is killing oxen and sheep in Clare Market, and the next is scouring the same market for morbid specimens "for Mr. Quekett, at the College." He knows an unhealthy sheep by its looks, and watches its post mortem with the eye of a savant. Many a choice specimen has he caught up in his time from amongst the offal and garbage of that fustiest of markets in the fustiest of neighbourhoods. Indeed, through him, all that is unusual in ox, calf, sheep, fish, or fowl, found within the confines of Clare Market, finds its way to the "work shop" of the College to be investigated by scalpel and microscope. When a butcher is known to have any diseased sheep, our collector hovers about his slaughter-house, and that which is bad food for the public, often affords him and his patron a prize. He is a sort of jackal for the anatomists—a kind of cadger in the service of science—a veritable snatcher-up of ill-conditioned trifles.

Returning to the room in the College roof, where the general cornucopia of strange things is emptied, we find its presiding genius in Mr. Quekett, a quiet enthusiast in his way, who goes on from month to month and year to year, watching, working, and chronicling

such facts as can be made out. When a novelty comes in, it is examined, described, investigated by the microscope; and, if worthy, is sketched on stone for printing. It is then catalogued, and placed in spirit for preservation—minute portions, perhaps, being mounted on glass as objects for the microscope. Thus disposed of, it becomes a "store preparation." From this store the lectures at the College are illustrated by examples; and from it also are the bright bottles in the Hunterian Museum kept complete. From time to time something very rare comes to hand, and then there is quite an excitement in the place. It is turned about, examined, and discussed, with as much zest as a lady would display when first opening a present of jewels, or first criticising a new ball-dress. If the new acquisition be an animal but recently dead, a drop of its blood is sought and placed under the microscope to see the diameter of its globules; if it has a coat of fur, perhaps one of the hairs are next submitted to the same test; and then a fine section of its bone passes a similar ordeal. Its brain is investigated, weighed, and placed in spirit for preservation. Its general characteristics are then gone over, and a description of them written down. If worthy of a place in the Museum, this description goes to make a paragraph in the catalogues of the Collection—fine quarto volumes, of which there are many now complete, containing more exact anatomical and physiological descriptions of objects, than perhaps any other work extant.

The last contribution to the series of Catalogues was made in the room we have been examining. Its production was the constant labour of two years; and the volume contains exact particulars of many facts never before noticed. Amongst other things, for instance, made out with certainty in this place by Mr. Quekett, after months of patient investigation, was the elementary differences in the character of bone. To the common eye and common idea, all bone is simply bone; and for common purposes the word indicates closely enough what the speaker would describe. Not so to the naturalist and the physiologist; and so scalpel and microscope went to work: the sea, the land, and the air, lent each their creatures peculiar to itself, and the labour of the search was at length rewarded by a discovery that each great class of living things has an elementary difference in the bones upon which its structure is built up. Hence, when a particle of bony matter is now placed under the microscope, come whence it may—from a geological strata, or from the depths of the sea, or from within the cerecloth of a mummy—the observer, guided by Mr. Quekett's observations, knows whether it belonged in life to bird, beast, or fish.

Glancing round this anatomical workshop, we find, amongst other things, some preparations showing the nature of pearls. Examine them, and we find that there are dark and

dingy pearls, just as there are handsome and ugly men; the dark pearl being found on the dark shell of the fish, the white brilliant one upon the smooth inside shell. Going further in the search, we find that the smooth glittering lining upon which the fish moves, is known as the *nacre*, and that it is produced by a portion of the animal called *the mantle*: and for explanation sake we may add, that gourmands practically know the mantle as *the beard* of the oyster. When living in its glossy house, should any foreign substance find its way through the shell to disturb the smoothness so essential to its ease, the fish coats the offending substance with nacre, and a pearl is thus formed. The pearl is, in fact, a little globe of the smooth glossy substance yielded by the oyster's beard; yielded ordinarily to smooth the narrow home to which his nature binds him, but yielded in round drops—real pearly tears—if he is hurt. When a beauty glides proudly among a throng of admirers, her hair clustering with pearls, she little thinks that her ornaments are products of pain and diseased action, endured by the most unpoetical of shell-fish.

Leaving the centre-room of the three in the College roof, let us just glance at the other two apartments. Upon entering one we see the walls lined with boxes, something like those in a milliner's shop, but, instead of holding laces and ribands, we find them labelled "Wolf," "Raeoon," "Penguin," "Lion," "Albatross," and so on with names of birds, and beasts, and fishes. On lifting a lid, we find the boxes filled with the bones of the different creatures named; not a complete skeleton of any one, perhaps, but portions of half-a-dozen. In this room, the two students attached to the College carry on dissections, under the directions of the superior authorities. What they do is entered in a book kept posted up, and this affords another source for reference as to anatomical facts. When they have laboured here for three years, they have the option of a commission as Assistant Surgeon in the Army, Navy, or East India Company's service, as a reward for their College work.

If the atmosphere of the two apartments we have investigated was bad, that of the third room was infinitely worse, though windows and ventilators are constantly open. In this place large preparations are kept, and all the specimens are here put into the bottles required for exhibition in the Museum. This third room, like the first, has a curiously characteristic look. It would make a fine original for a picture of an alchemist's study. On one side is a large structure of brickwork with pipes and taps, conveying the idea of a furnace and still, or of an oven. Alongside it is a bath and a table, and the purpose of the whole is for *injecting* large animals. This is a very difficult operation, the object being to drive a kind of hot liquid sealing-wax into every artery of the body, even the most minute.

All things brought here, and capable of it, are injected somewhat after this fashion before they pass under the scalpel. Besides this oven-looking structure there are pans, and tubs, and casks; one containing a small dromedary, another being "a cask of camel." A painter's easel stands there ready for use, and on the floor are some bones of a megatherium; the tables are covered with bottles and jars, and the walls are similarly decorated. Strings of bladders hang about, and under foot we see thin sheets of lead coated with tin-foil; these latter being used for tying down the preparation bottles so that they may for years remain air-tight; a tedious and somewhat difficult operation. In this place every year they use scores, sometimes hundreds of gallons of alcohol; one fact which helps to show that museums on a large scale are expensive establishments.

Here, as elsewhere, however, in our establishments, whatever may be expended on materials, the men who do the work of science are but indifferently paid. But lucre is not their sole reward. No mere money payment could compensate (for instance) a man for spending a lifetime in this College of Surgeons' roof. Forget the object in view; ignore the charm that science has for its votaries; and this place becomes a literal inferno, filled with pestilential fumes, and surrounded by horrible sights. But they who fix the salaries know how much the pursuit of science is a labour of love; and so they pay the man of science badly, not here alone, but in all the scientific branches of the public service. But the science-worker though he may feel the injustice, yet moves on his way rejoicing, pleased with his unceasing search into the secret workings of nature, and exhilarated from time to time by some discovery, or by the confirmation of some cherished notion. And though the glittering prizes of life be bestowed on strivers in far different walks, the student of nature holds on his cheerful and philosophic way, rewarded by the glimpses he gets of the power that made and sustains all terrestrial things, and rewarded, moreover, by the holy contact with that infinite wisdom seen at work in the construction, the adaptation, and the continuance of the marvellous and illimitably varied works it is the business of his life to investigate.

CHIPS.

NICE WHITE VEAL.

WE shudder at the cruelties practised upon Strasbourg geese to produce the celebrated *pâtés de foie gras*; but remorse would assuredly afflict the amateurs of veal with indignation, if they reflected on the tortures to which calves are subjected to cause the very unnatural colour of the meat which they so much prize. The natural and wholesome tint of veal is not white, but pink. An ancient French traveller in England (1690)

says that the English veal has not the "beautiful red colour of the French." Dr. Smollett, in "Peregrine Pickle," upbraids epicures, on the scores both of cruelty and unwholesomeness, saying that our best veal is like a "fricassee of kid gloves," and the sauce of "melted butter" is rendered necessary only by the absence of the juices drained out of the unfortunate animal before death.

The process of killing a calf is a refinement of cruelty worthy of a Grand Inquisitor. The beast is, while alive, bled several times; in summer, during several hours of the night, and frequently till it faints; when a plug is put into the orifice till "next time." But the lengthened punishment of the most unoffending of animals is at the actual "killing." It is tied together, neck and heels, much as a dead animal when packed in a basket and slung up by a rope, with the head downwards. A vein is then opened, till it lingeringly bleeds to death. Two or three "knocks" are given to it with the pole-axe whilst it hangs loose in the air, and the flesh is beaten with sticks, technically termed "dressing" it, some time before feeling has ceased to exist. All this may be verified by those who insist on seeing the penetralia of the slaughter-houses; or the poor animal may be seen moaning and writhing—by a mere glance—on many days of the week, in Warwick Lane, Newgate Street.

This mode of bleaching veal is not only a crime, but a blunder. The flesh would be more palatable and nutritious killed speedily and mercifully. But were it otherwise, and had it been twenty times more a luxury, who, professing to honour the common Creator, would, for the sensual gratification of the palate, cause the calf to be thus tortured?

"ALL THINGS IN THE WORLD MUST CHANGE."

Would'st thou have it always Spring,
Though she cometh flower-laden!

Thou sweet-throated birds do sing!
Thou would'st weary of it, Maiden.

Dost thou never feel desire
That thy womanhood were nearer?

Dost thy loving heart ne'er tire,
Longing yet for something dearer?

Would'st have Summer ever stay—
Droughty Summer—bright and burning?

Dost thou not, oft in the day,
Long for still, cool, night's returning?

Dost thou not grow weary, Youth,
Of thy pleasures, vain though pleasant—

Thinking Life has more of Truth
Than the satiating present?

Would'st have Autumn never go?
(Autumn, Winter's wealthy neighbour),

Stacks would rise, and wine-press flow
Vainly, did'st thou always labour.

When thy child is on thy knee
And thy heart with love's o'erflowing,

Dost thou never long to see
What is in the future's showing?

When old Winter, cold and hoar,
Cometh, blowing his ten fingers,
Hanging ice-drops on the door
Whilst he at the threshold lingers,
Would'st thou ever vigil keep
With a mate so full of sorrow?
Better to thy bed and sleep,
Nor wake till th' Eternal morrow!

THE LAST OF A LONG LINE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

IN Great Stockington there lived a race of paupers. From the year of the 42nd of Elizabeth, or 1601, down to the present generation, this race maintained an uninterrupted descent. They were a steady and unbroken line of paupers, as the parish books testify. From generation to generation their demands on the parish funds stand recorded. There were no *lacunæ* in their career; there never failed an heir to these families; fed on the bread of idleness and legal provision, these people flourished, increased, and multiplied. Sometimes compelled to work for the weekly dole which they received, they never acquired a taste for labour, or lost the taste for the bread for which they did not labour. These paupers regarded this maintenance by no means as a disgrace. They claimed it as a right,—as their patrimony. They contended that one-third of the property of the Church had been given by benevolent individuals for the support of the poor, and that what the Reformation wrongfully deprived them of, the great enactment of Elizabeth rightfully—and only rightfully—restored.

Those who imagine that all paupers merely claimed parish relief because the law ordained it, commit a great error. There were numbers who were hereditary paupers, and that on a tradition carefully handed down, that they were only manfully claiming their own. They traced their claims from the most ancient feudal times, when the lord was as much bound to maintain his vassal in gross, as the vassal was to work for the lord. These paupers were, in fact, or claimed to be, the original *adscripti glebe*, and to have as much a claim to parish support as the landed proprietor had to his land. For this reason, in the old Catholic times, after they had escaped from villenage by running away and remaining absent from their hundred for a year and a day, dwelling for that period in a walled town, these people were amongst the most diligent attendants at the Abbey doors, and when the Abbays were dissolved, were, no doubt, amongst the most daring of these thieves, vagabonds, and sturdy rogues, who, after the Robin Hood fashion, beset the highways and solitary farms of England, and claimed their black mail in a very unceremonious style. It was out of this class that Henry VIII. hanged his seventy-two thousand during his reign, and, as it is said, with-

out appearing materially to diminish their number.

That they continued to "increase, multiply, and replenish the earth," overflowing all bounds, overpowering by mere populousness all the severe laws against them of whipping, burning in the hand, in the forehead or the breast, and hanging, and filling the whole country with alarm, is evident by the very act itself of Elizabeth.

Amongst these hereditary paupers who, as we have said, were found in Stockington, there was a family of the name of Deg. This family had never failed to demand and enjoy what it held to be its share of its ancient inheritance. It appeared from the parish records, that they had practised in different periods the crafts of shoemaking, tailoring, and chimney-sweeping; but since the invention of the stocking-frame, they had, one and all of them, followed the profession of stocking weavers, or as they were there called, stockingers. This was a trade which required no extreme exertion of the physical or intellectual powers. To sit in a frame, and throw the arms to and fro, was a thing that might either be carried to a degree of extreme diligence, or be let down into a mere apology for idleness. An "idle stockinger" was there no very uncommon phrase, and the Degs were always classed under that head. Nothing could be more admirably adapted than this trade for building a plan of parish relief upon. The Degs did not pretend to be absolutely without work, or the parish authorities would soon have set them to some real labour,—a thing that they particularly recoiled from, having a very old adage in the family, that "hard work was enough to kill a man." The Degs were seldom, therefore, out of work, but they did not get enough to meet and tie. They had but little work if times were bad, and if they were good, they had large families, and sickly wives or children. Be times what they would, therefore, the Degs were due and successful attendants at the parish pay-table. Nay, so much was this a matter of course, that they came at length not even to trouble themselves to receive their pay, but sent their young children for it; and it was duly paid. Did any parish officer, indeed, turn restive, and decline to pay a Deg, he soon found himself summoned before a magistrate, and such pleas of sickness, want of work, and poor earnings brought up, that he most likely got a sharp rebuke from the benevolent but uninquiring magistrate, and acquired a character for hardness that stuck to him.

So parish overseers learnt to let the Degs alone; and their children regularly brought up to receive the parish money for their parents, were impatient as they grew up to receive it for themselves. Marriages in the Deg family were consequently very early, and there were plenty of instances of married Degs claiming parish relief under the age of twenty, on the plea of being the parent of

two children. One such precocious individual being asked by a rather verdant officer why he had married before he was able to maintain a family, replied, in much astonishment, that he had married in order to maintain himself by parish assistance. That he never had been able to maintain himself by his labour, nor ever expected to do it; his only hope, therefore, lay in marrying, and becoming the father of two children, to which patriarchal rank he had now attained, and demanded his "pay."

Thus had lived and flourished the Degs on their ancient patrimony, the parish, for upwards of two hundred years. Nay, we have no doubt whatever that, if it could have been traced, they had enjoyed an ancestry of paupers as long as the pedigree of Sir Roger Rockville himself. In the days of the most perfect villenage, they had, doubtless, eaten the bread of idleness, and claimed it as a right. They were numerous, improvident, ragged in dress, and fond of an alehouse and of gossip. Like the blood of Sir Roger, their blood had become peculiar through a long persistence of the same circumstances. It was become pure pauper blood. The Degs married, if not entirely among Degs, yet amongst the same class. None but a pauper would dream of marrying a Deg. The Degs, therefore, were in constitution, in mind, in habit, and in inclination, paupers. But a pure and unmixed class of this kind does not die out like an aristocratic stereotype. It increases and multiplies. The lower the grade, the more prolific, as is sometimes seen on a large and even national scale. The Degs threatened, therefore, to become a most formidable clan in the lower purlieus of Stockington, but luckily there is so much virtue even in evils, that one, not rarely cures another. War, the great evil, cleared the town of Degs.

Fond of idleness, of indulgence, of money easily got, and as easily spent, the Degs were rapidly drained off by recruiting parties during the last war. The young men enlisted, and were marched away; the young women married soldiers that were quartered in the town from time to time, and marched away with them. There were, eventually, none of the once numerous Degs left except a few old people, whom death was sure to draft off at no distant period with his regiment of the line which has no end. Parish overseers, magistrates, and master manufacturers, felicitated themselves at this unhopd-for deliverance from the ancient family of the Degs.

But one cold, clear, winter evening, the east wind piping its sharp sibilant ditty in the bare shorn hedges, and poking his sharp fingers into the sides of well broad-clothed men by way of passing jest, Mr. Spires, a great manufacturer of Stockington, driving in his gig some seven miles from the town, passed a poor woman with a stout child on her back. The large ruddy-looking man in the prime of

life, and in the great coat and thick worsted gloves of a wealthy traveller, cast a glance at the wretched creature trudging heavily on, expecting a pitiful appeal to his sensibilities, and thinking it a bore to have to pull off a glove and dive into his pocket for a copper; but to his surprise there was no demand, only a low curtsy, and the glimpse of a face of singular honesty of expression, and of excessive weariness.

Spires was a man of warm feelings; he looked earnestly at the woman, and thought he had never seen such a picture of fatigue in his life. He pulled up and said,

"You seem very tired, my good woman."

"Awfully tired, Sir."

"And are you going far to night?"

"To Great Stockington, Sir, if God give me strength."

"To Stockington!" exclaimed Mr. Spires. "Why you seem ready to drop. You'll never reach it. You'd better stop at the next village."

"Ay, Sir, it's easy stopping, for those that have money."

"And you've none, eh?"

"As God lives, Sir, I've a sixpence, and that's all."

Mr. Spires put his hand in his pocket, and held out to her the next instant, half-a-crown.

"There stop, poor thing—make yourself comfortable—it's quite out of the question to reach Stockington. But stay—are your friends living in Stockington—what are you?"

"A poor soldier's widow, Sir. And may God Almighty bless you!" said the poor woman, taking the money, the tears standing in her large brown eyes as she curtsied very low.

"A soldier's widow," said Mr. Spires. She had touched the softest place in the manufacturer's heart, for he was a very loyal man, and vehement champion of his country's honour in the war. "So young," said he, "how did you lose your husband?"

"He fell, Sir," said the poor woman; but she could get no further; she suddenly caught up the corner of her grey cloak, covered her face with it, and burst into an excess of grief.

The manufacturer felt as if he had hit the woman a blow by his careless question; he sat watching her for a moment in silence, and then said, "Come, get into the gig, my poor woman; come, I must see you to Stockington."

The poor woman dried her tears, and heavily climbed into the gig, expressing her gratitude in a very touching and modest manner. Spires buttoned the apron over her, and taking a look at the child, said in a cheerful tone to comfort her, "Bless me, but that is a fine thumping fellow, though. I don't wonder you are are tired, carrying such a load."

The poor woman pressed the stout child, apparently two years old, to her breast, as if she felt it a great blessing and no load: the gig drove rapidly on.

Presently Mr. Spires resumed his conversation.

"So you are from Stockington?"

"No Sir, my husband was."

"So: what was his name?"

"John Deg, Sir."

"Deg?" said Mr. Spires. "Deg, did you say?"

"Yes, Sir."

The manufacturer seemed to hitch himself off towards his own side of the gig, gave another look at her, and was silent. The poor woman was somewhat astonished at his look and movement, and was silent too.

After awhile Mr. Spires said again, "And do you hope to find friends in Stockington? Had you none where you came from?"

"None Sir, none in the world!" said the poor woman, and again her feelings seemed too strong for her. At length she added, "I was in service, Sir, at Poole, in Dorsetshire, when I married; my mother only was living, and while I was away with my husband, she died. When—when the news came from abroad—that—when I was a widow, Sir, I went back to my native place, and the parish officers said I must go to my husband's parish lest I and my child should become troublesome."

"You asked relief of them?"

"Never; Oh, God knows, no, never! My family have never asked a penny of a parish. They would die first, and so would I, Sir; but they said I might do it, and I had better go to my husband's parish at once—and they offered me money to go."

"And you took it, of course?"

"No, sir; I had a little money, which I had earned by washing and laundering, and I sold most of my things, as I could not carry them, and came off. I felt hurt, Sir; my heart rose against the treatment of the parish, and I thought I should be better amongst my husband's friends—and my child would, if anything happened to me; I had no friends of my own."

Mr. Spires looked at the woman in silence. "Did your husband tell you anything of his friends? What sort of a man was he?"

"Oh, he was a gay young fellow, rather, Sir; but not bad to me. He always said his friends were well off in Stockington."

"He did!" said the manufacturer, with a great stare, and as if bolting the words from his heart in a large gust of wonder.

The poor woman again looked at him with a strange look. The manufacturer whistled to himself, and giving his horse a smart cut with the whip, drove on faster than ever. The night was fast settling down; it was numbing cold; a grey fog rose from the river as they thundered over the old bridge; and tall engine chimneys, and black smoky houses loomed through the dusk before them. They were at Stockington.

As they slackened their pace up a hill at the entrance of the town, Mr. Spires again opened his mouth.

"I should be sorry to hurt your feelings, Mrs. Deg," he said, "but I have my fears that you are coming to this place with false expectations. I fear your husband did not give you the truest possible account of his family here."

"Oh, Sir! What—what is it?" exclaimed the poor woman; "in God's name, tell me!"

"Why, nothing more than this," said the manufacturer, "that there are very few of the Degs left here. They are old, and on the parish, and can do nothing for you."

The poor woman gave a deep sigh, and was silent.

"But don't be cast down," said Mr. Spiers. He would not tell her what a pauper family it really was, for he saw that she was a very feeling woman, and he thought she would learn that soon enough. He felt that her husband had from vanity given her a false account of his connections; and he was really sorry for her.

"Don't be cast down," he went on, "you can wash and iron, you say; you are young and strong: those are your friends. Depend on them, and they'll be better friends to you than any other."

The poor woman was silent, leaning her head down on her slumbering child, and crying to herself; and thus they drove on, through many long and narrow streets, with gas flaring from the shops, but with few people in the streets, and these hurrying shivering along the pavement, so intense was the cold. Anon they stopped at a large pair of gates; the manufacturer rung a bell, which he could reach from his gig, and the gates presently were flung open, and they drove into a spacious yard, with a large handsome house, having a bright lamp burning before it, on one side of the yard, and tall warehouses on the other.

"Show this poor woman and her child to Mrs. Craddock's, James," said Mr. Spiers, "and tell Mrs. Craddock to make them very comfortable; and if you will come to my warehouse to-morrow," added he, addressing the poor woman, "perhaps I can be of some use to you."

The poor woman poured out her heartfelt thanks, and, following the old man servant, soon disappeared, hobbling over the pebbly pavement with her living load, stiffened almost to stone by her fatigue and her cold ride.

We must not pursue too minutely our narrative. Mrs. Deg was engaged to do the washing and getting up of Mr. Spire's linen, and the manner in which she executed her task insured her recommendations to all their friends. Mrs. Deg was at once in full employ. She occupied a neat house in a yard near the meadows below the town, and in those meadows she might be seen spreading out her clothes to whiten on the grass, attended by her stout little boy. In the same yard lived a shoemaker, who had two or three children of about the same age as Mrs. Deg's child.

The children, as time went on, became playfellows. Little Simon might be said to have the free run of the shoemaker's house, and he was the more attracted thither by the shoemaker's birds, and by his flute, on which he often played after his work was done.

Mrs. Deg took a great friendship for this shoemaker: and he and his wife, a quiet, kind-hearted woman, were almost all the acquaintances that she cultivated. She had found out her husband's parents, but they were not of a description that at all pleased her. They were old and infirm, but they were of the true pauper breed, a sort of person, whom Mrs. Deg had been taught to avoid and to despise. They looked on her as a sort of second parish, and insisted that she should come and live with them, and help to maintain them out of her earnings. But Mrs. Deg would rather her little boy had died than have been familiarised with the spirit and habits of those old people. Despite them she struggled hard not to do, and she agreed to allow them sufficient to maintain them on condition that they desisted from any further application to the parish. It would be a long and disgusting story to recount all the troubles, annoyance, and querulous complaints, and even bitter accusations that she received from these connections, whom she could never satisfy; but she considered it one of her crosses in her life, and patiently bore it, seeing that they suffered no real want, so long as they lived, which was for years; but she would never allow her little Simon to be with them alone.

The shoemaker neighbour was a stout protection to her against the greedy demands of these old people, and of others of the old Degs, and also against another class of inconvenient visitors, namely, suitors, who saw in Mrs. Deg a neat and comely young woman with a flourishing business, and a neat and soon well-furnished house, a very desirable acquisition. But Mrs. Deg had resolved never again to marry, but to live for her boy, and she kept her resolve in firmness and gentleness.

The shoemaker often took walks in the extensive town meadows to gather groundsell and plantain for his canaries and gorse-linnets, and little Simon Deg delighted to accompany him with his own children. There William Watson, the shoemaker, used to point out to the children the beauty of the flowers, the insects, and other objects of nature; and while he sat on a stile and read in a little old book of poetry, as he often used to do, the children sat on the summer grass, and enjoyed themselves in a variety of plays.

The effect of these walks, and the shoemaker's conversation on little Simon Deg was such as never wore out of him through his whole life, and soon led him to astonish the shoemaker by his extraordinary conduct. He manifested the utmost uneasiness at their treading on the flowers in the grass; he would burst with tears if they persisted in it; and when asked why, he said they were so beau-

tiful, and that they must enjoy the sunshine, and be very unhappy to die. The shoemaker was amazed, but indulged the lad's fancy. One day he thought to give him a great treat, and when they were out in the meadows, he drew from under his coat a bow and arrow, and shot the arrow high up in the air. He expected to see him in an ecstasy of delight: his own children clapped their hands in transport, but Simon stood silent, and as if awe-struck. "Shall I send up another?" asked the shoemaker.

"No, no," exclaimed the child, imploringly. "You say God lives up there, and he mayn't like it."

The shoemaker laughed, but presently he said, as if to himself, "There is too much imagination there. There will be a poet, if we don't take care."

The shoemaker offered to teach Simon to read, and to solidify his mind, as he termed it, by arithmetic, and then to teach him to work at his trade. His mother was very glad; and thought shoemaking would be a good trade for the boy; and that with Mr. Watson she should have him always near her. He was growing now a great lad, and was especially strong, and of a frank and daring habit. He was especially indignant at any act of oppression of the weak by the strong, and not seldom got into trouble by his championship of the injured in such cases amongst the boys of the neighbourhood.

He was now about twelve years of age; when, going one day with a basket of clothes on his head to Mr. Spire's for his mother, he was noticed by Mr. Spire himself from his counting-house window. The great war was raging; there was much distress amongst the manufacturers; and the people were suffering and exasperated against their masters. Mr. Spire, as a staunch tory, and supporter of the war, was particularly obnoxious to the workpeople, who uttered violent threats against him. For this reason his premises were strictly guarded, and at the entrance of his yard, just within the gates, was chained a huge and fierce mastiff, his chain allowing him to approach near enough to intimidate any stranger, though not to reach him. The dog knew the people who came regularly about, and seemed not to notice them, but on the entrance of a stranger, he rose up, barked fiercely, and came to the length of his chain. This always drew the attention of the porter, if he were away from his box, and few persons dared to pass till he came.

Simon Deg was advancing with the basket of clean linen on his head, when the dog rushed out, and barking loudly, came exactly opposite to him, within a few feet. The boy, a good deal startled at first, reared himself with his back against the wall, but at a glance perceiving that the dog was at the length of his tether, he seemed to enjoy his situation, and stood smiling at the furious animal, and lifting his basket with both hands above his

head, nodded to him, as if to say, "Well, old boy, you'd like to eat me, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Spire, who sat near his counting-house window at his books, was struck with the bold and handsome bearing of the boy, and said to a clerk, "What boy is that?"

"It is Jenny Deg's," was the answer.

"Ha! that boy! Zounds! how boys do grow! Why that's the child that Jenny Deg was carrying when she came to Stockington: and what a strong, handsome, bright-looking fellow he is now!"

As the boy was returning, Mr. Spire called him to the counting-house door, and put some questions to him as to what he was doing and learning, and so on. Simon, taking off his cap with much respect, answered in such a clear and modest way, and with a voice that had so much feeling and natural music in it, that the worthy manufacturer was greatly taken with him.

"That's no Deg," said he, when he again entered the counting-house, "not a bit of it. He's all Goodrick; or whatever his mother's name was, every inch of him."

The consequence of that interview was, that Simon Deg was very soon after perched on a stool in Mr. Spire's counting-house, where he continued till he was twenty-two. Mr. Spire had no son, only a single daughter; and such were Simon Deg's talents, attention to business, and genial disposition, that at that age Mr. Spire gave him a share in the concern. He was himself now getting less fond of exertion than he had been, and placed the most implicit reliance on Simon's judgment and general management. Yet no two men could be more unlike in their opinions beyond the circle of trade. Mr. Spire was a staunch tory of the staunch old school. He was for Church and King, and for things remaining for ever as they had been. Simon, on the other hand, had liberal and reforming notions. He was for the improvement of the people, and their admission to many privileges. Mr. Spire was, therefore, liked by the leading men of the place, and disliked by the people. Simon's estimation was precisely in the opposite direction. But this did not disturb their friendship; it required another disturbing cause—and that came.

Simon Deg and the daughter of Mr. Spire, grew attached to each other; and, as the father had thought Simon worthy of becoming a partner in the business, neither of the young people deemed that he would object to a partnership of a more domestic description. But here they made a tremendous mistake. No sooner was such a proposal hinted at, than Mr. Spire burst forth with the fury of all the winds from the bag of Ulysses.

"What! a Deg aspire to the hand of the sole heiress of the enormously opulent Spire?"

The very thought almost cut the proud manufacturer off with an apoplexy. The ghosts of a thousand paupers rose up before

him, and he was black in the face. It was only by a prompt and bold application of leeches and lancet, that the life of the great man was saved. But there was an end of all further friendship between himself and the expectant Simon. He insisted that he should withdraw from the concern, and it was done. Simon, who felt his own dignity deeply wounded too, for dignity he had, though the last of a long line of paupers—his own dignity, not his ancestors'—took silently, yet not unrespectfully, his share—a good, round sum, and entered another house of business.

For several years there appeared to be a feud and a bitterness between the former friends; yet it showed itself in no other manner than by a careful avoidance of each other. The continental war came to an end; the manufacturing distress increased exceedingly. There came troublous times, and a fierce warfare of politics. Great Stockington was torn asunder by rival parties. On one side stood pre-eminent, Mr. Spires; on the other towered conspicuously, Simon Deg. Simon was grown rich, and extremely popular. He was on all occasions the advocate of the people. He said that he had sprung from, and was one of them. He had bought a large tract of land on one side of the town; and intensely fond of the country and flowers himself, he had divided this into gardens, built little summer-houses in them, and let them to the artisans. In his factory he had introduced order, cleanliness, and ventilation. He had set up a school for the children in the evenings, with a reading-room and conversation-room for the workpeople, and encouraged them to bring their families there, and enjoy music, books, and lectures. Accordingly, he was the idol of the people, and the horror of the old school of the manufacturers.

"A pretty upstart and demagogue I've nurtured," said Mr. Spires often, to his wife and daughter, who only sighed, and were silent.

Then came a furious election. The town, for a fortnight, more resembled the worst corner of Tartarus than a Christian borough. Drunkenness, riot, pumping on one another, spencering one another, all sorts of violence and abuse ruled and raged till the blood of all Stockington was at boiling heat. In the midst of the tempest were everywhere seen, ranged on the opposite sides, Mr. Spires, now old and immensely corpulent, and Simon Deg, active, buoyant, zealous, and popular beyond measure. But popular though he still was, the other and old tory side triumphed. The people were exasperated to madness; and, when the chairing of the successful candidate commenced, there was a terrific attack made on the procession by the defeated party. Down went the chair, and the new member, glad to escape into an inn, saw his friends mercilessly assailed by the populace. There was a tremendous tempest of sticks, brick-bats, paving-stones, and rotten eggs. In the midst of this, Simon Deg, and a number of

his friends, standing at the upper window of an hotel, saw Mr. Spires knocked down, and trampled on by the crowd. In an instant, and, before his friends had missed him from amongst them, Simon Deg was seen darting through the raging mass, cleaving his way with a surprising vigour, and gesticulating, and no doubt shouting vehemently to the rioters, though his voice was lost in the din. In the next moment, his hat was knocked off, and himself appeared in imminent danger: but, another moment, and there was a pause, and a group of people were bearing somebody from the frantic mob into a neighbouring shop. It was Simon Deg, assisting in the rescue of his old friend and benefactor, Mr. Spires.

Mr. Spires was a good deal bruised, and wonderfully confounded and bewildered by his fall. His clothes were one mass of mud, and his face was bleeding copiously; but when he had had a good draught of water, and his face washed, and had time to recover himself, it was found that he had received no serious injury.

"They had like to have done for me though," said he.

"Yes, and who saved you?" asked a gentleman.

"Ay, who was it? who was it?" asked the really warm-hearted manufacturer; "let me know? I owe him my life."

"There he is!" said several gentlemen, at the same instant, pushing forward Simon Deg.

"What, Simon!" said Mr. Spires, starting to his feet. "Was it thee, my boy?" He did more, he stretched out his hand: the young man clasped it eagerly, and the two stood silent, and, with a heart-felt emotion, which blended all the past into forgetfulness, and the future into a union more sacred than esteem.

A week hence, and Simon Deg was the son-in-law of Mr. Spires. Though Mr. Spires had misunderstood Simon, and Simon had borne the aspect of opposition to his old friend, in defence of conscientious principle, the wife and daughter of the manufacturer had always understood him, and secretly looked forward to some day of recognition and re-union.

Simon Deg was now the richest man in Stockington. His mother was still living to enjoy his elevation. She had been his excellent and wise housekeeper, and she continued to occupy that post still.

Twenty-five years afterwards, when the worthy old Spires was dead, and Simon Deg had himself two sons attained to manhood; when he had five times been Mayor of Stockington, and had been knighted on the presentation of a loyal address; still his mother was living to see it; and William Watson, the shoemaker, was acting as the sort of orderly at Sir Simon's chief manufactory. He occupied the Lodge, and walked about, and saw that all was safe, and moving on as it should do.

It was amazing how the most plebeian

name of Simon Deg had slid, under the hands of the Heralds, into the really aristocratical one of Sir Simon Degge. They had traced him up a collateral kinship, spite of his own consciousness, to a baronet of the same name of the county of Stafford, and had given him a coat of arms that was really astonishing.

It was some years before this, that Sir Roger Rockville had breathed his last. His title and estate had fallen into litigation. Owing to two generations having passed without any issue of the Rockville family except the one son and heir, the claims, though numerous, were so mingled with obscuring circumstances, and so equally balanced, that the lawyers raised quibbles and difficulties enough to keep the property in Chancery, till they had not only consumed all the ready money and rental, but had made frightful inroads into the estate itself. To save the remnant, the contending parties came to a compromise. A neighbouring squire, whose grandfather had married a Rockville, was allowed to secure the title, on condition that the rest carried off the residuum of the estate. The woods and lands of Rockville were announced for sale!

It was at this juncture that old William Watson reminded Sir Simon Degge of a conversation in the great grove of Rockville, which they had held at the time that Sir Roger was endeavouring to drive the people thence. "What a divine pleasure might this man enjoy," said Simon Deg to his humble friend, "if he had a heart capable of letting others enjoy themselves."

"But we talk without the estate," said William Watson, "what might we do if we were tried with it?"

Sir Simon was silent for a moment; then observed that there was sound philosophy in William Watson's remark. He said no more, but went away; and the next day announced to the astonished old man that he had purchased the groves and the whole ancient estate of Rockville!

Sir Simon Degge, the last of a long line of paupers, was become the possessor of the noble estate of Sir Roger Rockville of Rockville, the last of a long line of aristocrats!

The following summer when the hay was lying in fragrant cocks in the great meadows of Rockville, and on the little islands in the river, Sir Simon Degge, Baronet, of Rockville,—for such was now his title,—through the suggestion of a great lawyer, formerly Recorder of the Borough of Stockington, to the crown—held a grand fête on the occasion of his coming to reside at Rockville Hall, henceforth the family seat of the Degges. His house and gardens had all been restored to the most consummate order. For years Sir Simon had been a great purchaser of works of art and literature, paintings, statuary, books, and articles of antiquity, including rich armour and precious works in ivory and gold.

First and foremost he gave a great banquet

to his wealthy friends, and no man with a million and a half is without them—and in abundance. In the second place, he gave a substantial dinner to all his tenantry, from the wealthy farmer of five hundred acres to the tenant of a cottage. On this occasion he said, "Game is a subject of great heart-burning and of great injustice to the country. It was the bane of my predecessor: let us take care it is not ours. Let every man kill the game on the land that he rents—then he will not destroy it utterly, nor allow it to grow into a nuisance. I am fond of a gun myself, but I trust to find enough for my propensity to the chase in my own fields and woods—if I occasionally extend my pursuit across the lands of my tenants, it shall not be to carry off the first-fruits of their feeding, and I shall still hold the enjoyment as a favour."

We need not say that this speech was applauded most vociferously. Thirdly, and lastly, he gave a grand entertainment to all his workpeople, both of the town and the country. His house and gardens were thrown open to the inspection of the whole assembled company. The delighted crowd admired immensely the pictures and the pleasant gardens. On the lawn, lying between the great grove and the hall, an enormous tent was pitched, or rather a vast canvas canopy erected, open on all sides, in which was laid a charming banquet; a military band from Stockington barracks playing during the time. Here Sir Simon made a speech as rapturously received as that to the farmers. It was to the effect, that all the old privileges of wandering in the grove, and angling, and boating on the river were restored. The inn was already rebuilt in a handsome Elizabethan style, larger than before, and to prevent it ever becoming a fane of intemperance, he had there posted as landlord, he hoped for many years to come, his old friend and benefactor, William Watson. William Watson should protect the inn from riot, and they themselves the groves and river banks from injury.

Long and loud were the applauses which this announcement occasioned. The young people turned out upon the green for a dance, and in the evening, after an excellent tea—the whole company descended the river to Stockington in boats and barges decorated with boughs and flowers, and singing a song made by William Watson for the occasion, called "The Health of Sir Simon, last and first of his Line!"

Years have rolled on. The groves and river banks and islands of Rockville are still greatly frequented, but are never known to be injured: poachers are never known there, for four reasons.—First, nobody would like to annoy the good Sir Simon; secondly, game is not very numerous there; thirdly, there is no fun in killing it, where there is no resistance; and fourthly, it is vastly more abundant in other proprietors' demesnes, and *it is* fun to kill it there, where it is jealously watched, and

there is a chance of a good spree with the keepers.

And with what different feelings does the good Sir Simon look down from his lofty eyrie, over the princely expanse of meadows, and over the glittering river, and over the stately woods to where Great Stockington still stretches farther and farther its red brick walls, its red-tiled roofs, and its tall smoke-vomiting chimneys. There he sees no haunts of crowded enemies to himself or any man. No upstarts, nor envious opponents, but a vast family of human beings, all toiling for the good of their families and their country. All advancing, some faster, some slower, to a better education, a better social condition, a better conception of the principles of art and commerce, and a clearer recognition of their rights and their duties, and a more cheering faith in the upward tendency of humanity.

Looking on this interesting scene from his distant and quiet home, Sir Simon sees what blessings flow—and how deeply he feels them in his own case—from a free circulation, not only of trade, but of human relations. How this corrects the mischiefs, moral and physical, of false systems and rusty prejudices;—and he ponders on schemes of no ordinary beauty and beneficence yet to reach his beloved town through them. He sees lecture halls and academies, means of sanitary purification, and delicious recreation, in which baths, wash-houses, and airy houses figure largely: while public walks extend all round the great industrial hive, including wood, hills, meadow, and river in their circuit of many miles. There he lived and laboured; there live and labour his sons: and there he trusts his family will continue to live and labour to all future generations: never retiring to the fatal indolence of wealth, but aiding onwards its active and ever-expanding beneficence.

Long may the good Sir Simon live and labour to realise these views. But already in a green corner of the pleasant churchyard of Rockville may be read this inscription on a marble headstone:—"Sacred to the Memory of Jane Deg, the mother of Sir Simon Degge, Bart., of Rockville. This stone is erected in honour of the best of Mothers by the most grateful of sons."

TWO LETTERS FROM AUSTRALIA.

CORRESPONDENTS, to whom emigration is a subject of vital importance—inasmuch as they appear to be resolved to leave kindred and home for "pastures new"—have written to us, with a hope that we will continue to give, as we have done hitherto, the dark as well as the light side of the Colonial picture. Not a few of the dangers and privations of Australian life we have already laid before them. We now are enabled to furnish some idea of how new localities are colonised, by such enterprising pioneers as the author of the letters from which we take the following extracts.

It must be remarked, that the perils he

describes were self-sought, and are by no means incidental to the career of an ordinary emigrant. His adventures occurred beyond the limits of the colony as defined by the British Government which, it would appear, he was in some degree instrumental in extending.

We give the "round unvarnished tale" precisely as we received it, and as it was communicated by the author to a relative in Cheshire:—

When we separated from our partner, Mr. W., it became necessary to look for stations outside the limits of the colony, for the only station we then possessed was much too small for our stock. R. and I first took the stock up to the station on the Murray, and having heard that a fine district of country had just been discovered on the Edward, we followed it down and discovered our present runs, and, I must say, they are equal—for grazing purposes, at least—to anything I have seen in the colony. It was necessary that one of us should remain at our station on the Murray, and R. very kindly gave me the option of either remaining or going down the Edward. I preferred going and forming new stations on the Edward, while he agreed to continue where he was, which indeed he preferred. I therefore lost no time in removing the stock before the winter rains should set in, and the waters rise to an unnatural height, which the rivers down here invariably do at this period of the year, overflowing their banks, in places, for miles. It was too late,—for just as we started it commenced raining, and continued, without ceasing, for a month. It was with the greatest difficulty we got down, as, from continued exposure to wet, and what with driving the cattle by day and watching them by night, we were, as you may suppose, so completely fagged, as to be almost "*hors de service*." But there is an end to everything,—in this world at least,—and so there was to our journey. It excited in me at the time, I well recollect, strange and indescribable sensations, as I rode over the runs, exploring the different nooks and crannies all so lonely and still, with not a sound to be heard, save now and then the wild shriek of the native Companion (a large bird), or the howl of the native dog, or the still more thrilling yell of the black native, announcing to others the arrival of white men.

We were now about fifty miles from any other white habitation, about six hundred from Sydney, and two hundred from Melbourne. The country down here is almost a dead level,—not a single hill to be seen, unless you choose to honour with the name a few miserable mounds of sand which rise to an elevation of some twenty or thirty feet. The plains are very extensive; there is one which extends from our door right across to the Murrumbidgee, a distance of sixty-five miles, with scarcely a tree on it.

The Murray—of which the Edward is a

branch—takes its rise in the Australian Alps, and is supplied by springs and snow from these. Some of the highest mountains of this range retain perpetual snow on their summits, but on the lesser ones it melts about the beginning of spring, causing great floods in the Murray and Edward, and our runs, being particularly low, are flooded from one to three miles on either side of the river. It is necessary to state this, to enable you to understand the “secrets I am about to unfold.” We had built one hut on the south side (yeleped Barratta), but before we could get one up on the south side (Wirrai), the floods came, and I was obliged to substitute a bark one instead. I divided the cattle into two herds, and put a steady stock-keeper, along with a hut-keeper, in charge of one herd on the Wirrai station, while I, with a hut-keeper and another man (we were only five altogether) looked after the other on this side. We were badly supplied with arms and ammunition, and by no means prepared to fight a strong battle should the Blacks be inclined for mischief. The natives did not show up at the huts for two or three weeks after our arrival, but kept reconnoitring at a distance, and we could sometimes see them gliding stealthily among the trees not far off us. By degrees, two or three of them came up and made friends, and then more and more, until we had seen from forty to fifty of them, but it was remarkable that only old men, boys, and women showed themselves, and none of the warriors. Although I had heard that kindness was of no avail, I never could be brought to believe it, and determined, therefore, to do all in my power to propitiate them by trifling gifts, kind treatment, and avoiding everything that could hurt their feelings. It was of no use; no kindness—nothing, in fact—will teach them the law of *meum* and *tuum* but the white man’s gun and his superior courage. We had been down about three months, the waters were at their highest, and our huts on both sides of the river were surrounded by water, through which we had to wade every morning to look after the cattle. I was obliged to put the huts within hearing of gunshot, on account of mutual protection, for what, after all, are two or three men alone, without a chance of assistance, against a body of two or three hundred black warriors, painted and armed, as I have seen them, in all the panoply of savage warfare.

We had not seen a single Black for nearly six weeks, for, as I afterwards learned, they had all gone over to a station on the Murray, about fifty miles from us, where they succeeded in driving the whites out after killing one man, and from three to four hundred head of cattle, without the slightest check or resistance; and having brought their work to a conclusion there, and emboldened by the success of their expedition, they now turned their eyes towards us, and gathering both numbers and courage, came pouring down on our de-

voted station. We had heard nothing of these depredations then, and were therefore quite unprepared for them. One day about twenty Blacks come up to the huts for the purpose, I suppose, of reconnoitring the nakedness of the land, and we killed for them a bullock, thinking thereby to propitiate them. In this, however, I was most woefully mistaken, for before they had half finished it, they went among the cattle on both sides of the river, and by next morning there was not a single head left within forty miles, with the exception of a few they had killed at either station. The Wirrai stock-keeper went on the tracks of his herd, and I followed those of mine, and by a week’s time we had recovered the greatest part of both, but there were spears sticking in the sides of many of them, which wanton piece of cruelty occasioned several deaths in a short time. Not being strong enough to punish the Blacks, and unwilling to begin a quarrel which might cause loss of life perhaps on both sides, and still hoping that they would cease their depredations, I contented myself with giving them to understand that, if they attempted in future to touch either man or beast among us, they should be severely punished; they said it was not them but some *Wild Blacks*, an excuse they always make when they steal. In a fortnight afterwards, however, they acted the same play over again; and again we had the same trouble in recovering the cattle. They did not show after this except at a respectable distance, when it would be with a flourish of spears, or a wave of their tomahawks, accompanied with gesticulations of anything but a friendly character. Still I did not believe that they would attempt our lives, until I very nearly paid with mine the forfeit of my incredulity. I should mention that the communication with the Wirrai station was, at this time, carried on by means of bark canoes, which we paddled with long poles; the distance by water was about three miles, and by land straight across, a mile and a half.

One day I had gone over to Wirrai in a canoe, to see how the stockman was getting on, and on my return was humming a tune and thinking of you, dear William (for I was humming your old favorite “Flow on, thou shining River”), when I fancied I heard a slight noise: I stopped and listened, but could hear nothing; I went a little further and heard it again; I stopped again and peered about the bank, when suddenly about twenty Blacks sprung up from behind trees, and reeds, and long grass, only one of whom I had ever seen before; I was about fifty yards from the nearest of them, and just at the entrance of a creek about ten yards wide, lined on both sides with thick reeds. When they first appeared they did not show any weapons, and spoke in a friendly strain; “Budgery Master always gibit bullock along im Black fellow,” asked if I wanted any fish? As I had a good double-barrel gun on

my knees I did not so much care about them, but not exactly liking their appearance I stopped at about thirty yards. The Blacks by this time were jabbering to more down the creek, and I could see that the one side was lined with them. Seeing that I would not come any nearer, they suddenly picked up their spears and altered their tone, and began calling all sorts of names, and threatened to break my head with their "Nella nellas" (clubs). Quick as lightning they shipped their spears, but not quicker than I levelled my gun; the instant they saw which (they have a great respect for powder,) they betook themselves behind trees, and, in truth, I thought it best to follow their example; so, keeping the gun to my shoulder the while, I began as well as I could to paddle the canoe with one hand; perceiving my object, they stood out to thwart it, and I knowing that if they sent their spears, though none of them should hit me, they must inevitably shiver the canoe to pieces, determined to get on terra firma as quickly as possible, the water being only knee deep. In stepping out I unfortunately got into a stump-hole, and the next moment was soused over head and ears in water! This was decidedly unpleasant, and for the first time a thrill of fear came over me; however, I jumped up again, and having been very particular in loading my gun, I thought it might still go off. By this time the Blacks had gathered in great numbers on the other side of the creek and were pressing on in a body; seeing this I now levelled my piece, and took as deliberate an aim as I could at the foremost of them (a huge brute, for whose capture a hundred pounds reward had been offered by Government for a murder committed by him on the Murrum-bridge), but the gun hung fire and the ball dropped into the water. Finding that there was no dependence to be placed in the gun, the only course left me was to retreat, and to attempt this I now resolved; taking courage at this, a number of them jumped into the water, again I faced them, and again they took to trees—are they not rank cowards? I was beginning to think that my only chance was to take to my legs—which indeed would have been almost certain death—when at this crisis I was, as you may imagine, agreeably surprised by the welcome "Halloo" of the stockman and hutkeeper, who, having heard the report of the gun and the yells of the savages, knew that something was up, and arrived at the nick of time to my rescue. After giving me some dry ammunition we made a rush after them, but could not overtake the black legs which were now plying at a particularly nimble rate, and which they especially do when getting out of the reach of a gun. This was the first attempt they had made on any of our lives, and their manœuvres showed that they were under the impression that, if they could "*do for*" the master, they might easily finish the men. But I made it a rule that never less than two were to go out

on foot or in canoes, and with never less than twenty rounds of ball cartridge. We did not see anything of the Blacks for a fortnight after this, during which interval, as they afterwards told us, they were preparing for a grand attack on the Wirrai station.

About two hours before sundown the following day the stockman went out, as usual, to see that the cattle were safe. The Wirrai hut, I should mention, was at this time on a kind of island about a mile and a half in diameter, formed by the Wirrai Lagoon and a deep creek,—so that the cattle were feeding almost within sight of the hut. All was quiet; the cattle did not seem to betray any symptoms of fear, which they generally will do when the Blacks are near. He had not returned more than half an hour, when we saw the poor beasts coming rushing towards the hut—as if for protection—as hard as they could lay legs to the ground. On going among them, we found many with spears sticking in their bodies. We immediately mounted horses—(I bareback, as I had left my saddle at Barratta)—and galloped as hard as we could in the direction the cattle had come from for about a mile, when, not seeing anything, we stopped and listened. There was a small, dense shrub before us, and, as we approached it, the awful yell that greeted our ears I shall not forget in a hurry. You can have no idea of the effect it has on one unaccustomed to the sound, for it is like nothing earthly that I can compare it to, but more like what one might imagine a lot of fiends would set up while performing their jubilee over the soul of some defunct mortal lately arrived at the "prison-house." We galloped through the shrub. Before us was a space bounded by two creeks, forming at their junction an angle on the plain beyond. Arranged in a semi-circle in this space were some two hundred warriors, painted and armed, and drawn up in battle array. Between us and them four or five bullocks were writhing in their death agony, while the other side of the creek, beyond the warriors, was black with old men, women, and children looking on, and yelling at a most fearful rate. We galloped within gunshot, and I then ordered the stockman to fire on them—(I had no gun myself, and had enough to do to sit the young spirited horse I was on), but he refused, saying that my horse would be sure to throw me, and that nothing then could save me from certain death. By this time the Blacks were trying to surround us, so as to hem us in between themselves and the creek, and cut off our retreat to the hut where we had left the hutkeeper in charge, and we soon found it necessary to put our horses into a gallop—they following at our heels—in order to get there in time enough to prepare for a defence. It was their intention, as they afterwards kindly informed us, to have killed every man jack of us. We had just got everything ready, when on they came yelling like so many fiends. We stood out

from the hut awaiting their onset. Although the odds against us, as regarded numbers, was fearful, I was confident that if we could only make sure of three or four of the foremost of them, it would go far to intimidate the rest; so, as soon as they came within range of our guns, we gave them three rounds, which, however, only wounded one of them; still it made the others check their paces and hesitate awhile, seeing especially that we were determined to sell our lives dearly at this crisis; they betook themselves behind trees, protected by which they crept nearer and nearer to us, we taking every opportunity of firing, but with small effect. It being now nearly dark, we were obliged to take to the hut, and defend ourselves there as best we could. When inside, they threw a great many spears through the tarpaulin, very fortunately with no other effect than that of one of them just grazing my head. This kind of siege was carried on about four hours, we firing a shot now and then when we thought we could perceive the dim outline of one of them gliding through the dark, and they sending an occasional spear, and giving a yell. What we most feared was their making an attempt to set the hut on fire, for if successful in this (and the day having been very warm, our tarpaulin would have burned like so much paper) it would have been all up with us.

We had almost given up all hopes of life, and a sort of stubborn, dogged desperation seized me such as I never before felt, and such as I trust I never may again feel. We were reduced to nearly a dozen rounds of ammunition which we resolved to save for the rush. About midnight I was horribly startled by the stockkeeper announcing that on his side of the hut (we each of us guarded one side) he thought he could distinguish a fire-stick at some distance, and, on looking, we could plainly perceive it approaching nearer and nearer, until it came within what we considered safe gunshot, when I told the stockman, who was the best shot, to take good aim. He fired, and the fire-stick dropped on the ground. A good deal of yelling followed, but they did not again venture to show fire.

Everything after an hour remained quiet; the cattle had long since been rushed off the island, and the Blacks, we supposed, had gone to rest, preparatory to an attack at daybreak. Towards dawn, being faint and weak through anxiety and fasting,—for we had had nothing for twenty-four hours,—we determined on having some tea; but before it could be got ready we again heard the Blacks yelling most furiously. The stockman and hutkeeper thereupon gave it as their opinion, that our only hope of escape was in immediately quitting the hut, and attempting, if possible, to get across to Barratta; so, instantly decamping, we crossed the lagoon in a canoe, which we then dragged across a few hundred yards of land to the river. This we also quickly crossed. Just as we reached the Barratta bank, we heard a

most awful hullabaloo at Wirrai, in which noises our friends the Blacks were giving vent to their feelings of disgust and disappointment at not finding us at home. Before they could overtake us, we were safe at Barratta. "To be continued in our next," as the Editors of periodicals often say.

In a Second Letter the Narrative is resumed.

I could see plainly depicted in the faces of the two men who were in charge of the Barratta station, a considerable degree of suspicion as to the extent of our courage in the Wirrai affair. They were both plucky men, but their notions underwent a great change the next day. The day we escaped, we heard nothing more of the natives, except now and then their distant yells; so I sent up a man on horseback to the next station for assistance, to help us to find and recover the cattle. But the superintendent either would not or could not give us any, although all his servants, to a man, volunteered to go. I was obliged, therefore, to allow my four men to proceed alone. I think I mentioned that I had burned my foot very severely, and by this time, from the work I had had to undergo, I was in great agony from it. But I offered the men, if any one of them objected to it, he could remain in the hut, and I would go in his place. They all, however, readily agreed to go, for, in truth, remaining behind was by far the most dangerous post, inasmuch as the Blacks, from their numbers, could easily circumvent the men, or keep them at bay, while they attacked the hut, and I could have done little myself, in the way of defence, with only an old lockless piece, to discharge which it was necessary to use a fire-stick. Before they left, the stockman took me aside, and, with much kindness, implored me earnestly, for my own safety, to take a horse, and stop out on the plain. He told me, at the same time, that he did not expect to come back alive; "but," said he, "it does not matter a straw what becomes of us, for not one of us would be missed." This disinterestedness struck me not a little, as showing a high trait of fine feeling, coming as it did from an old convict who had been transported for life, and had once been condemned to be hanged. However, I resolved to take my chance in the hut, and very glad I was that I did so afterwards, as I should have looked very foolish, when my men returned, seated on a horse, and ready to make a bolt. I had waited about an hour with my old gun and fire-stick in hand, without hearing a sound to break the horrid stillness which seemed at that particular time to reign paramount around me, when a distant volley of gunshot burst upon my ear, and then a faint volley of yells. In a short time the sounds were repeated; again and again, but nearer and nearer, and more and more distinct, a shot or two at a time, with horrible yells filling up the interlude until I could distinguish my men retreating with an immense

semicircle of natives trying to encompass them and cut them off from the hut. My men retreated to the water's edge in capital order, and then faced round to the enemy, for it would have been sure death to have attempted to cross in the face of so many of the foe. After a good deal of skirmishing at this point, a very old Black took a green bough, and standing a little out from the rest, made a long harangue to the white men in his own language, which of course was just so much Hebrew to them; but being anxious for a truce they ceased firing. Another Black who could talk a little English now came forward, and after a good deal of jabber, concluded a peace, one condition of which was that they were to give up everything they had taken from the Wirrai hut. Of course we well knew, or at least fully expected, that this treaty was all hollow on their side, and like lovers' vows, made only to be broken; but the truth was, we were glad enough to get a little respite even though for ever so short a time. After restoring most of the things they had stolen, the Blacks drew off in a body to the other side of the river.

The stockman informed me, that, when they started on their search, they first crossed the river, and then made away over to the Collegian, where they soon espied a few Blacks, apparently reconnoitring, who, when they perceived the white men, made signals to other Blacks beyond them, and who, in like manner, signalled others still further away: presently they saw slowly approaching them a dense black body which the two men who had not been at Wirrai the day before took to be the cattle they were in search of, but which the more experienced stockman at once declared to be a vast body of the Blacks. The two men at first laughed at this idea as a good joke, but were soon confirmed as to its correctness, when they changed their tone, and began to think it high time to return. On, however, they came in a dense body, and when nearly within gunshot, spread themselves out, or deployed—as our military brother would I suppose call it—and pressing on in a large semicircle, endeavoured so to manoeuvre, as to cut off the escape of the retreating *army* in the direction of the hut as before related.

The truce, as we had anticipated, proved a very short one, as you will presently see. The day following the above incidents, I sent the stockman and another, to see after the surviving cattle which our black friends informed us had got out of the island and gone across the country to the Murray, which was true. The men had been gone about three hours, when about a hundred of the warriors came up to the hut—without their spears, but with plenty of tomahawks—pretending to be good friends. I told the two men who were working outside, to keep a sharp lookout, as I suspected their friendship was not of that description I most coveted or admired;

and being myself scarcely able to move, I sat down in a corner of the hut by a table, with a gun close by me, a brace of pistols in my belt, and another on the table. I told the Blacks to keep outside the hut; but they, gradually edging their way in, soon nearly filled it: and seeing that there was no chance of keeping them out, except by proceeding to extremities, I contented myself with watching their motions with all the coolness I could command. They began talking very quietly at first, and I noticed the gentleman I mentioned who could talk a little English, edging by little and little towards me, sometimes talking to his companions and sometimes addressing me. I pretended not to notice him particularly, though at the same time—without looking directly at him—I could see his eyes rolling from the direction of mine to the fire-arms like a revolving lamp. Soon the jabbering became louder and louder (they were talking themselves into a rage), and I thought I could hear the names of some of those who had fallen, made use of. All the while the above-mentioned black fellow was shuffling closer and closer to me, until I thought it was high time to act my part in the scene, or give up all thoughts of life. With all the calmness I was master of, I took up a pistol from the table, and taking my English friend by the arm, pointed it at his head, and told him to order all his companions to quit the hut; he shook like an aspen leaf, and turned as white as a Black well can, and ordered them to go out, which they immediately did without a word; I then led him after them, and bade them leave the place, and return to their camp, which they likewise did.

I look upon that as about the narrowest escape I ever had; for the Blacks have since told me that they were on the point of making a rush upon us, when it was providentially stopped by the timely proceeding mentioned. Had they done so, nothing of course could have saved us. Next day three or four hundred of them passed the hut in dead silence; and not one of them called. They were all fully armed and painted with red ochre (their uniform for war), and I conjectured they were up to some mischief, but what I could not tell.

In about a week we again had the pleasure of seeing them coming in great numbers, and camping in an island about a mile off. From certain signs which experience had taught us, we were well assured that they intended making a grand attack upon our hut. I had no one living at Wirrai then; and as there were only four of us at Barratta, viz., H., (who had just arrived), myself and two men, (the two who had been sent after the cattle, were still away,) and wishing to give the Blacks a severe lesson, we sent to the next station for as many men as they could spare.

The man we sent had only just reached the station, when the Commissioner of the district chanced also to arrive there. Now the

Commissioner in those days was a man of great authority ; in fact, altogether more like a little king, than any less lordly personage : so, instead of coming down himself with his police to our assistance, he allowed the superintendent to send six of his men, while he himself remained where he was "otium cum," for in truth the old fellow—to say nothing of his love of ease, was of old Falstaff's opinion touching the advisable predominance of a certain quality in the exercise of valour. The men arrived in great silence at midnight, and the Blacks fortunately knew nothing of their arrival ; for if they had, they would have deferred their attack until a more reasonable opportunity when we were not so well prepared for their reception.

Daylight came, and in the distance we could see their dusky figures crossing the lagoon to one side. They had only three canoes, so that it was a considerable time before all were landed. They then gathered together in a clump in dead silence, and held a council of war, thinking themselves unobserved all the time. At sunrise they slowly approached, and only those of us whom they expected to see showed out to them, and without arms ; they appeared to have no other arms than their tomahawks ; but every man of them was dragging a large jagged spear with their toes through the long grass. When, by the way, one of these spears enters a man's body, it is impossible to get it out again, except by cutting the flesh all round it, or pushing it right through to the other side. As they advanced nearer, they spoke, and continued talking to us all the time in the most friendly strains, until within about twenty yards ; when just as they (at a signal given by one of them) were stooping to pick up their spears to make a rush, the men in the hut let drive through loopholes right among them ; and we all made a simultaneous rush, and put them to rout in a manner that would have given the Old Duke intense satisfaction had he been looking on. How many fell, I cannot say, as they always try to drag their dead from the field, and all around us, except on the water-side, was long grass and reeds ; two were left dead, and these we buried.

To detail all the skirmishes and the Parthian description of fighting with the Blacks for the eighteen months which ensued, would only weary you. Where, little more than three years ago, ours was the only station in this direction, being five miles beyond any other, there are now stations formed a hundred miles below us, and even ladies grace the river forty miles down, one of them married to an old school-fellow of ours, viz., Brougham, nephew of Lord Brougham. Among other diversions, I have been employing myself in making a flower-garden, for independently of my love of flowers, I think their contemplation, and engagement in their cultivation, has a humanising, or, if you will, a civilising effect on

the mind, such as I can assure you we require in the Bush.

SUPPOSING.

SUPPOSING A Royal Duke were to die. Which is not a great stretch of supposition,

For golden lads and lasses must,
Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust :

Supposing he had been a good old Duke with a thoroughly kind heart, and a generous nature, always influenced by a sincere desire to do right, and always doing it, like a man and a gentleman, to the best of his ability :

And supposing, this Royal Duke left a son, against whom there was no imputation or reproach, but of whom all men were disposed to think well, and had no right or reason to think otherwise :

And supposing, this Royal Duke, though possessed of a very handsome income in his life-time, had not made provision for his son ; and a rather accommodating Government (in such matters) were to make provision for him, at the expense of the public, on a scale wholly unsuited to the nature of the public burdens, past, present, and prospective, and bearing no proportion to any kind of public reward, for any sort of public service :

I wonder whether the country could then, with any justice, complain, that the Royal Duke had not himself provided for his son, instead of leaving his son a charge upon the people !

I should think the question would depend upon this :—Whether the country had ever given the good Duke to understand, that it, in the least degree, expected him to provide for his son. If it never did anything of the sort, but always conveyed to him, in every possible way, the rapturous assurance that there was a certain amount of troublesome Hotel business to be done, which nobody but a Royal Duke could by any possibility do, or the business would lose its grace and flavor, then, I should say, the good Duke aforesaid might reasonably suppose that he made sufficient provision for his son, in leaving him the Hotel business ; and that the country would be a very unreasonable country, if it made any complaint.

Supposing the country *did* complain, though, after all. I wonder what it would still say, in Committee, Sub Committee, Charitable Association, and List of Stewards, if any ungentle person were to propose ignoble chairmen !

Because I should like the country to be consistent.

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[PRICE 2d.

THE RAILWAY WONDERS OF LAST YEAR.

THE unblushing individual who inflated the first bubble prospectus in the early days of Railway scheming must regard, if he be still in existence (and we have good reason to believe that he lives, a prosperous gentleman), with superlative amazement the last Report of Her Majesty's Railway Commissioners.

When in his dazzling document the preposterous "promoter" certified the forthcoming goods transit at six times the amount his most sanguine "traffic-taker" could conscientiously compute; when he quadrupled the boldest calculations of the expected number of passengers—when, in short, he projected his prognostics beyond the widest bounds of probability, and then added a few cyphers at the end of each sum, to make "round numbers"—he was not so mad as to believe that he lied in the least like truth. Mad as he was *not*, he never could have supposed that an after-time would come when his lying prospectus would be pronounced as far short of, as his mendacious imagination endeavoured to make it exceed, the Truth. But that time has arrived.

Let us suppose a friend of his, a far-seeing prophet, reading a proof of the pet prospectus by the aid of magnifying glasses; let us figure the statistical foreteller of future events assuring its author that, twenty years thence, his immeasurable exaggerations would be out-exaggerated by what should actually come to pass; that his brazen bait to catch share-jobbers would shrink—when placed beside the Railway records of eighteen-hundred-and-forty-nine—into a puny, minimised, understatement. How he would have laughed! How immediately his mind would have reverted from the sanguine seer to the terminus of flighty intellects known as Bedlam. With what remarkable unction he would have said, "Phoo! Phoo! My good fellow, you must be lapsing into lunacy. What! Do you mean to say I have not laid it on thick enough? Why, look here!" and he turns to the latest of the Stamp Office stage-coach returns: "Do you mean to tell me—now that coach travelling has arrived at perfection, and that the wonderful average of coach passengers is six millions a year—that, instead

of quadrupling the number of travellers who are likely to use my line, I ought to multiply them by a hundred? Why, you may as well try to persuade me that I ought to promise for our locomotives twenty, instead of fifteen, miles an hour; which—Heaven forgive me—I have had the courage to set down. Stuff! If I were to romance at that rate, we should not sell a share."

And our would-be Major Longbow would have had reason for the faith that was in him. In his highest flights he dared not exceed too violently the statistics of G. R. Porter, or have added too high a premium on the expectations of George Stephenson. The former calculated that up to the end of 1834, when not a hundred miles of Railway were open, the annual average of persons who travelled by coach was about two millions, each going over one hundred and eighty miles of ground in the year.* Supposing each individual performed that distance in three journeys, the whole number of *persons* must have multiplied themselves into six millions of *passengers*. As to speed, Mr. George Stephenson said at a dinner-party given to him at Newcastle in 1844, that when he planned the Liverpool and Manchester line, the directors entreated him, when they went to Parliament, not to talk of going at a faster rate than ten miles an hour, or he "would put a cross upon the concern." Mr. George Stephenson *did* talk of fifteen miles an hour, and some of the Committee asked if he were not mad! Mr. Nicholas Wood delivered himself in a pamphlet as follows:—"It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather *professions*, of the *enthusiastic speculatist* will be realised, and that we shall see engines travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such NONSENSE!"

It would seem, then, that the Longbow of the aboriginal prospectuses was actually modest in his estimate as to passengers and speed. But only a few years must have made him utterly ashamed of his moderation and modesty. How disgusted he must have felt with his timid proflusions, even when 1843 arrived. For that year revealed travellers' tales that exceeded

* "Porter's Progress of the Nation," vol. ii. p. 22.

his early romances by what Major Longbow himself would have called "an everlasting long chalk." Within that year, seventy railroads, constructed at an outlay of sixty millions sterling, conveyed twenty-five millions of passengers three hundred and thirty millions of miles, at an average cost of one penny and three quarters per mile, and an average speed of twenty-four miles per hour, with but one fatal accident.

But if our parent of railway proprietors were astonished at what happened in 1843, with what inconceivable amazement he must peruse the details of 1849! We should like to see the expression of his countenance while conning the report of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Railways for last year. At the end of every sentence he would be sure to exclaim, "Who *would* have thought it?"

From this unimpeachable record of scarcely credible statistics, it appears that at the end of 1849 there were, in Great Britain and Ireland, five thousand five hundred and ninety-six miles of railway in active operation; upwards of four thousand five hundred and fifty-six of which are in England, eight hundred and forty-six in Scotland, and four hundred and ninety-four in Ireland. Besides this, the number of miles which have been authorised by Parliament, and still remain to be finished is six thousand and thirty; so that, if all the lines were completed, the three kingdoms would be intersected by a net-work of railroad measuring twelve thousand miles: but of this there is only a remote probability, the number of miles in course of active construction being no more than one thousand five hundred, so that by the end of the present year it is calculated that the length of finished and operative railway may be about seven thousand four hundred miles, or as many as lie between Great Britain and the Cape of Good Hope, with a thousand miles to spare. The number of persons employed on the 30th of June, 1849, in the operative railways was fifty-four thousand; on the unopened lines, one hundred and four thousand.

When the schemer of the infancy of the giant-railway system turns to the passenger-account for the year 1849, he declares he is fairly "knocked over." He finds that the railway passengers are put down at *sixty-three million eight hundred thousand*; nearly three times the number returned for 1843, and *a hundred times* as many as took to the road in the days of stage-coaches. The passengers of 1849, actually double the sum of the entire population of the three kingdoms.

The statement of capital which the six thousand miles now being hourly travelled overrepresents, will require the reader to draw a long breath;—it is one hundred and ninety-seven and a-half millions of pounds sterling. Add to this the cash being disbursed for the lines in progress, the total rises to two hundred and twenty millions! The average cost of each mile of railway, including engines,

carriages, stations, &c., (technically called "plant,") is thirty-three thousand pounds.

Has this outlay proved remunerative? The Commissioners tell us, that the gross receipts from all the railways in 1849 amounted to eleven millions, eight hundred and six thousand pounds; from which, if the working expenses be deducted at the rate of forty-three per cent. (being about an average taken from the published statements of a number of the principal companies), there remains a net available profit of about six millions seven hundred and twenty-nine thousand four hundred and twenty pounds to remunerate the holders of property to the amount of one hundred and ninety-seven millions and a-half; or at the rate, within a fraction, of three and a-half per cent. Here our parent of railway prospectuses chuckles. *He* promised twenty per cent. per annum.

In short, in everything except the dividends, our scheming friend finds that recent fact has outstripped his early fictions. He told the nervous old ladies and shaky "half-pays" on his projected line, that Railways were quite as safe as stage-coaches. What say the grave records of 1849? The lives of five passengers were lost during that year and those by one accident—a cause, of course, beyond the control of the victims; eighteen more casualties took place, for which the sufferers had themselves alone to blame. Five lives lost by official mismanagement, out of sixty-four millions of risks, is no very outrageous proportion; especially when we reflect that, taking as a basis the calculations of 1843, the number of miles travelled over per rail during last year, may be set down at eight hundred and forty-five millions; or *nine times the distance between the earth and the sun*.

Such are the Railway wonders of the year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine.

THE WATER-DROPS.

A FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The Suitors of Cirrha, and the young Lady; with a reference to her Papa.

FAR in the west there is a land mountainous, and bright of hue, wherein the rivers run with liquid light; the soil is all of yellow gold; the grass and foliage are of resplendent crimson; where the atmosphere is partly of a soft green tint, and partly azure. Sometimes on summer evenings we see this land, and then, because our ignorance must refer all things that we see, to something that we know, we say it is a mass of clouds made beautiful by sunset colours. We account for it by principles of Meteorology. The fact has been omitted from the works of Kaemtz or Daniell; but, notwithstanding this neglect, it is well known in many nurseries, that the bright land we speak of, is a world inhabited by fairies. Few among fairies take more interest in man's affairs than the good Cloud

Country People ; this truth is established by the story I am now about to tell.

Not long ago there were great revels held one evening in the palace of King Cumulus, the monarch of the western country. Cirrha, the daughter of the king, was to elect her future husband from a multitude of suitors. Cirrha was a maiden delicate and pure, with a skin white as unfallen snow; but colder than the snow her heart had seemed to all who sought for her affections. When Cirrha floated gracefully and slowly through her father's hall, many a little cloud would start up presently to tread where she had trodden. The winds also pursued her; and even men looked up admiringly whenever she stepped forth into their sky. To be sure they called her Mackerel and Cat's Tail, just as they call her father Ball of Cotton; for the race of man is a coarse race, and calling bad names appears to be a great part of its business here below.

Before the revels were concluded, the King ordered a quiet little wind to run among the guests, and bid them all come close to him and to his daughter. Then he spoke to them as follows :—

“Worthy friends! there are among you many suitors to my daughter Cirrha, who is pledged this evening to choose a husband. She bids me tell you that she loves you all; but since it is desirable that this our royal house be strengthened by a fit alliance with some foreign power, she has resolved to take as husband one of those guests who have come hither from the principality of Nimbus.” Now, Nimbus is that country, not seldom visible from some parts of our earth, which we have called the Rain-Cloud. “The subjects of the Prince of Nimbus,” Cumulus continued, “are a dark race, it is true, but they are famed for their beneficence.”

Two winds, at this point, raised between themselves a great disturbance, so that there arose a universal cry that somebody should turn them out. With much trouble they were driven out from the assembly; thereupon, quite mad with jealousy and disappointment, they went howling off to sea, where they played pool-billiards with a fleet of ships, and so forgot their sorrow.

King Cumulus resumed his speech, and said that he was addressing himself, now, especially to those of his good friends who came from Nimbus. “To-night, let them retire to rest, and early the next morning let each of them go down to Earth; whichever of them should be found on their return to have been engaged below in the most useful service to the race of man, that son of Nimbus should be Cirrha's husband.”

Cumulus, having said this, put a white nightcap on his head, which was the signal for a general retirement. The golden ground of his dominions was covered for the night, as well as the crimson trees, with cotton. So the whole kingdom was put properly to

bed. Late in the night the moon got up, and threw over King Cumulus a silver counterpane.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The Adventures of Nebulus and Nubis.

THE suitors of the Princess Cirrha, who returned to Nimbus, were a-foot quite early the next morning, and petitioned their good-natured Prince to waft them over London. They had agreed among themselves, that by descending there, where men were densely congregated, they should have a greater chance of doing service to the human race. Therefore the Rain-Cloud floated over the great City of the World, and, as it passed at sundry points, the suitors came down upon rain-drops to perform their destined labour. Where each might happen to alight depended almost wholly upon accident; so that their adventures were but little better than a lottery for Cirrha's hand. One, who had been the most magni-quent among them all, fell with his pride upon the patched umbrella of an early-breakfast woman, and from thence was shaken off into a puddle. He was splashed up presently, mingled with soil, upon the corduroys of a labourer, who stopped for breakfast on his way to work. From thence, evaporating, he returned crest-fallen to the Land of Clouds.

Among the suitors there were two kind-hearted fairies, Nebulus and Nubis, closely bound by friendship to each other. While they were in conversation, Nebulus, who suddenly observed that they were passing over some unhappy region, dropped, with a hope that he might bless it. Nubis passed on, and presently alighted on the surface of the Thames.

The district which had wounded the kind heart of Nebulus was in a part of Bermondsey, called Jacob's Island. The fairy fell into a ditch; out of this, however, he was taken by a woman, who carried him to her own home, among other ditch-water, within a pail. Nebulus abandoned himself to complete despair, for what claim could he now establish on the hand of Cirrha? The miserable plight of the poor fairy we may gather from a description given by a son of man of the sad place to which he had descended. “In this Island may be seen, at any time of the day, women dipping water, with pails attached by ropes to the backs of the houses, from a foul fetid ditch, its banks coated with a compound of mud and filth, and strewn with offal and carrion; the water to be used for every purpose, culinary ones not excepted; although close to the place whence it is drawn, filth and refuse of various kinds are plentifully showered into it from the outhouses of the wooden houses overhanging its current, or rather slow and sluggish stream; their posts or supporters rotten, decayed, and, in many instances broken and the filth dropping into the water, to be seen by any passer by. During the summer, crowds of boys bathe

in the putrid ditches, where they must come in contact with abominations highly injurious.*

So Nebulus was carried in a pail out of the ditch to a poor woman's home, and put into a battered saucepan with some other water. Thence, after boiling, he was poured into an earthen tea-pot over some stuff of wretched flavour, said to be tea. Now, thought the fairy, after all, I may give pleasure at the breakfast of these wretched people. He pictured to himself a scene of love as preface to a day of squalid toil, but he experienced a second disappointment. The woman took him to another room of which the atmosphere was noisome; there he saw that he was destined for the comfort of a man and his two children, prostrate upon the floor beneath a heap of rags. These three were sick; the woman swore at them, and Nebulus shrunk down into the bottom of the tea-pot. Even the thirst of fever could not tolerate too much of its contents, so Nebulus, after a little time, was carried out and thrown into a heap of filth upon the gutter.

Nubis, in the meantime, had commenced his day with hope of a more fortunate career. On falling first into the Thames he had been much annoyed by various pollutions, and been surprised to find, on kissing a few neighbour drops, that their lips tasted inky. This was caused, they said, by chalk pervading the whole river in the proportion of sixteen grains to the gallon. That was what made their water inky to the taste of those who were accustomed to much purer draughts. "It makes," they explained, "our river-water hard, according to man's phrase; so hard as to entail on multitudes who use it, some disease, with much expense and trouble."

"But all the mud and filth," said Nubis, "surely no man drinks that?"

"No," laughed the River-Drops, "not all of it. Much of the water used in London passes through filters, and a filter suffers no mud or any impurity to pass, except what is dissolved. The chalk is dissolved, and there is filth and putrid gas dissolved."

"That is a bad business," said Nubis, who already felt his own drops exercising that absorbent power for which water is so famous, and incorporating in their substance matters that the Rain-Cloud never knew.

Presently Nubis found himself entangled in a current, by which he was sucked through a long pipe into a meeting of Water-Drops, all summoned from the Thames. He himself passed through a filter, was received into a reservoir, and, having asked the way of friendly neighbours, worked for himself with small delay a passage through the mainpipe into London.

Bewildered by his long, dark journey underground, Nubis at length saw light, and presently dashed forth out of a tap into a pitcher. He saw

that there was fixed under the tap a water-butt, but into this he did not fall. A crowd of women holding pitchers, saucepans, pails, were chattering and screaming over him, and the anxiety of all appeared to be to catch the water as it ran out of the tap, before it came into the tub or cistern. Nubis rejoiced that his good fortune brought him to a district in which it might become his privilege to bless the poor, and his eye sparkled as his mistress, with many rests upon the way, carried her pitcher and a heavy pail upstairs. She placed both vessels, full of water, underneath her bed, and then went out again for more, carrying a basin and a fish-kettle. Nubis pitied the poor creature, heartily wishing that he could have poured out of a tap into the room itself to save the time and labour of his mistress.

The pitcher wherein the good fairy lurked, remained under the bed through the remainder of that day, and during the next night, the room being, for the whole time, closely tenanted. Long before morning, Nubis felt that his own drops and all the water near him had lost their delightful coolness, and had been busily absorbing smells and vapours from the close apartment. In the morning, when the husband dipped a teacup in the pitcher, Nubis readily ran into it, glad to escape from his unwholesome prison. The man putting the water to his lips, found it so warm and repulsive, that, in a pet, he flung it from the window, and it fell into the water-butt beneath.

The water-butt was of the common sort, described thus by a member of the human race:—"Generally speaking, the wood becomes decomposed and covered with fungi; and indeed, I can best describe their condition by terming them filthy." This water-butt was placed under the same shed with a neglected cesspool, from which the water—ever absorbing—had absorbed pollution. It contained a kitten among other trifles. "How many people have to drink out of this butt?" asked Nubis. "Really I cannot tell you," said a neighbour Drop. "Once I was in a butt in Bethnal Green, twenty-one inches across, and a foot deep, which was to supply forty-eight families.* People store for themselves, and when they know how dirty these tubs are, they should not use them." "But the labour of dragging water home, the impossibility of taking home abundance, the pollution of keeping it in dwelling-rooms and under beds." "Oh, yes," said the other Drop; "all very true. Besides, our water is not of a sort to keep. In this tub there is quite a microscopic vegetable garden, so I heard a doctor say who yesterday came hither with a party to inspect the district. One of them said he had a still used only for distilling water, and that one day, by chance, the bottoms of a series of distillations boiled to dryness. Thereupon, the dry mass

* Report of Mr. Bowle on the cause of Cholera in Bermondsey.

* Report of Dr. Gavin.

became heated to the decomposing point, and sent abroad a stench plain to the dulllest nose as the peculiar stench of decomposed organic matter. It infected, he said, the produce of many distillations afterwards.* "I tell you what," said Nubis, "water may come down into this town innocent enough, but it's no easy matter for it to remain good among so many causes of corruption. Heigho!" Then he began to dream of Princess Cirrha and the worthy Prince of Nimbus, until he was aroused by a great tumult. It was an uproar caused by drunken men. "Why are those men so?" said Nubis to his friend. "I don't know," said the Water-Drop, "but I saw many people in that way last night, and I have seen them so at Bethnal Green." A woman pulled her husband by, with loud reproaches for his visits to the beer-shop. "Why," cried the man, with a great oath, "where would you have me go for drink?" Then, with another oath, he kicked the water-butt in passing—"You would not have me to go there!" All the bystanders laughed approvingly, and Nubis bade adieu to his ambition for the hand of Cirrha.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Nephelo goes into Polite Society, and then into a Dungeon.—His Escape, Recapture, and his Perilous Ascent into the Sky, surrounded by a Blaze of Fire.

NEPHELO was a light-hearted subject of the Prince of Nimbus. It is he who often floats, when the whole cloud is dark, as a white vapour on the surface. For love of Cirrha, he came down behind a team of rain-drops and leapt into the cistern of a handsome house at the west end of London.

Nephelo found the water in the cistern greatly vexed at riotous behaviour on the part of a large number of animalcules. He was told that Water-Drops had been compelled to come into that place, after undergoing many hardships, and had unavoidably brought with them germs of these annoying creatures. Time and place favouring, nothing could hinder them from coming into life; the cistern was their cradle, although many of them were already anything but babes. Hereupon, Nephelo himself was dashed at by an ugly little fellow like a dragon, but an uglier fellow, who might be a small Saint George, pounced at the dragon, and the heart of the poor fairy was the scene of contest.

After a while, there was an arrival of fresh water from a pipe, the flow of which stirred up the anger of some decomposing growth which lined the sides and bottom of the cistern. So there was a good deal of confusion caused, and it was some time before all parties settled down into their proper places.

"The sun is very hot," said Nephelo. "We all seem to be getting very warm." "Yes, indeed," said a Lady-Drop; "it's not like the cool Cloud-Country. I have been poisoned in the Thames, half filtered, and made frowsy

by standing, this July weather, in an open reservoir. I've travelled in pipes laid too near the surface to be cool, and now am spoiling here. I know if water is not cold it can't be pleasant." "Ah," said an old Drop, with a small eel in one of his eyes; "I don't wonder at hearing tell that men drink wine, and tea, and beer." "Talking of beer," said another, "is it a fact that we're of no use to the brewers? Our character's so bad, they can't rely on us for cooling the worts, and so sink wells, in order to brew all the year round with water cold enough to suit their purposes." "I know nothing of beer," said Nephelo; "but I know that if the gentlemen and ladies in this cistern were as cold as they could wish to be, there wouldn't be so much decomposition going on amongst them." "Your turn it, Sir," said a polite Drop, and Nephelo leapt nimbly through the place of exit into a china jug placed ready to receive him. He was conveyed across a handsome kitchen by a cook, who declared her opinion that the morning's rain had caused the drains to smell uncommonly. Nephelo then was thrown into a kettle.

Boiling is to an unclean Water-Drop, like scratching to a bear, a pleasant operation. It gets rid of the little animals by which it had been bitten, and throws down some of the impurity with which it had been soiled. So, after boiling, water becomes more pure, but it is, at the same time, more greedy than ever to absorb extraneous matter. Therefore, the sons of men who boil their vitiated water ought to keep it covered afterwards, and if they wish to drink it cold, should lose no time in doing so. Nephelo and his friends within the kettle danced with delight under the boiling process. Chattering pleasantly together, they compared notes of their adventures upon earth, discussed the politics of Cloud-Land, and although it took them nearly twice as long to boil as it would have done had there been no carbonate of lime about them, they were quite sorry when the time was come for them to part. Nephelo then, with many others, was poured out into an urn. So he was taken to the drawing-room, a hot iron having, in a friendly manner, been put down his back, to keep him boiling.

Out of the urn into the teapot; out of the teapot into the slop-basin; Nephelo had only time to remark a matron tea-maker, young ladies knitting, and a good-looking young gentleman upon his legs, laying the law down with a tea-spoon, before he (the fairy, not the gentleman) was smothered with a plate of muffins. From so much of the conversation as Nephelo could catch, filtered through muffin, it appeared that they were talking about tea.

"It's all very well for you to say, mother, that you're confident you make tea very good, but I ask—no, there I see you put six spoonfuls in for five of us. Mother, if this were not hard water—(here there was a noise as of a spoon hammering upon the iron)—two

* Evidence of Mr. J. T. Cooper, Practical Chemist.

spoonsful less would make tea of a better flavour and of equal strength. Now, there are three hundred and sixty-five times and a quarter tea-times in the year——”

“And how many spoonfuls, brother, to the quarter of a tea-time?”

“Maria, you’ve no head for figures. I say nothing of the tea consumed at breakfast. Multiply——”

“My dear boy, you have left school; no one asks you to multiply. Hand me the muffin.”

Nephelo, released, was unable to look about him, owing to the high walls of the slop-basin which surrounded him on every side. The room was filled with pleasant sunset light, but Nephelo soon saw the coming shadow of the muffin-plate, and all was dark directly afterwards.

“Take cooking, mother. M. Soyer* says you can’t boil many vegetables properly in London water. Greens won’t be green; French beans are tinged with yellow, and peas shrivel. It don’t open the pores of meat, and make it succulent, as softer water does. M. Soyer believes that the true flavour of meat cannot be extracted with hard water. Bread does not rise so well when made with it. Horses——”

“My dear boy, M. Soyer don’t cook horses.”

“Horses, Dr. Playfair tells us, sheep, and pigeons will refuse hard water if they can get it soft, though from the muddiest pool. Race-horses, when carried to a place where the water is notoriously hard, have a supply of softer water carried with them to preserve their good condition. Not to speak of gripes, hard water will assuredly produce what people call a staring coat.”

“Ah, no doubt, then, it was London water that created Mr. Blossomley’s blue swallow-tail.”

“Maria, you make nonsense out of everything. When you are Mrs. Blossomley——”

“Now pass my cup.”

There was a pause and a clatter. Presently the muffin-plate was lifted, and four times in succession there were black dregs thrown into the face of Nephelo. After the perpetration of these insults he was once again condemned to darkness.

“When you are Mrs. Blossomley, Maria,” so the voice went on, “when you are Mrs. Blossomley, you will appreciate what I am now going to tell you about washerwomen.”

“Couldn’t you postpone it, dear, until I am able to appreciate it. You promised to take us to Rachel to-night.”

“Ah!” said another girlish voice, “you’ll not escape. We dress at seven. Until then—for the next twelve minutes you may speak. Bore on, we will endure.”

“As for you, Catherine, Maria teaches you, I see, to chatter. But if Mrs. B. would object to the reception of a patent mangle as a wedding present from her brother, she had better hear him now. Washerwoman’s work

is not a thing to overlook, I tell you. Before a shirt is worn out, there will have been spent upon it five times its intrinsic value in the washing-tub. The washing of clothes costs more, by a great deal, than the clothes themselves. The yearly cost of washing to a household of the middle class amounts, on the average, to about a third part of the rental, or a twelfth part of the total income. Among the poor, the average expense of washing will more probably be half the rental if they wash at home, but not more than a fourth of it if they employ the Model Wash-houses. The weekly cost of washing to a poor man averages certainly not less than fourpence halfpenny. Small tradesmen, driven to economise in linen, spend perhaps not more than ninepence; in the middle and the upper classes, the cost weekly varies from a shilling to five shillings for each person, and amounts very often to a larger sum. On these grounds Mr. Bullar, Honorary Secretary to the Association for Promoting Baths and Wash-houses, estimates the washing expenditure of London at a shilling a week for each inhabitant, or, for the whole, five millions of pounds yearly. Professor Clark——”

“My dear Professor Tom, you have consumed four of your twelve minutes.”

“Professor Clark judges from such estimates as can be furnished by the trade, that the consumption of soap in London is fifteen pounds to each person per annum—twice as much as is employed in other parts of England. That quantity of soap costs six-and-eightpence; water, per head, costs half as much, or three-and-fourpence; or each man’s soap and water costs, throughout London, on an average, ten shillings for twelve months. If the hardness of the water be diminished, there is a diminution in the want of soap. For every grain of carbonate of lime dissolved in each gallon of any water, Mr. Donaldson declares, two ounces of soap more for a hundred gallons of that water are required. Every such grain is called a degree of hardness. Water of five degrees of hardness requires, for example, two ounces of soap; water of eight degrees of hardness then will need fifteen; and water of sixteen degrees will demand thirty-two. Sixteen degrees, Maria, is the hardness of Thames Water—of the water, mother, which has poached upon your tea-caddy. You see, then, that when we pay for the soap we use at the rate of six-and-eightpence each, since the unusual hardness of our water causes us to use a double quantity, every man in London pays at an average rate of three-and-fourpence a year his tax for a hard water, through the cost of soap alone.”

“Now you must finish in five minutes, brother Tom.”

“But soap is not the only matter that concerns the washerwoman and her customers. There is labour also, and the wear and tear; there is a double amount of destruction to our linen, involved in the double time of

* Evidence before the Board of Health.

rubbing and the double soaping, which hard water compels washerwomen to employ. So that, when all things have been duly reckoned up in our account, we find that the outlay caused by the necessities for washing linen in a town supplied like London with exceedingly hard water, is four times greater than it would be if soft water were employed. The cost of washing, as I told you, has been estimated at five millions a-year. So that, if these calculations be correct, more than three millions of money, nearly four millions, is the amount filched yearly from the Londoners by their hard water through the wash-tub only. To that sum, Mrs. Blossomley, being of a respectable family and very partial to clean linen, will contribute of course much more than her average proportion."

"Well, Mr. Orator, I was not listening to all you said, but what I heard I do think much exaggerated."

"I take it, sister, from the Government Report; oblige me by believing half of it, and still the case is strong. It is quite time for people to be stirring."

"So it is, I declare. Your twelve minutes are spent, and we will always be ready for the play. If you talk there of water, I will shriek."

Here there arose a chatter which Nephelo found to be about matters that, unlike the water topic, did not at all interest himself. There was a rustle and a movement; and a creaking noise approached the drawing-room, which Nephelo discovered presently to be caused by Papa's boots as he marched upstairs after his post-prandial slumberings. There was more talk uninteresting to the fairy; Nephelo, therefore, became drowsy; his drowsiness might at the same time have been aggravated by the close confinement he experienced in an unwholesome atmosphere beneath the muffin-plate. He was aroused by a great clattering; this the maid caused who was carrying him down stairs upon a tray with all the other tea-things.

From a sweet dream of nuptials with Cirrha, Nephelo was awakened to the painful consciousness that he had not yet succeeded in effecting any great good for the human race; he had but rinsed a tea-pot. With a faint impulse of hope the desponding fairy noticed that the slop-basin in which he sat was lifted from the tray, in a few minutes after the tray had been deposited upon the kitchen-dresser. Pity poor Nephelo! By a remorseless scullery-maid he was dashed rudely from the basin into a trough of stone, from which he tumbled through a hole placed there on purpose to engulf him,—tumbled through into a horrible abyss.

This abyss was a long dungeon running from back to front beneath the house, built of bricks—rotten now, and saturated with moisture. Some of the bricks had fallen in, or crumbled into nothingness; and Nephelo saw that the soil without the dungeon was quite wet. The dungeon-floor was coated

with pollutions, travelled over by a sluggish shallow stream, with which the fairy floated. The whole dungeon's atmosphere was foul and poisonous. Nephelo found now what those exhalations were which rose through every opening in the house, through vent-holes and the burrowings of rats; for rats and other vermin tenanted this noisome den. This was the pestilential gallery called by the good people of the house, their drain. A trap-door at one end confined the fairy in this place with other Water-Drops, until there should be collected a sufficient body of them to negotiate successfully for egress.

The object of this door was to prevent the ingress of much more foul matter from without; and its misfortune was, that in so doing it necessarily pent up a concentrated putrid gas within. At length Nephelo escaped; but alas! it was from a Newgate to a Bastille—from the drain into the sewer. This was a long vaulted prison running near the surface underneath the street. Shaken by the passage overhead of carriages, not a few bricks had fallen in; and Nephelo hurrying forward, wholly possessed by the one thought—could he escape?—fell presently into a trap. An oyster-shell had fixed itself upright between two bricks unevenly jointed together; much solid filth had grown around it; and in this Nephelo was caught. Here he remained for a whole month, during which time he saw many floods of water pass him, leaving himself with a vast quantity of obstinate encrusted filth unmoved. At the month's end there came some men to scrape, and sweep, and cleanse; then with a sudden flow of water, Nephelo was forced along, and presently, with a large number of emancipated foulnesses, received his discharge from prison, and was let loose upon the River Thames.

Nephelo struck against a very dirty Drop. "Keep off, will you?" the Drop exclaimed. "You are not fit to touch a person, sewer-bird."

"Why, where are you from, my sweet gentleman?"

"Oh! I? I've had a turn through some Model Drains. Tubular drains they call 'em. Look at me; isn't that clear?"

"There's nothing clear about you," replied Nephelo. "What do you mean by Model Drains?"

"I mean I've come from Upper George Street through a twelve-inch pipe four or five times faster than one travels over an old sewer-bed; travelled express, no stoppage."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Impermeable, earthenware, tubular pipes, accurately dove-tailed. I come from an experimental district. When it's all settled, there's to be water on at high pressure everywhere, and an earthenware drain pipe under every tap, a tube of no more than the necessary size. Then these little pipes are to run down the earth; and there's not to be a great brick drain running underneath

each house into the street; the pipes run into a larger tube of earthenware that is to be laid at the backs of all the houses; these tubes run into larger ones, but none of them very monstrous; and so that there is a constant flow, like circulation of the blood; and all the pipes are to run at last into one large conduit, which is to run out of town with all the sewage matter and discharge so far down the Thames, that no return tide ever can bring it back to London. Some is to go branching off into the fields to be manure."

"Humph!" said Nephelo. "You profess to be very clever. How do you know all this?"

"Know? Bless you, I'm a regular old Thames Drop. I've been in the cisterns, in the tumblers, down the sewers, in the river, up the pipes, in the reservoirs, in the cisterns, in the teapots, down the sewers, in the river, up the pipes, in the reservoirs, in the cisterns, in the saucepans, down the sewers, in the Thames—"

"Hold! Stop there now!" said Nephelo. "Well, so you have heard a great deal in your lifetime. You've had some adventures, doubtless?"

"I believe you," said the Cockney-Drop. "The worst was when I was pumped once as fresh water into Rotherhithe. That place is below high-water mark; so are Bermondsey and St. George's, Southwark. Newington, St. Olave's, Westminster, and Lambeth, are but little better. Well, you know, drains of the old sort always leak, and there's a great deal more water poured into London than the Londoners have stowage room for, so the water in low districts can't pass off at high water, and there's a precious flood. We sopped the ground at Rotherhithe, but I thought I never should escape again."

"Will the new pipes make any difference to that?"

"Yes; so I am led to understand. They are to be laid with a regular fall, to pass the water off, which, being constant, will be never in excess. The fall will be to a point of course below the water level, and at a convenient place the contents of these drains are to be pumped up into the main sewer. Horrible deal of death caused, Sir, by the damp in those low districts. One man in thirty-seven died of cholera in Rotherhithe last year, when in Clerkenwell, at sixty-three feet above high water, there died but one in five hundred and thirty. The proportion held throughout."

"Ah, by the bye, you have heard, of course, complainings of the quality of water. Will the Londoners sink wells for themselves?"

"Wells! What a child you are! Just from the clouds, I see. Wells in a large town get horribly polluted. They propose to consolidate and improve two of the best Thames Water Companies, the Grand Junction and Vauxhall, for the supply of London, until their great scheme can be introduced; and to maintain them afterwards

as a reserve guard in case their great scheme shouldn't prove so triumphant as they think it will be."

"What is this great scheme, I should like to know?"

"Why, they talk of fetching rain-water from a tract of heath between Bagshot and Farnham. The rain there soaks through a thin crust of growing herbage, which is the only perfect filter, chemical as well as mechanical—the living rootlets extract more than we can, where impurity exists. Then, Sir, the rain runs into a large bed of siliceous sand, placed over marl; below the marl there is siliceous sand again—Ah, I perceive you are not geological."

"Go on."

"The sand, washed by the rains of ages, holds the water without soiling it more than a glass tumbler would, and the Londoners say that in this way, by making artificial channels and a big reservoir, they can collect twenty-eight thousand gallons a day of water nearly pure. They require forty thousand gallons, and propose to get the rest in the same neighbourhood from tributaries of the River Wey, not quite so pure, but only half as hard, as Thames water, and unpolluted."

"How is it to get to London?"

"Through a covered aqueduct. Covered for coolness' sake, and cleanliness. Then it is to be distributed through earthenware pipes, laid rather deep, again for coolness' sake in the first instance, but for cleanliness as well. The water is to come in at high pressure, and run in iron or lead pipes up every house, scale every wall. There is to be a tap in every room, and under every tap there is to be the entrance to a drain-pipe. Where water supply ends, drainage begins. They are to be the two halves of a single system. Furthermore, there are to be numbers of plugs opening in every street, and streets and courts are to be washed out every morning, or every other morning, as the traffic may require, with hose and jet. The Great Metropolis mustn't be dirty, or be content with rubbing a finger here and there over its dirt. It is to have its face washed every morning, just before the hours of business. The water at high pressure is to set people's invention at work upon the introduction of hydraulic apparatus for cranes, et cetera, which now cause much hand labour and are scarcely worth steam-power. Furthermore—"

"My dear friend," cried Nephelo, "you are too clever. More than half of what you say is unintelligible to me."

"But the grand point," continued the garrulous Thames drop, "is the expense. The saving of cisterns, ball-cocks, plumbers' bills, expansive sewer-works, constant repairs, hand labour, street sweeping, soap, tea, linen, fuel, steam-boilers now damaged by incrustation, boards, salaries, doctors' bills, time, parish rates—"

The catalogue was never ended, for the busy Drop was suddenly entangled among hair upon the corpse of a dead cat, which fate also the fairy narrowly escaped, to be in the next minute sucked up as Nubis had been sucked, through pipes into a reservoir. Weary with the incessant chattering of his conceited friend, whose pride he trusted that a night with puss might humble, Nephelo now lurked silent in a corner. In a dreamy state he floated with the current underground, and was half sleeping in a pipe under some London street, when a great noise of trampling overhead, mingled with cries, awakened him.

"What is the matter now?" the fairy cried.

"A fire, no doubt, to judge by the noise," said a neighbour quietly. Nephelo panted now with triumph. Cirrha was before his eyes. Now he could benefit the race of man.

"Let us get out," cried Nephelo; "let us assist in running to the rescue."

"Don't be impatient," said a drowsy Drop. "We can't get out of here till they have found the Company's turncock, and then he must go to this plug and that plug in one street, and another, before we are turned off."

"In the meantime the fire——"

"Will burn the house down. Help in five minutes would save a house. Now the luckiest man will seldom have his premises attended to in less than twenty."

Nephelo thought here was another topic for his gossip in the Thames. The plugs talked of with a constant water-supply would take the sting out of the Fire-Fiend.

Presently, among confused movements, confused sounds, amid a rush of water, Nephelo burst into the light—into the vivid light of a great fire that leapt and roared as Nephelo was dashed against it! Through the red flames and the black smoke in a burst of steam, the fairy reascended hopeless to the clouds.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Rascally Conduct of the Prince of Nimbus.

THE Prince of Nimbus, whose goodnature we have celebrated, was not good for nothing. Having graciously permitted all the suitors of the Princess Cirrha to go down to earth and labour for her hand, he took advantage of their absence, and, having the coast clear, imperturbed the daughter of King Cumulus with his own addresses. Cirrha was not disposed to listen to them, but the rogue her father was ambitious. He desired to make a good alliance, and that object was better gained by intermarriage with a prince than with a subject. "There will be an uproar," said the old man, "when those fellows down below come back. They will look black and no doubt storm a little, but we'll have our royal marriage notwithstanding." So the Prince of Nimbus married Cirrha, and Nephelo arrived at the court of King Cumulus one evening during the celebration of the bridal feast. His wrath was seen on earth in many parts of England in the shape of a

great thunderstorm on the 16th of July. The adventures of the other suitors, they being thus cheated of their object, need not be detailed. As each returns he will be made acquainted with the scandalous fraud practised by the Prince of Nimbus, and this being the state of politics in Cloud-Land at the moment when we go to press, we may fairly expect to witness five or six more thunderstorms before next winter. Each suitor, as he returns and finds how shamefully he has been cheated, will create a great disturbance; and no wonder. Conduct so rascally as that of the Prince of Nimbus is enough to fill the clouds with uproar.

A CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

THERE is an establishment in Paris for providing instruction for artisans of all ages and others employed during the day, which is well worthy of imitation in this country. It has occasioned the establishment, in all parts of France, of a number of evening schools, at which instruction is given without charge to the pupil. We are by no means clear that in this respect a sound principle is observed; holding it to be important that those who can pay anything for the great advantages of education should pay something, however little. But into this question we do not now propose to enter.

The institution was originated in 1680, by Dr. J. Baptiste de la Lulli, Canon of Rheims, lingered on till 1804, but was revived and brought to its present condition of efficacy in 1830. It consists of a parent or training establishment in Paris (Rue Plumet, 33) from which teachers are provided for any locality, in any part of France, or even Italy, for which an evening school may be petitioned by the residents. There are connected with it at present no fewer than five thousand teachers, who call themselves "Brothers of the Christian Schools" (*Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes*). Four thousand are employed in France, and one thousand in Italy. They are not a Church, but a Lay Community (*Religieux laïques*). A certain number remain ready at the central establishment to obey any call that may be made for their services.

Before such a requisition is made, the municipal authorities, or any number of benevolent individuals who may choose to subscribe, must have provided a house and school-room, with all proper accommodations, and must certify that a certain number of pupils are willing to enrol themselves. On application to the central establishment three qualified Christian Brothers are sent down, at salaries not exceeding six hundred francs, or twenty-four pounds per annum in the provinces, or thirty pounds a year in Paris. Fewer than three *Frères* are not allowed to superintend each school; two for the classes, and a probationer to perform the household duties; but, when the schools

outgrow the management of that number a fourth is added, to take the management of the whole, and is called a *Frère-directeur*. The classes are limited to sixty for writing, and one hundred for other branches of education. This limitation is necessary, because the monitorial system is not followed, and the whole weight of the duties falls on the masters.

The schools thus established in the various quarters of Paris are very numerous; six thousand apprentices and artisans attend them after their hours of work—young boys, youths, and adults—the numbers having declined since the revolution of 1848. "I have," says Mr. Seymour Tremenheere, in a note to his Report on the state of the mining population, "at different times visited some of those evening schools in the Fauxbourgs St. Antoine and St. Martin, containing from four hundred to six hundred, in separate class-rooms of sixty to a hundred each, all well lighted, warmed, and ventilated. The gentle and affectionate manner of the Frères, and their skill in teaching, were very conspicuous, and sufficiently explained their success. The instruction consists, in addition to the doctrines of Christianity, which are the basis of the whole, of reading, writing, arithmetic, a little history, drawing (linear and perspective), and vocal music. In all the classes, many adults who had been at work all day were to be seen mixed with young men and boys, patiently learning to read, or to write and cypher. In the drawing-classes, some were copying ornamental designs, or heads, for their own amusement; others, to improve themselves as cabinet-makers, or workers in bronze, or in other trades for which some cultivation of taste is requisite."

The superiority of the system of teaching adopted by the Christian Brothers has been proved by a severe test. In Paris, as in London, it is the custom, once a year, to assemble all the parochial schools; not, however, as a mere show for the purpose of uniting in ill-executed psalmody, but with the better and more useful view of testing the improvement of the scholars, and of ascertaining the degrees of diligence and proficiency attained by the masters. The parochial scholars compete for prizes, given by the corporation of the city; not only among themselves, but with the other elementary schools—those of the Christian Brothers among the rest. At these competitions, it has happened, of late years, that the pupils of the latter have been the victors. In one year, they gained seventeen prizes out of twenty; in another, twenty-three out of thirty-one; and, last year, they carried off the highest forty-two prizes: the fortunate candidates of all the other schools only claiming the inferior rewards. In addition to these evening schools for adults and young men who are already gaining their livelihood, the Frères Chrétiens have set on foot Sunday evening sermons at different churches, and

also meetings for lectures on religious and moral subjects adapted to the wants of, and calculated to influence, the same class. "I recently was present at one of these meetings in the Faubourg St. Antoine" (we quote our former authority), "where a series of eloquent and forcible addresses was delivered—one, by a Professor of History, on some of the leading points of Christian morals; another, by a gentleman of literary attainments, on Death and a future state; a third, by a gentleman of independent position, on the religious condition of some of the forçats at Toulon; a fourth, by a member of the university, on the displacement of labour by machinery, and its ultimate advantage to the labourer; all of whom had come forward to aid in the task of combating irreligion, and the various forms of error pervading the minds of so many of the working classes of Paris. These were followed by hymns, and by prayers. A deep sense of religion is, indeed, the animating spirit of all the endeavours of the Frères Chrétiens for the benefit of the lower classes, and the principle which sustains them in their self-denying and arduous career."

The lovers of "great comprehensive systems,"—to whom we adverted in a former page—might, by copying the plan of the French Christian Brothers, carry out a scheme which would be of the utmost use in this country. It would also have the advantage of encouraging small beginnings, and combining them into one great and efficacious whole. We can hardly wait until the present adult generation of ignorance shall die out to be succeeded by another which we are, after all, only half educating. Why not offer inducements, and form plans, for the instruction of grown-up persons, many of whom, having come to a sense of their deficiencies, pine for culture and enlightenment, which they cannot obtain? A central establishment in London—on a general plan somewhat similar to the Government Normal Schools already in existence, but with less cumbrous and costly machinery—could be formed at a small expense; and we doubt not that many a knot of benevolent well-wishers would, in their various localities, be eager to provide all the scholastic *matériel* for the less-favoured artisans and day-workers around them, could they look with confidence to some central establishment for the formation of teachers, in which they could place implicit confidence.

The monitorial system, in a school consisting of all ages—in which a small boy, from his intellectual superiority, might be placed over the heads of pupils, greater, older than himself—is manifestly impracticable; and a larger number of teachers than is usual in schools for children only, would be necessary.

We will borrow from Mr. Tremenheere a comparison between the intellectual acquirements and moral conduct of French workmen and those of English workmen, in the mining districts of each country. We do not assume

that the superiority of the French workmen has been occasioned solely by the evening schools of the Christian Brothers, but, after what we have already shown, we consider it reasonable to infer that, since 1830, those establishments have had a large share in the formation of their character. In a former report,* Mr. Tremenheere described the habits and manners of the French colliers and miners, especially those at the iron and coal-works in the coalfield near Valenciennes. He was compelled, by the force of unexceptionable evidence, to show how superior they were in every respect, except that of mere animal power, to the generality of the mining population in this country. At the large iron-works at Denain, employing about four thousand people, there were thirty Englishmen from Staffordshire. These men were earning about one-third more wages than the French labourers; but, they spent all they earned in eating and drinking; were frequently drunk; and in their manners were coarse, quarrelsome, disrespectful, and insubordinate. The English manager—who had held for many years responsible situations under some of the leading iron-masters in Staffordshire—stated with regret, that so different and so superior were the intelligence, and the civilised habits and conduct, of the French, that, if any thirty Frenchmen from these works were to go to work in Staffordshire, “they would be so disgusted, they would not stay; they would think they had got among a savage race.”

There have been, lately, forty Frenchmen employed at one of the large manufactories in Staffordshire, by the Messrs. Chance, at their extensive and well-known glass-works at West Bromwich, in the immediate neighbourhood of some of the great iron-works. Mr. Chance gives the Commissioner the following account of these men:—“A few years ago, we brought over forty Frenchmen to teach our men a particular process in our manufacture. They have now nearly all returned. We found them very steady, quiet, temperate men. They earned good wages, and saved while they were with us a good deal of money. We have had as much as fifteen hundred pounds at a time in our hands belonging to these men, which we transmitted to France for them. One of them, who sometimes earns as much as seven pounds a-week, has saved in our service not much short of four thousand pounds. He is with us now. He is a glass-blower. We have about fourteen hundred men in our employ (in the glass-blowing and alkali works) when trade is in a good state. I am sorry to say that the contrast between them and the Frenchmen was very marked in many respects, especially in that of forethought and economy. I do not think that, while we had in our hands the large sum mentioned above as the savings of the Frenchmen at one time,

we have had at the same time five pounds belonging to our own people. They generally spend their money as fast as they can get it.”

In Scotland, evening schools abound, and come in effectually to aid the universal system of primary instruction existing over that part of our island. A Wesleyan local preacher told Mr. Tremenheere of the Scotchmen employed on the Northumberland and Durham collieries. “when you go into some of the Scotchmen’s houses, you would be surprised to see the books they have—not many, but all choice books. Some of their favourite authors in divinity are very common among them. Many of them read such books as Adam Smith’s *Wealth of Nations*, and are fond of discussing the subjects he treats of. They also read the lives of statesmen, and books of history; also works on logic; and, sometimes, mathematics. Such men can be reasoned with about anything appertaining to their calling, and they know very well why wages cannot be at particular times higher than a certain standard. They see at once, by the price current in the market, what is the fair portion to go to the workman as wages, according to the circumstances of the pit and the general state of the trade. Such men will have nothing to do with the union. They scorn to read such penny and twopenny publications as we have been talking about. They are fonder of sitting down after their work and reading a chapter of the *Wealth of Nations*. They will also talk with great zest of many of their great men—their own countrymen, who have raised themselves by their own industry. There are, undoubtedly, some men that come out of Scotland bad men, but these are not informed men. I am speaking of all this neighbourhood, where I have lived all my life. There are a great many Scotch at all the collieries here, and most of them very respectable men, exceedingly so. You may ask me why the union is so strong in parts of Scotland—as in Lanarkshire? It is because in Lanarkshire the pitmen are one-third Irish, and many of the worst Scotch from other counties. Those who come here are among the best in their own country, I should think, from the accounts they give me. When a Scotchman comes here he earns English wages; but he does not spend them as an Englishman does. A Scotchman often, rather than lose buying a good book, will lose his dinner. The Scotchwomen begin to keep their houses cleaner after they get into England, and by degrees they come to keep them as clean as the Englishwomen; and the first generation after their fathers come are equal to the English in their wish to keep everything clean about them. They are generally very saving, and lay out the overplus of their earnings in books and furniture or lay it by. They have a great disposition to have their children well taught. Indeed,

* “Report of Inspection of French and Belgian mines, 1848—Appendix.”

I have seen several lads that have been educated in the Scotch schools, and I find them very well taught; they can reason like men.

"I don't think I ever saw Adam Smith's works in more than one or two English pitmen's houses. They are backward to attempt anything that requires steady thinking, such as that book, or any work on logic or mathematics. The Scotch often study both. This makes one of the great differences between the best working-men of the two people. The English seldom attempt even English grammar or geometry; they always tell me they are obliged to give way when they have made a trial.* They had rather read any popular work, such as the 'Christian Philosopher,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or Walter Scott's novels. They love to read their country's history, and they like to talk of its renown in the ancient French wars of Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth. They are also great readers of Napoleon's and the Duke of Wellington's wars, and their soul seems to take fire when they talk of their country's victories. They are fond of biography, and especially that of men who rose from being poor men to be great characters. They are very generous in their dispositions, and will share their loaf with the poor, as all the beggars and trampers from Newcastle and all the country know. They are greatly improved in my time as to drinking habits; there is much less of it, and their money is chiefly spent in living well and making a great show in furniture and dress. The women, too, are improving, and manage their families much better than they used to do. The English pit-boys are exceedingly quick at school—much more so than the Scotch, I think. What I most want to see is better descriptions of schools—schools under masters of ability, who can teach their boys to think and reason. You will find boys who have been at such schools as most of those we have now, that can write a good hand and do some cyphering; but when you come to ask them questions that exercise the mind, they have no idea what to answer. If there were such schools for the boys, the men would soon be a different race; for what the men want is to be taught to exercise their reason fairly, which would prevent their being led away as they are now."

With a little modification, this description of the pitman applies, in its more favourable characteristics, to the English operative generally. No one can read it without being convinced that there is sound and hopeful material, in the generous English character to work upon. The natural ability, the deep feeling, the quickness of perception, the susceptibility to religious and moral impressions, the sound common sense where the rudest cultivation has been attained, and the heart-

* We doubt the general applicability of this description, without questioning its correctness in this case.

felt patriotism, of the humble orders of this country, are unequalled in the world. Surely this is a rich mine to work; surely it should not be left to unskilled workers, or to chance; but should be faithfully confided to the heads and hearts of men, trained up to its improvement, as to a noble calling, and a solemn duty! In all parts of this land, the people are willing and desirous to be taught. Open schools anywhere, and they will come—even, as the Ragged Schools have proved, out of the worst dens of vice and infamy, in the worst hiding-places, in the worst towns and cities. But, unless the art of teaching is pursued upon a system, as an art, thoroughly understood, and proceeding on sound principles, the best intentions and the most sincere devotion can do next to nothing. For want of competent teachers, there are opportunities being lost at this moment, we do not hesitate to say, in the Ragged Schools of London alone, the waste of which, is of more true importance to the community, than all the theological controversies that ever deafened its ears, and distracted its wits. Meanwhile, the sands of Time are running out remorselessly, and, with every grain, immortal souls are perishing. We want teachers, competent to educate the mind, to rouse the reason, to undo the beastly transformation that has been effected—to our guilt and shame—upon humanity, and to bring God's image out of the condition of the lower animals. What we have suffered to be beaten out of shape, we must remould, with pains, and care, and skill, and cannot hope to put into its rightful form hap-hazard. And such would be the glorious office and main usefulness of a comprehensive, unsectarian—in short, Christian—Brotherhood in England.

AN EVERY-DAY HERO.

"TELL us," the children to their grandsire said,
 "Some wondrous story! tell us of the wars,
 Or one of those old ballads that you know
 About the seven famous champions,
 St. George, St. Denis, and the rest of them.
 We have delight in those heroic stories,
 And often tell them over to ourselves
 And wish that there were heroes now-a-days."

The old man smoked his pipe; the children urged

More eagerly their wish, athirst to know
 Something about the great men of old times,
 Deploring still that these degenerate days
 Produced no heroes, and that now no poets
 Made ballads that were worth the listening to.

The old man smiled and laid aside his pipe;
 Then, gazing tenderly into their faces,
 Said he would tell them of as great a hero
 As any which the ballads chronicled—
 The good old ballads which they loved so well.
 "Once on a time," said he, "there was a lad,
 Whose name was John; his father was a gardener.
 He had great skill in flowers even when a child;
 And when his father died, he carried on
 The gardener's trade. One autumn night he found
 A young man hiding in his garden-shed,
 Haggard and foot-sore, wanting bread to eat;

A fugitive who had escaped the law,
And being now discovered, prayed for mercy,
And told his tale so very touchingly
That the young gardener promised him a refuge,
And strictest secrecy. For weeks and months
The stranger worked with him, receiving wages
As a hired labourer. Both were fine young men,
Well-grown, broad-chested, full of strength and
mettle ;

In outward seeming equal to each other,
But inwardly the two were different.

"The stranger, George, had not a gardening turn,
He was book-learned, and had a gift for figures,
And could talk well, which in itself was good ;
But he was double-faced, and false as Judas,
Who did betray the Saviour with a kiss.

He had, in truth, been clerk to some great merchant,
Had wronged his trusting master, and had fled,
As I have said, from the pursuit of law.

Of this, however, John knew not a word,
Knew only that he had been in sore trouble,
And, for that cause, he strove to do him good ;
And when he found him useless in his trade,
He introduced him to the Squire's bailiff,
Whose daughter he had courted many a year.

This bailiff was a simple, honest man,
Who not designing evil, none suspected.

He found the stranger, clever, quick at reckoning,
Smart with his pen ; a likely man of business ;
And, therefore, on a luckless day for him,
Brought him before the Squire. Ere long he had

A place appointed him which gave him access
To the Squire daily ; principles of honour
Were all unknown to him ; all means allowable
Which served his ends. He gained a great ascen-

dance
Over the Squire, and ere four years were passed,
He was appointed bailiff.

The old bailiff

Was sent adrift, and the kind, worthy, Squire,
His thirty years' employer, turned against him !
It was a villain's act, first, to traduce,
And then supplant—it was a Judas-trick !

The gardener John, who wooed the bailiff's
daughter,

Had married her before this plotter's work
Was come to light ; and they, poor, simple folk,
Invited him among their wedding-company,
And he, with his black plots hatching within him,
Came, full of smiles, and ate and drank with them ;
The double-faced villain ! The old bailiff

Was turned adrift, as I have said already,
And his dismissal looked like a disgrace,
Although the Squire brought not a charge against
him,

Except that he was old, and younger men
Could better carry out his modern plans !
And modern plans, God knows, they had enough !
Old tenants were removed ; and soon a notice
Came to the gardener, John, that he must quit ;
Must quit the little spot he loved so well,
And where the poor, heart-broken bailiff, found
A home in his distress. It mattered not
Their likings or convenience, go they must ;
The Squire was laying out his place afresh—
Or the new bailiff, rather ; and John's garden
Was wanted for the fine new pleasure-grounds !

"The man of work—the man who toils to live,
Must still be up and doing ; 'tis his privilege
That he has little time to wring his hands,
And hang his head because his fate is cruel.
John was a man of action, so, to London

Came he, and, ere a twelvemonth had gone round,
Had taken service as a city fireman.

It was an arduous life ; a different life
To that of gardening, of rearing pinks,
Budding the dainty rose, and giving heed
To the unclosing of the tulip's leaf.

But he was one of those who fear not hardship ;
And when he saw his little fortunes wrecked
By the smooth villain whom he had befriended,
He left his native place with wife and children,
Mostly because it galled his soul to meet
The man who had so much abused his goodness,
And, in the wide and busy world of London,
Where, as 'tis said, is room for every man,
He came to try his luck. He was strong-limbed,
Active and agile as a mountain goat,
Fearless of danger, hardy, brave, and full
Of pity as is every noble nature.

"He was the boldest of the London firemen.
Clothed in his iron mail like an old warrior,
He rushed on danger, his true heart his shield ;
Fear he had none whene'er his duty called.
Oft clomb he to the roofs of burning houses ;
Sprang here and there, and bore off human
creatures,

Frantic with terror, or with terror dumb,
Saving their lives at peril of his own.
Such men as these are heroes !

"One dark night,
A stormy winter's night, a fire broke out
Somewhere by Rotherhithe—a dreadful fire—
In midst of narrow streets where the tall houses
Were habited by poor and squalid wretches,
Together packed like sheep within their pens,
And who, unlike the rich, had nought to offer
For their lives' rescue. Here the fire broke out,
And raged with fury ; here the fireman, John,
'Mid falling roofs, on dizzy walls aloft,
Through raging flames, and black, confounding
smoke,

And noise and tumult as of hell broke loose,
Rushed on, and ever saved some sinking wretch.
Many had thus been saved by his one arm,
When some one said, that in a certain chamber,
High up amid the burning roofs, still lay
A sick man and his child, who, yesternight,
Had hither come as strangers. They were left,
By all forgotten, and must perish there.

Whilst yet they spoke, upon a roof's high ridge,
Amid the eddying smoke and growing flame,
The miserable man was seen to stand,
Stretching his arms for aid in frantic terror.

"Without a moment's pause, amid the fire,
Six stories high, sprang John, who caught the word
That still a human being had been left.
Quick as a thought o'er red-hot floors he leapt,
Through what seemed gulfs of fire, on to the roof
Where stood the frantic man. The crowds below
Looked on and scarcely breathed. They saw him
reach

The yet unpurished roof-tree—saw him pause—
Saw the two men start back, as from each other.
They raised a cry to urge him on. They knew not
That here he met his former enemy—
The man who had returned him evil for good !
And who had lost his place for breach of trust
Some twelvemonths past, and now had come to
want.

"The flames approached the roof. A cry burst
forth
Again from the great crowd, and women fainted.
And what did John, think you—this city fireman

—He looked upon the abject wretch before him,
 Who fell into a swoon at sight of him,
 So sensitive is even an evil conscience,
 And, speaking not a word, lifted him up
 And bore him safely down into the street—
 Then shook him from him like a noisome thing !
 “ Anon the man revived, and with quick terror
 Asked for his child—his little four years’ son—
 But he had been forgotten—still was left
 Within the house to perish. Who would save
 him !

Groveling before his feet the father lay,
 Of all forgetful but of his dear child,
 And prayed the injured man who had saved his life
 To save the boy ! ‘ Why spake ye not of him ?
 He was more worthy saving of the two ! ’
 Said John, abrupt and brief—and straight was
 gone.

Once more he scaled the roof. The crowd was
 hushed

Into deep silence : it had but one heart,
 Had but one breath, intense anxiety
 For that brave man who put again his life
 In such dire jeopardy. None spoke,
 But many a prayer was breathed. Along the roof
 Anon they saw him hurrying with the child.
 The red flames met him, hemmed him round about !
 Escape was not ! The women sobbed and moaned
 Down in the crowd below ; men gazed and
 trembled,

And wild suggestions ran throughout the mass
 Of how he might be saved. But all were vain,
 Help was there none ! Amid the roaring flames
 His voice was heard ; he spake, they knew not
 what ;

They hurried to and fro ; the engines drenched
 The burning pile. He made another sign !
 Oh, God ! could they but know what was his wish !
 —They knew it not ! The fierce flame mastered
 all—

The roof fell in—the child—the man was lost ! ”
 The grandsire paused a moment, then went on ;
 “ Yes, in our common life of every day
 There are true heroes, truer, many a one,
 Than they whose deeds are blazoned forth on brass !
 —Now leave me to myself ; give me my pipe—
 You’ve had your will ; I’ve told you of a hero,
 One of God’s making—and he was your own
 father ! ”

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF LIEUTENANT WAGHORN.

THE great benefactors of our species may
 be divided into two grand classes—the men
 of thought, and the men of action ; the men
 whose genius was chiefly in the realm of
 mind, and those whose power lies in tangible
 things. Let no one set up the idle and in-
 vidious comparison as to which of the two is
 the nobler, since both are equally needful to
 the world’s progress ; all great thoughts and
 theories, dreams and visions (let us never
 fear the truth, but honor it even in using
 terms of vulgar and shortsighted opprobrium)
 of men of genius and knowledge, being the
 germ and origin of great actions,—and all great
 actions being the practical working out of the
 former, without which no good to mankind
 at large can be accomplished. To set thought

and action, therefore, in opposition to each
 other, is like setting the arms and legs of
 Hercules to quarrel with his head while per-
 forming his labours. Nor can the distinc-
 tion, thus broadly stated, be drawn at all
 times with any definite precision, since the
 man who conceives and develops a new
 principle, is sometimes able to carry it out
 himself. This combination of powers in the
 same individual is very rare, and is obviously
 one reason why, in most cases, the originator
 of a new thing is neglected as a visionary, and
 a madman. But the energy of thought to
 conceive and design displayed by Lieutenant
 Waghorn, was more than equalled by the
 energy of character and action required to
 carry out his stupendous plans. Sometimes
 with the best assistance—sometimes with none
 —sometimes in defiance of contest, oppro-
 brium, and opposition—the vigour of mind
 and body of this man caused him to under-
 take and to succeed in projects which are
 among the most prominent of those which es-
 pecially characterise the genius of the present
 age.

We have intimated that Mr. Waghorn was
 both a man of thought and action, but this
 must be understood with certain marked
 limitations. Mr. Waghorn’s mind was of that
 peculiar construction, which appears never
 to think earnestly except with a view to
 action. Even that quality, which in other
 men is of the most ideal kind, and commonly
 exerts itself in matters of little or no sub-
 stantiality of fact and purpose, with him par-
 took of the physicality of his strong nature
 as much as the admixture was possible,—so
 that he may be said to have had a practical
 imagination. His objects and designs were
 welded into all the materials of his under-
 standing and knowledge ; his ambitions and
 hopes were fused with the generation of the
 mighty steam-forces that were to drive his
 ships across the ocean and inland seas ; the
 elasticity of his spirit was identified with the
 flying speed of Arab horses, and dromedaries
 carrying the “ mail ” across the desert ; and
 when he projected a wonderful shortening of
 time and space, he at the same moment beheld
 the broad massive arm of England stretched
 across to govern and make use of her enormous
 Indian territories, comprising a hundred mil-
 lion of souls. He never thought of himself ;
 he was too much engaged with the vastness of
 his designs for his country. We shall see how
 that country rewarded his efforts.

Thomas Waghorn was born at Chatham,
 in 1800. At twelve years of age he became
 a midshipman in Her Majesty’s Navy ; and
 before he had reached seventeen, passed in
 “ navigation ” for Lieutenant, being the
 youngest midshipman that had ever done so
 —the examination requiring a great amount
 of both theoretical and practical knowledge,
 and being always conducted with severity.
 This made him eligible to the rank of lieu-
 tenant, but did not include it. At the close

of the year 1817, he was paid off, and went as third mate of a Free-trader to Calcutta. He returned home, and, in 1819, obtained an appointment in the Bengal Marine (Pilot-Service) of India, where he served till 1824. At the request of the Bengal Government, he now volunteered for the Arracan War, and received the command of the Honourable East India Company's cutter, Matchless, together with a division of gun-boats, and repaired to the scene of action in Arracan, with the south-eastern division of that army and flotilla. He was five times in action, saw much rough work by land and by sea, and escaped with only one wound in the right thigh. He remained two years and a half in this service, and after having received the thanks of all the authorities in that province, he returned to Calcutta in 1827, with a constitution already undermined from the baneful fever of Arracan, where so many thousands had died.

Weakened as he had been, Mr. Waghorn nevertheless rallied to the great project he had secretly at heart, namely, "A steam communication between our Eastern possessions and their mother-country, England." Even before his departure from Calcutta on furlough, in 1827, ill in health, and only imperfectly recovered from the Arracan fever, still, between its attacks, his energies returned. He communicated his plan to the officials, namely, the Marine Board at Calcutta, who forthwith advanced it to the notice of the then Chief Secretary to the Bengal Government, the present Mr. Charles Lushington, M.P. for Westminster; through whom he obtained letters of credence from Lord Combermere, then acting as Vice-President in Council (Earl Amherst, Governor-General, being on a tour in Upper India), to the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company in London, recommending him, in consequence of his meritorious conduct in the Arracan War, "as a fit and proper person to open Steam Navigation with India, *via* the Cape of Good Hope."

On his homeward voyage, Mr. Waghorn advocated this great object publicly by every means in his power (the numerous attestations of which lie open before us) at Madras, the Mauritius, the Cape, and St. Helena. Directly he arrived in England, he set about the same thing, and advocated the project at all points, particularly in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham. But the Post Office, at that time, was opposed to ocean steam-navigation; and so, unfortunately, were the East India Directors,—with the single exception of Mr. Loch. Two whole years were thus passed in fruitless efforts to make great men open their eyes. At length, in October, 1829, Mr. Waghorn was summoned by Lord Ellenborough, the then Chairman of the Court of Directors, to go to India, through Egypt, with despatches for Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay, &c., and more especially,

to report upon the practicability of the Red Sea Navigation for the Overland Route.

On the 28th of October, having had only four days' previous notice from the India House, Waghorn started on the top of the Eagle stage-coach from the Spread Eagle, Gracchurch Street. All his luggage weighed about twenty pounds. The East India Company's steam-vessel *Enterprise* was expected to be at Suez, in the Red Sea, from India, on or about the 8th of December. It was much desired that despatches from England should reach her at this place, which Mr. Waghorn undertook they should do. He could not speak French nor Italian, both of which would have been very advantageous; but he had some knowledge of Hindostanee, and a little Arabic.

On this "trip," as Waghorn calls it, so extraordinarily rapid was the first part of his journey, *viz.* to Trieste (accomplished in nine days and a half, through five kingdoms) that an enquiry was instituted by the Foreign Office respecting it; for at this time our Post Office Letters occupied fourteen days in reaching that place. Yet Waghorn had been obliged to travel upwards of one hundred and thirty miles out of his direct way, in consequence of broken bridges, falling avalanches, and the disabling of a steamer.

Instantly enquiring for the quickest means of getting on to Alexandria, he was informed that an Austrian brig had sailed only the evening before, and having had calms and light airs all night, she was still in sight from the tops of the hills. Away he dashed in a fresh posting carriage, because if he could reach Pesano, through Capo D'Istria, twenty miles down the eastern side of the Gulf of Venice, before the Austrian vessel had passed, he might embark from this port as passenger for Alexandria. On reaching Pesano, he could still distinguish the vessel, and he accordingly strove to increase the rapidity of his chase to the utmost. He got within three miles of the vessel. At this juncture a strong northerly wind sprang up, and carrying her forward on her course, she was presently lost to sight. Exhausted in body, and "racked," as he says, by disappointment after the previous excitement, he returned to Trieste.

Ascertaining that the next opportunity of getting to Alexandria would be by a Spanish ship, which was now taking in her cargo in the quarantine ground, he instantly hastened there. The captain informed him that he could not possibly sail in less than three days, and required one hundred dollars for the passage. Waghorn directly offered him one hundred and fifty dollars if he would sail in eight-and-forty hours. Whereupon the captain found that it *was* just possible to do so and he kept his word.

"After a tedious passage of sixteen days," says Waghorn, to whom every hour that did not fly was no doubt tedious, "I arrived at Alexandria, but hearing that Mr. Barker, who held the com-

bined offices of Consul General in Egypt, and agent to the Honourable East India Company, was at his country-house at Rosetta, I hired donkeys, and was on my way for it after five hours' stay at Alexandria."

One ludicrous characteristic of the Alexandrian donkeys is worth recording. Never in future can we regard the epithet of "an ass," as being properly synonymous with stupidity. The creatures ambled and trotted along very well during the first day; but on the subsequent morning, when they clearly perceived that a long journey was before them, they fell down intentionally four or five times, with all the signs of fatigue and weakness. The drivers informed him that it was a common practice of the donkeys.

Embarking on the Nile, our traveller made it his business to navigate the boat himself, in order to take soundings, and to obtain as much knowledge as would promote both the immediate and future objects of his journey.

Mr. Waghorn rested at Rosetta, to recover from his fatigue, and then set out for Cairo on a *cangé*, a sort of boat of fifteen tons' burthen, with two large latteen-sails. The *rais*, or captain, agreed to land him at Cairo in three days and four nights, or receive nothing. This he failed to do, in consequence of the boat grounding on the shoal of Shallakan. Waghorn's notions of a reason for fatigue, may be curiously gathered from a remark he makes incidentally on this occasion. "The crew," says he, "were almost fatigued; we have been continually tacking for five days and nights." Being out of all patience, he left the boat, and again mounting donkeys, proceeded with his servant to Cairo. He left his luggage behind him, merely taking his despatches.

Having obtained camels, and a requisite passport from the Pasha, Mohammed Ali, to guarantee his safe passage across the Desert of Suez; Mr. Waghorn left Cairo on the 5th of December for Suez, and at sun-set had pitched his tent on the Desert at six miles distance.

At dawn of day, he was again on his journey, and managed to travel thirty-four miles beneath the burning sun before he halted. The next day he journeyed thirty miles, and in the evening pitched his tent only four miles short of Suez. The next day, he reached the appointed place, and there rested, the *Enterprise* not having yet arrived.

While waiting with the greatest impatience the arrival of this steamer, Mr. Waghorn appears to have endeavoured to calm himself by jotting down a few observations on the Desert he had just crossed. These observations, slight and few as they are, must be "made much of," as they are, of all things, the rarest with him. He always saw the *end* before him, and nearly all his observations were confined to the means of attaining it.

"The Desert of Suez, commencing from Cairo, is a gentle ascent, about thirty-five miles on the

way; then, the same gradual descent till you arrive at the plains of Suez. The soil of the first five miles from Cairo is fine sand; then, coarse sand, inclinable to gravel. Within twelve miles of Suez" (notice—he is tired already of description, and brings you within twelve miles of the place) "you meet many sand-hills between, till you arrive at the plains before mentioned, which form a perfect level for miles in extent, leading you to the gates of Suez.

"The antelopes I observed in parties of about a dozen each, and the camel-drivers informed me that they creep under the shrubs about eighteen inches high, to catch the drops of dew, which is the only means they have of relieving their thirst. I saw partridges in covies of from six to seven, but nowhere on the wing: they were running about the Desert, and I was informed they were not eaten even by the Arabs."

Considering the food they pick up in the Desert, perhaps this is no wonder.

Having informed us that camels are to be had very cheaply at Suez—say a dollar each camel for fifty miles' distance—and that the water is very brackish, he suddenly adds, with characteristic brevity, "To save recapitulation in *describing* Cossier, it is the same as Suez, *viz.*, camels are to be had in abundance at a trifling expense, and the water is as bad."

He remained at Suez two days, waiting with feverish anxiety the expected arrival of the *Enterprise*. She still did not appear—a strong N.W. wind blowing directly down the sea. Being quite unable to endure the suspense any longer, he determined to embark on the Red Sea in an open boat, intending to sail down its centre, in hopes of meeting her between Suez and Cossier.

All the seamen of the locality vigorously remonstrated with Mr. Waghorn against this attempt, and he well knew that the nautical authorities, both of the East India House and the British Government, were of opinion that the Red Sea was not navigable. But he had important Government despatches to deliver—had pledged himself to deliver them on board the *Enterprise*, and considering that his course of duty, as well as his reputation as a traveller, were at stake, he persisted in his determination. Accordingly, he embarked in an open boat, and without having any personal knowledge of the navigation of this sea, without chart, without compass, or even the encouragement of a single precedent for such an enterprise—his only guide the sun by day, and the North star by night—he sailed down the centre of the Red Sea.

Of this most interesting and unprecedented voyage, the narrative of which everybody would have read with such avidity, Mr. Waghorn gives no detailed account. He disappoints you of all the circumstances. All intermediate things are abruptly cut off with these very characteristic words:—"Suffice it to say, I arrived at Juddah, 620 miles, in six and a half days, in that boat!" You

get nothing more than the sum total. He kept a sailor's log-journal; but it is only meant for sailors to read, though now and then you obtain a glimpse of the sort of work he went through. Thus:—"Sunday, 13th, strong N.W. wind, half a gale, but scudding under storm-sail. Sunset, anchored for the night. Jaffateen islands out of sight to the N. Lost two anchors during the night," &c. The rest is equally nautical and technical. In one of the many scattered papers collected since the death of Mr. Waghorn, we find a very slight passing allusion to toils, perils, and privations, which, however, he calmly says, were "inseparable from such a voyage under such circumstances,"—but not one touch of description from first to last.

A more extraordinary instance of great practical experience and knowledge, resolutely and fully carrying out a project which must of necessity have appeared little short of madness to almost everybody else, was never recorded. He was perfectly successful, so far as the navigation was concerned, and in the course he adopted, notwithstanding that his crew of six Arabs mutinied. It appears (for he tells us only the bare fact) they were only subdued on the principle known to philosophers in theory, and to high-couraged men, accustomed to command, by experience, *viz.*, that the one man who is braver, stronger, and firmer than any individual of ten or twenty men, is more than a match for the ten or twenty put together. He touched at Cossier on the 14th, not having fallen in with the *Enterprise*. There he was told by the Governor that the steamer was expected every hour. Mr. Waghorn was in no state of mind to wait very long; so, finding she did not arrive, he again put to sea in his open boat, resolved, if he did not fall in with her, to proceed the entire distance to Juddah—a distance of four hundred miles further. Of this further voyage he does not leave any record, even in his log, beyond the simple declaration that he "embarked for Juddah—ran the distance in three days and twenty-one hours and a quarter—and on the 23rd anchored his boat close to one of the East India Company's cruisers, the *Benares*."

But, now comes the most trying part of his whole undertaking—the part which a man of his vigorously constituted impulses was least able to bear as the climax of his prolonged and arduous efforts, privations, anxieties, and fatigue. Repairing on board the *Benares*, to learn the news, the captain informed him, that in consequence of being found in a defective state on her arrival at Bombay, "the *Enterprise* was not coming at all." This intelligence seems to have felled him like a blow, and he was immediately seized with a delirious fever. The captain and officers of the *Benares* felt great sympathy and interest in this sad result of so many extraordinary efforts, and detaining him on board, bestowed every attention on his malady.

"Thus baffled," writes Mr. Waghorn, "I

was six weeks before I could proceed onward to Bombay by sailing vessel." On arriving at Bombay with his despatches, the thanks of the Government in Council, &c., were voted to him, "for having, when disappointed of a steamer, proceeded with these despatches in an open boat, down the Red Sea, &c." There was evidently much more said of a complimentary kind, but Waghorn cuts all short with the *et cetera*.

He reached Bombay on the 21st of March, having thus accomplished his journey from London in four months and twenty-one days—an extraordinary rapidity at this date, 1830. Of course, the time he was detained in Cairo, Suez, Cossier, and Juddah (where he lay ill with the fever six weeks), ought to be deducted, because he would have saved all this time, fever inclusive, if he had not expected the *Enterprise* from India.

He now turned his attention to a series of fresh exhortations to large public meetings which he convened at different places—Calcutta, Madras, the Isle of France, the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, &c., on the subject of shortening the route from England to India, and greatly lessening the time. He described the various points of the new route he proposed, and also the new kind of steam-vessel which it was advisable to have built and fitted up, for the sole purpose of a rapid transmission of the mail. In an "Address to His Majesty's Ministers and the Honourable East India Company," which we find among his papers, there occurs the following passage—simple in expression, noble in its quiet modesty, but pregnant with enormous results to his country, all of which have already, in a great degree, been accomplished.

"Of myself I trust I may be excused when I say that the highest object of my ambition has ever been an extensive usefulness; and my line of life—my turn of mind—my disposition long ago impelled me to give all my leisure, and all my opportunities of observation, to the introduction of steam-vessels, and permanently establishing them as the means of communication between India and England, including all the colonies on the route. The vast importance of three months' earlier information to His Majesty's Government and to the Honourable Company, whether relative to a war or a peace; to abundant or to short crops; to the sickness or convalescence of a colony or district, and oftentimes even of an individual; the advantages to the merchant, by enabling him to regulate his supplies and orders according to circumstances and demands; the anxieties of the thousands of my countrymen in India for accounts, and further accounts, of their parents, children, and friends at home; the corresponding anxieties of those relatives and friends in this country; in a word, the speediest possible transit of letters to the tens of thousands who at all times in solitude await them, was a service to my mind," (of the greatest general importance) "and it shall not be my fault if I do not, and for ever, establish it."

By his indefatigable efforts in India, having extensively made known his plans and me-

thods for accomplishing these great objects, and bringing home with him the testimonial of thanks he had received from the Governor in Council of Bombay, he returned to England. Let his own words—homely, earnest, straightforward, full of sailor-like simplicity, impulsive, and fraught with important results—relate his reception.

“Armed with the record of the Governor’s thanks, I commenced an active agitation in India for the establishment of steam to Europe. In prosecution of this design, I returned to England, expecting, of course, to be received with open arms—at the India House especially. Judge of my surprise on being told by the successor of Mr. Loch (Chairman of the court), that the India Company required no steam to the East at all!

“I told him that the feeling in India was most ardent for it; that I had convened large public meetings at Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, and, in fact, all over the Peninsula, which I had traversed by *dawk*; that the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, was enthusiastic in the same cause, and had done me the honour to predict (with what prescience need not now, in 1849, be stated), that if ever the object was accomplished, it would be by the man who had navigated the Red Sea in an open boat, under the circumstances already named.

“To all this the Chairman made answer that the Governor-General and people of India had nothing to do with the India House; and if I did not go back and join *their* pilot service, to which I belonged, I should receive such a communication from that House as would be by no means agreeable to me!

“On the instant I penned my resignation, and placing it in his hands, then gave utterance to the sentiment which actuated me from that moment till the moment I realised my aspiration—that I would establish the Overland Route, in spite of the India House.”

How little must the public of the present day be prepared to find such a condition of affairs, or anything in the shape of antagonism in such a quarter, now that the Overland Route has become not only a practical thing for the “mail” but for ordinary travellers and tourists, and a matter of panorama and pantomime, of dioramic effects and burlesque songs—the sublime, and the ridiculous! But how did it fare with our enterprising sailor, after penning his resignation, and handing it in with such a declaration and defiance?

“This avowal,” says Lieutenant Waghorn, “most impolitic on my part as regarded my individual interests, is perhaps the key to much of the otherwise inexplicable opposition I subsequently met with from those upon whose most energetic co-operation I had every apparent reason to rely. I proceeded to Egypt, not only without official recommendation, but with a sort of official stigma on my sanity!

“The Government nautical authorities reported that the Red Sea was not navigable; and the East India Company’s naval officers declared, that, if it *were* navigable, the North-Westers peculiar to those waters, and the South-West monsoons of the Indian Ocean, would swallow all steamers up!

And, as if there were not enough to crush me in the eyes of foreigners and my own countrymen, documents were actually laid before Parliament, showing that coals had cost the East India Company twenty pounds per ton, at Suez, and had taken *fifteen months* to get there.”

Notwithstanding all these apparently overwhelming allegations, Mr. Waghorn succeeded in convincing the Pasha of the entire practicability of his plans; and having fully gained the confidence of that potentate, he obtained permission to proceed according to his own judgment. By means of his intimate knowledge of the whole route and all its contingencies, Mr. Waghorn saw that coals might be brought readily enough to Alexandria—then up the Nile—then across the Desert on camels—for not more than five pounds per ton. He immediately hastened back to England, and was “fortunate enough” to impress his conviction on this point on a very able public servant, Mr. Melville, Secretary to the East India House; and through his instrumentality one thousand tons of coals were conveyed by the route, and by the means above-mentioned, from the pit’s mouth to the hold of the steamer at Suez, for four pounds three shillings and sixpence.

“From that hour to this (June, 1849), the same plan, at the same, and even a smaller cost, has been pursued in respect of all the coals of the East India Company,—the saving in ten years being *three quarters of a million* sterling, as between the estimated, and the actual cost of coal.”

Having now most deservedly obtained the friendship of the Pasha, Mr. Waghorn was enabled to establish mails to India, and to keep that service in his own hands during five years. On one occasion he actually succeeded in getting letters from Bombay to England in *forty-seven days*; and immediately afterwards both the English Government and the Honourable East India Company, at the pressing solicitations of the London, East India, and China Associations (Mr., since Sir George Larpent, Chairman) started mails of their own—taking from Mr. Waghorn the conveyance of letters, without the least compensation for the loss, from that time to this (1849); these authorities having, till then, repeatedly declared that they had no intention of having mails by this route at all.

It should not be omitted, that, during these efforts, Mr. Waghorn feeling that his position in India would be much advantaged, and therefore his means of utility, if he could receive the rank of Lieutenant in the British Navy, made repeated applications to this effect, from 1832 to 1842. But in vain. He thought that his great services might have obtained this reward for him, especially as it would add to his means of usefulness. But no. Government, like the serpent, is a wonderful “wise beast,” and the ways of Ministers are inscrutable. All spoke of his merits, but none rewarded them. At length, in 1842,

Lord Haddington, being Head of the Admiralty, did grant this scarce and astonishing honour! Egypt actually beheld the man, who had brought England within forty-seven days of her sands, before any steam system was in operation between the two countries, permitted to write the letters R. N. after his natural name!

In conjunction with others, partners in the undertaking, Lieutenant Waghorn now arranged for the carriage of passengers, the building of hotels at Alexandria, Cairo, and other places, and he soon familiarised the Desert with the novel spectacle of harnessed horses, vans, and all the usual adjuncts of English travelling, instead of the precarious Arab and his primeval camel. These, with packet-boats on the Nile, and the canal (and afterwards with steamers), duly provided with English superintendants, rendered Eastern travel as easy as a journey of the same length in the hot summer of any of the most civilised countries.

Lieutenant Waghorn had now every prospect of making this hitherto undreamed-of novelty as profitable to himself in remuneration of his many arduous labours, as it was serviceable and commodious to the vast numbers of all countries, especially his own, who availed themselves of it. But unfortunately, just when his enterprise, industry, capital, and his possession of Mehemet Ali's friendship were beginning to produce their natural results, the honourable English Government and the honourable East India Company "gave the monopoly of a chartered contract to an opulent and powerful Company!" Lieutenant Waghorn had coupled with his passenger system the carriage of overland parcels, which was a source of great profit, and through it there was a constant accession to the comforts of the passengers in transit. But it would seem as if the Government and the India House regarded this man only as an instrument to work out advantages for them, in especial, and the world at large, but the moment he had a prospect of obtaining some reward for himself, it was proper to stop him. Had he not been allowed to write Lieutenant before his name, and R. N. after it? What more would he have?

"This Company," says Waghorn, "already extensive carriers by water, gleaned from my firm the secret of conducting my business, with an alleged view to supply it on a much more comprehensive scale, and to employ us in so doing; but when nothing more remained to be learned from us, we were forthwith superseded, though with a useless and utterly unproductive expenditure, on the part of our successors, of six times the money we should have required to accomplish the same end. Overwhelmed by the competition of this giant association, I was entirely deprived of all advantages of this creation of my own energy, and left with it a ruin on my hands, though to have secured me at least the Egyptian transit would not only have been but the merest justice to an individual, but would have been a

material gain to the British public, politically and otherwise. In my hand the English traffic was English, and I venture to say that English it would have continued to this day, had I not been interfered with. But my successors gave it up to the Pasha."

The absence of all circumstantial descriptions and all graphic details in the papers, both printed and in manuscript, we have previously noticed. We had at first made sure of being able to present our readers with a picturesque and exciting narrative of the Life and Adventures of Lieutenant Waghorn—for adventures, in abundance, both on the sea and the Desert, he must assuredly have had; but he does not give us a single peg to hang an action or event upon, not a single suggestion for a romantic scene. Once we thought we had at last discovered among his papers a treasure of this kind. It was a manuscript bound in a strong cover, and having a patent lock. Inside was printed, in large letters, "Private: Daily Remembrancer: Mr. Waghorn." It contains absolutely nothing of the kind that was evidently at first intended. It is crammed full of newspaper cuttings; and the only memoranda and remembrances are two or three melancholy affairs of bills and mortgages made to pay debts incurred in the public service. So much for his daily journal of events while travelling. He was manifestly so completely a man of action, that he could not afford a minute to note it down. Had it not been for the vexatious oppositions by which he was thwarted, and the painful memorials and petitions he was subsequently compelled, as we shall find, to present in various quarters, we verily believe he would have given us no written records at all of a single thing he did, and all that would have been left, in the course of a few years after his death, would have been the "Overland Route," and the name of "Waghorn."

We must now take a cursory view of his labours. To do this in any regular order is hardly possible, partly from the space they would occupy, but yet more from the desultory and unmanageable condition of the papers and documents before us.

During many years he sailed and travelled hundreds of thousands of miles between England and India, more particularly from the year 1827 to 1835, inclusive; passing up and down the Red Sea with mails, before the East India Company had any steam system on that sea. On one very special occasion, on this side the Isthmus, in October 1839, when the news arrived at Alexandria from Bombay, of Sir John (late Lord) Keane's success at Ghuznee, he managed to obtain the use of the Pasha of Egypt's own steamer, the *Generoso*, the very next day after Her Majesty's steamer left Alexandria; and he personally commanded this vessel, and conveyed the mail to Malta, which was immediately sent on by the Admiral there, to England. Of such acts of special usefulness on occasions of

great emergency, numerous instances might be related of him. His services in Egypt are well known to all who dwell there, or have travelled in that country. For the information of such as may not have any personal knowledge of these things, we may mention a few of the most prominent. Lieutenant Waghorn and his partners, without any aid whatever, with the single exception of the Bombay Steam Committee, built the eight halting places on the Desert, between Cairo and Suez; also the three hotels established above them, in which every comfort and even some luxuries were provided and stored for the passing traveller—among which should be mentioned iron tanks with good water, ranged in cellars beneath;—and all this in a region which was previously a waste of arid sands and scorching gravel, beset with wandering robbers and their camels. These wandering robbers he converted into faithful guides, as they are now found to be by every traveller; and even ladies with their infants are enabled to cross and recross the Desert with as much security as if they were in Europe.

He neglected no means of making us acquainted with our position and line of policy in these countries. He wrote and published pamphlets in England to show the justice and sound policy of our having friendly relations with Egypt, in opposition to the undue position of Turkey (1837, 1838); also, to make his countrymen conversant with the character of Mehemet Ali, and with the countries of Egypt, Arabia, and Syria (1840); another on the acceleration of mails between England and the East (1843); and a letter to Earl Grey on emigration to Australia (1848). At this time, in conjunction with Mr. Wheatley, he had established an agency for the Overland Route to India, China, &c., and had offices in Cornhill, which are still in active operation. The enormous subsequent increase of letters to India by the mail, may be inferred from this fact—that in his first arrangement, Lieutenant Waghorn had all letters for India sent to Messrs. Smith and Elder of Cornhill, to be stamped, and then forwarded to him in Alexandria: the earliest despatches amounted to one hundred and eighty-four letters; this number is now more than doubled by the correspondence of Smith and Elder alone, on their own business. They were the first booksellers who rightly appreciated Mr. Waghorn's efforts; and they cordially co-operated with him.

“When he left Egypt, in 1841, he had established English carriages, vans, and horses, for the passengers' conveyance across the Desert (instead of camels); indeed, he placed small steamers (from England) on the Nile and the canal of Alexandria. Every fraction of his money was spent by him in getting more and more facilities; and, had the saving of money been one of the characteristics of his nature, the Overland Route would not be as useful as it now is—and this is acknowledged by all. Mr. Waghorn claimed for himself, and most justly, the merit of this work: he claimed it without

fear of denial; and stated upon his honour, that no money or means were ever received by him from either Her Majesty's Government or the East India Company to aid it. It grew into life altogether from his having, by his own energy and private resources, worked the 'Overland Mails' to and from India for two years, (from 1831 to 1834) in his own individual person. 'Will it be believed,' says he, 'that up to that time Mr. Waghorn was thought and called by many, a Visionary, and by some a Madman!'"

It may very easily be believed that this was thought and said, as it is a common practice with the world when anything extraordinary is performed for the first time; and though it may be hard enough for the individual to bear, we may simply set it down as the first step to the admission of his success. But it is very clear the Pasha was wise enough to recognise the value of the man who had done so much, and not only accorded him his friendship and assistance on all occasions, but sent him on one occasion as his confidential messenger to Khosru Pasha, Grand Vizier to the Sultan at Constantinople, in 1839, as well as to Lord Ponsonby, who was there as Ambassador from England at this time.

Nor did his merit pass unrecognised in his own country; first by the public generally, though, perhaps, first of all by the "Times" newspaper, the proprietors of which were subsequently munificent in their pecuniary assistance of his efforts in the Trieste experiments, as indeed were the morning papers generally. In six successive months he accomplished the gain of thirteen days *vid* Trieste over the Marseilles route. Lords Palmerston and Aberdeen, as foreign ministers of England; Lords Ellenborough, Glenelg, and Ripon, and Sir John Hobhouse, as presidents of the India Board, were also fully aware of his labours in bringing about the "Overland Route" through Egypt, and thus giving stability to English interests in our Eastern empire.

And now comes the melancholy end of all these so arduous and important labours. Embarrassed in his own private circumstances from the expenditure of all his own funds, and large debts contracted besides, solely in effecting these public objects, he was compelled, after vainly endeavouring to extricate himself by establishing in London an office of agency for the Overland Route, to apply to the India House and the Government for assistance. His constitution was by this time broken up by the sort of toil he had gone through in the last twenty years, and he merely asked to have his public debts paid, and enough allowed him as a pension to enable him to close his few remaining days in rest. He was still in the prime of life; but prematurely old from his hard work.

In consequence of various memorials and petitions the India House awarded Lieutenant Waghorn a pension of 200*l.* per annum; and the Government did the same. But they would not pay the debts he had contracted in their service. If he had made a bad bargain,

he must abide by it, and suffer for it. Both pensions, therefore, were compromised to his creditors, and he remained without any adequate means of support. The following extract, with which we must conclude, is from his last memorial:—

“The immediate origin and cause of my embarrassments was a forfeited promise on the part of the Treasury and the India House, whereby only four instead of six thousand pounds, relied on by me, were paid towards the Trieste Route experiments in the winter of 1846-7, when, single-handed, and despite unparalleled and wholly unforeseen difficulties, I eclipsed, on five trials out of six, the long organised arrangements of the French authorities, specially stimulated to all possible exertion, and supplied with unlimited means by M. Guizot. On the first of these six occasions, there arose the breaking down, on the Indian Ocean, of the steamer provided for me, thereby trebling the computed expenses through the delay; and when, startled by this excessive outlay, I hesitated to entail more, the Treasury and the India House told me to proceed, to do the service well, and make out my bill afterwards. I did proceed. I did the service not only well, not only to the satisfaction of my employers, but in a manner that elicited the admiration of Europe, as all the Continental and British journals of that period, besides heaps of private testimonials, demonstrated. My rivals, to whom the impediments in my path were best known, were loudest in their acknowledgments; and the only drawback to my just pride was the incredulity manifested in some quarters, that I could have actually accomplished what (it is notorious) I did at any time, much less among the all but impassable roads of the Alps, in the depth of a winter of far more than ordinary Alpine severity. I presented my bill. *It was dishonoured.* I had made myself an invalid, had sown the seeds of a broken constitution, in the performance of that duty. The disappointment occasioned by the non-payment of the two thousand pounds, has preyed incessantly upon me since; and now, a wreck alike almost in mind and body, I am sustained alone by the hope, that the annals of the Insolvent Court will not have inscribed upon them the Pioneer of the Overland Route, because of obligations he incurred for the public, by direction of the public authorities.”

The date of this memorial is June 8th, 1849. High testimonials are appended to it from Lords Palmerston, Aberdeen, Ellenborough, Harrowby, Combermere, Ripon, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir Robert Gordon, and Mr. Joseph Hume. But it did not produce any effect; the debts and the harassing remained; and the pioneer of the Overland Route died very shortly afterwards;—we cannot say of a broken heart, because his constitution had been previously shattered by his labours. Yet it looks sadly like this. He might have lived some years longer. He was only forty-seven. The pension awarded him by the India House he had only possessed eighteen months; and the pension from Government had been yet more tardily bestowed, so that he only lived to receive the first quarter.

At his death both pensions died with him.

his widow being left to starve. The India House, however, have lately granted her a pension of fifty pounds; and the Government, naively stating, as if in excuse for the extravagance, that it was in consequence of the “eminent services” performed by her late husband, awarded her the sum of twenty-five pounds per annum. This twenty-five pounds having been the subject of many comments from the press, both of loud indignation and cutting ridicule, the Government made a second grant, with the statement that “in consequence of the *extreme* destitution of Mrs. Waghorn,” a further sum was awarded of fifteen pounds more! This is the fact, and such are the terms of the grant. Why, it reads like an act of clemency towards some criminal or other offender;—“You have been very wicked, you know; but as you are in *extreme* destitution, here are a few pounds more.”

While these above-mentioned petitions, memorials, and struggles for life and honour were going on, great numbers of our wealthy countrymen were rushing with bags of money to pour out at the feet of Mr. Hudson, M.P., in reward for his having made the largest fortune in the shortest time ever known;—and soon after the Government munificence had been bestowed on the destitute widow of Lieutenant Waghorn, the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Marquis of Londonderry, in their places in the House of Lords, eulogised the splendid “military ability” of F. M. the late Duke of Cambridge, speaking in high terms of the great deeds he would have achieved, “if he had only had an opportunity,” and voting a pension of twelve thousand pounds a year to his destitute son, and three thousand pounds a year to his destitute daughter.

We have now beheld the labours, and the reward, of the pioneer of the Overland Route; who, for the establishment of this route and for manifold services subsequently rendered, received the “thanks” of three quarters of the globe, that is to say, of Europe, Asia, and Africa, “besides numberless letters of ‘thanks’ from mercantile communities at every point where Eastern trade is concerned!” His public debts are not paid to this day.

CHIPS.

THE KNOCKING-UP BUSINESS.

NEW wants are being continually invented, and new trades are, consequently, daily springing up. A correspondent brings to light a novel branch of the manufacturing industry of this country, which was revealed to him in Manchester. Lately, he observes, I was passing through a bye-street in Manchester, when my attention was attracted by a card placed conspicuously in the window of a decent-looking house, on which was inscribed, in good text,

“KNOCKING UP DONE HERE AT 2D. A WEEK.”

I stopped a few moments to consider what it

could mean, and chose out of a hundred conjectures the most feasible, namely:—that it referred perhaps to the “getting up” of some portion of a lady’s dress, or knocking up some article of attire or convenience in a hurry. I asked persons connected with all sorts of handicrafts and small trades, and could get no satisfaction. I therefore determined to enquire at the “Knocking up” establishment itself. Thither, accordingly, I bent my steps. On asking for the master, a pale-faced asthmatic man came forward. I politely told him the object of my visit, adding, that from so small a return as 2d. a week, he ought to get at least half profit. “Why, to tell you the truth, Sir,” rejoined the honest fellow, “as my occupation requires no outlay or stock in trade, ’tis all profit.” “Admirable profession!” I ejaculated. “If it is no secret, I should like to be initiated; for several friends of mine are very anxious to commence business on the same terms.”

Not having the fear of rivalry before his eyes, he solved the mystery without any stipulations as to secrecy or premium. He said that he was employed by a number of young men and women who worked in factories, to call them up by a certain early hour in the morning; for if they happened to oversleep themselves and to arrive at the mill after work had commenced, they were liable to the infliction of a fine, and therefore, to insure being up in good time, employed him to “knock them up” at two-pence a week.

On further enquiry, he told me that he himself earned fourteen shillings per week, and his son—only ten years old—awoke factory people enough to add four shillings more to his weekly income. He added, that a friend of his did a very extensive “knocking up” business, his connexion being worth thirty shillings per week; and one woman he knew had a circuit that brought her in twenty-four shillings weekly.

There is an old saying, that one half the world does not know how the other half live. I question whether ninety-nine hundredths of your readers will have known till you permit me to inform them how our Manchester friends, in the “Knocking up” line, get a livelihood.

STATISTICS OF FACTORY SUPERVISION.

THE Rev. Mr. Baker has recently issued a pamphlet, defending the moral tone of the factory system against the charges brought against it in the Rev. H. Worsley’s Prize Essay on Juvenile Depravity. We purposely abstain from discussing the merits of the controversy, believing that the truth lies between the two extremes advocated respectively by the reverend disputants. Mr. Henry, however, gives a table of statistics, an abstract of which we cannot withhold. It shows the number of spinning and power-loom weaving concerns in the principal manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Cheshire; also, the

number of partners, so far as they are known to the public.

It appears that in Ashton-under-Lyne, Dunkinfield, and Moseley, there are fifty-three mills in the hands of ninety-five partners; Blackburn, and its immediate neighbourhood, has fifty-seven mills and eighty partners; Bolton, forty-two mills and fifty-seven partners; Barnley, twenty-five spinning manufactories and forty-six proprietors; at Heywood there are twenty-eight mills in the hands of forty-six masters. Manchester, it would appear, is not so much the seat of manufacture as of merchandise. Though it abounds in warehouses for the sale of cotton goods, there are no more than seventy-eight cotton factories, having one hundred and thirty-nine masters. Oldham has the greatest number of mills; namely, one hundred and fifty-eight, with two hundred and fifty-two proprietors; Preston, thirty-eight mills, sixty-two partners; Stalybridge, twenty cotton concerns and forty-one proprietors; Stockport, forty-seven mills and seventy-six masters; while Warrington has no more than four mills, owned by ten gentlemen. The total number of cotton manufactories in these districts is five hundred and fifty, which belong to nine hundred and four “Cotton Lords.”

Mr. Baker’s “case” is that a proper moral supervision is exercised over the tens of thousands of operatives employed in these factories; and that such supervision is not delegated from principals to subordinates. It would seem, from his showing, that of the nine hundred and four proprietors, no more than twenty-nine do not reside where their concerns are situated; and that of the entire aggregate of mills, there are only four in or near to which no proprietor resides. Lancashire and Cheshire cotton factories, therefore, are as regards absenteeism, the direct antithesis of Irish estates. The consequence is, that while the former are in a state of average, though intermittent prosperity, the latter have gone to ruin.

COMIC LEAVES FROM THE STATUTE BOOK.

THE most manifest absurdities while remaining in fashion receive the greatest respect; for it is not till Time affords a retrospect that the full force of the absurdity is revealed. When men and women went about dressed like the characters in the farce of Tom Thumb, we of the present day wonder that they excited no mirth; nor can we now believe that Betterton drew tears as *Cato* in a full-bottomed wig. A beauty who a dozen years ago excited admiration in the balloon-like costume of that day, would now, if presenting herself in full-blown leg-of-mutton sleeves, excite a smile. The more intelligent natives of Mexico are now more disposed to grin than to shudder, as they once did, at their comical idols. Everybody has heard of the monkey-god of India. In our day, those who once adored and dreaded

him, would as readily worship *Punch*, and receive his squeakings for oracles, as to bow down before the Great Monkey.

Amongst the most prominent superstitions in which our forefathers believed, as a commercial opinion and rule of legislation, was "Protection;" and we have not awakened too recently from the delusion which descended from them not to perceive its absurdities, especially on looking over their voluminous legacy, the Statute Book. Before, however, we open some of its most comical pages, let us premise that the question of Protection is not a political one. Of the precise force and meaning of the term, there is a large class of "constant readers" who have no definite idea. The word "Protection" calls up in their minds a sort of phantasmagoria composed chiefly of Corn-law leagues, tedious debates in Parliament, Custom-houses, excisemen, smugglers, preventive-men and mounted coast-guards. They know it has to do with imports, exports, drawbacks, the balance of trade, and with being searched when they step ashore from a Boulogne steamer. Floating over this indefinite construction of the term, they have a general opinion that Protection must be a good thing, for they also associate it most intimately with the guardianship of the law, which protects them from the swindler, and with the policeman, who protects them from the thief. That powerful and patriotic sentiment, "Protection to British Industry," must, they think, be nearly the same sort of thing, except that it means protection from the tricks of foreigners instead of from those of compatriots. They confess that, believing the whole matter to be a complicated branch of politics, they have had neither time nor patience to "go into it."

In supposing the question of Free Trade or Protection to be a political one, they are, as we have before hinted, in error. It has no more to do with politics than their own transactions with the grocer and the coal-merchant; for it treats of the best mode of carrying on a nation's, instead of an individual's dealings with foreign marts and foreign customers. They are also wrong in supposing that protection to life and property is of the same character as that to which British industry is subjected. The difference can be easily explained; and although doubtless the majority of our readers are quite aware of it, yet for the benefit of the above-described, who are not, we will point it out:—Connected, as everybody knows, with whatever is protected, there must be two parties—A, in whose favour it is protected; and B, against whom it is protected. Legitimate and wholesome protection preserves the property we wish to guard against our enemies; impolitic and unwholesome protection too securely preserves property to us which we are most anxious to get rid of—by sale or barter,—against our best friends, our customers.

These elementary explanations are absolutely essential for the thorough enjoyment

of the broad comedy, which here and there lightens up that grave publication, the Statutes at Large.

When the laws had protected English manufacturers and producers from foreign produce and skill; they, by a natural sequence of blundering, set about protecting the British manufacturing population one against another, and the German jest of the wig-makers, who petitioned their Crown Prince "to make it felony for any gentleman to wear his own hair," is almost realised. In the palmy days of Protection, a British book-binder could not use paste, nor a British dandy, hair-powder, because the British farmer had been so tightly protected against foreign corn, that the British public could not get enough of it to make bread to eat.

These were perhaps the most expensive absurdities into which John Bull was driven by his mania for protection, but they were by no means the most ludicrous. Among his other dainty devices for promoting the woollen manufacture, was the law which compelled all dead bodies to be buried in woollen cloth. There may not be many who can sympathise with the agony of Pope's dying coquette:—

"Odious! In woollen! 'Twould a saint provoke;
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke."

But every one must be astounded at the folly of bribing men to invest ingenuity and industry, to bury that which above ground was the most useful and saleable, of all possible articles. The intention was to discourage the use of cotton, which has since proved one of the greatest sources of wealth ever brought into this country.

The strangest and most practical protest of national common sense, against laws enacting protective duties, was the impossibility of compelling people to obey them. To those laws the country has been indebted for the expensive coast-guards, who cannot, after all, prevent smuggling. The disproportionate penalties threatened by protective laws, show how difficult it was to ensure obedience. In 1765, so invincible was the desire of our ladies to do justice to their neat ancles, that a law had to be passed in the fifth of George the Third, (chapter forty-eight), decreeing that "if any foreign manufactured silk stockings, &c., be imported into any part of the British dominions, they shall be forfeited, and the importers, retailers, or vendors of the same, shall be subject, for every such offence, to a fine of two hundred pounds, with costs of suit." The wise legislators did not dare to extend the penalties to the fair wearers, who found means to make it worth the while of the vendors to brave and evade the law.

The complicated and contradictory legislation into which the *ignis fatuus* of Protection led men, made our nominally protective laws not unfrequently laws prohibitive of industry.

To protect the iron-masters of Staffordshire, the inhabitants of Pennsylvania (while yet a British colony) were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to avail themselves of their rich coal and iron mines. To protect the tobacco growers of Virginia (also in its colonial epoch) the agriculturists of Great Britain were forbidden to cultivate the plant—a prohibition which is still in force—even now, that the semblance of a reason or excuse for the restriction exists.

The petty details into which these prohibitions of industry, under the pretext of protecting it, descended, can only be conceived by those who have studied the Statutes at Large. An act was passed in the fourth of George the First (the seventh chapter) for the better employing the manufacturers, and encouraging the consumption of raw silk. This act provides "that no person shall make, sell, or set upon any clothes or wearing garments whatsoever, any buttons made of serge, cloth, druggat, frieze, camlet, or any other stuff of which clothes or wearing garments are made, or any buttons made of wool only, and turned in imitations of other buttons, on pain of forfeiting forty shillings per dozen for all such buttons." And again, in the seventh year of the same George, the twenty-second chapter of that year's statutes declared that "No tailors shall set on any buttons or button-holes of serge, druggat, &c., under penalty of forty shillings for every dozen of buttons or button-holes so made or set on. . . . No person shall use or wear on any clothes, garments, or apparel whatsoever, except velvet, any buttons or button-holes made of or bound with cloth, serge, druggat, frieze, camlet, or other stuffs whereof clothes or woollen garments are usually made, on penalty of forfeiting forty shillings per dozen under a similar penalty." These acts were insisted on by the ancient and important fraternity of metal button-makers, who thought they had a prescriptive right to supply the world with brass and other buttons "with shanks." Shankless fasteners, made of cloth, serge, &c., were therefore interdicted; and every man, woman, and child, down to the time when George the Third was king, was *obliged* to wear metal buttons whether they liked them or not, on pain of fine or imprisonment.

The shackles and pitfalls in which men involved themselves in their chase after the illusive idea of universal protection were as numerous, and more fatal than those with which Louis the Eleventh garnished his castle at Plessis-le-Tours. It was impossible to move without stumbling into some of them. British ship-builders were allowed to ply their trade exclusively for British ship-owners; but, in return, they were compelled to buy the dear timber of Canada, instead of that of the Baltic. British ship-owners had exclusive privileges of ocean carriage, but had to pay tribute to the monopoly of British ship-builders and Canadian lumberers. British sailors were exclusively to be employed in

English ships, but in return they were at the mercy of the press-gangs. Dubious advantages were bought at a price unquestionably dear and ruinous.

The condition of our country while possessed by the fallacy of protection, can be compared to nothing so aptly, as to a man under the influence of a nightmare. One incongruity pursues another through the brain. There is a painful half-consciousness that all is delusion, and a fear that it may be reality—there is a choking sense of oppression. The victim of the unhealthy dream, tries to shake it off and awaken, but his faculties are spell-bound. By a great effort the country has awakened to the light of day, and a sense of realities.

The way in which the rural population, great and small, were protected against one another, may be well illustrated by an extract from the third of James the First, chapter fourteen. This act was in force so lately as 1827, for it was only repealed by the seventh and eighth of George the Fourth, chapter twenty-seven. The fifth clause of this precious enactment made a man who had not forty pounds a-year a "malefactor" if he shot a hare; while a neighbour who possessed a hundred a-year, and caught him in the fact, became in one moment his judge and executioner. After reciting that if any person who had not real property producing forty pounds a-year, or who had not two hundred pounds' worth of goods and chattels, shall presume to shoot game, the clause goes on to say—"Then any person, having lands, tenements, and hereditaments, of the clear value of one hundred pounds a-year, may take from the person or possession of such malefactor or malefactors, and to his own use for ever keep, such guns, bows, cross-bows, buckstalls, engine-traps, nets, ferrets, and coney dogs," &c. This is hardly a comic leaf from the statute-book. Indignation gives place to mirth on perusing it. Some portions of the game-laws still in force could be enumerated, equally unreasonable and summary.

Most of the statutes contain a comical set of rules of English Grammar, which are calculated to make the wig of Lindley Murray stiffen in his grave with horror; they run thus:—"Words importing the singular number shall include the plural number, and words importing the plural number shall include the singular number. Words importing the masculine gender shall include females. The word 'person' shall include a corporation, whether aggregate or sole. The word 'lands' shall include messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments of any tenure. The word 'street' shall extend to and include any road, square, court, alley, and thoroughfare, or public passage, within the limits of the special act. The expression 'two justices' shall be understood to mean two or more justices met and acting together."

Thus ends our chapter of only a few of the mirth provocatives of the Statutes at Large.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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FROM THE RAVEN IN THE HAPPY FAMILY.

I SUPPOSE you thought I was dead? No such thing. Don't flatter yourselves that I haven't got my eye upon you. I am wide awake, and you give me plenty to look at.

I have begun my great work about you. I have been collecting materials from the Horse, to begin with. You are glad to hear it, ain't you? Very likely. Oh, he gives you a nice character! He makes you out a charming set of fellows.

He informs me, by the bye, that he is a distant relation of the pony that was taken up in a balloon a few weeks ago; and that the pony's account of your going to see him at Vauxhall Gardens, is an amazing thing. The pony says, that when he looked round on the assembled crowd, come to see the realisation of the wood-cut in the bill, he found it impossible to discover which was the real Mister Green—there were so many Mister Greens—and they were all so very green!

But, that's the way with you. You know it is. Don't tell me! You'd go to see anything that other people went to see. And don't flatter yourselves that I am referring to “the vulgar curiosity,” as you choose to call it, when you mean some curiosity in which you don't participate yourselves. The polite curiosity in this country, is as vulgar as any curiosity in the world.

Of course you'll tell me, no it isn't, but I say yes it is. What have you got to say for yourselves about the Nepaulese Princes, I should like to know? Why, there has been more crowding, and pressing, and pushing, and jostling, and struggling, and striving, in genteel houses this last season, on account of those Nepaulese Princes, than would take place in vulgar Cremorne Gardens and Greenwich Park, at Easter time and Whitsuntide! And what for? Do you know anything about 'em? Have you any idea why they came here? Can you put your finger on their country in the map? Have you ever asked yourselves a dozen common questions about its climate, natural history, government, productions, customs, religion, manners? Not you! Here are a couple of swarthy Princes very much out of their element, walking about in wide muslin trousers, and sprinkled all over with gems

(like the clock-work figure on the old round platform in the street, grown up), and they're fashionable outlandish monsters, and it's a new excitement for you to get a stare at 'em. As to asking 'em to dinner, and seeing 'em sit at table without eating in your company (unclean animals as you are!), you fall into raptures at that. Quite delicious, isn't it? Ugh, you dunder-headed boobies!

I wonder what there is, new and strange, that you *wouldn't* lionise, as you call it. Can you suggest anything? It's not a hippopotamus, I suppose. I hear from my brother-in-law in the Zoological Gardens, that you are always pelting away into the Regent's Park, by thousands, to see the hippopotamus. Oh, you're very fond of hippopotami, ain't you? You study one attentively, when you *do* see one, don't you? You come away, so much wiser than you went, reflecting so profoundly on the wonders of creation—eh?

Bah! You follow one another like wild geese, but you are not so good to eat!

These, however, are not the observations of my friend the Horse. *He* takes you, in another point of view. Would you like to read his contribution to my Natural History of you? No? You shall then.

He is a Cab-horse now. He wasn't always, but he is now, and his usual stand is close to our Proprietor's usual stand. That's the way we have come into communication, we “dumb animals.” Ha, ha! Dumb, too! Oh, the conceit of you men, because you can bother the community out of their five wits, by making speeches!

Well. I mentioned to this Horse that I should be glad to have his opinions and experiences of you. Here they are:

“At the request of my honourable friend the Raven, I proceed to offer a few remarks in reference to the animal called Man. I have had varied experience of this strange creature for fifteen years, and am now driven by a Man, in the hackney cabriolet, number twelve thousand four hundred and fifty-two.

“The sense Man entertains of his own inferiority to the nobler animals—and I am now more particularly referring to the Horse—has impressed me forcibly, in the course of my career. If a Man knows a Horse well, he is prouder of it than of any knowledge of himself,

within the range of his limited capacity. He regards it, as the sum of all human acquisition. If he is learned in a Horse, he has nothing else to learn. And the same remark applies, with some little abatement, to his acquaintance with Dogs. I have seen a good deal of Man in my time, but I think I have never met a Man who didn't feel it necessary to his reputation to pretend, on occasion, that he knew something of Horses and Dogs, though he really knew nothing. As to making us a subject of conversation, my opinion is that we are more talked about, than history, philosophy, literature, art, and science, all put together. I have encountered innumerable gentlemen in the country, who were totally incapable of interest in anything but Horses and Dogs—except Cattle. And I have always been given to understand that they were the flower of the civilised world.

"It is very doubtful, to me, whether there is, upon the whole, anything Man is so ambitious to imitate, as an ostler, a jockey, a stage coachman, a horse-dealer, or a dog-fancier. There may be some other character which I do not immediately remember, that fires him with emulation; but, if there be, I am sure it is connected with Horses, or Dogs, or both. This is an unconscious compliment, on the part of the tyrant, to the nobler animals, which I consider to be very remarkable. I have known Lords, and Baronets, and Members of Parliament, out of number, who have deserted every other calling, to become but indifferent stablemen or kennelmen, and be cheated on all hands, by the real aristocracy of those pursuits who were regularly born to the business.

"All this, I say, is a tribute to our superiority which I consider to be very remarkable. Yet, still, I can't quite understand it. Man can hardly devote himself to us, in admiration of our virtues, because he never imitates them. We Horses are as honest, though I say it, as animals can be. If, under the pressure of circumstances, we submit to act at a Circus, for instance, we always show that we are acting. We never deceive anybody. We would scorn to do it. If we are called upon to do anything in earnest, we do our best. If we are required to run a race falsely, and to lose when we could win, we are not to be relied upon, to commit a fraud; Man must come in at that point, and force us to it. And the extraordinary circumstance to me, is, that Man (whom I take to be a powerful species of Monkey) is always making us nobler animals the instruments of his meanness and cupidity. The very name of our kind has become a byword for all sorts of trickery and cheating. We are as innocent as counters at a game—and yet this creature WILL play falsely with us!

"Man's opinion, good or bad, is not worth much, as any rational Horse knows. But, justice is justice; and what I complain of, is, that Mankind talks of us as if We had some-

thing to do with all this. They say that such a man was 'ruined by Horses.' Ruined by Horses! They can't be open, even in that, and say he was ruined by Men; but they lay it at our stable-door! As if we ever ruined anybody, or were ever doing anything but being ruined ourselves, in our generous desire to fulfil the useful purposes of our existence!

"In the same way, we get a bad name as if we were profligate company. 'So and so got among Horses, and it was all up with him.' Why, we would have reclaimed him—we would have made him temperate, industrious, punctual, steady, sensible—what harm would he ever have got from us, I should wish to ask?

"Upon the whole, speaking of him as I have found him, I should describe Man as an unmeaning and conceited creature, very seldom to be trusted, and not likely to make advances towards the honesty of the nobler animals. I should say that his power of warping the nobler animals to bad purposes, and damaging their reputation by his companionship, is, next to the art of growing oats, hay, carrots, and clover, one of his principal attributes. He is very unintelligible in his caprices; seldom expressing with distinctness what he wants of us; and relying greatly on our better judgment to find out. He is cruel, and fond of blood—particularly at a steeple-chase—and is very ungrateful.

"And yet, so far as I can understand, he worships us too. He sets up images of us (not particularly like, but meant to be) in the streets, and calls upon his fellows to admire them, and believe in them. As well as I can make out, it is not of the least importance what images of Men are put astride upon these images of Horses, for I don't find any famous personage among them—except one, and his image seems to have been contracted for, by the gross. The jockeys who ride our statues are very queer jockeys, it appears to me, but it is something to find Man even posthumously sensible of what he owes to us. I believe that when he has done any great wrong to any very distinguished Horse, deceased, he gets up a subscription to have an awkward likeness of him made, and erects it in a public place, to be generally venerated. I can find no other reason for the statues of us that abound.

"It must be regarded as a part of the inconsistency of Man, that he erects no statues to the Donkeys—who, though far inferior animals to ourselves, have great claims upon him. I should think a Donkey opposite the Horse at Hyde Park, another in Trafalgar Square, and a group of Donkeys, in brass, outside the Guildhall of the City of London (for I believe the Common Council Chamber is inside that building) would be pleasant and appropriate memorials.

"I am not aware that I can suggest anything more, to my honorable friend the Raven,

which will not already have occurred to his fine intellect. Like myself, he is the victim of brute force, and must bear it until the present state of things is changed—as it possibly may be in the good time which I understand is coming, if I wait a little longer.”

There! How do you like that? That's the Horse! You shall have another animal's sentiments, soon. I have communicated with plenty 'of em, and they are all down upon you. It's not I alone who have found you out. You are generally detected, I am happy to say, and shall be covered with confusion.

Talking about the horse, are you going to set up any more horses? Eh? Think a bit. Come! You haven't got horses enough yet, surely? Couldn't you put somebody else on horseback, and stick him up, at the cost of a few thousands? You have already statues to most of the “benefactors of mankind,” (SEE ADVERTISEMENT) in your principal cities. You walk through groves of great inventors, instructors, discoverers, assuagers of pain, preventers of disease, suggesters of purifying thoughts, doers of noble deeds. Finish the list. Come!

Whom will you hoist into the saddle? Let's have a cardinal virtue! Shall it be Faith? Hope? Charity? Aye, Charity's the virtue to ride on horseback! Let's have Charity!

How shall we represent it? Eh? What do you think? Royal? Certainly. Duke? Of course. Charity always was typified in that way, from the time of a certain widow, downwards. And there's nothing less left to put up; all the commoners who were “benefactors of mankind” having had their statues in the public places, long ago.

How shall we dress it? Rags? Low. Drapery? Common-place. Field-Marshal's uniform? The very thing! Charity in a Field-Marshal's uniform (none the worse for wear) with thirty thousand pounds a-year, public money, in its pocket, and fifteen thousand more, public money, up behind, will be a piece of plain uncompromising truth in the highways, and an honor to the country and the time.

Ha, ha, ha! You can't leave the memory of an unassuming, honest, good-natured, amiable old Duke alone, without bespattering it with your flunkeyism, can't you? That's right—and like you! Here are three brass buttons in my crop. I'll subscribe 'em all. One, to the statue of Charity; one, to a statue of Hope; one, to a statue of Faith. For Faith, we'll have the Nepaulese Ambassador on horseback—being a prince. And for Hope, we'll put the Hippopotamus on horseback, and so make a group.

Let's have a meeting about it!

A SHILLING'S WORTH OF SCIENCE.

DR. PARIS has already shown, in a charming little book treating scientifically of children's toys, how easy even “philosophy in sport can be made science in earnest.” An earlier genius cut out the whole alphabet into the figures of uncouth animals, and enclosed them in a toy-box representing Noah's Ark, for the purpose of teaching children their letters. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America have been decimated; “yea, the great globe itself,” has been parcelled into little wooden sections, that their readjustment into a continuous map might teach the infant conqueror of the world the relative positions of distant countries. Archimedes might have discovered the principle of the lever and the fundamental principles of gravity upon a rocking-horse. In like manner he might have ascertained the laws of hydrostatics, by observing the impetus of many natural and artificial fountains, which must occasionally have come beneath his eye. So also the principles of acoustics might even now be taught by the aid of a penny whistle, and there is no knowing how much children's nursery games may yet be rendered subservient to the advancement of science. The famous Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus had excellent notions on these subjects. He determined that his son Martinus should be the most learned and universally well-informed man of his age, and had recourse to all sorts of devices in order to inspire him even unthinkingly with knowledge. He determined that everything should contribute to the improvement of his mind,—even his very dress. He therefore, his biographer informs us, invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and also of the commerce of different nations. His son's disposition to mathematics—for he was a remarkable child—was discovered very early by his drawing parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles, so as to form the whole superficies into squares. His father also wisely resolved that he should acquire the learned languages, especially Greek,—and remarking, curiously enough, that young Martinus Scriblerus was remarkably fond of gingerbread, the happy idea came into his parental head that his pieces of gingerbread should be stamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and such was the child's avidity for knowledge, that the very first day he eat down to *iota*.

When Sir Isaac Newton changed his residence and went to live in Leicester Place, his next door neighbour was a widow lady, who was much puzzled by the little she observed of the habits of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society, called upon her one day, when among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house, who she felt certain was a poor mad gentleman. “And

why so?" asked her friend. "Because," said she, "he diverts himself in the oddest way imaginable. Every morning when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw down the window-blinds, he takes his seat on a little stool before a tub of soap-suds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap-bubbles through a common clay-pipe, which he intently watches floating about until they burst. He is doubtless," she added, "now at his favourite diversion, for it is a fine day; do come and look at him." The gentleman smiled; and they went upstairs, when after looking through the staircase window into the adjoining court-yard, he turned round and said, "My dear lady, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic, is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, a phenomenon which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap-bubble."

The principle, illustrated by the examples we have given, has been efficiently followed by the Directors of the Royal Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, London. Even the simplest models and objects they exhibit in their extensive halls and galleries, expound—like Sir Isaac Newton's soap-bubble—some important principle of Science or Art.

On entering the Hall of Manufactures (as we did the other day) it was impossible not to be impressed with the conviction that we are in an utilitarian age in which the science of Mechanics advances with marvellous rapidity. Here we observed steam-engines, hand-looms, and machines in active operation, surrounding us with that peculiar din which makes the air

"Murmur, as with the sound of summer-flies."

Passing into the "Gallery in the Great Hall," we did not fail to derive a momentary amusement, from observing the very different objects which seemed most to excite the attention and interest of the different sight-seers. Here, stood obviously a country farmer examining the model of a steam-plough; there, a Manchester or Birmingham manufacturer looking into a curious and complicated weaving machine; here, we noticed a group of ladies admiring specimens of elaborate carving in ivory, and personal ornaments esteemed highly fashionable at the antipodes; and there, the smiling faces of youth watching with eager eyes the little boats and steamers paddling along the Water Reservoir in the central counter. But we had scarcely looked around us, when a bell rang to announce a lecture on Voltaic Electricity by Dr. Bachhoffner; and moving with the stream of people up a short staircase, we soon found ourselves in a very commodious and well arranged theatre. There are many universities and public institutions that have not better lecture rooms than this theatre in the Royal Polytechnic Institution. The lecture was elementary and exceedingly

instructive, pointing out and showing by experiments, the identity between Magnetism and Electricity—light and heat; but notwithstanding the extreme perspicuity of the Professor, it was our fate to sit next two old ladies who seemed to be very incredulous about the whole business.

"If heat and light are the same thing," asked one, "why don't a flame come out at the spout of a boiling tea-kettle?"

"The steam," answered the other, may account for that."

"Hush!" cried somebody behind them; and the ladies were silent; but it was plain they thought Voltaic Electricity had something to do with conjuring, and that the lecturer might be a professor of Magic. The lecture over, we returned to the Gallery, where we found the Diving Bell just about to be put in operation. It is made of cast iron, and weighs three tons; the interior being provided with seats, and lighted by openings in the crown, upon which a plate of thick glass is secured. The weighty instrument suspended by a massive chain to a large swing crane, was soon in motion, when we observed our sceptical lady-friends join a party and enter, in order, we presume, to make themselves more sure of the truth of the diving-bell than they could do of the identity between light and heat. The Bell was soon swung round and lowered into a tank, which holds nearly ten thousand gallons of water; but we confess our fears for the safety of its inmates were greatly appeased, when we learned that the whole of this reservoir of water could be emptied in less than one minute. Slowly and steadily was the Bell drawn up again, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the enterprising ladies and their companions alight on *terra firma*, nothing injured excepting that they were greatly flushed in the face. A man, clad in a water-tight dress and surmounted with a diving helmet, next performed a variety of sub-aqueous feats; much to the amusement and astonishment of the younger part of the audience, one of whom shouted as he came up above the surface of the water, "Oh! Ma'n! Don't he look like an Ogre!" and certainly the shining brass helmet and staring large plate-glass eyes fairly warranted such a suggestion. The principles of the Diving Bell and of the Diving Helmet, are too well known to require explanation; but the practical utility of these machines is daily proved. Even while we now write, it has been ascertained that the foundations of Blackfriars Bridge are giving way. The bed of the river, owing to the constant ebb and flow of its waters, has sunk some six or seven feet below its level, since the bridge was built, thus undermining its foundation; and this effect, it is presumed, has been greatly augmented by the removal of the old London Bridge, the works surrounding which operated as a dam in checking the force of the current. These machines, also,

are constantly used in repairing the bottom of docks, landing-piers, and in the construction of breakwater works, such as those which are at present being raised at Dover Harbour.

Among other remarkable objects in the museum of natural history we recognised, swimming upon his shingly bed under a glass case, our old friend the *Gymnotus Electricus*, or Electrical Eel. Truly, he is a marvellous fish. The power which animals of every description possess in adapting themselves to external and adventitious circumstances, is here marvellously illustrated, for, notwithstanding this creature is surrounded by the greatest possible amount of artificial circumstances, inasmuch as instead of sporting in his own pellucid and sparkling waters of the River Amazon, he is here confined in a glass prison, in water artificially heated; instead of his natural food, he is here supplied with fish not indigenous to his native country, and denied access to fresh air, with sunlight sparkling upon the surface of the waves—he is here surrounded by an impure and obscure atmosphere, with crowds of people constantly moving to and fro and gazing upon him;—yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantageous circumstances, he has continued to thrive; nay, since we saw him, ten years ago, he has increased in size and is apparently very healthy, notwithstanding that he is obviously quite blind.

This specimen of the *Gymnotus Electricus* was caught in the River Amazon, and was brought over to this country by Mr. Potter, where it arrived on the 12th of August, 1838, when he displayed it to the proprietors of the Adelaide Gallery. In the first instance, there was some difficulty in keeping him alive, for, whether from sickness, or sulkiness, he refused food of every description, and is said to have eaten nothing from the day he was taken in March, 1838, to the 19th of the following October. He was confided upon his arrival to the care of Mr. Bradley, who placed him in an apartment the temperature of which could be maintained at about seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, and acting upon the suggestions of Baron Humboldt, he endeavoured to feed him with bits of boiled meat, worms, frogs, fish, and bread, which were all tried in succession. But the animal would not touch these. The plan adopted by the London fishmongers for fattening the common Eel was then had recourse to;—a quantity of bullock's blood was put into the water, care being taken that it should be changed daily, and this was attended with some beneficial effects, as the animal gradually improved in health. In the month of October it occurred to Mr. Bradley to tempt him with some small fish, and the first gudgeon thrown into the water he darted at and swallowed with avidity. From that period the same diet has been continued, and he is now fed three times a day, and upon each occasion is given two or three carp, or perch, or gudgeon, each weighing from two to three ounces. In

watching his movements we observed, that in swimming about he seems to delight in rubbing himself against the gravel which forms the bed above which he floats, and the water immediately becomes clouded with the mucus from which he thus relieves the surface of his body.

When this species of fish was first discovered, marvellous accounts respecting them were transmitted to the Royal Society: it was even said that in the River Surinam, in the western province of Guiana, some existed twenty feet long. The present specimen is forty inches in length; and measures eighteen inches round the body; and his physiognomy justifies the description given by one of the early narrators, who remarked, that the *Gymnotus* "resembles one of our common eels, except that its head is flat, and its mouth wide, like that of a cat-fish, without teeth." It is certainly ugly enough. On its first arrival in England, the proprietors offered Professor Faraday (to whom this country may possibly discover, within the next five hundred years, that it owes something) the privilege of experimenting upon him for scientific purposes, and the result of a great number of experiments, ingeniously devised, and executed with great nicety, clearly proved the identity between the electricity of the fish and the common electricity. The shock, the circuit, the spark, were distinctly obtained; the galvanometer was sensibly affected; chemical decompositions were obtained; an annealed steel needle became magnetic, and the direction of its polarity indicated a current from the anterior to the posterior parts of the fish, through the conductors used. The force with which the electric discharge is made is also very considerable, for this philosopher tells us we may conclude that a single medium discharge of the fish is at least equal to the electricity of a Leyden Battery of fifteen jars, containing three thousand five hundred square inches of glass, coated upon both sides, charged to its highest degree. But great as is the force of a single discharge, the *Gymnotus* will sometimes give a double, and even a triple shock, with scarcely any interval. Nor is this all. The instinctive action it has recourse to in order to augment the force of the shock, is very remarkable.

The Professor one day dropped a live fish, five inches long, into the tub; upon which the *Gymnotus* turned round in such a manner as to form a coil enclosing the fish, the latter representing a diameter across it, and the fish was struck motionless, as if lightning had passed through the water. The *Gymnotus* then made a turn to look for his prey, which having found, he bolted it, and then went about seeking for more. A second smaller fish was then given him, which being hurt, showed little signs of life; and this he swallowed apparently without "shocking it." We are informed by Dr. Williamson, in a paper he communicated some years ago to the Royal

Society, that a fish already struck motionless gave signs of returning animation, which the Gymnotus observing, he instantly discharged another shock, which killed it. Another curious circumstance was observed by Professor Faraday, — the Gymnotus appeared conscious of the difference of giving a shock to an animate and an inanimate body, and would not be provoked to discharge its powers upon the latter. When tormented by a glass rod, the creature in the first instance threw out a shock, but as if he perceived his mistake, he could not be stimulated afterwards to repeat it, although the moment the Professor touched him with his hands, he discharged shock after shock. He refused, in like manner, to gratify the curiosity of the philosophers, when they touched him with metallic conductors, which he permitted them to do with indifference. It is worthy of observation, that this is the only specimen of the Gymnotus Electricus ever brought over alive into this country. The great secret of preserving his life would appear to consist in keeping the water at an even temperature—summer and winter—of seventy-five degrees of Fahrenheit. After having been subjected to a great variety of experiments, the creature is now permitted to enjoy the remainder of its days in honorable peace, and the only occasion upon which he is now disturbed, is when it is found necessary to take him out of his shallow reservoir to have it cleaned, when he discharges angrily enough shock after shock, which the attendants describe to be very smart, even though he be held in several thick and well wetted cloths, for they do not at all relish the job.

The Gymnotus Electricus is not the only animal endowed with this very singular power; there are other fish, especially the Torpedo and Silurus, which are equally remarkable, and equally well known. The peculiar structure which enters into the formation of their electrical organs, was first examined by the eminent anatomist John Hunter, in the Torpedo; and, very recently, Rudolphi has described their structure with great exactness in the Gymnotus Electricus.

Without entering into minute details, the peculiarity of the organic apparatus of the Electrical Eel seems to consist in this, that it is composed of numerous *laminae* or thin tendinous partitions, between which exists an infinite number of small cells filled with a thickish gelatinous fluid. These strata and cells are supplied with nerves of unusual size, and the intensity of the electrical power is presumed to depend on the amount of nervous energy accumulated in these cells, whence it can be voluntarily discharged just as a muscle may be voluntarily contracted. Furthermore, there are, it would appear, good reasons to believe that nervous power (in whatever it may consist) and electricity are identical. The progress of Science has already shown the identity between heat, electricity, and

magnetism;—that heat may be concentrated into electricity, and this electricity reconverted into heat; that electric force may be converted into magnetic force, and Professor Faraday himself discovered how, by reacting back again, the magnetic force can be reconverted into the electric force, and *vice versa*; and should the identity between electricity and nervous power be as clearly established, one of the most important and interesting problems in Physiology will be solved.

Every new discovery in Science, and all improvements in Industrial Art, the principles of which are capable of being rendered in the least degree interesting, are in this Exhibition forthwith popularised, and become, as it were, public property. Every individual of the great public can at the very small cost of one shilling, claim his or her share in the property thus attractively collected, and a small amount of previous knowledge or natural intelligence will put the visitor in actual possession of treasures which previously “he wot not of,” in so amusing a manner that they will be beguiled rather than bored into his mind.

THE GENTLEMAN BEGGAR.

AN ATTORNEY'S STORY.

ONE morning, about five years ago, I called by appointment on Mr. John Balance, the fashionable pawnbroker, to accompany him to Liverpool, in pursuit for a Levanting customer,—for Balance, in addition to pawning, does a little business in the sixty per cent. line. It rained in torrents when the cab stopped at the passage which leads past the pawning boxes to his private door. The cabman rang twice, and at length Balance appeared, looming through the mist and rain in the entry, illuminated by his perpetual cigar. As I eyed him rather impatiently, remembering that trains wait for no man, something like a hairy dog, or a bundle of rags, rose up at his feet, and barred his passage for a moment. Then Balance cried out with an exclamation, in answer apparently to a something I could not hear, “What, man alive!—slept in the passage!—there, take that, and get some breakfast for Heaven's sake!” So saying, he jumped into the “Hansom,” and we bowled away at ten miles an hour, just catching the Express as the doors of the station were closing. My curiosity was full set,—for although Balance can be free with his money, it is not exactly to beggars that his generosity is usually displayed; so when comfortably ensconced in a *coupé*, I finished with—

“You are liberal with your money this morning: pray, how often do you give silver to street cadgers?—because I shall know now what walk to take when flats and sharps leave off buying law.”

Balance, who would have made an excellent parson if he had not been bred to a case-hardening trade, and has still a soft bit

left in his heart that is always fighting with his hard head, did not smile at all, but looked as grim as if squeezing a lemon into his Saturday night's punch. He answered slowly, "A cadger—yes; a beggar—a miserable wretch, he is now; but let me tell you, Master David, that that miserable bundle of rags was born and bred a gentleman; the son of a nobleman, the husband of an heiress, and has sat and dined at tables where you and I, Master David, are only allowed to view the plate by favour of the butler. I have lent him thousands, and been well paid. The last thing I had from him was his court suit; and I hold now his bill for one hundred pounds that will be paid, I expect, when he dies."

"Why, what nonsense you are talking! you must be dreaming this morning. However, we are alone, I'll light a weed, in defiance of Railway law, you shall spin that yarn; for, true or untrue, it will fill up the time to Liverpool."

"As for yarn," replied Balance, "the whole story is short enough; and as for truth, that you may easily find out if you like to take the trouble. I thought the poor wretch was dead, and I own it put me out meeting him this morning, for I had a curious dream last night."

"Oh, hang your dreams! Tell us about this gentleman beggar that bleeds you of half-crowns—that melts the heart even of a pawnbroker!"

"Well, then, that beggar is the illegitimate son of the late Marquis of Hoopborough by a Spanish lady of rank. He received a first-rate education, and was brought up in his father's house. At a very early age he obtained an appointment in a public office, was presented by the marquis at court, and received into the first society, where his handsome person and agreeable manners made him a great favourite. Soon after coming of age, he married the daughter of Sir E. Bumper, who brought him a very handsome fortune, which was strictly settled on herself. They lived in splendid style, kept several carriages, a house in town, and a place in the country. For some reason or other, idleness, or to please his lady's pride he said, he resigned his appointment. His father died, and left him nothing; indeed, he seemed at that time very handsomely provided for.

"Very soon Mr. and Mrs. Molinos Fitz-Roy began to disagree. She was cold, correct—he was hot and random. He was quite dependant on her, and she made him feel it. When he began to get into debt, he came to me. At length some shocking quarrel occurred; some case of jealousy on the wife's side, not without reason, I believe; and the end of it was Mr. Fitz-Roy was turned out of doors. The house was his wife's, the furniture was his wife's, and the fortune was his wife's—he was, in fact, her pensioner. He left with a few hundred pounds ready money, and some personal jewellery, and went to an hotel. On

these and credit he lived. Being illegitimate, he had no relations; being a fool, when he spent his money he lost his friends. The world took his wife's part, when they found she had the fortune, and the only parties who interfered were her relatives, who did their best to make the quarrel incurable. To crown all, one night he was run over by a cab, was carried to a hospital, and lay there for months, and was during several weeks of the time unconscious. A message to the wife, by the hands of one of his debauched companions, sent by a humane surgeon, obtained an intimation that 'if he died, Mr. Croak, the undertaker to the family, had orders to see to the funeral,' and that Mrs. Molinos was on the point of starting for the Continent, not to return for some years. When Fitz-Roy was discharged, he came to me limping on two sticks, to pawn his court suit, and told me his story. I was really sorry for the fellow, such a handsome, thoroughbred-looking man. He was going then into the west somewhere, to try to hunt out a friend. 'What to do, Balance,' he said, 'I don't know. I can't dig, and unless somebody will make me their gamekeeper, I must starve, or beg, as my Jezebel bade me when we parted!'

"I lost sight of Molinos for a long time, and when I next came upon him it was in the Rookery of Westminster, in a low lodging-house, where I was searching with an officer for stolen goods. He was pointed out to me as the 'gentleman cadger,' because he was so free with his money when 'in luck.' He recognised me, but turned away then. I have since seen him, and relieved him more than once, although he never asks for anything. How he lives, Heaven knows. Without money, without friends, without useful education of any kind, he tramps the country, as you saw him, perhaps doing a little hop-picking or hay-making, in season, only happy when he obtains the means to get drunk. I have heard through the kitchen whispers that you know come to me, that he is entitled to some property; and I expect if he were to die his wife would pay the hundred pound bill I hold; at any rate, what I have told you I know to be true, and the bundle of rags I relieved just now is known in every thieves' lodging in England as the 'gentleman cadger.'"

This story produced an impression on me, —I am fond of speculation, and like the excitement of a legal hunt as much as some do a fox-chase. A gentleman a beggar, a wife rolling in wealth, rumours of unknown property due to the husband: it seemed as if there were pickings for me amidst this carrion of pauperism.

Before returning from Liverpool, I had purchased the gentleman beggar's acceptance from Balance. I then inserted in the "Times" the following advertisement: "*Horatio Molinos Fitz-Roy.*—If this gentleman will apply to David Discount, Esq., Solicitor, St. James's, he will hear of something to his advantage.

Any person furnishing Mr. F.'s correct address, shall receive 1*l.* 1*s.* reward. He was last seen," &c. Within twenty-four hours I had ample proof of the wide circulation of the "Times." My office was besieged with beggars of every degree, men and women, lame and blind, Irish, Scotch, and English, some on crutches, some in bowls, some in go-carts. They all knew him as "the gentleman," and I must do the regular fraternity of tramps the justice to say that not one would answer a question until he made certain that I meant the "gentleman" no harm.

One evening, about three weeks after the appearance of the advertisement, my clerk announced "another beggar." There came in an old man leaning upon a staff, clad in a soldier's great coat all patched and torn, with a battered hat, from under which a mass of tangled hair fell over his shoulders and half concealed his face. The beggar, in a weak, wheezy, hesitating tone, said, "You have advertised for Molinos Fitzroy. I hope you don't mean him any harm; he is sunk, I think, too low for enmity now; and surely no one would sport with such misery as his." These last words were uttered in a sort of piteous whisper.

I answered quickly, "Heaven forbid I should sport with misery; I mean and hope to do him good, as well as myself."

"Then, Sir, I am Molinos Fitz-Roy!"

While we were conversing caudles had been brought in. I have not very tender nerves—my head would not agree with them—but I own I started and shuddered when I saw and knew that the wretched creature before me was under thirty years of age and once a gentleman. Sharp, aquiline features, reduced to literal skin and bone, were begrimed and covered with dry fair hair; the white teeth of the half-open mouth chattered with eagerness, and made more hideous the foul pallor of the rest of the countenance. As he stood leaning on a staff half bent, his long, yellow bony fingers clasped over the crutch-head of his stick, he was indeed a picture of misery, famine, squalor, and premature age, too horrible to dwell upon. I made him sit down, sent for some refreshment which he devoured like a ghoul, and set to work to unravel his story. It was difficult to keep him to the point; but with pains I learned what convinced me that he was entitled to some property, whether great or small there was no evidence. On parting, I said "Now Mr. F., you must stay in town while I make proper enquiries. What allowance will be enough to keep you comfortably?"

He answered humbly after much pressing, "Would you think ten shillings too much?"

I don't like, if I do those things at all, to do them shabbily, so I said, "Come every Saturday and you shall have a pound." He was profuse in thanks of course, as all such men are as long as distress lasts.

I had previously learned that my ragged client's wife was in England, living in a

splendid house in Hyde Park Gardens, under her maiden name. On the following day the Earl of Owing called upon me, wanting five thousand pounds by five o'clock the same evening. It was a case of life or death with him, so I made my terms and took advantage of his pressure to execute a *coup de main*. I proposed that he should drive me home to receive the money, calling at Mrs. Molinos in Hyde Park Gardens, on our way. I knew that the coronet and liveries of his father, the Marquis, would ensure me an audience with Mrs. Molinos Fitz-Roy.

My scheme answered. I was introduced into the lady's presence. She was, and probably is, a very stately, handsome woman, with a pale complexion, high solid forehead, regular features, thin, pinched, self-satisfied mouth. My interview was very short. I plunged into the middle of the affair, but had scarcely mentioned the word husband, when she interrupted me with "I presume you have lent this profligate person money, and want me to pay you." She paused, and then said, "He shall not have a farthing." As she spoke, her white face became scarlet.

"But, Madam, the man is starving. I have strong reasons for believing he is entitled to property, and if you refuse any assistance, I must take other measures." She rang the bell, wrote something rapidly on a card; and, as the footman appeared, pushed it towards me across the table, with the air of touching a toad, saying, "There, Sir, is the address of my solicitors; apply to them if you think you have any claim. Robert, show the person out, and take care he is not admitted again."

So far I had effected nothing; and, to tell the truth, felt rather crest-fallen under the influence of that grand manner peculiar to certain great ladies and to all great actresses.

My next visit was to the attorneys Messrs. Leasem and Fashun, of Lincoln's Inn Square, and there I was at home. I had had dealings with the firm before. They are agents for half the aristocracy, who always run in crowds like sheep after the same wine-merchants, the same architects, the same horse-dealers, and the same law-agents. It may be doubted whether the quality of law and land management they get on this principle is quite equal to their wine and horses. At any rate, my friends of Lincoln's Inn, like others of the same class, are distinguished by their courteous manners, deliberate proceedings, innocence of legal technicalities, long credit and heavy charges. Leasem, the elder partner, wears powder and a huge bunch of seals, lives in Queen Square, drives a brougham, gives the dinners and does the cordial department. He is so strict in performing the latter duty, that he once addressed a poacher who had shot a Duke's keeper, as "my dear creature," although he afterwards hung him.

Fashun has chambers in St. James Street, drives a cab, wears a tip, and does the grand haha style.

My business lay with Leasem. The interviews and letters passing were numerous. However, it came at last to the following dialogue:—

“Well, my dear Mr. Discount,” began Mr. Leasem, who hates me like poison. “I’m really very sorry for that poor dear Molinos—knew his father well; a great man, a perfect gentleman; but you know what women are, eh, Mr. Discount? My client won’t advance a shilling, she knows it would only be wasted in low dissipation. Now don’t you think (this was said very insinuatingly)—don’t you think he had better be sent to the workhouse; very comfortable accommodation there, I can assure you—meat twice a week, and excellent soup; and then, Mr. D., we might consider about allowing you something for that bill.”

“Mr. Leasem, can you reconcile it to your conscience to make such an arrangement. Here’s a wife rolling in luxury, and a husband starving!”

“No, Mr. Discount, not starving; there is the workhouse, as I observed before; besides, allow me to suggest that these appeals to feeling are quite unprofessional—quite unprofessional.”

“But, Mr. Leasem, touching this property which the poor man is entitled to.”

“Why, there again, Mr. D., you must excuse me; you really must. I don’t say he is, I don’t say he is not. If you know he is entitled to property, I am sure you know how to proceed; the law is open to you, Mr. Discount—the law is open; and a man of your talent will know how to use it.”

“Then, Mr. Leasem, you mean that I must, in order to right this starving man, file a Bill of Discovery, to extract from you the particulars of his rights. You have the Marriage Settlement, and all the information, and you decline to allow a pension, or afford any information; the man is to starve, or go to the workhouse?”

“Why, Mr. D., you are so quick and violent, it really is not professional; but you see (here a subdued smile of triumph), it has been decided that a solicitor is not bound to afford such information as you ask, to the injury of his client.”

Then you mean that this poor Molinos may rot and starve, while you keep secret from him, at his wife’s request, his title to an income, and that the Court of Chancery will back you in this iniquity?”

I kept repeating the word “starve,” because I saw it made my respectable opponent wince. “Well, then, just listen to me. I know that in the lappy state of our equity law, Chancery can’t help my client; but I have another plan; I shall go hence to my office, issue a writ, and take your client’s husband in execution—as soon as he is lodged in jail, I shall file his schedule in the Insolvent Court, and when he comes up for his discharge, I shall put you in the witness-box, and examine you on oath, ‘touching any property of which you know

the insolvent to be possessed,’ and where will be your privileged communications then?”

The respectable Leasem’s face lengthened in a twinkling, his comfortable confident air vanished, he ceased twiddling his gold chain, and at length he muttered, “Suppose we pay the debt?”

“Why then, I’ll arrest him the day after for another.”

“But, my dear Mr. Discount, surely such conduct would not be quite respectable?”

“That’s my business; my client has been wronged, I am determined to right him, and when the aristocratic firm of Leasem and Fashun takes refuge according to the custom of respectable repudiators, in the cool arbour of the Court of Chancery, why, a mere bill-discounting attorney like David Discount need not hesitate about cutting a bludgeon out of the Insolvent Court.”

“Well, well, Mr. D., you are so warm—so fiery; we must deliberate, we must consult. You will give me until the day after tomorrow, and then we’ll write you our final determination; in the mean time, send us copy of your authority to act for Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy.”

Of course I lost no time in getting the gentleman beggar to sign a proper letter.

On the appointed day came a communication with the L. and F. seal, which I opened not without unprofessional eagerness. It was as follows:

“In re Molinos Fitz-Roy and Another.”

“Sir,—In answer to your application on behalf of Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy, we beg to inform you that under the administration of a paternal aunt who died intestate, your client is entitled to two thousand five hundred pounds eight shillings and sixpence, Three per Cents.; one thousand five hundred pounds nineteen shillings and fourpence, Three per Cents. Reduced; one thousand pounds, Long Annuities; five hundred pounds, Bank Stock; three thousand five hundred pounds, India Stock, besides other securities, making up about ten thousand pounds, which we are prepared to transfer over to Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy’s direction forthwith.”

Here was a windfall! It quite took away my breath.

At dusk came my gentleman beggar, and what puzzled me was how to break the news to him. Being very much overwhelmed with business that day, I had not much time for consideration. He came in rather better dressed than when I first saw him, with only a week’s beard on his chin; but, as usual, not quite sober. Six weeks had elapsed since our first interview. He was still the humble, trembling, low-voiced creature, I first knew him.

After a prelude, I said, “I find, Mr. F., you are entitled to something; pray, what do you mean to give me in addition to my bill, for obtaining it?” He answered rapidly, “Oh,

take half: if there is one hundred pounds, take half; if there is five hundred pounds, take half."

"No, no; Mr. F., I don't do business in that way, I shall be satisfied with ten per cent."

It was so settled. I then led him out into the street, impelled to tell him the news, yet dreading the effect; not daring to make the revelation in my office, for fear of a scene.

I began hesitatingly, "Mr. Fitz-Roy I am happy to say that I find you are entitled to . . . ten thousand pounds!"

"Ten thousand pounds!" he echoed. "Ten thousand pounds!" he shrieked. "Ten thousand pounds!" he yelled; seizing my arm violently. "You are a brick,—Here, cab! cab!" Several drove up—the shout might have been heard a mile off. He jumped in the first.

"Where to?" said the driver.

"To a tailor's, you rascal!"

"Ten thousand pounds! ha, ha, ha!" he repeated hysterically, when in the cab; and every moment grasping my arm. Presently he subsided, looked me straight in the face, and muttered with agonising fervour, "What a jolly brick you are!"

The tailor, the hosier, the bootmaker, the hair-dresser, were in turn visited by this poor pagan of externals. As by degrees under their hands he emerged from the beggar to the gentleman, his spirits rose; his eyes brightened; he walked erect, but always nervously grasping my arm; fearing, apparently, to lose sight of me for a moment, lest his fortune should vanish with me. The impatient pride with which he gave his order to the astonished tradesman for the finest and best of everything, and the amazed air of the fashionable hairdresser when he presented his matted locks and stubble chiu, to be "cut and shaved," may be *acted*—it cannot be described.

By the time the external transformation was complete, and I sat down in a *Café* in the Haymarket opposite a haggard but handsome thoroughbred-looking man, whose air, with the exception of the wild eyes and deeply browned face, did not differ from the stereotyped men about town sitting around us, Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy had already almost forgotten the past; he bullied the waiter, and criticised the wine, as if he had done nothing else but dine and drink and scold there all the days of his life.

Once he wished to drink my health, and would have proclaimed his whole story to the coffee-room assembly, in a raving style. When I left he almost wept in terror at the idea of losing sight of me. But, allowing for these ebullitions—the natural result of such a whirl of events—he was wonderfully calm and self-possessed.

The next day, his first care was to distribute fifty pounds among his friends the cadgers, at a house of call in Westminster, and

formally to dissolve his connection with them; those present undertaking for the "fraternity," that for the future he should never be noticed by them in public or private.

I cannot follow his career much further. Adversity had taught him nothing. He was soon again surrounded by the well-bred vampires who had forgotten him when penniless; but they amused him, and that was enough. The ten thousand pounds were rapidly melting when he invited me to a grand dinner at Richmond, which included a dozen of the most agreeable, good-looking, well-dressed dandies of London, interspersed with a display of pretty butterfly bonnets. We dined deliciously, and drank as men do of iced wines in the dog-days—looking down from Richmond Hill.

One of the pink bonnets crowned Fitz-Roy with a wreath of flowers; he looked—less the intellect—as handsome as Alcibiades. Intensely excited and flushed, he rose with a champagne glass in his hand to propose my health.

The oratorical powers of his father had not descended on him. Jerking out sentences by spasms, at length he said, "I was a beggar—I am a gentleman—thanks to this—"

Here he leaned on my shoulder heavily a moment, and then fell back. We raised him, loosened his neckcloth—

"Fainted!" said the ladies—

"Drunk!" said the gentlemen—

He was *dead*!

CHIPS.

FAMILY COLONISATION LOAN SOCIETY.

IF on any Saturday you should chance to find your way to Charlton Crescent, an obscure thoroughfare lying between the road from Islington to Holloway and the New River, not far from the Angel, you will see several men and women dropping into a small house, the parlour window of which contains a printed bill with the above words. The callers are chiefly of the decent mechanic class, and not a few travellers from the country,—pilgrims in search of truth about emigration. Saturday is the day on which the subscriptions of emigrants desiring to avail themselves of the Family Colonisation Loan Society are received.

And what is the Colonisation Loan Society? The question is worth asking.

It is an association—devised by Mrs. Chisholm, and to be speedily carried out extensively with the aid of several philanthropists, and the advice of two eminent actuaries—for establishing a self-supporting system of emigration, for assisting industrious people, and for promoting practically the spread of sound moral principles in a much neglected colony.

Persons desirous of emigrating form themselves into "groups," after being mutually

satisfied of their respective suitability and respectability. Each intending emigrant pays, either in one sum or by weekly instalments, as much as will amount to half the passage-money to Australia. The philanthropists of the society lend the other half to be repaid by four annual instalments,—each family becoming jointly bound for the sums lent to each member of that family, and each group being publicly pledged to assist in enforcing punctual repayments.

The details for securing repayment of the loans have been arranged by Mrs. Chisholm, and are the result of her large practical experience. Each emigrant, when he has paid back his loan, will have the privilege of nominating a relation or friend to be assisted in emigrating with the same amount of money. Thus, the original charitable fund will work in a circle of colonisation, at the mere sacrifice of annual interest. That emigrants among the humble classes are willing to remit for the purpose of assisting their friends and relations to follow them, is proved by the fact that, within the last three years, upwards of one million sterling has been remitted by the Irish emigrants from the United States alone, in small sums, to pay the passage of parents, brothers, sisters, wives, or sweet-hearts in Ireland. Australia, in proportion to its population, affords even greater opportunities of earning money wages than the United States.

Mrs. Chisholm's plan offers several advantages of an important character. It will enable many to emigrate who, though frugal and industrious, are not only unable to raise the *whole* passage money; but, during temporary trade-depressions, would be consuming their savings. It will keep families united, and cherish an honourable, independent spirit. It will secure a class of emigrants calculated to improve the moral tone of the colony; for, as the character of each emigrant will be investigated by his fellows, there will be no room for the deceptions practised on the wealthy charitable. The certificate of shop-mates with whom a man has worked, is more to be trusted than that of the clergyman who has only seen him in his Sunday clothes. It will afford the best kind of protection for young girls or single women desirous of joining friends in Australia, because each ship will be filled with "groups" previously acquainted and mutually *sifted*. Among minor advantages, the cost of passage and outfit, by the aid of co-operation and communication, will be much diminished.

The two following instances will display the practical working of Mrs. Chisholm's plan. Among the applicants to join the Society (for already the working-classes are prepared to subscribe two thousand pounds) was an artisan in the North, belonging to a trade which "strikes" periodically. When contemplating these "strikes," the leaders of the trade base their financial arrangements for support-

ing the body while out of work, upon the savings made by the more frugal of their associates. The artisan in question being a Teetotaler and skilful, had three times been able to save from fifteen to twenty pounds, with the express design of emigrating; but twice his stock of cash had been melted in the common treasury during strikes. With the assistance of a loan from the Society, he will now be able to emigrate. There can be no fear of such a man not repaying it honourably. Had he been able to emigrate a few years ago, he must have been wealthy by this time, and in a position to help all his relatives to join him.

Again, a benevolent Dowager Countess has subscribed two hundred and twenty-five pounds to this Society; a sum which has been appropriated to assisting the following parties in making up their passage-money to Australia. Let us see what this money will do:—

It will send three wives with nine children, out to join husbands in Australia.

Two aged widows who have children there.

Ditto a man and wife, who have children there.

M. and wife, with five children.

H. and wife.

P. and wife, with three children.

L. and wife, with seven children. (This man has received the insufficient sum of fifty pounds to pay his passage from a brother in Australia.)

W. and wife, with four children (have received twenty-five pounds from Australia for same purpose).

Five young men, of whom three have relations in the Colony.

Nine friendless young women, of whom four have relations there.

Thus it will be seen this two hundred and twenty-five pound loan affords

A passage, to Adults	31
Children	28
Total	59

At the end of the first year after the arrival of these persons, there will be available for assisting other friends and relatives of this batch of fifty-nine to join them, about forty pounds; at the end of the second year, about sixty pounds; third year, about eighty pounds; fourth year, about one hundred and twenty pounds.

This system sacrifices no independence; incurs scarcely any weight of obligation. It affords the best possible kind of assistance; for it helps those who help themselves, and puts it in their power to help their fellows.

THE STRANGERS' LEAF FOR 1851.

AMONG the myriads of products of art, science, and manufactures, to be congregated under Mr. Paxton's great glass house in Hyde Park next year, it is to be hoped that the newspaper press will not be unrepresented. We do not mean model morning papers, displaying several square acres of advertisements, or news conveyed from the other hemisphere,

by steam and electricity, since the previous morning; but a modest sheet, in the humble guise of a miniature Morning Post (like the Morning Post of old), for the registry of the names and "up-puttings" of the tens of thousands of strangers who will inevitably be thrusting themselves into London, like needles in bundles of hay, where nobody can find them. Such a humble record as we propose already exists, and we will describe it:—

About three years since, a brother of the well-known German philosopher, Heine, established a paper in Vienna, called the "*Fremden Blatt*," or "Strangers' Leaf." One of its chief objects is to give the names and residences of such strangers as arrive daily in the capital, and the dates of their departure. It is printed on a sheet about the size of a lady's pocket-handkerchief. It costs rather less than a penny; the expenses of conducting it are trifling, and its circulation is very extensive. There is not an hotel or coffee-house, not a lounge, or a pastry-cook's shop (the chief place of resort in Vienna), which does not take it in, and indeed, among the idlers and triflers—a very large class of every population—it is the only paper read at all.

It will, perhaps, however, give a better idea of it to analyse the contents of the number for July 31st, 1850, now before us. The first column, and two-thirds of the second, is devoted to intelligence connected with Austria and the provinces; all short paragraphs, most of them of only three or four lines. Their matter concerns the movements of persons of note, and such military and civil appointments, promotions, and retirements, as are likely to be of general interest. If they touch upon any other news, the bare fact is related without comment of any kind. In the next column, Foreign news—including the exciting intelligence from Schleswig-Holstein—are disposed of in a dozen paragraphs, containing, however, quite as much as it is necessary to know to be on equal terms with one's friends after dinner. Then come the domestic *on dits* of Vienna with the current topics of conversation and a spice or two of scandal; by no means to be imitated here, or anywhere else. Births, deaths, marriages, accidents and offences, follow. All this is, however, merely the prelude. The rise and fall of nations, the mere change of a dynasty, or the details of an earthquake, are but accessories to the grand aim, end, and purpose of the *Fremden Blatt's* existence. As Sarah Battle relaxed from the serious business of whist, to unbend over a book, so the editor of the Strangers' Leaf dallies with the great globe itself and its most terrific catastrophes to recreate the minds of his readers previous to the study of—"arrivals and departures." Upon these the editor fastens all his care—all his genius. They are alphabetically arranged with great precision. They are his leading article. Should a mistake occur in geography, or should he be a few thousands out in his statistics, it is nothing;

but the accidental mis-spelling of a title of ten syllables; if he happen to leave out a "z" in the name of Count Sczorowszantzski; he inserts, next morning, an apologetic "erratum" of great length.

The utility of such a register in London, at the approaching Industrial Fair, as we presume to call it, is easily seen. Let us suppose Count Smorltork arriving in England with the intention of writing an account of the Exposition. He has only a few days to make his observations; and it is not till he has driven half over London, that he discovers of Lord Tomnoddy and Sir Carnaby Jenks—from whom he expects to derive his chief information—that one is at Leamington, and the other in Scotland. Or we may imagine Dr. Dommheit, with the grave Senor Eriganados, and their volatile coadjutor, M. de Tête-vide, arriving in our capital on a scientific excursion. It costs them a month's income in messengers and cab-fares, and a week's waiting while their strangely spelt letters are deciphered at the Post-Office, before they learn that Mr. Crypt is off with Lord Rhomboid and the Chrononhotonthologos Society, somewhere in the provinces; Dr. Dryasdust is looking for antiquities in the Hebrides; and the oracle of their tribe, Earl Everlasting—having been left alone with the secretary and the porter at the sixth hour of the reading of his paper on the antediluvian organisms of a piece of slate—has gone down to his "place" in Dorsetshire in a huff. On the other hand, the famous Dr. Ledern Langweile, Monsieur de Papillon-Sauvage, and the great Condé Hermosa-Muchacha-Quieres, are going crazy because they cannot find each other; yet all are perhaps dwelling within a stone's throw of each other; perhaps in the same street or square—most probably Leicester Square, which they have been given to understand is the most fashionable quarter of the town. This is exactly the condition of things which may be expected without such a register of names and addresses as we suggest.

To our own men about town, also, or to "ladies of condition," as Addison's Spectator has it, the Strangers' Leaf will be invaluable. None have so little time as the idle; and how severely Indolence will have to work for the benefit of its foreign and provincial friends in 1851, it must tremble to anticipate. To relieve it a little, some such means as we suggest should be adopted, for allowing Indolence to find out easily those strangers who have been recommended to his attention and good offices. One glance at a list of "arrivals" would save it a world of trouble.

The duties of the editor of the "London Strangers' Leaf" would not be very onerous. The names and intended addresses of every individual coming from abroad it will not be difficult to obtain. To reach us Islanders every visitor must arrive by sea, and at each port we are blessed with a custom-house. The

captain of every steamer is bound for custom-house purposes to have the name of each of his passengers set down in a sort of Way-bill; and, for a slight consideration, the person who performs that office (generally the steward), would doubtless learn and add the address to which each of the passengers is going in London. An arrangement with a custom-house clerk at each of the ports could be made for forwarding daily a copy of the list. Thus a complete record of arrivals from abroad could be obtained with little trouble. The names and lodgings of persons from the provinces would be more difficult of access; but a good understanding with hotel-keepers, and some assistance from the "Lodging-house Committee" (for of course there will be one,) of the Executive of the Great Congress, would insure the editor a tolerably complete "List of the Company" who assemble, even from the country. The "Strangers' Leaf" might be published early each afternoon so as to give the arrivals of the morning.

It is not to be doubted that at the essentially Industrial Meeting of 1851, the *Chevaliers d'Industrie* of all nations will make it their especial business to attend in large numbers. Their names, personal appearance, addresses, and achievements, it would be very useful to record in "the Strangers' Leaf." To our excellent friends the Detectives the benefit would be great and reciprocal: for they would not only derive, but contribute much useful information. As a kind of "Hue and Cry," of a more refined and fashionable kind, the proposed sheet would be invaluable.

Should any enterprising gentleman, literary or otherwise, make the experiment, it may possibly turn out not only useful but profitable. Should such a speculation be deemed too undignified, we would silence the objection with a remark from Macaulay's Essay on the life of Bacon, to the effect that Nothing is too insignificant for the attention of the wisest, which may be of advantage to the smallest in the community.

NO HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

It is an extraordinary fact that among the innumerable medical charities with which this country abounds, there is not one for the help of those who of all others most require succour, and who must die, and do die in thousands, neglected, unaided. There are hospitals for the cure of every possible ailment or disease known to suffering humanity, but not one for the reception of persons past cure. There are, indeed, small charities for incurables scattered over the country—like the asylum for a few females afflicted with incurable diseases, at Leith, which was built, and solely supported by Miss Gladstone; and a few hospital wards, like the Cancer ward of Middlesex, and the ward for seven incurable patients in the Westminster; but a large hospital for incurables, does not exist.

The case of a poor servant girl which lately

came to our knowledge, is the case of thousands. She was afflicted with a disease to which the domestics of the middle classes, especially, are very liable—white swelling of the knee. On presenting herself at the hospitals, it was found that an operation would be certain death; and that, in short, being incurable, she could not be admitted. She had no relations; and crawling back to a miserable lodging, she lay helpless till her small savings were exhausted. Privations of the severest kind followed; and despite the assistance of some benevolent persons who learnt her condition when it was too late, she died a painful and wretched death.

It is indeed a marvellous oversight of benevolence that sympathy should have been so long withheld from precisely the sufferers who most need it. Hopeless pain, allied to hopeless poverty, is a condition of existence not to be thought of without a shudder. It is a slow journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from which we save even the greatest criminals.

When the law deems it necessary to deprive a human being of life, the anguish, though sharp, is short. We do not doom him to the lingering agony with which innocent misfortune is allowed to make its slow descent into the grave.

SORROWS AND JOYS.

Bury thy sorrows, and they shall rise
As souls to the immortal skies,
And then look down like mothers' eyes.

But let thy joys be fresh as flowers,
That suck the honey of the showers,
And bloom alike on huts and towers.

So shall thy days be sweet and bright,—
Solemn and sweet thy starry night,—
Conscious of love each change of light.

The stars will watch the flowers asleep,
The flowers will feel the soft stars weep,
And both will mix sensations deep.

With these below, with those above,
Sits evermore the brooding Dove,
Uniting both in bonds of love.

Children of Earth are these; and those
The spirits of intense repose—
Death radiant o'er all human woes.

For both by nature are akin;—
Sorrow, the ashen fruit of sin,
And joy, the juice of life within.

O, make thy sorrows holy—wise—
So shall their buried memories rise,
Celestial, e'en in mortal skies.

O, think what then had been their doom,
If all unshriven—without a tomb—
They had been left to haunt the gloom!

O, think again what they will be
Beneath God's bright serenity,
When thou art in eternity!

For they, in their salvation, know
No vestige of their former woe,
While thro' them all the Heavens do flow.

Thus art thou wedded to the skies,
And watched by ever-loving eyes,
And warned by yearning sympathies.

THE HOME OF WOODRUFFE THE GARDENER.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"How pleased the boy looks, to be sure!" observed Woodruffe to his wife, as his son Allan caught up little Moss (as Maurice had chosen to call himself before he could speak plain) and made him jump from the top of the drawers upon the chair, and then from the chair to the ground. "He is making all that racket just because he is so pleased he does not know what to do with himself."

"I suppose he will forgive Fleming now for carrying off Abby," said the mother. "I say, Allan, what do you think now of Abby marrying away from us?"

"Why, I think it's a very good thing. You know she never told me that we should go and live where she lived, and in such a pretty place, too, where I may have a garden of my own, and see what I can make of it—all fresh from the beginning, as father says."

"You are to try your hand at the business, I know," replied the mother, "but I never heard your father, nor any one else, say that the place was a pretty one. I did not think new railway stations had been pretty places at all."

"It sounds so to him, naturally," interposed Woodruffe. "He hears of a south aspect, and a slope to the north for shelter, and the town seen far off; and that sounds all very pleasant. And then, there is the thought of the journey, and the change, and the fun of getting the ground all into nice order, and, best of all, the seeing his sister so soon again. Youth is the time for hope and joy, you know, love."

And Woodruffe began to whistle, and stepped forward to take his turn at jumping Moss, whom he carried in one flight from the top of the drawers to the floor. Mrs. Woodruffe smiled, as she thought that youth was not the only season, with some people, for hope and joy.

Her husband, always disposed to look on the bright side, was particularly happy this evening. The lease of his market-garden ground was just expiring. He had prospered on it; and would have desired nothing better than to live by it as long as he lived at all. He desired this so much that he would not believe a word of what people had been saying for two years past, that his ground would be wanted by his landlord on the expiration of the lease, and that it would not be let again. His wife had long foreseen this; but not till the last moment would he do what she thought should have been done long before—

offer to buy the ground. At the ordinary price of land, he could accomplish the purchase of it; but when he found his landlord unwilling to sell, he bid higher and higher, till his wife was so alarmed at the rashness, that she was glad when a prospect of entire removal opened. Woodruffe was sure that he could have paid off all he offered at the end of a few years; but his partner thought it would have been a heavy burden on their minds, and a sad waste of money; and she was therefore, in her heart, obliged to the landlord for persisting in his refusal to sell.

When that was settled, Woodruffe became suddenly sure that he could pick up an acre or two of land somewhere not far off. But he was mistaken; and, if he had not been mistaken, market-gardening was no longer the profitable business it had been, when it enabled him to lay by something every year. By the opening of a railway, the townspeople, a few miles off, got themselves better supplied with vegetables from another quarter. It was this which put it into the son-in-law's head to propose the removal of the family into Staffordshire, where he held a small appointment on a railway. Land might be had at a low rent near the little country station where his business lay; and the railway brought within twenty minutes' distance a town where there must be a considerable demand for garden produce. The place was in a raw state at present; and there were so few houses, that, if there had been a choice of time, the Flemings would rather have put off the coming of the family till some of the cottages already planned had been built; but the Woodruffes must remove in September, and all parties agreed that they should not mind a little crowding for a few months. Fleming's cottage was to hold them all till some chance of more accommodation should offer.

"I'll tell you what," said Woodruffe, after standing for some time, half whistling and thinking, with that expression on his face which his wife had long learned to be afraid of, "I'll write to-morrow—let's see—I may as well do it to-night;" and he looked round for paper and ink. "I'll write to Fleming, and get him to buy the land for me at once."

"Before you see it?" said his wife, looking up from her stocking mending.

"Yes. I know all about it, as much as if I were standing on it this moment; and I am sick of this work—of being turned out just when I had made the most of a place, and got attached to it. I'll make a sure thing of it this time, and not have such a pull at my heartstrings again. And the land will be cheaper now than later; and we shall go to work upon it with such heart, if it is our own! Eh?"

"Certainly, if we find, after seeing it, that we like it as well as we expect. I would just wait till then."

"As well as we expect! Why, bless my soul! don't we know all about it? It is not any land-agent or interested person, that has described it to us; but our own daughter and her husband; and do not they know what we want? The quantity at my own choice; the aspect capital; plenty of water (only too much, indeed); the soil anything but poor, and sand and marl within reach to reduce the stiffness; and manure at command, all along the railway, from half-a-dozen towns; and osier-beds at hand (within my own bounds if I like) giving all manner of convenience for fencing, and binding, and covering! Why, what would you have?"

"It sounds very pleasant, certainly."

"Then, how can you make objections? I can't think where you look, to find any objections?"

"I see none now, and I only want to be sure that we shall find none when we arrive."

"Well! I do call that unreasonable! To expect to find any place on earth altogether unobjectionable! I wonder what objection could be so great as being turned out of one after another, just as we have got them into order. Here comes our girl. Well, Becky, I see how you like the news! Now, would not you like it better still if we were going to a place of our own, where we should not be under any landlord's whims? We should have to work, you know, one and all. But we would get the land properly manured, and have a cottage of our own in time; would not we? Will you undertake the pigs, Becky?"

"Yes, father; and there are many things I can do in the garden too. I am old and strong, now; and I can do much more than I have ever done here."

"Aye; if the land was our own," said Woodruffe, with a glance at his wife. She said no more, but was presently up-stairs putting Moss to bed. She knew, from long experience, how matters would go. After a restless night, Woodruffe spoke no more of buying the land without seeing it; and he twice said, in a meditative, rather than a communicative, way, that he believed it would take as much capital as he had to remove his family, and get his new land into fit condition for spring crops.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"You may look out now for the plaec. Look out for our new garden. We are just there now," said Woodruffe to the children as the whistle sounded, and the train was approaching the station. It had been a glorious autumn day from the beginning; and for the last hour, while the beauty of the light on fields and trees and water had been growing more striking, the children, tired with the novelty of all that they had seen since morning, had been dropping asleep. They roused up suddenly enough at the news that

they were reaching their new home; and thrust their heads to the windows, eagerly asking on which side they were to look for their garden. It was on the south, the left-hand side; but it might have been anywhere, for what they could see of it. Below the embankment was something like a sheet of grey water, spreading far away.

"It is going to be a foggy night," observed Woodruffe. The children looked into the air for the fog, which had always, in their experience, arrived by that way from the sea. The sky was all a clear blue, except where a pale green and a faint blush of pink streaked the west. A large planet beamed clear and bright; and the air was so transparent that the very leaves on the trees might almost be counted. Yet could nothing be seen below for the grey mist which was rising, from moment to moment.

Fleming met them as they alighted; but he could not stay till he had seen to the other passengers. His wife was there. She had been a merry hearted girl; and now, still so young, as to look as girlish as ever, she seemed even merrier than ever. She did not look strong, but she had hardly thrown off what she called "a little touch of the ague;" and she declared herself perfectly well when the wind was anywhere but in the wrong quarter. Allan wondered how the wind could go wrong. He had never heard of such a thing before. He had known the wind too high, when it did mischief among his father's fruit trees; but it had never occurred to him that it was not free to come and go whence and whither it would, without blame or objection.

"Come—come home," exclaimed Mrs. Fleming. "Never mind about your bags and boxes! My husband will take care of them. Let me show you the way home."

She let go the hands of the young brothers, and loaded them, and then herself, with parcels, that they might not think they were going to lose every thing, as she said; and then tripped on before to show the way. The way was down steps, from the highest of which two or three chimney-tops might be seen piercing the mist which hid everything else. Down, down, down went the party, by so many steps that little Moss began to totter under his bundle.

"How low this place lies!" observed the mother.

"Why, yes;" replied Mrs. Fleming. "And yet I don't know. I believe it is rather that the railway runs high."

"Yes, yes; that is it," said Woodruffe. "What an embankment this is! If this is to shelter my garden to the north—"

"Yes, yes, it is. I knew you would like it," exclaimed Mrs. Fleming. "I said you would be delighted. I only wish you could see your ground at once: but it seems rather foggy, and I suppose we must wait till the morning. Here we are at home."

The travellers were rather surprised to see how very small a house this "home" was. Though called a cottage, it had not the look of one. It was of a red brick, dingy, though evidently new: and, to all appearance, it consisted of merely a room below, and one above. On walking round it, however, a sloping roof in two directions gave a hint of further accommodation.

When the whole party had entered, and Mrs. Fleming had kissed them all round, her glance at her mother asked, as plainly as any words, "Is not this a pleasant room?"

"A pretty room, indeed, my dear," was the mother's reply, "and as nicely furnished as one could wish."

She did not say anything of the rust which her quick eye perceived on the fire-irons and the door-key, or of the damp which stained the walls just above the skirting-board. There was nothing amiss with the ceiling, or the higher parts of the walls,—so it might be an accident.

"But, my dear," asked the mother, seeing how sleepy Moss looked, "Where are you going to put us all? If we crowd you out of all comfort, I shall be sorry we came so soon."

As Mrs. Fleming led the way upstairs, she reminded her family of their agreement not to mind a little crowding for a time. If her mother thought there was not room for all the newly-arrived in this chamber, they could fit out a corner for Allan in the place where she and her husband were to sleep.

"All of us in this room?" exclaimed Becky.

"Yes, Becky; why not? Here, you see, is a curtain between your bed and the large one; and your bed is large enough to let little Moss sleep with you. And here is a morsel of a bed for Allan in the other corner; and I have another curtain ready to shut it in."

"But," said Becky, who was going on to object. Her mother stopped her by a sign.

"Or," continued Mrs. Fleming, "if you like to let Allan and his bed and curtain come down to our place, you will have plenty of room here; much more than my neighbours have, for the most part. How it will be when the new cottages are built, I don't know. We think them too small for new houses; but, meantime, there are the Brookes sleeping seven in a room no bigger than this, and the Vines six in one much smaller."

"How do they manage, now?" asked the mother. "In case of illness, say: and how do they wash and dress?"

"Ah! that is the worst part of it. I don't think the boys wash themselves—what we should call washing—for weeks together: or at least only on Saturday nights. So they slip their clothes on in two minutes; and then their mother and sisters can get up. But there is the pump below for Allan, and he can wash as much as he pleases."

It was not till the next day that Mrs. Woodruffe knew—and then it was Allan who told

her—that the pump was actually in the very place where the Flemings slept,—close by their bed. The Flemings were, in truth, sleeping in an outhouse, where the floor was of brick, the swill-tub stood in one corner, the coals were heaped in another, and the light came in from a square hole high up, which had never till now been glazed. Plenty of air rushed in under the door, and yet some more between the tiles,—there being no plaster beneath them. As soon as Mrs. Woodruffe had been informed of this, and had stepped in, while her daughter's back was turned, to make her own observations, she went out by herself for a walk,—so long a walk, that it was several hours before she reappeared, heated and somewhat depressed. She had roamed the country round, in search of lodgings; and finding none,—finding no occupier who really could possibly spare a room on any terms,—she had returned convinced that, serious as the expense would be, she and her family ought to settle themselves in the nearest town,—her husband going to his business daily by the third-class train, till a dwelling could be provided for them on the spot.

When she returned, the children were on the watch for her; and little Moss had strong hopes that she would not know him. He had a great cap of rushes on his head, with a heavy bulrush for a feather; he was stuck all over with water-flags and bulrushes, and carried a long osier wand, wherewith to flog all those who did not admire him enough in his new style of dress. The children were clamorous for their mother to come down, and see the nice places where they got these new playthings: and she would have gone, but that their father came up, and decreed it otherwise. She was heated and tired, he said; and he would not have her go till she was easy and comfortable enough to see things in the best light.

Her impression was that her husband was, more or less (and she did not know why), disappointed; but he did not say so. He would not hear of going off to the town, being sure that some place would turn up soon,—some place where they might put their heads at night; and the Flemings should be no losers by having their company by day. Their boarding all together, if the sleeping could but be managed, would be a help to the young couple,—a help which it was pleasant to him, as a father, to be able to give them. He said nothing about the land that was not in praise of it. Its quality was excellent; or would be when it had good treatment. It would take some time and trouble to get it into order,—so much that it would never do to live at a distance from it. Besides, no trains that would suit him ran at the proper hours; so there was an end of it. They must all rough it a little for a time, and expect their reward afterwards.

There was nothing that Woodruffe was so hard to please in as the time when he should

take his wife to see the ground. It was close at hand; yet he hindered her going in the morning, and again after their early dinner. He was anxious that she should not be prejudiced, or take a dislike at first; and in the morning, the fog was so thick that everything looked dank and dreary; and in the middle of the day, when a warm autumn sun had dissolved the mists, there certainly was a most disagreeable smell hanging about. It was not gone at sunset; but by that time Mrs. Woodruffe was impatient, and she appeared—Allan showing her the way—just when her husband was scraping his feet upon his spade, after a hard day of digging.

"There, now!" said he, good-humouredly, striking his spade into the ground, "Fleming said you would be down before we were ready for you: and here you are!—Yes, ready for you. There are some planks coming, to keep your feet out of the wet among all this clay."

"And yours too, I hope," said the wife. "I don't mind such wet, after rain, as you have been accustomed to; but to stand in a puddle like this is a very different thing."

"Yes—so 'tis. But we'll have the planks; and they will serve for running the wheelbarrow too. It is too much for Allan, or any boy, to run the barrow in such a soil as this. We'll have the planks first; and then we'll drain, and drain, and get rare spring crops."

"What have they given you this artificial pond for," asked the wife, "if you must drain so much?"

"That is no pond. All the way along here, on both sides the railway, there is the mischief of these pits. They dig out the clay for bricks, and then leave the places—pits like this, some of them six feet deep. The railways have done a deal of good for the poor man, and will do a great deal more yet; but, at present this one has left those pits."

"I hope Moss will not fall into one. They are very dangerous," declared the mother, looking about for the child.

"He is safe enough there, among the osiers," said the father. "He has lost his heart outright to the osiers. However, I mean to drain and fill up this pit, when I find a good outfall; and then we will have all high and dry, and safe for the children. I don't care so much for the pit as for the ditches there. Don't you notice the bad smell?"

"Yes, indeed, that struck me the first night."

"I have been inquiring to-day, and I find there is one acre in twenty hereabouts occupied with foul ditches like that. And then the overflow from them and the pits, spoils many an acre more. There is a stretch of water-flags and bulrushes, and nasty coarse grass and rushes, nothing but a swamp, where the ground is naturally as good as this; and, look here! Fleming was rather out, I tell him, when he wrote that I might graze a pony on the pasture below, whenever I have a market-

cart. I ask him if he expects me to water it here."

So saying, Woodruffe led the way to one of the ditches which, instead of fences, bounded his land; and, moving the mass of weeds with a stick, showed the water beneath, covered with a whitish bubbling scum, the smell of which was insufferable.

"There is plenty of manure there," said Woodruffe: "that is the only thing that can be said for it. We'll make manure of it, and sweep out the ditch, and deepen it, and narrow it, and not use up so many feet of good ground for a ditch that does nothing but poison us. A fence is better than a ditch any day. I'll have a fence, and still save ten feet of ground, the whole way down."

"There is a great deal to do here," observed the wife.

"And good reward when it is done," Woodruffe replied. "If I can fall in with a stout labourer, he and Allan and I can get our spring crops prepared for; and I expect they will prove the goodness of the soil. There is Fleming. Supper is ready, I suppose."

The children were called, but both were so wet and dirty that it took twice as long as usual to make them fit to sit at table; and apologies were made for keeping supper waiting. The grave half-hour before Moss's bedtime was occupied with the most solemn piece of instruction he had ever had in his life. His father carried him up to the railway, and made him understand the danger of playing there. He was never to play there. His father would go up with him once a day, and let him see a train pass: and this was the only time he was ever to mount the steps, except by express leave. Moss was put to bed in silence, with his father's deep, grave voice sounding in his ears.

"He will not forget it," declared his father. "He will give us no trouble about the railway. The next thing is the pit. Allan, I expect you to see that he does not fall into the pit. In time, we shall teach him to take care of himself; but you must remember, meanwhile, that the pit is six feet deep—deeper than I am high: and that the edge is the same clay that you slipped on so often this morning."

"Yes, father," said Allan, looking as grave as if power of life and death were in his hands.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

One fine morning in the next spring, there was more stir and cheerfulness about the Woodruffes' dwelling than there had been of late. The winter had been somewhat dreary; and now the spring was anxious; for Woodruffe's business was not, as yet, doing very well. His hope, when he bought his pony and cart, was to dispatch by railway to the town the best of his produce, and sell the commoner part in the country neighbourhood, sending his cart round within the reach of a few miles. As it turned out, he had nothing yet to send to the town, and his agent there

was vexed and displeased. No radishes, onions, early salads, or rhubarb were ready; and it would be sometime yet before they were.

"I am sure I have done everything I could," said Woodruffe to Fleming, as they both lent a hand to put the pony into the cart. "Nobody can say that I have not made drains enough, or that they are not deep enough; yet the frost has taken such a hold that one would think we were living in the north of Scotland, instead of in Staffordshire."

"It has not been a severe season either," observed Fleming.

"There 's the vexation," replied Woodruffe. "If it had been a season which set us at defiance, and made all sufferers alike, one must just submit to a loss, and go on again, like one's neighbours. But, you see, I am cut out, as my agent says, from the market. Everybody else has spring vegetables there, as usual. It is no use telling him that I never failed before. But I know what it is. It is yonder great ditch that does the mischief."

"Why, we have nothing to do with that."

"That is the very reason. If it was mine or yours, do you think I should not have taken it in hand long ago? All my draining goes for little while that shallow ditch keeps my ground a continual sop. It is all uneven along the bottom;—not the same depth for three feet together anywhere, and not deep enough by two feet in any part. So there it is, choked up and putrid; and, after an hour or two of rain, my garden gets such a soaking, that the next frost is destruction."

"I will speak about it again," said Fleming. "We must have it set right before next winter."

"I think we have seen enough of the uselessness of speaking," replied Woodruffe, gloomily. "If we tease the gentry any more, they may punish you for it. I would show them my mind by being off,—throwing up my bargain at all costs, if I had not put so much into the ground that I have nothing left to move away with."

"Don't be afraid for me," said Fleming, cheerfully. "It was chiefly my doing that you came here, and I must try my utmost to obtain fair conditions for you. We must remember that the benefit of your outlay has all to come."

"Yes; I can't say we have got much of it yet."

"By next winter," continued Fleming, "your privet hedges and screens will have grown up into some use against the frost; and your own drainage——. Come, come, Allan, my boy! be off! It is getting late."

Allan seemed to be idling, re-arranging his bunches of small radishes, and little bundles of rhubarb, in their clean baskets, and improving the stick with which he was to drive: but he pleaded that he was waiting for Moss, and for the parcel which his mother was getting ready for Becky.

"Ah! my poor little girl!" said Woodruffe. "Give my love to her, and tell her it will be a happy day when we can send for her to come home again. Be sure you observe particularly, to tell us, how she looks; and, mind, if she fancies anything in the cart,—any radishes, or whatever else, because it comes out of our garden, be sure you give it her. I wish I was going myself with the cart, for the sake of seeing Becky; but I must go to work. Here have I been all the while, waiting to see you off. Ah! here they come! you may always have notice now of who is coming by that child's crying."

"O, father! not always!" exclaimed Allan.

"Far too often, I'm sure. I never knew a child grow so fractious. I am saying, my dear," to his wife, who now appeared with her parcel, and Moss in his best hat, "that boy is the most fractious child we ever had: and he is getting too old for that to begin now. How can you spoil him so?"

"I am not aware," said Mrs. Woodruffe, her eyes filling with tears, "that I treat him differently from the rest: but the child is not well. His chilblains tease him terribly; and I wish there may be nothing worse."

"Warm weather will soon cure the chilblains, and then I hope we shall see an end of the fretting.—Now, leave off crying this minute, Moss, or you don't go. You don't see me cry with my rheumatism, and that is worse than chilblains, I can tell you."

Moss tried to stifle his sobs, while his mother put more straw into the cart for him, and cautioned Allan to be careful of him, for it really seemed as if the child was tender all over. Allan seemed to succeed best as comforter. He gave Moss the stick to wield, and showed him how to make believe to whip the pony, so that before they turned the corner, Moss was wholly engrossed with what he called driving.

"Yes, yes," said Woodruffe, as he turned away, to go to his garden, "Allan is the one to manage him. He can take as good care of him as any woman, without spoiling him."

Mrs. Woodruffe submitted to this in silence; but with the feeling that she did not deserve it.

Becky had had no notice of this visit from her brothers: but no such visit could take her by surprise; for she was thinking of her family all day long, every day, and fancying she should see them, whichever way she turned. It was not her natural destination to be a servant in a farm-house: she had never expected it,—never been prepared for it. She was as willing to work as any girl could be; and her help in the gardening was beyond what most women are capable of: but it was a bitter thing to her to go among strangers, and toil for them, when she knew that she was wanted at home by father and mother, and brothers, and just at present, by her sister too; for Mrs. Fleming's confinement was to happen this spring. The reason why Becky was not at home while so much wanted

there was, that there really was no accommodation for her. The plan of sleeping all huddled together as they were at first would not do. The girl herself could not endure it; and her parents felt that she must be got out at any sacrifice. They had inquired diligently till they found a place for her in a farm-house where the good wife promised protection, and care, and kindness; and fulfilled her promise to the best of her power.

"I hope they do well by you here, Becky," asked Allan, when the surprise caused by his driving up with a dash had subsided, and everybody had retired, to leave Becky with her brothers for the few minutes they could stay. "I hope they are kind to you here."

"O, yes,—very kind. And I am sure you ought to say so to father and mother."

Becky had jumped into the cart, and had her arms round Moss, and her head on his shoulder. Raising her head, and with her eyes filling as she spoke, she inquired anxiously how the new cottages went on, and when father and mother were to have a home of their own again. She owned, but did not wish her father and mother to hear of it, that she did not like being among such rough people as the farm servants. She did not like some of the behaviour that she saw; and, still less, such talk as she was obliged to overhear. When *would* a cottage be ready for them?

"Why, the new cottages would soon be getting on now," Allan said: but he didn't know; nobody fancied the look of them. He saw them just after the foundations were laid; and the enclosed parts were like a clay-puddle. He did not see how they were ever to be improved; for the curse of wet seemed to be on them, as upon everything about the Station. Fleming's cottage was the best he had seen, after all, if only it was twice as large. If anything could be done to make the new cottages what cottages should be, it would be done: for every body agreed that the railway gentlemen desired to do the best for their people, and to set an example in that respect: but it was beyond anybody's power to make wet clay as healthy as warm gravel. Unless they could go to work first to dry the soil, it seemed a hopeless sort of affair.

"But, I say, Becky," pursued Allan, "you know about my garden—that father gave me a garden of my own."

Becky's head was turned quite away; and she did not look round, when she replied,

"Yes; I remember. How does your garden get on?"

There was something in her voice which made her brother lean over and look into her face; and, as he expected, tears were running down her cheeks.

"There now!" said he, whipping the back of the cart with his stick; "something must be done, if you can't get on here."

"O! I can get on. Be sure you don't tell

mother that I can't get on, or anything about it."

"You look healthy, to be sure."

"To be sure I am. Don't say any more about it. Tell me about your garden."

"Well: I am trying what I can make of it, after I have done working with father. But it takes a long time to bring it round."

"What! is the wet there, too?"

"Lord, yes! The wet was beyond everything at first. I could not leave the spade in the ground ten minutes, if father called me, but the water was standing in the hole when I went back again. It is not so bad now, since I made a drain to join upon father's principal one; and father gave me some sand, and plenty of manure: but it seems to us that manure does little good. It won't sink in when the ground is so wet."

"Well, there will be the summer next, and that will dry up your garden."

"Yes. People say the smells are dreadful in hot weather, though. But we seem to get used to that. I thought it sickly work, just after we came, going down to get osiers, and digging near the big ditch that is our plague now: but somehow, it does not strike me now as it did then, though Fleming says it is getting worse every warm day. But come—I must be off. What will you help yourself to? And don't forget your parcel."

Becky's great anxiety was to know when her brothers would come again. O! very often, she was assured—oftener and oftener as the vegetables came forward: whenever there were either too many or too few to send to the town by rail.

After Becky had jumped down, the farmer and one of the men were seen to be contemplating the pony.

"What have you been giving your pony lately?" asked the farmer of Allan. "I ask as a friend, having some experience of this part of the country. Have you been letting him graze?"

"Yes, in the bit of meadow that we have leave for. There is a good deal of grass there, now. He has been grazing there these three weeks."

"On the meadow where the osier beds are? Ay! I knew it, by the look of him. Tell your father that if he does not take care, his pony will have the staggers in no time. An acquaintance of mine grazed some cattle there once; and in a week or two, they were all feverish, so that the butcher refused them on any terms; and I have seen more than one horse in the staggers, after grazing in marshes of that sort."

"There is fine thick grass there, and plenty of it," said Allan, who did not like that anybody but themselves should criticise their new place and plans.

"Ay, ay; I know," replied the farmer. "But if you try to make hay of that grass, you'll be surprised to find how long it takes to make, and how like wool it comes out at

last. It is a coarse grass, with no strength in it; and it must be a stronger beast than this that will bear feeding on it. Just do you tell your father what I say, that's all; and then he can do as he pleases: but I would take a different way with that pony, without loss of time, if it was mine."

Allan did not much like taking this sort of message to his father, who was not altogether so easy to please as he used to be. If anything vexed him ever so little, he always began to complain of his rheumatism—and he now complained of his rheumatism many times in a day. It was managed, however, by tacking a little piece of amusement and pride upon it. Moss was taught, all the way as they went home, after selling their vegetables, how much everything sold for; and he was to deliver the money to his father, and go through his lesson as gravely as any big man. It succeeded very well. Everybody laughed. Woodruffe called the child his little man-of-business; gave him a penny out of the money he brought; and when he found that the child did not like jumping as he used to do, carried him up to the railway to listen for the whistle, and see the afternoon train come up, and stop a minute, and go on again.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TEMPERANCE.

FROM MR. CHRISTOPHER SHRIMBLE.

"MR. CONDUCTOR,

"Sir, I take up my pen to tell you what's going to happen if the cause of temperance is to be allowed to have unlicensed power to unlicense all the public-houses. We have heard a good deal about the advantages of Temperance (and I don't deny them), but Mr. Ledru Rollin has taught me to look closer than ever to the dark side of things, and tee-totalism has its dark side like everything else; it is not all clear water, I can tell you. I look forward to the time when strong liquors will be abolished, and pot-houses taken from the corners of the streets or shifted from the sides of the road, and I say, 'how shall I find my way about?'

"For the fact is, Sir, public-houses are the great laud-marks of the country. Whether you are benighted in a Northumberland moor; lost in a Devonshire lane (the one thing in nature which it is well known has no end); whether you are cast away in a river; left without a clue upon Salisbury Plain; or reduced to a state of topographical despair in a Warwickshire wood; the first person you meet—be it he or she, gentle or simple, old or young, a genius or an idiot—will assuredly convince you that the only rural means of directing you are the names and signs of places of public entertainment. 'Go on straight till you come to the Green Lion, then turn to the left close to the Goat and Compasses, and after you have passed the Plough, bear off to the right; and, opposite the Jolly Gardeners, you will see a lane: go down that lane till

you have to cross a brook by the side of the Bottle and Bagpipes, and when you have got to the Three Whistles and Cockchafer further down, get over a stile next to the Tinker and Turkey-Cock, take the first to the left—and that's it.' Such were the directions by which I found my old friend, Groggles, last Monday. Without the signs I have mentioned, I never should have found Groggles to this day.

"Now, Sir, I trust the advocates of temperance will pause before they wash away the land-marks of England (Tooting included), in order to substitute water-marks. How are we to find our way about without signs, I wonder? for I suppose these will not be allowed to stand when the houses behind them are taken away. Do the great Father Mathews of this age intend—like the monks of old—to christen the wells, and to give names to the pumps, and springs, and fountains, and conduits? Indeed I hope they do; for these I venture to say will be the only taps they intend leaving to a future generation.

"Unless, Sir, they wish the topography of our native land to be utterly confused, and desire to make voluntary locomotion impossible (I call railways compulsory travelling, for you must go where they choose to take you), I do intreat of them to leave us their signs, whatever they do with the inns. Why not move the former to stand sponsors to their new-fangled watering places? Take the 'Puncheon of Rum' from what used to be the posting-house (before steam blew post-horses off the road) and stick it on the parish pump. Let wayside wells be ornamented with effigies of 'Toppers Heads'; transfer the 'Barrel of Beer' from the village inn to the village fountain, and the 'Jolly Full Bottle' from the alehouse to the conduit. Then, when a man comes to the picture of three drunken soldiers, and the inscription, 'The Rendezvous,' he will know it means a reservoir, or regular meeting of the waters. The 'Punch-Bowl,' in gold letters, will indicate a water-trough; the 'Black Jack' would give a significant license for water to be drunk on the premises; and the 'Sir John Barleycorn' would indicate that a good supply of the ale of our first parent is not far off.

"I do hope my suggestion will be complied with. The tavern signs of England are a great topographical institution. If they will not take them down, the Temperance Movement may do its worst for me. I, and a good many others who live out of town and don't carry lanterns at night, will still be able to find our way about, and the agricultural population will be able to show us when we have lost it. In that case, the Green Dragons, Marquises of Granby, Roses and Crowns, Bears and Buttermilks, Bulls in the Pounds, Stars and Stumps, with innumerable other signs dear to the eyes and ready to the tongues of unconverted tipplers for the behoof of way-beguiled strangers, would not be utterly

lost to the land. Without them, I venture to assert, in conclusion, in the words of the late Mr. Pope, England (Tooting included) will be 'a mighty maze without a plan.'

"I am, &c., &c.

"CHRISTOPHER SHRIMBLE.

"Paradise Row, Tooting."

THE LATE AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

TOWARDS the close of the last century there was a movement of settlers to the frontiers of Kentucky. The new comers to the then unsettled district were from various parts of the American continent, and each of the pioneers who thus cast his lot upon the extreme verge of civilisation made his account for holding his homestead by aid of his rifle, against the attacks of the denizens of the neighbouring forests. Sometimes the enemy was only in shape of a wolf or a bear—oftentimes in that of an Indian. In either case the farmer had to maintain his ground by the strong hand, in those days the only law that held sway in the backwoods. In such a state of affairs it is clear that none but bold spirits would venture to found a home on the frontier; yet such were not wanting; and amongst them was a farmer, who at an earlier period of his life had left the plough to take up arms in defence of American independence. In that rough and ready service he had gained the often quickly-acquired rank of Colonel; but the war ceasing, he, like others among his patriotic countrymen, quietly returned to his more peaceful occupation as a farmer; choosing a location where land was plenty and cheap to those who had the courage to hold it where Indians and other dangerous neighbours were abundant. The sons of such a man, nurtured in such a spot, might well be expected to inherit the enterprise, courage, and hardihood which distinguished their parent. Handling a rifle as soon as they were strong enough to lift one; accustomed to hunting excursions and "camping out;" working now at the plough, now in building up a barn, or in filling it when complete; driving the waggon and its load to a distant market, and bringing back at any hour, and in all seasons, the stores that varied their farm-grown contributions to the larder; and when winter-time brought comparative leisure, turning to books for almost the only education procurable in the rough and primitive region they inhabited;—boys, so reared, could scarcely be other than bold, energetic, and fruitful in resources, and equal in after life to the shifting exigencies of an active military career. From such a parent, and such a childhood and youth, and with such an early training, sprang President and General Zachary Taylor, whose recent death our Transatlantic brethren are even now deploring; and the story of whose life their journals will help us to tell.

Zachary Taylor before he was twenty-one

volunteered to leave home on a military expedition needed by the exigencies of the time. This, his first essay in war, proved very harmless; for no enemy was found, and he soon returned to his father's farm, with a taste, however, for the new life he had made this short trial of. The taste thus acquired induced him to accept with great alacrity an opportunity that subsequently offered of joining the regular army of the United States, which he did in 1803, with the rank of lieutenant. Shortly afterwards an occasion arose for distinguishing himself, and he did not let it pass unimproved. He defended a post called Fort Harrison, against great odds; and by the check thus given to a large hostile party of Indians, saved a frontier from devastation. This gallant commencement was followed by a succession of equally noticeable exploits. He courted every chance of securing active service, and in succession won new reputation in contests with the Indians, with the English, and lastly with the Mexicans. Since it was with this last opponent that his chief battles were fought, and his really important victories won; and as those victories have gained an European reputation from the fact that they led to the acquisition of the real land of gold—El Dorado—California itself; we may glance over the events that induced and characterised the strife, and led to so memorable a result.

Mexico and the United States had long had causes of quarrel; not the least of which was that the Mexicans got into debt to the Yankees, and would not pay what they admitted to be due. With several such unsettled and unsatisfactory accounts on hand, the Texas difficulty arose, and a large body of the Texans declaring for annexation with the United States, the few scruples that stood in the way of such an increase of dominion were quickly overlooked, and the large and fertile province was incorporated in the Union. Half such a cause of quarrel was enough to secure a declaration of war from a country like Mexico—a country that has gone through eighteen revolutions in twenty-five years—and accordingly war began. The Mexicans took steps for re-assuming the lost Texas, when, on the 4th of February, 1846, General Taylor received orders to march, with a force of three thousand men under his command, to the Rio Grande, the western limit of the newly-attached State. The President, for the time being, of Mexico claimed Texas as a revolted province, and hastened to submit the question to the ordeal of battle. The Mexicans shed the first blood. They took some prisoners—some Americans—and shot them in cold blood; and soon afterwards they captured more Americans, including some women, whose bodies were discovered subsequently with their throats cut. This brutality added fuel to the flame before existing, and the struggle began that ended in the capture of Mexico and the cession of California.

The early days of the war were charac-

terised by many acts of daring bravery. Amongst others, we find mention of the feat performed by a Captain Walker. The Americans were in total ignorance of the movements of the enemy, when they heard cannonading in the direction of a fort with which they had been unable to keep open communications. Taylor dispatched a squadron of cavalry, who returned without definite information, and the General was in suspense as to the condition of his friends in the fort, when Captain Walker arrived in the camp bearing dispatches from the leader of the beleaguered party in Fort Brown. He had left the small stronghold under the cover of night, and with no other guide than the wind on his cheek had tracked his way through the enemy's camp, and through the wild, roadless country that lay between it and the army of General Taylor. He brought the news that the Mexicans had attacked Fort Brown, opening upon it a heavy cannonade. The besieged had, however, returned the fire with spirit, and had succeeded in dismounting some of the Mexican guns. General Taylor at once set off to raise the siege, taking with him two thousand three hundred men. With this force he encountered the enemy at Palo Alto, and the battle so named was fought. For five hours was the strife continued, when the attacking party carried the day. The Mexicans fell back.

On the next morning another engagement took place with the same result. The Mexicans lost a thousand men; some cannon; and had one of their generals taken prisoner;—and Fort Brown was relieved.

The war had thus commenced. The Mexicans loudly denounced what they called the dismemberment of their empire; the Americans heard with evident joy that their small army had won two battles of an enemy who had provoked the encounter.

President Polk (the history of whose administration, by L. B. Chase, affords us some of these particulars) was, after much debate, authorised to call into the field volunteers, "to serve for a year or during the war." Double the number asked-for soon offered themselves, and General Taylor found himself at the head of a force comparatively undisciplined but eager to advance, and equal to almost any amount of endurance in the prosecution of the enterprise on hand. The temper of the new levies was soon tried. The fight at Monterey was a repetition, on a larger scale, of the scenes and successes near Fort Brown. The Americans attacked and put to flight an enemy four times as numerous as the attacking force. The Mexicans seemed to think their invaders invincible; victory for the American flag was the result of each encounter, and before long General Taylor had a greater extent of country in his possession than the whole force under his command could well grasp with security. At this juncture General Scott, who for some time before this war began, had been Commander-in-Chief of the

American Army, finding that great renown was being won by his junior officer, wrote from New York to General Taylor to state his intention of taking command in Mexico, and leading forward an additional force in advance of the positions conquered and held by Taylor. General Scott decided upon attacking Vera Cruz, and Taylor, being ordered to act on the defensive, complained bitterly when he found that Scott was to withdraw from his command all the regular troops he had, with the exception of one thousand men, leaving him to defend his position chiefly with volunteers, and these in deficient force. The military law of obedience to orders, however, left no choice, and though stating his belief in the weakness of his army he declined to fall back, urging the bad effect such a step must have on the minds of his new levies. He enjoyed the prestige of successive victories, and by supporting that alone could he hope to maintain his small force against an enemy so largely outnumbering him.

About twelve thousand Americans had marched under Scott against Vera Cruz; about five thousand mustered under the flag of Taylor, when the news came that Santa Anna, with an army of twenty thousand strong, was marching upon the scattered and weakened forces of the smallest of the two American armies. Scott was too far on his way towards the sea coast to march to the rescue of Taylor, and the latter was left to do his best alone. On the morning of the 23rd of February, 1847, the unequal battle began. General Taylor had secured for his five thousand men a strong position at Buena Vista, in which the artillery of his antagonist could not readily be brought into play. When Santa Anna approached with twenty thousand men, he sent a message to Taylor to surrender at discretion; a request which the American chieftain abruptly declined, and the fight began. The contest was long and doubtful. The disparity of numbers was soon felt, and the feeling that all depended on their valour nerved the attacked party to greater desperation in their defence. Less than five hundred of Taylor's men were regular troops; more than four thousand of them, but a few months before, were at work in the fields, and on wharfs, and in warehouses in the States. But volunteers though they were, no veterans could have done more. About seven hundred of them fell, killed and wounded, but night, which stayed the battle, saw the Mexicans in retreat before a force over which, in the morning, they expected a rapid and easy victory. The gallantry of the Anglo-Saxons prevailed over the numbers of their semi-Spanish antagonists, and Santa Anna retreated with an army weakened by the loss of nearly two thousand killed and wounded. "Along the road leading from Buena Vista to Agua Nueva (says Mr. Chase), a scene of horror was presented on the night of the 23rd of February. The means of transporting

the wounded being extremely limited, they were left to struggle with suffering and with death, and the sighing of the wind and the cry of the wolf were their only requiem. Abandoned to their fate, without food, parched with thirst, without medical aid, and with no shelter to protect them from the piercing night air, they awaited the moment when death should release them from their suffering. The main body of the army reached Agua Nueva at midnight, and, dying with thirst, many of the soldiers plunged into a stagnant sheet of water which, in many cases, produced instant death. Suffering from the want of food and water, dispirited and disheartened by the result of the battle, they presented a striking contrast to that splendid array which, buoyant with hope and confident of victory, had attacked the American army."

Many anecdotes of this period of Taylor's career are told with pride by his countrymen. Here are some of them which amusingly illustrate the character of the man.

First we have one descriptive of his personal appearance.

"Winding down a hill near Mont Morales, the column is halted to let a troop of horse pass. Do you see at their head a plain looking gentleman, mounted upon a brown horse, having upon his head a Mexican sombrero, dressed in a brown olive-coloured loose frock coat, grey pantaloons, wool socks, and shoes? From under the frock appears the scabbard of a sword; he has the eye of a hawk, and every lineament of his countenance is expressive of honesty, and a calm determined mind. The plain-looking gentleman is General Zachary Taylor, who, with his military family, and a squadron of dragoons as an escort, is on his way to the front."

A few more anecdotes will serve to show the peculiarities of the now deceased general.

"After the capitulation of Monterey, the officers of the army used their exertions to get General Taylor to move from his camp at St. Domingo to the Plaza, and there establish his head-quarters. Several public buildings were examined and decided upon as suitable. After considerable persuasion General Taylor consented to move, at the same time giving the following instructions:—'Choose a pleasant location—a house that is surrounded by a garden filled with large trees; put up a tent under the trees for my residence, and you [the staff and other officers] may have the house in front.' It is needless to add, that no more was said about the head quarters being removed into the city of Monterey.

"In the early part of a severe action, when the enemy had succeeded in turning the left wing of his little army, and secured a seeming advantageous position in rear of their line, at the base of the mountain; when a portion of the troops, overpowered by the superiority of numbers, were forced to retire in "hot haste;" when, indeed, the fortunes of the day seemed extremely problematical, an officer of high rank rode up to General Taylor, and announced the temporary success of the enemy, and expressed his fears for the success of the army. Taylor's reply was

characteristic of the man. 'Sir,' said he, 'so long as we have thirty muskets, we can never be conquered! If those troops who have abandoned their position can be rallied and brought into action again, I will take three thousand of the enemy's prisoners. Had I the disposition of the enemy's forces, I would myself place them just where they are.' The officer resumed his duties with a light heart, considering that the battle, in spite of appearance, was already won."

The volunteers who flocked to his standard soon learned to regard the old general as a friend as well as a commander.

"As proof of his humanity, it is recorded that Taylor, before leaving the battle-ground of Buena Vista, ordered upwards of forty mule loads of provisions to be sent from his camp to Incarnacion, for the use of the wounded Mexicans who were in the hospital there, and starving from hunger.

"Taylor told General Ricardo that General Ampudia had written to him, stating that the war should be conducted in accordance with the usages of civilised nations, but that after the last battle they had barbarously stripped and mutilated our dead. To this charge General Ricardo replied, that 'this was done by the rancheros, who could not be controlled.' 'I am coming over, and will control them for you,' said Taylor.

"The general had assembled his council of officers the night previous to the conflict of Buena Vista, for the purpose of hearing their suggestions in relation to the approaching battle. A good deal of uneasiness was exhibited—objections were raised—the disadvantages of the immense 'odds' were presented—propositions to retire and wait for reinforcements were urged—some were for giving the enemy battle—and one proposed that the American army should 'fall back'—when the old hero's opinion was asked. 'Are you all done, gentlemen?' Every one had finished. 'Then, gentlemen, I will adjourn this meeting,' coolly added Taylor, 'till after the fight to-morrow.' 'Good!' was the unanimous response. The battle was fought and—won."

But we must return to our narrative. Whilst Taylor was holding his position in the interior, General Scott was approaching the sea-coast, and a naval force being there ready to co-operate with him, the news that reached Santa Anna not long after he had been beaten by Taylor was, that the Americans had bombarded and captured Vera Cruz. The Mexicans were deeply dispirited; intestine quarrels and partisan disputes, added to the presence of a foreign enemy, rendered them more than ordinarily indisposed to make any really great and national exertions for their defence. Santa Anna had by his personal crimes gained many enemies, and there were not wanting Mexicans who secretly hailed the advent of the Americans rather as an advantage than a calamity. Hence, when Scott advanced from his newly acquired stronghold upon the city of Mexico itself, Santa Anna could at first bring only six thousand men to oppose his march, and these were met and beaten at Jalapa by the Americans. Three desperately

contested battles soon followed, in which the invaders, though suffering most severely, came off victorious. In one of these, three thousand one hundred Americans met and defeated fourteen thousand Mexicans, leaving, however, seven hundred of their comrades dead upon the field. The final attack was upon the city itself, and by the 14th of September, Santa Anna had fled; the city of the Montezumas was in the hands of Brother Jonathan, and the stars and stripes waved on the national palace of Mexico.

General Taylor never entirely forgave the Commander-in-Chief for taking from him the best part of his force, and he contended that had Scott threatened Vera Cruz only, and so divided the attention of Santa Anna, leaving the army at Monterey in its full force to march thence upon the capital, Mexico would have been taken at a less cost of time and blood than was ultimately expended on the conquest of the place. So also thought a large section of the American people, and though another commander actually took possession of the capital, Taylor was popularly regarded as the real hero of the Mexican war. This feeling was strengthened when the series of quarrels began between Scott and his companions in arms, and between that general and the American Minister, Mr. Trist, deputed to arrange a treaty between the two countries; and when Scott left the army in charge of General Butler to return in disgust to the United States, there was no officer in all Mexico, whose reputation could stand in competition with that of "Old Rough and Ready," as Taylor was now called. He was looked upon as the one heroic leader of the successful war.

Bayard Taylor, after his stay in the city of Mexico, says he does not believe that Mexican enmity has been increased by the war, but rather the contrary. During all his stay in the country he did not hear a bitter word against the Americans. The officers of the United States' army seem to have made friends everywhere, and the war, by throwing the natives into direct contact with foreigners, greatly abated their former prejudices against all not of Spanish blood. The departure of the American troops is declared to have been a cause of general lamentation amongst the tradesmen of Mexico and Vera Cruz. Nothing was more common to me (continues the traveller) than to hear Generals Scott and Taylor mentioned by the Mexicans in terms of entire respect and admiration. "If you see General Taylor," said a gentleman to his namesake Bayard, "tell him that the Mexicans all honour him. He has never given up their houses to plunder; he has helped their wounded and suffering; he is as humane as he is brave, and they can never feel enmity towards him."

Not without contest and difficulties, but still by a considerable majority, General Taylor was in November, 1848, rewarded for his

many years' services by being installed in the highest position his countrymen had in their gift. They made him President of the United States, and his term of office in that capacity commenced in March, 1849, under the favourable impression created by the following straightforward declaration:—

"I intend that all new appointments shall be of men honest and capable. I do not intend to remove any man from office because he voted against me, for that is a freeman's privilege; but such desecration of office and official patronage as some of them have been guilty of to secure the election of the master whom they served as slaves is degrading to the character of American freemen, and will be a good cause for removal of friend or foe. The office of the government should be filled with men of all parties; and as I expect to find many of those now holding to be honest, good men, and as the new appointments will, of course, be whigs, that will bring about this result. Although I do not intend to allow an indiscriminate removal, yet it grieves me to think that it will be necessary to require a great many to give place to better men. As to my cabinet, I intend that all interests and all sections of the country shall be represented, but not, as some of the newspapers will have it, all parties. I am a whig, as I have always been free to acknowledge, but I do not believe that these who voted for me wish me to be a mere partisan President, and I shall, therefore, try to be a President of the American people. As to the new territory, it is now free, and slavery cannot exist there without a law of Congress authorising it, and that I do not believe they will ever pass. I was opposed to the acquisition of this territory, as I also was to the acquisition of Texas. I was opposed to the war, and, although by occupation a warrior, I am a peace man."

His subsequent conduct tended to realise the hopes created by this opening avowal. But a life of hardship and an age verging on sixty years, prepared him, but indifferently, to meet the renewed exertions required by his new position. Resigning the panoply of the general to assume the garb of the President, he gained a respite from the toils of war to accept the still more soul-wearying contests, jealousies, and responsibilities of civil government. With soldierly determination, however, he addressed himself to the task, and, like a true hero, fell with harness on his back. He was born on the 9th of November, 1786—he died on the 9th of July, 1850. His last words were:—"I am prepared. I have endeavoured to do my duty." May all deathbeds be consoled by the truthful utterance of such a sentiment.

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Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL:

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 23.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1850.

[PRICE 2d.

A PAPER-MILL.

Down at Dartford in Kent, on a fine bright day, I strolled through the pleasant green lanes, on my way to a Paper-Mill. Accustomed, mainly, to associate Dartford with Gunpowder Mills, and formidable tin canisters, illustrated in copper-plate, with the outpourings of a generous cornucopia of dead game, I found it pleasant to think, on a summer morning when all living creatures were enjoying life, that it was only paper in my mind—not powder.

If sturdy Wat Tyler, of this very town of Dartford in Kent (Deptford had the honour of him once, but that was a mistake) could only have anticipated and reversed the precept of the pious Orange-Lodges; if he could only have put his trust in Providence, and kept his paper damp—for printing—he need never have marched to London, the captain of a hundred thousand men, and summarily beheaded the archbishop of Canterbury as a bad adviser of the young king, Richard. Then, would William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London (and an obsequious courtier enough, may be) never have struck him from his charger, unawares. Then, might the "general enfranchisement of all bondmen"—the bold smith's demand—have come, a long time sooner than it did. Then, might working-men have maintained the decency and honour of their daughters, through many a hazy score of troubled and oppressive years, when they were yet as the clods of the valley, broken by the ploughshare, worried by the harrow. But, in those days, paper and printing for the people were not; so, Wat lay low in Smithfield, and Heaven knows what became of his daughter, and the old ferocious wheel went driving round, some centuries longer.

The wild flowers were blowing in these Dartford hedges, all those many summer-times; the larks were singing, high in air; the trees were rustling as they rustle to-day; the bees went humming by; the light clouds cast their shadows on the verdant fields. The pleasant little river Darent ran the same course; sparkled in the same sun; had, then as now, its tiny circles made by insects; and its plumps and splashes, made by fish. But, the river has changed, since Wat the Blacksmith, bending over with his bucket, saw his grimy face, im-

patient of unjust and grievous tribute, making remonstrance with him for his long endurance. Now, there are indeed books in the running brooks—for they go to feed the Paper-Mill.

Time was, in the old Saxon days, when there stood a Mill here, "held in ferm by a Reve," but *that* was not a Paper-Mill. Then, came a Nunnery, with kings' fair daughters in it; then, a Palace; then, Queen Elizabeth, in her sixteenth year, to sojourn at the Palace two days; then, in that reign, a Paper-Mill. In the church yonder, hidden behind the trees, with many rooks discoursing in their lofty houses between me and it, is the tomb of Sir John Spielman, jeweller to the Queen when she had grown to be a dame of a shrewd temper, aged fifty or so: who "built a Paper-Mill for the making of writing-paper," and to whom his Royal Mistress was pleased to grant a license "for the sole gathering for ten years of all rags, &c., necessary for the making of such paper." There is a legend that the same Sir John, in coming here from Germany, to build his Mill, did bring with him two young lime-trees—then unknown in England—which he set before his Dartford dwelling-house, and which did flourish exceedingly; so, that they fanned him with their shadows, when he lay asleep in the upper story, an ancient gentleman. Now, God rest the soul of Sir John Spielman, for the love of all the sweet-smelling lime-trees that have ever greeted me in the land, and all the writing-paper I have ever blotted!

But, as I turn down by the hawthorn hedge into the valley, a sound comes in my ears—like the murmuring and throbbing of a mighty giant, labouring hard—that would have unbraced all the Saxon bows, and shaken all the heads off Temple Bar and London Bridge, ever lifted to those heights from the always butchering, always craving, never sufficiently-to-be-regretted, brave old English Block. It is the noise of the Steam Engine. And now, before me, white and clean without, and radiant in the sun, with the sweet clear river tumbling merrily down to kiss it, and help in the work it does, is the Paper-Mill I have come to see!

It is like the Mill of the child's story, that ground old people young. Paper! White, pure, spick and span new paper, with that fresh smell which takes us back to school and

school-books ; can it ever come from rags like these ? Is it from such bales of dusty rags, native and foreign, of every colour and of every kind, as now environ us, shutting out the summer air and putting cotton into our summer ears, that virgin paper, to be written on, and printed on, proceeds ? We shall see presently. Enough to consider, at present, what a grave of dress this rag-store is ; what a lesson of vanity it preaches. The coarse blouse of the Flemish labourer, and the fine cambric of the Parisian lady, the court dress of the Austrian jailer, and the miserable garb of the Italian peasant ; the woollen petticoat of the Bavarian girl, the linen head-dress of the Neapolitan woman, the priest's vestment, the player's robe, the Cardinal's hat, and the ploughman's nightcap ; all dwindle down to this, and bring their littleness or greatness in fractional portions here. As it is with the worn, it shall be with the wearers ; but there shall be no dust in our eyes then, though there is plenty now. Not all the great ones of the earth will raise a grain of it, and nothing but the Truth will be.

My conductor leads the way into another room. I am to go, as the rags go, regularly and systematically through the Mill. I am to suppose myself a bale of rags. I am rags.

Here, in another room, are some three-score women at little tables, each with an awful seythe-shaped knife standing erect upon it, and looking like the veritable tooth of time. I am distributed among these women, and worried into smaller shreds—torn cross-wise at the knives. Already I begin to lose something of my grosser nature. The room is filled with my finest dust, and, as gratings of me drop from the knives, they fall through the perforated surface of the tables into receptacles beneath. When I am small enough, I am bundled up, carried away in baskets, and stowed in immense bins, until they want me in the Boiling-Room.

The Boiling-Room has enormous cauldrons in it, each with its own big lid, hanging to the beams of the roof, and put on by machinery when it is full. It is a very clean place, "coddled" by much boiling, like a washer-woman's fingers, and looks as if the kitchen of the Parish Union had gone into partnership with the Church Belfry. Here, I am pressed, and squeezed, and jammed, a dozen feet deep, I should think, into my own particular cauldron ; where I simmer, boil, and stew, a long, long time. Then, I am a dense, tight mass, cut out in pieces like so much clay—very clean—faint as to my colour—greatly purified—and gradually becoming quite ethereal.

In this improved condition, I am taken to the Cutting-Room. I am very grateful to the clear fresh water, for the good it has done me ; and I am glad to be put into some more of it, and subjected to the action of large rollers filled with transverse knives, revolving by steam power upon iron beds, which favour me with no fewer than two

million cuts per minute, though, within the memory of man, the functions of this machine were performed by an ordinary pestle and mortar. Such a drumming and rattling, such a battering and clattering, such a delight in cutting and slashing, not even the Austrian part of me ever witnessed before. This continues, to my great satisfaction, until I look like shaving lather ; when I am run off into chambers underneath, to have my friend the water, from whom I am unwilling to be separated, drained out of me.

At this time, my colour is a light blue, if I have indigo in me, or a pale fawn, if I am rags from which the dyes have been expelled. As it is necessary to bleach the fawn-coloured pulp (the blue being used for paper of that tint), and as I am fawn-coloured pulp, I am placed in certain stone chambers, like catacombs, hermetically sealed, excepting the first compartment, which communicates with a gasometer containing manganese, vitriol, and salt. From these ingredients, a strong gas (not agreeable, I must say, to the sense of smell) is generated, and forced through all the chambers, each of which communicates with the other. These continue closed, if I remember right, some four-and-twenty hours, when a man opens them and takes to his heels immediately, to avoid the offensive gas that rushes out. After I have been aired a little, I am again conveyed (quite white now, and very spiritual indeed) to some more obliging rollers upstairs.

At it these grinders go, "Munch, munch, munch !" like the sailor's wife in *MACBETH*, who had chesnuts in her lap. I look, at first, as if I were the most delicious curds and whey ; presently, I find that I am changed to gruel—not thin oatmeal gruel, but rich, creamy, tempting, exalted gruel ! As if I had been made from pearls, which some voluptuous Mr. Emden had converted into groats !

And now, I am ready to undergo my last astounding transformation, and be made into paper by the machine. Oh what can I say of the wonderful machine, which receives me, at one end of a long room, gruel, and dismisses me at the other, paper !

Where is the subtle mind of this Leviathan lodged ? It must be somewhere—in a cylinder, a pipe, a wheel—or how could it ever do with me the miracles it does ! How could it receive me on a sheet of wire-gauze, in my gruel-form, and slide me on, gradually assuming consistency—gently becoming a little paper-like, a little more, a little more still, very paper-like, indeed—clinging to wet blankets, holding tight by other surfaces, smoothly ascending Witney hills, lightly coming down into a woolly open country, easily rolling over and under a planetary system of heated cylinders, large and small, and ever growing, as I proceed, stronger and more paper-like ! How does the power that fights the wintry waves on the Atlantic, and cuts and drills adamantine slabs of metal like

cheese, how does it draw me out, when I am frailest and most liable to tear, so tenderly and delicately, that a woman's hand—no, even though I were a man, very ill and helpless, and she my nurse who loved me—could never touch me with so light a touch, or with a movement so unerring! How can I believe, even on experience, that, being of itself insensible, and only informed with intellect at second hand, it changes me, in less time than I take to tell it, into any sort of paper that is wanted, dries me, cuts me into lengths, becomes charged, just before dismissing me, with electricity, and gathers up the hair of the attendant-watcher, as if with horror at the mischiefs and desertions from the right, in which I may be instrumental! Above all, how can I reconcile its being mere machinery, with its leaving off when it has cut me into sheets, and not conveying me to the Excise-man in the next room, whom it plainly thinks a most unnatural conclusion!

I am carried thither on trucks. I am examined, and my defective portions thrown out, for the Mill, again; I am made up into quires and reams; I am weighed and excised by the hundredweight; and I am ready for my work. Of my being made the subject of nonsensical defences of Excise duty, in the House of Commons, I need say nothing. All the world knows that when the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the time being, says I am only the worse by a duty of fifteen shillings per hundredweight, he is a Wrong Honourable, and either don't know, or don't care, anything about me. For, he leaves out of consideration all the vexatious, depressing, and preventing influences of Excise Duty on any trade, and all the extra cost and charge of packing and unpacking, carrying and re-carrying, imposed upon the manufacturer, and of course upon the public. But we must have it, in future, even with Right Honourables as with birds. The Chancellor of the Exchequer that can sing, and won't sing, must be made to sing—small.

My metempsychosis ends with the manufacture. I am rags no more, but a visitor to the Paper-Mill. I am a pleased visitor to see the Mill in such beautiful order, and the workpeople so thriving; and I think that my good friend the owner has reason for saying with an agreeable smile, as we come out upon the sparkling stream again, that he is never so contented, as when he is in rags.

Shining up in the blue sky, far above the Paper-Mill, a mere speck in the distance, is a Paper Kite. It is an appropriate thing at the moment—not to swear by (we have enough of that already) but to hope by, with a devout heart. May all the Paper that I sport with, soar as innocently upward as the paper kite, and be as harmless to the holder as the kite is to the boy! May it bring, to some few minds, such fresh associations; and to me no worse remembrances than the kite that once

plucked at my own hand like an airy friend. May I always recollect that paper has a mighty Duty, set forth in no Schedule of Excise, and that its names are love, forbearance, mercy, progress, scorn of the Hydra Cant with all its million heads!

So, back by the green lanes, and the old Priory—a farm now, and none the worse for that—and away among the lime-trees, thinking of Sir John.

CHEERFUL ARITHMETIC.

"COMPETITION is fast crushing us!" the tradesman exclaims as he drives you out to his elegant villa behind his seventy-guinea gelding. "Wheat at forty shillings a quarter is ruin!" groans the farmer, while dallying with his champagne glass. "We are all going to the workhouse."—"A diamond necklace, my dear?" replies the mill-owner to a lovely Lancashire witch, whose smile is on other occasions law—"What? Two hundred pounds for a bauble, while calico is only three farthings a yard, and cotton-spinning on the brink of bankruptcy. Impossible!" Should these gentlemen ever meet it is ten to one that on comparing notes they resolve unanimously that the whole country is going to the dogs; but it is also ten to one that this resolution is passed at a public dinner to which they have each cheerfully contributed one-pound-one: besides another guinea to the occasion of the feast:—some plethoric, bloated, routine charity.

Considering their patriotic despondency in regard to the utterly hopeless condition of the nation, it is wonderful to observe the contented complacency with which these gentlemen eat their filberts and sip their claret. Neither is this stoic philosophy confined to them alone. All sorts of predicted want and impending misery are borne with exemplary fortitude by all sorts of Englishmen. The skilful artisan seldom allows a week to pass without deploring the inadequacy of wages; but, although he manages to get a good Sunday's dinner some fifty times a year, and once or twice in the twelvemonth indulges his family with a healthful pleasure trip in the country, he is able to scrape up a few pounds in the savings' bank. Yet if you ask him touching the state of things in his particular line, he will tell you that "Times never were so bad." So universally is the propensity to depreciate things as they are, that if a commission were appointed to inquire into the state of the nation, their report, if derived solely from the evidence of well-to-do witnesses, would be lugubrious in the extreme. It is only the very poor who gaze cheerfully into the future; for their existence is a condition of hope. They apprehend nothing, for they have nothing to lose; whatever change fortune may bring, must be, they believe, for the better.

Happily, better testimony to the real con-

dition of the industrious classes is producible than that dark cloud of witnesses who speak out of the fulness of an Englishman's privilege—grumbling. That testimony has been lucidly sifted, and was adduced by Mr. G. R. Porter at the recent meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh. It consisted—in proof of the well-being and continued progress of our country—of a comparison between the income tax returns in respect of incomes derived from trades and professions in 1812, and the like returns in 1848, excluding from the former period the incomes below one hundred and fifty pounds; which, under the existing law, are allowed to pass untaxed. The total amount thus assessed, after deducting exemptions, was, in 1812, about twenty-one millions and a quarter; while, in 1848, the amount was nearly fifty-seven millions; showing an increase, in thirty-six years, of about thirty-five millions and three-quarters, or one hundred and sixty-eight per cent.; being at the rate of upwards of four and-a-half per cent., yearly:—an increase very nearly three-fold greater than the increase during the same period of the population of Great Britain; where, alone, the income tax flourishes in full bloom.

But how has this three-fold prosperity been distributed? Have the rich grown richer, and the poor, poorer; or has Fortune taken off her bandage and rewarded honest industry, with a discriminating hand? Have the bulk of the people shared in the productive wealth which thirty-six years have accumulated? In order to answer these questions, Mr. Porter entered into a series of elaborate and interesting calculations, which prove the pleasing fact that the great progressive wealth *has* been shared among the middle and working classes.

He found that the returns of 1812 as well as those of 1848 gave the sums assessed to Income Tax in various classes; and, for the purpose of his examination, he distinguished the incomes thus given:—those between one hundred and fifty pounds and five hundred pounds; those between five hundred pounds and one thousand pounds; incomes between one thousand pounds and two thousand pounds; incomes between two thousand pounds and five thousand pounds; and those above five thousand pounds. Adhering strictly to these distinctions, Mr. Porter perceived, in 1848, a positive increase in incomes between one hundred and fifty and five hundred pounds per annum, of thirteen millions seven hundred thousand pounds, over the incomes assessed in 1812. Between five hundred pounds and one thousand pounds per annum, the increase since 1812 has been five millions. On incomes between one thousand pounds and two thousand pounds, and incomes between two thousand pounds and five thousand pounds, there is an increase of upwards of four millions respectively; while in the highest class, which includes all incomes above five thousand

pounds per annum, the increase is found to be no more than eight millions and three-quarters. Comparing the highest with the lowest class, the increase has been greater in the lowest by nearly five millions—or fifty-six per cent.

This improvement in circumstances, however, descends to no lower a class of society than persons in the receipt of at least one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. It was necessary to dig a little lower in the strata of private circumstances, in order to show the progress of wealth among the working classes; and Mr. Porter had recourse to the returns from savings' banks; these being chiefly used by the humbler orders. From data thus derived it was ascertained, that, while the deposits in England, Wales, and Ireland, proportioned to the whole population, amounted in 1831 to twelve shillings and eightpence per head; in 1848 they had risen to twenty shillings and eleven-pence per individual. The largest amount of these savings occurred in 1846; when they reached, in England alone, to more than twenty-six millions and three-quarters, and in the three Kingdoms, to more than thirty-one millions seven hundred thousand pounds, being equal to twenty-four shillings per head on the population of England, Wales, and Ireland, and ten shillings and one penny per head on that of Scotland.*

The exceeding moderation of this estimate will be observed when we mention another description of savings' banks which Mr. Porter has taken no account of—we mean Friendly Societies. Of these, there are fourteen thousand in Great Britain, regularly enrolled according to Act of Parliament, consisting of one million six hundred thousand members, with a gross annual revenue of two millions eight hundred thousand, and accumulated capital amounting to six millions four hundred thousand pounds sterling. To this must be added the capital belonging to unenrolled benefit societies (exclusive of those in Ireland), which has been estimated at a greater amount than those which exist "as the Act directs;" namely, at nine millions sterling, belonging to two millions and a half of members. It is indeed a most gratifying proof of the prudential, and therefore moral, as well as pecuniary advance which this country has made during the past thirty years, that half our labouring male population belong to Friendly Societies. The operative classes of Great Britain alone possess, at this moment, capital in savings' banks and friendly societies, the total of which reaches the enormous sum of forty-two millions of money. How very like national ruin *this* looks!

* The comparative smallness of the deposits in Scotland arises from two causes: first, the system of allowing interest upon very small sums deposited in private and joint-stock banks; and, secondly, the more recent connexion of savings' banks with the Government in that division of the Kingdom. Hence, there is no reason for supposing that the labouring-classes of Scotland are less saving than those of England or Ireland.

In further proof of the greater distribution of means among the humbler than the higher orders, we can turn once more to Mr. Porter, who assures us that in proportion as the savings of the industrious poor have augmented, the dividends received at the Bank by the "comfortable" and the rich have decreased.

The test of the dividend-books of the Bank of England, to which Mr. Porter next brought his calculations, varies essentially from that afforded by the progress of savings' banks; inasmuch as it excludes all evidence of actual saving or accumulation, while it offers a strictly comparative view of such saving as between different classes of the community. The accounts furnished to Parliament by the Bank of the number of persons entitled to dividends upon portions of the public debt, divide the fund-holders into ten classes, according to the amount of which they are so entitled. Mr. Porter contrasted the numbers in each class as they stood on the 5th of April and 5th of July of the years 1831 and 1848, respectively. He then went on to show, that there has been a very large addition between 1831 and 1848 to the number of persons receiving under five pounds at each payment of dividends, and a small increase upon the number receiving between five pounds and ten pounds, while, with the exception of the largest holders—those whose dividends exceed two thousand pounds at each payment, and of whom there has been an increase of five—every other class has experienced a considerable decrease in its numbers. There has been a diminution of more than Eight per cent. in the numbers receiving between three hundred pounds and five hundred pounds; of Twelve and-a-half per cent. of those receiving between five hundred pounds and one thousand pounds; and of more than Twenty per cent. among holders of stock yielding dividends between one thousand pounds and two thousand pounds; this would seem conclusively to prove that, at least as respects this mode of disposing of accumulations, there is not any reason to believe that the already rich are acquiring greater wealth at the expense of the rest of the community.

All evidence proves, then, that the great accession of wealth which has been accumulated in this country during the past thirty years, has been most distributed amongst the middle classes. The natural effect of a change from agricultural to manufacturing industry—a change which has come over this country during the roll of a single century—is to increase the wealth of the manufacturing and trading elements of the community, in proportion as these are called into activity. The "great fortunes" of the old time were nobles and land-holders; the millionaires of to-day are merchants, bankers, and mill-owners. Forty years ago a rich retail tradesman was a rarity; his dealings with the

wholesale trade were chiefly carried on by means of bills at long dates, in which large sums were included for risk and interest; charges which decreased his profits, and increased the price of all articles to the consumer. Now the more frequent rule amongst retailers is prompt payment, discounts in their own favour, and affluence. In our "nation of shopkeepers," it is industry which has prospered and had its reward.

Turning from the British Association to the Poor-Law Board—from Mr. Porter to Mr. Baines—we shall see that in the scramble for wealth, pauperism itself has benefited; that, in fact, the highest grades in the scale of society have benefited as little as the very lowest. It is true that in the progress of accumulation by manufactures, the necessity of bringing large masses of operatives into confined *foci*, and of providing work for them at all times and seasons, has caused temporary spasms of poverty, that have occasionally almost defied relief; but despite the rapid increase of the population, the ranks of what may be called permanent pauperism have not been augmented. Consequently the increased wealth of the country has descended even to the lowest ranks of the people. In the year 1813, when the population of England and Wales was only ten millions, the sum expended for the relief of the poor amounted to six millions and a half sterling. From the return of the Poor-Law Board, now before us, it appears that during the year which ended on Lady Day, 1849, and with a population in England and Wales of one-third more—or nearly fifteen millions—the exactions for paupers' rates amounted to no more than five millions, seven hundred and ninety-two thousand, nine hundred and sixty-three pounds—three-quarters of a million less than was drawn for the pauperism of 1813. The poor have ceased to regard the rich, as a class, as their natural enemies. We hear no more, now, of a "grinding oligarchy!"

Besides the decrease of poor rates, other taxes have diminished. Let the three grumblers with whom we started be pleased to remember that, no longer ago than 1815, when war had done its worst on the lives and fortunes of our fathers, they were taxed at the enormous rate of five pounds four shillings and ten pence a head to each individual of the population, from the centegenarian to the latest born baby; while we, in this day and generation of "ruin," pay per head, only fifty shillings and eleven-pence, or scarcely one-half.

It is the strength and safeguard of the English nation, that its most prominent elements are industry and commerce; for, tending as they do, to the general dissemination, as well as to the general accumulation of wealth, they effect a fusion of interests—a union of classes, and a dependence of each upon the others—which is true national power. At the moment at which we write, we learn from local sources of information, the accuracy

of which we have never had occasion to question, that skilled labour of nearly every kind is in demand in the manufacturing districts; and that all sorts of capable "hands" can have work. Everything indicates improvement. If, indeed, our friends the Croakers will only look their phantom "Ruin" boldly in the face, his gaunt form will soon assume the smiling semblance of Prosperity.

AN EMIGRANT AFLOAT.

I KNEW very little of the sea when I determined to emigrate. Like most emigrants, I thought beforehand more of the dangers than of the disagreeables of this voyage; but found, when actually at sea, that its disagreeables seemed more formidable than its dangers. I shall describe the voyage, in order that those who follow me may know precisely what it is that they have to encounter, satisfied as I am, that nothing will tend more to conduce to the comforts of the emigrant at sea, than his being able to take a full and accurate measure of its disagreeable as well as its agreeable accompaniments, before stepping on board.

It was late in the afternoon of a bright May day, when the Seagull, 480 tons register, and bound for Quebec, spread her wings to the wind, after having been towed out of the harbour of Greenock. A gentle breeze carried her smoothly by the point of Gourrock, the Holy Loch, Dumoon, and other places familiar to the tourist on the noble Frith of Clyde. We were off the neat little town of Largs, when the shadows of evening thickened around us. I was one of more than a hundred steerage passengers, most of whom soon afterwards went below for the night, many with heavy hearts, thinking that they had seen the last glimpses of their native land.

I remained long enough on deck to perceive the approach of a marked change in the weather. We were still landlocked, when the wind veered round to the west, directly ahead of us. It increased so rapidly in violence, that by the time we were off Brodick, in the Island of Arran, it was blowing more than half a gale. As we tacked to and fro to gain the open sea, the vessel laboured heavily, and I soon felt sufficiently squeamish to descend and seek refuge in my berth. Here a scene awaited me for which I was but little prepared. With very few exceptions, all below were far advanced in sea-sickness. Some were groaning in their berths; others were lying upon the floor, in a semi-torpid state; and others, again, were retching incessantly. What a contrast was the Seagull then, to the neat, tempting picture she presented when lying quietly in dock, and when, as I paced her white, dry, warm, sunny decks, visions filled my mind of the pleasant days at sea before me, when, reclining on the cordage, beneath the shelter of the bulwarks, I could read the live-long day, whilst the stout ship

sped merrily on her voyage. Delightful anticipations! Let no one be extravagant in forming them, unless he has a preference for disappointment. My faith in the romance of the sea was greatly shaken by my first night's experiences on board, and it soon received a fatal blow from the commotion which was being gradually engendered within my own frame, and which, at length, resulted in a catastrophe. I could not sleep, for as the gale increased, so did the noises within and without. I could hear the heavy wind whistling mournfully through the damp, tight-drawn cordage, and the waves breaking in successive showers on the deck overhead. It made my flesh creep, too, to hear the water trickling by my very ear, as it rushed along outside the two-inch plank which (pleasing thought) was all that separated me from destruction. As the storm gained upon us, the ship laboured more and more heavily, until, at length, with each lurch which she made, everything moveable in the steerage rolled about from side to side on the floor. Pots and pans, trunks, boxes, and pieces of crockery kept up a most noisy dance for the entire night, their respective owners being so ill as to be utterly indifferent to the fate of their property. In the midst of the horrid din, I could distinguish the distressing groan of the strong man prostrated by sea-sickness, the long-drawn sigh and scarcely audible complaint of the woman, and the sickly wail of the neglected child; and, that nothing might be wanting to heighten the horrors of the scene, we were all this time in perfect darkness, every light on board having been extinguished for hours.

Morning was far advanced as I fell into a fitful and feverish sleep. On awaking, I found all as still as before leaving port. My fellow-passengers were all on deck; and I hurried up after them to ascertain the cause of the change. It was soon explained. The gale had, at length, become so violent, that the ship had put back for shelter, and was now lying quietly at anchor in the beautiful bay of Rothesay.

But what a change had, in the meantime, taken place in the appearance of my fellow-passengers. The buoyant air of yesterday had disappeared; and those who were then in ruddy health, now looked pale and woe-begone. Such was the effect of our night's prostration.

For my own part, I began to feel that I had already had enough of the sea, and heartily wished myself safe ashore on the banks of the St. Lawrence. I had formerly experienced a sort of enthusiasm in listening to such songs, as "The sea, the sea, the open sea!" "A life on the ocean wave!" &c., &c. But had anyone on board now struck up either of them, I should assuredly have set him down for a maniac. We remained for two days in Rothesay Bay, waiting for a change of wind, during which time we recruited

our spirits—and water, a fresh stock of which we shipped. It was not, therefore, without some of the lightness of heart, which had characterised our first start, that, on the morning of the third day, we made way again for the *New World*. But it seemed as if we were never to get rid of the coast, for we were overtaken by a dead calm off *Ailsa*, causing delay for ten days more sweltering under a hot sun, within half a mile of that lonely and stupendous rock. On the evening of the second day a gentle breeze from the north-east carried us out of the Channel, and next morning found us with all sail set, speeding westward, with the Irish coast on our lee.

We were a very mixed company in the steerage. Some had been farmers, and were going out to try their hands at agriculture in the wilds of Canada. Others had been servants, predial and domestic, and were on their way in search of better fortunes in the *New World*, although they had not yet made up their minds as to the precise manner in which they were to woo the fickle dame. We had a brace of wives on board who were proceeding to join their husbands in Canada, who had prudently preceded their families, and prepared for their advent, by constructing a home for them in the woods. There was an old man with a slender capital, who was emigrating at an advanced period of life, that he might make a better provision for his grandson, a lusty youth of about seventeen, of whom he seemed doatingly fond. We had also amongst us a large family from Edinburgh, of that class of people who have "seen better days," who were hurrying across the Atlantic in the hope of at least catching a glimpse of them again. Besides the father and mother, there were several sons and two daughters, the eldest son having duly qualified himself for the honour of writing *W. S.* after his name—a nominal appendage which he would find of far less value to him than a good axe in the woods. We had a clergyman, too, of the poorer class, in worldly circumstances, who had been accredited as a missionary to the Canadian wilds. I must not overlook four or five infants, the precise ownership of which I never thoroughly traced, they were so tumbled about from one to another; and which generally of nights favoured us with prolonged choruses of the most enlivening description.

Thus mixed and assorted, the first few days passed off agreeably enough to such as were proof against a relapse of sea-sickness. When it was not blowing too strong, the deck was a pleasant place for exercise, which is necessary to comfort, as it is generally cold and disagreeable at sea, except when calm, and then one is annoyed, whilst being broiled, at the thought of making no progress. The chief occupation on board, seemed to be that of cooking and eating. The cooking apparatus for the steerage was on deck; each family, and each individual who had no family, was con-

tinually cooking for themselves. As the accommodation for cooking was not very ample for upwards of a hundred passengers, there was scarcely an hour of the day between sunrise and sunset, that was not witness to the progress of some culinary operations—men, women, and children were constantly appearing and disappearing at the hatchways with pots, saucepans, kettles, and other utensils; and it was not long ere some began to fear, having made but little account of the voracity of appetite engendered by convalescence after sea-sickness, that their stock of provisions would prove rather scanty for the voyage.

Perhaps the greatest privation to which the poor steerage passenger is subjected, is in connection with the water which he uses for drinking and in some of his cooking processes. As the voyage may be protracted beyond reasonable calculation, an extra supply of fresh water is or should be laid in to meet such an emergency. To preserve this extra stock from becoming impure, different devices are resorted to,—such as impregnating it with lime, large quantities of which are thrown into each cask. Were this the case only with the extra stock, the comfort of the passenger might, for a time at least, be unimpaired in this respect; but the misfortune is, that all the water for steerage consumption, immediate and contingent, is treated in the same way; so that the emigrant is scarcely out of harbour, when he finds the water of which he makes use not only extremely unpalatable to drink, but in such a state as to spoil every decoction into which it enters. Fancy a cup of tea without cream, but with sugar and coarse lime, in about equal proportions, to flavour it. The most unquestionable sloe leaves might, under such circumstances, pass for young hyson, and the worst of chicory for the best of coffee. This sorely discriminated the more elderly of the females on board, whose cup of life was poisoned by very thin mortar.

On the fifth day out, after gaining the open sea, we were overtaken by a tremendous gale, which did us considerable damage. I was standing near the fore-castle, when a heavy block dropped from aloft with terrific force at my feet. I had scarcely recovered from my fright, when crash after crash over head, making me run under the jolly boat in terror. For a moment afterwards all was still, and then arose a tremendous uproar on board, officers giving all sorts of directions at once, and sailors running about, and jumping over each other to obey them. When I ventured to peep out from my place of safety, a sad spectacle of wreck and ruin presented itself to me. On our lee, masts, ropes, spars, and sails were floating alongside on the uneasy waters. Our fore-top-mast had given way, and in falling overboard, had dragged the maintop-gallant mast and the greater part of our bowsprit along with it. Sails and rigging went of course

with the wreck, which was provoking, as the wind was a-beam and so far favourable. We soon hauled the wreck on board, however, and in the course of two or three days, with the aid of the carpenter, the dismantled ship was re-rigged in a very creditable manner.

We had scarcely yet put to rights, when a vessel made up to us bound westward like ourselves. What a sight to the lonely wanderers on the ocean is a ship at sea!—it seems like a herald coming to you from the world, from which you are seemingly cut off for ever. It is a sight which must be seen to be appreciated. She was labouring heavily on our lee, and every now and then her whole keel became visible to us. To this, one of the passengers very innocently directed attention, much to the horror of the second mate, who smartly rebuked the offender; it being, he said, not only indelicate, but perilous to own having seen the keel of any ship under canvas. We all, of course, admitted the reasonableness of this caution, and strictly observed it.

The ship was no sooner repaired, than the wind, which had abated a little, seemed to redouble its fury. We were now in the midst of a terrible storm, and great was the commotion in the steerage. Some moaned in pain—others screamed occasionally in terror—whilst one old lady was constantly inquiring in a most piteous voice, if there was not one good man on board, for whose sake the rest might be saved. On making the inquiry of a rough, but good-natured tar, he rebuked her scepticism, and referred her to the minister. We had two sailors on board, named Peter. One was an ordinary looking mortal, from whom the other was distinguished by the appellation of Peter the Leerer, a name having reference to the extraordinary facial phenomena which he exhibited. On the point of his nose was an enormous wart, the counterpart of which had taken possession of his chin. He had likewise one, but of smaller dimensions, on either cheek, only wanting one on his forehead, to complete the diagram; a wart, which, for most of the voyage, was providentially made up by a large pimple, which underlay his bump of benevolence. Add to this an enormous quantity of wiry red hair, and a portentous squint, and you may form some conception of the goblin in question. He was the terror of all the children on board, and came regularly into the steerage in the morning, begging a "toothful" from the passengers. We never saw his tooth, but it must have been very large, as what he meant by the term was a glass of raw spirits, to the strength of which he was stoically indifferent, so that it was above proof. It appeared that he now thought that the time had come for making some sort of return for sundry gifts of this nature. He appeared amongst us, as the storm was at its height, and confidentially informed us that, unless some of the "canvas" were imme-

diately taken down, the ship "had not another hour's life in her." To describe the confusion and dismay occasioned by this announcement is impossible. Nobody questioned Peter's judgment, who stood looking at us as if he thought that one good turn deserved another. But every one was too much frightened to think of rewarding him for his kindness. Some ran at once upon deck to take immediate advantage of the boats—the women all screamed together—and we had a pretty tolerable taste of the horrors to be witnessed on the eve of a shipwreck. The hubbub at length ended in the appointment of a deputation to wait upon the captain, and solicit him to shorten sail. The deputation went upon its mission, but soon afterwards returned from the cabin to their constituents with the report that they had been politely requested by the functionary in question to mind their own business. The storm, however, gradually abated, and things and persons resumed their ordinary aspect.

Great was the anxiety evinced every time the log was thrown, to ascertain our rate of sailing, and at noon of each day, to know our daily run, and our precise locality on the terraqueous globe. It is difficult for an emigrant to reconcile himself to less than eight or nine knots an hour. He may put up with seven, or even six, provided the ship is in her direct course, but he regards everything below that as a justifiable ground of murmuring and complaint. Sometimes it is the ship that is wrong, and sometimes the captain, sometimes the rigging, and at other times, all is wrong together. But to do the emigrant justice, if he is in the surly mood when he is making but little progress, he makes amends for his ill-humour when the vessel is making a good run. We, one day, made but about twenty miles, and I apprehended a mutiny. On another we made two hundred, and nothing could exceed the hilarity and good-humour of those on board. At one time, the *Seagull* was the merest tub, a disgrace to her owners, and to the mercantile navy of the kingdom. At another, she was one of the best vessels afloat; the captain one of the best sailors on the sea; and the crew the cleverest set of fellows in the world. But all this time it was the same ship, the same captain, and the same crew. The diversity of opinion was the result of extraneous circumstances which caused us at different times to take different points of view. If the weather was favourable, and we made good way, the ship, captain, and crew, got all the honour and glory; if it was adverse and our progress was retarded, the ship, captain, and crew, had to bear all our sinister glances and ill humours. One morning, after we had been about ten days out, our minds were all made up that we were pretty near the banks of Newfoundland, when a fellow-passenger, evidently not very deeply versed in human nature, had the hardihood to inform us that he had, but the day

before, seen the mate's log book, from which it appeared that we were as yet but five hundred miles to the westward of the Irish coast. I can scarcely understand to this day, how it was that he escaped being thrown overboard.

We had two men on board, the very antipodes of each other. The one was a colossal bachelor, who was never ill; the other a diminutive member of a large family, who was never well. They resembled each other only in one point—that they both ate prodigiously. The only account the bachelor could give of himself was that he was going out to Canada to saw the big trees. He had, in fact, been engaged as a sawyer to proceed to the banks of the Ottawa, there to prosecute his avocation in connection with some of the large timber establishments, which are situated far up that noble river. He was so powerful a fellow, that a Yankee passenger declared "he would have only to look at a tree to bring it down." He lived, whilst on board, on nothing but oatmeal porridge, a large goblet-full of which, after first making it himself, he devoured regularly on deck four times a day. As to the little man, he lived, as regularly, on mashed potatoes, enriched with butter and melted cheese; and his meals were invariably followed by fits of sea-sickness which he considered quite unaccountable. His habits became at length such a scandal to all on board, that the doctor was compelled, by the force of public opinion, to order him to eat less. He had remained below from our time of starting, until the day we made land, when he appeared on deck for the first time, and was for the first time seen without his nightcap.

When we had been about three weeks at sea an incident occurred which appalled us all, and elicited the sympathies of everyone for one of the unfortunate sufferers. I have already alluded to the old man, who was emigrating with his only grandson, whom he wished to see comfortably settled in life, ere his eyes were sealed in death. The youth was one of several on board who were fond, after having been a few days at sea, of climbing the rigging, and exposing themselves to a variety of unnecessary risks. He had been frequently warned, with the rest, against the consequences which might ensue, but disregarded the advice. One day, whilst out upon the bowsprit, he missed his hold and dropped into the water. The alarm of "man over-board" was instantly raised, and, to save him, the ship was immediately hove to; but he had disappeared, and although we remained for an hour upon the spot, we never caught a glimpse of him again. One of the men, near him at the time said that, on reaching the water, he was struck on the head by the cut-water of the ship, which was then running about eight knots an hour. The blow stunned him, and he sank like a stone. The poor old man was inconsolable, and gradually sank into a state of vacant

imbecility; and, on landing, found a home in the Lunatic Asylum at Quebec.

Let no one dream that the sea, particularly on board an emigrant ship, is the place for reading or study. It is either too cold, when there is the slightest breeze, or too hot when it is calm: it is too noisy at all times. Happy is he who, under such circumstances, has a resource against *ennui* in his own reflections. Having a clergyman on board, we had divine service regularly on the Sundays. When it was rough, the assemblage took place between decks in the steerage; but when fine we were convened upon deck. Sailors have a dread, not exactly of clergymen in the abstract, but of clergymen on board. A blackbird on the rigging as the ship is about to start, or a clergyman on board, is equally, in their estimation, a token of ill luck; and some of the crew pitied us for anticipating anything else, under the circumstances.

If there is one thing more disagreeable than a storm at sea, it is a calm. It is all very well for a steamer, which can then make her way nobly over the waters; but, the annoyance and tedium on board a sailing vessel are indescribable. In all our calms we were surrounded by sea-gulls and other marine birds. Some of them ventured so close as to be shot; others we endeavoured to catch by means of baited hooks tied to a stick, which was attached to a long cord; but they were too wary for us, for, after closely examining it, they fought shy of the temptation.

On nearing the banks of Newfoundland we were constantly immersed in fogs. One morning, whilst thus situated, the temperature of the sea suddenly lowered, which the captain interpreted into an indication of icebergs not being far off, and a sharp look out was ordered to be kept. It was scarcely noon ere we were in imminent peril of running at full speed against one. We owed our escape to a passenger, who was on the look-out, and who called the attention of one of the sailors to something a-head of us. "Starboard—starboard hard!"—cried he at once to the man at the wheel. The helm was scarcely turned ere we glided rapidly by the frozen mass, which gleamed like a huge emerald in the faint and struggling sunlight. We passed so close to it that I could have leaped upon it with ease. We might as well have run against a whinstone rock as encountered this floating peril, at the rate at which we were then gliding through the water.

Whilst crossing the banks the ship was frequently hove to for soundings. We took advantage of such occasions to fish for cod; nor were we unsuccessful, for we, altogether, hauled on board several dozen fish of a large size. The delight with which we feasted upon our prey, after some weeks' experience of nothing but salt meat, I leave the reader to imagine. It was during one of our angling attempts that an incident occurred, which would have seemed as incredible to me as it

may now do the reader, had I not been an eye-witness of it. One of the crew, whilst fishing for a few minutes, with a line belonging to a passenger, hooked a very large fish, which dropped into the water in the act of being hauled on board. The man, determined on securing his prize, without a moment's hesitation, leaped overboard after it; and, seizing the half insensible fish in his arms, held it there until he was hauled on board, with his extraordinary booty. In explanation of this, it should be known that the gills of a cod-fish, when out of the water, swell considerably, so as to prevent it from properly performing their functions when restored, even alive, to its native element. It was whilst the fish in question was in the act of thus "coming to" that the man seized and secured it.

On the banks, when the night was clear, we witnessed magnificent exhibitions of the aurora-borealis. It was generally between midnight and ten in the morning that the phenomenon attained the greatest splendour. When the whole northern sky was enveloped in a trellis-work of flashing wavy light, of a mingled golden, silvery pink, and blood-red hue.

The first land we made, was Cape Breton, an island off the northern extremity of Nova Scotia; and between which and Newfoundland, is the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The bold shore of the island was more picturesque than inviting; but for the live-long day every passenger strained his eyes upon this, the first positive revelation of the New World to him. The delight imparted by the first sight of land, can only be appreciated by those who have been for weeks at sea, with nothing to meet the eye, day after day, but the same monotonous and dreary circle of waters, in the midst of which the ship seems to rest immovable. From Cape Breton we stood up the Gulf, and being favoured by the wind, soon made the Island of Anticosti, not far from the mouth of the St. Lawrence. It looked like a mass of petrified guano; an illusion which was not disturbed by the myriads of water-fowl which hovered about its precipices.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence has not been inaptly designated, the "vilest of seas." It was our lot to have ample experience of its capricious humours. When almost at the mouth of the river, which expands into a magnificent estuary of from seventy to ninety miles in width, we were becalmed for two whole days. Between us and the rocky shore on our left, to which we were very close, lay a vessel from Belfast, crowded with emigrants. There was music and dancing on board; and so near were we to each other, that we, too, sometimes danced to the sound of her solitary violin. On the evening of the second day, we were suddenly overtaken by a furious squall, which descending the river, came upon us so unprepared, that much of our canvas was cut to pieces ere it could be

taken in. In about half an hour all was comparatively tranquil again, but on looking for our comrade, not a vestige of her was to be seen. It was not for three weeks afterwards, when we heard of her total loss, with upwards of three hundred and fifty souls on board, that our dreadful suspicions respecting her, were confirmed. Next morning it blew very fresh; and although it was the 3rd of June, we had several heavy falls of snow.

After beating about for two days longer in the mouth of the river, we were boarded by a pilot, and made way for Quebec, about four hundred miles up. The ascent of the stream is sometimes exceedingly tedious; as, when the wind is adverse, it is necessary to come to anchor at every turn of the tide. Thus as much time is sometimes consumed in ascending the river, as in crossing the Atlantic. We were more fortunate, for we made the quarantine ground, thirty miles below the city, in ten days. Under such circumstances, the sail up the river is interesting and agreeable. For the first hundred miles or so, it is so wide, that land on either side is but dimly visible. But, as the estuary narrows, objects on either side become more distinct. The northern shore, which is bold and mountainous, is replete with scenes of the most romantic grandeur. The southern bank being much tamer in its character, and more adapted for human habitations. The channel too, some distance up, is occasionally studded with islands, which add greatly to the interest of the sail.

The quarantine ground of Canada is Gros Isle, between which and Quebec stretches the long Island of Orleans. We had scarcely dropped anchor when we were boarded by an officer of the Board of Health. Whilst ascending the river, the ship had been thoroughly cleaned, and the berths in the steerage white-washed. We were all passed in review before the functionary in question, and could have been at once permitted to proceed to our destination, but for one old lady, who was not exactly ill, but ailing; on her account we were detained until every piece of clothing on board had undergone a thorough ablution. We landed immediately in boats, and, after having been for about six weeks at sea, it was with inexpressible joy that I sprang ashore, for the first time, in the New World.

Gros Isle! With what melancholy associations have the events of 1847 encircled the name of the Canadian lazaretto! On our arrival, in a year when the tide of emigration was not strong, there was a little fleet anchored along side of it. Some of the vessels (they were all from Ireland), with their overloaded cargoes of human beings, had been already there for a month, nor was there any prospect of their being relieved for some weeks to come. There was an hospital for the sick; the accommodation ashore for such as were well, consisted of several large open sheds, tolerably well covered and floored. In these, meals were taken during the day, and beds

were made for the night. Outside, the scene presented was picturesque, and even gay; there were nearly three thousand people ashore, and a universal washing of clothes of all kinds was going on; the water being heated by hundreds of wood fires, which were blazing and smoking amongst the rocks in the open air. When there were families, the families belonging to them washed for them; such as were alone had to hire the services of professional washerwomen. The appliances of washing are rather peculiar. Between high and low water-mark the island was very rocky, and the action of the water had here and there scooped out bowls of various sizes from the rock. Into them, for the most part, the hot water was poured, and in them, between tides, the clothes were washed. They were then spread upon the rocks, or hung upon the trees to dry, which gave the island a holiday look. It was anything, however, but a holiday time for hundreds, who were forced to tenant it.

To our great satisfaction, we were permitted, after but one day's detention, to resume our course. With wind and tide in our favour, we soon dropped up to the city. It was a clear and brilliant morning in June when we left Gros Isle, and as we made our way up the narrow channel between the Island of Orleans and the southern bank of the river, nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene, the great basin, into which the city juts, being visible in the distance, directly ahead of us, whilst the precipitous bank on either side, particularly that on our left, was covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, in the shade of which we could, every here and there, discover foaming torrents, dashing headlong from the country above into the river, like those which, after heavy rains, rush with such fury down the western bank of Loch Ness. On opening one of the points of the Isle Orleans, the cataract of Montmorency burst suddenly upon our view, looking in the distance like a long streak of snow amid the rich green foliage which imbedded it. Considerably higher up, Point Levy still projected between us and the city, but long before we turned it, we could see over it the British flag floating in the distance from the lofty battlements of Cape Diamond. On turning the point, the change of scene was as sudden and complete as any ever effected by the scenic contrivances of the stage. The city was at once disclosed to view, skirting the fort and crowning the summit of the bold rocky promontory on which it stands, its tinned roofs and steeples gleaming in the sunlight, as if they were cased in silver. Very few vessels were at the wharves, but abreast of the city hundreds were anchored in the middle of the stream, some getting rid of their ballast, and others surrounded by islands of timber, with which they were being loaded. The clearness of the air, the brightness of the sky, the merry tumble of the water, slightly ruffled by a fresh easterly breeze, the singular

position and quaint appearance of the town, with its massive battlements, its glistening turrets, and its break-neck looking streets, zig-zagging up the precipice, with the rich greenery of the Heights of Abraham beyond, and that of Point Levy right opposite, and with hundreds of vessels lying quietly at anchor on the broad expanse of the river, whilst the echoes reverberated to the merry choruses of their busy crews,—all conspired to form a picture calculated to make an impression upon the imagination too deep to be ever effaced.

The anchor had scarcely dropped, terminating our long and weary voyage, when we were boarded by a Custom-House officer, and by an officer of the Board of Health. After another inspection, we were permitted to land; and it was not without many anxious reflections upon the novelty of my situation, that I found myself retiring that night to rest within a stone's throw of the monument raised to the joint memories of Wolf and Montcalm.

Such were the incidents of my voyage. I have set them down simply, and exactly as they occurred, for the purpose of presenting a true picture of the emigrant's life afloat. I have since learned that, in all respects, ours was an average journey across the wide waste. Intending emigrants, therefore, who picture to themselves in bright colours the glories of a sea voyage, will, by reading these pages, have their dreams modified by some touches of reality and truth, if not entirely dispelled. If, however, they are adapted for success in the other hemisphere, they will not be daunted by the trials and inconveniences I have pictured.

THE SISTER'S FAREWELL.

DEAR Sister, sit beside my bed,
And let me see your gentle smile,
And lend me lay my aching head
Upon your kindly arm awhile;
I shall not long be with you now,
My time is drawing to an end :
May we our spirits meekly bow,
And He release from suffering send.

The longed-for summer's drawing near ;
The wind is softer, and the sun
Streams down so brightly on me here,
It almost seems already come.
But now—I never more shall see
The fields and lanes, all gay with flowers,
Nor hear the murmur of the bee,
Nor song of birds among the bowers.

For here, no beauteous change we see
In nature, as the year rolls on ;
No green bursts forth on bush and tree
When winter's chilling frosts are gone.
No gentle flowers or odours sweet,
In summer cheer us as we go ;
Nought see we but th' unchanging street,
And weary passing to and fro.

The summer, though 'tis summer still,
Seems not the same while we are here.
How sweet the thought of that clear rill,
That trembled from the hillock near

To our old house! I sometimes think,
With my eyes closed, and half-asleep,
That I am lying on the brink
Of the old fish-pond, still, and deep.

Methinks in one of those sweet nooks,
Beneath the hanging willow-trees,
I listen to the cawing rooks
And busy humming of the bees.
And, moodily, I watch the trout
Make circles in the tranquil pool;
And watch the swallows skim about,
And feel the breeze so fresh and cool.

Let me awake—the dream was brief—
Be thankful for my sufferings here;
Be thankful, too, for Heaven's relief,
E'en though I leave thee, sister dear.
Yet let me once more see you smile;
A Vision opens on me bright!
Lay your hand by me for a while—
And now, God bless you, love—Good Night!

THE HOME OF WOODRUFFE THE GARDENER.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

FLEMING did what he could to find fair play for his father-in-law. He spoke to one and another—to the officers of the railway, and to the owners of neighbouring plots of ground, about the bad drainage, which was injuring everybody; but he could not learn that anything was likely to be done. The ditch—the great evil of all—had always been there, he was told, and people never used to complain of it. When Fleming pointed out that it was at first a comparatively deep ditch, and that it grew shallower every year, from the accumulations formed by its uneven bottom, there were some who admitted that it might be as well to clean it out; yet nobody set about it. And it was truly a more difficult affair now than it would have been at an earlier time. If the ditch was shallower, it was much wider. It had once been twelve feet wide, and it was now eighteen. When any drain had been flowing into it, or after a rainy day, the contents spread through and over the soil on each side, and softened it, and then the next time any horse or cow came to drink, the whole bank was made a perfect bog; for the poor animals, however thirsty, tried twenty places to find water that they could drink, before going away in despair. Such was the bar in the way of poor Woodruffe's success with his ground. Before the end of summer, his patience was nearly worn out. During a showery and gleamy May and a pleasant June, he had gone on as prosperously as he could expect under the circumstances; and he confidently anticipated that a seasonable July and August would quite set him up. But he had had no previous experience of the peculiarities of ill-drained land; and the hot July and August from which he hoped so much did him terrible mischief. The drought which would have merely dried and pulverised a well-drained soil, leaving it free to profit

much by small waterings, baked the over-charged soil of Woodruffe's garden into hard hot masses of clay, amidst which his produce died off faster and faster every day, even though he and all his family wore out their strength with constant watering. He did hope, he said, that he should have been spared drought at least; but it seemed as if he was to have every plague in turn; and the drought seemed, at the time, to be the worst of all.

One day, Fleming saw a welcome face in one of the carriages; Mr. Nelson, a Director of the railway, who was looking along the line to see how matters went. Though Mr. Nelson was not exactly the one, of all the Directors, whom Fleming would have chosen to appeal to, he saw that the opportunity must not be lost; and he entreated him to alight, and stay for the next train.

"Eh! what?" said Mr. Nelson; "what can you want with us here? A station like this! Why, one has to put on spectacles to see it!"

"If you would come down, Sir, I should be glad to show you . . ."

"Well: I suppose I must."

As they were standing on the little platform, and the train was growing smaller in the distance, Fleming proceeded to business. He told of the serious complaints that were made for a distance of a few miles on either hand, of the clay pits, left by the railway brickmakers, to fill with stagnant waters.

"Pho! pho! Is that what you want to say?" replied Mr. Nelson. "You need not have stopped me just to tell me that. We hear of those pits all along the line. We are sick of hearing of them."

"That does not mend the matter in this place," observed Fleming. "I speak freely, Sir, but I think it my duty to say that something must be done. I heard, a few days ago, more than the people hereabouts know,—much more than I shall tell them—of the fever that has settled on particular points of our line; and I now assure you, Sir, that if the fever once gets a hold in this place, I believe it may carry us all off, before anything can be done. Sir, there is not one of us, within half a mile of the Station, that has a wholesome dwelling."

"Pho! pho! you are a croaker," declared Mr. Nelson. "Never saw such a dismal fellow! Why, you will die of fright, if ever you die of anything."

"Then, Sir, will you have the goodness to walk round with me, and see for yourself what you think of things. It is not only for myself and my family that I speak. In an evil day, I induced my wife's family to settle here, and . . ."

"Ay! that is a nice garden," observed Mr. Nelson, as Fleming pointed to Woodruffe's land. "You are a croaker, Fleming. I declare I think the place is much improved

since I saw it last. People would not come and settle here if the place was like what you say."

Instead of arguing the matter, Fleming led the way down the long flight of steps. He was aware that leading the gentleman among bad smells and over shoes in a foul bog would have more effect than any argument was ever known to have on his contradictory spirit.

"You should have seen worse things than these, and then you would not be so discontented," observed Mr. Nelson, striking his stick upon the hard-baked soil, all intersected with cracks. "I have seen such a soil as this in Spain, some days after a battle, when there were scores of fingers and toes sticking up out of the cracks. What would you say to that?—eh?"

"We may have a chance of seeing that here," replied Fleming; "if the plague comes,—and comes too fast for the coffin-makers,—a thing which has happened more than once in England, I believe."

Mr. Nelson stopped to laugh; but he certainly attended more to business as he went on; and Fleming, who knew something of his ways, had hopes that if he could only keep his own temper, this visit of the Director might not be without good results.

In passing through Woodruffe's garden, very nice management was necessary. Woodruffe was at work there, charged with ire against railway directors and landed proprietors, whom, amidst the pangs of his rheumatism, he regarded as the poisoners of his land and the bane of his fortunes; while, on the other hand, Mr. Nelson, who had certainly never been a market-gardener, criticised and ridiculed everything that met his eye. What was the use of such a tool-house as that?—big enough for a house for them all. What was the use of such low fences?—of such high screens?—of making the walks so wide?—sheer waste!—of making the beds so long one way, and so narrow another?—of planting or sowing this and that?—things that nobody wanted. Woodruffe had pushed back his hat, in preparation for a defiant reply, when Fleming caught his eye, and, by a good-tempered smile, conveyed to him that they had an oddity to deal with. Allan, who had begun by listening reverently, was now looking from one to another, in great perplexity.

"What is that boy here for, staring like a dunce? Why don't you send him to school? You neglect a parent's duty if you don't send him to school."

Woodruffe answered by a smile of contempt, walked away, and went to work at a distance.

"That boy is very well taught," Fleming said, quietly. "He is a great reader, and will soon be fit to keep his father's accounts."

"What does he stare in that manner for, then? I took him for a dunce."

"He is not accustomed to hear his father called in question, either as a gardener or a parent."

"Pho! pho! I might as well have waited, though, till he was out of hearing. Well, is this all you have to show me? I think you make a great fuss about nothing."

"Will you walk this way?" said Fleming, turning down towards the osier beds, without any compassion for the gentleman's boots or olfactory nerves. For a long while Mr. Nelson affected to admire the reeds, and waterflags, and marsh-blossoms, declared the decayed vegetation to be peat soil, very fine peat, which the ladies would be glad of for their heaths in the flower-garden,—and thought there must be good fowling here in winter. Fleming quietly turned over the so-called peat with a stick, letting it be seen that it was a mere dung-heap of decayed rushes, and wished Mr. Nelson would come in the fowling season, and see what the place was like.

"The children are merry enough, however," observed the gentleman. "They can laugh here, much as in other places. I advise you to take a lesson from them, Fleming. Now, don't you teach them to croak."

The laughter sounded from the direction of the old brick-ground; and thither they now turned. Two little boys were on the brink of a pit, so intent on watching a rat in the water and on pelting it with stones, that they did not see that anybody was coming to disturb them. In answer to Mr. Nelson's question, whether they were vagrants, and why vagrants were permitted there, Fleming answered that the younger one—the pale-faced one—was his little brother-in-law; the other—

"Ay, now, you will be telling me next that the pale face is the fault of this place."

"It certainly is," said Fleming. "That child was chubby enough when he came."

"Pho, pho! a puny little wretch as ever I saw—puny from its birth, I have no doubt of it. And who is the other—a gipsy?"

"He looks like it," replied Fleming. On being questioned, Moss told that the boy lived near, and he had often played with him lately. Yes, he lived near, just beyond those trees; not in a house, only a sort of house the people had made for themselves. Mr. Nelson liked to lecture vagrants, even more than other people; so Moss was required to show the way, and his dark-skinned play-fellow was not allowed to skulk behind.

Moss led his party on, over the tufty hay-coloured grass, skipping from bunch to bunch of rushes, round the osier-beds, and at last straight through a clump of alders, behind whose screen now appeared the house, as Moss had called it, which the gipsies had made for themselves. It was the tilt of a waggon, serving as a tent. Nobody was visible but a woman, crouching under the shadow of the tent, to screen from the sun that which was lying across her lap.

"What is that that she's nursing? Lord bless me! Can that be a child?" exclaimed Mr. Nelson.

"A child in the fever," replied Fleming.

"Lord bless me!—to see legs and arms hang down like that!" exclaimed the gentleman: and he forthwith gave the woman a lecture on her method of nursing—scolded her for letting the child get a fever—for not putting it to bed—for not getting a doctor to it—for being a gipsy, and living under an alder clump. He then proceeded to inquire whether she had anybody else in the tent, where her husband was, whether he lived by thieving, how they would all like being transported, whether she did not think her children would all be hanged, and so on. At first, the woman tried a facetious and wheedling tone, then a whimpering one, and, finally, a scolding one. The last answered well. Mr. Nelson found that a man, to say nothing of a gentleman, has no chance with a woman with a sore heart in her breast, and a sick child in her lap, when once he has driven her to her weapon of the tongue. He said afterwards, that he had once gone to Billingsgate, on purpose to set two fishwomen quarrelling, that he might see what it was like. The scene had fulfilled all his expectations; but he now declared that it could not compare with this exhibition behind the alders. He stood a long while, first trying to overpower the woman's voice; and, when that seemed hopeless, poking about among the rushes with his stick, and finally, staring in the woman's face, in a mood between consternation and amusement:—thus he stood, waiting till the torrent should intermit; but there was no sign of intermission; and when the sick child began to move and rouse itself, and look at the strangers, as if braced by the vigour of its mother's tongue, the prospect of an end seemed further off than ever. Mr. Nelson shrugged his shoulders, signed to his companions, and walked away through the alders. The woman was not silent because they were out of sight. Her voice waxed shriller as it followed them, and died away only in the distance. Moss was grasping Fleming's hand with all his might when Mr. Nelson spoke to him, and shook his stick at him, asking him how he came to play with such people, and saying that if ever he heard him learning to scold like that woman, he would beat him with that stick: so Moss vowed he never would.

When the train was in sight by which Mr. Nelson was to depart, he turned to Fleming, with the most careless air imaginable, saying, "Have you any medicine in your house?—any bark?"

"Not any. But I will send for some."

"Ay, do. Or,—no—I will send you some. See if you can't get these people housed somewhere, so that they may not sleep in the swamp. I don't mean in any of your houses, but in a barn, or some such place. If the physic comes before the doctor, get somebody

to dose the child. And don't fancy you are all going to die of the fever. That is the way to make yourselves ill: and it is all nonsense, too, I dare say."

"Do you like that gentleman?" asked Moss, sapsiently, when the train was whirling Mr. Nelson out of sight. "Because I don't—not at all."

"I believe he is kinder than he seems, Moss. He need not be so rough: but I know he does kind things sometimes."

"But, do you like him?"

"No, I can't say I do."

Before many hours were over, Fleming was sorry that he had admitted this, even to himself; and for many days after he was occasionally heard telling Moss what a good gentleman Mr. Nelson was, for all his roughness of manners. With the utmost speed, before it would have been thought possible, arrived a surgeon from the next town, with medicines, and the news that he was to come every day while there was any fear of fever. The gipsies were to have been cared for; but they were gone. The marks of their fire and a few stray feathers which showed that a fowl had been plucked, alone told where they had encamped. A neighbour, who loved her poultry yard, was heard to say that the sick child would not die for want of chicken broth, she would be bound; and the nearest farmer asked if they had left any potato-peels and turnip tops for his pig. He thought that was the least they could do after making their famous gipsy stew (a capital dish, it was said,) from his vegetables. They were gone; and if they had not left fever behind, they might be forgiven, for the sake of the benefit of taking themselves off. After the search for the gipsies was over, there was still an unusual stir about the place. One and another stranger appeared and examined the low grounds, and sent for one and another of the neighbouring proprietors, whether farmer, or builder, or gardener, or labourer; for every one who owned or rented a yard of land on the borders of the great ditch, or anywhere near the clay-pits or osier beds. It was the opinion of the few residents near the Station that something would be done to improve the place before another year; and everybody said that it must be Mr. Nelson's doings, and that it was a thousand pities that he did not come earlier, before the fever had crept thus far along the line.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

For some months past, Becky had believed without a doubt, that the day of her return home would be the very happiest day of her life. She was too young to know yet that it is not for us to settle which of our days shall be happy ones, nor what events shall yield us joy. The promise had not been kept that she should return when her father and mother removed into the new cottage. She had been told that there really was not, even now

decent room for them all; and that they must at least wait till the hot weather was completely over before they crowded the chamber, as they had hitherto done. And then, when autumn came on, and the creeping mists from the low grounds hung round the place from sunset till after breakfast the next day, the mother delayed sending for her daughter, unwilling that she should lose the look of health which she alone now, of all the family, exhibited. Fleming and his wife and babe prospered better than the others. The young man's business lay on the high ground, at the top of the embankment. He was there all day while Mr. Woodruffe and Allan were below, among the ditches and the late and early fogs. Mrs. Fleming was young and strong, full of spirit and happiness; and so far fortified against the attacks of disease, as a merry heart strengthens nerve and bone and muscle, and invigorates all the vital powers. In regard to her family, her father's hopeful spirit seemed to have passed into her. While he was becoming permanently discouraged, she was always assured that everything would come right next year. The time had arrived for her power of hope to be tested to the utmost. One day this autumn, she admitted that Becky must be sent for. She did not forget, however, to charge Allan to be cheerful, and make the best of things, and not frighten Becky by the way.

It was now the end of October. Some of the days were balmy elsewhere—the afternoons ruddy; the leaves crisp beneath the tread; the squirrel busy after the nuts in the wood; the pheasants splendid among the dry ferns in the brake, the sportsman warm and thirsty in his exploring among the stubble. In the evenings the dwellers in country houses called one another out upon the grass, to see how bright the stars were, and how softly the moonlight slept upon the woods. While it was thus in one place, in another, and not far off, all was dank, dim, dreary and unwholesome; with but little sun, and no moon or stars; all chill, and no glow; no stray perfumes, the last of the year, but sickly scents coming on the steam from below. Thus it was about Fleming's house, this latter end of October, when he saw but little of his wife, because she was nursing her mother in the fever, and when he tried to amuse himself with his young baby at meal-times (awkward nurse as he was) to relieve his wife of the charge for the little time he could be at home. When the baby cried, and when he saw his Abby look wearied, he did wish, now and then, that Becky was at home; but he was patient, and helpful, and as cheerful as he could, till the day which settled the matter. On that morning he felt strangely weak, barely able to mount the steps to the station. During the morning, several people told him he looked ill; and one person did more. The porter sent a message to the next large Station that somebody must be sent

immediately to fill Fleming's place, in case of his being too ill to work. Somebody came; and before that, Fleming was in bed—certainly down in the fever. His wife was now wanted at home; and Becky must come to her mother.

Though Becky asked questions all the way home, and Allan answered them as truthfully as he knew how, she was not prepared for what she found—her father aged and bent, always in pain, more or less, and far less furnished with plans and hopes than she had ever known him; Moss, fretful and sickly, and her mother unable to turn herself in her bed. Nobody mentioned death. The surgeon who came daily, and told Becky exactly what to do, said nothing of anybody dying of the fever, while Woodruffe was continually talking of things that were to be done when his wife got well again. It was sad, and sometimes alarming, to hear the strange things that Mrs. Woodruffe said in the evenings when she was delirious; but if Abby stepped in at such times, she did not think much of it, did not look upon it as any sign of danger; and was only thankful that her husband had no delirium. His head was always clear, she said, though he was very weak. Becky never doubted, after this, that her mother was the most severely ill of the two; and she was thunderstruck when she heard one morning the surgeon's answers to her father's questions about Fleming. He certainly considered it a bad case; he would not say that he could not get through; but he must say it was contrary to his expectation. When Becky saw her father's face as he turned away and went out, she believed his heart was broken.

"But I thought," said she to the surgeon, "I thought my mother was most ill of the two."

"I don't know that," was the reply, "but she is very ill. We are doing the best we can.—You are, I am sure," he said, kindly; "and we must hope on, and do our best till a change comes. The wisest of us do not know what changes may come. But I could not keep your father in ignorance of what may happen in the other house."

No appearances alarmed Abby. Because there was no delirium, she apprehended no danger. Even when the fatal twitchings came, the arm twitching as it lay upon the coverlid, she did not know it was a symptom of anything. As she nursed her husband perfectly well, and could not have been made more prudent and watchful by any warning, she had no warning. Her cheerfulness was encouraged, for her infant's sake, as well as for her husband's and her own. Some thought that her husband knew his own case. A word or two,—now a gesture, and now a look,—persuaded the surgeon and Woodruffe that he was aware that he was going. His small affairs were always kept settled; he had probably no directions to give; and his tenderness for his wife showed itself in his enjoying her cheerfulness to the last. When, as soon as it

was light, one December morning, Moss was sent to ask if Abby could possibly come for a few minutes, because mother was worse, he found his sister alone, looking at the floor, her hands on her lap, though the baby was fidgetting in its cradle. Fleming's face was covered, and he lay so still that Moss, who had never seen death, felt sure that all was over. The boy hardly knew what to do; and his sister seemed not to hear what he said. The thought of his mother,—that Abby's going might help or save her,—moved him to act. He kissed Abby, and said she must please go to mother; and he took the baby out of the cradle, and wrapped it up, and put it into its mother's arms; and fetched Abby's bonnet, and took her cloak down from its peg, and opened the door for her, saying, that he would stay and take care of everything. His sister went without a word; and, as soon as he had closed the door behind her, Moss sank down on his knees before the chair where she had been sitting, and hid his face there till some one came for him,—to see his mother once more before she died.

As the two coffins were carried out, to be conveyed to the churchyard together, Mr. Nelson, who had often been backward and forward during the last six weeks, observed to the surgeon that the death of such a man as Fleming was a dreadful loss.

"It is that sort of men that the fever cuts off," said the surgeon. "The strong man, in the prime of life, at his best period, one may say, for himself and for society, is taken away,—leaving wife and child helpless and forlorn. That is the ravage that the fever makes."

"Well: would not people tell you that it is our duty to submit?" asked Mr. Nelson, who could not help showing some emotion by voice and countenance.

"Submit!" said the surgeon. "That depends on what the people mean who use the word. If you or I were ill of the fever, we must resign ourselves, as cheerfully as we could. But if you ask me whether we should submit to see more of our neighbours cut off by fever as these have been, I can only ask in return, whose doing it is that they are living in a swamp, and whether that is to go on? Who dug the clay pits? Who let that ditch run abroad, and make a filthy bog? Are you going to charge that upon Providence, and talk of submitting to the consequences? If so, that is not my religion."

"No, no. There is no religion in that," replied Mr. Nelson, for once agreeing in what was said to him. "It must be looked to."

"It must," said the surgeon, as decidedly as if he had been a railway director, or king and parliament in one.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"I wonder whether there is a more forlorn family in England than we are now," said Woodruffe, as he sat among his children, a few hours after the funeral.

His children were glad to hear him speak, however gloomy might be his tone. His silence had been so terrible that nothing that he could say could so weigh upon their hearts. His words, however, brought out his widowed daughter's tears again. She was sewing—her infant lying in her lap. As her tears fell upon its face, it moved and cried. Becky came and took it up, and spoke cheerfully to it. The cheerfulness seemed to be the worst of all. Poor Abby laid her forehead to the back of her chair, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Ay, Abby," said her father, "your heart is breaking, and mine too. You and I can go to our rest, like those that have gone before us: but I have to think what will become of these young things."

"Yes, father," said Becky gently, but with a tone of remonstrance, "you must endeavour to live, and not make up your mind to dying, because life has grown heavy and sad."

"My dear, I am ill—very ill. It is not merely that life is grown intolerable to me. I am sure I could not live long in such misery of mind: but I am breaking up fast."

The young people looked at each other in dismay. There was something worse than the grief conveyed by their father's words in the hopeless daring—the despair—of his tone when he ventured to say that life was unendurable.

Becky had the child on one arm; with the other hand she took down her father's plaid from its peg, and put it round his rheumatic shoulders, whispering in his ear a few words about desiring that God's will should be done.

"My dear," he replied, "it was I who taught you that lesson when you were a child on my knee, and it would be strange if I forgot it when I want so much any comfort that I can get. But I don't believe (and if you ask the clergyman, he will tell you that he does not believe), that it is God's will that we, or any other people, should be thrust into a swamp like this, scarcely fit for the rats and the frogs to live in. It is man's doing, not God's, that the fever makes such havoc as it has made with us. The fever does not lay waste healthy places."

"Then why are we here?" Allan ventured to say. "Father, let us go."

"Go! I wonder how or where! I can't go, or let any of you go. I have not a pound in the world to spend in moving, or in finding new employment. And if I had, who would employ me? Who would not laugh at a crippled old man asking for work and wages?"

"Then, father, we must see what we can do here, and you must not forbid us to say 'God's will be done!' If we cannot go away, it must be His will that we should stay and have as much hope and courage as we can."

Woodruffe threw himself back in his chair.

It was too much to expect that he would immediately rally; but he let the young people confer, and plan, and cheer each other.

The first thing to be done, they agreed, was to move hither, whenever the dismal rain would permit it, all Abby's furniture that could not be disposed of to her husband's successors. It would fit up the lower room. And Allan and Becky settled how the things could stand so as to make it at once a bedroom and sitting-room. If, as Abby had said, she meant to try to get some scholars, and keep a little school, room must be left to seat the children.

"Keep a school?" exclaimed Woodruffe, looking round at Abby.

"Yes, father," said Abby, raising her head. "That seems to be a thing that I can do: and it will be good for me to have something to do. Becky is the stoutest of us all, and . . ."

"I wonder how long that will last," groaned the father.

"I am quite stout now," said Becky; "and I am the one to help Allan with the garden. Allan and I will work under your direction, father, while your rheumatism lasts; and . . ."

"And what am I to do?" asked Moss, pushing himself in.

"You shall fetch and carry the tools," said Becky; "that is, when the weather is fine, and when your chilblains are not very bad. And you shall be bird-boy when the sowing season comes on."

"And we are going to put up a pent-house for you, in one corner, you know, Moss," said his brother. "And we will make it so that there shall be room for a fire in it, where father and you may warm yourselves, and always have dry shoes ready."

"I wonder what our shoe leather will have cost us by the time the spring comes," observed Woodruffe. "There is not a place where we ever have to take the cart or the barrow that is not all mire and ruts: not a path in the whole garden that I call a decent one. Our shoes are all pulled to pieces; while the frost, or the fog, or something or other, prevents our getting any real work done. The waste is dreadful. Nothing should have made me take a garden where none but summer crops are to be had, if I could have foreseen such a thing. I never saw such a thing before,—never—as market-gardening without winter and spring crops. Never heard of such a thing!"

Becky glanced towards Allan, to see if he had nothing to propose. If they could neither mend the place nor leave it, it did seem a hard case. Allan was looking into the fire, musing. When Moss announced that the rain was over, Allan started, and said he must be fetching some of Abby's things down, if it was fair. Becky really meant to help him: but she also wanted opportunity for consultation, as to whether it could really be God's will that they should neither be able

to mend their condition nor to escape from it. As they mounted the long flight of steps, they saw Mr. Nelson issue from the Station, looking about him to ascertain if the rain was over, and take his stand on the embankment, followed by a gentleman who had a roll of paper in his hand. As they stood, the one was seen to point with his stick, and the other with his roll of paper, this way and that. Allan set off in that direction, saying to his sister, as he went,

"Don't you come. That gentleman is so rude, he will make you cry. Yes, I must go; and I won't get angry; I won't indeed. He may find as much fault as he pleases; I must show him how the water is standing in our furrows."

"Hallo! what do you want here?" was Mr. Nelson's greeting, when, after a minute or two, he saw Allan looking and listening. "What business have you here, hearkening to what we are saying?"

"I wanted to know whether anything is going to be done below there. I thought, if you wished it, I could tell you something about it."

"You! what, a dainty little fellow like you?—a fellow that wears his Sunday clothes on a Tuesday, and a rainy Tuesday too! You must get working clothes and work."

"I shall work to-morrow, Sir. My mother and my brother-in-law were buried to-day."

"Lord bless me! You should have told me that. How should I know that unless you told me?" He proceeded in a much gentler tone, however, merely remonstrating with Allan for letting the wet stand in the furrows, in such a way as would spoil any garden. Allan had a good ally, all the while, in the stranger, who seemed to understand everything before it was explained. The gentleman was, in fact, an agricultural surveyor—one who could tell, when looking abroad from a height, what was swamp and what meadow; where there was a clean drain, and where an uneven ditch; where the soil was likely to be watered, and where flooded by the winter rains; where genially warmed, and where fatally baked by the summer's sun. He had seen, before Allan pointed it out, how the great ditch cut across between the cultivated grounds and the little river into which those grounds should be drained; but he could not know, till told by Allan, who were the proprietors and occupiers of the parcels of land lying on either side the ditch. Mr. Nelson knew little or nothing under this head, though he contradicted the lad every minute; was sure such an one did not live here, nor another there: told him he was confusing Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown: did not believe a word of Mr. Taylor having bought yonder meadow, or Mrs. Scott now renting that field. All the while, the surveyor went on setting down the names as Allan told them; and then observed that they were not so many but that they might combine, if they

would, to drain their properties, if they could be relieved of the obstruction of the ditch—if the surveyor of highways would see that the ditch were taken in hand. Mr. Nelson pronounced that there should be no difficulty about the ditch, if the rest could be managed: and then, after a few whispered words between the gentlemen, Allan was asked first, whether he was sure that he knew where every person lived whose name was down in the surveyor's book; and next, whether he would act as guide to-morrow. For a moment he thought he should be wanted to move Abby's things: but, remembering the vast importance of the plan which seemed now to be fairly growing under his eye, he replied that he would go: he should be happy to make it his day's work to help, ever so little, towards what he wished above everything in the world.

"What makes you in such a hurry to suppose we want to get a day's work out of you for nothing?" asked Mr. Nelson. He thrust half-a-crown into the lad's waistcoat pocket, saying that he must give it back again, if he led the gentleman wrong. The gentleman had no time to go running about the country on a fool's errand; Allan must mind that. As Allan touched his hat, and ran down the steps, Mr. Nelson observed that boys with good hearts did not fly about in that way, as if they were merry, on the day of their mother's funeral.

"Perhaps he is rather thinking of saving his father," observed the surveyor.

"Well; save as many of them as you can. They seem all going to pot as it is."

When Allan burst in, carrying nothing of Abby's, but having a little colour in his cheeks for once, his father sat up in his chair, the baby suddenly stopped crying, and Moss asked where he had been. At first, his father disappointed him by being listless—first refusing to believe anything good, and then saying that any good that could happen now was too late; and Abby could not help crying all the more because this was not thought about a year sooner. It was her poor husband that had made the stir; and now they were going to take his advice the very day that he was laid in his grave. They all tried to comfort her, and said how natural it was that she should feel it so; yet, amidst all their sympathy, they could not help being cheered that something was to be done at last.

By degrees, and not slow degrees, Woodruffe became animated. It was surprising how many things he desired Allan to be sure not to forget to point out to the surveyor, and to urge upon those he was to visit. At last he said he would go himself. It was a very serious business, and he ought to make an effort to have it done properly. It was a great effort, but he would make it. Not rheumatism, nor anything else, should keep him at home. Allan was glad at heart to see

such signs of energy in his father, though he might feel some natural disappointment at being left at home, and some perplexity as to what, in that case, he ought to do about the half-crown, if Mr. Nelson should be gone home. The morning settled this, however. The surveyor was in his gig. If Allan could hang on, or keep up with it, it would be very well, as he would be wanted to open the gates, and to lead the way in places too wet for his father, who was not worth such a pair of patent waterproof tall boots as the surveyor had on.

The circuit was not a very wide one; yet it was dark before they got home. There are always difficulties in arrangements which require combined action. Here there were different levels in the land, and different tempers and views among the occupiers. Mr. Brown had heard nothing about the matter, and could not be hurried till he saw occasion. Mr. Taylor liked his field best, wet—would not have it drier on any account, for fear of the summer sun. When assured that drought took no hold on well-dried land in comparison with wet land, he shook with laughter, and asked if they expected him to believe that. Mrs. Scott, whose combination with two others was essential to the drainage of three portions, would wait another year. They must go on without her; and after another year, she would see what she would do. Another had drained his land in his own way long ago, and did not expect that anybody would ask him to put his spade into another man's land, or to let any other man put his spade into his. These were all the obstructions. Everybody else was willing, or at least, not obstructive. By clever management, it was thought that the parties concerned could make an island of Mrs. Scott and her field, and win over Mr. Brown by the time he was wanted, and show Mr. Taylor that, as his field could no longer be as wet as it had been, he might as well try the opposite condition—they promising to flood his field as often and as thoroughly as he pleased, if he found it the worse for being drained. They could not obtain all they wished, where every body was not as wise as could be wished; but so much was agreed upon as made the experienced surveyor think that the rest would follow; enough, already, to set more labourers to work than the place could furnish. Two or three stout men were sent from a distance; and when they had once cut a clear descent from the ditch to the river, and had sunk the ditch to seven feet deep, and made the bottom even, and narrowed it to three feet, it was a curious thing to see how ready the neighbours became to unite their drains with it. It used to be said, that here—however it might be elsewhere—the winter was no time for digging: but that must have meant that no winter-digging would bring a spring crop; and that therefore it was useless. Now, the sound of the spade never ceased for the rest

of the winter ; and the labourers thought it the best winter they had ever known for constant work. Those who employed the labour hoped it would answer—found it expensive—must trust it was all right, and would yield a profit by and by. As for the Woodruffes, they were too poor to employ labourers. But some little hope had entered their hearts again, and brought strength, not only to their hearts, but to their very limbs. They worked like people beginning the world. As poor Abby could keep the house and sew, while attending to her little school, Becky did the lighter parts (and some which were far from light) of the garden work, finding easy tasks for Moss ; and Allan worked like a man at the drains. They had been called good drains before ; but now, there was an outfall for deeper ones ; and deeper they must be made. Moreover, a strong rivalry arose among the neighbours about their respective portions of the combined drainage ; and under the stimulus of ambition, Woodruffe recovered his spirits and the use of his limbs wonderfully. He suffered cruelly from his rheumatism ; and in the evenings felt as if he could never more lift a spade ; yet, not the less was he at work again in the morning, and so sanguine as to the improvement of his ground, that it was necessary to remind him, when calculating his gains, that it would take two years, at least, to prove the effects of his present labours.

LINES TO A DEAD LINNET.

BY A SOLITARY STUDENT.

SWEET little friend in hours of lonely thought,
And studious toil thro' the unresting day,
Why hast thou left me to the sullen hours,
So dull and changeless now ? Thy light-heart
song,
And fluttering plume of joy, beguile no more
My weary mind, happy when so estranged,
From books, which are the bane of all repose.

The secret bustle of thy frequent meal,
Like elfin working mischief, all unseem
At bottom of thy cage ; thy dipping bill,
Oft splashing sportive o'er the learned tome,
And rousing my 'rapt soul to homelier themes ;
The tuning twitter, snatch'd and interrupt—
The timorous essay, low and querulous—
The strain symphonious—and the full burst of
song,
That made my study-walls re-echo sweet
The harmonious peal, while all its tatter'd maps
And prints unframed, responsive tremblings
gave ;—
All these are past, and joy takes wing with thee.

Not less, when in the dreary night, far spent,
Still was I pondering o'er the murky page,
Hast thou attracted notice by thy bill
Rattling along the wires ; and in the twinkle—
The clos'd—and then, bright little eye, half-oped,
Well have I read thy meaning, and full soon,
Thus warn'd of needful slumber, borne away
The wasted lamp, and sought my lonely couch.

Thy empty cage now hangs against the wall !
No one inhabits it—nothing is there—
Thy seed-box is half full of dust and film ;
A spider weaves within thy water-glass :
The wretchedness of silence—no response
To calls and questionings of the heart—the mind—
All show me thou art dead—for ever gone !
I stand and gaze on thy perplexing cage—
Like a friend's house—deserted !—one we have
loved—
And before which, returning after years,
We pause, and think of hours enjoyed within ;
And gaze upon the dusty shutters—closed !

THE GOOD GOVERNOR.

IN a region where favourable latitude and tempering sea-breezes combine to produce perpetual summer, lie "the still vexed Bermoothes," the Bermuda of modern navigators, where one-half of the year is the fitting seed-time for plants of the tropical, and the other half of the temperate zones. These islands, discovered to us by a shipwreck, with one exception, our oldest colony, offer a miniature copy of the institutions of the parent state.

About twenty square miles of surface, consisting of one island thirty miles long by two broad, and a half-dozen *aide-de-camp* sort of islets, support a population rather less numerous, and considerably less wealthy, than that of the City of Canterbury ; and enjoy the dignity of a capital, with two thousand inhabitants ; of a Governor and Commander-in-Chief, who takes his seat on "the throne" when opening the Bermoothean Parliament ; of a Council, or miniature House of Lords, and a Representative Assembly of thirty-six members, forming a miniature House of Commons. They had formerly an Archdeacon, but, by one of those extraordinary decisions that occasionally originate in high quarters, the Archdeacon has been metamorphosed into a Bishop of Newfoundland, whom the Bermudians never see, although they still have the honour of paying the salary of the late Archdeacon.

Formerly Bermuda, like Virginia, from which it was an offshoot, was a slave colony, and grew tobacco. But tobacco would not pay, and every Bermudian, being born within a mile of the water, was bred amphibious. Capital cedar for ship-building grows on the hills, and harbours are all around to receive the craft when built. So it came to pass, that the "Mudian" clippers became plentiful all over the neighbouring seas, and took a large share of the carrying trade between our American colonies and the West Indies. Even when a large slice of these said colonies had struggled into the Republic of the United States, the 'Mudians continued to do a good stroke of sea-faring business.

Then whales abounded in the neighbouring seas, and every 'Mudian took to handling the oar, the lance, or the harpoon, at a time of life when other children were driving hoops, or riding rocking-horses.

It was the natural result of these handy occupations in so limited a space, that the whole population, with the exception of that supported by the expenditure of the garrison, was occupied in building, or rigging, or manning, or loading, vessels of some kind, if not whaling or fishing. White or black, they were all sailors and sea-faring to a man, almost to a woman. The real mermaid still lingers round Bermuda's coast. Breechless babies swaggered along with a mixture of long and short steps in true jack-tar style. Bermudian young ladies directed their maids to let out a reef in a petticoat, and officers driving tandem were bid "put yer helm down," by native guides.

There are no records to show when first in Bermuda sea-faring arts began to devour all others; certain it is that just as the manufacture of glass and porcelain, purple dye, and other signal utilities and ornaments have been more than once discovered, lost, and re-discovered, so were agriculture and horticulture in the year 1839 of the islands of perpetual spring, among the lost arts. If in that year some convulsion had for ever separated them from external communications, the process of food-growing among a British race would have been left as rude in theory, more imperfect in practice, than among the New Zealanders or South Sea Islanders.

There were in that year two persons in the islands who could plough, but they did not. Haymaking and mowing was a theory learned in books, just as curious inquirers in Lancashire may have read of cotton cultivation. As for the state of gardening, it was about parallel with British gardening in the time of Queen Bess, who used to send to Holland for a salad.

So there was neither corn nor hay, and very little fruit, of the worst quality. A sort of bitter orange-tree abounded through the islands. Inquisitive strangers asked "Why not graft or bud sweet oranges on these luxuriant stocks, or why not sow sweet seeds?" But the natives were positive that buds would not take, and seeds would not grow.

Such was Bermuda in 1839; somewhat depressed in its fishing, whaling, ship-building, sea-carrying commerce, by the competition of New Brunswick and the United States. Although less affected than the sugar-growing islands by negro emancipation, still whites, who had lived easily although barely by hiring out a few black artisans, were reduced to sore straits.

It was in this year there arrived a new Governor. He travelled the length and breadth of his islands, and found all green and all barren; a light, but fertile soil, bearing fine timber, and luxuriant weeds. Round the government-house was a waste of eight acres, within sight a great swamp. According to popular opinion, Colonial Governors are gentlemen of broken fortunes, and strong political connections, who endure

temporary evils for the sake of future ease and dignity.

At any rate, among military martinet Governors; naval bashaw Governors; didactic despatch-writing Governors; Governors landing with crotchets all ready-cut and dry; Governors who support the Royal Prerogative by quarrelling with all their subjects, and Governors whose whole soul is in quiet and domestic economy, the popular Governor, the wise, conciliating Governor, is indeed a rare bird. According to stereotyped precedent, our Bermoothean Governor ought to have first sat down and written a flaming despatch home, painting the misery of the island, detailing his plans, and asking for money. Next he should have filled up a scheme on a scale large enough to satisfy the ideas of a Paxton in horticulture, or a Smith of Deanston in agriculture, and applied to his little parliament for a vote, in order to make a garden for himself, and a model farm for his own amusement and the benefit of the islanders.

But it happened that our "good" Governor as he was afterwards called with good reason, was not a stereotyped Governor, so that the people he was sent to rule became happy and prosperous. He cared not to become either rich or famous. Therefore, all his proceedings were on a humble, commonplace scale. Seeing that the climate was admirably adapted for oranges; which, if of good quality, would afford a valuable export, he sent for slips and seeds of the best kinds.

In front of Government House stands a bitter citron-tree: on this, with his own hands, he budded a sweet orange. The bud, contrary to all Bermudian opinions, sprouted, and grew, and flourished. After the living example of the Governor's tree, it became a fashion—a rage—to bud sweet oranges; so by this simple and short cut an horticultural revolution was effected. Still working out the maxim that example is better than precept, our good Governor beat up for gardener recruits, accepting those who knew a little as well as those who knew nothing, but were willing to learn. With their aid, and at his own expense, the eight acres of waste round his residence, Mount Langton, were converted into a pleasure-ground, adorned with plants and shrubs of the tropical and temperate zones, which he threw open freely to the inhabitants without distinction of colour.

The next step was to drain the great marsh, the Langton Marsh, and grow hay upon it, so as to give the Bermudians a hint on the oddness of importing hay, while fine grass land lay waste. Two men who could plough were discovered, and pupils put under their hands; at the same time ploughs were imported. Having, out of his own pocket, offered prizes for garden flowers and vegetables, for corn and hay, for the best ploughman, and the best scytheman, the performances of these two being as wonderful to the islanders as skating to an Indian prince, or wine-making to a York-

shireman, the Local Parliament willingly voted other prizes for the same purpose.

It would take up too much time to detail all the good Governor's efforts—by example, by instruction, by rewards, by distribution of books, and by the promotion of industrial schools, to educate the rising generation of Bermuda in useful, civilising arts.

A grand holiday, held in May, 1846, showed that these efforts had not been without pleasant and practical results.

Mount Langton and all the pleasure-grounds created under the personal inspection and at the expense of the good Governor, were crowded with a noisy happy population, of all ranks, all ages, and all colours, black, white, and brown, assembled to enjoy and celebrate the taking stock of the revived Industry of the islands. Not equal in variety to the great Parisian Exposition, or in quality to the Royal Agricultural Shows, it was still an era in the history of the colony.

The Queen's representative did not grudge to give up for the occasion his private domain, as that was the best site in the Island. Amid the luxuriant shrubs and gorgeous tropical flowers, the gay groups wandered; sweetly the sounds of the regimental band intermingled with the shouts and whip-crackings of the contending ploughmen as they turned up the brown furrows of long neglected soil, and with the switching of twenty-five scythesmen exhibiting their newly acquired skill on the drained pasture of Langton Marsh. Below lay the shipping in harbour, and far beyond the golden purple ocean was dotted over with the cloud-like canvas of the famous 'Mudian craft. Almost at once—one glance—it was possible to take in a view of the pursuits of old and young Bermuda. Government House was closed;—to have entertained the thousands who had assembled (beyond the needful supply of cold water found in huge jars and tubs in every shady place, a provision so grateful under a tropical sun,) was impossible; to have entertained a part—an exclusive few—on such an occasion, would have been contrary to the Governor's principles; so for that day all personal attendants were enabled to share in the universal holiday.

In due time after the ploughing and mowing matches, came the competition in turnips, strawberries, potatoes, dahlias, barley, pot-herbs, flax, and cabbages, and the parading and comparison of horse-colts, ass-colts, calves, heifers, bulls, sows, and boars.

Now, before the advent of this reforming Governor, the Bermudians had been accustomed to no other competition than that of sailing or cricket matches or steeple-chases; to no other exhibitions than military reviews; all excellent in their way, but now usefully varied by a kind of competition that brought new comforts to every cottager.

Years have elapsed since the day of this well-remembered *fête*. But the good Governor is still affectionately remembered. The Bernu-

dians love to show passing strangers the sweet orange-tree on Mount Langton which still blooms a green and golden monument of plain, practical, kind-hearted common sense. And this sketch of a remote and insignificant dependency has been thought worth telling for the benefit, not only of colonial Governors, but of well-meaning reformers in all parts of the world. If we would do good we must not be content with mere talk; we must not disdain to commence at our own doors by budding—a sweet orange on a bitter citron.

LONDON PAUPER CHILDREN.

HIGH and dry upon a pleasant breezy hill-top about seven miles south of London stands a house worthy of a visit. Far enough away to be quite free from the cloud of smoke, yet near enough for easy access from London; it is a large house in the country, in and out of which a large family of essentially London tenants are perpetually going. Walk round the hill it stands upon, and a succession of charming views present themselves for admiration. A far distant horizon bounds a country made up of purple woods, rich golden brown stripes of corn-fields, and bright green meadows. Here young plantations; there stately single timber trees; with villas nestling under fringes of woods on pleasant slopes, whilst in the valley below runs the Croydon Railway, linking this charming, quiet country round Norwood, to the smoky, busy, useful London.

The place we speak of is the Pauper-School at Norwood, which may be called a factory for making harmless, if not useful subjects, of the very worst of human material—a place for converting those who would otherwise certainly be miserable, and most likely vicious, into rational, reasonable, and often very useful members of society;—in short, a house for training a large and wretched class in habits of decency, regularity, and order, and leading a pitiable section of the great two-million-strong family of London from the road to crime into that of honest industry and self-respect.

The exterior of the building has no trace of the architectural display that won for the school near Manchester the title of a Pauper Palace. The exterior of the Norwood house is as dingy and ugly as a small brewhouse. In shape it reminds one of the old cities, built upon no definite plan, but enlarged from time to time as the population found it most convenient. It is neither square, nor round, nor triangular; but then, when we go over it, we shall find that the lack of straight lines and right angles does not prevent the presence of much good, and of a fair amount of comfort and happiness within its confines.

The irregularity of its construction is explained by the fact that the place was established twenty-seven years ago, not by a public body, but by a private individual, Mr. Aubin, the present superintendent. The commencement of such a place was an epoch in the

history of pauperism in this country. Before the time of the benevolent Jonas Hanway, no regard was paid to the destitute children of the poor, and those young children, whose ill-fate it was to be born of pauper parents, in town, were condemned to a life that began in the gutters of back lanes, and usually ended in the gaol, by fever, or more suddenly, on the gallows. Hanway secured the passing of a law empowering the parishes to collect the juvenile paupers and send them into the country for nurture and maintenance. It was a step in advance to get the children away from the dens in which they had previously been confined, but the nurture was of a very unsatisfactory kind. When an old woman applied for parish relief, she had two or three children given to her to keep, and out of their allowance she was to help to keep herself. She usually set them to collect firewood for her; or to watch sheep, or to scare crows; and, in their search for fuel, they were often taught to rob hedges, or fences, or trespass on plantations. At seven years' old they were sent back to finish their education in the work-houses, and frequently remained there for six or seven years without even learning their letters. Indeed, to teach them at all was regarded as a kind of small treason. "Teach paupers to read! What next?" was a common exclamation. Reading was, by a great many people, considered to be a mere premium for laziness—whilst writing was thought to be a temptation to forgery, and its then certain result—the gallows. To collect the pauper children, and "farm them out" to persons who would teach as well as feed them, was the next step in advance. The fruit of this plan was the growth of various places where large numbers of the pauper rising generation were gathered together in houses, the proprietors of which often realised large profits upon the moneys allowed for maintaining this class of the population.

Taking advantage of the generally and loudly expressed public opinion, that "something must be done," the Poor-Law Board succeeded in establishing some school districts near the metropolis. The first step taken was to purchase Mr. Aubin's place at Norwood, and thus take it into their own hands. This school had long been regarded as the best of its class, and as one where many steps of great practical value had been taken for the improved treatment of youthful paupers. The purchase-money of this school is said to have been about eleven thousand pounds, and the authorities wisely retained the aid of the man who had originated it, to carry out still further into effect their improved plans. This step was soon followed by others. In the publication of the Poor-Law Board, just issued—the promoters of our present poor-law system long ago saw the mischiefs of this plan, and after some years' consideration, and many difficulties, succeeded in procuring an Act of Parliament for the establishment of district

pauper Industrial Schools. But though the law was made, it was found impossible to overcome the objections raised by parish authorities, and it was not carried out to any extent, until the terrible calamity of Tooting startled all England with the spectacle of hundreds of deaths by cholera, in an establishment where the little unfortunates were "farned out."

In the Second Annual Report of the Poor-Law Board, Mr. Baines, its President, says, that three very important school districts have, within the year, been formed in and near the metropolis. These are:—

"1st. The Central London School District, comprising the City of London Union, the East London Union, and the St. Saviour's Union. The Board of Management of this district have completed all their arrangements and hold their regular meetings. They have purchased of Mr. Aubin his premises at Norwood for the district school, retaining him in the capacity of steward or superintendent of the establishment, and have appointed an efficient staff of teachers in every department. The school is now in full activity, upon an improved footing, and nearly eight hundred children (nine hundred) are maintained and educated in it.

"2nd. The South Metropolitan School District comprised, as originally formed, the Union of St. Olave's, and the large parishes, not in Union, of Bermondsey, Camberwell, and Rotherhithe.

"3rd. The North Surrey School District includes the Unions of Wandsworth and Clapham, Kingston, Croydon, Richmond, and Lewisham. The managers have purchased fifty acres of land near Norwood, and have commenced the erection of a building capable of accommodating six hundred children.

"It will thus be seen that provision has been made in and around London for the proper education and training of more than two thousand poor children. We have, moreover, sanctioned arrangements whereby, when completed, the state of the children of other metropolitan parishes will be very materially improved."

About nine hundred children are congregated at Norwood, and out of the whole number there is not perhaps a dozen the offspring of decent parents. Many are foundlings, picked up at the corners of streets, or at the doors of parish officers. The names of some of them suggest an idea of how they began life. Thus, one owned the name of Olive Jewry, whilst another was called Alfred City. Others have lost both parents by death, and been left pining living legacies to the parish, but the majority are the children of parents living in workhouses. When able-bodied paupers claim relief, they are "offered the house." They are received into the Union, and their children are sent up to this out-of-town school, that fresh air, cleanliness, good food and the schoolmaster, may try what can be done to lift them up from the slough of pauperism. Let us examine the process through which they go.

The children, on their first appearance at this Norwood School, are usually in the most

lamentable plight. Ignorance and dirt, rags and vermin, laziness and ill health, diseased scalps, and skins tortured by itch, are their characteristics. They are the very dregs of the population of the largest city in the world—the human waifs and strays of the modern Babylon; the children of poverty, and misery, and crime; in very many cases labouring under physical defects, such as bad sight or hearing; almost always stunted in their growth, and bearing the stamp of ugliness and suffering on their features. Generally born in dark alleys and back courts, their playground has been the streets, where the wits of many have been prematurely sharpened at the expense of any morals they might have. With minds and bodies destitute of proper nutriment, they are caught, as it were, by the parish officers, like half-wild creatures, roaming poverty-stricken amidst the wealth of our greatest city; and half-starved in a land where the law says no one shall be destitute of food and shelter. When their lucky fate sends them to Norwood, they are generally little personifications of genuine poverty—compounds, as somebody says, of ignorance, gin, and sprats.

A number of pauper children having been owned as chargeable upon the Central London District, to whom the Norwood School now belongs, and the requisite papers having been filled up, they are sent to Weston Hill. Arrived there, and their clothes having been steamed, if worth preservation, or burned if mere rags,—the new comers are well washed, have their hair cut, and are newly clad in clean and wholesome, but homely, garments. According to their ages, they are then drafted into a class; those between two and six years pass to the infant school; those of greater age are enrolled on the industrial side of the establishment. Now the training begins. They are all sent before the doctor, who usually finds them sallow and sickly; but by aid of Nature's physic,—fresh air,—and Nature's rule of exercise and regularity, assisted by extra diet, and with the occasional aid of some good London beef and porter, very few drugs are wanted, and their looks change for the better. Early in August, this year,—the period of our visit,—there were but two children confined to bed out of more than nine hundred; and those two were poor little scrofulous shadows of humanity, such as may be found in the top wards of hospitals, labouring under disease of the hip and spine,—paying the penalty of sins committed by their parents before them. There had recently been an epidemic of measles in the place, when that disease destroyed eight of the sickliest out of ninety cases. But for this, the mortality would not have gone beyond one in a hundred through the year. The summer is their healthiest season; for winter brings chilblains, a disease of poor blood, and ophthalmia, to which pauper children seem to be especially liable.

After their introduction to the doctor, the bath, the wardrobe, and the pantry, they are handed over to the school-master or mistress, as the case may be. On the day of our visit, two hundred and forty boys were receiving instruction in one large new school-room; two hundred (infants between two and six years old) were being taught in another room; two hundred girls were reading, writing, and sewing in a third apartment; the rest of the occupants being at work, or at drill, or at play, in other parts of the establishment. The boys are kept four days a week at school, and two days at work in shops which we shall presently see and describe: the girls have three days' schooling and three days' training in household occupations,—such as cleaning the house, washing, ironing, mangling, and needlework. The way these portions of the establishment are arranged may possibly furnish materials for a future paper.

The school for the eldest boys is a long room newly built, with an enormous dormitory above it. The ventilation has been provided for in a way that seems very satisfactory. By day the boys are divided into six classes, ranged on forms with desks before them, each class being separated from the others by a curtain which hangs from the ceiling, and is sufficiently wide to separate the sections of scholars from each other, and to deaden the sounds of so large a seminary, but yet not wide enough to prevent the master as he stands on the side opposite his pupils, from getting a view of the entire school. Black boards and large slates are amongst the tools employed for conveying instruction, but the more advanced pupils are supplied with paper copy-books for writing lessons. The school is under the charge of a chief-master, far more competent than those usually found in schools beyond the pale of Government inspection. He is a B.A. of the University of London, is author of a small English grammar; and enjoys, as he deserves, a liberal salary. Under his hands the pupils appear to make excellent progress. The upper classes write well to dictation, are ready at figures, and are practised in the grammatical construction of English words and sentences. Twelve of the boys are in training as teachers, and six of these are now what is called "pupil-teachers," and are entitled to an allowance of money by way of reward from the Privy Council. This allowance is set aside for them till they display, on examination, a sufficient proficiency to entitle them to admission to the training-school at Knellar Hall or Battersea. Whilst in these higher schools they receive the money set aside for them in the earlier stages of their school progress, and when, by successive examinations, their efficiency is sufficiently tested, they pass from the grade of pupil to that of master: the boys from Knellar Hall being appointed schoolmasters to Workhouses; the boys from Battersea to be masters of National Schools in various

parts of the country. A boy gets this promotion in life by his own merits. For instance, at the Norwood Pauper-School, the most apt pupil becomes, as elsewhere, the monitor of his form or class. When the day of examination arrives, he distinguishes himself before the Government Inspector of Schools. This official is empowered thereupon to select him as a "pupil-teacher," &c.; he becomes an apprentice to the art of instruction. To encourage the chief-master of the school to help on his boys to this reward, an allowance of three pounds a year is made to the master for each boy who thus distinguishes himself, and thus gains promotion. Thus, there being twelve boys at Norwood so in training, Mr. Imeson, their instructor, gains thirty-six pounds a year for his success in bringing forward that number of his scholars.

In appearance, the boys have little to recommend them, and it is tolerably evident, that if not raised a little in the social scale—if not taught to do something and know something—they would inevitably belong to the class of incurable paupers, who burden poor's-rates and hang about workhouses all their lives. Society must educate such boys, if only in self-defence. Some of them are at first most turbulent, but by patient management they gradually subside into the orderly arrangements of the place, and often those at first most unruly become the quickest boys in the school. The energy that would make them nuisances, when rightly directed makes them most useful.

When the hours of teaching are over, the boys are assembled in one of the large open yards belonging to the establishment, and are there exercised by the drill-master. This official is an ex-non-commissioned officer of Guards, who in a short time makes the metamorphosis seen on parade. The ungainly, slouching, slow lout, is taught to march, wheel right or left, in concert with others, punctually and accurately. They answer the command, "left wheel," "right form, four deep," and so on, like little soldiers, and seem to like the fun. This gives them at once exercise in the fresh air, notions of regularity and prompt attention, and a habit of obedience to discipline.

There is also a naval class. Behind the school is a play-ground, two acres in extent, and in the centre of this stands a ship. True, its deck is of earth, but there are bulwarks, real bulwarks all round, and rising up above are genuine lofty masts, with rigging complete. Up these ropes the boys swarm with great delight. At a given signal they "man the yards," give three miniature cheers, and then, all in chorus, sing God save the Queen. They evidently like the fun, pride themselves, boy-like, upon their feline power of climbing, and one or two of them show their expertness and bravery by disclaiming the rope-ladder—pardon us, the shrouds—and slide down the main-stay from the top of the foremast to the bowsprit.

All these things are evident sources of enjoyment; for running, and climbing, and shouting in the open air, are natural to the human animal in a normal state of existence. Of the climbing, there is a story told which illustrates the character of a very worthy man now passed away. Dr. Stanley, the late Bishop of Norwich, paid many visits to this school, and always looked on with evident pleasure whilst the lads were enjoying themselves with their ship. One day the good-natured dignitary was looking on, when he began to rub his hands together, and presently turning to an officer of the place who stood by, said in a genial, half confidential tone, "If I were not a bishop I'd join in and climb that pole myself!"

Besides this drill, or parade, and this exercise aloft, the boys, on two days of the week, are employed in the Industrial training of the place. The smaller boys, in classes of about thirty-five, are ranged on benches round a large tailor's shop. Patterns decorate the walls, and "corduroys" in all stages, from the huge bale to the perfect breeches, are seen all round the room. The boys stitch and sew, and make and mend, under the instruction of a master tailor, a large part of the clothes worn in the place. When each boy grows bigger he is drafted into a neighbouring shop, where, also, under a competent master, he learns the craft of St. Crispin. It is curious to see thirty or forty little cobblers, all in rows, waxing and stitching, and hammering on lap-stones, and entering *con amore* into the mysteries of sole and upper leathers, brads, pegs, and sparrowbills. When they have learned all these things, some of the lads pass into a third shop, where they are made acquainted with the forge, and anvil, and sledge hammer, and where they help to shoe horses, construct iron bedsteads, and make and mend all the iron-work (and there is a great deal of it) required by this family party of nearly a thousand souls—pauper children, masters, and servants, together. After going through all these stages of training, with the incidental knowledge picked up in the stables with the horses, in the playground with the dogs, when helping to feed the pigs, and whilst aiding the operation of milking the twenty-five cows which supply milk for the house, the boys have acquired a great amount of useful knowledge. The place is indeed a little colony in itself, and if its inmates had not often to pass from it back to the sinkholes of London, they might leave Norwood almost with the certainty of becoming good and prosperous citizens.

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHEAPNESS.

THE STEEL PEN.

WE remember (early remembrances are more durable than recent) an epithet employed by Mary Wolstonecroft, which then seemed as happy as it was original:—"The *iron* pen of Time." Had the vindicatrix of the "Rights of Women" lived in these days (fifty years later), when the iron pen is the almost universal instrument of writing, she would have bestowed upon Time a less common material for recording his doings.

Whilst we are remembering, let us look back for a moment upon our earliest school-days—the days of large text and round hand. Twenty urchins sit at a long desk, each intent upon making his *copy*. A nicely mended pen has been given to each. Our own labour goes on successfully, till, in school-boy phrase, the pen begins to splutter. A bold effort must be made. We leave the form, and timidly address the writing-master with—"Please, sir, mend my pen." A slight frown subsides as he sees that the quill is very bad—too soft or too hard—used to the stump. He dashes it away, and snatching a feather from a bundle—a poor thin feather, such as green geese drop on a common—shapes it into a pen. This mending and making process occupies all his leisure—occupies, indeed, many of the minutes that ought to be devoted to instruction. He has a perpetual battle to wage with his bad quills. They are the meanest produce of the plucked goose.

And is this process still going on in the many thousand schools of our land, where, with all drawbacks of imperfect education, both as to numbers educated and gifts imparted, there are about two millions and a half of children under daily instruction? In remote rural districts, probably; in the towns certainly not. The steam-engine is now the pen-maker. Hecatombs of geese are consumed at Michaelmas and Christmas; but not all the geese in the world would meet the demand of England for pens. The supply of *patés de foie gras* will be kept up—that of quills, whether known as *primes*, *seconds*, or *pinions*, must be wholly inadequate to the wants of a *writing* people. Wherever geese are bred in these islands, so assuredly, in each succeeding March, will every full-fledged victim be

robbed of his quills; and then turned forth on the common, a very waddling and impotent goose, quite unworthy of the name of bird. The country schoolmaster, at the same spring-time, will continue to buy the smallest quills, at a low price, clarify them after his own rude fashion, make them into pens, and sorely spite the boy who splits them up too rapidly. The better quills will still be collected, and find their way to the quill dealer, who will exercise his empirical arts before they pass to the stationer. He will plunge them into heated sand, to make the external skin peel off, and the external membrane shrivel up; or he will saturate them with water, and alternately contract and swell them before a charcoal fire; or he will dip them in nitric acid, and make them of a gaudy brilliancy but a treacherous endurance. They will be sorted according to the quality of the barrels, with the utmost nicety. The experienced buyer will know their value by looking at their feathery ends, tapering to a point; the uninitiated will regard only the quill portion. There is no article of commerce in which the market value is so difficult to be determined with exactness. For the finest and largest quills no price seems unreasonable; for those of the second quality too exorbitant a charge is often made. The foreign supply is large, and probably exceeds the home supply of the superior article. What the exact amount is we know not. There is no duty now on quills. The tariff of 1845—one of the most lasting monuments of the wisdom of our great commercial minister—abolished the duty of half-a-crown a thousand. In 1832 the duty amounted to four thousand two hundred pounds, which would show an annual importation of thirty-three millions one hundred thousand quills; enough, perhaps, for the commercial clerks of England, together with the quills of home growth;—but how to serve a letter-writing population?

The ancient reign of the quill-pen was first seriously disturbed about twenty-five years ago. An abortive imitation of the *form* of a pen was produced before that time; a clumsy, inelastic, metal tube fastened in a bone or ivory handle, and sold for half-a-crown. A man might make his mark with one—but as to writing, it was a mere delusion. In due course came more carefully finished inventions

for the luxurious, under the tempting names of ruby pen, or diamond pen—with the plain gold pen, and the rhodium pen, for those who were sceptical as to the jewellery of the inkstand. The economical use of the quill received also the attention of science. A machine was invented to divide the barrel lengthwise into two halves; and, by the same mechanical means, these halves were subdivided into small pieces, cut pen-shape, slit, and nibbed. But the pressure upon the quill supply grew more and more intense. A new power had risen up in our world—a new seed sown—the source of all good, or the dragon's teeth of Cadmus. In 1818 there were only one-hundred and sixty-five thousand scholars in the monitorial schools—the new schools, which were being established under the auspices of the National Society, and the British and Foreign School Society. Fifteen years afterwards, in 1833, there were three-hundred and ninety thousand. Ten years later, the numbers exceeded a million. Even a quarter of a century ago two-thirds of the male population of England, and one-half of the female, were learning to write; for in the Report of the Registrar-General for 1846, we find this passage:—"Persons when they are married are required to sign the marriage-register; if they cannot write their names, they sign with a mark: the result has hitherto been, that nearly one man in three, and one woman in two, married, sign with marks." This remark applies to the period between 1830 and 1845. Taking the average age of men at marriage as twenty-seven years, and the average age of boys during their education as ten years, the marriage-register is an educational test of male instruction for the years 1824—28. But the gross number of the population of England and Wales was rapidly advancing. In 1821 it was twelve millions; in 1831, fourteen millions; in 1841, sixteen millions; in 1851, taking the rate of increase at fourteen per cent., it will be eighteen millions and a half. The extension of education was proceeding in a much quicker ratio; and we may therefore fairly assume that the proportion of those who make their marks in the marriage-register has greatly diminished since 1844.

But, during the last ten years, the natural desire to learn to write, of that part of the youthful population which education can reach, has received a great moral impulse by a wondrous development of the most useful and pleasurable exercise of that power. The uniform penny postage has been established. In the year 1838, the whole number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was seventy-six millions; in this year that annual delivery has reached the prodigious number of three hundred and thirty-seven millions. In 1838, a Committee of the House of Commons thus denounced, amongst the great commercial evils of the high rates of postage, their injurious effects upon the great bulk of the

people:—"They either act as a grievous tax on the poor, causing them to sacrifice their little earnings to the pleasure and advantage of corresponding with their distant friends, or compel them to forego such intercourse altogether; thus subtracting from the small amount of their enjoyments, and obstructing the growth and maintenance of their best affections." Honoured be the man who broke down these barriers! Praised be the Government that, for *once*, stepping out of its fiscal tram-way, dared boldly to legislate for the domestic happiness, the educational progress, and the moral elevation of the masses! The steel pen, sold at the rate of a penny a dozen, is the creator, in a considerable degree, of the Penny Postage stamp; as the Penny Postage stamp was a representative, if not a creation, of the new educational power. Without the steel pen, it may reasonably be doubted whether there were mechanical means within the reach of the great bulk of the population for writing the three hundred and thirty-seven millions of letters that now annually pass through the Post Office.

Othello's sword had "the ice-brook's temper;" but not all the real or imaginary virtues of the stream that gave its value to the true Spanish blade could create the elasticity of a steel pen. Flexible, indeed, is the Toledo. If thrust against a wall, it will bend into an arc that describes three-fourths of a circle. The problem to be solved in the steel-pen, is to convert the iron of Danu-mora into a substance as thin as the quill of a dove's pinion, but as strong as the proudest feather of an eagle's wing. The furnaces and hammers of the old armourers could never have solved this problem. The steel pen belongs to our age of mighty machinery. It could not have existed in any other age. The demand for the instrument, and the means of supplying it, came together.

The commercial importance of the steel pen was first manifested to our senses a year or two ago at Sheffield. We had witnessed all the curious processes of *converting* iron into steel, by saturating it with carbon in the converting furnace;—of *tilting* the bars so converted into a harder substance, under the thousand hammers that shake the waters of the Sheaf and the Don; of *casting* the steel thus converted and tilted into ingots of higher purity; and, finally, of *millling*, by which the most perfect development of the material is acquired under enormous rollers. About two miles from the metropolis of steel, over whose head hangs a canopy of smoke through which the broad moors of the distance sometimes reveal themselves, there is a solitary mill where the tilting and rolling processes are carried to great perfection. The din of the large tilts is heard half a mile off. Our ears tingle, our legs tremble, when we stand close to their operation of beating bars of steel into the greatest possible density; for the whole building vibrates as the workmen swing before

them in suspended baskets, and shift the bar at every movement of these hammers of the Titans. We pass onward to the more quiet *rolling* department. The bar that has been tilted into the most perfect compactness has now to acquire the utmost possible tenuity. A large area is occupied by furnaces and rollers. The bar of steel is dragged out of the furnace at almost a white heat. There are two men at each roller. It is passed through the first pair, and its squareness is instantly elongated and widened into flatness;—rapidly through a second pair,—and a third,—and a fourth,—and a fifth.—The bar is becoming a sheet of steel. Thinner and thinner it becomes, until it would seem that the workmen can scarcely manage the fragile substance. It has spread out, like a morsel of gold under the beater's hammer, into an enormous leaf. The least attenuated sheet is only the hundredth part of an inch in thickness; some sheets are made as thin as the two-hundredth part of an inch. And for what purpose is this result of the labours of so many workmen, of such vast and complicated machinery, destined?—what the final application of a material employing so much capital in every step, from the Swedish mine to its transport by railroad to some other seat of British industry? *The whole is prepared for one Steel-pen Manufactory at Birmingham.*

There is nothing very remarkable in a steel-pen manufactory, as regards ingenuity of contrivance or factory organisation. Upon a large scale of production the extent of labour engaged in producing so minute an article is necessarily striking. But the process is just as curious and interesting, if conducted in a small shop as in a large. The pure steel, as it comes from the rolling mill, is cut up into strips about two inches and a half in width. These are further cut into the proper size for the pen. The pieces are then annealed and cleansed. The maker's name is neatly impressed on the metal; and a cutting-tool forms the slit, although imperfectly in this stage. The pen shape is given by a convex punch pressing the plate into a concave die. The pen is formed when the slit is perfected. It has now to be hardened, and finally cleansed and polished, by the simple agency of friction in a cylinder. All the varieties of form of the steel pen are produced by the punch; all the contrivances of slits and apertures above the nib, by the cutting-tool. Every improvement has had for its object to overcome the rigidity of the steel,—to imitate the elasticity of the quill, whilst bestowing upon the pen a superior durability.

The perfection that may reasonably be demanded in a steel pen has yet to be reached. But the improvement in the manufacture is most decided. Twenty years ago, to one who might choose, regardless of expense, between the quill pen and the steel, the best Birmingham and London production was an abomination. But we can trace the gradual ac-

quiescence of most men in the writing implement of the multitude. Few of us, in an age when the small economies are carefully observed, and even paraded, desire to use quill pens at ten or twelve shillings a hundred, as Treasury Clerks once luxuriated in their use—an hour's work, and then a new one. To mend a pen, is troublesome to the old and even the middle-aged man who once acquired the art; the young, for the most part, have not learnt it. The most painstaking and penurious author would never dream of imitating the wondrous man who translated Pliny with "one grey goose quill." Steel pens are so cheap, that if one scratches or splutters, it may be thrown away, and another may be tried. But when a really good one is found, we cling to it, as worldly men cling to their friends; we use it till it breaks down, or grows rusty. We can do no more; we handle it as Isaak Walton handled the frog upon his hook, "as if we loved him." We could almost fancy some analogy between the gradual and decided improvement of the steel pen—one of the new instruments of education—and the effects of education itself upon the mass of the people. An instructed nation ought to present the same gradually perfecting combination of strength with elasticity. The favourites of fortune are like the quill, ready made for social purposes, with a little scraping and polishing. The bulk of the community have to be formed out of ruder and tougher materials—to be converted, welded, and tempered into pliancy. The *manners* of the great British family have decidedly improved under culture—"emollit mores:" may the sturdy self-respect of the race never be impaired!

TWO CHAPTERS ON BANK NOTE FORGERIES.

CHAPTER I.

VIOTTI'S division of violin-playing into two great classes—good playing and bad playing—is applicable to Bank note making. The processes employed in manufacturing good Bank notes we have already described; we shall now cover a few pages with a faint outline of the various arts, stratagems, and contrivances employed in concocting bad Bank notes. The picture cannot be drawn with very distinct or strong markings. The tableaux from which it is copied are so intertwisted and complicated with clever, slippery, ingenious scoundrelism, that a finished chart of it would be worse than morally displeasing;—it would be tedious.

All arts require time and experience for their development. When anything great is to be done, first attempts are nearly always failures. The first Bank note forgery was no exception to this rule, and its story has a spice of romance in it. The affair has never been circumstantially told; but some research enables us to detail it:—

In the month of August, 1757, a gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields named Bliss, advertised for a clerk. There were, as was usual even at that time, many applicants; but the successful one was a young man of twenty-six, named Richard William Vaughan. His manners were so winning and his demeanour so much that of a gentleman (he belonged indeed to a good county family in Staffordshire, and had been a student at Pembroke Hall, Oxford), that Mr. Bliss at once engaged him. Nor had he occasion, during the time the new clerk served him, to repent the step. Vaughan was so diligent, intelligent, and steady, that not even when it transpired that he was, commercially speaking, "under a cloud," did his master lessen confidence in him. Some enquiry into his antecedents showed that he had, while at College, been extravagant; that his friends had removed him thence; set him up in Stafford as a wholesale linen draper, with a branch establishment in Aldersgate Street, London; that he had failed, and that there was some difficulty about his certificate. But so well did he excuse his early failings and account for his misfortunes, that his employer did not check the regard he felt growing towards him. Their intercourse was not merely that of master and servant. Vaughan was a frequent guest at Bliss's table; by-and-by a daily visitor to his wife, and—to his ward.

Miss Bliss was a young lady of some attractions, not the smallest of which was a handsome fortune. Young Vaughan made the most of his opportunities. He was well-looking, well-informed, dressed well, and evidently made love well, for he won the young lady's heart. The guardian was not flinty hearted, and acted like a sensible man of the world. "It was not," he said on a subsequent and painful occasion, "till I learned from the servants and observed by the girl's behaviour that she greatly approved Richard Vaughan, that I consented; but on condition that he should make it appear that he could maintain her. I had no doubt of his character as a servant, and I knew his family were respectable. His brother is an eminent attorney." Vaughan boasted that his mother (his father was dead), was willing to re-instate him in business with a thousand pounds; five hundred of which was to be settled upon Miss Bliss for her separate use.

So far all went on prosperously. Providing Richard Vaughan could attain a position satisfactory to the Blisses, the marriage was to take place on the Easter Monday following, which the Calendar tells us happened early in April, 1758. With this understanding, he left Mr. Bliss's service, to push his fortune.

Months passed on, and Vaughan appears to have made no way in the world. He had not even obtained his bankrupt's certificate. His visits to his affianced were frequent, and his protestations passionate; but he had effected

nothing substantial towards a happy union. Miss Bliss's guardian grew impatient; and, although there is no evidence to prove that the young lady's affection for Vaughan was otherwise than deep and sincere, yet even she began to lose confidence in him. His excuses were evidently evasive, and not always true. The time fixed for the wedding was fast approaching; and Vaughan saw that something must be done to restore the young lady's confidence.

About three weeks before the appointed Easter Tuesday, Vaughan went to his mistress in high spirits. All was right: his certificate was to be granted in a day or two; his family had come forward with the money, and he was to continue the Aldersgate business he had previously carried on as a branch of the Stafford trade. The capital he had waited so long for, was at length forthcoming. In fact, here were two hundred and forty pounds of the five hundred he was to settle on his beloved. Vaughan then produced twelve twenty-pound notes; Miss Bliss could scarcely believe her eyes. She examined them. The paper she remarked seemed rather thicker than usual. "Oh," said Bliss, "all Bank bills are not alike." The girl was naturally much pleased. She would hasten to apprise Mistress Bliss of the good news.

Not for the world! So far from letting any living soul know he had placed so much money in her hands, Vaughan exacted an oath of secrecy from her, and sealed the notes up in a parcel with his own seal; making her swear that she would on no account open it till after their marriage.

Some days after, that is, "on the twenty-second of March," (1758) we are describing the scene in Mr. Bliss's own words—"I was sitting with my wife by the fireside. The prisoner and the girl were sitting in the same room—which was a small one—and although they whispered, I could distinguish that Vaughan was very urgent to have something returned which he had previously given to her. She refused, and Vaughan went away in an angry mood. I then studied the girl's face, and saw that it expressed much dissatisfaction. Presently a tear broke out. I then spoke, and insisted on knowing the dispute. She refused to tell, and I told her that until she did, I would not see her. The next day I asked the same question of Vaughan; he hesitated. 'Oh!' I said, 'I dare say it is some ten or twelve pound matter—something to buy a wedding bauble with.' He answered that it was much more than that, it was near three hundred pounds! 'But why all this secrecy,' I said; and he answered it was not proper for people to know he had so much money till his certificate was signed. I then asked him to what intent he had left the notes with the young lady? He said, as I had of late suspected him, he designed to give her a proof of his affection and truth. I said, 'You have demanded them in such a way that

it must be construed as an abatement of your affection towards her." Vaughan was again exceedingly urgent in asking back the packet; but Bliss remembering his many evasions, and supposing that this was a trick, declined advising his niece to restore the parcel without proper consideration. The very next day it was discovered that the notes were counterfeits.

This occasioned stricter enquiries into Vaughan's previous career. It turned out that he bore the character in his native place of a dissipated and not very scrupulous person. The intention of his mother to assist him was an entire fabrication, and he had given Miss Bliss the forged notes solely for the purpose of deceiving her on that matter. Meanwhile the forgeries became known to the authorities, and he was arrested. By what means, does not clearly appear. The "Annual Register" says that one of the engravers gave information; but we find nothing in the newspapers of the time to support that statement; neither was it corroborated at Vaughan's trial.

When Vaughan was arrested he thrust a piece of paper into his mouth, and began to chew it violently. It was, however, rescued, and proved to be one of the forged notes; fourteen of them were found on his person, and when his lodgings were searched twenty more were discovered.

Vaughan was tried at the Old Bailey on the seventh of April, before Lord Mansfield. The manner of the forgery was detailed minutely at the trial:—On the first of March (about a week before he gave the twelve notes to the young lady) Vaughan called on Mr. John Corbould, an engraver, and gave an order for a promissory note to be engraved with these words:—

"No. ———.
"I promise to pay to ———, or
Bearer, ———, London ———."

There was to be a Britannia in the corner. When it was done, Mr. Sneed (for that was the *alias* Vaughan adopted) came again, but objected to the execution of the work. The Britannia was not good, and the words "I promise" were too near the edge of the plate. Another was in consequence engraved, and on the fourth of March Vaughan took it away. He immediately repaired to a printer, and had forty-eight impressions taken on thin paper, printed by himself. Meanwhile, he had ordered, on the same morning, of Mr. Charles Fourdrinier, another engraver, a second plate, with what he called "a direction," in the words, "For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England." This was done, and about a week later he brought some paper, each sheet "folded up," said the witness, "very curiously, so that I could not see what was in them. I was going to take the papers from him, but he said he must go upstairs with me, and see them worked off himself. I took him upstairs; he would not let me have them out of

his hands. I took a sponge and wetted them, and put them one by one on the plate in order for printing them. After my boy had done two or three of them, I went downstairs, and my boy worked the rest off, and the prisoner came down and paid me."

Here the Court pertinently asked, "What imagination had you when a man thus came to you to print on secret paper, 'the Governor and Company of the Bank of England?'"

The engraver's reply was:—"I then did not suspect anything. But I shall take care for the future." As this was the first Bank of England note forgery that was ever perpetrated, the engraver was held excused.

It may be mentioned as an evidence of the delicacy of the reporters that, in their account of the trial, Miss Bliss's name is not mentioned. Her designation is "a young lady." We subjoin the notes of her evidence:—

"A young lady (sworn). The prisoner delivered me some bills; these are the same (producing twelve counterfeit Bank notes sealed up in a cover, for twenty pounds each), said they were Bank bills. I said they were thicker paper—he said all bills are not alike. I was to keep them till after we were married. He put them into my hands to show he put confidence in me, and desired me not to show them to any body; sealed them up with his own seal, and obliged me by an oath not to discover them to any body. And I did not till he had discovered them himself. He was to settle so much in Stock on me."

Vaughan urged in his defence that his sole object was to deceive his affianced, and that he intended to destroy all the notes after his marriage. But it had been proved that the prisoner had asked one John Ballingar to change first one, and then twenty of the notes; but which that person was unable to do. Besides, had his sole object been to dazzle Miss Bliss with his fictitious wealth, he would most probably have entrusted more, if not all the notes, to her keeping.

He was found guilty, and passed the day that had been fixed for his wedding, as a condemned criminal.

On the 11th May, 1758, Richard William Vaughan was executed at Tyburn. By his side, on the same gallows, there was another forger: William Boodgere, a military officer, who had forged a draught on an army agent named Calcroft, and expiated the offence with the first forgery of Bank of England notes.

The gallows may seem hard measure to have meted out to Vaughan, when it is considered that none of his notes were negotiated and no person suffered by his fraud. Not one of the forty-eight notes, except the twelve delivered to Miss Bliss, had been out of his possession; indeed the imitation must have been very clumsily executed, and detection would have instantly followed any attempt to pass the counterfeits. There was no endeavour to copy the style of engraving on a real Bank note. That was left to the engraver;

and as each sheet passed through the press twice, the words added at the second printing, "For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England," could have fallen into their proper place on any one of the sheets, only by a miracle. But what would have made the forgery clear to even a superficial observer was the singular omission of the second "n" in the word England.*

The criticism on Vaughan's note of a Bank clerk examined on the trial was:—"There is some resemblance, to be sure; but this note" (that upon which the prisoner was tried) "is numbered thirteen thousand eight hundred and forty, and we never reach so high a number." Besides there was no water-mark in the paper. The note of which a fac-simile appeared in our eighteenth number, and dated so early as 1699, has a regular design in the texture of the paper; showing that the water-mark is as old as the Bank notes themselves.

Vaughan was greatly commiserated. But despite the unskilfulness of the forgery, and the insignificant consequences which followed it, the crime was considered of too dangerous a character not to be marked, from its very novelty, with exemplary punishment. Hanging created at that time no remorse in the public mind, and it was thought necessary to set up Vaughan as a warning to all future Bank note forgers. The crime was too dangerous not to be marked with the severest penalties. Forgery differs from other crimes not less in the magnitude of the spoil it may obtain, and of the injury it inflicts, than in the facilities attending its accomplishment. The common thief finds a limit to his deprivations in the bulkiness of his booty, which is generally confined to such property as he can carry about his person; the swindler raises insuperable and defeating obstacles to his frauds if the amount he seeks to obtain is so considerable as to awaken close vigilance or enquiry. To carry their projects to any very profitable extent, these criminals are reduced to the hazardous necessity of acting in concert, and thus infinitely increasing the risks of detection. But the forger need have no accomplice; he is burdened with no bulky and suspicious property; he needs no receiver to assist his contrivances. The skill of his own individual right hand can command thousands; often with the certainty of not being detected, and oftener with such rapidity as to enable him to baffle the pursuit of justice.

It was a long time before Vaughan's rude attempt was improved upon: but in the same year, (1758), another department of the crime was commenced with perfect success;—namely, an ingenious alteration, for fraudulent purposes, of real Bank notes. A few months after Vaughan's execution, one of the northern mails was stopped and robbed by a highway-

man; several Bank notes were comprised in the spoil, and the robber, setting up with these as a gentleman, went boldly to the Hatfield Post-office, ordered a chaise and four, rattled away down the road, and changed a note at every change of horses. The robbery was, of course, soon made known, and the numbers and dates of the stolen notes were advertised as having been stopped at the Bank. To the genius of a highwayman this offered but a small obstacle, and the gentleman-thief changed all the figures "1" he could find into "4's." These notes passed currently enough; but, on reaching the Bank, the alteration was detected, and the last holder was refused payment. As that person had given a valuable consideration for the note, he brought an action for the recovery of the amount; and at the trial it was ruled by the Lord Chief Justice, that "any person paying a valuable consideration for a Bank note, payable to bearer, in a fair course of business, has an understood right to receive the money of the Bank."

It took a quarter of a century to bring the art of forging Bank notes to perfection. In 1779, this was nearly attained by an ingenious gentleman named Mathison, a watchmaker, from the matrimonial village of Greta Green. Having learnt the arts of engraving and of simulating signatures, he tried his hand at the notes of the Darlington Bank; but, with the confidence of skill, was not cautious in passing them, was suspected, and absconded to Edinburgh. Scorning to let his talent be wasted, he favoured the Scottish public with many spurious Royal Bank of Scotland notes, and regularly forged his way by their aid to London. At the end of February he took handsome lodgings in the Strand, opposite Arundel Street. His industry was remarkable; for, by the 12th of March, he had planed and polished rough pieces of copper, engraved them, forged the water-mark, printed and negotiated several impressions. His plan was to travel and to purchase articles in shops. He bought a pair of shoe-buckles at Coventry with a forged note, which was eventually detected at the Bank of England. He had got so bold that he paid such frequent visits in Threadneedle Street that the Bank clerks became familiar with his person. He was continually changing notes of one, for another denomination. These were his originals, which he procured to make spurious copies of. One day seven thousand pounds came in from the Stamp Office. There was a dispute about one of the notes. Mathison, who was present, though at some distance, declared, oracularly, that the note was a good one. How could he know so well? A dawn of suspicion arose in the minds of the clerks; one trail led into another, and Mathison was finally apprehended. So well were his notes forged that, on the trial, an experienced Bank clerk declared he could not tell whether the note handed him to examine was forged or

* Bad orthography was by no means uncommon in the most important documents at that period; the days of the week, in the day-books of the Bank of England itself, are spelt in a variety of ways.

not. Mathison offered to reveal his secret of forging the water-mark, if mercy were shown to him; this was refused, and he suffered the penalty of his crime.

Mathison was a genius in his criminal way, but a greater than he appeared in 1786. In that year perfection seemed to have been reached. So considerable was the circulation of spurious paper-money that it appeared as if some unknown power had set up a bank of its own. Notes were issued from it, and readily passed current, in hundreds and thousands. They were not to be distinguished from the genuine paper of Thread-needle Street. Indeed, when one was presented there, in due course, so complete were all its parts; so masterly the engraving; so correct the signatures; so skilful the watermark, that it was promptly paid; and only discovered to be a forgery when it reached a particular department. From that period forged paper continued to be presented, especially at the time of lottery drawing. Consultations were held with the police. Plans were laid to help detection. Every effort was made to trace the forger. Clarke, the best detective of his day, went, like a sluth-hound, on the track; for in those days the expressive word "blood-money" was known. Up to a certain point there was little difficulty; but beyond that, consummate art defied the ingenuity of the officer. In whatever way the notes came, the train of discovery always paused at the lottery-offices. Advertisements offering large rewards were circulated; but the unknown forger baffled detection.

While this base paper was in full currency, there appeared an advertisement in the Daily Advertiser for a servant. The successful applicant was a young man, in the employment of a musical-instrument maker; who, some time after, was called upon by a coachman, and informed that the advertiser was waiting in a coach to see him. The young man was desired to enter the conveyance, where he beheld a person with something of the appearance of a foreigner, sixty or seventy years old, apparently troubled with the gout. A camlet surtout was buttoned round his mouth; a large patch was placed over his left eye; and nearly every part of his face was concealed. He affected much infirmity. He had a faint hectic cough; and invariably presented the patched side to the view of the servant. After some conversation—in the course of which he represented himself as guardian to a young nobleman of great fortune—the interview concluded with the engagement of the applicant; and the new servant was directed to call on Mr. Brank, at 29, Titchfield Street, Oxford Street. At this interview Brank inveighed against his whimsical ward for his love of speculating in lottery tickets; and told the servant that his principal duty would be to purchase them. After one or two meetings, at each of which

Brank kept his face muffled, he handed a forty and twenty pound Bank note; told the servant to be very careful not to lose them; and directed him to buy lottery-tickets at separate offices. The young man fulfilled his instructions, and at the moment he was returning, was suddenly called by his employer from the other side of the street, congratulated on his rapidity, and then told to go to various other offices in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, and to purchase more shares. Four hundred pounds in Bank of England Notes were handed him, and the wishes of the mysterious Mr. Brank were satisfactorily effected. These scenes were continually enacted. Notes to a large amount were thus circulated; lottery-tickets purchased; and Mr. Brank—always in a coach, with his face studiously concealed—was ever ready on the spot to receive them. The surprise of the servant was somewhat excited; but had he known that from the period he left his master to purchase the tickets, one female figure accompanied all his movements; that when he entered the offices, it waited at the door, peered cautiously in at the window, hovered around him like a second shadow, watched him carefully, and never left him until once more he was in the company of his employer—that surprise would have been greatly increased.* Again and again were these extraordinary scenes rehearsed. At last the Bank obtained a clue, and the servant was taken into custody. The directors imagined that they had secured the actor of so many parts; that the flood of forged notes which had inundated that establishment would at length be dammed up at his source. Their hopes proved fallacious, and it was found that "Old Patch," (as the mysterious forger was, from the servant's description, nick-named) had been sufficiently clever to baffle the Bank directors. The house in Titchfield Street was searched; but Mr. Brank had deserted it, and not a trace of a single implement of forgery was to be seen.

All that could be obtained was some little knowledge of "Old Patch's" proceedings. It appeared that he carried on his paper confining entirely by himself. His only confidant was his mistress. He was his own engraver. He even made his own ink. He manufactured his own paper. With a private press he worked his own notes; and counterfeited the signatures of the cashiers, completely. But these discoveries had no effect; for it became evident that Mr. Patch had set up a press elsewhere. Although his secret continued as impenetrable, his notes became as plentiful as ever. Five years of unbounded prosperity ought to have satisfied him; but it did not. Success seemed to pall him. His genius was of that insatiable order which demands new excitements, and a constant succession of new flights. The following

* Francis's History of the Bank of England.

paragraph from a newspaper of 1786 relates to the same individual:—

“On the 17th of December, ten pounds was paid into the Bank, for which the clerk, as usual, gave a ticket to receive a Bank note of equal value. This ticket ought to have been carried immediately to the cashier, instead of which the bearer took it home, and curiously added an 0 to the original sum, and returning, presented it so altered to the cashier, for which he received a note of one hundred pounds. In the evening, the clerks found a deficiency in the accounts; and on examining the tickets of the day, not only that but two others were discovered to have been obtained in the same manner. In the one, the figure 1 was altered to 4, and in another to 5, by which the artist received, upon the whole, nearly one thousand pounds.”

To that princely felony, Old Patch, as will be seen in the sequel, added smaller misdemeanors which one would think were far beneath his notice; except to convince himself and his mistress of the unbounded facility of his genius for fraud.

At that period the affluent public were saddled with a tax on plate; and many experiments were made to evade it. Among others, one was invented by a Mr. Charles Price, a stock-jobber and lottery-office keeper, which, for a time, puzzled the tax-gatherer. Mr. Charles Price lived in great style, gave splendid dinners, and did everything on the grandest scale. Yet Mr. Charles Price had no plate! The authorities could not find so much as a silver tooth-pick on his magnificent premises. In truth, what he was too cunning to possess, he borrowed. For one of his sumptuous entertainments, he hired the plate of a silversmith in Cornhill, and left the value in bank-notes as security for its safe return. One of these notes having proved a forgery, was traced to Mr. Charles Price; and Mr. Charles Price was not to be found at that particular juncture. Although this excited no surprise—for he was often an absentee from his office for short periods—yet in due course and as a formal matter of business, an officer was set to find him, and to ask his explanation regarding the false notes. After tracing a man whom he had a strong notion was Mr. Charles Price through countless lodgings and innumerable disguises, the officer (to use his own expression) “nabbed” Mr. Charles Price. But, as Mr. Clarke observed, his prisoner and his prisoner’s lady were even then “too many” for him; for although he lost not a moment in trying to secure the forging implements, after he had discovered that Mr. Charles Price, and Mr. Brank, and Old Patch, were all concentrated in the person of his prisoner, he found the lady had destroyed every trace of evidence. Not a vestige of the forging factory was left. Not the point of a graver, nor a single spot of ink, nor a shred of silver paper, nor a scrap of anybody’s handwriting, was to be met with. Despite, however, this paucity of evi-

dence to convict him, Mr. Charles Price had not the courage to face a jury, and eventually he saved the judicature and the Tyburn executive much trouble and expense, by hanging himself in Bridewell.

The success of Mr. Charles Price has never been surpassed; and even after the darkest era in the history of Bank forgeries—which dates from the suspension of cash payments, in February, 1797, and which will be treated of in a succeeding paper—“Old Patch” was still remembered as the Cæsar of Forgers.

THE TWO GUIDES OF THE CHILD.

A SPIRIT near me said, “Look forth upon the Land of Life. What do you see?”

“Steep mountains, covered by a mighty plain, a table-land of many-coloured beauty. Beauty, nay, it seems all beautiful at first, but now I see that there are some parts barren.”

“Are they quite barren?—look more closely still!”

“No, in the wildest deserts, now, I see some gum-dropping acacias, and the crimson blossom of the cactus. But there are regions that rejoice abundantly in flower and fruit; and now, O Spirit, I see men and women moving to and fro.”

“Observe them, mortal.”

“I beheld a world of love; the men have women’s arms entwined about them; some upon the verge of precipices—friends are running to the rescue. There are many wandering like strangers, who know not their road, and they look upward. Spirit, how many, many eyes are looking up as if to God! Ah, now I see some strike their neighbours down into the dust; I see some wallowing like swine; I see that there are men and women brutal.”

“Are they quite brutal?—look more closely still.”

“No, I see prickly sorrow growing out of crime, and penitence awakened by a look of love. I see good gifts bestowed out of the hand of murder, and see truth issue out of lying lips. But in this plain, O Spirit, I see regions—wide, bright regions,—yielding fruit and flower, while others seem perpetually veiled with fogs, and in them no fruit ripens. I see pleasant regions where the rock is full of clefts, and people fall into them. The men who dwell beneath the fog deal lovingly, and yet they have small enjoyment in the world around them, which they scarcely see. But whither are these women going?”

“Follow them.”

“I have followed down the mountains to a haven in the vale below. All that is lovely in the world of flowers makes a fragrant bed for the dear children; birds singing, they breathe upon the pleasant air; the butterflies play with them. Their limbs shine white among the blossoms, and their mothers come down full of joy to share their innocent delight.

They pelt each other with the lilies of the valley. They call up at will fantastic masques, grim giants play to make them merry, a thousand grotesque loving phantoms kiss them; to each the mother is the one thing real, the highest bliss—the next bliss is the dream of all the world beside. Some that are motherless, all mother's love. Every gesture, every look, every odour, every song, adds to the charm of love which fills the valley. Some little figures fall and die, and on the valley's soil they erumble into violets and lilies, with love-tears to hang in them like dew.

"Who dares to come down with a frown into this happy valley? A severe man seizes an unhappy, shrieking child, and leads it to the roughest ascent of the mountain. He will lead it over steep rocks to the plain of the mature. On ugly needle-points he makes the child sit down, and teaches it its duty in the world above."

"Its duty, mortal! do you listen to the teacher?"

"Spirit, I hear now. The child is informed about two languages spoken by nations extinct centuries ago, and something also, O Spirit, about the base of a hypothenusus."

"Does the child attend?"

"Not much; but it is beaten sorely, and its knees are bruised against the rocks, till it is hauled up, woe-begone and weary, to the upper plain. It looks about bewildered; all is strange,—it knows not how to act. Fogs crown the barren mountain paths. Spirit, I am unhappy; there are many children thus hauled up, and as young men upon the plain; they walk in fog, or among brambles; some fall into pits; and many, getting into flower-paths, lie down and learn. Some become active, seeking right, but ignorant of what right is; they wander among men out of their fog-land, preaching folly. Let me go back among the children."

"Have they no better guide?"

"Yes, now there comes one with a smiling face, and rolls upon the flowers with the little ones, and they are drawn to him. And he has magic spells to conjure up glorious spectacles of fairy land. He frolics with them and might be first cousin to the butterflies. He wreathes their little heads with flower garlands, and with his fairy land upon his lips he walks toward the mountains; eagerly they follow. He seeks the smoothest upward path, and that is but a rough one, yet they run up merrily, guide and children, butterflies pursuing still the flowers as they nod over a host of laughing faces. They talk of the delightful fairy world, and resting in the shady places learn of the yet more delightful world of God. They learn to love the Maker of the Flowers, to know how great the Father of the Stars must be, how good must be the Father of the Beetle. They listen to the story of the race they go to labour with upon the plain, and love it for the labour it has done. They learn old languages of men, to understand the past—more eagerly they learn the voices of the

men of their own day, that they may take part with the present. And in their study when they flag, they fall back upon thoughts of the Child Valley they are leaving. Sports and fancies are the rod and spur that bring them with new vigour to the lessons. When they reach the plain they cry, "We know you, men and women; we know to what you have aspired for centuries; we know the love there is in you; we know the love there is in God; we come prepared to labour with you, dear, good friends. We will not call you clumsy when we see you tumble, we will try to pick you up; when we fall, you shall pick us up. We have been trained to love, and therefore we can aid you heartily, for love is labour!"

The Spirit whispered, "You have seen and you have heard. Go now, and speak unto your fellow-men: ask justice for the child."

To-day should love To-morrow, for it is a thing of hope; let the young Future not be nursed by Care. God gave not fancy to the child that men should stamp its blossoms down into the loose soil of intellect. The child's heart was not made full to the brim of love, that men should pour its love away, and bruise instead of kiss the trusting innocent. Love and fancy are the stems on which we may graft knowledge readily. What is called by some dry folks a solid foundation may be a thing not desirable. To cut down all the trees and root up all the flowers in a garden, to cover walks and flower-beds alike with a hard crust of well-rolled gravel, that would be to lay down your solid foundation after a plan which some think good in a child's mind, though not quite worth adopting in a garden. O, teacher, love the child and learn of it; so let it love and learn of you.

CHIPS.

EASY SPELLING AND HARD READING.

AN interesting case of educational destitution presents itself in the following letter. It is written by the son of a poor, but honest, brickmaker of Hammersmith, who emigrated to Sidney, and is now a shepherd at Bathurst. While the facts it contains are clearly stated, and the sentiments expressed are highly creditable to the writer—showing that his moral training had not been neglected by his parents—the orthography is such as, we may safely affirm, would not have emanated from any human being with similar abilities, and in a similar station, than an Englishman.

England stands pre-eminent in this respect. The parents of this letter-writer were too poor to *pay* to have their child taught, and consequently with the best will in the world to be an ordinary scholar, he is unable to spell. The clever manner in which such letters are selected as represent the sounds he is in the habit of giving to each word, shows an aptitude which would assuredly have made

with the commonest cultivation a literate and useful citizen. More amusing orthography we have no where met; but the information it conveys is of the most useful kind. The reader will perceive that the points touched upon are precisely those respecting which he would wish to be informed, were he about to emigrate.

The epistle not only gives a truthful picture of an Australian shepherd's condition, but is in itself a lesson and a censure on that want of national means of education from which at least one-third of the adult population of England suffer, and of which the writer is an especial victim and example:—

“Deer mother and father and sisters i root thes few lines hoopng to find you All well for I arr in gudd halth my self and i wood root before onley i wos very un setled and now i have root i houpe you will rite back as soon as you can and send how you all arr and likewise our frends and i am hired my self for a sheeprd 12 munts for 19 pound and my keep too for it wos to soum for our work when i arive in the cuntry it is a plesent and a helthay cuntry and most peple dows well in it as liks ouley it is a grait cuntry for durnkerds and you do not Xpket for them to do well no weer i have not got any folt to find of the cuntry for after few theres man can bee is own master if hee liks for the wagers is higher then tha arr at hom and the previshen is sceper and peple do not work so hard as thay do at tom and if any wue wish to com com at wonce and don with it same as i did and take no feer oof the seo whot ever for i did not see any danger whot ever and it is a cuntry that puur peapole can get a gud living in hoostlue wich thay can not at tom i arr vrey well plesed off the cuntry and i should bee vrey happy if i had som relishon over with mee and i am 230 miles up the cuntry and wee had a vrey plesent voyge over in deed and likewise luckey and vrey lite sickenss and no deths deer mother and father i houpe you will lett our frends no how i am geeting on and der frends you take no heed what pepole says about horstler take and past your own thouths about it and if any body wishes to com i wood swade them to com cos pepole can geet a gud living there wer tha cant at tome and pepole beter com and geet a belly full then to stop at tome and work day and night then onely get haf a bely ful and i am shaur that no body can not find any folt off the cuntry cXcep tis pepole do not now when tha arr doing well [price of pervision] tee lb 1s to 3s sunger lb 2d to 4d coofe lb 8d to 1s bred lb 1d to 2d beef lb 1d to 2d mutton ditto baken lb 6d to 1s. poork lb 2d to 4d butter lb 6d to 1s chees lb 4d to 8d pertos price as tome sope lb 4d to 6d starch and blue and sooder home price candles lb 4d to 6d rice lb 2d to 4d hags hom price trekle lb 4d to 5d solt lb 1d peper nounce 2d tabaker lb 1s to 6s beer 4d pot at sednay and up in the pool 1s spirits hom price frut happles pars horengs lems peshes gusbryes curneth cheerys cokelnut storbyes rasberys nuts of all sorts vegtibles of all sorts price of cloths much the same as tome stok vrey resneble sheep 2s 6d heed wait about 80 pounds fat bulket about 1000 wit 3f pour hors from 2l to 10l ther is wonderful grait many black in the cuntry but tha will not hurt any one if you will let them aolne.

traitment on bord ship,

wee arive in the 7 febery and sailed to graveshend then wee stop ther 2 days then wee sailed from ther to plymeth and weo stop ther 9 days and took in loot more emigrant then wee sailed from ther to seednay we arive to seednay 8 of June wee had it vry ruf in the bay of biskey and three mor places beside but i did not see any dainger of sinking not the lest for wee had a vry plesent voyges over in deed the pervision on bord ship Monday pork haf pound pea haf pint butter 6 ounces weekly tea 1 ounce per week 9 ounces daily biscuit Tuesday beef haf pound rice 4 ounces flour 1 pound per week Wednesday pork haf pound peas haf pint raisins haf pound per week cooffee 1 ounce and haf per week Thursday preserved meet haf pound Friday pork haf pound peas haf pint Saturday beef haf pound rice 4 ounces sugar three Quarter pound per week Sunday preserved meat haf pound fresh woter three Quarrts daily vinegar haf pint per week Mustard haf ounce per week salt tow ounces per week lime Juse haf pint per week my der sisters i houpe you will keep your selvs from all bad company for it is a disgrace to all frends and likewise worse for you own sellvs o rember that opinted day to com at last tis behoups that wee shal bee free from all dets o whot a glorious tirm it will bee then wee shal feel no more pains nor gref nor sorows nor sickness nor truble of any cimd o whot a glorious term it will bee then o seeners kip your selvs out off the mire for feer you shuld sink to the bootem the sarvents wagers of houstler tha geets gos haf as much mour as tha gets at tome and my sister Maryaan shee kood geet 16 pounds a year and Sarah get 20 pound and Marther get 8 or 9 pound and tha arr not so sharp to the servents as tha arr at tome i houpe you will send word wot the yungest child name is and how it is geeting on and send the date when it wos born and i houpe this will find you all weel and cumfortble to. J. R.”

A VERY OLD SOLDIER.

THE following is a chip from a block whence we have already taken a few shavings:—“Kohl's Travels in the Netherlands.” It describes the National Hospital for the Aged at Brussels. Some of the inmates whom he found in it, though still alive, belong to history. It must have been with a sort of archaic emotion that our inquisitive friend found himself speaking to a man who had escorted Marie Antoinette from Vienna to Paris, on the occasion of her marriage!

“The magnitude of the *Hospice des Vieillardes* in Brussels,” says Mr. Kohl, “fully realises the idea of a National establishment. The building itself fulfils all the required conditions of extent, solidity, and convenience. The gardens, court-yards, and apartments are spacious and well arranged. The sleeping and eating rooms are large, and well furnished; and it is pleasing to observe, here and there, the walls adorned with pictures painted in oil-colours. The inmates of this *Hospice* pass their latter days in the enjoyment of a degree of happiness and comfort which would be unattainable in their own homes. The

chapel is situated only at the distance of a few paces from the main building, and is connected with it by means of a roofed corridor; thus obviating the difficulties which prevent old people from attending places of public worship when, as it frequently happens, they are situated at long and inaccessible distances from their dwellings. In winter the Chapel of the *Hospice* is carefully warmed and secured against damp.

"At the time of my visit to the *Hospice des Vieillards* in Brussels, the establishment contained about seven hundred inmates, of both sexes, between the ages of seventy and eighty. Of this number six hundred and fifteen were maintained at the charge of the establishment, and seventy-five, being in competent circumstances, defrayed their own expenses. That the number of those able to maintain themselves should bear so considerable a relative proportion to the rest, is a fact which bears strong testimony in favour of the merits of the establishment. Those who support themselves live in a style more or less costly, according to the amount of their respective payments. Some of the apartments into which I was conducted certainly presented such an air of comfort that persons, even of a superior condition of life, could scarcely have desired better.

"I learned from the Governor of the *Hospice* that the average cost of the maintenance of each individual was about seventy-five centimes per day, making a total diurnal expenditure of six hundred francs, or of two hundred thousand francs per annum. But as this estimate includes the wages of attendants and the expenses consequent on repairs of the building, it may fairly be calculated that each individual costs about three hundred francs per annum. The *Hospice* frequently receives liberal donations and bequests from opulent private persons.

"For such of the pensioners as are able to work, employment is provided: others are appointed to fill official posts in the veteran Republic. Now and then a little task-work is imposed; but the *Hospice* being rich, this duty is not exacted with the precision requisite in establishments for the young, where the inmates having a long worldly career before them, it is desirable that they should be trained in habits of regularity and industry. The pensioners of the Brussels *Hospice des Vieillards*, enjoy much freedom; and they are even allowed some amusements and indulgences, which it might not be proper to concede to young persons. For example, they are permitted to play at cards; but it will scarcely be said there is anything objectionable in such an indulgence to old persons who have run out their worldly course; for even were they fated once more to enter into society, their example could neither be very useful nor very dangerous. Here and there I observed groups of the pensioners, male and female, seated at cards, staking

their pocket-money of which each has a small allowance, on the hazard of the game. The penalties assigned for misdemeanours are very mild, consisting merely in the offending party being prohibited from going out, or, as it is called, *la pri e de la sortie*. In extreme cases the delinquent is confined to his or her own apartment.

"It has seldom been my lot to visit a charitable institution, which created in my mind so many pleasing impressions as those I experienced in the Hospital for the Old in Brussels. It was gratifying to observe in the spacious court-yards the cheerful and happy groups of grey-haired men and women, sunning themselves in the open air. Some were playing at cards, whilst here and there the females were seated at work, and men sauntering about smoking their pipes and gossiping. Every now and then I met an old man whistling or singing whilst he paced to and fro. More than one of these veterans had been eye-witnesses of interesting historical events, which now belong to a past age. Several of them had served as soldiers during the Austrian dominion in Belgium. Of these the porter of the Hospital was one.

"The most remarkable character in the whole establishment was an old Dutchman, named Jan Hermann Jankens, who was born at Leyden in the year 1735. At the time when I saw him, he was one hundred and nine years of age; or, to quote his own description of himself, he was "*Teste, vaillant, et sain.*"

"Il nous rapelle en vain
Apr s un si cle de s jour,
Ses plaisirs ainsi que ses amertumes."

"These lines were inscribed beneath his portrait, which hung in his own apartment. I remarked that the painter had not flattered him. 'You are right, Sir,' replied he; 'the fact is, I am much younger than my portrait,' and to prove that he was making no vain boast, he sprang up, and cut several capers, with surprising agility. His faculties were unimpaired, and he was a remarkable example of that vigorous organisation which sometimes manifests itself in the human frame; and which excites our wonder when we find that such delicate structures as the nerves of sight and hearing may be used for the space of a century without wearing out. Until within two years of the time when I saw Jankens, he had been able to work well and actively. His hand was firm and steady, and he frequently wrote letters to his distant friends. When in his one hundred and seventh year, he thought, very reasonably, that he might give up work. 'And what do you do now?' I enquired. 'I enjoy my life,' replied he; 'I saunter about the whole day long, singing, smoking, and amusing myself. I spend my time very gaily!'

"'Yes, Sir; he dances, drinks, and sings all day long!' exclaimed, in a half-jeering, half-envious tone, another veteran, named

Watermans, who had joined us, and who, though *only* ninety years of age, was much more feeble than Jankens.

"I learned from the latter that he had had fifteen children; but that of all his large family, only one survived, though most of them had lived to a goodly age. His memory was stored with recollections of events connected with the marriage of Louis the Sixteenth; for, when a soldier in the Austrian service, he had formed one of the military escort which conducted Marie Antoinette into France. He sang me an old song, which had been composed in honour of the Royal nuptials, and which he said was very popular at the time. It was in the usual style of such effusions; a mere string of hyperbolic compliments, in praise of the 'beauteous Princess,' and the 'illustrious Prince.' It sounded like an echo from the grave of old French loyalty. Jankens sang this song in a remarkably clear, strong voice; but nevertheless, the performance did not give satisfaction to old Watermans, who, thrusting his fingers into his ears, said peevishly, 'What a croaking noise!'

"Heedless of this discouraging remark, the venerable centenarian was preparing to favour me with another specimen of his vocal ability, when the great bell in the court-yard rang for supper. 'Pardon, Sir,' said Jankens, with an apologetic bow, 'but—supper.' Whereupon he hurried off in the direction of the refectory, with that sort of eager yearning with which it might be imagined he turned to his mother's breast one hundred and nine years before.

"It is amazing that that old fellow should have so sharp an appetite," observed the petulant Watermans, hobbling after him in a way which showed that he too was not altogether unprepared to do honour to the evening meal."

This Hospital for the Aged is a sort of National Almshouse not solely peculiar to Belgium. Private munificence does in England what is done abroad by Governments; but it is to be deplored that a more general provision for the superannuated does not exist in this country. Workhouses are indeed asylums for the old; but for those who are also decayed in worldly circumstances, they cannot afford those comforts which old age requires. Except Greenwich Hospital for sailors, and Chelsea Hospital for soldiers, we have no national institution for old people.

THE HOUSEHOLD JEWELS.

A TRAVELLER, from journeying
In countries far away,
Re-passed his threshold at the close
Of one calm Sabbath day;
A voice of love, a comely face,
A kiss of chaste delight,
Were the first things to welcome him
On that blest Sabbath night.

He stretched his limbs upon the hearth,
Before its friendly blaze,
And conjured up mixed memories
Of gay and gloomy days;
And felt that none of gentle soul,
However far he roam,
Can e'er forego, can e'er forget,
The quiet joys of home.

"Bring me my children!" cried the sire,
With eager, earnest tone;
"I long to press them, and to mark
How lovely they have grown;
Twelve weary months have passed away
Since I went o'er the sea,
To feel how sad and lone I was
Without my babes and thee."

"Refresh thee, as 'tis needful," said
The fair and faithful wife,
The while her pensive features paled,
And stirred with inward strife;
"Refresh thee, husband of my heart,
I ask it as a boon;
Our children are reposing, love;
Thou shalt behold them soon."

She spread the meal, she filled the cup,
She pressed him to partake;
He sat down blithely at the board,
And all for her sweet sake;
But when the frugal feast was done,
The thankful prayer preferred,
Again affection's fountain flowed;
Again its voice was heard.

"Bring me my children, darling wife,
I'm in an ardent mood;
My soul lacks purer aliment,
I long for other food;
Bring forth my children to my gaze,
Or ere I rage or weep,
I yearn to kiss their happy eyes
Before the hour of sleep."

"I have a question yet to ask;
Be patient, husband dear.
A stranger, one auspicious morn,
Did send some jewels here;
Until to take them from my care,
But yesterday he came,
And I restored them with a sigh:
—Dost thou approve, or blame?"

"I marvel much, sweet wife, that thou
Shouldst breathe such words to me;
Restore to man, resign to God,
Whate'er is lent to thee;
Restore it with a willing heart,
Be grateful for the trust;
Whate'er may tempt or try us, wife,
Let us be ever just."

She took him by the passive hand,
And up the moonlit stair,
She led him to their bridal bed,
With mute and mournful air;
She turned the cover down, and there,
In grave-like garments dressed,
Lay the twin children of their love,
In death's serenest rest.

"These were the jewels lent to me,
Which God has deigned to own;
The precious caskets still remain,
But, ah, the *gems* are flown;

But thou didst teach me to resign
 What God alone can claim ;
 He giveth and he takes away,
 Blest be His holy name !”

The father gazed upon his babes,
 The mother drooped apart,
 Whilst all the woman's sorrow gushed
 From her o'erburdened heart ;
 And with the striving of her grief,
 Which wrung the tears she shed,
 Were mingled low and loving words
 To the unconscious dead.

When the sad sire had looked his fill,
 He veiled each breathless face,
 And down in self-abasement bowed,
 For comfort and for grace ;
 With the deep eloquence of woe,
 Poured forth his secret soul,
 Rose up, and stood erect and calm,
 In spirit healed and whole.

“Restrain thy tears, poor wife,” he said,
 “I learn this lesson still,
 God gives, and God can take away,
 Blest be His holy will !
 Blest are my children, for they live
 From sin and sorrow free,
 And I am not all joyless, wife,
 With faith, hope, love, and thee.”

THE LABORATORY IN THE CHEST.

THE mind of Mr. Bagges was decidedly affected—beneficially—by the lecture on the Chemistry of a Candle, which, as set forth in a previous number of this journal, had been delivered to him by his youthful nephew. That learned discourse inspired him with a new feeling ; an interest in matters of science. He began to frequent the Polytechnic Institution, nearly as much as his club. He also took to lounging at the British Museum ; where he was often to be seen, with his left arm under his coat-tails, examining the wonderful works of nature and antiquity, through his eye-glass. Moreover, he procured himself to be elected a member of the Royal Institution, which became a regular house of call to him, so that in a short time he grew to be one of the ordinary phenomena of the place.

Mr. Bagges likewise adopted a custom of giving *conversazioni*, which, however, were always very private and select—generally confined to his sister's family. Three courses were first discussed ; then dessert ; after which, surrounded by an apparatus of glasses and decanters, Master Harry Wilkinson was called upon, as a sort of juvenile Davy, to amuse his uncle by the elucidation of some chemical or other physical mystery. Master Wilkinson had now attained to the ability of making experiments ; most of which, involving combustion, were strongly deprecated by the young gentleman's mamma ; but her opposition was overruled by Mr. Bagges, who argued that it was much better that a young dog should burn phosphorus before your face than let off gunpowder behind your back, to

say nothing of occasionally pinning a cracker to your skirts. He maintained that playing with fire and water, throwing stones, and such like boys' tricks, as they are commonly called, are the first expressions of a scientific tendency—endeavours and efforts of the infant mind to acquaint itself with the powers of Nature.

His own favourite toys, he remembered, were squibs, suckers, squirts, and slings ; and he was persuaded that, by his having been denied them at school, a natural philosopher had been nipped in the bud.

Blowing bubbles was an example—by-the-bye, a rather notable one—by which Mr. Bagges, on one of his scientific evenings, was instancing the affinity of child's play to philosophical experiments, when he bethought him Harry had said on a former occasion that the human breath consists chiefly of carbonic acid, which is heavier than common air. How then, it occurred to his inquiring, though elderly mind, was it that soap-bladders, blown from a tobacco-pipe, rose instead of sinking ? He asked his nephew this.

“Oh, uncle !” answered Harry, “in the first place, the air you blow bubbles with mostly comes in at the nose and goes out at the mouth, without having been breathed at all. Then it is warmed by the mouth, and warmth, you know, makes a measure of air get larger, and so lighter in proportion. A soap-bubble rises for the same reason that a fire-balloon rises—that is, because the air inside of it has been heated, and weighs less than the same sized bubbleful of cold air.”

“What, hot breath does !” said Mr. Bagges. “Well, now, it's a curious thing, when you come to think of it, that the breath should be hot—indeed, the warmth of the body generally seems a puzzle. It is wonderful, too, how the bodily heat can be kept up so long as it is. Here, now, is this tumbler of hot grog—a mixture of boiling water, and what d'ye call it, you scientific geniuses ?”

“Alcohol, uncle.”

“Alcohol—well—or, as we used to say, brandy. Now, if I leave this tumbler of brandy-and-water alone—”

“If you do, uncle,” interposed his nephew, archly.

“Get along, you idle rogue ! If I let that tumbler stand there, in a few minutes the brandy-and-water—eh ?—I beg pardon—the alcohol-and-water—gets cold. Now, why—why the deuce—if the brand—the alcohol-and-water cools ; why—how—how is it we don't cool in the same way, I want to know ? eh ?” demanded Mr. Bagges, with the air of a man who feels satisfied that he has propounded a “regular poser.”

“Why,” replied Harry, “for the same reason that the room keeps warm so long as there is a fire in the grate.”

“You don't mean to say that I have a fire in my body ?”

“I do, though.”

“Eh, now ? That's good,” said Mr. Bagges.

"That reminds me of the man in love crying, 'Fire! fire!' and the lady said, 'Where, where?' And he called out, 'Here! here!' with his hand upon his heart. Eh?—but now I think of it—you said, the other day, that breathing was a sort of burning. Do you mean to tell me that I—eh?—have fire, fire, as the lover said, here, here—in short, that my chest is a grate or an Arnott's stove?"

"Not exactly so, uncle. But I do mean to tell you that you have a sort of fire burning partly in your chest; but also, more or less, throughout your whole body."

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson, "How can you say such horrid things!"

"Because they're quite true, mamma—but you needn't be frightened. The fire of one's body is not hotter than from ninety degrees to one hundred and four degrees or so. Still it is fire, and will burn some things, as you would find, uncle, if, in using phosphorus, you were to let a little bit of it get under your nail."

"I'll take your word for the fact, my boy," said Mr. Bagges. "But, if I have a fire burning throughout my person—which I was not aware of, the only inflammation I am ever troubled with being in the great toe—I say, if my body is burning continually—how is it I don't smoke—eh? Come, now!"

"Perhaps you consume your own smoke," suggested Mr. Wilkinson, senior, "like every well-regulated furnace."

"You smoke nothing but your pipe, uncle, because you burn all your carbon," said Harry. "But, if your body doesn't smoke, it steams. Breathe against a looking-glass, or look at your breath on a cold morning. Observe how a horse reeks when it perspires. Besides—as you just now said you recollected my telling you the other day—you breathe out carbonic acid, and that, and the steam of the breath together, are exactly the same things, you know, that a candle turns into in burning."

"But if I burn like a candle—why don't I burn out like a candle?" demanded Mr. Bagges. "How do you get over that?"

"Because," replied Harry, "your fuel is renewed as fast as burnt. So perhaps you resemble a lamp rather than a candle. A lamp requires to be fed; so does the body—as, possibly, uncle, you may be aware."

"Eh?—well—I have always entertained an idea of that sort," answered Mr. Bagges, helping himself to some biscuits. "But the lamp feeds on train-oil."

"So does the Laplander. And you couldn't feed the lamp on turtle or mulligatawny, of course, uncle. But mulligatawny or turtle can be changed into fat—they are so, sometimes, I think—when they are eaten in large quantities, and fat will burn fast enough. And most of what you eat turns into something which burns at last, and is consumed in the fire that warms you all over."

"Wonderful, to be sure," exclaimed Mr.

Bagges. "Well, now, and how does this extraordinary process take place?"

"First, you know, uncle, your food is digested—"

"Not always, I am sorry to say, my boy," Mr. Bagges observed, "but go on."

"Well; when it is digested, it becomes a sort of fluid, and mixes gradually with the blood, and turns into blood, and so goes over the whole body, to nourish it. Now, if the body is always being nourished, why doesn't it keep getting bigger and bigger, like the ghost in the Castle of Otranto?"

"Eh? Why, because it loses as well as gains, I suppose. By perspiration—eh—for instance?"

"Yes, and by breathing; in short, by the burning I mentioned just now. Respiration, or breathing, uncle, is a perpetual combustion."

"But if my system," said Mr. Bagges, "is burning throughout, what keeps up the fire in my little finger—putting gout out of the question?"

"You burn all over, because you breathe all over, to the very tips of your fingers' ends," replied Harry.

"Oh, don't talk nonsense to your uncle!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson.

"It isn't nonsense," said Harry. "The air that you draw into the lungs goes more or less over all the body, and penetrates into every fibre of it, which is breathing. Perhaps you would like to hear a little more about the chemistry of breathing, or respiration, uncle?"

"I should, certainly."

"Well, then; first you ought to have some idea of the breathing apparatus. The laboratory that contains this, is the chest, you know. The chest, you also know, has in it the heart and lungs, which, with other things in it, fill it quite out, so as to leave no hollow space between themselves and it. The lungs are a sort of air-sponges, and when you enlarge your chest to draw breath, they swell out with it and suck the air in. On the other hand you narrow your chest and squeeze the lungs and press the air from them;—that is breathing out. The lungs are made up of a lot of little cells. A small pipe—a little branch of the windpipe—opens into each cell. Two blood-vessels, a little tiny artery, and a vein to match, run into it also. The arteries bring into the little cells dark-coloured blood, which has been all over the body. The veins carry out of the little cells bright scarlet-coloured blood, which is to go all over the body. So all the blood passes through the lungs, and in so doing, is changed from dark to bright scarlet."

"Black blood, didn't you say, in the arteries, and scarlet in the veins? I thought it was just the reverse," interrupted Mr. Bagges.

"So it is," replied Harry, "with all the other arteries and veins, except those that

circulate the blood through the lung-cells. The heart has two sides, with a partition between them that keeps the blood on the right side separate from the blood on the left; both sides being hollow, mind. The blood on the right side of the heart comes there from all over the body, by a couple of large veins, dark, before it goes to the lungs. From the right side of the heart, it goes on to the lungs, dark still, through an artery. It comes back to the left side of the heart from the lungs, bright scarlet, through four veins. Then it goes all over the rest of the body from the left side of the heart, through an artery that branches into smaller arteries, all carrying bright scarlet blood. So the arteries and veins of the lungs on one hand, and of the rest of the body on the other, do exactly opposite work, you understand."

"I hope so."

"Now," continued Harry, "it requires a strong magnifying glass to see the lung-cells plainly, they are so small. But you can fancy them as big as you please. Picture any one of them to yourself of the size of an orange, say, for convenience in thinking about it; that one cell, with whatever takes place in it, will be a specimen of the rest. Then you have to imagine an artery carrying blood of one colour into it, and a vein taking away blood of another colour from it, and the blood changing its colour in the cell."

"Aye, but what makes the blood change its colour?"

"Recollect, uncle, you have a little branch from the windpipe opening into the cell which lets in the air. Then the blood and the air are brought together, and the blood alters in colour. The reason, I suppose you would guess, is that it is somehow altered by the air."

"No very unreasonable conjecture, I should think," said Mr. Bagges.

"Well; if the air alters the blood, most likely, we should think, it gives something to the blood. So first let us see what is the difference between the air we breathe *in*, and the air we breathe *out*. You know that neither we nor animals can keep breathing the same air over and over again. You don't want me to remind you of the Black Hole of Calcutta, to convince you of that; and I dare say you will believe what I tell you, without waiting till I can catch a mouse and shut it up in an air-tight jar, and show you how soon the unlucky creature will get uncomfortable, and begin to gasp, and that it will by-and-by die. But if we were to try this experiment—not having the fear of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, nor the fear of doing wrong, before our eyes—we should find that the poor mouse, before he died, had changed the air of his prison considerably. But it would be just as satisfactory, and much more humane, if you or I were to breathe in and out of a silk bag or a bladder till we could stand it no longer, and then collect the air which we had been

breathing in and out. We should find that a jar of such air would put out a candle. If we shook some lime-water up with it, the lime-water would turn milky. In short, uncle, we should find that a great part of the air was carbonic acid, and the rest mostly nitrogen. The air we inhale is nitrogen and oxygen; the air we exhale has lost most of its oxygen, and consists of little more than nitrogen and carbonic acid. Together with this, we breathe out the vapour of water, as I said before. Therefore in breathing, we give off exactly what a candle does in burning, only not so fast, after the rate. The carbonic acid we breathe out, shows that carbon is consumed within our bodies. The watery vapour of the breath is a proof that hydrogen is so too. We take in oxygen with the air, and the oxygen unites with carbon, and makes carbonic acid, and with hydrogen, forms water."

"Then don't the hydrogen and carbon combine with the oxygen—that is, burn—in the lungs, and isn't the chest the fireplace, after all?" asked Mr. Bagges.

"Not altogether, according to those who are supposed to know better. They are of opinion, that some of the oxygen unites with the carbon and hydrogen of the blood in the lungs; but that most of it is merely absorbed by the blood, and dissolved in it in the first instance."

"Oxygen absorbed by the blood? That seems odd," remarked Mr. Bagges. "How can that be?"

"We only know the fact that there are some things that will absorb gases—suck them in—make them disappear. Charcoal will, for instance. It is thought that the iron which the blood contains gives it the curious property of absorbing oxygen. Well; the oxygen going into the blood makes it change from dark to bright scarlet; and then this blood containing oxygen is conveyed all over the system by the arteries, and yields up the oxygen to combine with hydrogen and carbon as it goes along. The carbon and hydrogen are part of the substance of the body. The bright scarlet blood mixes oxygen with them, which burns them, in fact; that is, makes them into carbonic acid and water. Of course, the body would soon be consumed if this were all that the blood does. But while it mixes oxygen with the old substance of the body, to burn it up, it lays down fresh material to replace the loss. So our bodies are continually changing throughout, though they seem to us always the same; but then, you know, a river appears the same from year's end to year's end, although the water in it is different every day."

"Eh, then," said Mr. Bagges, "if the body is always on the change in this way, we must have had several bodies in the course of our lives, by the time we are old."

"Yes, uncle; therefore, how foolish it is to spend money upon funerals. What becomes

of all the bodies we use up during our lifetimes? If we are none the worse for their flying away in carbonic acid and other things without ceremony, what good can we expect from having a fuss made about the body we leave behind us, which is put into the earth? However, you are wanting to know what becomes of the water and carbonic acid which have been made by the oxygen of the blood burning up the old materials of our frame. The dark blood of the veins absorbs this carbonic acid and water, as the blood of the arteries does oxygen,—only, they say, it does so by means of a salt in it, called phosphate of soda. Then the dark blood goes back to the lungs, and in them it parts with its carbonic acid and water, which escapes as breath. As fast as we breathe out, carbonic acid and water leave the blood; as fast as we breathe in, oxygen enters it. The oxygen is sent out in the arteries to make the rubbish of the body into gas and vapour, so that the veins may bring it back and get rid of it. The burning of rubbish by oxygen throughout our frames is the fire by which our animal heat is kept up. At least this is what most philosophers think; though doctors differ a little on this point, as on most others, I hear. Professor Liebig says, that our carbon is mostly prepared for burning by being first extracted from the blood sent to it—(which contains much of the rubbish of the system dissolved)—in the form of bile, and is then re-absorbed into the blood, and burnt. He reckons that a grown-up man consumes about fourteen ounces of carbon a-day. Fourteen ounces of charcoal a-day, or eight pounds two ounces a-week, would keep up a tolerable fire.”

“I had no idea we were such extensive charcoal-burners,” said Mr. Bagges. “They say we each eat our peck of dirt before we die—but we must burn bushels of charcoal.”

“And so,” continued Harry, “the Professor calculates that we burn quite enough fuel to account for our heat. I should rather think, myself, it had something to do with it—shouldn’t you?”

“Eh?” said Mr. Bagges; “it makes one rather nervous to think that one is burning all over—throughout one’s very blood—in this kind of way.”

“It is very awful!” said Mrs. Wilkinson.

“If true. But in that case, shouldn’t we be liable to inflame occasionally?” objected her husband.

“It is said,” answered Harry, “that spontaneous combustion does happen sometimes; particularly in great spirit drinkers. I don’t see why it should not, if the system were to become too inflammable. Drinking alcohol would be likely to load the constitution with carbon, which would be fuel for the fire, at any rate.”

“The deuce!” exclaimed Mr. Bagges, pushing his brandy-and-water from him. “We

had better take care how we indulge in combustibles.”

“At all events,” said Harry, “it must be bad to have too much fuel in us. It must choke the fire I should think, if it did not cause inflammation; which Dr. Truepenny says it does, meaning, by inflammation, gout, and so on, you know, uncle.”

“Ahem!” coughed Mr. Bagges.

“Taking in too much fuel, I dare say you know, uncle, means eating and drinking to excess,” continued Harry. “The best remedy, the doctor says, for overstuffing is exercise. A person who uses great bodily exertion, can eat and drink more without suffering from it than one who leads an inactive life; a fox-hunter, for instance, in comparison with an alderman. Want of exercise and too much nourishment must make a man either fat or ill. If the extra hydrogen and carbon are not burnt out, or otherwise got rid of, they turn to blubber, or cause some disturbance in the system, intended by Nature to throw them off, which is called a disease. Walking, riding, running, increase the breathing—as well as the perspiration—and make us burn away our carbon and hydrogen in proportion. Dr. Truepenny declares that if people would only take in as much fuel as is requisite to keep up a good fire, his profession would be ruined.”

“The good old advice—Baillie’s, eh?—or Abernethy’s—live upon sixpence a day, and earn it,” Mr. Bagges observed.

“Well, and then, uncle, in hot weather the appetite is naturally weaker than it is in cold—less heat is required, and therefore less food. So in hot climates; and the chief reason, says the doctor, why people ruin their health in India is their spurring and goading their stomachs to crave what is not good for them, by spices and the like. Fruits and vegetables are the proper things to eat in such countries, because they contain little carbon compared to flesh, and they are the diet of the natives of those parts of the world. Whereas food with much carbon in it, meat, or even mere fat or oil, which is hardly anything else than carbon and hydrogen, are proper in very cold regions, where heat from within is required to supply the want of it without. That is why the Laplander is able, as I said he does, to devour train-oil. And Dr. Truepenny says that it may be all very well for Mr. McGregor to drink raw whiskey at deer-stalking in the Highlands, but if Major Campbell combines that beverage with the diversion of tiger-hunting in the East Indies, habitually, the chances are that the Major will come home with a diseased liver.”

“Upon my word, sir, the whole art of preserving health appears to consist in keeping up a moderate fire within us,” observed Mr. Bagges.

“Just so, uncle, according to my friend the Doctor. ‘Adjust the fuel,’ he says, ‘to the draught—he means the oxygen; keep the

bellows properly at work, by exercise, and your fire will seldom want poking.' The Doctor's pokers, you know, are pills, mixtures, leeches, blisters, lancets, and things of that sort."

"Indeed? Well, then, my heart-burn, I suppose, depends upon bad management of my fire?" surmised Mr. Bagges.

"I should say that was more than probable, uncle. Well, now, I think you see that animal heat can be accounted for, in very great part at least, by the combustion of the body. And then there are several facts that—as I remember Shakspeare says—

"help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly."

"Birds that breathe a great deal are very hot creatures; snakes and lizards, and frogs and fishes, that breathe but little, are so cold that they are called cold-blooded animals. Bears and dormice, that sleep all the winter, are cold during their sleep, whilst their breathing and circulation almost entirely stop. We increase our heat by walking fast, running, jumping, or working hard; which sets us breathing faster, and then we get warmer. By these means we blow up our own fire, if we have no other, to warm ourselves on a cold day. And how is it that we don't go on continually getting hotter and hotter?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Bagges, "I suppose that is one of Nature's mysteries."

"Why, what happens, uncle, when we take violent exercise? We break out into a perspiration; as you complain you always do, if you only run a few yards. Perspiration is mostly water, and the extra heat of the body goes into the water, and flies away with it in steam. Just for the same reason, you can't boil water so as to make it hotter than two hundred and twelve degrees; because all the heat that passes into it beyond that, unites with some of it and becomes steam, and so escapes. Hot weather causes you to perspire even when you sit still; and so your heat is cooled in summer. If you were to heat a man in an oven, the heat of his body generally wouldn't increase very much till he became exhausted and died. Stories are told of mountebanks sitting in ovens, and meat being cooked by the side of them. Philosophers have done much the same thing—Dr. Fordyce and others, who found they could bear a heat of two hundred and sixty degrees. Perspiration is our animal fire-escape. Heat goes out from the lungs, as well as the skin, in water; so the lungs are concerned in cooling us as well as heating us, like a sort of regulating furnace. Ah, uncle, the body is a wonderful factory, and I wish I were man enough to take you over it. I have only tried to show you something of the contrivances for warming it, and I hope you understand a little about that!"

"Well," said Mr. Bagges, "breathing, I un-

derstand you to say, is the chief source of animal heat, by occasioning the combination of carbon and hydrogen with oxygen, in a sort of gentle combustion, throughout our frame. The lungs and heart are an apparatus for generating heat, and distributing it over the body by means of a kind of warming pipes, called blood-vessels. Eh?—and the carbon and hydrogen we have in our systems we get from our food. Now, you see, here is a slice of cake, and there is a glass of wine—Eh?—now see whether you can get any carbon and oxygen out of that."

The young philosopher, having finished his lecture, applied himself immediately to the performance of the proposed experiment, which he performed with cleverness and dispatch.

THE HOME OF WOODRUFFE THE GARDENER.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

It was observed by Woodruffe's family, during one week of spring of the next year, that he was very absent. He was not in low spirits, but absorbed in thought, and much devoted to making calculations with pencil and paper. At last, out it came, one morning at breakfast.

"I wonder how we should all like to have Harry Hardiman to work with us again?"

Every one looked up. Harry! where was Harry? Was he here? Was he coming?

"Why, I will tell you what I have been thinking," said their father. "I have thought long and carefully, and I believe I have made up my mind to send for Harry, to come and work for us as he used to do. We have not labour enough on the ground. Two stout men to the acre is the smallest allowance for trying what could be made of the place."

"That is what Taylor and Brown are employing now on the best part of their land," said Allan; "that is, when they can get the labour. There is such difference between that and one man to four or five acres, as there was before, that they can't always get the labour."

"Just so; and therefore," continued Woodruffe, "I am thinking of sending for Harry. Our old neighbourhood was not prosperous when we left it, and I fancy it cannot have improved since; and Harry might be glad to follow his master to a thriving neighbourhood; and he is such a careful fellow that I dare say he has money for the journey,—even if he has a wife by this time, as I suppose he has."

Moss looked most pleased, where all were pleased, at the idea of seeing Harry again. His remembrance of Harry was of a tall young man, who used to carry him on his shoulders, and wheel him in the empty water-barrel, and sometimes offer to dip him in it when it was full, and show him how to dig in the sand-heap with his little wooden spade.

"Your rent, to be sure, is much lower than in the old place," observed Abby.

"Why, we must not build upon that," replied the father; "rent is rising here, and will rise. My landlord was considerate in lowering mine to 3*l.* per acre, when he saw how impossible it was to make it answer; and he says he shall not ask more yet, on account of the labour I laid out at the time of the drainage. But when I have partly repaid myself, the rent will rise to 5*l.*; and, in fact, I have made my calculations, in regard to Harry's coming, at a higher rent than that."

"Higher than that?"

"Yes: I should not be surprised if I found myself paying, as market-gardeners near London do, ten pounds per acre, before I die."

"Or rather, to let the ground to me, for that, father," said Allan, "when it is your own property, and you are tired of work, and disposed to turn it over to me. I will pay you ten pounds per acre then, and let you have all the cabbages you can eat, besides. It is capital land, and that is the truth. Come—shall that be a bargain?"

Woodruffe smiled, and said he owed a duty to Allan. He did not like to see him so hard worked as to be unable to take due care of his own corner of the garden;—unable to enter fairly into the competition for the prizes at the Horticultural Show in the summer. Becky now, too, ought to be spared from all but occasional help in the garden. Above all, the ground was now in such an improving state that it would be waste not to bestow due labour upon it. Put in the spade where you would, the soil was loose and well-aired as needs be: the manure penetrated it thoroughly; the frost and heat pulverised, instead of binding it; and the crops were succeeding each other so fast, that the year would be a very profitable one.

"Where will Harry live, if he comes?" asked Abby.

"We must get another cottage added to the new row. Easily done! Cottages so healthy as these new ones pay well. Good rents are offered for them,—to save doctors' bills and loss of time from sickness;—and, when once a system of house-drainage is set agoing, it costs scarcely more, in adding a cottage to a group, to make it all right, than to run it up upon solid clay as used to be the way here. Well, I have good mind to write to Harry to-day. What do you think,—all of you?"

Fortified by the opinion of all his children, Mr. Woodruffe wrote to Harry. Meantime, Allan and Becky went to cut the vegetables that were for sale that day; and Moss delighted himself in running after and catching the pony in the meadow below. The pony was not very easily caught, for it was full of spirit. Instead of the woolly insipid grass that it used to crop, and which seemed to give it only fever and no nourishment, it now fed on sweet fresh grass, which had no sour stagnant water soaking its roots. The pony was so full of play this morning

that Moss could not get hold of it. Though much stronger than a year ago, he was not yet anything like so robust as a boy of his age should be; and he was growing heated, and perhaps a little angry, as the pony galloped off towards some distant trees, when a boy started up behind a bush, caught the halter, brought the pony round with a twitch, and led him to Moss. Moss fancied he had seen the boy before, and then his white teeth reminded Moss of one thing after another.

"I came for some marsh plants," said the boy. "You and I got plenty once, somewhere hereabouts: but I cannot find them now."

"You will not find any now. We have no marsh now."

The stranger said he dared not go back without them: mother wanted them badly. She would not believe him if he said he could not find any. There were plenty about two miles off, along the railway, among the clay-pits, he was told; but none nearer. The boy wanted to know where the clay-pits hereabouts were. He could not find one of them.

"I will show you one of them," said Moss; "the one where you and I used to hunt rats." And, leading the pony, he showed his old gipsy playfellow all the improvements, beginning with the great ditch,—now invisible from being covered in. While it was open, he said, it used to get choked, and the sides were plastered after rain, and soon became grass-grown, so that it was found worth while to cover it in; and now it would want little looking to for years to come. As for the clay-pit, where the rats used to pop in and out,—it was now a manure-pit, covered in. There was a drain into it from the pony's stable and from the pig-styes; and it was near enough to the garden to receive the refuse and sweepings. A heavy lid, with a ring in the middle, covered the pit, so that nobody could fall in, in the dark, and no smell could get out. Moss begged the boy to come a little further, and he would show him his own flower-bed; and when the boy was there, he was shown everything else: what a cart-load of vegetables lay cut for sale; and what an arbour had been made of the pent-house under which Moss used to take shelter, when he could do nothing better than keep off the birds; and how fine the ducks were,—the five ducks that were so serviceable in eating off the slugs; and what a comfortable nest had been made for them to lay their eggs in, beside the water-tank in the corner; and what a variety of scarecrows the family had invented,—each having one, to try which would frighten the sparrows most. While Moss was telling how difficult it was to deal with the sparrows, because they could not be frightened for more than three days by any kind of scarecrow, he heard Allan calling him, in a tone of vexation, at being kept waiting so long. In an instant the stranger boy was off,—leaping the gate, and flying along the meadow till he was hidden behind a hedge.

Two or three days after this one of the ducks was missing. The last time that the five had been seen together was when Moss was showing them to his visitor. The morning after Moss finally gave up hope, the glass of Allan's hotbed was found broken, and in the midst of the bed itself was a deep foot-track, crushing the cucumber plants, and, with them, Allan's hopes of a cucumber prize at the Horticultural Exhibition in the summer. On more examination, more mischief was discovered, some cabbages had been stolen, and another duck was missing. In the midst of the general concern, Woodruffe burst out a-laughing. It struck him that the chief of the scarecrows had changed his hat; and so he had. The old straw hat which used to flap in the wind so serviceably was gone, and in its stead appeared a hel met,—a sancepan full of holes, battered and split, but still fit to be a helmet to a scarecrow.

"I could swear to the old hat," observed Woodruffe, "if I should have the luck to see it on anybody's head."

"And so could I," said Becky, "for I mended it,—bound it with black behind, and green before, because I had not green ribbon enough. But nobody would wear it before our eyes."

"That is why I suspect there are strangers hovering about. We must watch."

Now Moss, for the first time, bethought himself of the boy he had brought in from the meadow; and now, for the first time, he told his family of that encounter.

"I never saw such a simpleton," his father declared. "There, go along and work! Now, don't cry, but hold up like a man and work."

Moss did cry; he could not help it; but he worked too. He would fain have been one of the watchers, moreover; but his father said he was too young. For two nights he was ordered to bed, when Allan took his dark lantern, and went down to the pent-house; the first night accompanied by his father, and the next by Harry Hardiman, who had come on the first summons. By the third evening, Moss was so miserable that his sisters interceded for him, and he was allowed to go down with his old friend Harry.

It was a starlight night, without a moon. The low country lay dim, but unobscured by mist. After a single remark on the fineness of the night, Harry was silent. Silence was their first business. They stole round the fence as if they had been thieves themselves, listened for some time before they let themselves in at the gate, passed quickly in, and locked the gate (the lock of which had been well oiled), went behind every screen, and along every path, to be sure that no one was there, and finally, perceiving that the remaining ducks were safe, settled themselves in the darkness of the pent-house.

There they sat, hour after hour, listening. If there had been no sound, perhaps they could not have borne the effort: but the sense was relieved by the bark of a dog at a distance;

and then by the hoot of the owl that was known to have done them good service in mousing, many a time; and once, by the passage of a train on the railway above. When these were all over, poor Moss had much ado to keep awake, and at last his head sank on Harry's shoulder, and he forgot where he was, and everything else in the world. He was awakened by Harry's moving, and then whispering quite into his ear:—

"Sit you still. I hear somebody yonder. No—sit you still. I won't go far—not out of call: but I must get between them and the gate."

With his lantern under his coat, Harry stole forth, and Moss stood up, all alone in the darkness and stillness. He could hear his heart beat, but nothing else, till footsteps on the path came nearer and nearer. They came quite up; they came in, actually into the arbour; and then the ducks were certainly fluttering. In an instant more, there was a gleam of light upon the white plumage of the ducks, and then light enough to show that this was the gipsy boy, with a dark lantern hung round his neck, and, at the same moment, to show the gipsy boy that Moss was there. The two boys stood, face to face, motionless from utter amazement, and the ducks had scuttled and waddled away before they recovered themselves. Then, Moss flew at him in a glorious passion, at once of rage and fear.

"Leave him to me, Moss," cried Harry, casting light upon the scene from his lantern, while he collared the thief with the other hand. "Let go, I say, Moss. There, now we'll go round and be sure whether there is any one else in the garden, and then we'll lodge this young rogue where he will be safe."

Nobody was there, and they went home in the dawn, locked up the thief in the shed, and slept through what remained of the night.

It was about Mr. Nelson's usual time for coming down the line; and it was observed that he now always stopped at this station till the next train passed,—probably because it was a pleasure to him to look upon the improvement of the place. It was no surprise therefore to Woodruffe to see him standing on the embankment after breakfast; and it was natural that Mr. Nelson should be immediately told that the gipsies were here again, and how one of them was caught thieving.

"Thieving! So you found some of your property upon him, did you!"

"Why, no. I thought myself that it was a pity that Moss did not let him alone till he had laid hold of a duck or something."

"Pho! pho! don't tell me you can punish the boy for theft, when you can't prove that he stole anything. Give him a whipping, and let him go."

"With all my heart. It will save me much trouble to finish off the matter so."

Mr. Nelson seemed to have some curiosity about the business; for he accompanied Woodruffe to the shed. The boy seemed to

feel no awe of the great man whom he supposed to be a magistrate, and when asked whether he felt none, he giggled and said "No;" he had seen the gentleman more afraid of his mother than anybody ever was of him, he fancied. On this, a thought struck Mr. Nelson. He would now have his advantage of the gipsy woman, and might enjoy, at the same time, an opportunity of studying human nature under stress—a thing he liked, when the stress was not too severe. So he passed a decree on the spot that, it being now nine o'clock, the boy should remain shut up without food till noon, when he should be severely flogged, and driven from the neighbourhood: and with this pleasant prospect before him, the young rogue remained, whistling ostentatiously, while his enemies looked the door upon him.

"Did you hear him shoot the bolt?" asked Woodruffe. "If he holds to that, I don't know how I shall get at him at noon."

"There, now, what fools people are! Why did you not take out the bolt? A pretty constable you would make! Come—come this way. I am going to find the gipsy-tent again. You are wondering that I am not afraid of the woman, I see: but, you observe, I have a hold over her this time. What do you mean by allowing those children to gather about your door? You ought not to permit it."

"They are only the scholars. Don't you see them going in? My daughter keeps a little school, you know, since her husband's death."

"Ah, poor thing! poor thing!" said Mr. Nelson, as Abby appeared on the threshold, calling the children in.

Mr. Nelson always contrived to see some one or more of the family when he visited the station; but it so happened, that he had never entered the door of their dwelling. Perhaps he was not himself fully conscious of the reason. It was, that he could not bear to see Abby's young face within the widow's cap, and to be thus reminded that hers was a case of cruel wrong; that if the most ordinary thought and care had been used in preparing the place for human habitation, her husband might be living now, and she the happy creature that she would never be again.

On his way to the gipsies, Mr. Nelson saw some things that pleased him in his heart, though he found fault with them all. What business had Woodruffe with an additional man in his garden? It could not possibly answer. If it did not, the fellow must be sent away again. He must not burden the parish. The occupiers here seemed all alike. Such a fancy for new labour! One, two, six men at work on the land within sight at that moment, over and above what there used to be! It must be looked to. Humph! he could get to the alders dryshod now; but that was owing solely to the warmth of the spring. It was nonsense to attribute every-

thing to drainage. Drainage was a good thing; but fine weather was better.

The gipsy-tent was found behind the alders as before, but no longer in a swamp. The woman was sitting on the ground at the entrance as before, but not now with a fevered child laid across her knees. She was weaving a basket.

"Oh, I see," said Woodruffe, "This is the way our osiers go."

"You have not many to lose, now-a-days," said the woman.

"You are welcome to all the rushes you can find," said Woodruffe; "but where is your son?"

Some change of countenance was seen in the woman; but she answered carelessly that the children were playing yonder.

"The one I mean is not there," said Woodruffe. "We have him safe—caught him stealing my ducks."

She called the boy a villain—disowned him, and so forth; but when she found the case a hopeless one, she did not, and therefore, probably could not, scold—that is, anybody but herself and her husband. She cursed herself for coming into this silly place, where now no good was to be got. When she was brought to the right point of perplexity about what to do, seeing that it would not do to stay, and being unable to go while her boy was in durance, she was told that his punishment should be summary, though severe, if she would answer frankly certain questions. When she had once begun giving her confidence, she seemed to enjoy the license. When her husband came up, he looked as if he only waited for the departure of his visitors to give his wife the same amount of thrashing that her son was awaiting elsewhere. She vowed that they would never pitch their tent here again. It used to be the best station in their whole round—the fogs were so thick! From sunset to long after sunrise, it had been as good as a winter night, for going where they pleased without fear of prying eyes. There was not a poultry-yard or pig-stye within a couple of miles round, where they could not creep up through the fog. And they escaped the blame, too; for the swamp and ditches used to harbour so much vermin, that the gipsies were not always suspected, as they were now. Till lately, people shut themselves into their homes, or the men went to the public-house in the chill evenings; and there was little fear of meeting any one. But now that the fogs were gone, people were out in their gardens, on these fine evenings, and there were men in the meadows, returning from fishing; for they could angle now, when their work was done, without the fear of catching an ague in the marsh as they went home.

Mr. Nelson used vigorously his last opportunity of lecturing these people. He had it all his own way, for the humility of the gipsies was edifying. Woodruffe fancied he

saw some finger-talk passing, the while, though the gipsies never looked at each other, or raised their eyes from the ground. Woodruffe had to remind the Director that the whistle of the next train would soon be heard; and this brought the lecture to an abrupt conclusion. On his finishing off with, "I expect, therefore, that you will remember my advice, and never show your faces here again, and that you will take to a proper course of life in future, and bring up your son to honest industry;" the woman, with a countenance of grief, seized one hand and covered it with kisses, and the husband took the other hand and pressed it to his breast.

"We must make haste," observed Mr. Nelson, as he led the way quickly back; "but I think I have made some impression upon them. You see now the right way to treat these people. I don't think you will see them here again."

"I don't think we shall."

As he reached the steps the whistle was heard, and Mr. Nelson could only wave his hand to Woodruffe, rush up the embankment, and throw himself panting into a carriage. Only just in time!

By an evening train, he re-appeared. When thirty miles off, he had wanted his purse, and it was gone. It had no doubt paid for the gipsies' final gratitude.

Of course, a sufficient force was immediately sent to the alder clump; but there was nothing there but some charred sticks, and some clean pork bones, this time, instead of feathers of fowls, and a cabbage leaf or two. The boy had had his whipping at noon, after a conference with his little brother at the keyhole, which had caused him to withdraw the bolt, and offer no resistance. Considering his cries and groans, he had run off with surprising agility, and was now, no doubt, far away.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE gipsies came no more. The fogs came no more. The fever came no more; at least, in such a form as to threaten the general safety. Where it still lingered, it was about those only who deserved it,—in any small farm-house, where the dung-yard was too near the house; and in some cottage where the slatternly inmates did not mind a green puddle or choked ditch within reach of their noses. More dwellings arose, as the fertility of the land increased, and invited a higher kind of tillage; and among the prettiest of them was one which stood in the corner,—the most sunny corner,—of Woodruffe's paddock. Harry Hardiman and his wife and child lived there, and the cottage was Woodruffe's property.

Yet Woodruffe's rent had been raised; and pretty rapidly. He was now paying eight pounds per acre for his garden-ground, and half that for what was out of the limits of the garden. He did not complain of it; for he was making money fast. His skill and industry deserved this; but skill and industry

could not have availed without opportunity. His ground once allowed to show what it was worth, he treated it well; and it answered well to the treatment. By the railway, he obtained what manure he wanted from the town; and he sent it back by the railway to town in the form of crisp celery and salads, wholesome potatoes and greens, luscious strawberries, and sweet and early peas. He knew that a Surrey gardener had made his ground yield a profit of two hundred and twenty pounds per acre. He thought that, with his inferior market, he should do well to make his yield one hundred and fifty pounds per acre; and this, by close perseverance, he attained. He could have done it more easily if he had enjoyed good health; but he never enjoyed good health again. His rheumatism had fixed itself too firmly to be entirely removed; and, for many days in the year, he was compelled to remain within doors, or to saunter about in the sun, seeing his boys and Harry at work, but unable to help them.

From the time that Allan's work became worth wages, in addition to his subsistence, his father let him rent half a rood of the garden-ground for three years, saying—

"I limit it to three years, my boy, because that term is long enough for you to show what you can do. After three years, I shall not be able to spare the ground, at any rent. If you fail, you have no business to rent ground. If you succeed, you will have money in your pocket wherewith to hire land elsewhere. Now you have to show us what you can do."

"Yes, father," was Allan's short but sufficient reply.

It was observed by the family that, from this time forward, Allan's eye was on every plot of ground in the neighbourhood which could, by possibility, ever be offered for hire: yet did his attention never wander from that which was already under his hand. And that which was so great an object to him became a sort of pursuit to the whole family. Moss guarded Allan's frames, and made more and more prodigious scarecrows. Their father gave his very best advice. Becky, who was no longer allowed, as a regular thing, to work in the garden, found many a spare half-hour for hoeing and weeding, and trimming and tying up, in Allan's beds; and Abby found, as she sat in her little school, that she could make nets for his fruit trees. It was thus no wonder that, when a certain July day in the second year arrived, the whole household was in a state of excitement, because it was a sort of crisis in Allan's affairs.

Though breakfast was early that morning, Becky and Allan and Moss were spruce in their best clothes. A hamper stood at the door, and Allan was packing in another, which had no lid, two or three flower-pots, which presented a glorious show of blossom. Abby was putting a new ribbon on her sister's

straw bonnet; and Harry was in waiting to carry up the hampers to the station. It was the day of the Horticultural Show at the town. Woodruffe had been too unwell to think of going till this morning; but now the sight of the preparations, and the prospect of a warm day, inspired him, and he thought he would go. At last he went, and they were gone. Abby never went up to the station: nobody ever asked her to go there; not even her own child, who perhaps had not thought of the possibility of it. But when the train was starting, she stood at the upper window with her child, and held him so that he might lean out, and see the last carriage disappear, as it swept round the curve. After that the day seemed long, though Harry came up at his dinner-hour to say what he thought of the great gooseberry in particular, and of everything else that Allan had carried with him. It was holiday time, and there was no school to fill up the day. Before the evening, the child became restless, and Abby fell into low spirits, as she was apt to do when left long alone; so that Harry stopped suddenly at the door when he was rushing in to announce that the train was within sight.

"Shall I take the child, Miss?" said Harry. (He always called her "Miss.") "I will carry him—But, sure, here they come! Here comes Moss,—ready to roll down the steps! My opinion is that there's a prize."

Moss was called back by a voice which everybody obeyed. Allan should himself tell his sister the fortune of the day, their father said.

There were two prizes, one of which was for the wonderful plate of gooseberries; and at this news Harry nodded, and declared himself anything but surprised. If that gooseberry had not carried the day, there would have been partiality in the judges, that was all; and nobody could suppose such a thing as that. Yet Harry could have told, if put upon his honour, that he was rather disappointed that everything that Allan carried had not gained a prize. When he mentioned one or two, his master told him he was unreasonable; and he supposed he was.

Allan laid down on the table, for his sister's full assurance, his sovereign, and his half-sovereign, and his tickets. She turned away rather abruptly, and seemed to be looking whether the kettle was near boiling for tea. Her father went up to her; and on his first whispered words, the sob broke forth which made all look round.

"I was thinking of one, too, my dear, that I wish was here at this moment. I can feel for you, my dear."

"But you don't know—you don't know—you never knew —." She could not go on.

"What don't I know, my dear?"

"That he assurdantly blamed himself for saying anything to bring you here. He said you had never prospered from the hour you came, and now—"

And now Woodruffe could not speak, as

the past came fresh upon him. In a few moments, however, he rallied, saying,

"But we must consider Allan. He must not think that his success makes us sad."

Allan declared that it was not about gaining the prizes that he was chiefly glad. It was because it was now proved what a fair field he had before him. There was nothing that might not be done with such a soil as they had to deal with now.

Harry was quite of this opinion. There were more and more people set to work upon the soil all about them; and the more it was worked the more it yielded. He never saw a place of so much promise. And if it had a bad name in regard to healthiness, he was sure that was unfair,—or no longer fair. He and his were full of health and happiness, as they hoped to see everybody else in time; and, for his part, if he had all England before him, or the whole world, to choose a place to live in, he would choose the very place he was in, and the very cottage; and the very ground to work on that had produced such a gooseberry and such strawberries as he had seen that day.

THE SINGER.

Unto the loud acclaim that rose

To greet her as she came,

She bent with lowly grace that seemed

Such tribute to disclaim;

With arms meek folded on her breast

And drooping head, she stood;

Then raised a glance that seemed to plead

For youth and womanhood;

A soft, beseeching smile, a look,

As if all silently

The kindness to her heart she took,

And put the homage by.

She stood dejected then, methought,

A Captive, though a Queen,

Before the throng, when sudden passed

A change across her mien.

Unto her full, dilating eye,

Unto her slender hand,

There came a light of sovereignty,

A gesture of command:

And, to her lip, an eager flow

Of song, that seemed to bear

Her soul away on rushing wings

Unto its native air;

Her eye was fixed; her cheek flushed bright

With power; she seemed to call

On spirits that around her flocked,

The radiant Queen of all;

There was no pride upon her brow,

No tumult in her breast;

Her soaring soul had won its home,

And smiled there as at rest;

She felt no more those countless eyes

Upon her; she had gained

A region where they troubled not

The joy she had attained!

Now, now, she spoke her native speech,

An utterance fraught with spells

To wake the echoes of the heart

Within their slumber-cells;

For at her wild and gushing strain,
 The spirit was led back
 By windings of a silver chain,
 On many a long-lost track ;
 And many a quick unbidden sigh,
 And starting tear, revealed
 How surely at her touch the springs
 Of feeling were unsealed ;
 They who were always loved, seemed now
 Yet more than ever dear ;
 Yet closer to the heart they came,
 That ever were so near :
 And, trembling to the silent lips,
 As if they ne'er had changed
 Their names, returned in kindness back
 The severed and estranged ;
 And in the strain, like those that fall
 On wanderers as they roam,
 The Exiled Spirit found once more
 Its country and its home !

She ceased, yet on her parted lips
 A happy smile abode,
 As if the sweetness of her song
 Yet lingered whence it flowed ;
 But, for a while, her bosom heaved,
 She was the same no more,
 The light and spirit fled ; she stood
 As she had stood before ; .
 Unheard, unheeded to her ear
 The shouts of rapture came,
 A voice had once more power to thrill,
 That only spoke her name.
 Unseen, unheeded at her feet,
 Fell many a bright bouquet ;
 A single flower, in silence given,
 Was once more sweet than they ;
 Her heart had with her song returned
 To days for ever gone,
 Ere Woman's gift of Fane was her's,
 The Many for the One.

E'en thus, O, Earth, before thee
 Thy Poet Singers stand,
 And bear the soul upon their songs
 Unto its native land.
 And even thus, with loud acclaim,
 The praise of skill, of art,
 Is dealt to those who only speak
 The language of the heart !
 While they who love and listen best,
 Can little guess or know
 The wounds that from the Singer's breast
 Have bid such sweetness flow ;
 They know not mastership must spring
 From conflict and from strife.
 "These, these are but the songs they sing ;"
 They are the Singer's life !

A LITTLE PLACE IN NORFOLK.

THEODORE HOOK's hero, Jack Bragg, boasted of his "little place in Surrey." The *Guardians* of the Giltcross poor have good reason to be proud of *their* little place in Norfolk. When the Giltcross Union was formed, Mr. Thomas Rackham, master of the "house," set aside a small estate for the purpose of teaching the Workhouse children how to cultivate land. This pauper's patrimony consisted of exactly one acre one rood and thirty-five poles of very rough "country."

A certain number of the boys worked upon it so diligently, that it was soon found expedient to enlarge the domain, by joining to it three acres of "hills and holes," which in that state were quite useless for agricultural purposes. Two dozen spades were purchased at the outset to commence digging the land with, and six wheel-barrows were made by a pauper, who was a wheelwright ; pickaxes and other tools were also fashioned with the assistance of the porter, who was a blacksmith. By means of these tools, and the labour of some fourteen sturdy boys, the whole of this barren territory was levelled, the top sward being carefully kept uppermost. We copy these and the other details from Mr. Rackham's report to the *Guardians*, for the information and encouragement of other Workhouse masters, who may have the will and the power to "go and do likewise."

It appears then, that by the autumn of 1846 one acre of the new land was planted with wheat, and two roods twenty three poles of the home land—the one acre one rood and thirty-five poles mentioned above—was also planted with wheat, making in all one acre two roods and twenty-three poles under wheat for 1847. This land produced eighteen coombs three pecks beyond a sufficient quantity reserved for seed for the wheat crop of 1848. The remainder of the land was planted with Scotch kale, cabbages, potatoes, &c., &c., which began coming into use in March, 1847. The entire domain is now under fruitful cultivation.

"The quantity of vegetables actually consumed by the paupers according to the dietary tables only," says Mr. Rackham, "is charged in the provision accounts. Persons acquainted with domestic management and the produce of land are aware that, where vegetables are purchased, a great deal is paid for that which is useless for cooking purposes. In the present case this refuse is carefully preserved and used for feeding pigs, which were first kept in April 1848. This accounts for the large amount of pork fatted, as compared with the small quantity of corn and pollard used for the pigs. The leaves, &c., not eaten by the pigs, become valuable manure. If the *Guardians* would consent to keep cows, different roots and vegetables might be grown to feed them with ; and these would produce an increased quantity of manure, whilst an increased quantity of manure would afford the means of raising a larger amount of roots and green crops, and secure a more extended routine in cropping the land. This would add to the profit of the land account, and give much additional comfort to the aged people and the young children in the workhouse." But Mr. Rackham is ambitious of a dairy, chiefly for the training of dairy-maids : who would become doubly acceptable as farm servants.

Besides other advantages, the experiment presents one dear to the minds of rate-payers—it tends to reduce the rates. The average

profit per annum on each of the acres has been fifteen pounds. Here are the sums:—The profit of the first year was sixty pounds two shillings and fourpence farthing; second year, fifty-one pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence; to Christmas, 1849, three-quarters of a year, sixty-seven pounds two shillings and one penny farthing; total, one hundred and seventy-nine pounds one shilling and elevenpence halfpenny.

As at the Swinton and other pauper schools, a variety of industrial arts are taught in the Guiltcross Union house, and the fact that sixty of the boys and girls who have been trained in it are now earning their own living, is some evidence of the success of the system pursued there.

Of one of the cultivators of this "little place in Norfolk" (not we believe an inmate of the Union), an agreeable account was published in a letter from Miss Martineau lately in the *Morning Chronicle*. It shows to what good account a knowledge of small farming may be turned. That lady having two acres of land, at Ambleside, in Westmoreland, which she wished to cultivate, sent to Mr. Rackham to recommend her a farm servant. The man arrived, and his Guiltcross experience in cultivating small "estates" proved of essential service. He has managed to keep two cows and a pig, besides himself and a wife, on these narrow confines; for Miss Martineau calculates that the produce in milk, butter, vegetables, &c., obtained from his skill and economy for herself and household, quite pays his wages. This is her account of him:—

"He is a man of extraordinary industry and cleverness, as well as rigid honesty. His ambition is roused; for he knows that the success of the experiment mainly depends on himself. He is living in comfort, and laying by a little money, and he looks so happy that it would truly grieve me to have to give up; though I have no doubt that he would immediately find work at good wages in the neighbourhood. His wife and he had saved enough to pay their journey hither out of Norfolk. I gave him twelve shillings a-week all the year round. His wife earns something by occasionally helping in the house, by assisting in my washing, and by taking in washing when she can get it. I built them an excellent cottage of the stone of the district, for which they pay one shilling and sixpence per week. They know that they could not get such another off the premises for five pounds a year."

This is all very interesting and gratifying, but there are two sides to every account. Supposing the system of agricultural and other industrial training were pursued in all Unions in the country (and if it be a good system, it ought to be so followed), then, instead of boys and girls being turned out every three years in sixties, there would be accessions of farmers, tailors, carpenters, dairymaids, and domestic servants every year to

be reckoned by thousands. Supposing that every fourteen of the agricultural section of the community had been earning fifteen pounds a-year profit per acre, we should then have a large amount of produce brought into the market in competition with that of the independent labourer. When, again, the multitude of boys had passed their probation, themselves would be thrown in the labour-market (as the sixty Guiltcross boys already have been), so that their older and weaker competitors would, in their turn, be obliged to retire to the Workhouse, not only to their own ruin, but to the exceeding mortification of the entire body of parochial rate-payers. The axiom, that when there is a glut in a market any additional supply of the same commodity is an evil, applies most emphatically to labour. In this view, the adoption of the industrial training system for paupers and criminals would be an evil; and an evil of the very description it is meant to cure—a pauperising evil.

The easy and natural remedy is a combination of colonisation, with the industrial training system. In all our colonies ordinary, merely animal labour is eagerly coveted, and skilled labour is at a high premium. There a competition *for*, instead of against, all sorts of labour is keenly active. Yet great as is the demand, it is curious that no comprehensive system for the supply of skilled labour has yet been adopted. Except the excellent farm school of the Philanthropic Society at Red Hill, no attempt is made to *teach* colonisation. The majority of even voluntary colonists are persons utterly ignorant of colonial wants. They have never learned to dig or to delve. Many clever artists have emigrated to Australia, where pictures are not wanted; not a few emigrant ladies, of undoubted talents in Berlin work and crochet, have always trembled at the approach of a cow, and never made so much as a pat of butter in their lives. Still they succeed in the end; but only after much misery and mortification, which would have been saved them if they had been better prepared for colonial exigencies. The same thing happens with the humbler classes. Boys, and even men, have been sent out to Canada and the Southern Colonies (especially from the Irish Unions), utterly unfitted for their new sphere of life and labour.

If, therefore, the small beginnings at Guiltcross be imitated in other Unions (and it is much to be wished that they should be), they will be made to grow into large results. But these results must be applied not to clog and glut the labour market at home; but to supply the labour market abroad.

If to every Union were attached an agricultural training school, upon a plan that would offer legitimate inducements for the pupils to emigrate when old enough and skilled enough to obtain their own livelihood, this country would, we are assured, at no distant date be de-pauperised.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THREE "DETECTIVE" ANECDOTES.

I.—THE PAIR OF GLOVES.

"It's a singular story, Sir," said Inspector Wiold, of the Detective Police, who, in company with Sergeants Dornton and Mith, paid us another twilight visit, one July evening; "and I've been thinking you might like to know it.

"It's concerning the murder of the young woman, Eliza Grimwood, some years ago, over in the Waterloo Road. She was commonly called The Countess, because of her handsome appearance and her proud way of carrying of herself; and when I saw the poor Countess (I had known her well to speak to), lying dead, with her throat cut, on the floor of her bedroom, you'll believe me that a variety of reflections calculated to make a man rather low in his spirits, came into my head.

"That's neither here nor there. I went to the house the morning after the murder, and examined the body, and made a general observation of the bedroom where it was. Turning down the pillow of the bed with my hand, I found, underneath it, a pair of gloves. A pair of gentleman's dress gloves, very dirty; and inside the lining, the letters TR, and a cross.

"Well, Sir, I took them gloves away, and I showed 'em to the magistrate, over at Union Hall, before whom the case was. He says, 'Wiold,' he says, 'there's no doubt this is a discovery that may lead to something very important; and what you have got to do, Wiold, is, to find out the owner of these gloves.'

"I was of the same opinion, of course, and I went at it immediately. I looked at the gloves pretty narrowly, and it was my opinion that they had been cleaned. There was a smell of sulphur and rosin about 'em, you know, which cleaned gloves usually have, more or less. I took 'em over to a friend of mine at Kennington, who was in that line, and I put it to him. 'What do you say now? Have these gloves been cleaned?' 'These gloves have been cleaned,' says he. 'Have you any idea who cleaned them?' says I. 'Not at all,' says he; 'I've a very distinct idea who *didn't* clean 'em, and that's myself. But I'll tell you what, Wiold, there ain't above eight or nine reg'lar glove cleaners in London,—there were not, at that time, it

seems—'and I think I can give you their addresses, and you may find out, by that means, who did clean 'em.' Accordingly, he gave me the directions, and I went here, and I went there, and I looked up this man, and I looked up that man; but, though they all agreed that the gloves had been cleaned, I couldn't find the man, woman, or child, that had cleaned that aforesaid pair of gloves.

"What with this person not being at home, and that person being expected home in the afternoon, and so forth, the inquiry took me three days. On the evening of the third day, coming over Waterloo Bridge from the Surrey side of the river, quite beat, and very much vexed and disappointed, I thought I'd have a shilling's worth of entertainment at the Lyceum Theatre to freshen myself up. So I went into the Pit, at half-price, and I sat myself down next to a very quiet, modest sort of young man. Seeing I was a stranger (which I thought it just as well to appear to be) he told me the names of the actors on the stage, and we got into conversation. When the play was over, we came out together, and I said, 'We've been very companionable and agreeable, and perhaps you wouldn't object to a drain?' 'Well, you're very good,' says he; 'I *shouldn't* object to a drain.' Accordingly, we went to a public house, near the Theatre, sat ourselves down in a quiet room upstairs on the first floor, and called for a pint of half-and-half, a-piece, and a pipe.

"Well, Sir, we put our pipes aboard, and we drank our half-and-half, and sat a talking, very sociably, when the young man says, 'You must excuse me stopping very long,' he says, 'because I'm forced to go home in good time. I must be at work all night.' 'At work all night?' says I. 'You ain't a Baker?' 'No,' he says, laughing, 'I ain't a baker.' 'I thought not,' says I, 'you haven't the looks of a baker.' 'No,' says he, 'I'm a glove-cleaner.'

"I never was more astonished in my life, than when I heard them words come out of his lips. 'You're a glove cleaner, are you?' says I. 'Yes,' he says, 'I am.' 'Then, perhaps,' says I, taking the gloves out of my pocket, 'you can tell me who cleaned this pair of gloves? It's a rum story,' I says. 'I was dining over at Lambeth, the other day, at a free-and-easy—quite promiscuous—with

a public company—when some gentleman, he left these gloves behind him! Another gentleman and me, you see, we laid a wager of a sovereign, that I wouldn't find out who they belonged to. I've spent as much as seven shillings already, in trying to discover; but, if you could help me, I'd stand another seven and welcome. You see there's Tr and a cross, inside." "I see," he says. "Bless you, I know these gloves very well! I've seen dozens of pairs belonging to the same party." "No?" says I. "Yes," says he. "Then you know who cleaned 'em?" says I. "Rather so," says he. "My father cleaned 'em."

"Where does your father live?" says I. "Just round the corner," says the young man, "near Exeter Street, here. He'll tell you who they belong to, directly." "Would you come round with me now?" says I. "Certainly," says he, "but you needn't tell my father that you found me at the play, you know, because he mightn't like it." "All right!" We went round to the place, and there we found an old man in a white apron, with two or three daughters, all rubbing and cleaning away at lots of gloves, in a front parlour. "Oh, Father!" says the young man, "here's a person been and made a bet about the ownership of a pair of gloves, and I've told him you can settle it." "Good evening, Sir," says I to the old gentleman. "Here's the gloves your son speaks of. Letters Tr, you see, and a cross." "Oh yes," he says, "I know these gloves very well; I've cleaned dozens of pairs of 'em. They belong to Mr. Trinkle, the great upholsterer in Cheapside." "Did you get 'em from Mr. Trinkle, direct," says I, "if you'll excuse my asking the question?" "No," says he; "Mr. Trinkle always sends 'em to Mr. Phibbs's, the haberdasher's, opposite his shop, and the haberdasher sends 'em to me." "Perhaps you wouldn't object to a drain?" says I. "Not in the least!" says he. So I took the old gentleman out, and had a little more talk with him and his son, over a glass, and we parted excellent friends.

"This was late on a Saturday night. First thing on the Monday morning, I went to the haberdasher's shop, opposite Mr. Trinkle's, the great upholsterer's in Cheapside. "Mr. Phibbs in the way?" "My name is Phibbs." "Oh! I believe you sent this pair of gloves to be cleaned?" "Yes, I did, for young Mr. Trinkle over the way. There he is, in the shop!" "Oh! that's him in the shop, is it? Him in the green coat?" "The same individual." "Well, Mr. Phibbs, this is an unpleasant affair; but the fact is, I am Inspector Wield of the Detective Police, and I found these gloves under the pillow of the young woman that was murdered the other day, over in the Waterloo Road?" "Good Heaven!" says he. "He's a most respectable young man, and if his father was to hear of it, it would be the ruin of him!" "I'm very sorry for it," says I, "but I must take him into custody." "Good Heaven!" says Mr. Phibbs,

again; "can nothing be done?" "Nothing," says I. "Will you allow me to call him over here," says he, "that his father may not see it done?" "I don't object to that," says I; "but unfortunately, Mr. Phibbs, I can't allow of any communication between you. If any was attempted, I should have to interfere directly. Perhaps you'll beckon him over here?" Mr. Phibbs went to the door and beckoned, and the young fellow came across the street directly; a smart, brisk young fellow.

"Good morning, Sir," says I. "Good morning, Sir," says he. "Would you allow me to inquire, Sir," says I, "if you ever had any acquaintance with a party of the name of Grimwood?" "Grimwood! Grimwood!" says he, "No!" "You know the Waterloo Road?" "Oh! of course I know the Waterloo Road!" "Happen to have heard of a young woman being murdered there?" "Yes, I read it in the paper, and very sorry I was to read it." "Here's a pair of gloves belonging to you, that I found under her pillow the morning afterwards!"

"He was in a dreadful state, Sir; a dreadful state!" "Mr. Wield," he says, "upon my solemn oath I never was there. I never so much as saw her, to my knowledge, in my life!" "I am very sorry," says I. "To tell you the truth; I don't think you are the murderer, but I must take you to Union Hall in a cab. However, I think it's a case of that sort, that, at present, at all events, the magistrate will hear it in private."

A private examination took place, and then it came out that this young man was acquainted with a cousin of the unfortunate Eliza Grimwoods, and that, calling to see this cousin a day or two before the murder, he left these gloves upon the table. Who should come in, shortly afterwards, but Eliza Grimwood! "Whose gloves are these?" she says, taking 'em up. "Those are Mr. Trinkle's gloves," says her cousin. "Oh!" says she, "they are very dirty, and of no use to him, I am sure. I shall take 'em away for my girl to clean the stoves with." And she put 'em in her pocket. The girl had used 'em to clean the stoves, and, I have no doubt, had left 'em lying on the bedroom mantel-piece, or on the drawers, or somewhere; and her mistress, looking round to see that the room was tidy, had caught 'em up and put 'em under the pillow where I found 'em.

"That's the story, Sir.

II. THE ARTFUL TOUCH.

"One of the most beautiful things that ever was done, perhaps," said Inspector Wield, emphasising the adjective, as preparing us to expect dexterity or ingenuity rather than strong interest, "was a move of Serjeant Witchem's. It was a lovely idea!

"Witchem and me were down at Epsom one Derby Day, waiting at the station for the Swell Mob. As I mentioned, when we were talking about these things before, we are

ready at the station when there's races, or an Agricultural Show, or a Chancellor sworn in for an university, or Jenny Lind, or any thing of that sort; and as the Swell Mob come down, we send 'em back again by the next train. But some of the Swell Mob, on the occasion of this Derby that I refer to, so far kiddied us as to hire a horse and shay; start away from London by Whitechapel, and miles round; come into Epsom from the opposite direction; and go to work, right and left, on the course, while we were waiting for 'em at the Rail. That, however, ain't the point of what I'm going to tell you.

"While Witchem and me were waiting at the station, there comes up one Mr. Tatt; a gentleman formerly in the public line, quite an amateur Detective in his way, and very much respected. 'Halloa, Charley Wield,' he says. 'What are you doing here? On the look out for some of your old friends?' 'Yes, the old move, Mr. Tatt.' 'Come along,' he says, 'you and Witchem, and have a glass of sherry.' 'We can't stir from the place,' says I, 'till the next train comes in; but after that, we will with pleasure.' Mr. Tatt waits, and the train comes in, and then Witchem and me go off with him to the Hotel. Mr. Tatt he's got up quite regardless of expense, for the occasion; and in his shirt-front there's a beautiful diamond prop, cost him fifteen or twenty pound—a very handsome pin indeed. We drink our sherry at the bar, and have had our three or four glasses, when Witchem cries, suddenly, 'Look out, Mr. Wield! stand fast!' and a dash is made into the place by the swell mob—four of 'em—that have come down as I tell you, and in a moment Mr. Tatt's prop is gone! Witchem, he cuts 'em off at the door, I lay about me as hard as I can, Mr. Tatt shows fight like a good 'un, and there we are, all down together, heads and heels, knocking about on the floor of the bar—perhaps you never see such a scene of confusion! However, we stick to our men (Mr. Tatt being as good as any officer), and we take 'em all, and carry 'em off to the station. The station's full of people, who have been took on the course; and it's a precious piece of work to get 'em secured. However, we do it at last, and we search 'em; but nothing's found upon 'em, and they're locked up; and a pretty state of heat we are in by that time, I assure you!

"I was very blank over it, myself, to think that the prop had been passed away; and I said to Witchem, when we had set 'em to rights, and were cooling ourselves along with Mr. Tatt, 'we don't take much by *this* move, anyway, for nothing's found upon 'em, and it's only the braggadocia * after all.' 'What do you mean, Mr. Wield?' says Witchem. 'Here's the diamond pin!' and in the palm of his hand there it was, safe and sound! 'Why, in the name of wonder,' says me and Mr. Tatt, in astonishment, 'how did you come

by that?' 'I'll tell you how I come by it,' says he. 'I saw which of 'em took it; and when we were all down on the floor together, knocking about, I just gave him a little touch on the back of his hand, as I knew his pal would; and he thought it was his pal; and gave it me!' It was beautiful, beau-ti-ful!

"Even that was hardly the best of the case, for that chap was tried at the Quarter Sessions at Guildford. You know what Quarter Sessions are, Sir. Well, if you'll believe me, while them slow justices were looking over the Acts of Parliament, to see what they could do to him, I'm blowed if he didn't cut out of the dock before their faces! He cut out of the dock, Sir, then and there; swam across a river; and got up into a tree to dry himself. In the tree he was took—an old woman having seen him climb up—and Witchem's artful touch transported him!

III.—THE SOFA.

"What young men will do, sometimes, to ruin themselves and break their friends' hearts," said Serjeant Dornton, "it's surprising! I had a case at Saint Blank's Hospital which was of this sort. A bad case, indeed, with a bad end!

"The Secretary, and the House-Surgeon, and the Treasurer, of Saint Blank's Hospital, came to Scotland Yard to give information of numerous robberies having been committed on the students. The students could leave nothing in the pockets of their great-coats, while the great-coats were hanging at the Hospital, but it was almost certain to be stolen. Property of various descriptions was constantly being lost; and the gentlemen were naturally uneasy about it, and anxious, for the credit of the Institution, that the thief or thieves should be discovered. The case was entrusted to me, and I went to the Hospital.

"'Now, gentlemen,' said I, after we had talked it over; 'I understand this property is usually lost from one room.'

"'Yes, they said. It was.

"'I should wish, if you please,' said I, 'to see that room.'

"It was a good-sized bare room downstairs, with a few tables and forms in it, and a row of pegs, all round, for hats and coats.

"'Next, gentlemen,' said I, 'do you suspect anybody?'

"'Yes, they said. They did suspect somebody. They were sorry to say, they suspected one of the porters.

"'I should like,' said I, 'to have that man pointed out to me, and to have a little time to look after him.'

"'He was pointed out, and I looked after him, and then I went back to the Hospital, and said, 'Now, gentlemen, it's not the porter. He's, unfortunately for himself, a little too fond of drink, but he's nothing worse. My suspicion is, that these robberies are committed by one of the students; and if you'll put me

* Three months' imprisonment as reputed thieves.

a sofa into that room where the pegs are—as there's no closet—I think I shall be able to detect the thief. I wish the sofa, if you please, to be covered with chintz, or something of that sort, so that I may lie on my chest, underneath it, without being seen."

"The sofa was provided, and next day at eleven o'clock, before any of the students came, I went there, with those gentlemen, to get underneath it. It turned out to be one of those old-fashioned sofas with a great cross beam at the bottom, that would have broken my back in no time if I could ever have got below it. We had quite a job to break all this away in the time; however, I fell to work, and they fell to work, and we broke it out, and made a clear place for me. I got under the sofa, lay down on my chest, took out my knife, and made a convenient hole in the chintz to look through. It was then settled between me and the gentlemen that when the students were all up in the wards, one of the gentlemen should come in, and hang up a great-coat on one of the pegs. And that that great-coat should have, in one of the pockets, a pocket-book containing marked money.

"After I had been there some time, the students began to drop into the room, by ones, and twos, and threes, and to talk about all sorts of things, little thinking there was anybody under the sofa—and then to go upstairs. At last there came in one who remained until he was alone in the room by himself. A tallish, good-looking young man of one or two and twenty, with a light whisker. He went to a particular hat-peg, took off a good hat that was hanging there, tried it on, hung his own hat in its place, and hung that hat on another peg, nearly opposite to me. I then felt quite certain that he was the thief, and would come back by-and-bye.

"When they were all upstairs, the gentleman came in with the great-coat. I showed him where to hang it, so that I might have a good view of it; and he went away; and I lay under the sofa on my chest, for a couple of hours or so, waiting.

"At last, the same young man came down. He walked across the room, whistling—stopped and listened—took another walk and whistled—stopped again, and listened—then began to go regularly round the pegs, feeling in the pockets of all the coats. When he came to THE great-coat, and felt the pocket-book, he was so eager and so hurried that he broke the strap in tearing it open. As he began to put the money in his pocket, I crawled out from under the sofa, and his eyes met mine.

"My face, as you may perceive, is brown now, but it was pale at that time, my health not being good; and looked as long as a horse's. Besides which, there was a great draught of air from the door, underneath the sofa, and I had tied a handkerchief round my head; so what I looked like, altogether, I

don't know. He turned blue—literally blue—when he saw me crawling out, and I couldn't feel surprised at it.

"'I am an officer of the Detective Police,' said I, 'and have been lying here, since you first came in this morning. I regret, for the sake of yourself and your friends, that you should have done what you have; but this case is complete. You have the pocket-book in your hand and the money upon you; and I must take you into custody!'

"It was impossible to make out any case in his behalf, and on his trial he pleaded guilty. How or when he got the means I don't know; but while he was awaiting his sentence, he poisoned himself in Newgate."

We inquired of this officer, on the conclusion of the foregoing anecdote, whether the time appeared long, or short, when he lay in that constrained position under the sofa?

"'Why, you see, Sir,' he replied, 'if he hadn't come in, the first time, and I had not been quite sure he was the thief, and would return, the time would have seemed long. But, as it was, I being dead-certain of my man, the time seemed pretty short.'"

"EVIL IS WROUGHT BY WANT OF THOUGHT."*

"It must come some day; and come when it will, it will be hard to do, so we had best go at once, Sally. I shall have more trouble with Miss Isabel than you will with Miss Laura; for I am twice the favourite you are."

So said Fanny to her cousin, who had just turned to descend the staircase of Aldington Hall, where they had both lived since they were almost children, in attendance on the two daughters of the old baronet, who were near their own ages, and had always treated them with great kindness.

"I am not sure of that," replied Sally, "for Miss Laura is so seldom put out, that when once she is vexed, she will be hard to comfort; and I am sure, Fanny, she loves me every bit as well as Miss Isabel does you, though it is her way to be so quiet. I dare say she will cry when I say I must go; but then John would be like to cry too, if I put him off longer."

This consideration restored Sally's courage, and she proceeded with Fanny to the gallery into which the rooms of their young mistresses opened; but here Fanny's heart failed her; and, stopping short, she said,

"Suppose we tell them to wait awhile longer, as the young ladies are going to travel. We might as well see the world first, and marry in a year or two. But still" added she, after a pause, "I could not find it in my heart to say so to Thomas; and I promised him to speak to-day."

Each cousin then knocked at the door of her mistress. Laura was not in her room, and Sally went to seek her below stairs; but Isabel called to Fanny to go in.

Fanny obeyed, and walking forward a few steps, faltered out, with many blushes, that as young Thomas had kept company with her for nearly a twelvemonth, and had taken and furnished a little cottage, and begged hard to take her home to it. She was sorry to say, that if Miss Isabel would give her leave, she wished to give warning and to go from her service in a month.

Fanny's most sanguine wishes or fears, must have been surpassed by the burst of surprise and grief that followed her modest statement. Isabel reproached her; refused to take her warning; declared she would never see her again if she left the Hall, and that rather than be served by any but her dear Fanny, she would wait upon herself all her life. Fanny expostulated, and told her mistress that, foreseeing her unwillingness to lose her, she had already put Thomas off several months; and that at last, to gain further delay, she had run the risk of appearing selfish, by refusing to marry him till he had furnished a whole cottage for her. This, she said he had—by working late and early—accomplished in a surprisingly short time, and had the day before, claimed the reward of his industry. "And now, Miss," added she, "he gets quite pale, and begins to believe I do not love him, and yet I do, better than all the world, and could not find it in my heart to vex him, and make him look sad again. Yesterday he seemed so happy, when I promised to be his wife in a month." Here Fanny burst into tears. Her sobs softened Isabel, who consented to let her go; and after talking over her plans, became as enthusiastic in promoting, as she had at first been, in opposing them. Thomas was to take Fanny over to see the cottage, that evening, and Isabel, in the warmth of her heart, promised to accompany them. Fanny thanked her with a curtesy, and thought how pleased she ought to be at such condescension in her young mistress, but could not help fearing that her sweetheart would not half appreciate the favour.

After receiving many promises of friendship and assistance, Fanny hastened to report to Sally the success of her negotiation. Sally was sitting in their little bedroom, thoughtful, and almost sad. She listened to Fanny's account; and replied in answer to her questions concerning Miss Laura's way of taking her warning, "I am afraid, Fanny, you were right in thinking yourself the greatest favourite, for Miss Laura seemed almost pleased at my news; she shook me by the hand, and said, 'I am very glad to hear you are to marry such a good young man as everyone acknowledges John Maythorn to be, and you may depend upon my being always ready to help you, if you want assistance.' She then said a

deal about my having lived with her six years, and not having once displeased her, and told me that master had promised my mother and yours too, that his young ladies should see after us all our lives. This was very kind, to be sure; but then Miss Isabel promised you presents whether you wanted assistance or not, and is to give you a silk gown and a white ribbon for the wedding, and is to go over to the cottage with you; now Miss Laura did not say a word of any such thing."

Fanny tried to comfort her cousin by saying it was Miss Laura's quiet way; but she could not help secretly rejoicing that her own mistress was so generous and affectionate.

In the evening the two sweethearts came to lead their future wives to the cottages, which were near each other, and at about a mile from the Hall. John had a happy walk. He learned from Sally that he was to "take her home" in a month, and was so pleased at the news, that he could scarcely be happier when she bustled about, exclaiming at every new sight in the pretty bright little cottage. The tea-caddy, the cupboard of china, and a large cat, each called forth a fresh burst of joy. Sally thought everything "the prettiest she had ever seen;" and when John made her sit in the arm-chair and put her foot on the fender, as if she were already mistress of the cottage, she burst into sobs of joy. We will not pause to tell how her sobs were stopped, nor what promises of unchanging kindness, were made in that bright little kitchen; but we may safely affirm that Sally and John were happier than they had ever been in their lives, and that old Mrs. Maythorn, who was keeping the cottage for Sally, felt all her fondest wishes were fulfilled as she saw the two lovers depart.

Fanny and Thomas, who had left them at the cottage door, walked on to their own future home, quite overwhelmed by the honour Miss Isabel was conferring on them by walking at their side.

"You see, Miss," said Thomas, as he turned the key of his cottage-door, "there is nothing to speak of here, only such things as are necessary, and all of the plainest; but it will do well enough for us poor folks;" and as he threw open the door, he found to his surprise that what had seemed to him yesterday so pretty and neat, now looked indeed "all of the plainest." The very carpet, and metal teapot, which he had intended as surprises for Fanny, he was now ashamed of pointing out to her, and he apologised to Isabel for the coarse quality of the former, telling her it was only to serve till he could get a better.

"Yes," answered she, "this is not half good enough for my little Fanny, she must have a real Brussels carpet. I will send her one. I will make your cottage so pretty, Fanny, you shall have a nice china tea set, not these common little things, and I will give you some curtains for the window."

Thomas blushed as this deficiency was pointed out. "Why, Miss," said he, "I meant to have trained the rose tree over the window, I thought that would be shady, and sweet in the summer, and in the winter, why, we should want all the day-light; but then to be sure, curtains will be much better."

"Yes, Thomas," replied the young lady, "and warm in the winter; you could not be comfortable with a few bare rose stalks before your window, when the snow was on the ground." This had not occurred to Thomas, who now said faintly, "Oh no, Miss," and felt that curtains were indispensable to comfort.

Similar deficiencies or short-comings were discovered everywhere, so that even Fanny, who would at first be pleased with all she saw, in spite of the numerous defects that seemed to exist everywhere, gradually grew silent and ashamed of her cottage. She did her utmost to conceal from Thomas how entirely she agreed with her mistress, and as this generous young lady finished every remark, by saying "I will get you one," or, "I will send you another," she felt that all would be right before long.

As Thomas closed the door, he wondered how in his wish to please Fanny he could have deceived himself so completely as to the merits of his cottage and furniture; but he too comforted himself by remembering how his kind patroness was to remedy all the defects; "though," thought he, "I should have liked better to have done it all well myself."

The lady and the two lovers walked homewards, almost without speaking till they overtook John and Sally, who were whispering and laughing, talking of their cottage, Mrs. Maythorn's joy at seeing them happy, their future plans for themselves and her, and all in so confused a way, that though twenty new subjects were started and discussed, none came to any conclusion, but that John and Sally loved each other and were very, very happy.

"What ails you, Thomas?" said John, "Has any one robbed your house? I told you it was not safe to leave it," but seeing Miss Isabel, he touched his hat and fell back to where Fanny was talking to her cousin. Isabel, however, left them that she might take a short cut through the park, while they went round by the road.

At the end of the walk, Sally was half inclined to be dissatisfied with her furniture, so much had Fanny boasted of the improvements that were to be made in her own, but she could not get rid of the first impression it had made on her, and in a few days she quite forgot the want of curtains and carpet, and could only remember the happy time when she sat in the arm-chair with her foot on the fender.

As the month drew to a close, the two sisters made presents to their maids. Laura gave Sally a merino dress, a large piece of

linen, a cellar full of coals, and a five pound note. Isabel gave Fanny a silk gown that cost three guineas, a beautiful white bonnet ribbon, a small chimney glass (for which she kindly went into debt), three left-off muslin dresses, a painting done by her own hand, in a handsome gilt frame, and a beautiful knitted purse. Besides all this, she told Fanny it was still her intention to get the other things she had promised for the cottage, as soon as she had paid for the chimney glass. "I am very sorry," she said, "that just now I am so poor, for unfortunately, as you know, I have had to pay for those large music volumes I ordered when I was in London, and which after all I never used. It always happens that I am poor when I want to make presents."

Fanny stopped her mistress with abundant thanks for the beautiful things she had already given her. "I am sure, Miss," said she, "I shall scarcely dare wear these dresses, they look so lady-like and fine; Sally will seem quite strange by me. And this purse too, Miss; I never saw anything so smart."

Isabel was quite satisfied that she had eclipsed her sister in the number and value of her gifts, but she still assured Fanny she had but made a beginning. Large and generous indeed, were this young lady's intentions.

On the wedding morning Isabel rose early and dressed herself without assistance, then crossing to the room of the two cousins, she entered without knocking. Sally was gone, and Fanny lay sleeping alone.

"How pretty she is!" said Isabel to herself. "She ought to be dressed like a lady to day. I will see to it;" then glancing proudly at the silk gown, which was laid out with all the other articles of dress, ready for the coming ceremony, her heart swelled with consciousness of her own generosity. "I have done nothing yet," continued she; "she has been with me nearly six years, and always pleased me entirely, then papa promised her mother that he should befriend her as long as we both lived, and he has charged us both to do our utmost for our brides. Laura has bought Sally a shawl, I ought to give one too—what is this common thing? Fanny! Fanny! wake up. I am come to be your maid to day, for you shall be mistress on your wedding morning and have a lady to dress you. What is this shawl? It will not do with a silk dress, wait a minute," and off she darted, leaving Fanny sitting up and rubbing her eyes trying to remember what her young mistress had said. Before she was quite conscious, Isabel returned with a Norfolk shawl of fine texture and design, but somewhat soiled. "There," said she, throwing it across the silk gown, "those go much better together. I will give it you, Fanny."

"Thank you, Miss," said Fanny, in a tone of hesitation; "but—but suppose, Miss, I was to wear Thomas' shawl just to-day, as he gave it me for the wedding, and John got

Sally one like it—I think, Miss—don't you think, Miss, it might seem unkind to wear another just to-day?"

"Why, it is just to-day I want to make you look like a lady, Fanny; no, no, you must not put on that white cotton-looking shawl with a silk dress, and this ribbon," said Isabel, taking up the bonnet, proudly. Fanny looked sad, but the young mistress did not see this, for she was examining the white silk gloves, that lay beside the bonnet. "These," thought she, "are not quite right, they look servantish, but my kid gloves would not fit her, besides, I have none clean, and it is well, perhaps, that she should have a few things to mark her rank. Yes, they will do."

There was so much confusion between the lady's offering help, and the maid's modestly refusing it, that the toilette was long in completing. At last, however, Isabel was in ecstasies. "Look," said she, "how the bonnet becomes you! and the Norfolk shawl, too, no one would think you were only a lady's-maid, Fanny. Stop, I will get a ribbon for your throat." Off she flew, and was back again in five minutes. "But what is that for, Fanny? Are you afraid it will rain, this bright morning?"

Fanny had, in Isabel's absence, folded Thomas's shawl, and hung it across her arm. "I thought, Miss," answered she, blushing, "that I might just carry it, to show Thomas that I did not forget his present, or think it too homely to go to church with me."

"Impossible," said Isabel, who, to do her justice, we must state, was far too much excited to suspect that she was making Fanny uncomfortable; "you will spoil all. There, put the shawl away,—that's right, you look perfect. Go down to your bridegroom, I hear his voice in the hall, I will not come too, though I should like above all things to see his surprise, but I should spoil your meeting, and I am the last person in the world to do anything so selfish. One thing more, Fanny: I shall give you two guineas, that you may spend three or four days at L—, by the seaside; no one goes home directly, you would find it very dull to settle down at once in your cottage; tell Thomas so." Isabel then retired to her room, wishing heartily that she could part with half her prettiest things, that she might heap more favours on the interesting little bride.

Laura's first thought that morning had also been of the little orphan, who had served her so long and faithfully, and whom her father had commended to her special care. She, too, had risen early, but without dressing herself, she went across to Sally. Sally was asleep, with the traces of tears on her cheeks; Laura looked at her for a few moments, and remembered how, when both were too young to understand the distinction of rank, they had been almost playmates; she wiped from her own eyes a little moisture that dimmed them, then putting her hand gently on Sally's

shoulder, she said, "Wake, Sally, I cull you early that you may have plenty of time to dress me first and yourself afterwards. I know you would not like to miss waiting on me, or to do it hurriedly for the last time. You have been crying, Sally, do not colour about it, I should think ill of you if you were not sorry to leave us, you cannot feel the parting more than I do. I dare say I shall have hard work to keep dry eyes all day, but we must do our best, Sally, for it will not do for John to think I grudge you to him, or that you like me better than you do him."

"Oh no, Miss!" replied Sally, who felt at that moment that she could scarcely love any one better than her kind mistress. "Still John will not be hard upon me for a few tears," added she, putting the sheet to her eyes.

"Come, come, Sally, this will not do, jump up and dress yourself quickly, that you may be ready to brush my hair when I return from the dressing-room; you must do it well to-day, for you know I am not yet suited with a maid, and must do it myself to-morrow."

This roused Sally, who dressed in great haste and was soon at her post. Laura asked her many questions about her plans for the future, and found with pleasure that most things had been well considered and arranged. "There is only one thing, Miss," said Sally in conclusion, "that we are sorry for, and it is that we cannot offer old Mrs. Maythorn a home. She has no child but John, and will sadly feel his leaving her."

"But why cannot she live with you and work as she does now, so as to pay you for what she costs?"

"Why, Miss, where she is she works about the house for her board, and does a trifle outdoors besides, that gets her clothing. John says it makes him feel quite cowardly, as it were, to see his old mother working at scrubbing and scouring, making her poor back ache, when he is so young and strong; yet we scarcely know if we could undertake for her altogether. I wish we could."

"How much would it cost you?"

"A matter of four shillings a week; besides, we must get a bed and bedding. That we could put up in the kitchen, if we bought it to shut up in the day-time, and, as John says, Mrs. Maythorn would help us nicely when we get some little ones. But it would cost a deal of money to begin and go on with."

"I will think of this for you, Sally. I would be easy for me to give you four shillings a week now, but I may not always be able to do it. I may marry a poor man, or one who will not allow me to spend my money as I please, and were Mrs. Maythorn to give up her present employments, she would not be able to get them back again three or four years hence, nor would she, at her age, be able to meet with others; and if you would find it difficult to keep her now, you would much more when you have a little family; so we must do nothing hastily. I will consult

Papa; he will tell me directly whether I shall be right in promising you the four shillings a week. If I do promise it, you may depend on always having it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Miss, for the thought: I will tell John directly I see him; the very hope will fill him with joy."

"No," said Laura, "do not tell him yet, Sally, for you would be sorry to disappoint him afterwards, if I could not undertake it. Wait a day or two, and I will give you an answer; or, if possible, it shall be sooner. Now, thank you for the nice brushing: I will put up my hair while you go and dress; it is getting late. If you require assistance, and Fanny is not in your room, tap at my door, for I shall be pleased to help you to-day."

Laura was not called in; but when she thought the toilette must be nearly completed, went to Sally with the shawl which she had bought for her the day before. As she entered, Sally was folding the white one John had given her. "I have brought you a shawl," said Laura, "which I want you to wear to-day; it is much handsomer than that you are folding. See, do you like it?"

"Yes, Miss," said Sally, "It is a very good one, I see," and she began to re-fold the other; but Laura noticed the expression of disappointment with which she made the change, and taking up the plain shawl, said, "I do not know whether this does not suit your neat muslin dress better than mine. Did you buy it yourself, Sally?"

"No, Miss, it was John's present; but I will put on yours this morning, if you please, Miss, and I can wear John's any day."

"No, no," replied Laura, "you must put on John's to-day. It matters but little to me when you wear mine, so long as it does you good service; but John will feel hurt if you cast his present aside on your wedding-day, because some one else has given you a shawl worth a few shillings more." So Laura put the white shawl on the shoulders of Sally, who valued it more than the finest Cashmere in the world.

As Sally went down stairs, she saw Fanny in tears on the landing. "I cannot think how it is," answered she, in reply to Sally's questioning, "but just on this day, when I thought to feel so happy, I am quite low. Miss Isabel has been so kind, she has dressed me, and quite flustered me with her attentions. See what nice things she has given me—this shawl—though for that matter, I'd rather have worn Thomas's. Oh, how nice you look. Dear, so neat and becoming your station, and with John's shawl, too, but then Miss Laura has made you no present."

"Yes, a good shawl, and a promise besides, but I will tell you about that another time. Let us go in now, they must be waiting for us."

Fanny felt so awkward in her fine clothes, that she could scarcely be prevailed on to

encounter the gaze of the servants; but her good-natured cousin promising to explain that all her dress was given and chosen by her mistress, she at last went into the hall. Sally's explanation was only heard by a few of the party, and as Fanny, in trying to conceal herself from the gaze of the astonished villagers, slunk behind old Mrs. Maythorn, she had the mortification of hearing her say to John, in the loud whisper peculiar to deaf people, "I am so glad, John, the neat one is yours; I should be quite frightened to see you take such a fine lady as Fanny to the altar; it makes me sorry for Thomas to see her begin so smart."

When the ceremony was over, the party returned to the Hall, where an hospitable meal had been provided for all the villagers of good character who chose to partake of it. It was a merry party, for even Fanny, when every one had seen her finery long enough to forget it, forgot it herself. Thomas was very good-natured about the shawl, and delighted at the prospect of spending a few days at L—. He and Fanny talked of the boat-excursions they would have, the shells they would gather for a grotto in their garden, and the long rambles they would take by the seaside, till they wondered how ever they could have been contented with the prospect of going to their cottage at once.

As the pony chaise which the good baronet had lent for the day, drove up to take the bridal party to L—, for John and Sally were also to spend one day there, the two young ladies came to take leave of their *protégées*. Laura said, "Good bye, Sally, I have consulted Papa and will undertake to allow you four shillings a-week as long as Mrs. Maythorn lives. Here is a sovereign towards expenses; you will not, I am sure, mind changing your five pound note for the rest."

Isabel said, "Good bye, Fanny. I am very, very sorry to disappoint you of your treat at L—, but I intended to have borrowed the two pounds of Miss Laura, and I find she cannot lend them to me. Never mind, I am sure you will be happy enough in your little cottage. I never saw such a sweet little place as it is." So the bridal party drove away.

In less than a week the cousins were established in their new abode. Sally settled and happy; but Fanny, unsettled, always expected the new carpet, the china tea-set, and the various other alterations that Isabel had suggested and promised to make. The young lady was, however, unfortunate with her money. At one time she lost a bank-note; at another, just as she was counting out money for the Brussels carpet, the new maid entered to tell her that sundry articles of dress were "past mending," and must be immediately replaced. One thing after another nipped her generous intentions in the bud, and at last she was obliged to set out for her long-expected journey to France, without having done more

towards the fulfilment of her promises than call frequently on Fanny, to remind her that all her present arrangements were temporary, and that she should shortly have almost everything new.

"Good bye, Fanny," said she at parting; "I shall often write to you, and send you money. I will not make any distinct promise, for I daresay I shall be able to do more than I should like to say now."

Laura had given Sally a great many useful things for her cottage, but made no promise at parting. She said, "Be sure you write to me, Sally, from time to time, to say how you are going on, and tell me if you want help."

When Isabel was gone, Fanny saw that she must accustom herself to her cottage as it was, and banish from her mind the idea of the long-anticipated improvements. It was, however, no easy task. The window once regarded as bare and comfortless still seemed so, in spite of Fanny's reasoning that it was no worse than Sally's, which always looked cheerful and pretty. To be sure, John, who did not think of getting curtains, had trained a honeysuckle over it, still that made but little show at present. The carpet, too, so long regarded as a coarse temporary thing, never regained the beauty it first had to the eye of Thomas, as he laid it down the evening before he took Fanny to the cottage; and Fanny could never forget, as she arranged her tea-things, that Miss Isabel had called them "common little things;" so of all the other pieces of furniture that the young lady had remarked upon. Sally's house was, in reality, more homely than her cousin's, yet as she had never entertained a wish that it should be better, and as Laura had been pleased with all its arrangements, she bustled about it with perfect satisfaction; and even to Fanny it seemed replete with the comfort her own had always wanted.

At the end of three months Isabel enclosed an order for three pounds to Fanny, desiring her to get a Brussels carpet, and if there was a sufficient remainder, to replace the tea-set.

"I would rather," said Fanny to her cousin, "put up with the old carpet and china, and get a roll of fine flannel, some coals, an extra blanket or two, and a cradle for the little one that's coming, for it will be cold weather when I am put to bed; but I suppose as Miss Isabel has set her mind on the carpet and china, I must get them."

A week or two after John was invited, with his wife and mother, to drink tea from Fanny's new china. It was very pretty, so was the carpet, and so was Fanny making tea, elated with showing her new wealth.

"Is not Miss Isabel generous?" asked she, as she held the milk-pot to be admired.

"I sometimes wish Miss Laura had as much money to spare," replied Sally; "for she lets me lay it out as I please, and I could get a number of things for three guineas."

"Fie, Sally," said her husband; "are not

three shillings to spend as one pleases, better than three guineas laid out to please some one else?"

"Nonsense, John," said Fanny, pettishly; "how can a carpet for my kitchen be bought to please any one but me?"

"John isn't far wrong either," answered her husband; "but the carpet is very handsome, and does please you and me too, now it is here."

Time passed on, and Fanny gave birth to a little girl. Isabel stood sponsor for her by proxy, sending her an embroidered cloak and lace cap, and desiring that she should be called by her own name. Little Bella was very sickly, and as her mother had not been able to procure her good warm clothing, or lay in a large stock of firing, she suffered greatly from cold during the severe winter that followed her birth. The spring and summer did not bring her better health; and as Fanny always attributed her delicacy to the want of proper warmth in her infancy, she took a great dislike to the Brussels carpet, which now lay in a roll behind a large chest, having been long ago taken up as a piece of inconvenient luxury in a kitchen. "I wish you could find a corner for it in your cottage, Sally," said she, "for I never catch a sight of it without worrying myself to think how much flannels and coals I might have bought with the money it cost."

Laura frequently sent Sally small presents of money, but Isabel, though not so regular as her sister, surprised every one by the splendour of her presents, when they did come. As Bella entered her second year, she received from her godmother a beautiful little carriage, which Thomas said must have "spoilt a five-pound note." This was Isabel's last gift, for it was at about this time that she accepted an offer from a French count, and became so absorbed in her own affairs, that she forgot Fanny and Bella too. Poor Bella grew more and more sickly every month; the apothecary ordered her beef tea, arrowroot, and other strengthening diet, but work was slack with Thomas, and it was with difficulty that he could procure her the commonest food. "I am sure," said Fanny to her cousin, as little Bella was whining on her knee, "that if only Miss Isabel were here, she would set us all right. She never could bear to see even a stranger in distress."

"I wish," said Thomas, "that great folks would think a little of what they don't see. I'll lay anything Miss Isabel gives away a deal of money, more than enough to save our little one, to a set of French impostors that cry after her in the street, and yet, when she knows our child is ill, she never cares, because she can't see it grow thin, or hear it cry."

"For shame, Thomas," said his wife, "do not speak so rudely of the young lady. Have you forgotten the pretty carriage she sent Bella, and how pleased we were when it came?"

"I don't mean any harm," answered her husband; "only it strikes me that Miss was pleased to buy the carriage because it was pretty, and seemed a great thing to send us, and that she would 'nt have cared a straw to give us a little each, that would have served us every bit as well."

"I never heard you so ungrateful, Thomas. Of course she would 'nt, because she wished to please us."

"Or herself, as John said; but may-be I am wrong; only it goes to my heart to see the child want food while there is a filagree carriage in the yard that cost more than would keep her for six months."

"Well, cheer up," said Sally; "Miss Laura will be coming home soon, and I'll lay anything she won't let Bella die of want."

"I'm afraid she won't think of giving to me, Sally," said Fanny despondingly; "I was never her maid, you know."

"You would 'nt fear, if you knew Miss Laura as I do, Fanny; she never cares who she helps so long as the person is deserving, and in want. She has no pride of that sort."

Isabel's marriage was put off, and Laura's return, consequently, postponed. As Bella grew worse every day, and yet no help came, the unselfish Sally wrote to her patroness, telling her of poor Fanny's distress, and begging her either to send her help, or speak on her behalf to her sister.

Isabel was dressing for a party when Laura showed her Sally's letter. "Poor Fanny," said she, "I wish I had known it before I bought this wreath. I have, absolutely, not a half-franc in the world. Will you buy the wreath of me at half-price, it has not even been taken from its box."

"I do not want it," said Laura, "but I will lend you some money."

"No, I cannot borrow more," said her sister despondingly. "I owe you already for the flowers, the brooch, the bill you paid yesterday, and I know not what else besides; but I will tell Eugène there is a poor English-woman in distress, I am sure he will send her something."

Eugène gave a five-franc piece.

It was late one frosty evening when Sally ran across to her cousin's cottage, delighted to be the bearer of the long hoped-for letter. Fanny was sitting on the fender before a small fire, hugging her darling to her breast, and breathing on its little face to make the air warmer. "I'm afraid," said she, in answer to Sally's inquiries, "that the child won't be here long;" and she wiped away a few hot tears that had forced their way as she sat listening to the low moans of the little sufferer.

"But I have good news for you," said her cousin, cheerfully. "Here is a letter from Miss Isabel at last. I would not tell you before, but I wrote to Miss Laura, saying how you were expecting every week to be put to bed again, and how Bella was wasting away,

and see, I was right about her, she has sent you a sovereign, and her sister's letter, no doubt, contains a pretty sum."

Fanny started up, and could scarcely breathe as she broke the seal. What was her disappointment on seeing an order for five shillings!

"I am very sorry, my good Fanny," said Isabel, "that just now I have no money. A charitable gentleman sends you five shillings, and as soon as I possibly can, I will let you have a large sum. I have not yet paid for the carriage I sent you, and as the bill has been given me several times, I must discharge it before I send away more money. I hope that by this time, little Bella is better."

Fanny laid her child upon the bed, and putting her face by its side, shed bitter tears. Sally did not speak, and so both remained till Thomas came in from his work. Fanny would have hidden the letter from him, but he saw and seized it in a moment.

"Five guineas for a carriage, and five shillings for a child's life," said he with a sneer, as he laid it down. "Do not look for the large sum, Fanny, you won't get it; but I will work hard, and bury the child decently."

Fanny felt no inclination to defend her mistress. For the first time, it occurred to her that Thomas and John might be right in their judgment of her. She raised Bella, as Thomas, who had been twisting up the money order, was about to throw it in the fire. He caught a sight of the child's wan face, and, advancing to the bed, said, in a softened tone, "Do you know father, pretty one?" and as Bella smiled faintly, he added, "I will do anything for your sake. Here, Fanny, take the money, and get the child something nourishing."

Bella seemed to revive from getting better food; and the apothecary held out great hope of her ultimate recovery, if the improved diet could be continued; but expenses fell heavily on Thomas, Fanny was put to bed with a fine strong little boy, and, though Sally and Mrs. Maythorn devoted themselves to her and Bella, the anxiety she suffered from being separated from her invalid child, added to her former constant uneasiness, and want of proper food, brought on a fever that threatened her life. In a few days she became quite delirious. During this time Isabel was married, and Laura returned to England.

When Fanny regained her consciousness she was in the dark, but she could see someone standing by the window. On her speaking the person advanced to her side. "Do not be startled to find me here," said a sweet soft voice. "Sally has watched by your side for three nights, and when I came this evening she looked so ill that I insisted on her going to bed; then, as we could find no one on whose care and watchfulness we could depend, I took her place. You have been in a sound sleep. Dr. Hart said you would wake up much better. Are you better?"

"Yes, ma'am, a deal better; but where am I, and who is it with me?"

"You are in your own pretty cottage, and Miss Laura is with you. You expected me home, did you not?"

"Oh thank God; who sent you, dear Miss Laura? How is—but may-be I had best not ask just while I am so weak. Is the dear boy well?"

"Yes, quite well; and Bella is much better. I have sent her for a few days to L—, with Mrs. Maythorn; the sea air will do her good."

"Oh, thank you—thank you—dear young lady for the thought. I seem so bound up in that dear child, that nothing could comfort me for her loss. How good and kind you are, Miss—you do all so well and so quietly!"

"Yes, Fanny, dear," said Thomas, coming from behind the curtain and stooping to kiss his wife. "Miss Laura has saved you and Bella, and me too, for I could 'nt have lived if you had died; and has found me work; and all without making one great present, or doing anything one could speak about. I'll tell you what it is, wife, dear, Miss Isabel does all for the best, but it is just as she feels at the moment. Now Miss Laura—if I may be so bold to speak, Miss—Miss Laura does not give to please her own feelings, but to do good. I can't say it well, but do you say it for me, Miss; I want Fanny to know the right words, to teach the little ones by-and-bye. You know what I wish to say, Miss Laura."

"Yes Thomas," said Laura, blushing, "but I do not say you are right. You mean, I think, that my sister acts from impulse, and I from principle. Is that it?"

"I suppose that's it, Miss," said Thomas, considering, and apparently not quite satisfied.

"You have no harder meaning, I am sure," said Laura, quietly, "because I love my sister very much."

"Certainly not, Miss," returned Thomas. "But, myself, if I may take the liberty of gratefully saying so, I prefer to be acted to on principle, and think it a good deal better than impulse."

CHIPS.

TORTURE IN THE WAY OF BUSINESS.

The mention in a recent number of the extreme cruelty practised on calves, has drawn forth the following statement from a correspondent,—a clergyman in Bedfordshire:—

"A member of my family was witness to the following act of barbarity, viz., that of plucking the feathers from a duck while yet alive. Upon being expostulated with, the man replied that it was a common practice, —'we half break their necks, then pluck them while they are warm, and then finish them off.' This act of cruelty was witnessed in Brighton Market. 'If the above will at all

assist you in exposing the atrocities which are practised on the brute creation, I shall be thankful. The public generally (save a few gross sensualists) have only, it is to be hoped, to be told what is practised on many articles of consumption, to make them protest against such wanton insults on God's workmanship."

The only means of accounting for such irrational cruelty, is the supposition that the offending poulterers imagine ducks to be endowed by nature with no more feeling than feather-beds.

The savage indifference with which unappreciable agonies are systematically inflicted upon sentient creatures, strikes us occasionally with wonder. The police reports have lately revealed a case which nothing but the best testimony could render credible. A correspondent of the Times Newspaper was some weeks since walking in the Walworth Road, when he saw several persons assembled round the shop of a butcher; half a dozen men were endeavouring to force two bullocks into a slaughter-house. The butcher's journeyman struck one of the animals on the legs with a broom handle, which had a sharp pointed spike. The door of the slaughter-house was very narrow; the man got a rope and fixed it tightly round the horns of the bullock, and some of them then pulled this from the inside of the slaughter-house; the others were beating the brute behind and pushing it on. He saw one of the butchers twisting the animal's tail till he doubled it up, and the bones were dislocated—at least, he was led to think so by the right angle formed by the two portions of the tail. The man's hands were covered with blood which flowed from the tail; and he rubbed the dislocated parts together, which caused the poor animal to moan most piteously. Several of the bystanders expressed their disgust.

The fellows were brought before the Lambeth magistrate by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but unfortunately the principal witness mistook one of the offenders for another person—his brother. The complaint, therefore, from that legal informality, broke down.

The defendants appeared to treat the mere pulling a bullock through a passage too small for its comfortable admission, with ropes tied to its horns; the pushing it with goads from behind; the agonising twisting of its tail; as matters of the most perfect indifference. In his exultation at getting off, one of them facetiously promised the magistrate, in answer to an expostulation as to the narrowness of the passage, "that, to oblige his Worship, he would make the place big enough to admit a full-grown elephant, or a hippopotamus."

We have in former articles shown that this sort of brutality is of every-day occurrence, and perpetrated in the regular way of business. Use begets insensibility. We have no doubt that the poulterer and butchers concerned in the atrocities we have detailed,

are worthy men enough in their families. They would not tear the hair out of the head of a child, or goad a wife with a broomstick, for the world. They are most likely tender fathers and affectionate husbands; but in the way of business, as poulterers, and butchers, what can exceed, or what censure can be too sharp for, their cruelty? Exposure is the only cure; and this we will always do our part in administering.

A COTTAGE MEMORY.

In that far foreign country, the dream of old days
And old haunts often bears me to Anthony Wray's;
The white little cottage with nest-crowded eaves,
Peeping out half the year from an ambush of leaves.

And now once again have my footsteps been there,
And have found it—deserted, dismantled, and bare;

Except where the wall-flow'rs still cluster and wave
On the gable: they now are like flow'rs on a grave.

At that window, I thought as I passed through
the door,
Where the late sunbeam strikes down the weed-
covered floor,

How often the sunlight and moonlight have shone
Upon bright, living faces, that now are all gone.

In the choice ingle-nook stood no Martha's arm-
chair,
But a heap of dead leaves which the wind had
swept there;
The low-talking wind that breathed thoughts of
the time
When young voices rang round like a holiday
chime.

And the hearth had become like a cold churchyard
stone,
Encrusted with mould and with moss overgrown,
That had glowed through so many a long winter
night,
The heart of the cottage, a core of warm light.

What talk and what mirth there! what tales told
or read
To the children that listened in joy tinged with
dread!
A storm shakes the window; they solemnly gaze
On each other, and draw their stools nearer the
blaze.

Their father is drowsy with labour gone through,
And the deep satisfaction of nothing to do;
The woof of light sleep in its network has bound
him,
And home mildly shines through the mist that's
around him.

The mother sits knitting and smiling fond praise;
The cheek of the youngest shines warm in the
blaze
As he rests his white head on his grandmother's
knee;
Alas! that these pictures mere phantoms should be.

As ghosts of burnt roses cloud up from their
ashes,
Rise scenes from the past in these transient flashes;

Thin visions, soon melted, which leave the heart
sore,
By half-showing that which they will not restore.

Could it be that this Household was gone, and for
ever?

The wood looked unchanged, and the fields, and
the river;

Co-tenants of time, even part did these seem
Of beings who now are but shapes of a dream.

The broad-leaved horse-chestnut my thoughts used
to wed

With those for whose shelter its boughs seemed
to spread,

Dipped slowly in sunlight its fans as of old,
But beneath, all had passed "like a tale that is
told."

Long I stood, and had no word of comfort to say
Yet not unconsolated did I turn me away:
Thank God for the faith that is stronger than grief,
The fountain that springs to the parched soul's
relief.

The whispered assurance which raises and soothes,
That these are the phantoms, and those still the
truths;

And their trials and virtues, their tears and their
mirth

Not faded like yesterday's light from the earth!

"CAPE" SKETCHES.

THERE is a peculiarity evinced by such of the advocates of colonisation as have acquainted themselves personally with colonial life, which puts in a strong light the adaptability of most of our territories beyond sea for bettering the condition of enterprising emigrants. It is this:—each man vaunts loudly the superiority of the colony he has visited over all the others. "How is it possible," writes a settler in New Zealand to us, "that people will be so blind as to risk their capital in Australia while there is New Zealand, the finest country, with the finest climate in the world!" The friend, who occasionally amuses and instructs us with his vivid sketches of Australian life, exclaims—"New Zealand!—Where are its markets?—What is a farmer to do with his produce when he has got it?—No, no; my advice is Sydney." "By no means," ejaculates a third, just home from Port Philip, "South Australia is the country for an energetic man to gain independence and wealth." A successful emigrant, hot from Hobart Town, vaunts the advantages of Van Dieman's Land. Our friend from Canada over-rides all these opinions. "Why," he argues, "go to uncivilised, uncultivated, and far-off countries, when you can, at once, join established communities, and enjoy regular British institutions, only a three weeks' sail distant; where markets are regular, food cheap, and where (on account of the intense cold) there is nothing to do for one-third of the year?" Lastly, we are favoured with the opinion of a five years' resident in South

Africa.—“Truly,” he says, “people who brave the regions of a northern climate, who expose their lives in dangerous proximity to savages, who heed not agues in swamps, nor thirst in deserts, forget there is such a place as the Cape of Good Hope.”

Although all this one-sided enthusiasm does not prove either of the respective cases argued by the different advocates; yet it shows in a broad light the certain advantages of emigration in general. To whatever quarter of the globe the observer turns, he sees, amidst occasional instances of disappointment and loss, that emigration has, in general, answered the expectations of the emigrants. But this general success he does not attribute to the soundness of the principle in the abstract, but to the advantages of the particular country in which he has witnessed the most prosperity.

In, therefore, sifting and comparing with other evidence the numerous papers which we receive from, and relative to, the various colonies, it is our aim to give such true pictures of colonial life as enable the reader to judge fairly of the pains, pleasures, losses and gains of all the new homes which have been established by and for Englishmen in various parts of the globe.

We have been led into these remarks by a communication now before us from the gentleman already mentioned who has passed five active years in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. His characteristic preface to the amusing and instructive sketches of Cape Life is as follows:—

“I cannot but think, that, in the present rage for promoting emigration, too much attention is paid to new and untried countries whose resources are as yet doubtful and undeveloped, to the detriment of the old established colonies, whose constant cry is for ‘labour, labour, labour.’ Amongst the least popular of our old colonies is the Cape of Good Hope. Yet I think, that most, if not all, the objections usually raised against it are erroneous; while many of its undoubted advantages are overlooked. It is my desire, if possible, to remove some of the prejudices entertained against a land where I spent five happy years of my life. My intention is simply to give a few travelling sketches, and to portray some of the characteristic features of the country and its inhabitants.”

Cape Wine enjoys a very unenviable notoriety in England. Order a glass of sherry at a fourth-rate tavern: taste it—it is *very* bad—you turn up your nose and cry “Cape!” Mr. Lazarus, a Hebrew dealer in wine and money, “does a little bill” for you, and sends you home as part payment a few dozen of “excellent Madeira.” Are you rash enough to taste it? If so, as soon as you have recovered from the sputtering caused by its fearful acidity, you mutter a phrase never mentioned to ears polite, and say again—

“Cape!” In fact, whenever you drink any vile compound, under the name of wine, to which you are at a loss to ascribe a native land, you cry—“Cape!”

The old adage of “give a dog a bad name and hang him,” is fully exemplified here. Still it must be admitted that the dog must first have *earned* his bad name. So it is with Cape Wine. It *was* very bad, and a great part of it is so still; while decidedly the worst of it is sent to England. I have often endeavoured to persuade the wine farmers that this is bad policy on their part; but they will not be convinced. They say that Cape Wine has a bad name in the market; that it is bought only as “Cape Wine,” without any distinction of vintage or class; and that the worst of it brings them as good a price as the best. And yet there is a vast difference in the various qualities; and even the best of them are still susceptible of wonderful improvement.

There is a similarity between the Cape and the Madeira grape. Both are cultivated very much in the same manner, but the grand point of difference between the two is the time of gathering the grapes. In Madeira they are not gathered till so ripe that many begin to fall, and many are withered from over ripeness; these are of course rejected. By this means a smaller amount of wine is obtained from a vineyard than would have been produced had the grapes been gathered earlier: but the quality of the wine is improved beyond conception. Every grape is full, ripe, and luscious, and the wine partakes of its quality. Nothing can prove more clearly the necessity of the grape being fully, and rather *over* ripe, than the difference of the wine produced on the north side of the Island of Madeira, where this perfection of the grape can scarcely be attained, and that grown on the south side: the latter is Nectar; the former Cape; or little better.

Now at *the* Cape the object of the farmer is always to get the greatest *quantity* of wine from his vineyard; and consequently he gathers his grapes when they are barely ripe, and none have fallen or withered; whereby he fills his storehouses with wine full of acidity and of that vile twang which all who have tasted shudder to recal.

Some of the wine-growers in the colony have lately pursued a different plan, and with vast success. This has been chiefly among the English colonists; for a Dutch boor at the Cape is a very intractable animal, and not easily induced to swerve from old systems, be they ever so bad. Probably, the principal reason why the colony produced from the very first such bad wines, was its having been colonised by Dutchmen, who could have had no experience at home in wine-growing.

Who knows what might have been the case had a colony from the plains of Champagne or Bordeaux first settled there? Apropos of

this, I may mention that a fellow passenger of mine was a Frenchman from Champagne. At the Cape he entered into partnership with a young Englishman (also a fellow passenger), and agreed to take a wine farm. The Englishman was to supply capital—the Frenchman knowledge. Monsieur had determined to make “Cape Champagne;” and remarkably well he succeeded. Often at public and even at private dinners, when swallowing something dignified with the name of that right-royal wine, have I sighed to think how far more palatable would be a bottle of Monsieur L—’s vintage.

It perhaps requires a greater outlay of capital to be a successful wine-grower than almost anything else in the colony. There are, in addition to the purchase of land and vines, the expenses of storehouses, casks, and, above all, that most difficult commodity to attain—labour. So great is the want of the latter, and so uncertain the supply of even that which is attainable, that he is a bold man who ventures on wine-farming at the Cape.

The wine-growers are generally wealthy men, for, in spite of all obstacles, their profits are very large. Few people who even touch at the Cape fail to visit the Constantia wine farms, producing the delicious sweet wine of that name. It is grown on a mountain named after the wife of one of the former Governors of the Cape—whether in compliment to the lady’s sweetness of disposition, or her love for the wine then produced, I know not. Three farms monopolise this mountain. Even half a mile from them, the wine produced is of a very inferior flavour. They live in excellent style, these Constantia wine-growers. When first I visited one of them, a carriage-and-four and two buggies, conveying a party of Indian visitors, had just drawn up at the door. A *déjeuner* was spread in a long, handsome, and elegantly-furnished apartment, for the entertainment of any one who might chance to come and visit the farm. Two or three superintendents were ready to show the “lions” of the place to visitors, and to give them samples of the wine to taste. There are many varieties of it. And, oh, how seductive that same Constantia is! Who can resist it in all its delicious varieties?

I recollect that as I rode towards the farm I passed a toll-gate, and looking, I suppose, extremely like a “griffin” (for I had only been a week in the colony), the “pikeman” observed, as he took my twopence, and handed me the ticket, “Hopes you’ll be able to read it as you comes back, Sir!”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“No offence, Sir,” said the man with a grin; “only I’ve seed a many as *couldn’t*—that’s all.”

The three Constantia wine-growers are Dutchmen; and so, in fact, are nearly all the wine-farmers throughout the colony. Englishmen who go out there generally take to trade or sheep-farming; and they are right,—for it

requires far less experience, less capital, and less labour, to follow almost any calling at the Cape than that of a wine-grower. I think, however, that a Company might be profitably established here or in the colony, for cultivating the vine there and importing its produce to Europe. For this purpose, they should send out labourers and superintendents, carefully selected from the wine districts of France and Germany; and take care that the Madeira plan of gathering the grapes be adopted. They should agitate, too, for a reduction of the duty on the wine: at present it is far too high. Perhaps the profits would not at first be great, for there is a serious obstacle to be overcome,—a bad name in the market; but eventually I believe that the speculation would be a lucrative one, and that it would in time remove the unfortunate stigma now affixed to Cape wine.

In these days of railroad travelling, when twenty miles an hour would be considered slow enough to justify a letter of complaint from “Viator” to the editor of the Times, it may rather astonish my readers to learn that twenty miles is considered a fair day’s journey at the Cape. Yet so it is.

Unless you amble on horseback, which only men and *young* men can undertake, the sole and universal method of travelling is by an ox-wagon. Just go and look at the wagon exhibited by Cumming in his South-African Exhibition, at Hyde Park corner! Imagine such a machine, with twelve or fourteen oxen attached to it by a long rope of plaited hide (called a treck-tow) attached to the pole, and to which are fastened the yokes of the oxen. Then fancy a little Hottentot lad, very much like one of the Bushmen lately exhibited in London (but, perhaps, hardly so handsome,) leading the two front oxen by a strip of hide fastened to their horns (called a reim), and a full-grown Hottentot seated on the driving-seat, in the front of the wagon, with an enormous whip in his hands formed of a long bamboo handle and a lash of plaited thongs, with which he can, from his seat, reach the leaders of his team; and you have the “travelling carriage” of South Africa complete before your eyes.

The same team (or “span” in South-African phraseology) of oxen take you the whole journey, whether it be twenty or two hundred miles; and as they have no other food on the way, nor indeed at any other time, than the grass and water on the roadside, you may imagine that twenty or twenty-five miles a day is quite work enough for them. The journey is, however, by no means so tedious or uninteresting an affair as might be supposed. It is like so many days of pic-nic-ing, with new scenery each day, and in a glorious climate. The wagon is of course well furnished with tea, sugar, coffee, wine, flour, eggs, fresh and preserved meat, vegetables, and in fact all that refreshes and cheers the inward man:

for, be it recollected, that there are no inns, or at least the very few there are scattered at such great distances apart over the country that no wagon traveller thinks of visiting them. The wagon in fact becomes your home and your store-house as well as your travelling carriage. A long stretcher is slung in it, on which is placed your bed, which serves for a lounging couch by day. Some people travel with a tent, but this is unnecessary when the party does not exceed two or three, besides the Hottentots, who sleep under the wagon, or under a bush or anywhere else on the ground, as soundly as their masters in their beds.

Travellers generally take their guns with them, as they may chance to get a little sport on the road. At six in the morning we will suppose the carriage to start; at about ten you will "outspan"—that is, take out the oxen and let them feed, and prepare for breakfast. Your Hottentots soon collect fuel, the wagon is drawn up close by a mimosa or some other bush, a fire is lighted, the kettle set to boil, the coffee prepared, the steaks cooked in a frying-pan, and perhaps some hot cakes made of meal baked for you; and with a beautiful country round you, and a magnificent sky above you, if you cannot make a good breakfast, and feel a light heart, I fear that you must be terribly "used up."

Then comes a stroll through the bush with your double-barrel on your shoulder, in search of a partridge or a Guinea fowl, or a stray antelope; and back to the wagon, now ready for another start.

Forward, again, till dinner-time, when the same process is gone through. After dinner, perhaps you will go forward another four or five miles, and then "outspan" for the night.

The nights of the Cape climate are glorious! I can scarcely imagine anything more beautiful. The sky of that deep, dark blue, which we never see in northern climates; the moon shining as she only can in such a sky, the stars so bright and distinct, with the beautiful southern cross in all its brilliancy, among them; the perfect stillness of everything around; the lofty and rugged mountains where the foot of man has never trodden; the thick dark bush, penetrable only by the wild beast or the savage; the broad plain covered with Aloes, Cape Heaths, Wild Stocks, and the ten thousand variegated shrubs which make a carpet beneath your feet as beautiful as the canopy of heaven above your head; and that little spot worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa—the dark foliage of the bush lighted up by your fire, and around it the dusky forms of your Hottentots stretched at their ease, and enjoying, as none but a half savage knows how thoroughly to enjoy, the requisite delight of the "Dolce far niente."

No doubt railroads are glorious inventions. All honour, too, to Macadam, and to stage-

coaches and post-chaises; all praise to the comforts and convenience of a good English Inn. But if you have a spark of native poetry in your composition, in spite of bad roads, slow travelling, rough fare, and a bed "al fresco," you will enjoy one of these South African journeys more than any trip you ever took in Europe. You have no other travelling companions than the beauties of Nature's works around you, fresh as from the hands of their Creator, and the thoughts and reflections high and holy, as such scenes and such companionship will not fail to call forth.

CHEMICAL CONTRADICTIONS.

SCIENCE, whose aim and end is to prove the harmony and "eternal fitness of things," also proves that we live in a world of paradoxes; and that existence itself, is a whirl of contradictions. Light and darkness, truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, the negative and positive poles of galvanic or magnetic mysteries, are evidences of all-pervading antitheses, which acting like the good and evil geni of Persian Mythology, neutralise each other's powers when they come into collision. It is the office of science to solve these mysteries. The appropriate symbol of the lecture-room is a Sphinx; for a scientific lecturer is but a better sort of unraveller of riddles.

Who would suppose, for instance, that water—which everybody knows, extinguishes fire—may, under certain circumstances, add fuel to flame, so that the "coming man" who is to "set the Thames on fire," may not be far off. If we take some mystical grey-looking globules of potassium (which is the metallic basis of common pearl-ash) and lay them upon water, the water will instantly appear to ignite. The globules will swim about in flames, reminding us of the "death-fires" described by the Ancient Mariner, burning "like witches' oil" on the surface of the stagnant sea. Sometimes even, without any chemical ingredient being added, Fire will appear to spring spontaneously from water; which is not a simple element, as Thales imagined, when he speculated upon the origin of the Creation, but two invisible gases—oxygen and hydrogen, chemically combined. During the electrical changes of the atmosphere in a thunder-storm, these gases frequently combine with explosive violence, and it is this combination which takes place when "the big rain comes dancing to the earth." These fire-and-water phenomena are thus accounted for; certain substances have peculiar affinities or attractions for one another; the potassium has so inordinate a desire for oxygen, that the moment it touches, it decomposes the water, abstracts all the oxygen, and sets free the hydrogen or inflammable gas. The potassium, when combined with the oxygen, forms that corrosive substance known as caustic potash, and the heat disengaged during this process, ignites

the hydrogen. Here the mystery ends ; and the contradictions are solved ;—Oxygen and hydrogen when combined, become water ; when separated the hydrogen gas burns with a pale lambent flame. Many of Nature's most delicate deceptions are accounted for by a knowledge of these laws.

Your analytical chemist sadly annihilates, with his scientific machinations, all poetry. He bottles up at pleasure the Nine Muses, and proves them—as the fisherman in the Arabian Nights did the Afrite—to be all smoke. Even the Will o' the Wisp cannot flit across its own morass without being pursued, overtaken, and burnt out by this scientific detective policeman. He claps an extinguisher upon Jack o' Lanthorn thus :—He says that a certain combination of phosphorus and hydrogen, which rises from watery marshes, produces a gas called phosphuretted hydrogen, which ignites spontaneously the moment it bubbles up to the surface of the water and meets with atmospheric air. Here again, the Ithuriel wand of science dispels all delusion, pointing out to us, that in such places animal and vegetable substances are undergoing constant decomposition ; and as phosphorus exists under a variety of forms in these bodies, as phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda, phosphate of magnesia, &c., and as furthermore the decomposition of water itself is the initiatory process in these changes, so we find that phosphorus and hydrogen are supplied from these sources ; and we may therefore easily conceive the consequent formation of phosphuretted hydrogen. This gas rises in a thin stream from its watery bed, and the moment it comes in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it bursts into a flame so buoyant, that it flickers with every breath of air, and realises the description of Goëthe's Mephistopheles, that the course of Jack-o'-lantern is generally "zig-zag."

Who would suppose that absolute darkness may be derived from two rays of light ! Yet such is the fact. If two rays proceed from two luminous points very close to each other, and are so directed as to cross at a given point on a sheet of white paper in a dark room, their united light will be twice as bright as either ray singly would produce. But if the difference in the distance of the two points be diminished only one-half, the one light will extinguish the other, and produce absolute darkness. The same curious result may be produced by viewing the flame of a candle through two very fine slits near to each other in a card. So, likewise, strange as it may appear, if two musical strings be so made to vibrate, in a certain succession of degrees, as for the one to gain half a vibration on the other, the two resulting sounds will antagonise each other and produce an interval of perfect silence. How are these mysteries to be explained ? The Delphic Oracle of science must again be consulted, and among

the high priests who officiate at the shrine, no one possesses more recondite knowledge, or can recal it more instructively, than Sir David Brewster. "The explanation which philosophers have given," he observes, "of these remarkable phenomena, is very satisfactory, and may easily be understood. When a wave is made on the surface of a still pool of water by plunging a stone into it, the wave advances along the surface, while the water itself is never carried forward, but merely rises into a height and falls into a hollow, each portion of the surface experiencing an elevation and a depression in its turn. If we suppose two waves equal and similar, to be produced by two separate stones, and if they reach the same spot at the same time, that is, if the two elevations should exactly coincide, they would unite their effects, and produce a wave twice the size of either ; but if the one wave should be put so far before the other, that the hollow of the one coincided with the elevation of the other, and the elevation of the one with the hollow of the other, the two waves would obliterate or destroy one another ; the elevation as it were of the one filling up half the hollow of the other, and the hollow of the one taking away half the elevation of the other, so as to reduce the surface to a level. These effects may be exhibited by throwing two equal stones into a pool of water ; and also may be observed in the Port of Batsha, where the two waves arriving by channels of different lengths actually obliterate each other. Now, as light is supposed to be produced by waves or undulations of an ethereal medium filling all nature, and occupying the pores of the transparent bodies ; and as sound is produced by undulations or waves in the air : so the successive production of light and darkness by two bright lights, and the production of sound and silence by two loud sounds, may be explained in the very same manner as we have explained the increase and obliteration of waves formed on the surface of water."

The apparent contradictions in chemistry are, indeed, best exhibited in the lecture-room, where they may be rendered visible and tangible, and brought home to the general comprehension. The Professor of Analytical Chemistry, J. H. Pepper, who demonstrates these things in the Royal Polytechnic Institution, is an expert manipulator in such mysteries ; and, taking a leaf out of his own magic-book, we shall conjure him up before us, standing behind his own laboratory, surrounded with all the implements of his art. At our recent visit to this exhibition we witnessed him perform, with much address, the following experiments :—He placed before us a pair of tall glass vessels, each filled, apparently, with water ;—he then took two hen's eggs, one of these he dropped into one of the glass vessels, and, as might have been expected, it immediately sank to the bottom. He then took the other egg, and dropped it

into the other vessel of water, but, instead of sinking as the other had done, it descended only half way, and there remained suspended in the midst of the transparent fluid. This, indeed, looked like magic—one of Houdin's sleight-of-hand performances—for what could interrupt its progress? The water surrounding it appeared as pure below as around and above the egg, yet there it still hung like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, contrary to all the well established laws of gravity. The problem, however, was easily solved. Our modern Cagliostro had dissolved in one half of the water in this vessel as much common salt as it would take up, whereby the density of the fluid was so much augmented that it opposed a resistance to the descent of the egg after it had passed through the unadulterated water, which he had carefully poured upon the briny solution, the transparency of which, remaining unimpaired, did not for a moment suggest the suspicion of any such impregnation. The good housewife, upon the same principle, uses an egg to test the strength of her brine for pickling.

Every one has heard of the power which bleaching gas (chlorine) possesses in taking away colour, so that a red rose held over its fumes will become white. The lecturer, referring to this fact, exhibited two pieces of paper; upon one was inscribed, in large letters, the word "PROTEUS;" upon the other no writing was visible; although he assured us the same word was there inscribed. He now dipped both pieces of paper in a solution of bleaching-powder, when the word "Proteus" disappeared from the paper upon which it was before visible; whilst the same word instantly came out, sharp and distinct, upon the paper which was previously a blank. Here there appeared another contradiction: the chlorine in the one case obliterating, and in the other reviving the written word; and how was this mystery explained? Easily enough! Our ingenious philosopher, it seems, had used indigo in penning the one word which had disappeared; and had inscribed the other with a solution of a chemical substance, iodide of potassium and starch; and the action which took place was simply this: the chlorine of the bleaching solution set free the iodine from the potassium, which immediately combined with the starch, and gave colour to the letters which were before invisible. Again—a sheet of white paper was exhibited, which displayed a broad and brilliant stripe of scarlet—(produced by a compound called the bin-iodide of mercury)—when exposed to a slight heat the colour changed immediately to a bright yellow, and, when this yellow stripe was crushed by smartly rubbing the paper, the scarlet colour was restored, with all its former brilliancy. This change of colour was effected entirely by the alteration which the heat, in the one case, and the friction, in the other, produced in the particles which reflected these different

colours;—and, upon the same principle, we may understand the change of the colour in the lobster-shell, which burns from black to red in boiling; because the action of the heat produces a new arrangement in the particles which compose the shell.

With the assistance of water and fire, which have befriended the magicians of every age, contradictions of a more marvellous character may be exhibited, and even the secret art revealed of handling red hot metals, and passing through the fiery ordeal. If we take a platinum ladle, and hold it over a furnace until it becomes of a bright red heat, and then project cold water into its bowl, we shall find that the water will remain quiescent and give no sign of ebullition—not so much as a single "fizz;" but, the moment the ladle begins to cool, it will boil up and quickly evaporate. So also, if a mass of metal, heated to whiteness, be plunged in a vessel of cold water, the surrounding fluid will remain tranquil so long as the glowing white heat continues; but, the moment the temperature falls, the water will boil briskly. Again—if water be poured upon an iron sieve, the wires of which are made red hot, it will not run through; but, on the sieve cooling, it will run through rapidly. These contradictory effects are easily accounted for. The repelling power of intense heat keeps the water from immediate contact with the heated metal, and the particles of the water, collectively, retain their globular form; but, when the vessel cools, the repulsive power diminishes, and the water coming into closer contact with the heated surface its particles can no longer retain their globular form, and eventually expand into a state of vapour. This globular condition of the particles of water will account for many very important phenomena; perhaps it is best exhibited in the dew-drop, and so long as these globules retain their form, water will retain its fluid properties. An agglomeration of these globules will carry with them, under certain circumstances, so much force that it is hardly a contradiction to call water itself a solid. The water-hammer, as it is termed, illustrates this apparent contradiction. If we introduce a certain quantity of water into a long glass tube, when it is shaken, we shall hear the ordinary splashing noise as in a bottle; but, if we exhaust the air, and again shake the tube, we shall hear a loud ringing sound, as if the bottom of the tube were struck by some hard substance—like metal or wood—which may fearfully remind us of the blows which a ship's side will receive from the waves during a storm at sea, which will often carry away her bulwarks.

It is now time to turn to something stronger than water for more instances of chemical contradictions. The chemical action of certain poisons (the most powerful of all agents,) upon the human frame, has plunged the faculty into a maze of paradoxes; indeed

there is actually a system of medicine, advancing in reputation, which is founded on the principle of contraries. The famous Doctor Hahnemann, who was born at Massieu in Saxony, was the founder of it, and, strange to say, medical men, who are notorious for entertaining contrary opinions, have not yet agreed among themselves whether he was a very great quack or a very great philosopher. Be this as it may, the founder of this system, which is called *Homœopathy*, when translating an article upon bark in Dr. Cullen's *Materia Medica*, took some of this medicine, which had for many years been justly celebrated for the cure of ague. He had not long taken it, when he found himself attacked with agueish symptoms, and a light now dawned upon his mind, and led him to the inference that medicines which give rise to the symptoms of a disease, are those which will specifically cure it, and however curious it may appear, several illustrations in confirmation of this principle were speedily found. If a limb be frost-bitten, we are directed to rub it with snow; if the constitution of a man be impaired by the abuse of spirituous liquors, and he be reduced to that miserable state of enervation when the limbs tremble and totter, and the mind itself sinks into a state of low muttering delirium, the physician to cure him must go again to the bottle and administer stimulants and opiates.

It was an old Hippocratic aphorism that two diseases cannot co-exist in the same body; wherefore, gout has actually been cured by the afflicted person going into a fenny country and catching the ague. The fatality of consumption is also said to be retarded by a common catarrh; and upon this very principle depends the truth of the old saying, that ricketty doors hang long on rusty hinges. In other words, the strength of the constitution being impaired by one disease has less power to support the morbid action of another.

We thus live in a world of apparent contradictions; they abound in every department of science, and beset us even in the sanctuary of domestic life. The progress of discovery has reconciled and explained the nature of some of them; but many baffle our ingenuity, and still remain involved in mystery. This much, however, is certain, that the most opposed and conflicting elements so combine together as to produce results, which are strictly in unison with the order and harmony of the universe.

AN IRISH PECULIARITY.

THE characteristics attributed by one nation to another are never patented without some foundation in truth; but, in time, by means of successive overlays of jest, constant repetition, and the heaping up of one exaggeration upon another, national portraiture flashes forth into glaring caricature. If we were to believe old plays and old novels,

we should suppose that, only a half century since, every Englishman fed exclusively on roast beef and plum-pudding—rattled his guineas in ample pockets, tightened by the portly protuberance of his figure, and rapped out oaths against “frog-eating Mounseers” with the same energy with which, after dinner, he imbibed crusted port to the health and prosperity of Church and State. On Sunday morning we view him, through the same medium, standing upright in his red-cushioned pew, pronouncing the responses with the *ore rotundo* of Sir Roger de Coverley, and, like that worthy baronet, looking daggers at little boys whom he catches napping.

The Scotchman of the same authorities was invariably a long, lean, raw-boned, hungry, grey-eyed Sawney, with high cheek-bones, reddish hair, and a diffused aroma of brimstone pervading his threadbare garments. Pertaining to him also, by inalienable birth-right, was an insatiable appetite for oaten-cakes, haggis, and singed sheep's head; of which viands the supply usually fell very far short of the demand. No matter what his rank in life might be, he was forced, as a necessary condition of his existence, to talk “braid scots,” and to look sharply after the “siller.” Somehow, he regularly found his way to London, where a lucrative place, and a rich wife, to whom he continually proclaimed the glories of the “Land o' Cakes,” gratified and rewarded his cautious persevering endeavours to replenish his “pouch and “sporrán;” for all Scotchmen were Highlanders, and were supposed only to have abandoned their kilts in deference to decency and English prejudice while in the act of crossing the border.

The Irishman of novel, tale, or comedy, was a Phelim or a Patrick, always either immersed in love or drink and often the victim of both these exciting predicaments:—telling humorous lies, making unheard-of blunders, winning money by his tricking cleverness, and losing it by his unaccountable folly; leading a good-humoured, reckless, rollicking life, breaking the hearts and emptying the purses of maid, wife, and widow; and carrying off every shade of embarrassment with the cut-and-dry exclamation, “By the powers!”—“Arrah, honey!”—or, “Och, my jewel!”

All this served very well to amuse the juvenile minds of our grand parents, but in these days when the wandering Jewish propensity to travel over the face of the earth, has attained its full development, we find it to be a well-ascertained fact that there are Englishmen who affect fricassees more than roast beef, drink French wines, and dress in the French fashion; that Scotchmen may be found, even in Scotland, who have neither caution in their heads, avarice in their hearts, nor kilts round their bodies. Facility of intercourse has done this. The ancient prophecy is being daily fulfilled:—“Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be in-

creased." Railways have rounded off the sharp angles of national dislikes, by promoting social attrition. The locomotive engine is the steam-plough which tears up local prejudices by the roots.

Thus the Rose and the Thistle are vindicated, but the tiny shamrock still droops its green leaf in the atmosphere of public estimation. In judging of Irish character, a very useful distinction drawn in the days of good Queen Bess is overlooked. It divided the nation into "the Irish, the wild Irish, and the extreme wild Irish." In justice, these distinctions ought to be preserved; for the "Irish" of the present day are, upon the whole, pretty much like other well-bred, well-educated members of the civilised world; eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, and living much as their neighbours do. But it must be owned that the lower orders,—the "wild Irish" of the towns, and the "extreme wild Irish" of the bogs and mountains,—present some striking and picturesque peculiarities to justify the conventional Irishman of the old novel: the most prominent being that mingled love of fun and fighting, which would make one believe that the atmosphere of the four fair provinces is compounded in equal portions of inflammable and laughing gas.

Very deplorable, indeed, must be the state of an Irishman—he must "be gone to the bad entirely," when he can neither smile nor quarrel; and often even "under the ribs of death" is "an appetite created" for these excitements. He loves fun; but fighting is his pride and his glory. For fighting he forswears name and wealth. You may call him by all the uncomplimentary names in the vocabulary of censure, and he hears you meekly; but cast an imputation on his courage or his prowess, and—"Hah! Whoo!—you will feel his shillelagh whizzing around your ears like a fire-work in a state of explosion.

An illustration of this peculiarity, of the ease with which a "wild Irishman" will forego every prudent consideration in preference to the disgrace of having been beaten in battle occurred, but a short while since. In a Union workhouse in the south, some of the able-bodied paupers came into rather forcible collision with the officials: The cause of dispute was the supply of "stirabout," which being deemed insufficient by a few stout fellows, they marched into the kitchen, seized lades and bowls, and proceeded to help themselves. An alarm of this lawless incursion being given, in rushed to the rescue the master and his myrmidons. Fast and furious were the blows dealt by both parties, but the strong hand of the law at length prevailed, the well-fed officers triumphed over their famine-weakened foes, and the stalwart master counted his victory by the number of broken heads prostrated by the huge ladle which he wielded. The proprietors of the damaged

craniums were subsequently conveyed to the surgeon's room, and severally bandaged and plastered as their cases required. Most of the hurts were found to be trifling, but one poor fellow had received a severe contusion. With the dislike which many of his countrymen feel, to submit to the prescription of qualified practitioners, Tim Murphy, in a day or two, asked for his discharge, threw off the well-fixed bandages, and betook himself to the squalid shelter of a cabin belonging to an "uncle's son," nearly as poor as himself, an unqualified "docther," whose unprofessional practice it was to prescribe charms and philtres in place of physic. This reckless proceeding was followed by its natural result. The hurt which, with common care, would have readily healed, became inflamed, fever ensued, and the man died. This melancholy finale to the workhouse row caused much excitement, and an investigation of the whole business was instituted by the magistrates. On the day when it took place, the hall of the workhouse was crowded, and although it was shown that the master was justified in using force to protect the kitchen stores from the paupers, and it was also proved that under proper surgical treatment the patient would, in all human probability, have recovered, yet the point to be decided was, whether John Minahan, the master, had used unnecessary violence in the discharge of his duty. The principal witness against him, was a man who appeared with evident "tokens of a foughten field" on his forehead, and who indeed had been the only recipient, besides Tim Murphy, of any serious injury. The examination proceeded nearly as follows:—

After having deposed readily and clearly to the fact of the combat, and of John Minahan having rushed to the rescue of the porridge-pots, he was asked:

"Did you see the master strike any one in particular?"

"Not he, indeed; he was no ways particular; but he murdered and killed every one that came in his way."

"Did he strike you?"

"Did he strike me, is it? Why, then, if he did, I paid it back to him handsomely."

"Answer distinctly. Whom did you see him strike?"

"Ah, then, little matter 'twould be who he'd strike, if the boys had his feeding, and he had theirs to depend on for one month. It's little good the son of ould Thady Minahan, the tinker, would do, if he was living on Ingy male and water."

"Come, come," said the magistrate, impatiently, "give me a plain answer to a plain question. Did Minahan knock you down?"

"Is it the likes of him to knock me down? I'd like to see him try it. He didn't, nor couldn't, your Honour's glory."

Up started the accused, and cried; "I *did* knock you down, and bate you well, too. Your

Honours," he continued, turning to the bench, "if I'm to swing for it the next minute, I won't let *that* go with the vagabone. I wouldn't lave it to him to say that I didn't knock him down, and murder him handsomely to his heart's content."

The witness had been summoned to prove that the master had used unnecessary violence; the defendant was there to prove he had not employed more force than the occasion demanded. But would they establish such proofs at the expense of their respective reputations? Should it be said that Tim Murphy's friend, or John Minahan, were not able to "murther ach other intirely," at any given minute's notice? Never! Tim Murphy's friend would starve on "Ingy male," and John Minahan would lose his place first.

What became of the witness has not been stated; but the defendant did lose his situation; the guardians of the Union thought that his national ideas of honour were undoubtedly more suited to military than to civil avocations.

Although it is doubtful whether *the* Irish peculiarity will ever be totally eradicated from the national character, yet the savage custom of faction-fighting is becoming each year more rare. Sometimes, indeed, at the close of a fair a "bit of a fight" does spring up; but the casualties thence resulting, are seldom of a grave or fatal character; and the contending parties may frequently be seen proceeding homewards, with arms lovingly linked together, and tongues vowing eternal friendship; although this, it must be confessed, is an indication of a renewal rather than of the end of an Irish fight.

No doubt the process of fusing the national peculiarities of the three kingdoms is advancing rapidly. It is no wild speculation to anticipate the probability, that fifty years hence there may be little apparent difference between an average native of England, Ireland, (always excepting the "extreme wild Irishman") or Scotland.

WHERE DWELL THE DEAD?

WHERE do they dwell? 'Neath grassy mounts, by daisies,

Lilies, and yellow-cups of fairest gold;
Near grey-grown walls, where in wild, tortuous mazes,

Old clustering ivy wreathes in many a fold:

Where in red summer noons

Fresh leaves are rustling,

Where 'neath large autumn moons

Young birds are nestling—

Do they dwell there?

Where do they dwell? In sullen waters, lying

On beds of purple sea-flowers newly sprung;

Where the mad whirlpool's wild and ceaseless sighing,

Frets sloping banks, by dark green reeds o'erhung:

Where, by the torrent's swell,

Crystal stones glitter,

While sounds the heavy bell
Over the river—

Do they dwell there?

No: for in these they slumber to decay,
And their remembrance with their life departs;
They have a home,—nor dark, nor far away—
Their proper home,—within our faithful hearts

There happy spirits wed,

Loving for ever;

There dwell with us, the dead,

Parting—ah, never—

There do they dwell!

FATE DAYS.

It is a difficult puzzle to reconcile the existence of certain superstitions that continue to have wide influence with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. When we have read glowing paragraphs about the wonderful progress accomplished by the present generation; when we have regarded the giant machinery in operation for the culture of the people—moved, in great part, by the collective power of individual charity; when we have examined the stupendous results of human genius and ingenuity which are now laid bare to the lowliest in the realm; we turn back, it must be confessed, with a mournful despondency, to mark the debasing influence of the old superstitions which have survived to the present time.

The superstitions of the ancients formed part of their religion. They consulted oracles as now men pray. The stars were the arbiters of their fortunes. Natural phenomena, as lightning and hurricanes, were, to them, awful expressions of the anger of their particular deities. They had their *dies atri* and their *dies albi*; the former were marked down in their calendars with a black character, to denote ill-luck, and the latter were painted in white characters to signify bright and propitious days. They followed the finger-posts of their teachers. Faith gave dignity to the tenets of the star-gazer and fire-worshipper.

The priests of old taught their disciples to regard six particular days in the year as days fraught with unusual danger to mankind. Men were enjoined not to let blood on these black days, nor to imbibe any liquid. It was devoutly believed that he who ate goose on one of these black days would surely die within forty more; and that any little stranger who made his appearance on one of the *dies atri* would surely die a sinful and violent death. Men were further enjoined to let blood from the right arm on the seventh or fourteenth of March; from the left arm on the eleventh of April; and from either arm on the third or sixth of May, that they might avoid pestilential diseases. These barbaric observances, when brought before people in illustrations of the mental darkness of the ancients, are considered at once to be proof positive of their abject condition. We thereupon congratulated ourselves upon living in the nineteenth century; when such foolish superstitions are

laughed at; and perhaps our vanity is not a little flattered by the contrast which presents itself, between our own highly cultivated condition, and the wretched state of our ancestors.

Yet Mrs. Flimmins will not undertake a sea-voyage on a Friday; nor would she on any account allow her daughter Mary to be married on that day of the week. She has great pity for the poor Red Indians who will not do certain things while the moon presents a certain appearance, and who attach all kinds of powers to poor dumb brutes; yet if her cat purrs more than usual, she accepts the warning, and abandons the trip she had promised herself on the morrow.

Miss Nippers subscribes largely to the fund for eradicating superstitions from the minds of the wretched inhabitants of Kamschatka; and while she is calculating the advantages to be derived from a mission to the South Sea Islands, to do away with the fearful superstitious reverence in which those poor dear islanders hold the native flea: a coal pops from her fire, and she at once augurs from its shape, an abundance of money that will enable her to set her pious undertaking in operation; but on no account will she commence collecting subscriptions for the anti-drinking-slave-grown-sugar-in-tea society, because she has always remarked that Monday is her unlucky day. On a Monday her poodle died, and on a Monday she caught that severe cold at Brighton, from the effects of which she is afraid she will never recover.

Mrs. Carmine is a very strong-minded woman. Her unlucky day is Wednesday. On a Wednesday she first caught that flush which she has never been able to chase from her cheeks, and on one of these fatal days her Maria took the scarlet fever. Therefore, she will not go to a pic-nic on a Wednesday, because she feels convinced that the day will turn out wet, or that the wheel will come off the carriage. Yet the other morning, when a gipsy was caught telling her eldest daughter her fortune, Mrs. Carmine very properly reproached the first-born for her weakness, in giving any heed to the silly mumblings of the old woman. Mrs. Carmine is considered to be a woman of uncommon acuteness. She attaches no importance whatever to the star under which a child is born,—does not think there is a pin to choose between Jupiter and Neptune; and she has a positive contempt for ghosts; but she believes in nothing that is begun, continued, or ended on a Wednesday.

Miss Crumple, on the contrary, has seen many ghosts,—in fact, is by this time quite intimate with one or two of the mysterious brotherhood; but at the same time she is at a loss to understand how any woman in her senses, can believe Thursday to be a more fortunate day than Wednesday, or why Monday is to be black-balled from the Mrs. Jones's calendar. She can state, on her oath, that the ghost of her old schoolfellow, Eliza Artichoke,

appeared at her bedside on a certain night and she distinctly saw the mole on its left cheek, which poor Eliza, during her brief career, had vainly endeavoured to eradicate, with all sorts of poisonous things. The ghost, moreover, lisped,—so did Eliza! This was all clear enough to Miss Crumple, and she considered it a personal insult for anybody to suggest that her vivid apparitions existed only in her own over-wrought imagination. She had an affection for her ghostly visitors, and would not hear a word to their disparagement.

The unearthly warnings which Mrs. Piptoss had received had well-nigh spoilt all her furniture. When a relative dies, the fact is not announced to her in the commonplace form of a letter,—no, an invisible sledge-hammer falls upon her Broadwood, an invisible power upsets her loo-table, all the doors of her house unanimously blow open, or a coffin flies out of the fire into her lap.

Mrs. Grumple, who is a very economical housewife, looks forward to the day when the moon re-appears,—on which occasion she turns her money, taking care not to look at the pale lady through glass. This observance, she devoutly believes, will bring her good fortune. When Miss Caroline has a knot in her lace, she looks for a present; and when Miss Amelia snuffs the candle out, it is her faith that the act defers her marriage for a twelvemonth. Any young lady who dreams the same dream two consecutive Fridays, will tell you that her visions will "come true."

Yet these are exactly the ladies, who most deplore the "gross state of superstition" in which many "benighted savages" live, and willingly subscribe their money for its eradication. The superstition so generally connected with Friday, may easily be traced to its source. It undoubtedly and confessedly has its origin in scriptural history: it is the day on which the Saviour suffered. The superstition is the more revolting from this circumstance; and it is painful to find that it exists among persons of education. There is no branch of the public service, for instance, in which so much sound mathematical knowledge is to be found, as in the Navy. Yet who are more superstitious than sailors, from the admiral down to the cabin boy? Friday fatality is still strong among them. Some years ago, in order to lessen this folly, it was determined that a ship should be laid down on a Friday, and launched on a Friday; that she should be called "Friday," and that she should commence her first voyage on a Friday. After much difficulty a captain was found who owned to the name of Friday; and after a great deal more difficulty men were obtained, so little superstitious, as to form a crew. Unhappily, this experiment had the effect of confirming the superstition it was meant to abolish. The "Friday" was lost—was never, in fact, heard of from the day she set sail.

Day-fatality, as Miss Nippers interprets it

is simply the expression of an undisciplined and extremely weak mind ; for, if any person will stoop to reason with her on her aversion to Mondays, he may ask her whether the death of the poodle, or the catching of her cold, are the two greatest calamities of her life ; and, if so, whether it is her opinion that Monday is set apart, in the scheme of Nature, so far as it concerns her, in a black character. Whether for her insignificant self there is a special day accursed ! Mrs. Carmine is such a strong-minded woman, that we approach her with no small degree of trepidation. Wednesday is her *dies ater*, because, in the first place, on a Wednesday she imprudently exposed herself, and is suffering from the consequences ; and, in the second place, on a Wednesday her Maria took the scarlet fever. So she has marked Wednesday down in her calendar with a black character ; yet her contempt for stars and ghosts is prodigious. Now there is a consideration to be extended to the friends of ghosts, which Day-fatalists cannot claim. Whether or not deceased friends take a more airy and flimsy form, and adopt the invariable costume of a sheet to visit the objects of their earthly affections, is a question which the shrewdest thinkers and the profoundest logicians have debated very keenly, but without ever arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

The strongest argument against the positive existence of ghosts, is, that they appear only to people of a certain temperament, and under certain exciting circumstances. The obtuse, matter-of-fact man, never sees a ghost ; and we may take it as a natural law, that none of these airy visitants ever appeared to an attorney. But the attorney, Mr. Fee Simple, we are assured, holds Saturday to be an unlucky day. It was on a Saturday that his extortionate bill in poor Mr. G.'s case, was cut down by the taxing master ; and it was on a Saturday that a certain heavy bill was duly honoured, upon which he had hoped to reap a large sum in the shape of costs. Therefore Mr. Fee Simple believes that the destinies have put a black mark against Saturday, so far as he is concerned.

The Jew who thought that the thunder-storm was the consequence of his having eaten a slice of bacon, did not present a more ludicrous picture, than Mr. Fee Simple presents with his condemned Saturday.

We have an esteem for ghost-inspectors, which it is utterly impossible to extend to Day-fatalists. Mrs. Piptoss, too, may be pitied ; but Mog, turning her money when the moon makes her re-appearance, is an object of ridicule. We shall neither be astonished, nor express condolence, if the present, which Miss Caroline anticipates from the knot in her lace, be not forthcoming ; and as for Miss Amelia, who has extinguished the candle, and to the best of her belief lost her husband for a twelvemonth, we can only wish for her, that when she is married, her

lord and master will shake her faith in the prophetic power of snuffers. But of all the superstitious that have survived to the present time, and are to be found in force among people of education and a thoughtful habit, Day-fatalism is the most general, as it is the most unfounded and preposterous. It is a superstition, however, in which many great and powerful thinkers have shared, and by which they have been guided ; it owes much of its present influence to this fact ; but reason, Christianity, and all we have comprehended of the great scheme of which we form part, alike tend to demonstrate its absurdity, and utter want of all foundation.

A LETTER ABOUT SMALL BEGINNINGS.

SIR,—Fortunate mistakes are by no means uncommon. In your number seventeen you fall into an error in reference to the Westminster Ragged Dormitory ; in the correction of which I have the good fortune to be able to give you some interesting information. You stated that the particular institution there alluded to was founded by Mr. Walker, the city missionary—that was the error. The credit is due, and should have been given to Mr. C. Nash, who was formerly a schoolmaster, employed by Mr. Walker to teach a ragged school which that gentleman had established before “Ragged Schools” had received their appropriate designation and wide popularity.

The tact, management, and energy displayed by Mr. Nash in forming and establishing the St. Ann Street dormitory deserve every praise ; but the ground was in some measure prepared for him by his former principal. The manner in which this was done shows “the power of small beginnings,” even in a stronger light than was exhibited in your article with that title.*

In the year 1840 it became my duty to enquire into the condition of what are but too literally the outcasts of society ; and for that purpose obtained introductions to several city missionaries—adequate description of the scenes of harrowing want, disease, and crime into which those gentlemen introduced me, it would be impossible to pen. They alone seemed able to penetrate the dark moral atmosphere. They were always welcomed even by the poorest and the worst.

As one specimen of the efforts made by the Westminster missionaries, I was introduced to a dilapidated shed in New Pye Street. Here I found several young children of both sexes, in rags, and some nearly naked. The scene was most grotesque ; the clotted hair, the mud-covered hands and faces, and the haggard countenances, at once told a tale which would have pierced the coldest heart. They were being taught reading and needle-

* At page 407.

work. They were not particularly orderly and some showed a quaint, pantomimic, half-witted disposition to be funny, which pained rather than amused the spectator. Most of them were the sons and daughters of thieves. The small beginning which gave rise to the general idea of Ragged Dormitories took rise in an event for which I can vouch.

The missionary who had formed this school was standing one day, in 1846, at its door, when two adult thieves appealed to him in behalf of a wretched boy who had, they said, been cruelly maltreated and kicked out of doors by his mother, because his day's prowl for the purpose of thieving had been unsuccessful. "Why do you not take pity on him yourselves?"—asked the missionary. "Why!"—one of them answered,—“why, if you knew what a thief's life is as well as we do; you would not train a dog to thieving.” It must have been, thought the missionary, a desperate case which could have so forcibly excited the sympathies of two hardened depredators; and he determined to see into it. He soon found the boy; and his condition was too debased for any description which would not excite loathing. Having made the lad decent, he took him to the model lodging-house in Great Peter Street, benevolently commenced and mainly supported by Lord Kinnaird. The boy was kept there for four months; supported three out of the four solely out of the missionary's slender private funds.

This circumstance forced on his attention the necessity of providing shelter for such juvenile outcasts, and he drew up an appeal to certain benevolent persons to that effect. The secretary of the Ragged School Union immediately promised that if the missionary would find house room, he would find funds. A house was taken in Old Pye Street, which was soon afterwards opened as the Westminster Juvenile Refuge and School of Industry. This establishment was afterwards removed to Duck Lane, where it now flourishes, under a roof which formerly covered a Thieves' public-house. The transformation is thus described by the gentleman who made it, in a pamphlet now before me:—

“Indulge me for a moment,” he says, “with a glance at the old public-house, (now The Refuge!) Let us look in at the upper room—(now the girls' school). Here were fifty youths met around their master (as able a one in his calling as England could produce), listening with undivided attention to his instructions on the ‘map,’—(a pair of trowsers suspended from the ceiling)—on the subject of ‘fob-ology,’ or pocket-picking. After this course of tuition, the next was the mock trial—an imitation of the Old Bailey Court, with a *fac-simile* of its functionaries and ordeal, done with very great taste, and calculated to make the young rascal not only expert in extracting from the fob or pocket, but clever in defence. To train the young novice in his first essay, he was supplied with

a glass, below in the tap—(now the dining-room of the children). If successful, then he returned for the purpose of reporting his success, and having a game at skittles in the skittle ground—(now the boys' school-room.)”

A concise calculation of the respective expenses entailed on the country, in the same house, under its former and present destiny, may here be made. When it was a finishing-school for thieves, each, on conviction and transportation, cost the community not less than one hundred and fifty pounds. Comparing fifty thieves in the upper room with the fifty pupils now in the lower room, we find that, for the first fifty the cost was five thousand five hundred pounds; for the present fifty, two hundred and fifty pounds. Had the five thousand five hundred pounds been used for the preventing instead of the punishing of crime, what would not have been accomplished for these neglected mortals? It would have educated eleven hundred youths, many of whom would not only have been rescued from vice and crime, but have become a blessing instead of a curse to society.

What I have described, then, is the true origin of the class of institutions to which that founded by Mr. Nash belongs.

The Duck Lane Ragged School and Dormitory averages at present a daily attendance of two hundred and twenty children of both sexes, forty have no fathers, twenty-eight have no mothers, eighteen are orphans, six of the fathers have been transported. Provision is made for ten who are totally destitute; they are fed and lodged on the premises; twenty-four thieves and vagrants have been admitted during the year, and many more refused for want of support; eleven have emigrated, three have been provided with situations in this country; some of those have spent three, five, seven, and ten years in a course of crime; who have gone forth from this Institution after a moral and an industrial training, and are now doing well.

Three of the emigrants have given an account of themselves in the following joint epistle to Mr. Walker, their benefactor. It is so characteristic that we print it almost literally:—

“Mr. Walker, “B—, July 18th, 1850.

“Dear Sir,—You may wonder how it is that you have not heard from us before, but as they that came from Mr. Nash, was going to write, they promised Mr. Cain that they would acquaint you of our safe arrival. We left Gravesend on the Sunday morning, and sailed out for the great depths of the Atlantic, which gave us some *great shakes* before we got to our journey's end. The vessel proved to be in but a sorry condition for passengers, there being hardly any dry berths on board, and ours the worst of the whole lot, Mr. Cain and Churn got another berth aft, and Fred and me had to take to the sails room aft where we stopt during the remainder of the voyage. We had four deaths on board, two babies, one old lady, and one of the poor sailors who fell from the fore top across the windlass, which killed him

instantly. We made the passage in about five weeks and five days, as we arrived at New York on the 17th of May. We found it to be a place quite different to our liking, and so we left it and proceeded up the country without anything in our pockets, for we were determined not to be discouraged, though in a strange land, for we knew that we had the same eye watching over us here as we had in England so we pushed on, on board of a canal boat that was going to Buffalo, but stopping about $2\frac{1}{2}$ Miles from the Town of B— on account of a breakage in the canal, we took the opportunity to look round the Town for work and was fortunate enough to fall into work, the three of us. Fred is learning the harness-making, as he did not much care about learning the shoemaking over again, as me and Churn has to do, for the work here is as different to what we had been accustomed to as light from darkness. I do scarcely anything but upper leathers, with now and then a pair or two of Boy's Boots which I make here in about three hours, being all pegged work, as for closing you must not take a day to close one pair, but must do 16 or 18 pair a day, and 6 or 8 pair of what you call Wellingtons. So you will see by this that it is no use coming over unless you mean to work in downright earnest, for they think of nothing but of making money, up at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 4 four in the morning, begin work at five and keep on till seven in the evening, and no time allowed for your meals but eat away as fast as you like and then back again to work, our breakfast here beats all the dinners in England, for theres roast and boil meats, pies, puddings, cakes, salads, tea, coffee, bread and butter which latter article comes on at all meals. We had grand doings here on the fourth of July, in anniversary of their Independence fireworks, Bonfires, Circus, shows, firemen going round all the City with the engines decorated out with flowers which look very pretty. The President of the united States died at Washington on the tenth of this month of Billious Diarrhoe, he is to be buried on friday the 12th. Twenty years ago this Town was nothing but a low swampy mass of Land, with but one house on it, now it is a flourishing place with twenty thousand inhabitants, its rise is owing to a salt spring about 2 miles off where they make vast quantities of salt, indeed it is one of the chief trades here it employs about three thousand hands all the summer, but they do not work at it in the winter, their weekly earnings are from 4 to 5 Dollars that is 1 pound English. It is very hard work I can tell you, in this country were the thremeter is never much less than 100 during the summer, where they have got to stand over large Furnaces, attending to the boiling of the salt. I do not think that I shall rest contended over here longer than a few years, for a man earns not a fraction more here than he does in England, the only difference is, that he works more hours here than he does there and consequently he is glad to get home to rest himself, instead of fooling his money away at the pothouse, and then some of the things are rather cheaper here, and as I told you before they only think of getting money. I shall write and let you know more about it when I have been over some time longer, I shall then I guess know more about the place. You can tell the others if they come over that I should advise them to push up a little higher in the country than stop in New York as it is far

better, and tell them that they need not mind having any money for they will not starve over here for we found the people very kind to us here not like they are in England. You must excuse this funny letter, as it is the work of several evenings, and therefore it may read curious, for I have felt rather unsettled as yet being among strangers, but I will write you another shortly, when I feel more at home, and will give you a further discription of the place, so you must excuse all faults. Timothy Case left his place in New York, for what reason I do not know further than that he said he only was going there till we came that he might go with us, as he felt sure when I saw New York that I should not stop in it, and that if we would not go with him, he should then have gone by himself. I felt very vexed with him at leaving, and tried to persuade to stop but it was no use, so Fred and me took him under our care and got our boss to take him where he is now learning the harness making. I guess he will get about 20 Dollars a year he being hardly an inch taller than he was at home. When you return an answer direct to me at Mr. Apples Boot and Shoe Store 8 Empire Block B— Onyodaga County State of New York. They don't say streets, but call them Blocks, and they *guess* they don't *think* here so I suppose that I shall get a regular Yankee in time. It is tremendous hot here now, and I feel it so when at work very much. Tell Mr. Slade that I will writo him a letter *soon*. I get 2s. 6d. english money a week or 30 Dollars a year of this, board lodging and washing which is pretty fair wages here for boys, learning pegged work, the general pay being 15 or 18 dollars a year, but as we had learned the other work our boss gave us thirty, (boss here is what they call the Master in England) Fred and Churn gets the same wages, as me, you must give all our best loves and wishes to all the School children, and we hope that they will all value their learning, which they will find will be a blessing and comfort to them hereafter. You can tell them that I often think of them when I sit at work and that I almost fancy that I am in the old shop once more hearing their voices as they say their lessons showing how strong fancy leads us back again to old familiar scenes, I hope that God will bless and prosper them all in this life, and that he will take them to his everlasting home is the fervent prayer of John Jones. Give our love to all kind friends at home, for so I am bound to call it, and receive the same yourself with Mrs. W— and Harriet.

"From yours ever affectionate pupils,
"J. J., J. H. C., and F. J."

Before reception into the Duck Lane School, all these boys had been thieves. J. J. had lived by plunder for seven years; J. H. C. had been a thief from early childhood; and F. J. from the age of five years.

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FOREIGNERS' PORTRAITS OF ENGLISHMEN.

THE extraordinary being, conjured up in the minds of most foreigners under the generic term Englishman, seems to be something more uncommon than the veracious Gulliver ever encountered, and more heterogeneous than John Bulwer in his *Artificiall Changeling* portrayed. As a Spanish *olla podrida* and a Devonshire squab-pie are said to be made up of all the contradictory edibles that can be conceivably assembled in one dish; so is the hash, cooked up by the French or German novelist and dramatist to represent a true born Briton, an incarnation of every unlikely extravagance it is possible to assemble in one character.

The true expression of what is popularly believed of us abroad is not to be found so distinctly set forth in novels, as in plays. The novelist is restricted in a measure within the not narrow bounds of probability; but the dramatist may first revel at will in the rankest breadths of impossible absurdity; and then the actor may intensify the enormity by dress, gait, and unmeasured foolery. The amount of instruction on the manners, habits, feelings, modes of expression, gesture, dress, and general demeanour of his compatriots which an Englishman may glean in some of the foreign Theatres, when an Englishman is being represented on the stage, is perfectly astounding. We have in this way become acquainted with English characteristics of which the most comically inclined maniac could never dream after the most dyspeptic of suppers.

It is not long since the mirror held up to Nature—that is, English nature reflected by the French—revealed to us, at the *Ambigu Comique* and at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, in Paris, "that of ourselves which yet we knew not of"—dreamt not of. One gentleman who supported not only the character of a Prefect, but an enormous cocked-hat, assured us that when we were at home, we groaned under the tyranny of a feudal government, which ground us to the dust; that our Commonality was overridden and harrowed by tax-exacting aristocrats; that they died of starvation in heaps; that if they dared to call their souls their own, the latter were summarily released from their bodies by a perambulating police disguised as

members of the Royal Humane Society. In another scene the same public instructor told us, that all Englishmen (of course including the starved Commonality) possess enormous wealth, which they usually employ in the purchase of "*Le titre de Lord*;"—an unnecessary outlay, as every person not a tradesman receives the title as a matter of course. Yet this avails them little, as the different orders of our nobility hold no communication with persons of higher or lower rank; our national pride preventing the one, and the best of all reasons—"because they can't"—the other. Our patricians ride abroad followed by armed retainers; nor is any vulgar person allowed to come between the wind and their nobility: the streets being expressly cleared for them by constables. When at home, however, seated in a golden chair in company with the Spleen, the "jeune Miss," his wife, and a "bouille-dog," a native of our kingdom passes his time chiefly in drinking tea with lemon in it, and saying, "Hoh!—Hah!—Yeeas!—Gottam!—and ver gut!"

Our ladies are a little too much given to fighting, and a little too lightly won. We sell our wives. This is a very common mercantile transaction indeed. A "pen" of no mean dimensions is appropriated in Smithfield for the interesting periodical auction. Our Queen makes away with many millions a year, and cuts off the heads of any persons to whom she may take a dislike, or hangs them, without the intervention of judge, jury, or any other functionary than the executioner, who—another Tristan the Hermit—is a regular member of the Royal Household. We are, however, for the most part, a harmless and ridiculous race, affording excellent sport to innkeepers and adventurers. We eat prodigiously. Indeed so great is our love for good cheer, that we name our children after our favourite dishes. If a person in good society is not called Sir Rosbif, he will probably answer to the name of Lord Bifstek—in honor of the two great national dishes, which we have spelt in that manner from time immemorial.

In a pretty piece at the Gymnase in Paris, where the Prime Minister of England unfortunately ruined himself by speculating in Railway shares, a thorough-going English servant appeared under that thorough-going

English name Tom Bob—the honest fellow having been christened Tom, and born the lawful son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob. In an Italian adaptation of Dumas' preposterous play of "KEAN," which we once saw at the great Theatre of Genoa, the curtain rose upon that celebrated Tragedian, drunk and fast asleep in a chair, attired in a dark blouse fastened round the waist with a broad belt and a most prodigious buckle, and wearing a dark red hat of the sugar-loaf shape, nearly three feet high. He bore in his hand a champagne-bottle, with the label *RHUM*, in large capital letters, carefully turned towards the audience; and two or three dozen of the same popular liquor which we are nationally accustomed to drink neat as imported by the half-gallon, ornamented the floor of the apartment. Every frequenter of the Coal Hole Tavern in the Strand, on that occasion, wore a sword and a beard.

Every English lady presented on the stage in Italy, wears a green veil; and almost every such specimen of our fair countrywomen carries a bright red reticule, made in the form of a monstrous heart. We do not remember to have ever seen an Englishman on the Italian stage, or in the Italian Circus, without a stomach like Daniel Lambert, an immense shirt-frill, and a bunch of watch-seals, each several times larger than his watch, though the watch itself was an impossible engine. And we have rarely beheld this mimic Englishman, without seeing present, then and there, a score of real Englishmen, sufficiently characteristic and unlike the rest of the audience, to whom he bore no shadow of resemblance.

These edifying pictures of the English are not complete without the finishing touches of grotesque absurdity vouchsafed by the actors. A few winters ago we were enticed into the little theatre of Coblenz by the information paraded in large placards on the doors that it was "very well warned;" that Auber's opera of *Fra Diavolo* was to be played; and that the part of Lord Allcash was to be personated by a distinguished comic actor. Even while we write, his lordship is before our mind's eye, blazingly costumed in a green coat, blue inexpressibles, top-boots, a brace of yellow handkerchiefs sticking out of either pocket, a couple of watches, and a hat with a feather in it! Yet, if they do not know something of the ordinary appearance of an English traveller in Coblenz, where should they? He must be at least as well known there, as in Devonshire or the Isle of Wight.

So, in Brussels, where the English almost outnumber the native population, the audiences relish a curious amount of ignorance respecting England and the English; as the dramatis personæ of a piece exhibited so recently as last May at the Théâtre St Hubert, will show. It was called "*La Lectrice, ou une folie de jeune homme. Comédie Vaudevillienne en 2 actes*, par M. Bazard." It must have had a considerable run; for the play-bill

states that M. Ferville had created a great sensation in the character of "Sir Cobridge," at Paris. We have some idea that "Sir Cobridge" must be intended for the Sleeping Partner in a Porter-Brewery, and that the name is a dreamy reminiscence of the popular individual Sir Co. made easy of remembrance by sign-boards. But the first personage we have occasion to mention is, "Sir Arthur" (jeune officier), who has no other name, and who has no occasion for one, everybody calling him "my lord," according (as he observed) to the usual form of address in England. Sir Arthur considers it the first duty of a British officer to insult a respectable blind old gentleman—who is moreover his guest—because the blind old gentleman ventures to insinuate something against one of the officers of Sir Arthur's regiment, through whom he has suffered severely. This chivalrous young nobleman, disdaining all inquiry into the circumstances, at once constitutes himself champion of every individual belonging to the entire British army. The next personage is a young gentleman possessing (as he observed) a name extremely common in Britain, to wit, "Clac-Own." The actor of this part was fitted up with a wig of violently red hair, like a carriage-rug, and was dressed in a kind of fusion of an English jockey with a French Field-Marshal. Expecting to inherit the vast possession of his uncle, Sir Cobridge, Clac-Own passed his time, according to the custom of Anglican nephews in such cases, in giving his uncle to understand how extremely inconvenient he finds his society, and in informing him that "Shak-es-pair"—who, being Sir Cobridge's favourite author, is naturally the avowed bugbear of Clac-Own,—is an insufferable bore. This is going too far; and the wealthy old gentleman (who has quietly submitted to every other species of personal insult from his intended heir,) is so shocked by this contempt for "Shak-es-pair," that he feels himself compelled to sing a song; wherein he demonstrates, in the most lucid tira-lal-a-la logic, that Clac-Own is very decidedly in the wrong. The scena concludes by Sir Cobridge ordering Clac-Own off, in some very deep bass notes, to "*Le Lincoln!*"—an idiomatic place of banishment, that would appear to be very popular among us, though whether it stands for Coventry, Bath, Jericho, Halifax, or any other such place, we are unable to report. Clac-Own, Sir Arthur, and several others having assembled at a later stage of the proceedings to go out hunting, the Belgian public perceive that our usual equipment for that sport is a white tailed coat, light blue breeches, patent leather hessian boots with brass spurs, a red neckerchief—such as one may see whispering to the gale in Field Lane or Wapping,—a turned-down shirt-collar, a gun, a cutlas, and an enormous game pouch. Thus arrayed and mounted on the "*chevaux fougueux*" of our island, we pursue and capture the crafty fox.

—When we add that Monsieur Bazard, who is the author of this singular production, is of the opinion of Boiardo, that the English have an especial talent for falling off their horses—and no wonder, riding across the country in such trim!—we have described the leading points of this accurate picture.

Most of these distorted views of English life originate with the French with whom we have had most intercourse, and who ought to know us best; but our German and Austrian friends, the dramatic caricaturists, have a very hard hit at us now and then. Only last month we were attracted to the Carl Theatre, in Vienna, by one little line in a play-bill, which announced a new piece, the English title of which is, "The Benefit Night." Here is the line:—

Lord Pudding, ein reisender Engländer . . . Hr. Heese.

Lord Pudding, a Travelling Englishman . . . Mr. Heese.

In rigid obedience to the law, which has impressed the names of eatables upon the eaters thereof, the author had christened his "pock-pudding-Englischer" (to borrow a pleasant periphrasis from Scotland), out of the pot. Nevertheless "The Benefit Night"—in which we think we desery some reflection of a very good French vaudeville—is written with considerable cleverness and wit. The plot was chiefly evolved from the endeavours of a manager to obtain the assistance of certain eminent "stars" of the profession for his benefit. He first presented himself to a great singer, who was, of course, afflicted with a cold, but who was at length frightened into voice by hearing that a rival had already agreed to sing his part, and by an assurance from the manager that the new singer had already taken everybody by storm at the rehearsal. A great tragedian the manager won by flattery; "the food of gods" being the only thing worthy the acceptance of so august a personage; and a dancer he bribed by assuring her that the wealthy Englishman, "Lord Pudding," would be in the house, especially to fall in love with her. He also promised a troop of experienced claqueurs to applaud her new "pas."

We were introduced to Lord Pudding, as he appeared while indulging in the singular fancy of taking a lesson in Elocution from a German actor! His personal appearance was wonderful to behold. He was much stuffed out with wadding to increase his natural proportions, and his dress was such as the tailors—not only of Pall-Mall and St. James's Street, but of any English extraction or habitation whatsoever—would see with amaze. It was composed of a blue dress coat, with white buttons, a red waistcoat, nankeen tights, shoes of polished leather, and long brass spurs. His neckerchief was a bright blue, carrying the eye pleasantly up to a very white hat with an imperceptible brim. The author appeared to have studied the manners of our aristo-

cracy with exceeding diligence; for, to the usual peculiarities which may be considered the "stock" of Foreign theatricals, he added some strikingly original features. Lord Pudding was, of course, a lover, and of course an unsuccessful one; he was jilted by the French dancer. When he danced he was made to tumble; when he saluted a lady he gave his lips a loud smack. He entered a room like a whirlwind, and between his paroxysms of "fuss" our usual friendly salutation "*Gottam*" was repeated many times; to the enthusiastic delight of the audience, who believed it to be a polished sort of "How-d' ye-do?" He was quite the Clown to the Ring; and had the long pockets—in which that gentleman usually searches for the chalk when it is required for the tight-rope—well-filled. Nor was Pudding stingy with his money. Despite his hard usage by the ballet-lady, he was liberal to the manager. Though wrathful, he was of easy faith; being readily imposed upon, and peculiarly sensible to flattery, by which means he was induced to take three boxes for the benefit, viz., one for himself; one for the policeman who had been in constant attendance on him since his arrival, to restrain his inveterate propensity for knocking down the lieges of the city (so intense was his love for "the boaks;") the third for the exclusive occupation of —, his boule-dog! One or two little touches, which distinguished his lordship, showed that the actor was, at least, an observer. Such were, the hat pushed back from the crimson forehead, the heavy rolling walk, and a strenuous objection to be kissed—all particularly English.

Other specimens of the genus we had previously seen, however, showed that Lord Pudding was a very fair example of an English gentleman on the German stage.

We cannot but believe that though amusing, these caricatures—exhibited as they are to ignorant and prejudiced minds—tend to confound the just relations between one people and another. Perhaps friendly Excursions on both sides of the channel may do much to lessen these absurdities. Unfortunately—as recent publications too well prove—the mistaken estimate of the English is by no means corrected by the graver works now and then put forth by distinguished men. Highly as we esteem M. Guizot and some Frenchmen of real attainments, who have written upon England, we have never taken up a book on the subject without painful disappointment, or without seeing in it errors almost equal to M. Ledru Rollin's more recent incongruities.

To the honour of our modern English authors be it spoken, they have been zealous to avoid such ridiculous mistakes. It is true that the harmless old legends respecting Foreigners—that nine-tenths of them are Frenchmen; that all are of very slender proportions in figure; that their staple diet is frogs; and that, despite Alison's and every other History of Europe,

they very much prefer to dance than to fight; together with other popular delusions—still linger in the minds of some of our bold peasantry and milder cockneys; but it is to be hoped, after many years of peace and better sense, that we may now claim for the majority of even an under-educated British public, a more correct knowledge of the personnel and manners of our Continental neighbours, than our Continental neighbours manifestly have of us. The very foible of Lord Pudding himself—that of being a *travelling* Englishman—would defend him from such blunders as the literary Frankenstein who gave life to the monster, has fallen into. Travelling Englishmen are common abroad, who speak foreign languages, and understand foreign customs, extremely well. There are many of our travellers whom we should be very glad to improve: and thanks to railways, and to our possession of some—though not very much—of the wealth which the foreign dramatic and fictionist artists so liberally attribute to us, we are rapidly polishing off the rust of national prejudice, and ignorance of our brethren abroad. Should an English author or actor be guilty of such laughable mistakes about foreigners as those we have pointed out, woe unutterable would alight on his ignorant head.

Every sort of attraction which brings people of different nations, and even of different counties, together—whether it be a German wool fair, a music meeting, or a Swiss shooting-match—smooths away the acerbities of caste, and strengthens the sympathies of individuals. Let us, therefore, hope that the myriads of exotics which will be attracted next year to the Great Industrial Conservatory in Hyde Park, will receive new vigour and fresh intelligence from their temporary transplantation; that they will learn that Englishmen and English women are not quite the monstrosities they at present appear to believe them. Foreigners will then have the advantage of seeing us at home, and in a mass; and will thenceforth cease to judge us by those follies which they observe in a few idle tourists from these islands. They will see us as we are, reciprocating what we believe to be the general desire here, in reference to them.

THE STEAM PLOUGH.

WHEN the first experiments were being made with the Hay-making Machine, now commonly used in some parts of the country, it happened that Shelley, Mrs. Shelley, and Peacock, the author of "Crotchet Castle," "Headlong Hall," and other works of pungent erudition, were walking through a field where this strange-looking machine was in operation. Instead of the pleasant sight of the rustic men and women with their forks and rakes—a scene so full of indelible associations, from childhood upwards—they saw this quaint monster rolling round the

field over the long swathes of hay, its rotatory forks, or rather fingers on wheels, flinging up the hay on all sides as it went spinning onwards. Meditating on the effect, if successful, this would, some day, have on the vast numbers of poor people in England, to say nothing of the summer invasions of Irish—whose sole dependence for the year is the money they make in the English hay-season—Shelley and the others walked onwards, and left the field. Presently they met a clownish fellow, who was looking intently at the whirling and whisking performance of the round-about machine in the hay-field. Shelley, having no objection to find, in the then adjusted state of society with regard to the labouring classes, that this machine was a failure, said to the clown, in a sort of half contemptuous tone—"Now, tell me,—does that thing answer at all?" The fellow looked Shelley full in the face—"It answers a deuced deal too well," said he; "I wish it was working in the inside of him that made it!"

In this very unsophisticated reply, how vast a question is comprised! But into it we cannot now enter; our present business is how to plough by steam; and the smoke from the "nostrils" of a variety of elegant ploughs, of various horse-and-man powers, is already inviting our attention. Truly, it requires one to take one's breath before commencing the examination!

Old Hesiod, in the second book of his "Works and Days," after giving particular directions for the selection of the wood, as to its natural qualities and form, and also its suitability to an artificial curve, gravely shakes his venerable head, and says—

"To make a plough, great is the expense and care."

Virgil, following his great progenitor, enters with still more minute precision into the details of the selection of the wood and its manufacture into a plough, adding, that he can "recite to you many precepts of the ancients—unless you decline them."

Well, then, to be frank with antiquity, and all its great poets and philosophers, the present age fairly announces by its practices, that it *does* decline, not only the precepts but the example of the ancients, especially in agricultural matters.

The last and not the least important innovation on agricultural labour has yet to be consummated; and it would seem from two large plates, with explanatory remarks, which have been recently published by Lord Willoughby de Eresby, that a monster innovation is not very distant;—no less than "Ploughing by Steam." All great inventions are the result of gradual improvement on a first idea; and an examination of these plates naturally induces us to take a cursory view of what has previously been attempted, and done, in this way.

Not wishing to go back to the "dawning

idea" of a steam-plough, (for the problem was started some fifty years ago), we will begin with taking a look at Mr. Etzler's "Iron Slave." This was invented by a German, and constructed by an Oxfordshire engineer. A public trial of the Iron Slave was made in October 1845. A few signal shots were fired at day-break, the church-bells were set to ring a merry peal, and all the inhabitants of Bicester and Blackthorn came pouring out into the fields to witness the steam-performance of the newly discovered agricultural serf. Booths were erected, and the spectators made a long morning's holiday while the Slave did his ploughing; and hoped that his success would lead, as it ought, to many other morning holidays. The most important result of this first trial was the establishment of a new mechanical principle, *viz.*, "the transmission of power from a fixed point to a moving point, going in arbitrary directions at the will of one man at the steering wheel." This, it seems, had been thought impossible by many scientific engineers. The engine was intended to move and do its work at the rate of three miles an hour; but whether the Iron Slave had not had his proper breakfast of coals, nor time enough to digest them into steam, or some part of his inside was a little out of order, was not accurately discovered; but certain it is that he could not plough fast enough. In other respects everybody was satisfied that steam-ploughing was a practicable thing.

In 1847, Mr. John T. Osborne, of Demerara, took out a patent for a steam-plough, the chief improvement (or distinguishing peculiarity—we must be cautious in the use of the word improvement,) on all previous attempts, being the employment of two engines and two ploughs, for one course of ploughing. While one plough was working in a given direction, and laying down the chain or rope by which it is to be worked back to the side from which it started—the other plough was performing a similar course in the reverse direction. When both had each traversed the ground once, the engines were removed forward the breadth of one furrow, by means of a chain or rope; one end of which was attached to an anchor fixed in the ground a-head.

Another Mr. Osborn, in 1848, tried some experiments near Stratford, in Essex, with a locomotive steam-engine, constructed for agricultural works in general, and for ploughing more especially. He appears to have taken out his patent in conjunction with Mr. Andrew Smith's wire-rope—a manufacture of extraordinary strength. In the first trial, a pair of these peculiarly constructed locomotives was placed opposite each other—about one hundred and twenty yards apart—with a sufficient length of wire-rope between them. Although not successful, it demonstrated a novel fact as between the comparative draught by horses, and by a long rope, showing that the condition of the

modes differ in a very marked way; the horse draught being upwards, and exercising a direct control by its proximity to the plough; whereas, the draught by steam-power and a rope was downwards, distant, and exercised no direct control over the plough. Hence this experiment, though unsuccessful, was instructive, and therefore to be valued as a good contribution to knowledge. Other trials were subsequently made by Mr. Osborn with a locomotive engine of ten horse power, and the ploughing was well done; fully settling the question of practicability, but leaving doubts in the minds of many on the important question of economy.

"These engines," says a writer in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, "possess great advantages in being applicable to thrashing, and other agricultural purposes, and can be moved from farm to farm, and from field to field, with the greatest facility." No doubt of it. We see what will soon happen. Thrashing, and *many other* agricultural purposes! The great farmers, once in possession of the talisman of a steam-plough, will never rest till they make it applicable to all sorts of operations. Already almost every farmer in Scotland is provided with a stationary steam-engine; a locomotive that can turn—not its hands—but its wheels to anything, is now his only other thing needful. In the specification of the very first of these ploughs—Etzler's Iron Slave—it is distinctly stated that, although the machine is intended for ploughing, yet the Slave will be ready at all times to devote his energies and skill to "sowing, and reaping; and also to making canals, roads, tunnels," &c. Exactly so! After we have ploughed, sowed, reaped, and thrashed by steam, we shall soon find turnips hoed, carrots drawn, beans plucked up, dried, carted, and stacked; sheep sheared, cows milked, butter churned, cheese pressed, pigs transformed into pork, and pork into gammons, by the same omnipotent agency. Hatching eggs by steam is already an old story.

A patent for a new steam-plough was taken out in January of the present year by Mr. James Usher of Edinburgh; and another in June, by Messrs. Calloway and Purkiss. The peculiarity of the former consists in mounting "a series of ploughs in the same plane round an axis, so that the ploughs shall successively come into action;" and secondly, in applying power to give a rotary motion to the series, "so that the resistance of the earth to the ploughs, as they enter and travel through the earth, shall *cause the machine to be propelled*"—instead of motion being communicated to the machine from the wheels which run on the land. The other invention—that of Messrs. Calloway and Purkiss—mainly consists of a number of chains working round a wheel, and fitted on the outside with ploughshares. Rotary motion is communicated by a locomotive.

"I consider," says Sir Abel Handy, in the

comedy of Speed the Plough, "that a healthy young man between the handles of a plough, is one of the noblest illustrations of the prosperity of Britain." But shortly after saying this, Sir Abel invents a splendid curriole plough drawn by high-bred Leicestershire horses; who set off at full gallop with the plough at their heels over hill and dale, and instead of doing the allotted work a-field, they rush about at random, ploughing up Salisbury Plain. What would Sir Abel have said to Sir Willoughby de Eresby's snorting steam-horse, perfectly under control?

His machinery consists of a locomotive engine, weighing only three-and-a-half tons, and of a twenty-six horse power. It was designed by Mr. Gooch. It has a double capstan attached, "removable, when the engine is required for other purposes." His lordship does not indicate any of these; but we may fairly imagine that his farm-engine will possess the same versatile genius as the inventions which have preceded it. His description of this machinery is very brief, clear, and without the use of any technical terms.

"The engine moves across the centre of the field on a light, portable railway. The ploughs advance and recede on either side of the railway, at right angles to it.

"The ploughs employed consist of four ordinary, and four subsoil ploughs, fixed in a frame. It is directed by a person standing upon a small platform.

"Two such ploughs, one on either side the railway, alternately advance and recede; the advancing plough working, the other idle until it regains its proper position for ploughing the next four furrows. On the completion of the four furrows both ways, the engine and side frames advance each three feet.

"The ploughs are attached to an endless chain, one hundred and fifty yards in length. They can be detached at pleasure, or shifted from one side of the chain to the other. They travel at the rate of *five miles an hour*. Provision is made in case they strike against any impediment."

Arrangements are also made to suit irregularly shaped fields. The full power of the engine is not exerted with the ploughs, as thus described; and the number of blades can be increased if desirable. And now for the next statement, which brings us to a most important consideration.

"In the present state of things, it is difficult to form a correct estimate of the value of the invention in a commercial point of view. I will only say that a machine of the power, and with the arrangement described, would perform the work usually done by *sixteen* ploughs, driven by as many men, and drawn by thirty-two horses. Requiring itself the attendance of eight men, and a horse to draw the water for the engine, it would thus save the labour of thirty-one horses and eight men. Against this must be set an expense of five shillings a day for coals."

In examining the question of economy in the use of steam-power instead of horses, we

shall obtain valuable assistance from a paper addressed to Mr. J. T. Osborne, of Demerara, by the Council of the Highland Society. This paper sets the period of the productive labour of a horse against the unproductive period necessary for its rest, and exhibits results of a startling kind. Horses are fed and tended three hundred and sixty-five days of twenty-four hours, or eight thousand seven hundred and sixty hours in the year. But they work only three hundred days, of about eight hours, taking the average, or two thousand four hundred hours a year. Thus we have a clear loss of six thousand three hundred and sixty hours of unproductive feeding and tending. It may be argued, that they are not fed and tended throughout the night, and therefore there is no such loss as the figures displayed by the Highland Society; but they are fed and tended enough to suffice them during the night, for which no compensating work is performed, so that it comes, we think, to nearly the same thing.

According to Mc Culloch, there are about one million two hundred thousand agricultural horses employed in Great Britain, which, at twenty-five pounds per head for maintenance, amounts to thirty millions sterling per annum for their keep. The unproductive portion, therefore, he finds amounting to the enormous sum of twenty-one millions seven hundred and eighty-five thousand three hundred and six pounds. It will be seen that this estimate is founded on the previous figures displaying the number of hours of feeding and tendence, compared with the number of hours' work, and the consequent loss of six thousand three hundred and sixty hours. The only compensation for this loss of hours, represented by the above sum of upwards of twenty-one millions sterling, is in the value of the manure, which is thus produced at too great a cost.

"There are insuperable difficulties," writes the Council of the Highland Society, "attending the employment of vital power; but mechanical power puts forth its energy when called for—it can be regulated, and, at pleasure, stopped. If it is desired to occupy the entire hours of daylight—to extend the field of operations—to work up more raw material—the energy of the animal ceases after a time; but not so that of the machine. The longest hours of summer may be advantageously employed." And why not in the shortest nights of winter also? Could not steam-ploughs be made to carry their own lights with Hale Thomson's patent silvered-glass reflectors, like other locomotives?

The next sentence brings us full-butt against the corner-stone of our social edifice, and moots the question as to the effect of machinery in increasing the demand for human labour:—"Were the whole period of daylight industriously employed in the most effective manner—that is, by the employment of machinery—the demand for human labour would be aug-

mented in the exact ratio of the increased time, multiplied by the augmented force of the machinery."

"Be fruitful and multiply," said the God of Nature;—"You must be starved, if you do!" say the beldame economists. Meantime, an immense proportion of the habitable and fertile earth lies quite uncultivated, the vast seas are full of prolific food, and the land which *is* cultivated, is not made the most of. The art of tilling has not kept pace with other improvements. Before the wonders of steam appeared in the world there was occasionally a random attempt to introduce some improvement in tillage, but the experiments originated in a wish rather than in any definite plan, and were of course a failure and an absurdity. Dean Swift brought his pungent satire to bear upon these attempts, in his account of the grand Academy of Lagado, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver says he was highly pleased with a projector who had discovered a plan for turning up the ground with hogs, to save the charge of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method was beautifully simple. In a given field you bury at six inches distance, and eight inches deep, a quantity of acorns in long rows. You then drive six hundred hogs into the field, who, in search of the food they most love, will root or plough up the whole into furrows, with their snouts. The absurdities committed soon led to a cessation of all mere experiments, until at length came steam-engines, and thence, in due course, the dream of a steam-plough. This dream we are peradventure about to see realised in a few months; and then, though our million of agricultural horses will be diminished, our fine breed of Yorkshire and Lancashire ploughmen will not be thinned; any more than spinning and weaving machinery exterminated—as was awfully predicted it would—our army of spinners and weavers.

"I was bred to the plough," said Robert Burns, when addressing a letter to the wealthy gentlemen of the Ayrshire Hunt:—"I am independent;" but it may turn out that the plough of old will soon be a sorry thing to depend upon. We are rather reminded of the Prologue to Chaucer's "Ploughman Tale," though he could have had no anticipation that his cessation from this labour would be final.

"The Ploughman plucked up his plough,
When Midsomer moon was comen in,
And saied his beasts should eat ynowe,
And lye in the grasse up to the chin.
He shook off shere, and coultter off drowe,
And hongéd his harnis on a pin."

"Our strongest hope for the improvement of our social condition," says Miss Martineau, "lies in the directing of intelligence full upon the cultivation of the soil." The more the powers of science are brought to bear upon the tillage of the earth, and the production and manufacture of food, the greater will be the

number benefited, and the more speedily will Miss Martineau's axiom be verified. Cordially coinciding with that lady, we wish all success to the important undertaking of Lord Wilmoughby de Eresby, and shall be glad to find he accomplishes and establishes what has hitherto been confined to experimental trials.

A SACRED GROVE.

HERE Silence is the queen of time; her hand
Is raised—and the tide trembles to a pause.
Beauty, too awful to be loved, awakes
And spell-binds Man's repose. The sunken sun,
Whose mantle's gold is melted in the tint
Of evening's purple sadness, near the west
Lingers awhile, as loth to quit the scene.
Yet 'tis not sadness all; for though the trees,
Heavy with embrous melancholy, sweep
Their sombre-foliaged boughs close to the grass,
And solamn twilight peers between the trunks,
Tinging the dome of yonder vacant fane—
O'er all a spirit of subdued emotion
Breathes in pathetic sweetness, deep diffused.

In this dim palace of grey Solitude,
Where not a sigh wafts o'er the lily's urn,
And nought, save marble forms of tenderest grace,
With pensive attitude stand in lone bowers—
The heart, upheaving into the fresh air,
Itself abandons to the scene, and claims
Kindred with placid Death, and those lost hopes
That lived around the loved ones, now no more.
Their tombs smile pale beneath these cypress
boughs,
Heavy with memory of all the past.

Moveless I stand before these moveless trees—
Breathless as those broad boughs; and gazing thus,
At the dark foliage imaged in the pools,
Which deepen, as the brooding mind surveys
Their trance and awful beauty; 'tis a scene
That lures us backward to an elder time,
Through ages dim—and, thence, into a realm
Whose secret influence fills us with its soul—
Shadows of things which are not of the world,
And hopes that burn, yet find no vent save tears.

"CAPE" SKETCHES.

CAPE WANTS are neither peculiar nor numerous. Captain Smoke, in Jerrold's comedy of "Bubbles of the Day," confides to his friend, Lord Skindeep, that he is "terribly in want of a thousand pounds." The reply is "You may take it as a general rule, Captain Smoke, that *every man* wants a thousand pounds." As with men so with Colonies. The sun never sets upon one of the dependencies of Great Britain, young or old, which would not be the better for a thousand pounds. Our Colonies feel, however, another want;—it is for something to which the Smokes of the old country show a very marked aversion; and that is labour. "Capital and labour!" is a cry which reaches us from every quarter of the earth. The demand does not resound so loudly perhaps from the Cape as from other and newer Colonies; but the want of the first necessities of enterprise, civilisation, and

progress is not the less felt. Any sort of European labour (except convict labour), any kind of capital, is welcome in our South African dependencies; and in the long run "pays."

As to Capital; men with from two thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds will find plenty of most profitable employment for their money. The Colony has innumerable resources—amongst them I may mention her fisheries and her mineral treasures. The former produce a large revenue even now, though carried on, from want of enterprise and capital, in the most unsystematic and slovenly manner. Of minerals there is abundance; ore in many places actually lying on the surface. The assegais (or spears) of the Kafirs are all made of iron, smelted and welded by themselves; while recent travellers from the northernmost extremity of the Colony bring accounts of innumerable implements in use among the savage tribes there, formed of iron of their own manufacture. Copper and lead have been discovered within fifteen miles of Algoa Bay.

But such riches remain utterly unproductive without facile means of transport, and a great want in the Colony is good roads. Of course, want of labour is the cause of this deficiency, which is, however, being slowly remedied by the local government. Whether the Cape Colonists were wise in rejecting the convicts, so kindly proffered to them by Lord Grey, I shall not presume to opine, because I have a notion that everybody knows their own business best; but we must not forget that New South Wales owes the blessing of her good roads to what was, it must be admitted, in other respects, a great curse to her—the bands of convicts the Colonial Office were so obliging as to send her.

Before I dilate on the greatest of all colonial wants, I will mention what the Cape of Good Hope does *not* want; namely, young gentlemen with white hands and empty pockets, of no profession, and with very extensive notions of refinement. She does not require martinet "half-pays," who know more of pipe-clay than of soils, and more of killing than of breeding and fattening. Fine ladies, who are proficient pianistes, and do not understand poultry, she is much better without. What she *does* require, are:—In the towns, mechanics and artisans of all kinds; in the country, good farmers and sturdy dames, shepherds and agricultural labourers; in both, domestic servants, male and female. For all these the Cape is open, and it offers them first-rate livelihoods, abundance of food of the best description, and a climate which the returns taken of the mortality among the troops prove to be amongst the healthiest in all Her Majesty's world-wide dominions. The Colony has also one great advantage over Australia—it is ten thousand miles nearer to England.

Want the third in point of importance is a change in the present system of selecting

Colonial Governors. Were we to choose Generals to lead our armies—not from soldiers trained to arms and distinguished in the field—but from decayed statesmen, who had "never set a squadron in the field," nor even handled a sword; would not our enemies not only beat us, but laugh at us? Yet conversely we commit precisely this absurdity: we "reward" meritorious Generals by appointing them Governors; of whose duties they are, as a rule, as ignorant as a Lord of the Treasury is of fortification. The Governor of a Colony, as the representative of the highest power in the Empire, is required to fulfil the highest civil functions; to conduct the most difficult and delicate negotiations; and we select a brave old General, who hardly knows the geography of his government; is profoundly ignorant of the habits and requirements of its people; who never even pretended to statesmanship, and either commits himself to something so rash that it makes everybody angry, or to something so silly that it makes everybody laugh.

IN EDUCATION, England might take a lesson from her South African dependency—it is in the education of the people. Government schools are established in every town, and almost every village of the Colony, open to children of all classes and all creeds, and free of all expense. They are presided over by intelligent teachers, chiefly selected from the Scotch Universities, and truly their pupils do these gentlemen infinite credit. I do not hesitate to say, that the rising generation of the Cape Colony will be the best educated men of their class in all the British Empire. It is to Dr. Jones, the former President of the South African College, in Cape Town, that the colony is indebted for this invaluable boon. Even the population in the far interior are better off in this respect than the children of our English peasantry. Thanks to the energy of Campbell, Latrobe, Moffat, and other energetic, common-sense, as well as pious, members of the Missionary Society; the children of the Hottentots, Griquas, and even of some of the Bechuanas, are fast being brought into the pale of civilisation by attendance at the schools established by those gentlemen. Some of the offspring of English parents in the "interior" of England, have no such schools to attend.

SHEEP FARMING is, perhaps, the best and most profitable occupation at the Cape. It is far better than agriculture, and better than cattle farming, for the following reasons. The great deficiency of the colony is the want of sufficient water for irrigation. Wherever this want is not felt, all kinds of grain may be raised with profit, and Cape wheat is universally pronounced to be the finest in the world. But the farms, or portions of farms, on which it can be grown are few and far between. Nor is this the only drawback to agriculture;

the farmer has two other dire enemies to contend with. The one is the blight or "smut," which is very common; and frequently destroys whole crops. Two young friends of mine hired a farm in partnership, and, in spite of the warnings of more experienced persons, determined to turn their principal attention to agriculture. They went to great expense in the purchase of agricultural implements, paid the highest wages for labourers, and worked with their own hands as hard as any ploughman in England. They raised a magnificent crop, and began to indulge a sweet reverie on the "Dollars" it was to bring them. Alas, the "smut" came, and the beautiful crop was destroyed, while not one solitary dollar found its way into the young farmers' pockets. Disappointed, but not disheartened, they set to work again, and next year with precisely the same result. Luckily they were prudent fellows, and had neither been personally extravagant, nor sunk all their money in one enterprise. They, therefore, purchased some sheep, cattle, and horses, and only cultivated a very *small portion* of their farm; and now they are among the most prosperous farmers in the Colony.

Another enemy of the agriculturist at the Cape, not less destructive than the former, though less frequent in his attacks, is the locust. Till I went to the Cape, I never had a clear conception of the mischief that could be done by this one of the "Plagues of Egypt." They came always in clouds, and fly *with* the wind. I am almost afraid to describe their numbers. I have seen the air as full of these creatures as of the flakes of snow in a heavy snow-storm—in fact, literally "raining locusts." I have been obliged to turn back on a journey from the impossibility of getting my horse to face them when driven against us by the wind. I have seen immense plains one day covered with grass, corn, and gardens; and the next day left, after a visit of locusts, without one solitary blade of verdure on any part of them. I have seen millions of these insects driven by the wind into the sea at Algoa Bay, and washed on shore in such heaps, that their bodies decaying have become so offensive as to oblige the authorities of the town to employ all the Coolies in the place in burying them. Think of all this, grumbling farmers of England. What corn-laws could afford you "protection" against such an importation? Still, I must add that during my five years' residence at the Cape, I can only recall three visits of these pests; nor must it be supposed that they at any time spread over the whole Colony. When they visit a sheep or cattle farm, the owner has, of course, no other alternative than to move his stock to some place which they have not visited.

Cattle are profitable stock at the Cape; but no Englishman seems to like them so well as sheep. Besides, it occasionally happens that, in a fit of caprice, every Hottentot labourer on your farm will leave you in a day,

and you will have to be your own herdsman. This is comparatively nothing with sheep; but if you had a couple of hundred cows that wanted milking you would be rather in a "fix."

Horses are also a profitable stock, and far more suited to English taste. But the "returns" are necessarily slow; and few men can afford to wait three years for their profits.

Sheep are the best. Here is one example, by no means extraordinary, but forming an average sample of the fruits of sheep-farming:—A gentleman who was reading for the Church, at Cambridge, found that his health would not allow him to continue his studies; he emigrated to Algoa Bay, with a capital of about two thousand five hundred pounds. He wisely listened to good advice in the selection of a farm and the purchase of his stock of sheep. At the end of three years I visited him, and we talked about sheep-farming, which was then in a bad condition. I was expressing my wonder that so many sheep-farmers had lately been "sold up;" and this was his reply, "What else could you expect? Half of them come out here without one farthing of capital. They hire a farm; buy stock on credit (for two or three years), live on the sale of the wool and also on credit—for they live 'like fighting-cocks'—and then when pay-day comes at last, they, of course, have not a sixpence. But, look at my own case: I have been here three years; my wool fetches double the price that it did the first year; my stock is just doubled in number and vastly improved in quality; I have lived in as much comfort as I require in the meantime; and I don't owe a sixpence."

The life of a Cape farmer is necessarily solitary. His nearest neighbour is probably seven miles off, and his only daily companions are his stock and his labourers. A visitor (especially if he come from one of the Towns) is a veritable Godsend; and is safe to be welcome as long as he chooses to remain. He may ride his host's horses and shoot or hunt his game, smoke his pipes, and drink his "Cape Smoke,"* as long as he pleases. But he must be contented with very rough fare. Mutton and goats' flesh, meal-cakes (very similar, I fancy, to those which King Alfred burnt), Indian corn, and badly-made coffee, will form the staple articles of his food. He will sleep on a home-made sofa with goat-skins for blankets, in a room with a mud floor, and very probably no ceiling but the thatch roof. The house will most likely be built of lath and plaster, and look far more like the stable of a third-rate country inn than a gentleman's residence. Yet the host is often a highly educated and sensible man, fighting his way to competence, living a comparatively easy life, and, if unblest with luxuries, at least unharassed by cares, save when an occasional wolf (or rather hyæna) makes a night assault on his homestead.

* Cape Brandy.

OF THE CAPE TRADE, the most peculiar and profitable branch is that with the native tribes. At present it is carried on in the most primitive style. A trader will load a couple of waggons with such goods as are likely to sell among savages. Coarse cloth, smart Manchester printed calicoes, blankets, beads, brass curtain-rings (worn by the natives as ornaments on their arms), soldiers' jackets, wide-awake hats, &c. With this load he will proceed across the colonial boundary, and penetrate as far as he pleases into the interior, calling where experience has shown him he is likely to find customers, and selling his goods like a hawk, or "Cheap Jack," in England. But he seldom obtains *money* for his goods,—nor does he wish for it. He gets ivory, ostrich feathers, wild-beast skins, horns, and, in fact, all the rarest trophies of the chase. With these he reloads his waggons for his return home, and reaches the Colony after, perhaps, six or eight months' absence, with a load which fetches him at once, seven or eight hundred—sometimes a thousand—pounds in exchange for his outlay of one hundred and fifty pounds.

It seems clear that the establishment of trading stations in the interior of Southern Africa would be most profitable to the projectors, and most advantageous to the native tribes, by accustoming them to the sights and habits of a civilised life.

The shopkeepers are rather jealous of the merchants at the Cape. The latter are very often so undignified as to sell a dozen pair of stockings or a single hat, to the exceeding disgust of retailers.

A Cape shop is a curiosity. It strikes a man as odd, to buy his boots and his cheese, or his hat and his sugar, at the same shop,—still more odd to purchase his wife a Chinese shawl and his child a peg-top in the same establishment.

THE WILD SPORTS of South Africa have been celebrated by many a writer, from Major Cornwallis Harris down to Mr. Gordon Cumming. For large game the country is perhaps the finest sporting ground in the world. People come even from India to hunt the lion and the buffalo, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, the elephant, the giraffe, and the innumerable varieties of wild deer, from the delicate and graceful springbok to the heavy and powerful gnu. Some of the most dreaded amongst them are not nearly so terrible as travellers' tales would persuade "the gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease."

On one occasion I was riding through a wood, with a single companion; we were on a journey, and quite unarmed. At a little open space in the woods we dismounted and knee-haltered our horses to let them feed, while we lazily stretched ourselves under a tree, and "took a pull" at our pocket-pistols, loaded with Cognac. A slight rustling sound was heard above our heads, and down came

something to the ground in front of us. It was a fine, full-grown, handsome leopard, who coolly turned round and stared us in the face. I very much doubt whether two respectable young gentlemen ever felt in a greater fright than my friend and myself at that moment. The unwelcome visitor, however, merely wagged his tail, and having apparently satisfied his curiosity as to our personal appearance, trotted quietly off into the woods. Without uttering a word we each drew a long breath, took another pull at the *cav-de-vie*, caught our horses, and put as many miles as we could in a few minutes between ourselves and that same wood.

The lion can even be companionable. Major Nicholson occupies a farm near the north-east boundary of the Colony. He is a great sportsman, and goes out alone to look after a lion with as much unconcern as a Regent Street loungee seeks out a Skye-terrier as a present for his lady-love. In one of his afternoon rambles the Major fell in with a lion; they were both going the same way and jogged along for some distance silent, though excellent friends. At length the lion stopped, turned round, faced the Major, and sat on his haunches like a great tom-cat. The Major, not knowing how soon his majesty's tacit treaty of peace might be broken with him, levelled his piece, taking aim between the eyes. He was just about to fire, when a sound caused him to turn round; he then at once understood that, the lion having been out for a walk, his lady had come, like a dutiful wife, to meet him. The Major drew back and calculated the odds—two to one in favour of the quadrupeds—and reserved his fire; deciding that it would be little satisfaction to kill the husband and be eaten by the wife, or *vice versa*. The respectable couple then continued their walk alone, treating the Major with the most sovereign contempt, and allowing him, like Young Norval, to "mark the course they took," and to follow them to their abode. This he next day visited, with men, dogs, and guns; and a week afterwards I was sleeping soundly, in the Major's house, on the skin of that same king of the forest, while his consort's hide served me for a coverlid.

Although the keener sportsman prefers to go beyond the colonial boundary for prey, yet it is customary in the towns for a number of friends to make up a shooting party, who sally forth with waggons and a tent, which they pitch on some agreeable spot, and stay for several days, living *al fresco*,—enjoying good sport by day and good fare at the end of it, with merry songs, toasts, and stories. Others prefer hunting, mount their active little horses, and, followed by a whole host of curs, whose pedigrees would puzzle the most ingenious zoologist, sally forth in search of wild bucks; and many a good run they enjoy, and much do they contribute to the stock of good things which grace the table on the green-sward at night.

"BATTLE WITH LIFE!"

BEAR thee up bravely,
 Strong heart and true!
 Meet thy woes gravely,
 Strive with them too!
 Let them not win from thee
 Tear of regret,
 Such were a sin from thee,
 Hope for good yet!

Rouse thee from drooping,
 Care-laden soul;
 Mournfully stooping
 'Neath grief's control!
 Far o'er the gloom that lies,
 Shrouding the earth,
 Light from eternal skies
 Shows us thy worth.

Nerve thee yet stronger,
 Resolute mind!
 Let care no longer
 Heavily bind.
 Rise on thy eagle wings
 Gloriously free!
 Till from material things
 Pure thou shalt be!

Bear ye up bravely,
 Soul and mind too!
 Droop not so gravely,
 Bold heart and true!
 Clear rays of streaming light
 Shine through the gloom,
 God's love is beaming bright
 E'en round the tomb!

SPY POLICE.

WE have already given some insight into the workings of the Detective Police system of London, and have found that it is solely employed in bringing crime to justice. We have no political police, no police over opinion. The most rabid demagogue can say in this free country what he chooses, provided it does not tend to incite others to do what is annoying to the lieges. He speaks not under the terror of an organised spy system. He dreads not to discuss the affairs of the nation at a tavern, lest the waiter should be a policeman in disguise; he can converse familiarly with his guests at his own table without suspecting that the interior of his own liveries consists of a spy; when travelling, he has not the slightest fear of perpetual imprisonment for declaring himself freely on the conduct of the powers that be, because he knows that even if his fellow-passenger be a Sergeant Myth or an Inspector Wield, no harm will come to him.

It is not so across the Channel. There, while the criminal police is very defective, the police of politics is all powerful. In March last, thirty thousand political malcontents were swept beyond the gates of Paris in a single morning, before the rest of the people were up; and nobody was any the wiser till the masterly feat had been performed; but during the same month several single individuals were knocked down and robbed—some in broad day, others

at dusk—yet neither of the robbers were taken. In Austria, in some of the German states, and in Italy, political *espionage* is carried to a point of refined ingenuity of which no Englishman can form an idea. Mr. Tomkins goes, for instance, to Naples; and—as the Emperor of Russia might have enlarged on the happiness and prosperity of that city after his recent visit to it, because the streets were cleared of beggars, the cabmen compelled to dress in their best, and the fishermen to wear shoes—so in the "Travels in Italy," which Mr. Tomkins would undoubtedly publish, there would be not a word about the police spy system; because he, innocent man, was unable to detect in his table companions, in his courier, or in his laundress, an agent of police. It is now our purpose to supply from the authentic information of a resident in Naples, the hiatus to be found in all the books of all the Mr. Tomkinses who have written "Travels."

The chief agent is the Commissary, who, says our friend, has a certain district put under his care, and is thus made responsible for its order and fidelity; he is a kind of nursing father, in short, to the unhappy inhabitants, with power to ruin or destroy; for though he nominally receives his orders from the Minister of Police, yet, as the cant phrase is, his office is eminently "suggestive;" and whether a suspicion is to be cleared up, an act of vengeance to be perpetrated, or some object of interest or licentiousness to be attained, the report of the Commissary supplies all the data for the operations at head-quarters.

Immediately under his orders this General of Division has both regular and irregular troops, the former being the Policemen of the City; the latter simply Spies. When any long course of inquiry is to be carried out, he employs deputies, who bring in their intelligence from time to time; but if any immediate or important information is desired, the Commissary undertakes that little bit of business himself—it is a delicate *morçeau* which this gourmand cannot resist, and away he posts to enjoy the banquet.

Some years ago, there resided in the neighbourhood of Naples a foreigner, whose health compelled him to seek a southern climate. His tastes and occupations were literary, and his habits quiet; but whether he had some secret enemy who had denounced him, or whether the Government were afraid of him, because he read and wrote, I know not; but one fine morning the little town was much agitated by the appearance of a Commissary of Police and his attendant "Sbirri." Many were the conjectures—as is always the case under such circumstances—as to what could be the object of this visitation. No one took it to himself; but as in a church each good Christian lolls in his corner and admires the applicability of the sermon to his neighbour in the next pew; so every little townsman knew precisely the person who merited the in-

spection of the Police. Don Roberto was sure that the visit was meant for his mortal enemy, Don Giuseppe; whereas the master of the favourite "Cantino" was equally sure that it must be for his rival who sold such acid wine, and permitted scenes in his shop enough to awaken the anger of the Saints. He always thought he was a Carbonaro!

The Commissary, on his arrival, sent for the Syndic.

"Pray, Signor Syndic," he said, "is there a foreigner residing here, called Don Ferdinand?" (every one is Don, in Naples.)

"Yes!" was the reply.

"And pray, Sir, what is the object of his residence here?"

"I understand, Signor Commissario, that he is in search of health and amusement."

"Ah! very good: health and amusement. And what may be his occupations?"

"They do say, Sir, that he is engaged much in reading and writing."

"Reading and writing! Yet in search of health and amusement," said the official, opening his eyes. "That's a curious combination; but tell me, has Don Ferdinand any intercourse with the inhabitants? does he ever invite any of them to dinner?"

"I must confess," said the Syndic, "that he does."

"Then it is true, that Don Ferdinand proposes toasts after dinner?"

"Well," replied the Syndic, as if such an admission would be fraught with danger. "I cannot deny it—he *does* propose toasts."

"What are they?" asked the great official, sharply.

"His usual practice is, first, to propose the health of our Sovereign Lord the King, and then the health of *his* Sovereign Lady, the Queen."

Not without disappointment at having made out nothing serious against Don Ferdinand, our Commissary dismissed the Syndic, merely observing that he had taken note of all his answers, and should draw up his report therefrom, and present it to the Minister of Police.

After that, the Commissary of the Police came twice to my friend's residence, and put a number of searching questions to his porter. Nothing, however, came of these investigations; first, because there was nothing really alarming in the fact of a man reading and writing, and giving toasts; and, secondly, and perhaps more strongly, because Don Ferdinand was an Englishman; for there is a prestige attaching to the very name of an Englishman which attracts to him the respect of the people and a cautious deferential treatment on the part of the Governments. It is felt, that, however distant he may be from his native land, he is not beyond its protective power, and that any injustice done to him will be resented as an injustice done to the nation. It is this conviction which has been his security in circumstances where I have known the subjects of other States

arrested, imprisoned, or sent out of the country, without receiving the protection of their Governments.

The Commissary is eminently a night-bird; sometimes you see him with "measured step and slow," followed by his Myrmidons, stealing along under the dark shadows of the houses, like a cat treading; or, perchance, you are returning home through the silent streets, carelessly and thoughtlessly, when, at some dark corner, you find yourself confronted by this spectre. He listens for and pauses at every foot-fall, waits about in entries, stops at doors, watches the lights in houses, and, like a true inductive philosopher, from such simple facts—as seeing two or three lights, more or less, or a larger group of heads than usual, infers conspiracies most dreadful and dangerous to the State. Presently a Commissary is seen bustling along with his attendants, with a quick and eager step. He is not on a mission of inspection—oh, no—that cheerful promptitude indicates that game's a-foot, and that something is to be done. And now he stops before a house and knocks aloud—"Who is there?"—demands some one from within. "Open in the name of the law!" is the reply. What consternation do these words create; lights are gleaming and people are hurrying backwards and forwards, but the knocking continues and becomes louder, and the door is opened, and the unfortunate master of the house is dragged from his bed to be plunged into the dungeons of the Vicaria. His neighbour, luckier than he, had timely notice of the honour intended him by the Commissary; and, escaping over the roof of his house, was enabled to get on board some friendly vessel. Their crime you ask? That of hundreds of others who are eating the bread of penury in exile, or pining in loathsome dungeons—they had taken part in the movements which preceded the publication of the "Constitution" (yet an article of that "Constitution" says, that "a veil of oblivion shall rest upon the past"). They had, in short, assisted in the development of a Constitution which I saw the Majesty of Naples swear on the Gospels to observe.

I know no better type than certain noxious insects for the myrmidons of the Commissary—the Police Spies of the South of Italy. Their multitude, their ubiquity, their unwearyed perseverance, their sharp sting, make them worse than the whole insect tribe united, and infinitely more dangerous. You may crush the wasp, or smoke the mosquito, or brush away the ant, and get some intervals of repose in spite of renewed attacks; they give you, too, some warning signs of their approach—but the Police Spy is invisible and never out of hearing; whether you are relaxing in frank and thoughtless merriment, or abandoning yourself to the sweet and delicious dreams of friendship; in the market or the street—the drawing-room—the café—or the church—there he is:

"A chiel's amang ye taking notes, and 'faith he'll prent it!" They reconnoitre the ground in various detachments for the Commissary, and report the movements, words, and almost thoughts, of the "suspected," or of whomsoever they please to place upon that fatal list. They assume no distinctive dress—make no sign; they walk in darkness, and move like the pestilence, yet they are as real existences, and follow as precise a trade, as the vendor of macaroni. These spies are not sent forth at random, like gleaners in a wheat-field, to pick up whatever they can; but they are selected with caution, and assigned a position for which their talents or rank best fit them. Thus it happens that every grade of society has its appropriate and peculiar spies. Some are appointed to watch over the upper classes; some over the *canaglia*; some over the clergy; all watch each other. Enter a drawing-room, and rustling in satin, and distributing the courtesies and refinements of the *galleria* (drawing-room), you may behold a Government Spy. Beauty and refinement unite to lament the fate of the poor Marchese Maroni, who was arrested yesterday; nay, two crystal drops confirm the grief of the sympathising syren—"It was so hard a case. There was really nothing that could be proved against his *Èccellenza*. Alas! who is safe under the existing order of things—is there no hope—will there never be any change?" But beware—fall not into the meshes, though they may be woven of silk; be silent or indifferent; the very *ipis* which pronounced these commiserations, are those which a few hours ago denounced the subject of them to the Government. You adjourn, at the close of the Opera, to a café; you are accompanied by several friends, and feel disposed to relax over a glass of iced punch—'tis so hot—and then from one topic of conversation you range to another, as if you were breathing the air of liberty. But who is that sleek old gentleman opposite, whose keen and cunning eye glances occasionally at you from above his paper? He has been seated there, I know not how long, spelling rather than reading yesterday's paper; yet he has a benevolent expression of countenance; perhaps he is infirm, poor fellow, or is looking for an advertisement; perhaps some article has deeply interested him. Phaugh! waste not your compassion or your speculation upon him—he is a Spy! he has been taking notes, and woe be to you if you have been betrayed into any thoughtless expression of opinion; for every word is registered. What corner of the city, or the country, what class of society is free from this pest! Nor is all this merely imaginary. I paint from the life, and could adduce instances of betrayal in the belle of high society, or in the shopman at the counter, in the caburan who takes your paltry *buonamancia*, or the friend you have cherished in your bosom.

For even private friendship is not held sacred. There was living in Naples, upwards of a year

since, a Count Montinona, who appeared to have no particular object in view except the pursuit of pleasure. For many years he had lavished his bounty and his friendship on another, who was at length discovered to have made somewhat free with the Count's property; accusations ensued, and, though compassion and a certain lingering recollection of the past did not permit the Count to cast the villain entirely off; yet he so far restricted his intimacy as to put it out of his power to rob him—"he was poor, and the temptation had been too great!" But what ensued?—This man denounced his friend as having concealed arms, and as entertaining free and dangerous opinions. Straightway the Count was arrested—his house and papers were examined, though nothing could be found to implicate him or to prove the charge; yet for many, many months he pined away in prison. I never heard when he was released, or if he is yet at liberty. All that time the informer ranged about at his own sweet will, to entrap as many new jail victims as he could make.

The effect of the Spy System on the national character is exceedingly demoralising. There is no country in Europe where the low, secret vices, as opposed to those of a bolder, opener, and more ferocious character, exist so strongly as in the South of Italy. There, the result of that timidity and want of faith in what is good, and just, and true, which has been engendered by intrigue, is practised in its most comprehensive sense. The Secret Police system is one of the very many causes of this. To appreciate this thoroughly, you must regard it as being not merely a political institution, but as having now become national; people have followed the example which has been set them, and have all become spies—spies on each other's actions, words, and thoughts. Sometimes this habit is pursued to the extent only of simple curiosity, watching, investigating, and reporting the commonest trifles. Sometimes it is a little more malignant, and engages, almost as a pastime, in embroiling individuals or families. Sometimes it pushes further, and furnishes denunciations to the Priest, the Bishop, the Intendente, or the Minister. I have seen it under all its phases, and the effect has been to produce a want of faith in all that is high, generous and noble, and to form a low national character.

It is more ridiculous and annoying than can well be imagined, to get behind the scenes of Italian life, and listen to the daily gossip:—How such an one "*ha fatto un' ricorso*" against this or that person. How Don So and So has written certain letters to the Intendente, containing charges against another Don, and has forged two signatures. How So and So has been to the bishop and laid a long list of crimes at the door of some luckless priest. Then watch the tempest of official papers which fly through the air; some contain inquiries into the truth of the statements,

addressed to the judge or the syndic; some are orders to a dozen unfortunate wights to present themselves at the Intendenza; while others contain ghostly reproofs from the bishop, or orders to suspend a priest at his reverence's will and pleasure, and rusticate him in some monastery. Every denunciation is received and inquired into.

I remember an instance of two men who kept a whole district in inquietude during one winter. Both had received some private offence, and straightway each shrank into a corner and wove his envenomed meshes; charges were devised and letters written to the Intendente, accusing some score of their friends of Carbonarism or constitutionalism; then came the usual dispatches to the judge and other authorities to inquire into the truth of the statements. The judge, it happened, was friendly with the unfortunate denounced, and drew up therefore a favourable report, but had he been less honest or less amicable, these poor fellows might have swelled the number of those who now pine in the prisons of the Vicaria.

Indeed, the influence of the Police Spy System (united with other causes), has been such as to convert the whole nation into spies upon each other. As suspicion and want of confidence universally prevail, so there is a deficiency of truthfulness. This cannot be more strongly proved than by the admission of the Italians themselves who, when wishing to conciliate your belief, tell you that they speak "*la parola Inglese*,"—on the word of an Englishman.

CHIPS.

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF LOCOMOTIVES.

It is a remarkable truth, and, well applied, it might be profitable to us, in helping us to make fair allowance for the differences between the temperaments of different men—that every Locomotive Engine running on a Railway, has a distinct individuality and character of its own.

It is perfectly well known to experienced practical engineers, that if a dozen different Locomotive Engines were made, at the same time, of the same power, for the same purpose, of like materials, in the same Factory—each of those Locomotive Engines would come out with its own peculiar whims and ways, only ascertainable by experience. One engine will take a great meal of coke and water at once; another will not hear of such a thing, but will insist on being coaxed by spades-full and buckets-full. One is disposed to start off, when required, at the top of his speed; another must have a little time to warm at his work, and to get well into it. These peculiarities are so accurately mastered by skilful drivers, that only particular men can persuade particular engines to do their best. It would seem as if some of these "excellent monsters" declared, on being brought out of the stable, "If it's Smith who is to drive me, I won't go.

If it's my friend Stokes, I am agreeable to anything!"

All Locomotive Engines are low-spirited in damp and foggy weather. They have a great satisfaction in their work when the air is crisp and frosty. At such a time they are very cheerful and brisk; but they strongly object to haze and Scotch mists. These are points of character on which they are all united. It is in their peculiarities and varieties of character that they are most remarkable.

The Railway Company who should consign all their Locomotives to one uniform standard of treatment, without any allowance for varying shades of character and opinion, would soon fall as much behind-hand in the world as those greater Governments are, and ever will be, who pursue the same course with the finer piece of work called Man.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF THE PLACE DE GRÈVE.

THE Police Courts of London have often displayed many a curious character, many a strange scene, many an exquisite bit of dialogue; so have the Police Courts in Ireland, especially at the Petty Sessions in Kilrush; but we are not so well aware of how often a scene of rich and peculiar humour occurs in the Police *tribuneaux* of Paris. We will proceed to give the reader a "taste of their quality."

An extremely old woman, all in rags, was continually found begging in the streets, and the Police having goodnaturedly let her off several times, were at last obliged to take her in charge, and bring her into the Court. Several magistrates were sitting. The following dialogue took place between the President and the old woman.

President. Now, my good woman, what have you to say for yourself? You have been frequently warned by the Police, but you have persisted in troubling people with begging.

Old Woman (in a humble quavering tone). Ah, Monsieur le President, it is not so much trouble to other people as it is to me. I am a very old woman.

Pres. Come, come, you must leave off begging, or I shall be obliged to punish you.

Old W. But, Monsieur le President, I cannot live without—I must beg—pardon me, Monsieur—I am obliged to beg.

Pres. But I say you must not. Can you do no work?

Old W. Ah, no, Monsieur; I am too old.

Pres. Can't you sell something—little cakes—bonbons?—

Old W. No, Monsieur, I can't get any little stock to begin with; and, if I could, I should be robbed by the *gamins*, or the little girls, for I'm not very quick, and can't see well.

Pres. Your relations must support you, then. You cannot be allowed to beg. Have you no son—no daughter—no grandchildren?

Old W. No, Monsieur ; none—none—all my relations are dead.

Pres. Well then, your friends must give you assistance.

Old W. Ah, Monsieur, I have no friends ; and, indeed, I never had but one, in my life ; but he too is gone.

Pres. And who was he ?

Old W. Monsieur de Robespierre—*le pauvre cher homme !* (The poor, dear man !)

Pres. Robespierre !—why what did you know of him ?

Old W. Oh, Monsieur, my mother was one of the *tricoteurs* (knitting-women) who used to sit round the foot of the guillotine, and I always stood beside her. When Monsieur de Robespierre was passing by, in attending his duties, he used to touch my cheek, and call me (here the old woman shed tears) *la belle Marguerite :—le pauvre, cher homme !*

We must here pause to remind the reader that these women, the *tricoteurs*, who used to sit round the foot of the guillotine on the mornings when it was at its hideous work, were sometimes called the “Furies ;” but only as a grim jest. It is well known, that, although there were occasionally some sanguinary hags amongst them, yet, for the most part, they were merely idle, gossiping women, who came there dressed in neat white caps, and with their knitting materials, out of sheer love of excitement, and to enjoy the *spectacle*.

Pres. Well, Goody ; finish your history.

Old W. I was married soon after this, and then I used to take my seat as a *tricoteur* among the others ; and on the days when Monsieur de Robespierre passed, he used always to notice me—*le pauvre cher homme*. I used then to be called *la belle tricoteuse*, but now—now, I am called *la vieille radoteuse* (the old dotardess). Ah, Monsieur le President, it is what we must all come to !

The old woman accompanied this reflection with an inimitable look at the President, which completely involved him in the *ve*, thus presenting him with the prospect of becoming an old dotardess ; not in the least meant offensively, but said in the innocence of her aged heart.

Pres. Ahem !—silence ! You seem to have a very tender recollection of Monsieur Robespierre. I suppose you had reason to be grateful to him ?

Old W. No, Monsieur, no reason in particular ; for he guillotined my husband.

Pres. Certainly this ought to be no reason for loving his memory.

Old W. Ah, Monsieur, but it happened quite by accident. Monsieur de Robespierre did not intend to guillotine my husband—he had him executed by mistake for somebody else—*le pauvre cher homme !*

Thus leaving it an exquisite matter of doubt, as to whether the “poor dear man” referred to her husband, or to Monsieur de Robespierre ; or whether the tender epithet was equally divided between them.

TWO CHAPTERS ON BANK NOTE FORGERIES.

CHAPTER II.

IN the history of crime, as in all other histories, there is one great epoch by which minor dates are arranged and defined. In a list of remarkable events, one remarkable event more remarkable than the last, is the standard around which all smaller circumstances are grouped. Whatever happens in Mohammedan annals, is set down as having occurred so many years after the flight of the Prophet ; in the records of London commerce a great fraud or a great failure is mentioned as having come to light so many months after the flight of Rowland Stephenson. Sporting men date from remarkable struggles for the Derby prize ; and refer to 1840 as “Bloomsbury’s year.” The highwayman of old dated from Dick Turpin’s last appearance on the fatal stage at Tyburn turnpike. In like manner, the standard epoch in the annals of Bank Note Forgery, is the year 1797, when (on the 25th of February) one pound notes were put into circulation instead of golden guineas ; or, to use the City idiom, “cash payments were suspended.”

At that time the Bank of England note was no better in appearance—had not improved as a work of art—since the days of Vaughan, Mathieson, and Old Patch ; it was just as easily imitated, and the chances of the successful circulation of counterfeits were increased a thousand-fold.

Up to 1793 no notes had been issued even for sums so small as five pounds. Consequently all the Bank paper then in use, passed through the hands and under the eyes of the affluent and educated, who could more readily distinguish the false from the true. Hence, during the fourteen years which preceded the non-golden and small-note era, there were only three capital convictions for the crime. When, however, the Bank of England notes became “common and popular,” a prodigious quantity—to complete the quotation—was also made “base,” and many persons were hanged for concocting them.

To a vast number of the humbler orders, Bank Notes were a rarity and a “sight.” Many had never seen such a thing before they were called upon to take one or two pound notes in exchange for small merchandise, or their own labour. How were they to judge ? How were they to tell a good from a spurious note ?—especially when it happened that the officers of the Bank themselves, were occasionally mistaken, so complete and perfect were the imitations then afloat. There cannot be much doubt that where one graphic rascal was found out, ten escaped. They snapped their fingers at the executioner, and went on enjoying their beefsteaks and porter ; their winter treats to the play ; their summer excursions to the suburban tea-gardens ; their fashionable lounges at Tun-

bridge Wells, Bath, Margate, and Ramsgate; doing business with wonderful unconcern and "face" all along their journeys. These usually expensive, but to them profitable enjoyments, were continually coming to light at the trials of the lesser rogues who undertook the issue department; for, from the ease with which close imitation was effected, the manufacture was more readily completed than the uttering. The fraternity and sisterhood of utterers played many parts, and were banded in strict compact with the forgers. Some were turned loose into fairs and markets, in all sorts of appropriate disguises. Farmers, who could hardly distinguish a field of standing wheat from a field of barley: Butchers who never wielded more deadly weapons than two-prong forks: Country boys with Cockney accents, bought gingerbread, and treated their so-called sweethearts with ribbons and muslins, all by the interchange of false "flimseys." The better mannered disguised themselves as ladies and gentlemen, paid their losings at cards or hazard, or their tavern bills, their milliners, and coach-makers, in motley money composed of part real and part base bank paper. Some went about in the cloak of the Samaritan, and generously subscribed to charities wherever they saw a chance of changing a bad "five" for three or four good "ones." Ladies of sweet disposition went about doing good among the poor; personally inquired into distress, relieved it by sending out a daughter or a son to a neighbouring shop for change; and left five shillings for present necessities, walking off with fifteen. So openly—in spite of the gallows—was forgery carried on, that whoever chose to turn utterer found no difficulty in getting a stock-in-trade to commence with. Indeed, in the days of highwaymen, no travelling gentleman's pocket or valise was considered properly furnished without a few forged notes wherewith to satisfy the demands of the members of the "High Toby." This offence against the laws of the road, however, soon became too common, and wayfarers who were stopped and rifled had to pledge their sacred words of honour that their notes were the genuine promises of Abraham Newland; and that their watches were not of the factory of Mr. Pinchbeck.

With temptations so strong, it is no wonder that the forgers' trade flourished, with only an occasional check from the strong arm of the law. It followed, therefore, that from the issue of small notes in February 1797, to the end of 1817—twenty years—there were no fewer than eight hundred and seventy prosecutions connected with Bank Note Forgery, in which there were only one hundred and sixty acquittals, and upwards of three hundred executions! 1818 was the culminating point of the crime. In the first three months there were no fewer than one hundred and twenty-eight prosecutions by the Bank; and by the

end of that year, two-and-thirty individuals had been hanged for Note Forgery. So far from this appalling series of examples having any effect in checking the progress of the crime, it is proved that at, and after that very time, base notes were poured into the Bank at the rate of a *hundred a day!*

The enormous number of undetected forgeries afloat, may be estimated by the fact, that from the 1st of January 1812, to the 10th April 1818, one hundred and thirty-one thousand three hundred and thirty-one pieces of paper were ornamented by the Bank officers with the word "Forged"—upwards of one hundred and seven thousand of them were one-pound counterfeits.

Intrinsically, it would appear from an Hibernian view of the case, then, that bad notes were nearly as good, (except not merely having been manufactured at the Bank), as good ones. So thoroughly and completely did some of them resemble the authorised engraving of the Bank, that it was next to impossible to distinguish the false from the true. Countless instances, showing rather the skill of the forger than the want of vigilance in Bank officials, could be brought forward. Respectable persons were constantly taken into custody on a charge of uttering forgeries, imprisoned for days and then liberated. A close scrutiny, proving that the accusations were made upon genuine paper. In September, 1818, Mr. A. Burnett, of Portsmouth, had the satisfaction of having a note which had passed through his hands returned to him from the Bank of England with the base mark upon it. Satisfied of its genuineness, he re-inclosed it to the cashier, and demanded its payment. By return of post he received the following letter:

"Bank of England, 16 Sept., 1818.

"Sir,—I have to acknowledge your letter to Mr. Hase, of the 13th inst. inclosing a one pound note, and, in answer thereto, I beg leave to acquaint you, that, on inspection it appears to be a genuine Note of the Bank of England; I therefore, agreeably to your request, inclose you one of the like value, No. 26,276, dated 22nd August, 1818.

"I am exceedingly sorry, Sir, that such an unusual oversight should have occurred to give you so much trouble, which I trust your candour will induce you to excuse when I assure you that the unfortunate mistake has arisen entirely out of the hurry and multiplicity of business.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"A. BURNETT, Esq.

J. RIPPON."

"7 Belle Vue Terrace.

"Gouthsea, near Portsmouth."

A more extraordinary case is on record. A note was traced to the possession of a tradesman, which had been pronounced by the Bank Inspectors to have been forged. The man would not give it up and was taken before a magistrate, charged with "having a note in his possession, well knowing it to be forged." He was committed to prison on

evidence of the Bank Inspector; but was afterwards released on bail to appear when called on. He was *not* called on; and, at the expiration of twelvemonths (having kept the note all that time), he brought an action against the Bank for false imprisonment. On the trial the note was proved to be genuine! and the plaintiff was awarded damages of one hundred pounds.

It is a fact sufficiently dreadful that three hundred and thirty human lives should have been sacrificed in twenty-one years; but when we relate a circumstance which admits the merest probability that some—even one—of those lives may have been sacrificed in innocence of the offence for which they suffered, the consideration becomes appalling.

Some time after the frequency of the crime had, in other respects subsided, there was a sort of bloody assize at Haverfordwest, in Wales; several prisoners were tried for forging and uttering, and thirteen were convicted; chiefly on the evidence of Mr. Christmas, a Bank Inspector, who swore positively, in one case, that the document named in the indictment "was not an impression from a Bank of England plate; was not printed on the paper with the ink or watermark of the Bank; neither was it in the handwriting of the signing clerk." Upon this testimony the prisoner, together with twelve participators in similar crimes, were condemned to be hanged!

The morning after the trial, Mr. Christmas was leaving his lodging, when an acquaintance stepped up and asked him, as a friend, to give his opinion on a note he had that morning received. It was a bright day; Mr. Christmas put on his spectacles, and carefully scrutinised the document in a business-like and leisurely manner. He pronounced it to be forged. The gentleman, a little chagrined, brought it away with him to town. It is not a little singular that he happened to know Mr. Burnett, of Portsmouth, whom he accidentally met, and to whom he showed the note. Mr. Burnett was evidently a capital judge of Bank paper. He said nothing, but slipping his hand into one pocket, handed to the astonished gentleman full change, and put the note into another. "It cannot be a good note," exclaimed the latter, "for my friend Christmas told me at Haverfordwest that it is a forgery!" But as Mr. Burnett had backed his opinion to the amount of twenty shillings he declined to retract it; and lost no time in writing to Mr. Henry Hase (Abraham Newland's successor) to test its accuracy.

It was lucky that he did so; for this little circumstance saved thirteen lives!

Mr. Christmas's co-inspectors at the Bank of England actually reversed his non-official judgment that the note was a forgery. It was officially pronounced to be a good note; yet upon the evidence of Mr. Christmas as regards other notes, the thirteen human beings

at Haverfordwest were trembling at the foot of the gallows. It was promptly and cogently argued that as Mr. Christmas's judgment had failed him in the deliberate examination of one note, it might also err as to others, and the convicts were respited.

The converse of this sort of mistake often happened. Bad notes were pronounced to be genuine by the Bank. Early in January, 1818, a well-dressed woman entered the shop of Mr. James Hammond, of 40, Bishopsgate Street Without, and having purchased three pounds worth of goods, tendered in payment a ten-pound note. There was something hesitating and odd in her manner; and, although Mr. Hammond could see nothing the matter with the note, yet he was ungallant enough to suspect—from the uncomfortable demeanour of his customer—that all was not right. He hoped she was not in a hurry, for he had no change; he must send to a neighbour for it. He immediately dispatched his shopman to the most affluent of all his neighbours—to her of Threadneedle Street. The delay occasioned the lady to remark, "I suppose he is gone to the Bank?" Mr. Hammond having answered in the affirmative, engaged his customer in conversation, and they freely discussed the current topics of the day; till the young man returned with ten one pound Bank of England Notes. Mr. Hammond felt a little remorse at having suspected his patroness; who departed with the purchases with the utmost despatch. She had not been gone half an hour before two gentlemen rushed into the shop in a state of grievous chagrin; one was the Bank clerk who had changed the note. He begged Mr. Hammond would be good enough to give him another for it. "Why?" asked the puzzled shopkeeper. "Why, Sir," replied the distressed clerk, "it is forged!" Of course his request was not complied with. The clerk declared that his dismissal was highly probable; but Mr. Hammond was inexorable.

The arguments in favour of death punishments never fail so signally as when brought to the test of the scaffold and its effect on Bank Forgeries. When these were most numerous, although from twenty to thirty persons were put to death in one year, the gallows was never deprived of an equal share of prey during the next. As long as simulated notes could be passed with ease, and detected with difficulty, the Old Bailey had no terrors for clever engravers and dexterous imitators of the hieroglyphic autographs of the Bank of England signers.

At length public alarm at the prevalence of forgeries, and the difficulty of knowing them as such, arose to the height of demanding some sort of relief. In 1819 a committee was appointed by the Government to enquire into the best means of prevention. One hundred and eighty projects were submitted. They mostly consisted of intricate designs such as rendered great expense necessary to

imitate. But none were adopted, for the obvious reason that ever so indifferent and easily executed imitation of an elaborate note is quite sufficient to deceive an uneducated eye; as had been abundantly proved in the instance of the Irish "black note." The Bank had not been indifferent or idle on the subject, for it had spent some hundred thousand pounds in projects for inimitable notes. At last—not long before the Commission was appointed—they were on the eve of adopting an ingenious and costly mechanism for printing a note so precisely alike on both sides as to appear as one impression, when one of the Bank printers imitated it exactly by the simple contrivance of two plates and a hinge. This may serve as a sample of the other one hundred and seventy-nine projects.

Neither the gallows, nor expensive and elaborate works of art, having been found effectual in preventing forgery, the true expedient for at least lessening the crime was adopted in 1821:—the issue of small notes was wholly discontinued, and sovereigns were brought into circulation. The forger's trade was nearly annihilated. Criminal returns inform us that during the nine years after the resumption of gold currency the number of convictions for offences having reference to the Bank of England notes were less than one hundred, and the executions only eight. This clinches the argument against the efficacy of the gallows. In 1830 death punishments were repealed for all minor offences, and, although the cases of Bank Note Forgeries slightly increased for a time, yet there is no reason to suppose that they are greater now than they were between 1821 and 1830.

At present, Bank paper forgeries are not numerous. One of the latest was that of the twenty pound note, of which about sixty specimens found their way into the Bank. It was well executed in Belgium by foreigners, and the impressions were passed among the Change-agents in various towns in France and the Netherlands. The speculation did not succeed; for the notes got into, and were detected at, the Bank, a little too soon to profit the schemers much.

The most considerable frauds now perpetrated are not forgeries; but are done upon the plan of the highwayman mentioned in our first chapter. In order to give currency to stolen or lost notes which have been stopped at the Bank (lists of which are supplied to every banker in the country), the numbers and dates are fraudulently altered. Some years since, a gentleman, who had been receiving a large sum of money at the Bank, was robbed of it in an omnibus. The notes gradually came in, but all were altered. The last was one for five hundred pounds, dated the 12th March, 1846, and numbered 32109. On the Monday (3rd June) after the last "Derby Day," amid the *twenty-five thousand pieces* of paper that were examined by

the Bank Inspectors, there was one note for five hundred pounds, dated 12th March, 1846, and numbered 32409. At that note an inspector suddenly arrested his rapid examination of the pile of which it was one. He scrutinised it for a minute, and pronounced it "altered." On the next day, that same note, with a perfect one for five hundred pounds, is shown to us with an intimation of the fact. We look at every letter; we trace every line; follow every flourish: we hold both up to the light; we undulate our visuals with the waves of the water-mark. We confess that we cannot pronounce decisively; but we have an opinion derived from a slight "goutiness" in the fine stroke of the figure 4 that No. 32409 is the forgery! so indeed it was. Yet the Bank Inspector had picked it out from the hundred genuine notes as instantaneously—pounced upon it as rapidly, as if it had been printed with green ink upon card-board.

This then, O gentlemen forgers and sporting note alterers, is the kind of odds which is against you. A minute investigation of the note assured us of your exceeding skill and ingenuity; but it also convinced us of the superiority of the detective ordeal which you have to blind and to pass. In this instance you had followed the highwayman's plan, and had put with great cunning, the additional marks to the 1 in 32109 to make it into a 4. To hide the scraping out of the top or serif of the figure 1—to make the angle from which to draw the fine line of the 4—you had artfully inserted with a pen the figures "£16 16" as if that sum had been received from a person bearing a name that you had written above. You had with extraordinary neatness cut out the "6" from 1846, and filled up the hole with an 8 abstracted from some note of lesser value. You had fitted it with remarkable precision; only you had not got the 8 quite upright enough to pass the shrewd glance of the Bank Inspector.

We have seen a one-pound note made up of refuse pieces of a hundred other Bank notes, and pasted on a piece of paper (like a note that had been accidentally torn), so as to present an entire and *passable* whole.

To alter with a pen a 1 into a 4 is an easy task—to cut out the numeral from the *date* in one note and insert it into another, needs only a tyro in paper-cutting; but to change the special *number* by which each note is distinguished, is a feat only second in impossibility to trumping every court-card of every suit six times running in a rubber of whist. Yet we have seen a note so cleverly altered by this expedient, that it was actually paid by the Bank cashiers. If the reader will take a Bank note out of his purse, and examine its "number;" he will at once appreciate the combination of chances required to find, on any other note, any other figure that shall displace any one of the numerals so as to avoid detection. The "number" of every Bank note is printed twice on one line—first, on the words

"I promise," secondly, on the words, "or bearer." Sometimes the figures cover the whole of those words; sometimes they only partly obscure them. No. 99066 now lies before us. Suppose we wished to substitute the "0" of another note for the first "9" of the one now under our eye; we see that the "9" covers a little bit of the "P," and intersects in three places the "r," in "Promise." Now, to give this alteration the smallest chance, we must look through hundreds of other notes till we find an "0" which not only covers a part of the "P" and intersects the "r" in three places, but in precisely *the same* places as the "9" on our note does; else the strokes of those letters would not meet when the "0" was let in, and instant detection would ensue. But even then the job would only be half done. The second initial "9" stands upon the "or" in "or bearer," and we should have to investigate several hundred more notes, to find an "0" that intersected that little word exactly in the same manner, and then let it in with such mathematical nicety, that not the hundredth part of a hair's breadth of the transferred paper should fail to range with the rest of the letters and figures on the altered note; to say nothing of hiding the joins in the paper. This is the triumph of ambidexterity; it is a species of patch-work far beyond the most sublime achievements of "Old Patch" himself.

Time has proved that the steady perseverance of the Bank—despite the most furious clamour—in gradually improving their original note and thus preserving those most essential qualities, simplicity and uniformity—has been a better preventive to forgery than any one of the hundreds of plans, pictures, complications, chemicals, and colours, which have, been forced upon the Directors' notice. Whole-note forgery is nearly extinct. The lives of Eminent Forgers need only wait for a single addendum; for only one man is left who can claim superiority over Mathieson, and he was, unfortunately, for the Bank of England, born a little too late, to trip up his heels, or those of the late Mr. Charles Price. He can do everything with a note that the patchers, and alterers, and simulators, can do, and a great deal more. Flimsy as a Bank note is to a proverb, he can split it into three perfect continuous, flat, and even leaves. He has forged more than one design sent into the Bank as an infallible preventive to forgery. You may, if you like, lend him a hundred pound note: he will undertake to discharge every trace of ink from it; and return it to you perfectly uninjured and a perfect blank. We are not quite sure that if you were to burn a Bank note and hand him the black cinders, that he would not bleach it, and join it, and conjure it back again into a very good-looking, payable piece of currency. But we *are* sure of the truth of the following story, which we have from our friend the transcendent forger

referred to; and who is no other than the chief of the Engraving and Engineering department of the Bank of England:

Some years ago—in the days of the thirty-shilling notes—a certain Irishman saved up the sum of eighty-seven pounds ten, in notes of the Bank of Ireland. As a sure means of securing this valuable property, he put it in the foot of an old stocking, and buried it in his garden, where Bank note paper couldn't fail to keep dry, and to come out, when wanted, in the best preservation.

After leaving his treasure in this excellent place of deposit for some months, it occurred to the depositor to take a look at it, and see how it was getting on. He found the stocking-foot apparently full of the fragments of mildewed and broken mushrooms. No other shadow of a shade of eighty-seven pounds ten.

In the midst of his despair, the man had the sense not to disturb the ashes of his property. He took the stocking-foot in his hand, posted off to the Bank in Dublin, entered it one morning as soon as it was opened, and, staring at the clerk with a most extraordinary absence of all expression in his face, said:

"Ah, look at that, Sir! Can ye do anything for me?"

"What do you call this?" said the clerk.

"Eighty-sivin pound ten, praise the Lord, as I'm a sinner! Ohone! There was a twenty as was paid to me by Mr. Phalim O'Dowd, Sir, and a ten as was changed by Pat Reilly, and a five as was owen by Tim; and Ted Connor, ses he to ould Phillips—"

"Well! Never mind old Phillips. You have done it, my friend!"

"Oh Lord, Sir, and it's done it I have, most com-plate! Oh, good luck to you, Sir, can ye do nothing for me?"

"I don't know what's to be done with such a mess as this. Tell me, first of all, what you put in the stocking, you unfortunate blunderer?"

"Oh yes, Sir, and tell you true as if it was the last word I had to spake entirely, and the Lord be good to you, and Ted Connor ses he to ould Phillips, regarden the five as was owen by Tim, and not includen of the ten which was changed by Pat Reilly—"

"You didn't put Pat Reilly, or ould Phillips into the stocking, did you?"

"Is it Pat or ould Phillips as was ever the valy of eighty-sivin pound ten, lost and gone, and includen the five as was owen by Tim, and Ted Connor—"

"Then tell me what you *did* put in the stocking, and let me take it down. And then hold your tongue, if you can, and go your way, and come back to-morrow."

The particulars of the notes were taken, without any reference to ould Phillips; who could not, however, by any means be kept out of the story; and the man departed.

When he was gone, the stocking-foot was shown to the then Chief Engraver of the notes, who said that if anybody could settle the busi-

ness, his son could. And he proposed that the particulars of the notes should not be communicated to his son, who was then employed in his department of the Bank, but should be put away under lock and key; and that if his son's ingenuity should enable him to discover from these ashes what notes had really been put in the stocking, and the two lists should tally, the man should be paid the lost amount. To this prudent proposal the Bank of Ireland readily assented; being extremely anxious that the man should not be a loser; but, of course, deeming it essential to be protected from imposition.

The son readily undertook the delicate commission proposed to him. He detached the fragments from the stocking with the utmost care, on the fine point of a penknife; laid the whole gently in a basin of warm water; and presently saw them, to his delight, begin to unfold and expand like flowers. By and by, he began to "tease them" with very light touches of the ends of a camel's-hair pencil, and so, by little and little, and by the most delicate use of the warm water, the camel's-hair pencil, and the penknife, got the various morsels separate before him, and began to piece them together. The first piece laid down was faintly recognisable by a practised eye as a bit of the left-hand bottom corner of a twenty pound note; then came a bit of a five; then of a ten; then more bits of a twenty; then more bits of a five and ten; then, another left-hand bottom corner of a twenty—so there were two twenties!—and so on, until, to the admiration and astonishment of the whole Bank, he noted down the exact amount deposited in the stocking, and the exact notes of which it had been composed. Upon this—as he wished to see and divert himself with the man on his return—he provided himself with a bundle of corresponding new, clean, rustling notes, and awaited his arrival.

He came exactly as before, with the same blank staring face, and the same inquiry, "Can you do anything for me, Sir!"

"Well," said our friend, "I don't know. Maybe I *can* do something. But I have taken a great deal of pains, and lost a great deal of time, and I want to know what you mean to give me!"

"Is it give, Sir? Thin, is there anything I wouldn't give for my eighty-sivin pound tin, Sir; and it's murdered I am by ould Phillips."

"Never mind him; there were two twenties, were there not?"

"Oh, holy mother, Sir, there was! Two most illigant twenties! and Ted Conner—and Phalim—which Reilly—"

He faltered, and stopped as our friend, with

much ostentatious rustling of the crisp paper, produced a new twenty, and then the other twenty, and then a ten, and then a five, and so forth. Meanwhile, the man, occasionally murmuring an exclamation of surprise, or a protestation of gratitude, but gradually becoming vague and remote in the latter as the notes re-appeared, looked on, staring, evidently inclined to believe that they were the real lost notes, reproduced in that state by some chemical process. At last they were all told out, and in his pocket, and he still stood staring and muttering, "Oh holy Mother, only to think of it! Sir, it's bound to you for ever that I am!"—but more vaguely and remotely now than ever.

"Well," said our friend, "what do you propose to give me for this?"

After staring and rubbing his chin for some time longer, he replied with the unexpected question:

"Do you like bacon?"

"Very much," said our friend.

"Thin it's a side as I'll bring your honor to-morrow morning, and a bucket of new milk—and ould Phillips—"

"Come," said our friend, glancing at a notable shillelah the man had under his arm, "let me undeceive you. I don't want anything of you, and I am very glad you have got your money back. But I suppose you'd stand by me, now, if I wanted a boy to help me in any little skirmish?"

They were standing by a window on the top storey of the Bank, commanding a courtyard, where a sentry was on duty. To our friend's amazement, the man dashed out of the room without speaking one word, suddenly appeared in the courtyard, performed a waltz round this astonished soldier—who was a modest young recruit—made the shillelah flutter, like a wooden butterfly, round his musket, round his bayonet, round his head, round his body, round his arms, inside and outside his legs, advanced and retired, rattled it all round him like a firework, looked up at the window, cried out with a high leap in the air, "Whooroo! Thry me!"—vanished—and never was beheld at the Bank again from that time forth.

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