

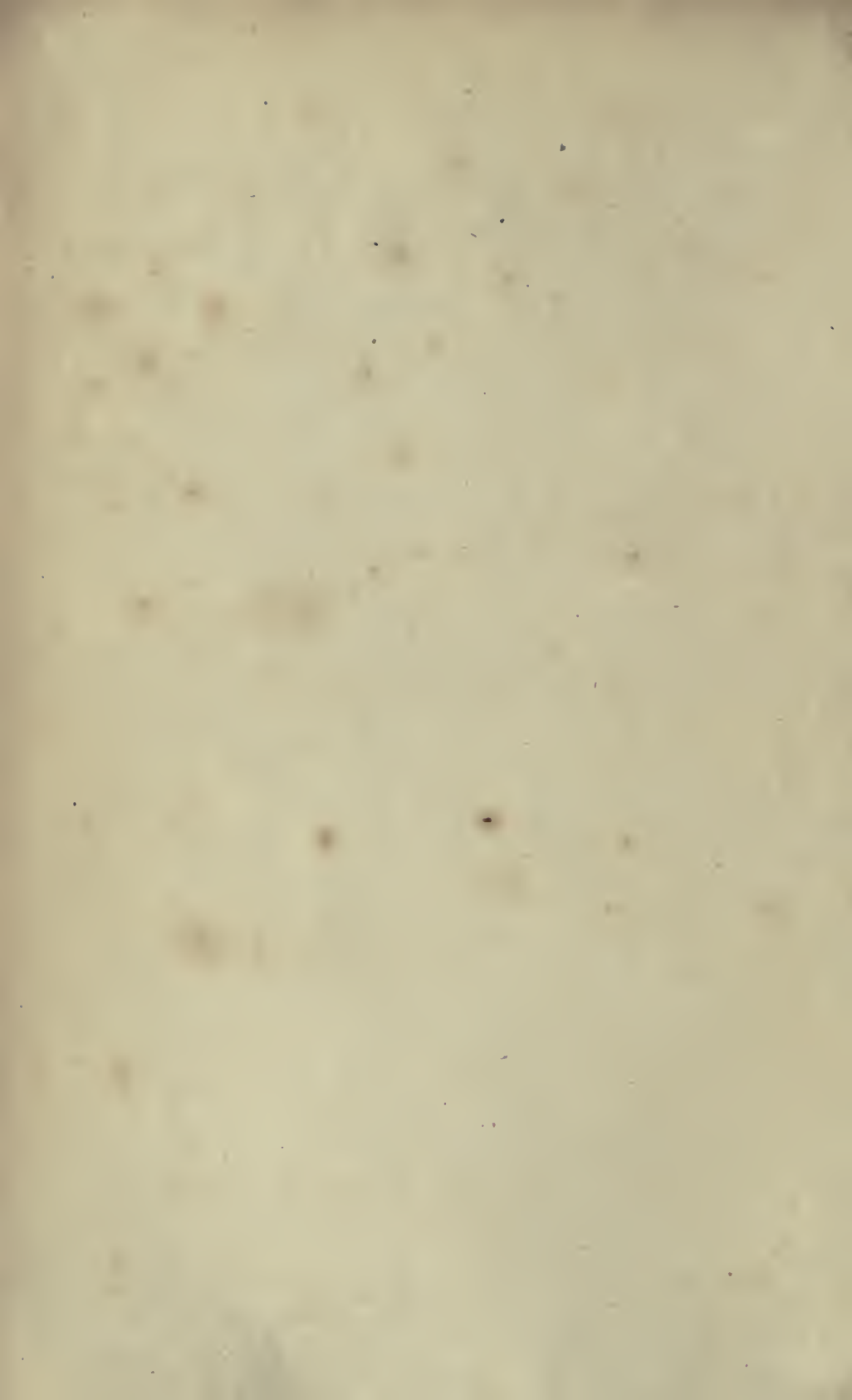


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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME XVII.

FROM DECEMBER 19, 1857, TO JUNE 12, 1858.

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THE CITY OF UNLIMITED PAPER.

WITHIN a certain circle, of which the Royal Exchange is the centre, lie the ruins of a great paper city. Its rulers—solid and substantial as they appear to the eye—are made of paper. They ride in paper carriages; they marry paper wives, and unto them are born paper children; their food is paper, their thoughts are paper, and all they touch is transformed to paper. They buy paper and they sell paper; they borrow paper, and they lend paper,—a paper that shrinks and withers in the grasp like the leaves of the sensitive plant; and the stately-looking palaces in which they live and trade are built of paper,—small oblong pieces of paper, which, like the cardboard houses of our childhood, fall with a single breath. That breath has overtaken them, and they lie in the dust. Let me collect the scattered pieces, and build them up into such another variety of trembling structures as they formed before; as they form now; or as, in a few years, they will undoubtedly form again.

Our first paper-house is the firm of Collaps, Vortex, Docket, and Company, general merchants. It is quiet and unobtrusive in appearance, being in Tobacco Lane, Fenchurch Street; and its small office has not had its windows cleaned for thirty years, which gives it a favourable appearance of solidity. The leading peculiarity of this firm is ramification; and it is remarkable for the harmony and beauty of its complex machinery. The senior partner, Mr. Collaps, is a merchant of the old school. There is a fund of credit in his shoe-buckles, and in the heavy yellow family coach that comes to fetch him of an afternoon. Mr. Vortex affects an almost Quakerish severity of attire; he attends to the discounting department, and the chairmanships and directorships of those important and choice public companies which he finds so useful in consolidating the credit of the house. Mr. Docket is a copy of Mr. Vortex, some fifteen years younger; he attends to the working part of the business, whatever that may be; superintends the clerks, answers troublesome inquiries, and is supposed to buy and sell all the merchandise. The ramifications of the house extend to most cities of importance in England, abroad, and the colonies. In Glas-

gow there is the branch firm of M'Vortex and Company, who have established friendly relations with all the leading banks, and whose paper, drawn upon the substantial firm of O'Docket and Company of Dublin, is "done" without a whisper, at the minimum rate. The substantial firm of O'Docket and Company of Dublin enjoys the highest credit that can be obtained by a long course of regular trading in the land of generous sympathies and impulsive genius; and their paper, upon the highly respectable firm of M'Vortex and Company, of Glasgow, is much in demand, at very low rates of discount indeed. Then there is Alphonse Collaps and Company of Paris; the great house of Collaps Brothers, at Calcutta; Vortex, Collaps, and Docket, of San Francisco; Docket Brothers and Collaps, of New York; Collaps, Collaps, and Company, of the Cape of Good Hope; Vortex, Docket, and Vortex, of Melbourne, Australia; and Vortex Brothers and Docket, of Montreal, Canada. These all draw and feed upon each other as their necessities require; and the parent firm of Collaps, Vortex, Docket, and Company, of Tobacco Lane, London, watches over its obedient children with a more than fatherly interest, and trades upon their acceptances to the extent of millions. Formerly the great London house used to stop payment during every commercial panic,—their credit preventing the necessity of their doing so at any other time. Now, they have grown too wise and important to do that. It is not that their trade has become in any degree sounder or more legitimate, but the accumulated liabilities of many years have swelled their transactions into such gigantic proportions, that the mere whisper of any difficulty to the Governor and company of the Bank of England causes a representation to be made to our paternal government, whose mission it is to foster, protect, and accommodate trade; and it is agreed that such a public calamity as the suspension of Messrs. Collaps, Vortex, Docket, and Company must be prevented at any cost. It is prevented by the suspension of the Bank Charter Act instead; an extra issue of Bank of England notes is authorised, with a government guarantee in case there should not be gold to exchange for them; and commerce—ill-used commerce—breathes again.

My next house is the firm of Messrs. Ignes, Fatui and Company, the extensive and eccentric shippers, of Skye Chambers, Old Broad Street, who are always on the search for new markets, and who have very peculiar notions of the requirements of distant countries. They are constantly sending large cargoes of damask tablecloths and silver toothpicks to the Sandwich Islands; or-molu cloaks to Tierra del Fuego; and pianos, articles of vertu, and Birmingham idols to the southern coast of Africa. They import, in return, for the London market, tomahawks, heathen gods and goddesses carved out of stumps of trees, with occasionally a Holy Family, painted by some intelligent native Raffaele of Mozambique, in which the mother and child, with very thick lips and sable skins, are evidently doing well. Messrs. Ignes, Fatui and Company are not so particular as they might be about the nature of their shipments, because they find great facilities in obtaining loans upon paper, called bills of lading—a system of pawning ships' cargoes—and if the goods should be returned unsaleable a year hence, injured by time, sea-water, and with the accumulated charges of freight and interest upon their backs, what matter? The loan has supplied funds to send out other and equally well-assorted cargoes; so that, as fast as one payment falls due another loan is obtained, and the whole system is kept up like the brass balls which the juggler tosses in the air. Whenever a vessel is lost without being properly insured; whenever an Australian mail brings intelligence that heaps of costly rubbish are rotting on the wet, glutted wharves of Melbourne, we may guess in a moment that both the vessel and the goods are the property of Messrs. Ignes, Fatui and Company, and look for a suspension of the firm that will set all things right, and furnish gossip for the Money Market for about four-and-twenty hours.

Another well-known paper house is the house of Strawboy and Rag, the Manchester warehousemen, of Fustian Lane, Wood Street. Strawboy had been a buyer in a large City establishment, where he learned to regard returns as of more importance than either the quality of the business done, or the profits derived from it. Strawboy therefore went in for large returns. Rag had been chief-clerk in the same establishment; and finding, after deeply studying the theory of trade, that the accommodation-bill entered so largely into every transaction, he had come at last to regard it—like some eminent financiers do the inconvertible bank-note—as the basis of all wealth, and had started the extensive business of Strawboy and Rag, with nothing but his own ingenuity, Strawboy's broad chest, double-breasted waistcoat, and reputed energy, and a pile of bill-stamps of all denominations. Mr. Rag's calculations were based upon a knowledge of how many small traders in the outskirts of London, in London itself,

and throughout the country, were maintaining a position that was not required by the existing demands of trade, or that they were not qualified to fill, either by ability or capital. It was with these small over-traders that Messrs. Strawboy and Rag opened negotiations, and, in consideration of reviving their languishing credit, founded about one hundred and twenty drawing-posts or bill-stations, with power to manufacture bills upon them to an unlimited extent. The demands of such a business of course consumed whole mountains of goods, and the manufacturers were delighted; the discounts of such a business of course required whole mines of money, and the bankers were delighted. Strawboy—who always affected a rough, hearty character—used to refer with pride at public dinners to the excessive lowness of his origin. He worked in a brick-field when a boy, for twopence a-day, and he dated his prosperity from the time when he became an errand-boy and drudge in a City warehouse at half-a-crown a week. Mr. Rag was more reserved—the gentleman of the firm—and he put his views upon the currency in the shape of a pamphlet, called *Is Money to be the Master or the Slave of the People?* It is a pity that such a promising state of things was not destined to endure. The crash came at last; and, although they very nearly persuaded the National Bank to render them assistance, Messrs. Strawboy and Rag were obliged to submit to the fall.

The next house that rises before me is that of Messrs. Bibb and Tucker, of Consol Court, Threadneedle Street. It is not easy to say what the exact business of Messrs. Bibb and Tucker is. I have known and watched them for many years, and I profess myself totally unable to form an opinion, unless I decide that they are merchants who exist for the purpose of failing every three years, under circumstances that command the general sympathy of their creditors. Bibb is a man who gives you the impression of being a remarkably simple and straightforward man; in fact, so general is this impression, that he is known in the money market as "honest George Bibb." Tucker is a man who, according to his own account, if his inclinations had been consulted, would rather have been in the church; but as his father desired to see him enrolled in the ranks of commerce, he obeyed his father, and took his place amongst the merchants of the City, where he hopes he always endeavours to do his duty.

When the periodical failures of Bibb and Tucker take place, there is generally, for such apparently quiet people, a rather large amount of debts, and a very large amount of liabilities; but, although a considerable quantity of property is always unaccountably sucked up, the dividend proposed never falls below twelve shillings and sixpence in the pound; and, as their transactions are always rigidly confined to creditors who belong to

the old-fashioned class of merchants who look upon a man's word as his bond—and a very good bond, too—there is never any scrutiny demanded, or any troublesome questions asked, and the very respectable dividend always carries them through triumphantly, with the presentation of a piece of plate. Once—and once only—they broke the uniformity of their composition by paying eleven shillings in the pound; but they restored the balance the next time, by increasing the dividend to fourteen shillings.

The next house is the well-known manufacturing house of Lacker, Crane, and Company, of Packingcase Yard, Lower Thames Street, and Dunnist Mills, near Old Humdrum, Inverness-shire. The premises in Packingcase Yard are modest enough, and would not seem to indicate a business of a very extensive character; but, in this instance the art of the engraver is called in, and we are presented upon invoices and bill-stamps with a flattering and highly suggestive view of the important and busy Dunnist Mills, of which the small office in London is only one of the numerous agencies. There are water-power and steam-power; high chimneys sending forth volumes of smoke; long ranges of out-buildings with groups of busy work-people, and large, solid bales of merchandise; bridges and tramways, and waggons loaded with raw material, drawn by struggling horses of the Flemish breed, towards the crowded gates of this industrial settlement. The whole is a work of imagination of the highest order, alike creditable to the designer and the engraver. When, in the usual course of things, the house of Lacker, Crane, and Company is compelled to call its creditors together, and an inspection of the magnificent factory, out-works, and plant, takes place by the order of the assignees, the dissolving view of the industrial hive, with its active work-people and its din and clatter of machinery, gradually recedes, and in its place stands the pastoral simplicity of a couple of barns, and a kilted shepherd tending his flocks.

My next paper-house is that of Baggs and Company, of Nabob Buildings, Leadenhall Street, in the East Indian trade. Baggs and Company would have been commercially defunct many years since, but for a most fortunate occurrence,—they were joined at their last gasp by young Mr. Curry, the only son of the great East Indian director of that name. The firm of Curry, Baggs, and Company was a very different concern from the languishing firm of Baggs and Company. Its credit was good to any amount; for many persons confounded the name of Curry with old Curry, and they did not stay to undeceive themselves. Others spoke about the great wealth of old Curry—wealth that he *must* have; spoke about young Curry being the only son and a great favourite—a very great favourite; spoke about the praiseworthy care of a father desirous of

seeing his son comfortably settled in commerce before he finally retired from the busy scene. Old Baggs made hay while the sun shone. One morning old Curry committed suicide. Upon inquiry it was found that he was not only very much behind the world, but that he had a large number of forged bills in the hands of Longpaper and Company, who rather prefer that exceptional branch of the trade in paper, because they have found, from a long experience, that forged documents, as a rule, while they yield the highest rate of interest, furnish the greatest amount of security. Young Curry, instead of taking any capital into the tottering firm had, on the contrary, drawn a few thousands out of it as a premium for the use of his valuable financial name.

My next structure is the old historical banking-house of Fossil, Ingot, and Bagstock, in Bullion Alley. It was founded in the time of Charles the Second. Take up any book upon the Antiquities of London, and you will always find a chapter devoted to the house in which the business is carried on. Take up any collection of commercial anecdotes, and you will find how, in periods of financial panic, the great house of Fossil alone stood unshaken. You will read how the stout-hearted, cool-headed Fossil, when his bank was subjected to a severe pressure, during the reaction of the South Sea scheme, stood at his door and shovelled the sovereigns into baskets out of a dust-cart. You will read how he went to a neighbouring banker, who was in sore distress, and, slapping him on the back, said, "Centum, my boy, I have placed a couple of millions to your credit, and if you want any more, you know where to send for it." When it was announced, the other day, that Fossil, Ingot, and Bagstock had closed their doors, the public could not credit it. Although the fact was too plain to be denied, they fell back upon the assertion that the suspension could only be temporary, as old Fossil's property alone would pay everybody, and yield an enormous surplus. This flattering supposition had also to be given up; for, to the general consternation, it was found, upon inquiry, that old Fossil—in fact, all the Fossils—had been dead about sixty-five years, and that there had been none of their capital in the bank for more than half a century.

Unlike his predecessors, who were all striving to make something out of nothing—John Taster was equally energetic in trying to make nothing out of something. By a long course of industry and care in the wholesale cheese-trade, John had amassed a fortune of about one hundred thousand pounds. His life, dull and monotonous enough, had been passed in that very mouldy warehouse on the ground-floor of one of the dampest houses in Lower Thames Street, posting a greasy ledger in a small box, called a counting-house, which was lighted with gas the whole of the livelong day. There was not much about John

which indicated a poetic temperament; he was fat and florid, and his voice was thick, coming through the nose. Yet was he, perhaps, one of the most imaginative men that ever breathed. His imagination was active, not passive; it did not take the form of dreams; it developed itself in a practical business way. John Taster threw himself and his capital into the Garden of Eden Railway Company (Limited). Some people say he originated the scheme; but this I cannot believe: one thing, however, is certain, the company professed to be limited, and it was limited, I am sorry to say, to John, and John's capital. The mind that for so many years had been devoted to the uncongenial, but profitable, pursuit of selecting and selling cheese, was now feeding upon honey-dew, and drinking the milk of Paradise. He gave up the business in Lower Thames Street, and fixed his eyes with the intensity and steadiness of an Indian fakir upon the East. His fortune was lost; but his faith was firm, and, as he cannot now feed his darling scheme with gold, he has become, like the rest, a man of paper.

My next house is compounded of the Etna and Vesuvius Joint Stock Bank, Filch Lane, London, and the great builders and contractors, Messrs. Chaos, Rotbill, and Clay, of Bankside. Mr. M'Vacuum, who was installed as sole manager of the Etna and Vesuvius Bank, with an enormous salary, is one of those extraordinary men which the City creates; men of wide experience, large grasp of intellect, and great decision of character. As a proof of his great influence in the City, and the respect which was paid to him by the commercial community, before the doors had been opened for business two months, the Bank numbered amongst its clients the names of Messrs. Collaps, Vortex, and Docket; Ignes, Fatui and Company; Strawboy and Rag; Bibb and Tucker; Lacker, Crane, and Company; Curry and Baggs—and, greater even still, the leviathan house of Chaos, Rotbill, and Clay. M'Vacuum being a man of a discerning mind, soon discovered the peculiar ability of the latter firm, and the result was an arrangement by which, in consideration of M'Vacuum granting the use of the Bank for unlimited facilities, Messrs. Chaos, Rotbill, and Clay were to begin the well-known building settlement of New Babylonia, granting M'Vacuum a secret share in the profits. Suddenly the great marsh of East Babel sprang into life. Suddenly upon the dismal swamp arose the plan of New Babylonia. Suddenly shoals of bills of exchange appeared in the Money Market—and especially in the accounts of the Etna and Vesuvius Bank—drawn upon hodmen, carpenters, bricklayers, carters, and labourers, whose names became as familiar to capitalists as those of Messrs. Fossil, Ingot, and Bagstock themselves. Suddenly came the general crash, and paralysed enterprise

left New Babylonia—the hideous nightmare—the paper monster—which it remains at the present time. There are the long streets of carcases, with awful gulfs and pitfalls of cellars; there is the outline of a grand square filled with heaps of gravel, rubbish, old broken bricks, pieces of iron, and slabs of paving-stone half hidden in the yielding clay; there are large rafters of timber, round which the long damp grass has grown; and there is a deep pool of rain-water, in which float rotten planks that venturesome urclins have formed into a raft; there is the fragment of a church, and a frontage that might have been intended for a chapel or a literary institution; there are large ghastly shells of mansions, some with broken, weather-beaten stucco fronts, some with ruined porticoes half completed, some with cloud-capped garret window holes, staring far away across the misty country; and there are frameworks of shops through which the distant fields are seen as in a picture. It is the home of the rag-picker and the tramp; silent and awful as a city of the dead; silent as the grave of sunken capital should be; silent and undisturbed as when, in the middle of a summer's day, three thousand workmen streamed slowly from the place, never to return.

SOMETHING LIKE AN ART GALLERY.

THE magnificent collection of Art-Treasures, recently on view at Manchester, naturally recalls to our remembrance another exhibition of a very different character. An accumulation of rare objects perfectly exceptional. A Gallery of paintings, gems, and sculpture, such as had never before been grouped together, to be ultimately scattered. One, in all human likelihood, of which mankind may never again have the opportunity of witnessing the repetition.

It was a collection numerically smaller, but intrinsically far more costly; and, in some respects, far more remarkable than even that wonderful gathering of pictures, jewels, and statuary, stored up lately in our manufacturing capital, in that new palace of glass,—"one entire and perfect chrysolite!" The Manchester display of Art-Treasures, however, possessed this one incontestible pre-eminence, that it was in literal truth scarcely so much a Gallery, as a Gallery of Galleries. It presented under a single roof, specimens of all the schools, with hardly one noticeable deficiency. It constituted a visible History of Art from its Rise—or, more correctly speaking, from its Revival—downwards. Whereas the previous gallery, of which this notable exhibition has proved to us an inevitable reminder, possessed in, no comparable degree either of these high pretensions. It affected in no way to illustrate the annals of painting. It afforded no systematic survey of the so-called schools. In these particulars it yielded but small

assistance, if any, either to the art critic, or to the art' chronologist. Nevertheless, it did indubitably possess the claim of being a collection of the world's masterpieces.

It is of the Gallery of the Louvre, as it was before its priceless spoils were scattered back in eighteen hundred and fifteen to the various capitals from which they had been originally purloined, that we are now reminded by the re-distribution of the contents of this memorable art-gallery at Manchester: a collection made at the point of the wonder-working sword, brandished over Europe, during a quarter of a century by Napoleon Bonaparte.

Masterpieces there still are, of course, in the Louvre, several of even matchless excellence. Yet, compared with those adorning the same historic walls fifty years ago in such affluent profusion, the choicest among all these exquisite art-possession of France are but as the tinselled diadem and sceptre of a play, to the glittering marvels of the crown regalia. It is true, the palatial edifice itself has been very recently completed by the reigning sovereign: but its interior decorations, the manifold works of genius wrought either by the brush or by the chisel, works constituting the bullion and ingots of this magnificent artistic treasury—these now-a-days, resolve themselves into the merest shadowy ghost of their former glory. Radiant fruit, still hanging sparsely here and there about the enchanted garden of Alladin, long after the glorious crop had fallen from those magical branches, and strewn abroad to the four winds by the breath of a hurricane. It is absolutely no exaggeration to talk thus of the Louvre as it is now, and as it was under the sway of the First Napoleon. Now, its chief boast is as a fabric, is external, is for the most part architectural. Then, its principal merit consisted in inclosing one astonishing cluster of masterpieces. Throughout the fifteen years beginning this nineteenth century, it was literally with the Louvre as it might have been with the acquisitions of some fortunate lapidary, who had secured to himself examples of all the various precious stones familiar to his craft; gems of price, or beyond price, comprising amongst their number those most renowned in history. A lapidary, let us say, who had secured, among diamonds of the purest water, nothing less than the veritable Kohinoor; whose store of pearls included the companion to that melted in the cup of wine, and quaffed with a dimpling to Antony by Cleopatra. The rarest among whose rubies proved to be no other than the famous jewel, once forming the eye of the one-eyed Idol of Jemshid. Here, the indisputable carbuncle that had flamed upon the villanous forehead of the toad of Sycorax. There, the sacred emerald green with the profile of the Redeemer, traditionally said to have been bartered as a Christian ransom at the pagan dungeon bars of Constantinople. The

collection of inimitable works of art, broken up in eighteen hundred and fifteen by the Allies, being in very deed not the less matchless and unsurpassable. It enumerated the noblest creations of the greatest painters and sculptors of whom the world has treasured up the memory with the masterpieces. Miracles in marble, preserved almost without a flaw from the remote ages of antiquity. Miracles on canvas, blooming to this day as freshly as when they bloomed first under the pencil of Urbino, or of Buonarrotti. Passing down those majestic galleries of the Louvre, was like traversing a suite of halls in one of the Palaces of the Five Senses, raised in the Cloudland of Romances by Vathek the Sybarite. It was here that the French Cæsar appeared for a while to have permanently gathered together under the shadow of the Tuileries, trophies of battle that the conquerors of the classic days would have amused themselves with, probably, by dragging them at the heels of their soldiery in triumphal procession.

To appreciate the truth of this more vividly, it is only necessary to recross those fifty years in imagination. Reader, you are then, we will suppose, one of those ill-starred prisoners of war, the luckless *détenus*; kidnapped, you will but too well remember, on the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, while innocently meandering about, mere harmless sight-seers. You have found your way, somehow, up to Paris, from that miserable Verdun, with every pebble of whose trottoirs you have long since become utterly and heartily disgusted. Your costume and general appearance are in every respect sufficiently fashionable to allow of your passing unnoticed along the boulevards of the capital, as a gentleman in no way given to eccentricities. Your hair, straggling negligently from under the rim of your little pinched-up beaver, in the approved locks called *oreilles de chien*, reveals just the faintest dash of powder in it—a graceful tribute to the highest and daintiest of all the taxes upon gentility. Your chin lies half-buried in the voluminous folds of cambric, imparting to your cravat its proper amplitude of dimensions. Your coat-collar reaches half-way up the back of your head, its swallow-tails dangling down towards your heels, while the waist-buttons of glittering brass (about an inch apart) are situated somewhere between your shoulder-blades. Your tight-fitting shorts, of a delicate fawn-colour, are buttoned at the knee with mother-o'-pearl; below, there is a gap of stocking, and finally, to complete all, and to keep the dust out of your shoes, you are pleasingly embellished with a pair of little white gaiters.

Otherwise supposing you, gentle reader, to be some "passing fair," your ringlets are bunched in small clusters about your forehead, down even to the eyebrows, the rest of your tresses being coiled around a monstrous comb of tortoise-shell, hidden within the

crown of a bonnet, the stupendous poke of which is one of the most ingeniously portentous ever fashioned in Leghorn. You are delicately cinctured with a girdle immediately under your arms, the skirts of your dress hanging down below, close and "skinpy"—the spectral phantom of a garment shivering midway between the bygone hoop and the coming erinoline.

Attired thus according to the charming style in vogue during these early days of the new century, you pick your way across the miry road skirting the Place du Carrousel—under the swinging oil-lamp (for gas is not yet dreamed of), guttering and dribbling overhead, just as the whim, or the wind, takes it. The ponderous diligence, fresh—or rather stale—from the provinces, has but this moment rumbled and jingled past you, with its immemorial postilion cracking his huge whip, like discharges of musketry: not a thought yet of railroads; although Watt has long since worked out the problem of the kettle-lid, and though young George Stephenson has already thriftily drudged his way up to the post of engine-wright down at the High Pit Colliery at Killingworth. These are not by any means, at the present instant, the themes of your speculation. On the contrary, your every thought, as becomes a genuine detenté from Verdun, happens to be pleasantly absorbed in a little holiday scheme of sight-seeing, with all its agreeable anticipations. The Louvre—the Louvre Impérial—with its contents, the Musée de Napoléon! Thither your footsteps have been all this while tending. There, you pause for a moment on the threshold, you enter the porch, you ascend the staircase, you advance up the first of those resplendent galleries.

A roll of drums from the courtyard of the adjacent palace greets your ear as you open your catalogue and begin to look about you more in detail, while sauntering slowly down that long perspective, half-pictorial, half-statuesque. It is Cæsar, in the little grey-coat and the three-cornered hat, yonder, mounting his horse for an afternoon ride among his lieges, through street and boulevard. And THESE are among the spoils won for the capital of his vast empire by his many victories—these marvellous works of art that, another glance informs you, require no syllable of explanation from either guide-book or catalogue.

Masterpieces, for the most part, so familiar to the mind's eye, through the aid of countless engravings and descriptive criticisms, that at a single look they are at once recognised, and that, moreover, in many instances, with a sense of instant admiration. Several among these world-famous trophies of war are scattered, it is true, elsewhere, about the imperial city; as, for example, those renowned bronze-horses from St. Mark's, at Venice,—rearing and plunging, in animated metal, over the triumphal-arch hard by the old Bourbon Palace of the Tuileries. But here—

under the sheltering roof-beams of the Louvre itself—the majority of these wonderful prizes of military rapine have been in one gorgeous aggregate accumulated.

Suppose, therefore, without more ado, we pocket our catalogue, as something wholly superfluous, and lounge amicably together, down the extended array of inimitable and inestimable masterpieces. Beginning, let us say, with those marble wonders in the foreground, aptly to be termed hereafter by Shelley "the despair of modern art!" And, subsequently, directing our gaze in due sequence to all that glowing canvas on the walls—mirrors one might say (without being either fantastic or affected), within whose radiant depths so many glorious and angelic forms have been conjured eternally to view by the magic of genius.

Startling us into delight upon the very threshold, here struggles and writhes in everlasting horror, the wondrous group of the Laocœon, designated by Michael Angelo, that artistic miracle, revealing to us, in one astonishing cluster, the gigantic form of the Priest of Apollo, with a stripling son on either hand, tangled and twined about by those awful serpent-folds,—slimy, ponderous, and clinging. Here, close beside it, ravished by the mandate of the Victor from its accustomed pedestal in the Tribune of Florence, stands shrinking by the celestial form of the Venus de Medici, captive herself for once:

"Chained to the chariot of triumphant War."

as securely now, for awhile, at least, as her votaries have ever been chained to that of art, according to the rapturous phrase through which Childe Harold avows himself to be "dazzled and drunk" with this divine glimpse of the Beautiful. Here, again, not far removed from each other—starting forward as if in life, both eagerly gazing into the distance—are the wonderful Discobolus or Quoit Player, and the yet more wonderful Apollo Belvidere. How accurately the attitude, the look, the indefinable bearing of each, inform one that the latter has but just discharged his arrow at the Python, while the former is watching the effect of his flying discus. Instantaneously, intuitively you recognise, as Reynolds has done (in his Tenth Discourse), "the graceful, negligent, though animated air of the one, and the vulgar eagerness of the other: both equally true to nature and equally admirable." Now we pause before the half-recumbent figure of the Dying Gladiator, with the drops of the last agony on his brow and the life-blood oozing forth in gouts upon the dust of the amphitheatre. Now we tarry awhile before the high-shouldered Egyptian Antinous of the Capitol, or glance at the other (colossal) Antinous—a trophy of the conquests of the grand army in eighteen hundred and six and seven—its symmetrical form towering up towards the roof at the extremity of the lofty gallery, its

lordly head clustered about with ringlets, ambrosial and hyacinthine. Here is the celebrated Pallas of Velletri, and here that astounding torso of Hercules from the Vatican, which one might almost regard as the embodiment of omnipotence in the brawny muscles of a demi-god—muscles no less than himself most wonderfully clubbed. Here glares upon us from under its diadem of spikes, the noble bust of Serapis, the rayed and gorgon-like fragment found, long years back, upon the Appian way at Colombaro; and here again the wondrous head of Jupiter from the Vatican, that awful and sublime effigy discovered, also long ago, upon the Flaminian way at Otricoli. These, confronting each other on either side, we recognise upon the instant as the well-known busts of Homer and Euripides—the one transported hither from the Academy of Mantua, the other (the classic and idealised presentment of Homer) withdrawn from the Eternal City where it was accidentally dug up a few centuries earlier in the garden of the Palazzo Gaetani, near Santa Maria Maggiore. Here, as a contrast to the mighty torso of Hercules, mark well the delicate and exquisitely beautiful torso of the Greek Love—also from that same rifed museum of the Vatican. And from the self-same costly repository of ancient rarities in sculpture you note the next moment, upon one hand the immortal Venus coming from the bath, and upon the other, the maternal stature of Ceres swathed in the undulating outlines of a drapery but very little short of the miraculous. There—contrasting as well as confronting each the other—the picturesque river-gods of the Tiber and the Nile; giant forms, carved out of the dædal granite by some chisel held, perhaps, in the grasp of Phidias or of Praxiteles: twin statues solemnly secured to France by a distinct article in the Treaty of Tolentino. Yonder, the lovely Adonis, found by a fortunate excavator at Centocelle, on the road to Paestrina. And, to close at last a catalogue that might otherwise threaten to be interminable, the dainty shapes of Cupid and Psyche kissing with lips of all but sentient marble, the very types of Love and Beauty, the visible evidence of all that is most tender and bewitching in the essence of the Greek mythology.

Turning from the peopled pedestals to the pictured walls what treasures of painting have there not been amassed together in this bewildering concentration of all that is most precious in art—the Musée de Napoléon!

Conspicuous even here by its transcendent beauty the glorious Transfiguration of Raphael, torn ruthlessly from its shrine in Rome, over the high altar in San Pietro di Montorio. The far-famed Descent from the Cross of Rubens, also abstracted from its time-honoured corner in the cathedral at Antwerp, to be hung up here in the great national exhibition of France: a composition still extorting universal admiration by the incomparable

excellence of its grouping. What though its originally lustrous hues have long since faded under the deteriorating influence of cleansing and miscalled renovation, when, during his journey to Flanders and Holland, Sir Joshua remarked with concern that even then its brilliant effect was “lost in a mist of varnish which appeared to be chilled and mildewed.” Another matchless Raphael d’Urbino attracts our gaze irresistibly as we loiter on; it is the awe-inspiring Vision of Ezekiel, with the wings, and the wheels, and the eyes, and the four lying creatures borne upon the whirlwind—visibly, one might almost fancy audibly—realising the beatific mystery of that dread prophetic narrative, the perusal of which we scarcely marvel now to remember was prohibited in olden times to every Hebrew man until after he had attained the ripe age of thirty. And these? Are they not the three grimly Fates, the fearful Parcæ of Michel Angelo Buonarroti? Terrible hags, that might have bubbled out of the earth before the recoiling Thane in the solitude of the blasted muirland. Beside them, the witching Circe of Guerino, selected from the Museum of Florence. Further on, the ineffably pathetic Pietà, or Dead Christ, of Annibali Caracci, radiant in every tint, as if but yesterday removed from the easel. And, scattered at intervals along the opposite wall, those four unrivalled models for the art-student, whether viewed in reference to drapery or anatomy, foreshortening or composition, the symbolical effigies of the four pseudo elements—Earth, Air, Fire, Water—imagined by the master-mind, and delineated by the master-hand, of Agostino Caracci. At one moment we are standing awed before the seraphic Christ at the Tomb, by Caravaggio; at another, filled with wondering delight, we pause in front of the majestic apparition of the Saviour of the World, as revealed by the reverent genius of that Venerable Bede of Art, gentle-hearted Fra Bartolomeo. Yonder is the legendary Martyrdom of Saint Christopher—aged and austere—by Spada; yonder the traditional Martyrdom of Saint Agnes—bright with infantine and virginal beauty—by Domenichino. Here, the extraordinary picture of the Communion of Saint Jerome from the same wizard brush of fascination; there, the yet more remarkable Crowning with Thorns, from the luminous pencil of Titian, the paragon of colourists. Wherever your glance falls, it falls inevitably upon a masterpiece. Now, perchance, it is some lovely limning like Carlo Dolce’s Sleep of the little Saint John; now some noble altar-piece of thrilling solemnity, such as the Descent from the Cross by Andrea del Sarto. Scarcely a painter of mark is there, from Cimabue down to the latest of the grand maestros, but here is, not merely some exquisite evidence of his peculiar merits, but, his admitted chef-d’œuvre.

It was in seventeen hundred and ninety-six, on the capitulation of the Grand Duke of Parma, that Bonaparte's novel system of pillage may be said in real earnest to have commenced. It was there, in a manner, solemnly inaugurated as a portion of his new scheme of warfare. Having compelled the vanquished Parmese government, soon after the opening of that ever-memorable Italian campaign, to pay down some two million francs in silver, to furnish the victors with sixteen hundred artillery horses, and to supply them with a considerable store of corn and other provisions, Napoleon, in addition to all this, constrained the luckless Grand Duke to give up twenty of the principal paintings in his metropolis, the boast of his little principality. Among these—chief pride of all—the world-renowned Saint Jerome of Correggio. Already several of the reigning monarchs, had vainly endeavoured, by offering large sums of money, to obtain this one famous production. Bonaparte, by a single sweep of his sword, conjured it, and with it nineteen other pictorial prizes, into the possession of the Republican Directory. It is amusing to observe how the incident of this first "haul" of the art net is recorded by the official annalist of the Musée de Napoléon: he introduces the circumstance by complacently remarking that Parma might still have preserved the Correggio but for—what?—that liberal spirit which presided over the Gallic conquests, "cet esprit libéral qui présidait aux conquêtes des Français." His unfortunate and obtuse highness, the sovereign Prince of Parma, not appreciating sufficiently the magnanimity of this liberal spirit of his conqueror, offered to disburse another round million in compensation to France, upon the simple understanding that this Saint Jerome still remained in its owner's possession. "Mais un grand homme," exclaims the annalist aforesaid, with quite a patriotic glow in his words, "est supérieur aux considérations pécuniaires"—meaning literally that the later Hannibal took no more hard cash from the Parmese treasury than the amount he happened just then to require. So the Correggio passed over, with the nineteen other paintings, from the vanquished to the vanquishers. Never—ejaculates the imperial scribe naively when relating the occurrence—never did heroism render nobler tribute to arts and to national disinterestedness, "Jamais l'héroïsme ne rendit un plus noble hommage aux arts et au désintéressement national." Adding, that when the beloved Correggio had actually taken its departure from his dominions, the Grand Duke resolved never again to enter the apartment where the pride of his palace had hitherto been suspended, and whither he himself had so often gone to admire it in the happy days when young General Bonaparte had not yet won the

opportunity to try his knack at conquering. The resolution, we are told, was confirmed by an oath, and the oath, we are next coolly informed by this drily humorous historian was kept by the Grand Duke (poor fellow!) religiously. Our conical friend, being, in truth, no other person than Monsieur Antoine Michel Filhol, graveur et éditeur du Musée Royal de France, as afterwards, of course, right loyally, du Musée Impérial. A magnificent testimony of whose skill, in which capacity survives to this day in the ten superb volumes published under his direction, between eighteen hundred and four and eighteen hundred and fifteen, under the title of the *Galerie de Napoléon*. Volumes comprising within them, besides the explanatory letterpress descriptions, from seven hundred to eight hundred exquisite copperplate engravings taken from the pick of the glorious paintings and statuary in that truly sumptuous collection. A gathering together of the art triumphs of the world, here frankly described by our amiable Filhol as the enormous collection of pictures from Italy (and elsewhere), and of which France owes the possession to the memorable victories of his Majesty the Emperor and King, "l'immense collection de tableaux apportés d'Italie, et dont la France doit la possession aux mémorables victoires de Sa Majesté l'Empereur et Roi:" for which candid and accurate definition, you have only to turn to the soixante-dix-septième livraison of Monsieur Filhol's costly publication.

Unfortunately for the glory of the Louvre, and for the pride of France, there came at last, upon the second entrance of the Allies into Paris, the terrible day of reckoning. Talleyrand still clinging tenaciously in eighteen hundred and fifteen to the ministry for Foreign Affairs—it muttering little or nothing, at any moment, to Monseigneur le Prince who chanced then to be the sovereignty—ineffectually strove at that crisis to preserve to France under the regal Bourbon the works of art obtained for her under the imperial Bonaparte. Talleyrand enforced his appeal by an earnest reference to that particular article in the capitulation of Paris which distinctly provided for the preservation of public and private property, if not of a strictly military description. So vain, however, was this momentary interposition, that with as little delay as possible the despoiler was, there and then, in turn, summarily despoiled. The art treasures of Europe being forthwith transmitted each to its original destination—the soldiers of Britain and Prussia bivouacking night and day in the Place du Carrousel during the interval occupied in their removal. A painful incident it was felt to be—poignantly and undisguisedly—among our gallant neighbours. And no wonder: for even Monsieur de Lamartine has remarked explicitly in reference to it, in the thirtieth book of his *History of the*

Restoration: "The artistic as well as the military genius of France was attached to these pictures, these marbles, these bronzes, with more passion and with a passion more noble than was felt for treasures and for territories." Nevertheless, after all, the devastation of the Louvre—as it was then called, and as it was then considered to be, by the Parisians—was really nothing more than a simple and unavoidable act of general restitution. A consideration this, however, in no way assuaging the anguish of the wound administered at the time to French patriotism, an anguish still resounding in the impassioned verses in which the event was contemporaneously lamented by Casimir Delavigne, through the indignant and mournful cadence of his elegies, entitled *Masséniennes*.

STREET MEMORIES.

It matters not much what I am now. I may be the chairman of the Balls Pond Mining and Quartz Crushing Company (Limited); I may be the governor of the United Banks of Shetland and Tierra del Fuego, or any other incarnation of intense respectability and supreme authority; but one thing is certain—I was once a boy. If some of my City friends will condescend to throw aside that stiff mask which they wear from nine to five, and that other equally stiff but very genteel mask which they wear to the west of Temple Bar, from five to twelve, I will take them kindly and naturally by the button-hole, and tell them, to the best of my ability, what kind of a boy I was; what I did; what I liked; and what I disliked.

I was decidedly a street-boy; and perhaps a sharp boy. I was allowed to walk about for the benefit of my health; because, when I went to school, I caught the hooping-cough, the scarlet fever, the chickenpox, and the measles. These calamities procured me freedom of action, with a certain amount of pocket-money. I knew every street-tumbler as well as my own father. I knew the thin youth in the white leggings, who did the splits equal to any acrobat in Europe; and the stout posturer in pink leggings, who was always striking an attitude of menace towards his partner, and who threw a hand-spring, two flip-flaps, and a back-summersault without the aid of a spring-board. I knew the man with the brass balls, the rings, the doll; and the little boy who used to wriggle through the spokes of the ladder while it was being balanced on his father's chin. If any boy got a blow with the balls which were swung at the end of a rope to clear the ring, I was that boy; but, to show that I bore no malice, I used to be the first to volunteer to enter the circle when a lad was required to have his head cut off. I used to stand by the side of the man with the drum, watching the artistic touches that he gave to the instrument, and listening to the delicate light and

shade which he imparted to his performance on the mouth-organ. I believe, now I come to reflect, at a mature age, that I must have been present on the last occasion when a live donkey was balanced on the top of a ladder resting on a man's chin. All went well for a few minutes, when a slight impatient movement of the quadruped caused the ladder to incline, and the performer, after vainly trying to restore its perpendicular, was compelled to let it go, and the animal fell with a crash through a cheesemonger's window. The donkey was not killed, but the whole troupe were taken to the station-house; and a new police regulation forbade any such performance in future. An aunt of mine declared that it was a judgment upon the cheesemonger (who used to serve her) for the reckless manner in which he bought and used waste-paper, without any regard to what it had been in its bound and printed form.

I knew the group of children upon stilts, but I never took kindly to them. They were more calculated to interest those well-regulated boys who were never allowed to see any of the sights I have mentioned, except from the safe paternal fastness of a bedroom window. But I mixed with the wild throng, learned their habits, their prospects, and their rounds, and nearly always knew the hour, the day, and the place at which to expect them. I was familiar with the street bands that played at public-house doors: I even knew their little loves and hatreds. I have seen an harmonious partnership broken up, and the piccolo and the violoncello refuse to work any longer with the bugle (there were bugles in those days) and the violin. I have even seen the bugle out by himself, doing a very good solo business in a thick marketing street like Shore-ditch, on a Saturday night. I have often seen the trombone very drunk and incapable; and an old fellow, with red, blown-out cheeks, extremely vain about his manner of executing the Last Rose of Summer on a cracked clarinet.

Many a time have I stood with untiring patience outside a public-house for several hours, when I saw the familiar machine standing at the door, with its drapery tucked up, waiting for the proprietor to come out after dinner flushed with beer. When a "pitch" took place, how I used to watch the windows of the substantial houses, to see if any smiling nursemaids, with delighted children, made their appearance, backed by the paper of halfpence from the benevolent parents, without which and the general encouragement of the crowd, I knew, from long experience, no performance would take place. The fantoccini I pronounced to be a bore; a something only to be endured if nothing better was to be had. The idiotic Turk who threw up two orange-looking balls, first one and then the other, no more

excited my interest than did the skeleton that danced and fell to pieces produce in me a feeling of wonder and admiration. The young lady in the short light frock and soiled stockings, who used to dance upon the slack-wire, waving first two flags, and afterwards playing upon a pair of cymbals, inspired me with almost a tender passion. I used to watch anxiously for her days of appearance, and I always felt very jealous of the man who accompanied her in the capacity of guardian and money-taker.

The showman who carried, in a box upon his back, the dramas of Mazeppa and the Wild Horse, and Jonathan Bradford, was another object of interest. His entertainment was exclusive, and only to be enjoyed by the possessor of one halfpenny. I used to see it as often as I could afford it, standing on a step in front and looking through the bull's-eye glasses. The interior was lighted up with a candle in the middle of the day, and the different highly-coloured tableaux were let down with a heavy flop by strings at the side. Mazeppa was dragged across the stage on a wooden slide; wonderful atmospheric effects were introduced at the back, by lifting a lid, and the whole was made more interesting by a running description pronounced in a thick voice by the proprietor, who was always suffering from a cold in the head through exposure to the weather. My experience out-of-doors gave a tone to my conduct at home. Mazeppa was got up inside a handbox with tolerable success; I broke a great number of plates and saucers trying to spin them on the top of walking-sticks in imitation of the juggler; and my experiments upon the bed, trying to achieve the feat of a back summersault, were carried out to the utter destruction of the sacking. The introduction of Jim Crow as a character-song was fatal to more than one tolerable suit of clothes. I blacked my face three times a day; I destroyed one of my father's best hats, making the crown hang down like the lid of a snuff-box; and I made ragged the sleeves and tails of a coat, and covered with patches a pair of very wearable trousers.

I was not a gluttonous boy, but constant exercise and exposure to the air had given me a good appetite, and I liked to eat. I was fairly supplied with pocket-money, and I was also lucky in finding small sums. I once found three-and-sixpence; I once found one-and-twopence; and once sixpence, a pen-knife, and a bit of sealing-wax. I was not altogether devoted to the lighter delicacies of the palate. I knew the different flavours of cheesecakes, Banbury tarts, and three-cornered jam tartlets. I knew how much more was to be got for a penny when I bought the stale pastry from the tea-tray placed at the side of the doorway. I knew exactly how far a pennyworth of pieces

would fill my cap. I knew all this; and it was not, therefore, ignorance but choice that often sent me to the more substantial viands of the cookshop. Good, greasy Yorkshire pudding was a favourite, sometimes plain, sometimes with an occasional raisin stuck at rare intervals on the surface—always on the surface. Next to this stood baked potatoes, brown and crisp; and, after this, peas-pudding, in warm and heavy lumps upon a cabbage-leaf. My regular shop used to cook twice a day; once at twelve in the morning, and again at eight in the evening. No delicacy that I could have had at home was half so choice in my eyes as these pennyworths of pudding and potatoes, bought amidst a crowd of cabmen, carters, and coalheavers, and dirty women receiving their dinners or suppers in yellow basins—meat, pudding, greens, potatoes, gravy, and mustard, all mixed up together.

The places that I loved to patronise most were the stalls. There was a pieman who sold kidney puddings of a most delicious flavour—at least I thought so then—and he had the field to himself for many months. But, at last, capital and enterprise came in competition with him, in the shape of a rival pieman, who professed to sell kidney puddings superior to pieman number One, at two-thirds of his price. Thereupon, pieman number One stuck up a large paper lantern on his stall, on which was written in sufficiently legible characters, "The original inventor of the kidney puddings." This had the desired effect with the majority of boys, who were very bad political economists, and liked to buy in the oldest, rather than the cheapest market. At least, I judge by myself and companions, for we stuck to the inventor nobly through his troubles, until his dastardly opponent was driven ignominiously from the field.

There were hundreds of fruit stalls, but I never dealt with any but one, kept by an old lady, who was a widow, and wore what I afterwards learned was a widow's cap. She sold ribstone pippins, two for a penny; little red apples, several seasons old, four for a penny; hard Brazil nuts, that punished your teeth fearfully to crack them, and, sometimes, would not give in, except under the heel of the boot; she sold, occasionally, curds and whey ladled out into a saucer with a clean, broad shell; and she sold slices of sweet coconut. In the winter-time, she had a chimney-pot pan, with holes in it full of burning charcoal, at which she warmed her hands and roasted chestnuts. She had an exceedingly almshouse-resident appearance, as she sat in an old hall-porter's leather chair, with an old bonnet that came over her face, and a well darned brown cloak that reached to her feet. She suffered much in the cold weather, from chilblains and rheumatism; and, sometimes, her place was

taken for many days by a young woman, her daughter, who did not give so much satisfaction as the old lady, by reason of her being less liberal to the customers—myself in particular.

The long winter over, the old lady came back, neat and clean as ever, and was happy and comfortable enough, knitting her worsted stockings, and serving the hungry, ever-craving, juvenile public through the long summer days. In wet weather, she used to shift her stall under a gateway, by the leave of the proprietor, and in that position defied the fury of the elements. If any one had proposed to entice me away from the widow's stall by any inducement, such as selling me four apples for a penny, instead of two, do you suppose, for a moment, that I should have gone? Certainly not. I am proud to say that certain insidious attempts of the kind were made by an adjacent Irishwoman, and that I nobly resisted them all.

An old man, who might have been the husband that the old fruit-stall keeper had lost, was another of my open-air tradespeople, that I patronised with undeviating regularity. He sold a very warm, spicy, sweet, dark, comforting mixture that he called Elder Wine. It was one penny a glass along with a rusk; and I think the proudest day of my life was when, in consideration of my long custom, I was promoted to have two rusks for my penny instead of one, and a rather larger glass. I used to delight in taking other boys, and showing them the importance in which I was held by the Elder Wine merchant; using my influence to get them a share of my privileges; and exerting myself, as children of a larger growth exert themselves, to procure for each other opera-boxes and admissions to exclusive fêtes. The spirit of the beadle is in us from our cradles.

My sweet-stuff stall-keeper was a person of less generous impulses and pliable material, which I attribute to the fact of his keeping a small gambling machine called a dolly, and to the hardening effect which the dolly had upon his mind. The toffy was delicious, the hardbake hard, as bake should be, and prodigiously full of almonds; the horehound and almond rock were luscious in the extreme, and everything would have been delightful, but for the baneful influence of the dolly. Often have I hesitated an hour, walking backwards and forwards, as to whether I should purchase my sweet-stuff in the regular way, getting a pennyworth for a penny, or should throw the marble down the interior of the dolly, running the risk of getting a high number, or a low one, in the dish, and receiving two pennyworth for my penny, or nothing at all. The demon of gambling generally triumphed, and success was mostly on the side of the proprietor of the dolly; who, when I lost, used consider-

ately to present me with a single brandy-ball to comfort me under my defeat.

An object of almost superstitious veneration was that splendid triumph of machinery, a first-class potato-can. Bright block-tin that you could see your face in, neatly bordered with rims of shining brass; two funnels always ejecting steam, and four lamps to light up the stately fabric by night; a box at the side to contain the butter; and two wells in which were always baking two hundred of the finest potatoes. Is it to be wondered at that I yielded myself to the fascination of this street Crystal Palace of my childhood? Add to all this the almost superhuman manipulative dexterity of the proprietor, who picked out, divided, buttered, salted, and delivered into your hands, a couple of the smoking luxuries before the order had scarcely left your mouth; and I think I cannot be blamed for lingering with feelings of envy and admiration as I watched the rapid, skilful operation, and thought it a proper ambition to look forward to being the owner of such a machine, able to conduct it in a similar business-like manner.

An almost equal interest attached to the opening of oysters at the neighbouring fish-stall; but the operator's hands were wet, chapped, cold, and raw, and the general aspect of the whole stall, with its dirty proprietor, its pickled whelks in small saucers, its stewed eels in a large jar, and its strong-smelling flickering oil-lamp, only served to increase by contrast the air of warmth, cleanliness, comfort, and magnificence, that hovered about the palatial potato-can.

The only thing, in my eye, that ever approached the potato-can; was the fountain that gave forth ginger-beer with such inexhaustible frothy prodigality. There was less beauty and more science about this, but it only stood second in my affections. Mixed in with, and variegating my line of stalls, were sound umbrellas for a shilling, walking-sticks arranged in rows against the wall, birds hopping about for sale in small green-painted cages, bright showy flowers making up for a want of root by huge globular bases of wet clay, and several large clothes-horses full of fluttering songs, both comic and sentimental, printed on the thinnest of paper, and illustrated in the rudest of styles; all of which things I, of course, bought at one time or another.

Then there were strong appeals to charity, like that of the man without legs, who sat by the side of an awful picture of a factory accident (kept down on the pavement by a couple of brickbats), in which he was represented as being hurled round by an impossible combination of machinery, and losing more blood than was ever contained in the bodies of six such sturdy cripples. Then there was a quiet, ingenious, middle-aged man, who every day of the week (weather permitting) was constantly employed, from

nine o'clock until six, in writing the Lord's Prayer on the lids of very small pill-boxes. He never spoke to the little crowd gathered round him, but pursued his task as if he had been in the privacy of his study. He was a mystery to me, that I was never able to clear up. Close to this placid artist was an individual of a very different character, who, from morn to dewy eve, kept continually greasing the collars of willing boys with candle-ends, and immediately removing the marks with small green cakes of some composition, which he sold at a penny each; keeping up all the while, with unflagging volubility, a running eulogium upon the many virtues and uses of his article. I need not say that my jacket was greased and re-cleaned on the average once a day. Then there was a venerable, bearded, oriental, Turkish-looking gentleman, who stood bolt upright in the gutter selling snuff-coloured cakes of medicine called rhubarb, and who, like the Lord's Prayer penman, relied for patronage upon an impressive silence. In strong contrast to this silent gentleman were the two talkative benefactors of their species who sold respectively corn-salve and ginger to cure the toothache. The man with the ginger had a soft mumbling tone of voice, caused by his mouth being always well supplied with his specific remedy. He had also a curious way of working his face about, and rolling the ginger over his tongue to indicate great facility of movement, and to illustrate the truth of what he was constantly stating somewhat in these words: "If you will apply a portion of the root to the gum when it feels troublesome, it will remove the pain, and render the mouth easy and pliable." The proprietor of the corn-salve was much more obtrusive, and although his pronunciation was less affectedly correct than that of his companion, there was more of it, and it was more amusing. Any time between nine and dusk he used to stand there, holding a small box of the salve in his hand, and giving utterance to the following short descriptive lecture: "This is the unrivalled corn-salve that will cure any corn or bunion: it will cure a watery bunion! It is extracted from a 'under different wild Arabs (meaning herbs)—the colewort, the ivy, the stinging nettle, and the common snail that creeps upon the grass that grows in the fields. The snail, my friends, is of an ily, slimy, poo-erful, and penetratin' natur, and perfectly calcerlated to thoroughly eradicate the disease of the corn at the second dressin'! If it does not do so I will forfeit all the stuff I've got upon the board."

Most of these men, with all their humours and their failings, have now passed from a world in which they had a hard struggle to live, and their children know them no more. If I have recalled them from their resting places, it has been in no unkind spirit that I have done so, but simply because I think it

is good sometimes to go back out of the din and turmoil of the present, and to try, if only vainly, to be for a few moments again a boy.

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

THE small but heavy boxes, containing the rupees, were placed upon the hackeries (native carts), and the treasure party was now ready to march to the next encampment.* The night was warm, and the sepoy in what might strictly be termed half-dress. They wore their red cloth coats and their chacos; but their lower clothing was purely native: a dhotee (narrow strip of thick calico) wound round their loins, and falling in graceful folds about and below the knees. Some sat upon the boxes of treasure; others, not in line or military order, walked by the side thereof. The Lieutenant, Maun Sing and myself brought up the rear. A syce (native groom) led the horse, and thus saved the Lieutenant the trouble of driving. The buggy was not, certainly, a very elegant affair. It was of very ancient construction, and the lining was entirely worn out; nor had the panels been painted for some years. The Lieutenant told me that he had bought this vehicle at a sale, five years previously for the sum of five pounds, and that since that time it had travelled (marched, was the word he used) all over Bengal. The harness was of Cawnpore make; and, when new, had cost only two pounds ten shillings. Cawnpore, until recently, was chiefly famous for its harness, boots and shoes, bottle-covers, cheroot-cases, helmets, and other articles made of leather. A nest of Chinese settled in the bazaar, many years ago, and introduced the manufacture of such matters. The horse which drew the buggy had been a caster; that is to say, a horse considered no longer fit for the cavalry or horse artillery, and sold by public auction, after being branded with the letter R (signifying rejected) on the near shoulder. He was a tall, well-bred animal; and, according to the Lieutenant's account had won no end of races since the day he had been knocked down to the Lieutenant for sixteen rupees, or one pound twelve shillings. The fault, or rather the misfortune, for which this animal had been dismissed the Company's service, was total blindness of one eye, and an inability to see much out of the other.

"But, he is a ripper, nevertheless," said the Lieutenant, touching the animal very gently with the whip, and making him hold his head up; "and will put some more money in my pocket next cold weather, I hope. He is entered for the merchant's plate, gentlemen riders, sir, and I am his jockey." I expressed a hope that he would be successful.

* See Number 401, page 505.

It was a moonlight night, and slow as was the pace at which we proceeded, I never so much enjoyed a ride in my life. The scene altogether was highly picturesque; and, as far as I was concerned, had the wonderful charm of novelty; while it was impossible not to be extremely entertained by the volubility and lightheartedness of my military friend; who, notwithstanding he had extracted from me that I did not belong to the Civil Service or the Army, had refrained from inquiring my name or pursuit, and invariably addressed me as Old Boy, albeit my years were certainly not in excess of his own.

"Well, Maun Sing!" cried the Lieutenant, "how do you feel now?"

"Quite well, but very weak," was the sepoy's reply.

"Then you must have a little drop of weak brandy and water. Hold hard, syce, and give me the suraice (water-bottle)."

The brandy and water was mixed in a silver tumbler, and handed to Maun Sing; who, as soon as the groom went again to the horse's head, applied it to his lips, and drank without any scruple. On the contrary, it struck me that he liked the liquor.

"You have lost your caste," said the Lieutenant jocularly. "You ought to have drunk it, you know, as medicine, out of your own lota (brass vessel)."

This observation—made with a view to draw the sepoy out for my edification—had its effect. It was thus Maun Sing discoursed, while the Lieutenant and myself smoked our cheroots on either side of him:

"The Sahib logue believe everything that the natives tell them about caste, and the consequence is they believe a great many falsehoods. If I could lose my caste by drinking medicine out of this tumbler, I would lose it by drinking it out of my own cup, because it came out of a bottle which you have handled, and perhaps some drops of it touched your fingers, while you were pouring it from one vessel to the other. Empty a bottle of brandy or gin into your chillumchee (brass wash-hand-basin), and tell one of your palkee-bearers to throw it away. He and his companions will drink it, but not in your presence. Ask the same man to drink the liquor from your tumbler. He will put his hands together, and implore you to excuse him, as he would lose his caste."

"But is it not forbidden in the Shasters?" said I.

"There is no mention of brandy in the Shasters, Sahib," returned Maun Sing with some humour. "The shasters are silent on the subject. But, supposing that it were forbidden; do not men of every religion frequently and continually depart from the tenets thereof, in minor things, or construe them according to their own inclination or convenience, or make some sort of bundobust

(agreement) with their consciences? Indeed, if we did not make this bundobust, what Hindoo or Mussulman would come in contact at all with one another, or with Christians, and certainly we, the natives of India, would not serve as soldiers."

"How so?"

"Because we should be in continual dread of having our bodies contaminated and our souls placed beyond the reach of redemption,—and who would submit to this for so many rupees a-month? Who can say what animal supplies the skin which is used for our chaecos and accoutrements? The cow or the pig? The Mussulmans, when we laugh together about it, say the cow. We protest that it is pigskin."

"And how do you usually settle these disputes?" I inquired, with an eagerness which seemed to amuse the sepoy.

"O, Sahib!" he replied, "it would be a pity to settle any dispute of that kind, since it always affords us some merriment on a long march. When Pertab Sing came down to Barruckpore to corrupt the regiments of native infantry there stationed, in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, he wanted them to protest against wearing the chaecos."

"And how was he received?" I inquired.

"They listened to him as long as his money lasted, and then made known to their officers what he was about."

"And who was Pertab Sing?"

"A relation of the Ranees of Lahore."

"And had he money?"

"Yes, and distributed it freely."

Here the Lieutenant informed me of the particulars relating to the mission of Pertab Sing, which was simply to excite the native troops to mutiny and to kill their officers; but the plot was happily discovered by the information given by the sepoy of the Sixteenth Grenadiers: "There was an investigation, but the government deemed it best to treat the whole affair as a farce, and Pertab Sing was looked upon as a fool and a madman, and eventually set at liberty. It was said that the sepoy who gave the information were to receive an order of merit; they had no reward at all, however, beyond some expressions of praise from the authorities."

Suddenly, the treasure party halted, and all the sepoy were speedily congregated beneath a mango tree.

"What is the matter?" cried the Ensign.

"Adjutant Bangow Sahib's grave," said Maun Sing. "Do you not remember the spot?"

"I did not, in this light," said the Lieutenant, alighting from the buggy, followed by myself and Maun Sing. "Yes. Here he rests, poor fellow—one of the best and bravest beings that ever breathed. He died suddenly one morning when we were encamped here. He was a great favourite with the men, as you may judge from the respect paid

by those now present to the spot where his ashes repose."

One of the sepoy suddenly began to call down curses on the head of some sacrilegious thief. He had discovered that the piece of marble which had been let into the head of the chunam (plaster) tomb, and on which was cut the name, age, and regiment of the deceased, had been abstracted.

"Ah! that of course," said the Lieutenant. "It is always the case. They steal the bit of marble to make a curystone—a stone on which they grind the ingredients for a curry. It was not worth more than a shilling, intrinsically; but if it had only been worth one anna, or a quarter of an anna—half a farthing—they would have carried it away all the same, just as they steal pieces of iron and lead from the stone bridges, and thus do immense mischief. All along the Grand Trunk Road you will find the stones used for head-stones carried away from the graves."

The march, thirteen miles, occupied us five hours, so slowly did the bullocks crawl along with the treasure. It was about four o'clock when we came to the ground—the hour at which, in strictness, the Lieutenant should have started; but he informed me that, when on separate duty, he took a good deal of responsibility on himself, and without detriment to the interests of government, suited his own convenience, and that of his men. He, therefore, preferred making night work of the business, and having the whole day at his own disposal.

"Send your bearers away, and spend the day with me," said the lighthearted Lieutenant. "You can get other bearers at any of the villages in the neighbourhood; or, if you are not in a violent hurry, march the whole distance to Agra with me. I can stick your palkee and boxes on the top of the treasure, you know."

I accepted the invitation with pleasure, and entered the tent, where we found tea and biscuits ready. After partaking of this refreshment we threw ourselves down on charpoys (native bedsteads), and soon fell fast asleep.

We slept till ten, when we awoke, had breakfast, consisting of—the old story—grilled fowl, curried fowl, and eggs, with beer instead of tea; and then we went out and sat under the mango trees, which formed a dense shade over the encampment. The Lieutenant had with him a pellet bow, and was shooting at the squirrels, which abound in the upper provinces of India. While he was thus employed a sepoy—a Brahmin—called out, "Sahib, you have no right to do that. It is written in the general orders that you must respect the religious feelings of the Hindoos, and here are you wantonly destroying the life of animals in our presence. I shall report this to the Colonel, Sahib, when we return to the regiment."

From the tone in which the sepoy spoke, I thought he was in earnest. The Lieutenant, however, assured me that he was only ridiculing one of those absurd general orders which frequently appear; but of which, bad and discontented sepoys often take advantage. Ere long, this Brahmin, observing that the light of the Lieutenant's cheroot was extinguished, brought him some fire. The Lieutenant gravely shook his head, and said, "No. It is written in general orders that no officer shall employ for his own purposes a sepoy who is a soldier and not a servant, and that any officer so offending will subject himself to be tried by a court martial." Then, taking the fire from the hand of the Brahmin, he remarked to me, "The consequence of that order—for which there never was the slightest occasion—is simply this: those men who are willing to oblige their officers, laugh at it, while the disaffected will insolently quote it, if required only to pick up a glove or a walking-stick. Many an officer has been severely reprimanded for asking a sepoy to carry a letter for him to the post office."

It was a very pretty scene, that encampment. The tents; the arms piled in front of them; the horse under a tree, and his syce seated near him; the old buggy and harness not far off; the sepoys, in groups, employed in cooking their food for the mid-day meal; the numbers of brass vessels lying about in all directions; the score of squirrels hopping from branch to branch, or running up and down the trunks of the trees; the crows, the minars, and the sparrows on the look out for crumbs; the bullocks, taking their rest after the fatigues of the past night; and then before, as well as after the meal, the men crowding round the well, and washing themselves from head to foot, and washing also their under garments, which are speedily dried in the sun of that climate. It is impossible to witness and not admire this part of the Hindoo and Mussulman religions.

After one o'clock, when every man had enjoyed his smoke, there was scarcely a soul, except myself and the Lieutenant, awake in the encampment. All were fast asleep in the open air. The Asiatic must sleep after his mid-day meal, if it be only for half-an-hour. The loss of this little sleep is a very severe privation.

At three o'clock the encampment was again all life. Some of the sepoys wrestled, and exhibited amazing skill and strength in the art. To an European it is a mystery how men who live upon nothing but farinaceous food can be so muscular and powerful. Others smoked their pipes (small hookahs), and played at a native game called puchesee, resembling lotto; while a goodly number congregated around a Mussulman, who was reading aloud the Bagh-o-Bahar, a Hindoostanee work of great celebrity. Two or three of the company were musical, and played

alternately on the sitarre (native guitar or violin), accompanied by the tom-tom (native drum), and the voices of those who were disposed and able to sing. As for the Lieutenant and myself, we beguiled the time in conversation, and with *ecarté*. Towards sunset a palkee *dák* carriage was reported to be in sight, coming down the road. "Hooray!" cried the Lieutenant. "Come along! let us board him. I am in want of a few small matters."

It was not long before the *dák* carriage was abreast of the encampment.

"Stop!" shouted the Lieutenant to the driver, who instantly pulled up. "Who have you got inside?"

Before the driver had time to reply, the door was slid open, and an elderly gentleman, rubbing his eyes with his knuckles, put out his night-capped head, and exclaimed:

"Hulloa!"

"What! Have we woke you out of your sleep, old boy?" said the Lieutenant, laughing.

"Yes," replied the old boy, very good-humouredly. "What do you want?"

"Only to ask you how you are?"

"I'm pretty well," was the reply: "but half choked with the dust."

"What's taking you down the country?"

"Urgent private affairs."

"Going to be married, I suppose?"

"Well, you have just guessed it."

"Make my most respectful salaam to your intended; will you?"

"By all means."

"When do you expect to reach Cawnpore?"

"To-morrow, at three P.M."

"And how do you stand affected for liquors and weeds? Do you want anything, old boy? Brandy, beer, soda-water? Say the word?"

"Nothing. I have more in the well here, than I shall be able to consume."

"Then I'll trouble you for the surplus; for I am very short, and cannot get anything till I reach Agra, while you can replenish at every station, you know."

"All right, my child!" exclaimed the old boy; and, with the greatest cheerfulness he alighted and began to unpack his stores. From these, the Lieutenant took six bottles of beer, two bottles of brandy, a dozen of soda-water, and three hundred Manilla cheroots. This done, the old boy expressed a desire to push on; but the Lieutenant detained him for at least ten minutes, with a series of questions, several of which (I thought), were somewhat impertinent; for instance, he inquired his intended's name? whether she was tall, short, or of the middle height? what was the colour of her hair and eyes? good-looking, and accomplished? And, to all these questions, the old boy responded with as serious an air as if the Lieutenant had a perfect right to put them.

At last the old boy proceeded on his journey.

"Do you know him?" I inquired of the Lieutenant, as the carriage rolled away.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "He is a major commanding a native infantry regiment at Banda. He is a very good fellow and has heaps of property; but a frightful fool, except in the way of money-making; and at that he is awfully clever. I first made his acquaintance in Afghanistan. He was then in the commissariat department, and was only taken out of the department about a year ago, when he attained his majority. He knows nothing whatever of soldiering; having been in staff employ ever since he was an ensign. All the sepoys, as well as his officers, laugh at him as he comes on the parade ground, and attempts to handle the regiment; and after the farce is over, he laughs with them. For thirty years he was employed in commissariat duties, in which he is very efficient. At the expiration of that period, he became a major; and then, according to the rules of the service, he was withdrawn from staff employ, and appointed to command a corps!"

"Surely, you are jesting?"

"On my honour, I am serious. That is a part of our military system, sir."

Here our conversation was interrupted by the approach of the *soubdhar*—native commissioned officer—who pronounced in a deep, sonorous, but feeble and inarticulate voice, that familiar word "*Sahib!*" or, as more commonly pronounced, "*Sarb!*"

"Well, old man, what is the matter?" said the Lieutenant to the almost imbecile native veteran, who had served in the time of Lord Lake, and who ought to have been pensioned many years previously, despite any remonstrances against such a measure. The old man, forthwith began to detail a string of grievances, which the Lieutenant faithfully(?) promised to see remedied, albeit he could understand but a few words the old man said—so very indistinct was his speech, from sheer old age, and the loss of his teeth.

"A grievance, real or imaginary, is quite necessary for that old man's existence," said the Lieutenant, "and if he can't find one for himself (which is a very rare circumstance), he will concoct one for the sepoys. To make grievances is the end and object of that old man's life; and, I am sorry to say, that he is a perfect representative of the entire body of native commissioned officers, who are, generally speaking, despised by the men of the regiment, as well as by the European officers. These are the gentlemen who brew or ferment all the mischief that occasionally occurs in native regiments. They suggest to the men to make all sorts of extortionate demands, just as a regiment is on the point of marching. That old man's present grievance, as far as I could collect, is that the water is very bad here, at this

encampment ground, and that government ought to have a new well sunk. He happens, just now, to be suffering severely from one of very many ailments consequent on his time of life, and he attributes it to the water."

"Which happens to be very good," I remarked.

"Precisely so. These native officers, of every rank and grade are, in my opinion, the curse of the native service. Many very clear-headed and experienced officers have recommended doing away with them, and appointing, in their stead, more European officers; but the advice has never been heeded, and never will be, I fear."

It was not until midnight that the little camp was broken up, and we resumed the march towards Agra. During the drive, the Lieutenant entertained me by relating a number of stories connected with the war in Afghanistan. Several of them interested me exceedingly; one in particular. It was this; which I now give in the Lieutenant's own words as nearly as I can recollect them.

"About a year ago," said he, "I was passing through Meerut, on my way from the Hills, whither I had been on sick certificate, and was putting up for a few days with my friend Richards, of the Light Cavalry—a man whom I had known during that disastrous campaign to which this narrative has reference. One morning, after breakfast, there came to the bungalow of my friend, an Afghan, who was a dealer in dried fruits—such as grapes, apples, and pomegranates,—and inquired if the Sahib or Mem-sahib was in want of any of these commodities, which he had just brought from Caubul. My friend's wife, who had also been in Afghanistan, and spoke the mongrel Persian current in that country, replied in the affirmative, and the Afghan was admitted to the verandah, to exhibit his specimens and declare his prices. To talk to these dealers is rather amusing at times, especially when you know their habits, and customs, and peculiarities, as well as their language. To people who have been in their country, it is like meeting with an old friend, and one lingers as long as possible over the business, of the bargain and sale. And so was it on this morning. We had him for at least an hour in the verandah, before my friend's wife would decide upon what she would take. This matter concluded, the Afghan inquired if the lady would buy a kitten—a Persian kitten; kittens being also a commodity with these travelling Afghans.

"Yes; where are the kittens?" said the lady.

"Here," said the merchant, putting his hand into a huge pocket at the back of his chogah (a sort of gaberdine), and withdrawing, one by one, no less than sixteen of these little animals (all males). For more than

the hour which was consumed in negotiating about the fruit, and talking on other subjects, this living bustle had remained perfectly motionless, and had not uttered a single sound; but now, when they saw the light, and were placed upon all fours, they ran about and mewed—bushy tails on end—after the most vigorous fashion imaginable. There they were! Kittens as black as the blackest ink, kittens white as the whitest snow, kittens as yellow as the yellowest gold, and kittens piebald, brindled, and grey.

"There they are, Mem-sahib. Take your choice. Twenty rupees (two pounds) each."

"The lady selected one of the white and one of the black kittens, and for the two he was induced to accept thirty-five rupees (three pound ten shillings). This may seem a large sum of money to give for a brace of young cats; but it must be remembered that they came from Bokara, and were of the purest breed that could possibly be procured.

"The Afghan dealer took his leave, and promised to send the fruits in the course of the day. He fulfilled his promise; at tiffin-time there came a boy of about eleven years of age, bearing the basket containing them upon his head, which was shawled after the fashion of the Afghan people. The boy was admitted to the room. No sooner was he shown in, than his exceedingly beautiful countenance, and its peculiar expression, riveted the attention of all of us, and we put to him a variety of questions which he answered with great intelligence, and in a tone of voice so soft and silvery that even the guttural sounds he uttered, came like music on the ear.

"Look into that boy's face," said the lady to her husband and myself; "observe his every feature and his teeth,—regard especially his smile,—yes, and even the shape of his fingers, and then tell me of whom he is the very image."

"I know," said my friend.

"So do I," exclaimed your humble servant.

"Stay!" said the lady, energetically. "Do not speak; but let each of us write the name on a slip of paper, and see if we agree;" and tearing up an envelope and taking a tiny pencil-case from her watch-chain, she wrote a name upon one slip, and then handed to me and to her husband, respectively, a slip and the pencil-case. When we had each written a name, we compared them,—and they did not agree exactly. My friend and his wife had written, Captain Percy —. I had written, Mrs. Percy —. That the boy was the offspring of that unfortunate couple (cousins), who perished in that campaign, and of whose young child no one ever knew what had become, we were all quite satisfied; and our reflections became extremely melancholy.

"We questioned the boy as to his parentage, his relation to the Afghan dealer in cats and fruit, and on a variety of other matters. His replies were simply to the effect that he was an orphan and a slave; that he knew not the place of his birth, but believed it was Afghanistan; that he was a Mahomedan, and that his earliest recollections were associated with Caubul.

"Whilst we were thus interrogating the boy, the major of my friend's regiment, accompanied by his wife, drove up to the door. They had come to pay a visit. When asked to look at the boy, and say to whom he bore a resemblance, they at once declared, "Poor Percy——!" Several officers of the regiment were sent for. They came, and immediately, on seeing the boy, expressed an opinion that he was the child of the unfortunate officer whose name has been partially recorded. The poor boy, meanwhile, exhibited some anxiety to return to his master. But he was detained and further questioned as to the manner in which he was treated. He confessed that his master was rather severe, but withal a very good man.

"It was resolved to summon the Afghan dealer, and make him render an account of the boy, and of how he became possessed of him. For this purpose a messenger was dispatched, and enjoined to make haste.

"The Afghan dealer came, and was cautioned that he must speak the truth; whereupon—as is the custom in India from one end to the other—he declared that he never spoke falsely, and that he would rather have his tongue torn out. This little preliminary over, the examination (which was conducted by the Major of the regiment, a very shrewd and clever man, and who, by the way, was distantly related to the unfortunate couple to whom the boy bore such a strong resemblance) commenced:

"Who is this boy?"

"He belongs to me."

"Your son?"

"No."

"Any relation of yours?"

"No."

"Your slave?"

"Yes."

"You bought him?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Caubul."

"When?"

"Four years ago."

"From whom did you buy him?"

"A merchant."

"His name?"

"Usuf Ooddeen."

"What did you give for him?"

"Three camels."

"Of what value?"

"Thirty rupees [3*l.*] each."

"The boy was cheap, then."

"No."

"How so?"

"He was young and sickly."

"Did Usuf say where he got him from?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me."

"From a woman."

"What woman?"

"A native of Hindoostan."

"An ayah?"

"Yes."

"Was she his mother?"

"No."

"Is she living?"

"No."

"When did she die?"

"Eight years ago."

"Where?"

"In Caubul."

"Now, tell us all you know about this boy."

"I have answered all the Sahib's questions; will the Sahib now answer a few of mine?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe this boy to be of European birth?"

"Yes."

"Do you think you know who were his parents?"

"Yes."

"Were they people of a distinguished family?"

"Yes." (This question was answered rather proudly).

"Of pure blood?"

"Yes."

"But is the Sahib certain that this boy is the child of certain parents?"

"Yes."

"Then will the Sahib take him?"

"Yes."

"Here the poor boy placed his hands together, and supplicated the major to let him remain where he then was, in the service of the Afghan dealer. Heedless of his interruption, which was soon silenced, the examination—or rather, the conversation, as it now became—was continued:

"What will you give for him?"

"What do you ask?"

"You must speak, Sahib."

"One hundred rupees."

"He cost me nearly that when he was very young and sickly."

"Well, two hundred rupees."

"No, Sahib. Half a lac of rupees would not purchase him."

"But, my good man, slavery is not permitted in the British dominions, and we will detain the boy."

"Against his will?"

"Yes."

"On suspicion that he is born of European parents of distinction?"

"Yes."

"Then I will give the boy his liberty; and if he then wishes to follow me, and you

detain him, he is your prisoner instead of my slave.'

"Here the boy again entreated the major to spare him.

"Never mind that.'

"But suppose that I could prove to you that he is the child of a sergeant of the Queen's Thirteenth regiment of Foot, and of his wife? What then? Would you take the boy?"

"Yes.'

"You would?"

"Yes.'

"Then you shall have the boy. Many of your questions I answered falsely, on purpose. The true history of the child I will recount to you, and produce such proofs as I have in my possession. I vowed to God and to the Prophet that I would never sell the child, and I have kept my word. It will be a bitter grief to me to part with him; but for his own sake, I will endure it.

"Usuf Ooddeen was my elder brother. He kept a shop in the bazaar at Caubul. This child was brought to him by a woman of Hindostan, who not only deposited with him the child, but a sum of money in gold mohurs and rupees; likewise a quantity of English jewellery, and her own gold and silver bangles. She represented to my brother that the child's parents had been killed, and that she was afraid every European in Afghanistan would share their fate. My brother knew the woman, that is to say, she had been a customer at his shop, and had purchased from him sundry articles of warm clothing for her employers and herself. After leaving the child, and the money, and the jewellery, in all to the value of about four thousand rupees, she went her way, and never returned. It is most likely that she died suddenly of cold, like very many of the native servants of Hindostan, both male and female. The frost settled about their hearts, and they slept their lives away; or, if they escaped death, they lost their toes, fingers, ears, or noses.

"When the British army was victorious, and affairs were in a somewhat settled state, my brother was most anxious to deliver up the child, the money, and the jewels, to the British authorities; but a number of his friends dissuaded him from so doing, on the ground that the bare possession of the child would place my brother's life in jeopardy, by inducing a conclusion that he was the affrighted accomplice of murderers, assassins, and thieves. I confess that I was one who entertained this opinion, and I shook my head whenever my brother repeated his desire. Four or five years ago, my brother died, and I, a wandering dealer, became the guardian of this boy (for whom I have a great affection), and the holder of his money, for which I care not, and which I have no desire to retain. He has travelled thousands and thousands of miles with me. He has

been to Bokara, to Cashmere, all over the Punjab, to Mooltan, Scinde, all through the north-west provinces down to Calcutta, to Simlah, Mussooree,—wherever the English have settled themselves in India; and I have done all in my power to expose him, in a quiet way, to the gaze of ladies and gentlemen, in the hope that some day he would be recognised and restored to his proper position in life. Never, until now, has any one been struck with his countenance, beyond casually remarking to me that he was a very pretty boy; certainly, no one ever seemed to have the slightest idea that he was born of European parents, and is a Christian; for he is not a Mussulman. Though he thinks he is a Mussulman, and says his prayers, and is very constant to all the observances of the Mussulman faith. Gentlemen, I am a wandering dealer from Afghanistan, but I am not destitute of good feeling and integrity, little as you may credit my assertions in this respect. Give me a proof that you know who were the child's parents, and I am willing to restore him, and all that rightfully belongs to him, to your custody.'

"But are you not satisfied with my word? Never mind the money and the jewels—much as I should like to see the latter—all I require is the boy," said the Major.

"Of course, the Sahib would not speak an untruth knowingly," returned the Afghan. 'But I require some proof that the boy is the child of certain European parents.'

"Well, there is the likeness, the unmistakable likeness, that he bears to his father and his mother.'

"That will not do," said the Afghan, interrupting the Major. 'Can you write in the Persian character, Sahib?'

"Yes.'

"Then, write the name of this boy's father in the Persian character and let me see it.'

"The Major did this, and handed it to the Afghan, who looked at the writing, smiled, and said:

"What else? What was the Sahib's nishan (crest)?"

"This," said the Major, holding out the little finger of his right hand, upon which was a signet-ring. 'This was his nishan. We are of the same family, and the nishan is the same.'

"The Afghan, having examined the crest, again smiled and said:

"What else?"

"What more do you want?" said the Major.

"Do not be impatient, Sahib," said the Afghan. 'The identification of a child, who may be an heir to property, is not so light a matter as the purchase of a kitten. Did you know the child's mother?'

"Yes," said the Major. 'She was also a relation of mine.'

“What kind of person was she? Was she handsome?”

“Very.”

“The colour of her eyes?”

“Dark,—almost black.”

“And her hair?”

“Brown; the colour of this lady’s” (pointing to the wife of my friend).

“If you see her likeness, in miniature, do you think you could recognise it?”

“If it were a faithful likeness, I could.”

The Affghan put his hand into the breast pocket of his chogah, and produced a greasy leathern bag, into the mouth of which he inserted his finger and thumb, and presently produced a small tin box, round and shallow, which he very carefully opened. Having removed some cotton, he handed the box to the Major. All of us instantly recognised the features of the unfortunate lady who had perished by the side of her husband, in Affghanistan. Who could possibly forget that sweet feminine face of hers, which had been painted for her husband by one of the most distinguished miniature painters of the age? The production of the likeness in the presence of the boy (who appeared to take little interest in what was going on), had a sad effect upon the Major. He sat down upon a chair, covered his manly face with his hands, and wept bitterly.

“And do you know this, Sahib?” asked the Affghan, when the Major had somewhat recovered his violent emotion: placing in his hand poor Percy’s seal.

“We all recognised the seal, the crest of which, of course, corresponded with the crest on the signet-ring of the Major.

“And this?” asked the Affghan, holding up a bracelet which we had seen Mrs. Percy wear many and many a time.

“And this?” holding up to our gaze a small brooch she used to wear constantly. And, amongst numerous other things, he exhibited to us a little pocket-book, in which she kept her memoranda, such as: ‘November ninth. Cut the ends of my dear little boy’s hair. Sent mama a small portion.—November twelfth. Had a long talk to the old ayah, who swore to me that she would and I believe her, for she has been a good and constant creature to us, in our dangers and our difficulties.’

“And this? And this? And this? and this?” said the Affghan, withdrawing from the leathern bag its entire contents, every article of which was instantly identified. ‘There, Sahib, take them all, and the boy, into your custody. The money, which was left with him, I will restore to you to-night. It is at present in the bazaar, in the charge of my camel, whom no one dare approach, except myself and this boy.’

“Here a very extraordinary and painful, but perhaps natural, scene occurred. The boy who had been comparatively passive, now broke out into a vehement expostula-

tion, and spoke with a rapidity which was truly amazing, considering that he distinctly enunciated every syllable to which he gave utterance. ‘What!’ he exclaimed, ‘Will you then leave me in the hands and at the mercy of these unbelievers? What have I done to deserve this?’

“Be quiet,” said the Affghan to the boy in a gentle tone of voice.

“How can I be quiet?” cried the boy, clenching his fists convulsively, and drawing himself up, whilst his eyes glared, and his nostrils dilated, with uncontrollable passion, and something like foam stood upon his crimson lips. There could be no doubt whose child he was, so wonderful in his wrath was the likeness that he bore to his father, who was very seldom provoked to anger, but who, when it did happen, was perplexed in the extreme: in short, a perfect demon until the paroxysm was over.

“Baba (child)!” said the Major, ‘listen to me.’

“Don’t talk to him now, Sahib,” said the Affghan, compassionately. ‘In his anger his senses always leave him, and he cannot hear what you say. Let him exhaust his fury upon me. He will be powerless presently.’

“And so it was. After a brief while, the boy sat down on the carpet, gasped for breath, and was seemingly unable to move or speak. The lady of the house offered him a glass of water, but he shrunk back, and declined to receive it from her hand.

“The Affghan took the Major aside, spoke to him in private, and then left the room. Here another very painful scene ensued. The boy, exhausted as he was, attempted to follow his late master; he was restrained, of course; whereupon he uttered the most heart-rending shrieks that ever I heard. The Major had him conveyed to his bungalow, where a room was set apart for him, and a servant and an orderly had him in their keeping. It was a month before the boy could be reconciled to his ‘fate,’ as he called it; and soon afterwards arrangements were made for sending him home to his grandfather and grandmother, who are persons of a lofty position in life and very wealthy. They received him with extreme affection, and on the death of his grandfather, he will succeed to a title and an estate worth eleven thousand a-year. The Affghan, who was very fond of the boy, corresponds with him regularly, and they exchange presents, as well as letters.

“Kelly, of the Sixty-second, who was killed at Ferozeshah, and who formerly belonged to the Thirteenth Foot, when they were in Affghanistan, told me a more curious story, of a little girl, than the one I have related to you of this boy.”

“What was it?” I asked.

“My dear fellow,” said the Lieutenant, “I cannot talk any more just now. You

shall have it some other day. We are not going to part company yet, old boy." With these words he fell asleep, his feet over the dash-board, and his head resting on my shoulder.

TWO IN A LEGION.

My uncle Burbidge's house is not a favourite resort of mine. It is a dull, damp, country-place, with thick steaming woods all round it, and with wet, spongy-looking sheep feeding in the park; and it stands on a clayey soil, which renders the ultimate possession of his boots a matter of great uncertainty to the visitor. In the lowering autumnal evenings, it is soul-harrowing to be there. Frogs and bitterns scream from the neighbouring marshes; miasma floats through every chink and crevice; and the old butler's awful cough echoes through the hollow passages with a perfectly supernatural effect. With a glass of grog, a cigar, and a pleasant book or cheerful companion, one would not mind this so much; but my uncle is a dull old man, who abominates spirits, tobacco, and literature, and will allow none of the three to be partaken of in his house. He is of a scientific turn: at one time, photographer: at another, astronomer. This year he is mad about microscopes, and has bought a very ugly and complicated brass instrument, for a sum of money which would have put some highly necessary additional furniture into my chambers in Raymond Buildings, and kept me in board and lodging for some months.

During the early part of this last October, when I was staying with him, this microscope was the bane of my existence. I was compelled, literally to keep a perpetual eye on it; and I have examined more horrible things in the shape of antennæ of wasps, and probosces of flies, than the uninitiated can imagine. I was afraid to take my cold bath in the morning, so great was my dread of being bodily devoured by the awful animals I had seen in the magnified drop of water the previous night; and my celebrated dream of a combat with an enraged blue-bottle, seventy million times the size of life, still haunts my memory with fearful distinctness. The want of some rest,—of some book to which to moor myself, ere I floated down this stream of science into the ocean of idiocy,—of some friend to whom I might impart my new-born doubts as to the real thickness of each hair on my head, or the megatherian properties of the domestic flea, so preyed on my mind that I determined at once to fly from this Castle Dangerous, and I took advantage of a letter which arrived by the day-mail late one afternoon, to announce to my uncle that my presence was immediately required in town, and that I must start by the mail train, which passed the Spetchley Junction at thirty minutes past eleven p.m. He grumbled, but I insisted,

and after dinner started forth, carpet-bag in hand, in the midst of a pouring rain, to walk to the station.

It had been raining without cessation for three days, and the land all round the station, which lay low, was flooded. However, with liberty and London before me, I kept a good heart, squashed boldly over the reeking fields, and arrived, dripping, at the station. A small fire was burning in the grate, about which were seated a sergeant in full uniform, and five rustics, whose ribbon-bearing button-holes announced them recruits. I made my way to the clerk's little desk to take my ticket, and, tendered my money; but the dapper little man behind the row of pigeon-holes smiled grimly, and informed me that a telegraph just received from the next principal station announced that the floods were out, and that the train would, in all probability, be some two hours behind its advertised time.

This was pleasant news. The idea of passing such a period in such a place and with such company, with nothing to read but the bylaws of the company, the warning relative to Tomkins who had been fined forty shillings for riding in a first-class carriage without a ticket, and the framed and glazed advertisements of pills, sauce, and "comfort in a storm" was gall and wormwood to me. I was about seating myself in anything but a pleasant temperament, when the door was pushed open and a stranger entered. Not very remarkable in appearance: being simply a middle-sized, middle-aged, broad-shouldered man, with large black whiskers, and a face the very realisation of good humour. His small white teeth gleamed out of his ruddy lips as he saluted the assembled company, and as soon as he heard of the anticipated delay in the arrival of the train, instead of being annoyed he burst forth into a laugh which awoke a reciprocal broad grin from the five recruits, and even roused me from my sulky state.

"By the holy Malone! A saint, by the way, very little appreciated in this country," said he, "and that's a pleasant hearing!"

I had not needed this expletive to tell me what countryman he was, for his good-natured face bore Irishman imprinted on it.

"Two hours to wait, eh! I've passed many a pleasant two hours in a less promising place. Sergeant! good evening to you; I'm always glad to meet men of your profession. Very likely looking lads you have there—I'd have been glad of five such fellows myself in the old time."

Pleased at the compliment, the sergeant rose, erect as a dart, and bringing his right hand to his cap-peak, said, "Thought there was no doubt about your honour's profession the minute I see you! Company's officer, if I don't mistake?"

"No," laughed the new comer. "No!

Worse luck! I never drew a sixpence from Leadenhall Street in my life; but you're not mistaken in imagining I've smelt powder. When a young man I was out with gallant old Evans in the Spanish Legion."

"Couldn't have served under a better man, sir," sentimentally rejoined the sergeant; "I saw a deal of him in the Crimea. And you was in Spain, was you, sir? Some rum starts there was in Spain?"

"There were certainly some curious occurrences," replied the Irishman, who by this time had taken off his dripping overcoat, approached the fire, and sat himself down in front of it among the recruits. "Some curious phases of camp life which you regulars never dream of. Often and often I wonder what the Hyde Park or Dublin Garrison soldiers would have done if they'd been placed in the fixes we were compelled to submit to. Come, we've got a couple of hours to wait, and nothing to do, so if these two gentlemen" (with a bow to the clerk and to me) "don't object, I'll tell you a story of the Legion which may, perhaps, interest you and these five embryo Wellingtons here."

The prospect of any amusement in such a situation was too pleasant to be denied, so we joyfully acquiesced, and our new friend, after clearing his throat, told us the following true story:

"When General Evans was selected by the Spanish Government to bring a legion of British subjects to fight the cause of Isabella Secunda against her most unnatural uncle, Don Carlos, I had the honour to belong to the Tenth Munster Light Infantry, and to serve under the orders of Colonel Maurice O'Connell, a near relative of the then popular agitator. The Tenth was raised, as the Yankees say, in the wilds of Kerry, and nearly seven hundred stalwart peasants, bred and born in what they loved to call the "O'Connell country," were mustered in Cork Barracks, previous to their departure for the seat of war. Many of these men's relations followed them from their mountain homes and remained with them to the very moment of embarkation; and as I had been selected by the Colonel to pay the privates certain instalments of their bounty-money, and to perform other acts of duty that brought me into constant intercourse with them all, I became acquainted with many eventful histories. Among my other duties, I had to keep a strict account of the disposal of the money given to me for distribution; and as I was allowed the services of a clerk, I selected from among the soldiers a young man of superior manners and address, named George Prendergast, whose history, as gleaned from his comrades, had much interested me. Prendergast was the son of a widow, in Dublin, who gave him the best education her small means could afford, by which he profited so well, that he became a pupil in a training-school from

which teachers in the national schools of Ireland are selected, and was eventually appointed to take charge of an important school on the beautiful domain of Sir Ulick Mastragh, in Kerry. Here, by his attention to his duties and admirable behaviour, he soon became a special favourite. He was the welcome guest of all the respectable farmers in the neighbourhood; even the great Sir Ulick himself, a man endowed with the stiffest family pride, was more than usually condescending to the schoolmaster."

The sergeant took this opportunity of giving a loud "Hem!" to express attention, and folded his arms. Upon which the most ambitious of the five recruits folded his arms.

"Devoted to his calling, Prendergast worked with an energy and a good-will hitherto unknown among people of his class; and his scholars, from being semi-civilised dolts, began to astonish the neighbourhood by their proficiency in various branches of learning, the acquirement of which was looked upon as next to marvellous. The fame of Sir Ulick's school was bruited throughout the surrounding parishes. Periodical examinations were established; and it became the fashion among the ladies of the neighbourhood to ask for permission to undertake the lighter branches of education among the scholars. Foremost among the aspirants for this honour were the three daughters of Sir Ulick Mastragh; the eldest, a tall, dashing brunette of two-and-twenty, who was engaged to an officer then quartered with his regiment in England; the second, an earnest, trusting, enthusiastic girl of twenty; the third, a merry little chatterbox of eighteen. All these young ladies were constant in their attendance at the school; but the second girl, Eleanor, seemed the most interested in the welfare of the children, and, it must be avowed, of their instructor. She was better educated, better read, had more appreciation of the refined pleasures of literature and art than the generality of girls brought up in a rural Irish district; and she would turn with delight from the inanities of the military officers quartered in the neighbourhood, and from the sporting talk of the squires, to the calm, rational conversation, and respectful yet earnest address of the young schoolmaster. The upshot of this may be easily guessed—they fell in love with each other. The visits to the schoolhouse were redoubled, and for some months the course of their true love ran smoothly enough. At length the rumours of this attachment, which had been floating about the neighbourhood, and which, it is said, were originated by certain elderly damsels who themselves had hoped to make an impression on Prendergast; these rumours, I say, reached Sir Ulick's ears. The result may, in the beautiful language of the newspapers, be more easily imagined than described; the proudest landowner in Kerry was not likely

to be too well pleased at the thought of having a penniless, low-born schoolmaster for a son-in-law, and he reviled poor Prendergast in the strongest terms, upbraided him with treachery, and declared his intention of getting him removed from his position. To a sensitive mind like Prendergast's this was more than enough; broken-hearted and dispirited he wandered from his home, and reached a neighbouring village just as the recruiting-sergeant was picking up men for the Queen of Spain's service. Without a care for the future, he accepted the bounty at once, and, in a few days, was busily engaged in my barrack-room, checking accounts of moneys received and paid, while his mind was wandering far away among the green hills and valleys of his native county. That he kept up a correspondence with his beloved, I knew; for he daily received long and closely-written letters in a female hand, and seemed to suffer much mental agony after their perusal."

The ambitious recruit regarded this as a favourable occasion for throwing in a "Hem!" in imitation of the sergeant. The sergeant received it with infinite contempt, and gave the narrator a look, expressive of—"a raw lad, sir—an idiot—have the goodness to excuse him."

"Our time at Cork was nearly up, and the officers, sick of the routine duty they had been put through, were hailing our departure with delight, when, two days before the date fixed for our sailing for Santander, Prendergast came to me in a state of great agitation, and begged me to use my influence in obtaining for him a short leave of absence. He urged his invariable punctuality, and stated that he had not intended to have quitted the regiment even for an hour, but that he had that morning received a letter telling him of the serious illness of one whom he loved more than all the world. I had such great reliance on the man's integrity that I never doubted his intention to return; I made the matter one of personal favour with the Colonel, and Prendergast left us. The two days passed away, and late on the evening before we were to sail, the muster-roll was called, on the deck of each of the two large steamers anchored in the harbour of Passage, which were to convey us to our destination. Every man answered to his name, except George Prendergast. He still was absent, and his absence gave rise to innumerable little sarcasms directed against me by my brother officers, who, as we stood smoking our cigars on the quarter-deck of the old Earl of Roden, were pleasantly facetious about my protégé, the deserter. Suddenly the splash of oars announced the approach of a boat; and, to my delight, in answer to the hail of the sentinel, I recognised Prendergast's voice, telling his boatman to remain alongside. A minute afterwards he had made his way to me, and, after saluting, begged

a few moments' private conversation. I took him to my cabin, and once there, in a face blanched with despair, and in a voice broken with emotion, he told me that he could not go with the regiment; that no earthly inducement could prevail on him to leave Ireland. His reasons he would not give, but he produced a small canvas-bag full of sovereigns, which, he said, were the savings of several years, and all of which he offered as his purchase-money. He stated that he could easily have deserted, but that in honour he felt himself bound to me,—would I now assist him in his extremity?

"Of course I could not receive his purchase-money; and, as the Colonel was on board the other ship, I could but report the circumstance to my immediate superior officer, who, at once, and emphatically, refused the request. When morning dawned, we were under weigh and standing steadily out to sea. Prendergast's boat had long since returned to the shore, and he himself was silent and morose. I think I never saw such utter despair as he then betrayed; he went through his duties mechanically, but without speaking a word; nor did his manner change until we arrived in the harbour of Santander, and saw our companion steamer, which had arrived one day before us with the other portion of the Tenth, riding at anchor in the offing. As soon as she signalled us, a boat put off from her and came alongside of us, and a soldier, whom I recognised as the Colonel's orderly, hailed us with an order that Private George Prendergast should immediately proceed to head-quarters. He obeyed, as a matter of course, and speculation at once became rife as to the cause of his summons. Some said that he was to be at once court-martialed and flogged—some that he had turned out to be heir to a dukedom—but the real truth of the story was this:

"Three days after the vessel with the Colonel and staff had been at sea, it was discovered that a young girl had concealed herself on board. She was immediately brought before the Colonel and questioned, when she avowed herself to be the second daughter of Sir Ulick Mastragh, and the betrothed of Private George Prendergast, of the Tenth Munsters. She said she had written to her lover, appointing a last interview, but that before the time came, so persecuted was she by her father, that she determined to leave her home. In disguise she reached Cork, and managed, through the kindness of two of the men, to whom she confided a portion of her story, but whose names she would never disclose, to slip on board the ship. Over-fatigue, hunger, and excitement, brought on an attack of high fever. In her ravings, she repeatedly uttered the name of George Prendergast, and her connection with him was thus first discovered. The Colonel, of course, was wroth—very wroth—with both the lovers; she should be sent home instantly by the first ship to

her father Sir Ulick; but this she positively refused to agree in, and in her refusal she was aided and abetted by the wives of all the married officers, whose interest was powerfully excited by the romance of the affair. So the Colonel, like a sensible man as he was, soon gave in, and the lovers were married as soon as we got into barracks. Mrs. Prendergast became at once the pet of everybody in the regiment; and after a very short time I lost my clerk, as Prendergast was promoted to duties which brought him into more immediate contact with the Colonel."

Here, the sergeant grimly surveyed his men, as who should say, "My boys, if you expect to get yourselves appointed to duties that will bring you into immediate contact with *your* colonel, you'll find yourselves soundly mistaken."

"A year passed away—a year, during which the Legion suffered numberless hardships and passed through numberless dangers—but through hardships and dangers this high-born Irish girl always bore herself bravely and ably doing her duty to her husband. Prendergast was now a sergeant, a daring soldier, and one likely to win further promotion. He was the Colonel's prime favourite; every officer of the regiment spoke well of him; and his wife and her baby—for she had a little son of a month old—were adored by all the ladies.

"But theirs, like all other human happiness, was not without a cloud. The great battle on the fifth of May, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, had been fought, the Carlists had been driven back, and the Legion was lying encamped outside the walls of San Sebastian. The Tenth Munster lay at the extreme verge of the line; and next to us was a Scotch regiment, with the men and officers of which we soon became very friendly. Among these officers, the most frequent and the most welcome in our lines was a Captain Evan Hepburn: a tall, dashing, high-spirited fellow, whose father was a laird of one of the Western isles, and who, after having been expelled from Sandhurst, rusticated at Cambridge, and forbidden the paternal roof, had obtained a commission in the Legion, and had already rendered himself conspicuous—not less by his reckless audacity, than by the extraordinary attachment exhibited towards him by a gigantic Highland piper, serving with the regiment, whom he had chosen as his body servant, and who, indeed, was scarcely ever absent from his side. Closely attended by Archy Ledingham, as the piper was called, Captain Hepburn was a daily visitor in our lines, friendly with the officers, genial with the men, and passing no one without a kind word or glance; but it soon began to be noticed that he invariably halted for some little time at Prendergast's tent, into which he passed, while the Highlander remained keeping watch outside. These visits con-

stantly paid to a very pretty woman, invariably during the absence of her husband on regimental duties, of course soon became the subject of comment among the scandal-mongers: who began to mention Mrs. Prendergast's name, at first with smiles, and then with scorn: and who would probably have proceeded further, in their amiable self-imposed task, when an event occurred which effectually silenced them.

"One morning (the particulars were not generally known for some time, but they oozed out, as all secrets will): one morning, Mrs. Prendergast made her way to our Colonel's tent, and, flinging herself on her knees before him, implored his protection from the persecution to which she was exposed by Captain Hepburn, and of which she dared not tell her husband. That morning, she said, she had told him she should seek the protection of the Colonel, and he had left her tent vowing vengeance. The kind old Colonel raised her from the ground; comforted her in the best manner he could, told her she need fear no further molestation, and dismissed her trembling, but re-assured; then, after consulting with two or three intimate friends, he despatched a strong letter to the commanding officer of Hepburn's regiment.

"Within an hour's time from the despatch of the letter, Colonel Saunderson entered our lines, and sought an interview with our Colonel, in which he stated that he keenly felt the disgrace which Captain Hepburn had brought upon his regiment, not only by his persecution of Mrs. Prendergast, but by his indulgence in gambling, and the ruin he had entailed upon some of his junior officers. Colonel Saunderson added, that he had on the previous day severely lectured Hepburn for his conduct, and that on the receipt of this fresh complaint he had again sent for him; but, that the orderly who bore his message had utterly failed in delivering it, for neither Hepburn nor his Highland follower was to be found.

"The thought that they had deserted——"

Here the sergeant, checked himself in a very perceptible start, eyed his five men (and especially the ambitious man), with an attentive countenance, and then, sternly shaking his head, looked with an absent air at the fire, as if he saw a military execution going on among the live coals—say, for example, a deserter being shot.

"The thought," said the Irishman, who followed this with his quick eyes, and smiled; "the thought that they had deserted to the Carlists at once struck all who heard the story, and the confirmation of the idea was not long wanting. That night, a company of the Tenth Munsters, of which I was in command, and a company of the Scotch regiment, were told off to perform outlying picket duty, that is, to form our foremost cordon of sentries, nearest to the enemy's lines. It was a

black and heavy night ; we had marched on without speaking—the two companies in close proximity ; when, as we neared the place where the sentries were to be posted, we heard the distant tramp of the enemy's relief guard going their rounds, and the shrill notes of a bagpipe rang through the air. I still distinctly hear the subdued growl of indignation which arose from the Scotchmen when this sound smote upon their ears, and the deep Gaelic oath of vengeance which they uttered, as the well-known notes of the old Jacobite air, 'Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?' came surging over the plain.

"For three days and nights this continued ; the piper went round with the relief every time the guard was changed, playing as loudly as possible all his old national tunes, and goading his ancient comrades to madness.

"On the morning of the fourth day after Hepburn's desertion, it was determined to attack the Carlist lines : principally with a view of driving the enemy from a row of two-storied stonehuts, which they had fortified, and from whence they could keep up a most harassing fire on our sentries. The action commenced at seven o'clock ; and, after three hours' hard fighting, a tremendous charge of our gallant fellows broke the Carlist lines, and sent them in full retreat to their row of fortifications. Here they halted, re-formed, and again advanced. Often, in my dreams, rings in my ears the demoniac yell with which the decimated Carlist band rushed upon their victorious pursuers, cheered on by a tall and handsome officer, in a fantastic uniform, in whom, even amidst the smoke and carnage, I recognised Evan Hepburn. I looked, but could not see Levingham by his side ; I cast a hurried glance along my own ranks, and discovered Prendergast within a few feet of me. By the expression of his face I saw that he, too, saw and knew his old enemy ; in an instant his musket was at his shoulder, and before the opposing lines clashed together, and with the cheer yet ringing on his lips, Captain Hepburn fell to the ground a corpse, shot dead by Prendergast's hand.

"The action was over, the last desperate attempt of the Carlists had been repulsed, their fortifications carried, and they themselves utterly routed. I was wandering about on the plain, endeavouring to muster the remnants of my company, when I came upon a little knot of soldiers, bending over what I imagined, at first, to be the dead body of some favourite comrade. Pushing through the crowd, I discovered, the body of Prendergast's wife. She had left the lines with a flask of wine and some bread for her husband, and was making her way towards the place where the conflict was raging, when a portion of a shell struck her in the chest, and

put an end to the earthly trials of this devoted girl. Sick at heart, and with tears in my eyes, I was turning from the group, when my arm was pressed by the kind grasp of the old Colonel.

"That is the saddest sight I ever saw," said he ; 'worse, far worse, than a scene I have just come from. You recollect that scoundrelly Scotch piper who deserted with Hepburn ? He had built himself into one of those stone huts, but the men of his old regiment found him out, burst into the place, and discovering him in the second story, four of them seized him, two by his hands, and two by his feet ; and, then, chaunting meanwhile a dismal Highland croon, they swung him between them, and dashed out his brains against the wall.'

"Twenty years have passed since that day, and not many now remain to whom these circumstances are known ; but in the lunatic ward of the Kerry County Hospital there is still a tall, grey-haired, soldierly-looking man, who is pointed out as "the poor sergeant whose lady-wife followed him through his campaigns, and died on the field of battle."

The click of the telegraph-bell, just before the climax of the story, foretold the advent of the train, and in a minute after the Irishman had ended it, the long, tortuous line of carriages stopped at the station. Our Legion friend had already got into the midst of a military argument with the sergeant, and to complete it, followed him and his recruits into a second-class carriage : while I flung myself into the corner of a coupé, and falling asleep immediately, dreamed that private Prendergast, when examined with the microscope, turned out to be my Uncle Burbidge, who had been discharged from his situation as teacher in a training-school, from his strange persistence in dressing as a Highland piper.

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OLD SAINT ANN'S GATEWAY.

ABOUT midway of the left-hand side of the High Street of Broughton, there is a picturesque and ancient gateway, which for generations back, has afforded a subject to the way-side sketcher, both professional and amateur. It is a spacious gateway, rich in carvings that have not lost their identity; for you can still distinguish which boss was originally a rose, and which a cherub's face, though they have been blown upon by the storms of four centuries, at least, and have never known the profane touch of modern restoration. Over this gateway projects a lofty window, glazed in small octagonal panes, which have coats of arms, crosses, and other devices emblazoned on them in vivid colours; when the side sashes are open, this window commands the busiest prospect in all Broughton, for it looks up the High Street to the parish church of Saint Paul—whose graveyard elms close out the prospect of the suburb beyond—and down to the Market Place, the evening resort of all the idle population of the town.

The gateway is the entrance to old Saint Ann's, and the Oriel window above it is the window of the master's room. Old Peter Garnet, the master, is as well known, and as highly respected in Broughton, as the gateway itself. He was, originally, a Saint Ann's boy, and he has been master there for five and forty years. The way he came to be master, was as follows:—While in the school, he attracted the attention of one of the guardians by his peculiar aptitude for figures, and this gentleman instantly jumped to the conclusion that he had discovered a genius, whom it was his duty to patronise, and draw forth from obscurity. To that end, he removed Peter from Saint Ann's, and placed him at the public grammar school, where he had many opportunities of testing his courage and physical strength in pitched battles, arising out of the opprobrious epithets flung at him as mementos of his previous condition as a charity-boy. It is not on record that Peter distinguished himself here, either classically or mathematically; but, in due time, his patron sent him to the university, and great hopes were entertained that he would astonish the school-men. But they

astonished him instead. In fact, they plucked him. Peter's genius was a mistake, it seemed. His benefactor sent for him home to Broughton, and the master of Saint Ann's, being desirous of retiring from his office, Peter was unanimously elected to fill it. The governors of the charity talked of his being a collegeman, and ignored the circumstances of his rejection by Alma Mater as completely as if they had never occurred; but it was a long time before anybody dared to be sagacious enough to discover genius in a Saint Ann's school-boy again.

Peter was conscientious, and he did his duty in the old school well: he had the talent for government; and if, at first, he found the mastership of six and twenty illiterate lads a degree more irksome than his previous life had been, he soon learnt to be proud of it.

There must have been some reason for his failure at college; for, though no genius, Peter had really more than the average amount of talent: it may probably be explained that he neglected the routine studies, to potter amongst old chronicles and histories of his native town; for, when he had been about three years master at Saint Ann's, Jacob Ravis, bookseller in the High Street, published a compact little volume entitled, *Antiquities and Curiosities of Broughton*, which bore the name of Peter Garnet as author. It is the standard guide-book to Broughton at this day.

Peter was a simple-minded man, and won many friends. With his salary of fifty pounds a-year, the gateway fees, and his anciently-furnished rooms, he contrived to live, as folks said, like a gentleman; but there was a good deal of pinching behind the scenes. Peter had an old father and mother living, and two or three brothers and sisters, who had not got on in the world so well as himself; and they all expected, apparently, to be kept in idleness on his splendid means. He did not treat them hardly, at all; but, on some pretence or another, they were generally found ready to abuse him behind his back; and what with one tax, and what with another, he was several years past middle age before he could afford to marry. Even then, his dear Alice only lived with him a very few years, and died; leaving a six-months'-old baby on his hands.

That baby was nursed and petted, and played with, and glorified by generation after generation of school-boys and school-girls, until it grew into a tall, slim girl with an exceedingly pretty face, an unimpeachably good temper, and a decidedly firm will of its own; at which date, it was sent apprentice to Mrs. Bohn, milliner and dressmaker, in the High Street. The apprenticeship over, it took up its station in the Oriel window with professional tools on a table three hundred years old, and became milliner and dressmaker on its own account.

II.

ON a fine summer evening there was not in all Broughton so picturesque a room as that over the gateway of Saint Ann's. It was full of light without glare: light mysteriously softened and tinted by the many-lined panes it had to shine through before it got into the room. Alice Garnet's bright, youthful figure in a high-backed chair, seemed to draw the sunbeams about it, and away from the lean, ascetic frame of her father, bending over a book, with his thin hand supporting his thinner chin. It would have been strange if the sunbeams had not loved her best: such a tangle of golden curls as she had for them to play at hide and seek in; such a pair of dark blue eyes for them to mirror their warmth in; such a sweet white brow for them to kiss; such a rosy cheek for them to trifle with, as if it were a blooming garden-flower! Old Peter wanted none of them in his Rembrandt corner. Leave him in the shade—and his dark high features, scanty locks, and old brown coat, made a companion picture to the sunshiny-maiden in the window; but, draw him out into the light, and all the mellow lines and sepia-tints were gone. You had only a stooping, narrow-shouldered man, with a worn expression of face, and innumerable crows' feet about his eyes. Peter's person, like his genius, looked all the more dignified and imposing for a little mystery.

Such a fine summer evening it was, when my story of Old St. Ann's opens. There was Alice in the window, curls, dimples, roses and all, sewing diligently at a gay-coloured silk dress; and there was Peter at his books, looking as lean and hungry, as if he might be tempted soon to make a substantial meal of them. Alice had the sash open opposite to her, and occasionally she refreshed her eyes by looking up at the green elms of Saint Paul's, which were quivering in the fresh breeze; and suggesting, by their depths of shadow, massive groves beyond. But it was not only the elms she could see: the pavement of the High Street and all its moving groups and single figures challenged her watchfulness—and Alice was evidently watching. Presently, there gloomed over her face something nearly akin to a frown, and the deft needle flew faster than ever. A minute or two after a foot was heard mounting the stairs.

Peter took off his spectacles, shut them up in the book to keep his place, and said:

"Here comes Mark Liversedge;" and accordingly, that individual came; and, as if he were quite at-home, deposited himself on a chair opposite to Alice; thereby shutting out her view of the church-yard elms, or anything else she might desire to see, and causing the frown to become very decided on her pretty brow.

Alice had two suitors. This Mark Liversedge was one, and Richard Preston was the other. They had both been St. Ann's boys in their time, and had passed from under her tutelage; the former to sweep out the office of Lawyer Hartop, the latter to help at Fordham's Mills. Mark was on the highway to become a gentleman, for he had gradually risen from the humble position of office-boy to the dignity of a desk. Lawyer Hartop, having seen in him a ready wit and shrewdness far beyond his years, had articulated him to himself without a premium; and, after he had served his time, engaged him as clerk with a very moderate salary, and took a good deal of change out of him under the name of gratitude, but in the shape of long hours of overwork. Mark submitted to these impositions with singular grace and meekness, and talked much of what he owed to Lawyer Hartop; but he was a far-sighted young man, and no doubt had the main chance in view; which main chance, in the present instance, was the possibility of succeeding his patron in the best business in Broughton,—Lawyer Hartop having no son to bequeath it to, but only one spare, shrewish daughter; for whose personal embellishment pretty Alice Garnet did a very considerable amount of millinery and dressmaking. But Richard Preston had no chance of becoming a gentleman, dusty miller that he was; and, when the two suitors presented themselves in the Gate-room at Saint Ann's, it was not hard to guess which of them Peter Garnet, with his old-world notions of gentility, would choose. He favoured Mark Liversedge; Alice favoured Richard Preston.

There must have been some special reason for her preference; although women are often caught by the eyes. Perhaps it might have been that Richard was by far the properer man of the two. Mark's lank, well-dressed, awkward figure, with its queer sideways gait, could by no means compare with Richard Preston's athletic six feet two in his stocking feet (I believe Richard's bigness was one of the elements of Alice's pride in him); neither could his sallow face, intensified in expression by a slight obliquity of vision, gain any favourable criticism beside Richard's handsome brown visage and bright gipsy eyes.

Mark would trim himself at the office, and come straight to the gateway room, full of confidence and hope, nearly every evening in the week, and pester Alice with his stilted talk, until she would have liked to run her needle into

him ; but Richard, if he only went along the High Street with his wagon, and glanced up at the window, and just whistled, O how the colour came ! It was enough to make damask roses jealous, if there had been any damask roses to experience the wicked passion at Old Saint Ann's. It was a new version of the old song, Let father and mother be ever so mad, Whistle, and I'll come to thee my lad. She would spring from her chair and give him a shower of little nods and smiles from the open window ; and often, that was all they had to live on in the way of love for a week together ; for Richard could only come on Sunday nights, and even then, Peter Garnet austere demonstrated that he was not welcome.

There Mark Liversedges sat, with his crooked black legs crossed one over the other, his crooked black shoulders twisted insinuatingly forward, and his crooked black head dropped humbly between them, while his eyes followed the swift movements of Alice's needle, and his tongue detailed a scene at the courthouse that day. Mark was clever, and he told his story amusingly ; but Alice would not laugh, no, that she would not. She looked as solemn as if he had been reciting a funeral oration ; but old Peter enjoyed it, and made the most of every point. Mark rarely became flat after these rebuffs, or felt resentful. He did not know much of women ; but he had heard that they were freakish, and wanted a good deal of humouring ; so he humoured pretty Alice, and thought he was making immense progress in his suit.

On this particular evening, however, he attempted to make a bold step in advance ; and, after remarking that he felt musty with sitting in the office all day, he invited Alice to take a walk with him down by the river side to Fordham Mills.

"No thank you, I have something else to do," replied Alice, "but perhaps my father will go with you."

Mark squeezed his hands together and laughed nervously for the first time since he began his courtship—there was no mistaking her meaning this time ; but, as he knew no reason why she should not fall in love with him, if he only persevered long enough, he went on talking again.

He fancied he had made an impression on her one time, for she coloured beautifully ; but, if he had taken the trouble to turn his head he might have seen the Fordham wagon, with its fine team of horses all gay in their scarlet trappings and tinkling bells, coming up the High Street, and his old schoolfellow, Richard Preston, marching at the head of the leader. But Mark laid the blush to his own account ; and, on the strength of it, again mentioned a walk by the waterside.

"Come, Alice, drop that stitch work and go," said her father ; "it is very polite in Mark to ask you."

"I don't think so, father, when he sees I

don't want to go," she replied quietly. Mark begged pardon : he had hoped it would be agreeable ; and Peter Garnet hastened to excuse her lack of urbanity by suggesting that she was overworked, and tired, and cross.

"No, father, I am not," she interposed, rejecting his plea, "but Mark is so tiresome."

"Come, Mark, she is out of humour clearly !" said her father, laughing at her very awkward candour ; which made the suitor feel hot all over : "let us take a turn by the river together, she'll be in a better mood to-morrow night perhaps." Mark took his leave with a reproachful countenance which did not touch Alice one bit ; she was only too glad to see him go, and would have been twice as glad, if there was any chance of his taking offence and not coming again in a hurry.

When the master returned it was almost dark, and Alice was setting out their frugal supper on the table in the window : he pulled one of her curls as she came near him in going to the cupboard for the bread loaf, and asked, "Why did you treat Mark so badly to-night, Alice ?"

"Because he almost teases me to death. I wish he would stop away !" she replied, with pretty vehemence.

"But, Alice, I have set my heart on his marrying you ;" said Peter in a conclusive tone.

Alice, however, was not daunted : "And I have set my heart on his not marrying me," she rejoined.

"That is all nonsense ; he will make a lady of you," said Peter, slyly appealing to her vanity.

"Not he ! He would only make me a miserable woman ! And I tell you, once for all, father, I'll have nothing to do with him !"

"You like some one else, perhaps ?" said Peter, more harshly than he had ever spoken to his motherless girl before : "you like some one else—that's where it is—but if it is that Richard Preston, put him out of your mind, for he will never get my good word."

Alice did not speak ; but, when she went to the cupboard for the salt, she stayed a minute behind the shelter of its open door and winked away a few tears. She felt very rebellious and firm notwithstanding ; and, to keep up her wrath against Mark, she invented a sort of roll-call of all his disagreeable points mental and physical, and said them over to herself all through supper.

Peter Garnet set great store by Alice, and loved her most devotedly ; but he had taken the poor ambition into his head that he should like to see her made a lady, and the possibility that her happiness might be sacrificed in the process, had not dawned upon his scholastic mind : so, when she came as usual to kiss him good-night before she went to bed, he thought it only right to reject the caress coldly, and pushed her away ; but

Alice was not angry with her father, and she would not allow him to be angry with her.

"Come, father, you know you won't sleep if you don't," she said audaciously. As he looked up, intending to rebuke her very seriously, she put her two rosy hands one on either side of his face; and, telling him he looked as savage as a bear, inflicted half-a-dozen kisses on his wrinkled forehead, and made her escape before he could recover from his surprise sufficiently to scold her as she deserved.

III.

THERE was no allusion made to what had passed the night before, when they met the next morning. Peter swallowed his breakfast scalding hot that he might have a few minutes to look over certain accounts connected with the school; but, while he was thus engaged, the nine o'clock bell rang, and he left them strewn on his table in company with a little black box decorated with perforated brass ornaments; from the lock of which hung his bunch of keys.

"There'll be nobody in here but you, Alice, so those papers will be all safe," were his words to his daughter as he went out hurriedly. She just answered, "Yes, father," and went on with her work without even glancing to see what they were.

The morning was about half spent, and Alice had twice had the satisfaction of giving Richard Preston a smiling recognition from the window, when there was a knock at the door, and an old woman's voice asked, without, if there was anybody at home? "Yes, I'm here, Nanny, come in," responded Alice: "what is it you want this morning?"

"O bairn! I've come to you for comfort; for I says if Alice Garnet can't help me she'll pity me, an' I know you will," said Nanny, dropping into the nearest chair, and pulling out a little ragged pocket-handkerchief in readiness for tears. Alice knew that Nanny was a thoroughly unscrupulous old canter; but, as she appeared now to be in real distress, she asked again what she wanted.

"I mustn't go nigh-hand Mark to disgrace him, so I thought I'd come here, and get you to speak to him instead."

"But I'd rather not, Nanny: Mark and I are not on the best terms—tell me your trouble, however."

"You'll remember my grandson Willie's 'listing at Whitsun-fair? Well, he's written me to beg I'll buy him off, an' how I'm to raise t'money I don't know—if I'd only another six pounds to my bit o' savings I could do it—will you ask Mark for me, bairn?"

"No, Nanny; you must ask him yourself, if you don't think it better to leave Willie where he is. He will get used to soldiering by and bye."

"Not he; he's a delicate lad—an', besides, he's my pet, is Willie—I like to have his face at t'fireside o'nights."

"You used to say he was a sad ne'er-do-weel, Nanny, and to prophesy bitterly enough that he'd come to a bad end."

Nanny groaned: "Ay, that was what drove him fra' home: but he'd be fain to come back now. Will you ask Mark for me?"

"No, Nanny; I told you before I would not; but I will give you a trifle myself towards making up what you want," and, laying down her work carefully on her chair, she went away to her chest of drawers in her bedroom for her little purse. She was absent for several minutes; and because, when she got into her room she heard the tinkling of bells, and there was the laden Fordham wagon making another progress up the High Street. Going down, at last, she found Nanny weeping into the rag as if her eyes were fountains. The old woman had, all at once, become very scrupulous about accepting the girl's half-crown; asking her if it really was her own to give, and if Peter Garnet would not miss it?

"It is my own earnings, Nanny; so take it without more ado, and get away, for I'm busy. The old woman expanded into blessings and moral aphorisms; in the midst of which Alice unceremoniously shut her out upon the stairs.

The Fordham wagon was up and down the High Street ever so many times that day; and once it had to stop at Saint Ann's gateway to deliver a sack of flour. Very likely Alice had something to do with the receiving of it; for Mrs. Hart, coming in to see her for a few minutes at twelve o'clock, asked if she had been making a pudding with her hands tied behind her; for there was a trace of meal all round her waist? "O, dear no! she had not been making a pudding or a pie either. How could it have got there? However that might be, Alice was in the blithest spirits all day!

Peter retired to his table at night, and bade Alice give him a candle; as he wanted to get the school accounts finished making up for the quarterly audit next Monday. She did as she was bid; and then, as it was not nearly dark, she treated herself to an idle half-hour at the window, watching the few passers-by with a good deal of interest. Presently she saw Peggie Hartop's brilliant feather and flounce, flourishing up the street, and in close attendance upon it, Mark Liversedge; his whole person contorted either with civility or spasms, until he looked as if he were strung on wires that had got twisted out of all order. Peggie was brandishing her head, and looking mightily dignified and condescending towards the young man. "Oh, you pretty pair! I wish you would bewitch each other!" said Alice, half-aloud. "I should like to make your wedding-bonnet, Peggie Hartop!"

Meanwhile, Peter Garnet was puzzling his wits over some refractory figures. Alice had shut the window, and had begun to clear one end of the table, for the purpose of laying the supper-cloth.

"Be quiet, Alice," exclaimed her father, in a low, impatient tone; "let the things be, till I have done."

She immediately desisted, and stared at him in astonishment. He had got the little black box, with the perforated brass ornaments open, and was fingering its contents in a bewildered way; as if he could have doubted the evidence of his senses.

"There were certainly three—three of Downham's fives," said he.

"What is the matter, father? have you lost something?" Alice asked.

"I don't know what I've lost: my head, I think," he returned, sharply dragging across the table a small ledger. He began to add up column after column, and to do it several times over; but each time with the same results. There was the expenditure; there was the income and subscriptions; and, in the black box was the overplus; but the overplus deficient five pounds—always five pounds—no more, and no less. "What's the good of it? I know there were three notes in that box last Wednesday-week," said he, softly, and laying a trembling finger on his lip.

Alice put the bread and cheese at hand for his supper, and went off to talk to Mrs. Hart for a little while; saying, as she closed the door, that she would come in and see him again before going to her own room. Mrs. Hart lived in the girls' house across the courtyard, within the gateway; and all her flock being safely stowed away for the night, she was sitting down by her fireside, to regale herself with a cup of tea, as Alice went in. Of course, Alice must have a cup of tea; too: and over it, they began talking, first of one thing and then of another, until they mentioned old Nanny Liversedge.

"She says she has raised the money to buy Willie's discharge, all but about ten shillings," observed Mrs. Hart.

"Then Mark must have given her something handsome, I suppose," said Alice, a good deal astonished.

"I don't know. Mark's very near; but she had been to Mr. Elsworthy, and to old Mrs. Cameron; they're charitable folks. And, as she told me you'd given her five shillings—"

"Just like her! I never gave her anything of the kind. There's very little good in Nanuy. She thought to get more out of you by that story."

"Then she was mistaken, for I gave her just nothing at all. I said I should ask you first; and she need not come to me again until I sent for her."

While this talk was going forward in Mrs. Hart's parlour, Peter Garnet was still poring over the school accounts. He had pushed his scanty hair straight from his forehead, and looked like a miserable necromancer detected in working some demoniacal charm. All sorts of temptations were whispering in his ears. At first sight, this default in his

accounts had not struck him in all its bearings; and, when it did, it came upon his moral sense with all the force of a crushing blow. Why he might be dismissed from his situation at Saint Ann's, after having held it with credit, honour, and success for forty years! He might be dismissed. Good God! dismissed as a thief who had appropriated to his own use, money entrusted to him for the benefit of the school! At that thought he broke out into a cold sweat, and clutched at the little box with a terrible eagerness. The habit of being respected and looked up to was as strong with him as any other habit, and the idea of losing it was maddening. But where had the money gone? Who had access to the place where the box was kept? Why, only himself, and Alice, and old Nanny Liversedge when she came to clean the rooms.

There was no adequate solution of the mystery. He must have taken it out himself, and lost it. Still there was the deficiency. Could he make it good? Not he; he had never saved money in his life; he had only been always just on the point of beginning, that Alice might have a little fortune when he died; but he had not begun yet. His last quarter's salary was all gone except a few shillings, and his next would not be paid until after the audit of the accounts on the following Monday. By that time the default would be known all over Broughton. There was another way the tempting demon suggested: the chance donations of strangers and visitors to Saint Ann's were given to him, and he had to render an account of them to the governors. Was it not possible so to diminish the amounts attached to each name as to make up the missing sum? That was a very subtle, because safe temptation. Peter knew it was safe; and his staring eyes fixed on the list of casual subscribers very miserably. Should he do it? He had got his hand stretched out to draw the paper to him, when Alice suddenly reappeared.

"Why, father, you look thoroughly mazed over those accounts!" she cried, coming up to him anxiously, "and you've never touched your supper. Go to it now. I won't let you spend another minute over your work to-night. Why, we shall have you ill, and then what will happen?"

Peter seemed, as she said, mazed—lost. He obeyed her as if he had been a little child, and suffered her to put away both box and papers in the table-drawer without making any attempt whatever to prevent it. She also saw him go off to bed before her, and, as she was going herself, she said, "I cannot think what ails him. I never saw him in this way before; he looked as if he'd seen a ghost, when I came back from Mrs. Hart's." She thought over it a good deal before she fell asleep, and hoped it did not mean anything but that he was over-tired. Then the poor tempted father was pushed out of her

mind by a dream, in which Richard Preston was very conspicuous.

IV.

MR. ELSWORTHY and Lawyer Hartop were the auditors of the accounts at Saint Ann's; and, although everybody had implicit confidence in the master, the auditors always made a point of going over his books as systematically as if he had been one of the most suspected rogues in Christendom. They came to the gateway about half-past ten, and there was to be a general meeting of the governors at twelve. Peter Garnet had had a miserable time of it; but he had struggled through, an honest man still, though appearances were sorely against him. He had determined to tell his plain tale—that the money had disappeared, and that he could not account for its disappearance—and leave his long services and spotless character to bear him through.

There was a great deal of business to get through at the meeting—three boys to elect from amongst seven candidates, and three girls from twice that number—besides the talking and unnecessary arguing over trifles which always takes place on such occasions. Peter was very exact in his personal appearance that day, and made Alice brush his coat the last thing before he went to the board-room; but he could not put off the careworn anxiety of his countenance, nor lessen its sickly pallor. He had not told his daughter anything of what was impending, and she only supposed that he was nervous and upset by the pressure of his work, now that he was growing older: so she tried to spare him where she could, and privately consulted the school-doctor, who assured her there was nothing to fear. Peter left her sitting at her work, with an eye to the window, lest the Fordham wagon should go by; and, with his poor old heart thumping against his ribs as if it would come through, went his way to the board-room, to receive the auditors.

They came before their time, as it seemed to him; Mr. Elsworthy as benevolent, and Lawyer Hartop as sagacious as usual. "Well, where were the books, and how was the subscription-list this quarter?"

The subscription-list was even fuller than usual; but—and, standing up opposite to them, and speaking in a voice that shook, in spite of all his efforts to be calm, Peter told his tale; adding that it was his desire to make up the deficiency from his quarter's salary, then due. Mr. Elsworthy had looked him commiseratingly in the face while he was speaking; but Lawyer Hartop, who would not have done his sagacity the violence to trust any man while there was the smallest circumstance of suspicion against him, kept his eyes on the table, and was drumming softly with his fingers when the master had ceased.

"It is a grievous pity, Mr. Garnet," said Mr. Elsworthy; "a very grievous pity. How do you account for it?"

Peter could not account for it at all. He might have taken it out with other money, and lost it.

"Come, come, Mr. Garnet, that won't do!" cried Lawyer Hartop, with derisive jocularity. "Methodical men like you don't take out money unconsciously, and then lose it. We must lay the circumstance before the governors."

Poor Peter was sorely wounded; but he had the courage to speak up for himself. "You have known me from a boy, Mr. Hartop, surely you won't be the first to suspect me?" he said, proudly, while Mr. Elsworthy looked away from him sorrowfully.

"I never profess to know any man, Mr. Garnet, till his coffin-lid is fastened down upon him, and we come to reading his will," replied the lawyer; "that I call the test of character; and I've known it to upset, a score of times or more, all my foregone conclusions."

Peter said no more; but—when Mr. Elsworthy assured him he should have his support with the governors, and added that he saw no adequate reason for the withdrawal of their confidence from a man who had been their faithful servant for forty years—his heart swelled within him.

The board-room clock ticked itself slowly round to twelve, and then the governors and candidates for election, with their mothers and the voters came all together, and the business was gone into, and done quickly; for Mr. Elsworthy had whispered to the chairman that there was something serious to come on concerning the master, and he was anxious to get the rest disposed of.

There was a full attendance of governors; and, when the board-room had been cleared of strangers, Peter's case was brought forward, and stated by himself. They were astonished to a man; but how he was to be dealt with caused great diversity of opinion, and he was requested to withdraw, that they might consider it. One gentleman suggested that, as the master offered to make good the deficiency, they should pass the matter over; another feared the loss argued a very careless keeping of his trust; and the chairman offered it as his suggestion that it was a beginning of evils which they, as governors of a public charity, were bound to check in the bud. The chairman's remark found many echoes: Lawyer Hartop's voice the most distinct amongst them. Mr. Elsworthy begged that the master's long services and unimpeachable character might have their weight; and, after a little more discussion, it was carried, by a large majority, that Peter Garnet should be advised to resign. He was, accordingly, called in and informed of the resolution.

Peter Garnet was proud and obstinate; and, as soon as he saw his fate written in all those faces, familiar, most of them, since they were

boys, a sudden resentment fired his heart, and gave his lanky figure, for the moment, an heroic air. Being advised to resign was tantamount to dismissal; but Peter would not so understand it.

"Gentlemen," he said, resting one hand on the table where he stood, opposite to the chairman, and looking from one averted face to another as he spoke, "Gentlemen, I am as well fitted for my duty as I have ever been, and I will not condemn myself by accepting your permission to resign."

"Then it only remains for us to dismiss you," replied the chairman.

Accordingly, Peter Garnet was formally dismissed from the office of Master of Saint Ann's School, on account of an irregularity connected with his keeping of the books. Having heard his sentence, the old man, with another long row of nails driven into his coffin-lid, made his mechanical bow to the governors, and went up to the Gate-room, where Alice was just recovering from a blush aroused by the transit of the Fordham wagon. There was no need for her to ask what ailed him now; for, the moment he entered the room, he said, while a crimson spot burnt on his sallow cheek,

"Alice, pack up all that belongs to thee and me, and let us be going. I am no longer Master of Old Saint Ann's!"

"I was born here. Why are we to go, father? What has happened?"

"The governors have dismissed me, Alice."

He could not bear at first to tell her why. She looked at him sadly, but said no more; and they both sat down mechanically to eat the dinner which had been waiting on the table for ever so long. While they were thus occupied, there was a knock at the door, and in came Mr. Elsworthy, his fine countenance full of a genuine compassion.

"I hope you don't require any assurance from me, Mr. Garnet, that I am persuaded this is all a miserable mistake," he said, extending his hand to the ejected schoolmaster. "I shall lose no opportunity of expressing that opinion everywhere."

"You're very kind, Mr. Elsworthy. I thought I'd more friends of your stamp than I prove to have," replied Peter, bitterly.

"Don't let it get the better of you, or else you'll die of it—I see, Peter, how you're taking it to heart," said Mr. Elsworthy, relapsing into the familiar form of address, as he remembered that they had been boys together at the grammar-school.

"Die of it?" repeated poor old Peter. "No! I'll live to see myself righted, if it be only for the sake of Alice there."

"That is the proper spirit to meet an injustice with. The governors commissioned me to pay you your quarter's salary, and I hope you'll let me do you justice if they would not. You know the Master of Saint Ann's, if he hold office for twenty years, is entitled to the retiring pension—well, I mean to pay it you

myself as a testimony of what Broughton owes you——"

"Thank you, Mr. Elsworthy, for your noble intentions; but there's work in me yet, and, please God, while there is, I'll be no man's pensioner," replied Peter, with grateful resolution. "This is my due, and there's the written receipt—the last time I'll sign my name to aught concerning Old Saint Ann's."

He gave a slip of paper into Mr. Elsworthy's hand, and sat down heavily.

"It is very hard, after forty toilsome years, to be sent adrift like this; but I'll not believe you'll suffer long," said Mr. Elsworthy, encouragingly. "If they had taken a night to sleep on it they'd have acted differently. Peter, you must receive the pension. You know I can spare it well, and the boys and girls will never miss it."

"They hadn't need, sir. But it's not that, Mr. Elsworthy, it's the principle of the thing. Let me keep my own respect, if I must lose other folk's. We'll say no more about it, if you please, sir."

And, seeing that Peter was firm, Mr. Elsworthy pressed it no more.

Long before evening, the news had spread through Broughton that Peter Garnet—that man familiar to every eye, and dear to every poor soul's heart, in all the town—had ceased to be Master at Old Saint Ann's. Oh, how Nanny Liversedge bemoaned herself! He'd been such a kind friend to her an' hers; he'd been the making of Mark, and what should she do without him? There were hundreds of young men—ay, and fathers of families, too—who had been Saint Ann's boys, and they would hardly believe it. *He* dismissed for making away with money! There must be a mistake somewhere; but it was not he who had made the mistake, they were sure! Old Master—as they still fondly called him—was honest and true to the backbone!

Mark Liversedge spoke out bravely for him, too, at Downham's bank, and in the marketplace, and at the mechanics' institute, thereby giving great offence to Lawyer Hartop; but Mark loved Alice, and, I hope, this solitary gratuitous act of kindness may weigh very heavily in the balance against his long after-life of hardness and hypocrisy. Amongst others, Richard Preston learnt the bad news, and his first impulse was to go straight to the gateway and see Alice. Leaving the wagon under charge of a cartier belonging to a Fordham farmer, he hastened thither, and found both her and Peter busy packing up.

Peter received him more kindly than usual—for a friendly act is not to be scouted by a man in disgrace—and Alice gave him a sweet look of gratitude.

"You must not be downcast, master; for, from the biggest to the littlest of us, there's not one of us credits a word agen you," said he.

"I am not downcast, Richard; if I were a

guilty man, I should be downcast enough ; but innocence can bear a great deal."

Poor Peter spoke in a tragedy sort of way, as Richard afterwards said ; but it was not to make an impression, so much as to keep down the great anguish that was crying aloud at his heart.

Alice was very white, and tearful. It seemed such a cruel shame to treat her good old father in that way—the governors ought to be ashamed of themselves, she said. And be very sure Richard Preston agreed with her.

"Where are we to go, father, when we have packed up what belongs to us. Have you ever thought of that ?" she asked, pausing with a pile of dusty volumes between her hands and chin.

"Where are we to go?" echoed Peter, helplessly. "Where are we to go, Alice? I am sure I can't tell where we are to go."

"You'll come to Fordham with me, master. My sister Jane'll make you welcome, I know, and we have room enough—say you will," exclaimed Richard, eagerly ; "it's a real pretty cottage, Alice—flowers and apple-trees, and I can't tell you what all."

Alice blushed, and said she knew it was. She had often thought it the prettiest cottage in Fordham ; but she must not go so far away from the town, she must stay within reach of her customers. Peter went on with his packing, and left them to settle it. He began to change his mind about Richard Preston now, and to think that he was a generous young fellow, if he was not a gentleman. So he took no notice of the whispering in the window or of the strong arm round Alice's pretty waist.

"Jane is going to be married, and I shall have nobody to take care of me unless you will, Alice," Richard was saying, coaxingly. "The master could live with us, and we should all be so happy together you can't think."

"Yes, I can, Richard ; but I don't think I ought just now," replied Alice softly. "I always said, you know, that it could not be yet—I would rather wait until my father is cleared—you might not like to hear it talked about after."

"Let nobody dare to say one word agen old master to me!" cried Richard. "I'd knock him down straight! Come, Alice, don't be hard ; what is to become of me without any womankind at home when Jane's gone?"

"Richard, dear, will you please say no more about it now?" said Alice, looking up at him with swimming blue eyes. "I have so much come upon me all at once, that you must not be impatient with me."

"Don't look at me so pitiful, then, or I shall go on saying it all the more. I can't help myself, Alice." And he lifted up her sorrowful face and kissed it. "If it bothers you, darling, I'll be quiet now ; but I can't and I shan't be quiet long. Don't cry!"

This exhortation produced a sob, and another, and, finally, a great outbreak of tears ; in which Richard was fain to comfort her with sweet words. Poor old Peter stood aglath. When the paroxysm was over, the master asked Richard if he had not better go ; and, when he had heard Alice scold herself for her folly, Richard said he thought he had. "And I'll go and see if my Aunt Deane can take you in to lodge. I think she can," he said. This was a grand relief to both father and daughter, and away he went.

Aunt Deane kept a greengrocer's shop directly opposite to Saint Paul's church. She was a widow woman without any children, and drove a very good business in a small way. She had three empty rooms ; which she would be glad to let for a trifle to anybody bringing their own furniture. So, what did Richard do, but rush off to a friend of his, a cabinet-maker, and bade him put into the rooms all that was needful ; including a magnificent mahogany chest of drawers ; for, said he to himself, when Alice comes to Fordham, she shall have things neat and new, and I might as well buy 'em now : Uncle Tom's legacy will pay all. He bargained with Aunt Deane not to betray him, and then went back to the gateway, and told Alice where he had found lodgings, and that they would be quite ready to go into next day. Alice had gone down to meet him, and, thanked him for his kindness after a very pleasant fashion, and Richard—as happy as a king—whistled his way back to his forsaken wagon, and went home to Fordham rejoicing.

Mark Liversedge did not come that night. Perhaps he thought he was doing his old master more good by defending him in public places than intruding to offer private sympathy. Alice congratulated herself on his staying away ; but poor old Peter took it sorely to heart, and said he had thought better of Mark than that ; but it didn't matter—nothing mattered now. He kept up very well until it was dark, and Alice was putting out the supper : then, some slight remark of hers, that this was the last time she should need do it there, quite overset him ; and, dropping his head upon the table, the old man cried like a child, murmuring between his sobs—"After all these forty years to be turned off for a thief! All these forty years!" Alice knelt at his side, with her arm round his neck, and cried with him.

v.

ALICE and her father were settled at Mrs. Deane's, opposite the church, and Broughton had almost ceased to talk about the master's dismissal (except on Sunday mornings, when the conceited young jackanapes his successor, had affronted its sense of pedagogical deportment by his airs and graces), when one day Peggie Hartop called at the green-grocer's

shop in a peculiar state of flurry and excitement. She had held honestly to Alice in her misfortunes, and now she came to give her a splendid order. Alice and her father were in their little parlour,—such a poor insignificant little room it looked after the grand old gateway! Alice at work, very hard as usual, and Peter getting up an antiquarian article for the Broughton Weekly Advertiser, which, after warmly advocating his cause in its columns, had given him a little to do in the way of correcting proofs, and occasionally filling a spare half-page when there was a dearth of news.

“Let us go into your room, Alice,” suggested Peggie, breathlessly, and with a glance at the absorbed Peter; so Alice rose, dropped her sewing, and led the way to her sanctum. Peggie plumped down there, in her glory of flounce and feather, full into the midst of the little white bed, manifesting a kittenish vivacity which ought to have been defunct in her twenty years before at least. Alice wondered what ailed her.

“You will never guess what brought me here to-day, Alice, so I’ll tell you: I am going to be married!”

“To Mr. Mark Liversedge?” said Alice.

“Yes, and I want you to make me my wedding-bonnet; you have so much taste.”

“I shall be very glad, I’m sure. I always thought I should have to make it,” Alice said, with intense glee; “I have not seen Mr. Mark Liversedge since we came here; but will you tell him I congratulate him heartily upon his good fortune?”

“Yes, I’ll tell him. I dare say he will be very much obliged to you. You are a kind little creature, Alice, to forgive his leaving you,—I know.”

“Well, then, Miss Hartop, if you do know, I don’t mind telling you that there never was any chance of my liking him; because I liked somebody else first. You are much better suited to him than ever I should have been,” said Alice.

“So he thinks now, and, of course, I am,” replied Peggie with an air of superiority. “Now, let us talk about the bonnet.”

So they talked about the bonnet, and settled that; then they talked about the wedding-dress, and settled that; then, they talked about the travelling-dress, and settled that; and then they talked about all sorts of dresses to be worn at all sorts of times, and settled them, and came round to the bonnet again. “For,” said Peggie sententially, “the bonnet is the crown of all, and if that looks pretty, the rest is of very little consequence.”

About three weeks after this interview (which was followed by, almost daily interviews on the same subject), Alice announced to her father one morning at breakfast that it was Miss Hartop’s wedding-day, and she was going across to the church to see her married. “If you look out of the window

when you hear the carriages, you’ll see her too,—she’ll look beautiful, and so will Mark!” she added wickedly.

Peter winced whenever he heard the young man’s name; for, though Mark had spoken up for him out of doors, he had quite left off his pursuit of Alice. It would not do for a man in his position, who was sure to rise in the world, to have a connection like the dismissed schoolmaster, he had prudently reflected; so, throwing love to the dogs, he began to pay court to Peggy Hartop and her future money-bags with much better success than he was ever likely to have had with pretty Alice Garnet. On a blue-nosed December morning, half Broughton rushed to church to see them married.

It was on the evening of this very wedding-day, while the bells at Saint Paul’s were ringing merrily in honour thereof, that a little lad came up to Widow Deane’s with a message to Peter Garnet from the chaplain at the Union Workhouse, desiring that he would go there without delay, for Nanny Liversedge was dying; and she could not die easy without speaking to him. Peter took his hat and stick, and went away down the High Street at once. The old man did not walk so erect now as he used to do, and he had a humbler way with him; but many was the friendly “Good evening,” and “Glad to see you looking so brisk, master,” which met him as he went.

Amongst those who had taken his dismissal from Old Saint Ann’s very hardly, none had seemed to feel it so much as Nanny Liversedge: he had brought up her sons and grandsons, daughters and granddaughters, and had befriended her and advised her when others were disgusted by her worthlessness; so that it was not remarkable she should send for him at the last stage of all. He was ushered into the ward where she lay, and found that Mr. Elsworthy and the chaplain were waiting for his appearance, and that the old woman had not long to live. She recognised him, however, when he came to the bedside, and began to talk so much in her old canting way at first, that Peter was at a loss to know why she had sent for him; but, recollecting herself, suddenly, she cried out with vehemence:

“I’ve been a wicked woman, Peter Garnet, but the Lord’s a punishing me now. Willie’d no sooner got home again than he fell into t’old ways, and they say he’ll be transported for what he’s done last. But, I shan’t live to see it! You, Mr. Elsworthy, an’ you, Parson Smythe, is witness of what I’m saying—it was I stole the five-pound note out o’ Peter Garnet’s box at Old Saint Ann’s,—I stole it to help buy off poor Willie!”

Peter Garnet lifted his poor bent head and said fervently: “I thank God, I thank God!”

“I’d gone to beg something of Alice, an’ while she went to fetch it, I saw t’ box stand-

ing an' t' keys hanging in t' lock ; and, quick as thought, I'd opened it, and ta'en out one of t' notes. Lord forgive me. It was for Willie I did it, nought else 'ud ha' tempted me."

She began to whine and whimper, and slowly fell away into a state of unconsciousness, and so continued till she died, about two hours after.

"I knew we should see you restored, Peter Garnet," said Mr. Elsworthy with a fervent grasp of his hand as they passed out into the street. Peter's heart was so full that he could only repeat, "I thank God, I thank God !"

There was a keen wind blowing through and through the elms as he got back to Widow Deane's and went up-stairs. There, Richard Preston, all a glow with his cold walk from Fordham, was entertaining Alice. Directly they saw him they knew what had happened.

"Hurray, old master, I said you'd come to honour and glory yet!" cried Richard with enthusiasm, and then he fell to kissing Alice in the most preposterous way,—the selfish fellow was thinking he should get somebody to take care of him now.

Peter sat down ; and, as soon as he could collect himself, he told them how it was and Nanny Liversedge's confession ; and then they were all so surprised and vexed at themselves for never having suspected the old woman before,—it was so likely she should have taken it ! Alice recalled the extraordinary rapidity with which Mrs. Hart had said, the money had been raised to buy Willie's discharge, and she wondered how she could have been so stupid as to miss seeing the whole case at once. After they had discussed it in all its bearings, and when the time for Richard to go home was come, he whispered triumphantly to Alice :

"Get your wedding-bonnet made. I am not going to wait more than a week longer !"

While she was pouting her sweet lips to protest against such absurd impatience, he lifted her up in his strong arms and vowed he would run off with her that very minute if she opened them to make any objection, and Peter was so changed from his old self that he said :

"And quite right, too, Richard. She is over masterful by half."

What could Alice say ? If she tried to speak, Richard stopped her mouth, and her father abetted him. Well, she resigned herself very happily to her fate ; made her wedding-bonnet and wedding-gown and married the miller's man that day week,—a very different bride from the one who had gone to church in the morning with clever Mark Liversedge.

VI.

CHRISTMAS DAY at Old St. Ann's was always kept with roast beef, plum-pudding, and all

other formalities of the season gently let down to the capacities of charity children. It was the greatest day in the year to them, and the boy and girl who was not happy then, might give up all hope of being happy ever afterwards. There was holly stuck all over the dining-hall, and round the founder's picture ; and there was spiced beer in mugs ; and, besides the dinner, there were buns for tea, and kindred dissipations which no Saint Ann's scholar ever forgot the delights of. Well, the bells at Saint Paul's were ringing as the lads marched into the dining-hall, two and two,—one half of them thinking that all that rejoicing was over the roast beef and plum-pudding which they were going to eat. They had got into their places, and were all standing up, ready to sing grace at the word of command, when, lo ! there was only an empty place at the head of the table. But at that identical moment, there appeared in the doorway Mr. Elsworthy, and close behind him Peter Garnet.

"Hurray, old master !" screamed a small, timid boy, who had cried dreadfully when he left home ; but who was now so horrified at his breach of discipline that he began to subside into a whimper for fear of consequences, until Mr. Elsworthy advanced to the table, and said : "Old master it is, boys, come back to you. Give him a cheer,—a good one !"

It was a good one ; and the girls, in their room, heard it, and would have liked to shout too. Then the beef and pudding began ; after which Peter made his speech, and broke down, and was cheered on, and broke down again, and finally gave it up as a useless trial, with a fervent "God bless you all, my boys !"

It is five years this Christmas, since Peter Garnet was restored to his office of Master at Old Saint Ann's, and the town gave him that handsome testimonial,—fifty new sovereigns, in a crimson purse netted by the hands of Mrs. Mark Liversedge herself. Mark will be Mayor of Broughton some day. Meantime, he works early and late in his dingy office, and spins more money than he can ever enjoy, and comes home to nightly repentance in a trim, stiff parlour, with a scarecrow wife ; whose enjoyment it is to rail at him from her sofa-corner, and to ask him what he would have been if he hadn't married her ? Privately, Mark thinks he would have been much happier and quieter ; but he daren't say so for the world. There are many men who quail before Mark ; but not one of them quails so abjectly as Mark does before his wife.

Alice is the miller's man's delight, and the mother of his three tidy boys : who will be millers, every one of them, to the last of the generation. They all take after Richard ; and yet they are the pride and joy of grandfather's heart : he promises himself that the

next one, maybe, will be like his pretty Alice. The next one cannot possibly do better than be like her, and so God bless her !

A CHRISTMAS PHANTASY.

IN wilds of lone Armenia, where, they say,
 Man was created in the primal day,
 A castle stands upon a mountain crag,
 Staring far down precipitous vales, which drag
 Their stony terraces between the trees.
 The wandering shepherds, looking from the leas
 Along the mountain slopes, regard with awe
 Those battlements from which the ravens caw
 With depth of ghostly meaning, when the clouds,
 Which sail upon the wind with vaporous shrouds,
 Throw quickly-vanishing shadows on the wall,
 Like shapes in a magic mirror. Thither crawl
 Toad, eel, and lizard; while those doubtful things
 That breed in secret, with their murmuring wings
 And skeleton bodies, haunt the stagnant gloom
 From dusky birth-time to their day of doom.

This castle stands upon phantasmal ground,
 And ever in the central hall is found
 A hawk that slumbers on a golden perch.
 The man who, entering the dim place in search
 Of hidden knowledge, shall awake that hawk
 Three days and nights continuously, shall talk
 With an enchantress who in lonely state
 Dwells there, and utters oracles of Fate :
 And if he ask her of her grace to grant
 His dearest wish, his most heart-cherish'd want,
 Behold ! against the morrow it is done.

A youthful king came with the rising sun
 And woke the hawk, who, in his tranced fit
 And dreams stupendous, would for ever sit
 Moveless above his shadow, unless stirr'd
 By those who seek him. Thus aroused, the bird,
 With heavy motion of his weight of plumes,
 And sudden rustle, creeping through the rooms
 Like trail of phantom garments, open'd wide
 His eyes, and saw the monarch by his side,
 Making a glimmer with his gems and gold,
 And sense of warmth within the shuddering cold.
 Three days the stranger watch'd, persistently
 Driving back sleep from weary brain and eye,
 Coereing hunger, mastering the frail sense
 With edicts from the soul's omnipotence,
 And forcing, by an aspect fix'd and grim,
 The hawk himself to wake and watch with him.

The third night pass'd ; when, at the break of day,
 Along the twilight chamber, dim and gray,
 Came from afar the solitary queen
 With hush'd and stately footsteps, scarcely seen
 Beneath her garments' cloudy amplitude.
 The darkling east that moment was subdued
 In tender blush of morning ; and the gloom
 That long had glitted all that desert room
 Soften'd and paled, dissolving in the light
 Of her who issued from the gulf of night.
 The sullen wainscoat kindled with the splendour,
 And turn'd to jasper ; columns tall and slender
 Upheld the roof, now flush'd with heavenly shows
 And dreams of beauty, tongue may not disclose
 For greatness of the wonder ; and, as she
 Who was the sun to all this galaxy
 Drew near and nearer, so the richness burn'd
 To haughtier ardencies, and ever yearn'd

Towards her as its centre ; till at last
 She stood before the king, with eyes downcast,
 A pearl within a many-colour'd shell.

"Sir King," she said, "you now have earn'd right well

The thing you wish ; and I will give it birth,
 Whether it be in subtle air or earth,
 In the fierce ocean or the fiercer fire,
 Mocking with bodiless substance your desire."
 He answered : "Fair and regal mystery,
 Dweller in lonely glories, such as dye
 Our dreams of heaven ; thou beauty and thou wonder,
 Whose coming, like the moonrise, clove asunder
 The sadness, and the shades obscure and dead !
 My lofty wish not easily is said,
 Yet I will venture to declare it now.
 I am a king, before whose presence bow
 The tribes of vast Armenia ; thou a queen,
 Ruling some empery of eternal green,
 Girt round with terror and bewilderment
 From those who come not with a high intent.
 Half empty is my throne ; and, as the land,
 Ere Adam came, waited his sovereign hand,
 My heart has waited many years for thee,
 Sleeping and dreaming. But at length I see
 The happy sign and augury of the end."

She darken'd slowly, and, with haughty bend
 Of head and neck, replied : "Your words are wild
 And wilful as the babbling of a child.
 You seek a dreadful knowledge ; for, Sir King,
 I am no earthly, but a ghostly thing.
 Be warn'd in time—be warn'd !" But he, possess'd
 With high-wrought purpose and resolve, still press'd
 His wish upon the fair magician's mind.
 "Fool !" she exclaimed ; "fool, miserably blind
 I am not able to refuse your prayer,
 Though all around me I perceive the air
 Throb with the coming horror, whereunto
 We go with fatal swiftness. Not on you
 Only, but also on *my* darkening head,
 Fall the hot, smouldering thunders and the dread.
 A nameless misery, shapeless shape of ill,
 A creeping dimness, venomous and chill,
 Rise through my inmost being, and confound
 All my bright essence with the sordid ground."

She paused and wept ; when suddenly there came
 Into that home of warmth and colour'd flame,
 A sound of chanting, sweetly multiplied
 From the far convents on the mountain side.
 It was the hymn with which the priestly men
 Usher'd the dawn of Christmas Day ; and when
 The clear, cold utterance reach'd the haunted hall,
 The golden glories trembled, one and all,
 Droop'd and diminish'd, sicken'd, and resign'd
 Their souls into the darkness blank and blind.
 The ghostly lady, fluttering for a space
 In the decaying lustre, lit the place
 With faint and ashy gleams, in which at length
 She wasted, emptied of her phantom strength :
 And forth into the dawn-light went the king.

He heard the monks their Christmas matin sing :
 He saw before him, mightily outroll'd,
 The long Armenian mountains, swart and cold ;
 The blackly-frozen brooks ; the meagre grass ;
 The pine-trees darkening down the perilous pass ;
 The convents sleeping on the rocks ; the bloom
 And soft suffusion through the skye's gloom
 Of morning's gradual azure ; and one star,
 Large, lucid, trembling, infinitely far

Enshered within the calmness. Thankfully,
Yet grave at heart, as one whose mortal eye
Had seen the curtains of the soul withdrawn,
The king went down the mountains in the dawn.

LEMONFINGERS.

FIVE years ago, I was telegraph-clerk at Newstone Station. I had a week of day duty, and a week of night duty, alternately. Christmas-eve had come round, of all nights in the year, and there I found myself, cooped up as usual in the little office; two great staring instruments in front of me, a flaring gaslight overhead, and a well-heaped grate by my side; not forgetting a three-volume novel to assist me in wiling away the long dark hours.

The night messages at Newstone were never very numerous. There were rarely any for private people; they referred, mostly, to the business of the railway company. That evening, I felt very low-spirited. It went against the grain to work on Christmas-eve, when everybody else seemed to be keeping holiday, and enjoying themselves. Cary and I had been engaged about two years; and, for any prospect of marriage, we might be engaged for twenty years longer. Mr. Lancaster, Cary's father, was a tradesman in a good way of business, and naturally refused to let his daughter marry a fellow who was getting only seventy pounds a-year. He several times advised Cary to give me up; but, as she would not do that, he contented himself with forbidding me the house; trusting to time and distance—for they lived several miles from Newstone—to aid his cause.

I knew that Mr. Lancaster always invited a number of young people to his house on Christmas-eve, and I pictured them there, dancing; Cary flitting about in her white muslin dress, with the very riband round her waist that I had given her only a month before. Would any thought of my miserable self ever cross her mind, as she moved among the gay company? Perhaps my detested rival, Binks the draper, might be even dancing with her, and pressing her waist with his arm at that very moment. Thought not calmly to be borne; so away I went on the platform for change of scene.

A clear, starlit night, with a keen breeze that whistled shrill and dry through the telegraph-wires above my head, and brought to my ear the faint sounds, made soft and sweet by distance, of the Christmas waits. Lanterns, flitting like fireflies among the waggons in the station-yard; hoarse uncouth shouts of men, and wild shrieks from distracted locomotives, that seemed tearing madly up and down, merely to keep themselves in a glow on such a bitter night, and not because they had anything particular to do. So into the office again, with numbed fingers, glad of such a haven.

The long dark hours sped slowly; each

hour chinked out by the valorous little clock in the corner. Midnight came and went: one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock. I had grown tired of the charming heroine, and had again become weakly despondent on the subject of Binks, when I was roused by the quick tinkle of the electric-bell. A private message:

Mr. Korf, Ironville, to Mr. Darke, 39, High Street, Newstone.

Lemonfingers starts by the mail to-night. All C'renc. Take care of the black dwarf.

I was accustomed to queer messages, but this was the oddest I had seen. I spelled it over twice, to see that I had got it down correctly; then copied it out on one of the printed forms; signed it; entered at the foot the time I had received it—three, forty-five,—and placed it in an envelope.

Number thirty-nine, High Street, was the residence of Mr. Broom the tailor, and was only five minutes' walk from the station. Mr. Broom generally had apartments to let, and Mr. Darke was probably a lodger. Having locked the office-door, I proceeded at a rapid trot towards Mr. Broom's. I concluded that Mr. Darke was a showman, and that somebody was sending him a dwarf—perhaps a giant also—but certainly a dwarf, to put in his caravan. There was a light in the second-floor of number thirty-nine. Was Mr. Darke waiting, expectant of a message? It looked like it.

I gave a loud knock, and stepped back to note the effect. The light in the second floor was not moved, but the window was opened, a head popped out, and a gruff voice demanded:

"Who's there?"

"Does Mr. Darke live here?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I've got a telegraphic message for him."

"Ugh! All right. Wait a moment."

A very gruff voice, certainly. Next moment, the door was opened, as far as the chair would admit; and a great muscular hand was thrust out.

"Hand it here," said Mr. Darke.

Accordingly I placed the note in his hand. "Wait a bit, till I see whether any answer's required."

In a minute or two the window was again opened; "No answer," and the casement was slammed down. With the exception of his voice, I had no more idea of Mr. Darke when I left number thirty-nine, than I had when I went. I had merely seen the outline of his head when he looked out of the window. Whether he was a young man or an old man; a fair man or a dark man, I was equally at a loss to know.

Ironville is thirty-five miles from Newstone. The mail-train runs the distance in rather under an hour, and reaches the latter place at half-past five. As the clock pointed to half-past five, I set off

for a stroll up the platform, determined that if any dwarf, or giant, or other strange monster, arrived by the train, it should not depart unseen by me. I half expected to find Mr. Darke, waiting for the train; but he was not to be seen. True to its time, the train crawled slowly into the station; and, in another moment, the platform was flooded with those strangely attired individuals, whose business or pleasure induces them to fly by night. No dwarf, nor giant, nor other strange monster. Only one passenger for Newstone; all the others booked through, as was evident from their frantic struggles to find their seats, the moment the bell clashed out its warning note. And this one passenger? A slim gentleman; stylishly dressed. Young, without whiskers, but with a long fair moustache, which he was fond of stroking with his exquisitely gloved thumb and finger. He alighted jauntily from a first-class carriage, smiled amiably on the porter, who touched his cap, took up his small black portmanteau, gave one hurried anxious glance round, broke into a smile again, swaggered slowly down the platform, and, pushing through the heavy folding-doors, emerged into the street. Some swell from London come to spend Christmas with his friends, I said to myself. But where can he be going to at this time of the morning? None of the inns will be open for above an hour.

Without waiting to consider whether it was any business of mine, I pushed through the folding-doors after the traveller. He was walking slowly across the little square in front of the station, looking from side to side as if not knowing which road to take. Suddenly a dark figure glided out from behind some projection, and advanced towards him. I could hear the murmur of a few words. Then, the stranger took the portmanteau from the traveller's hand, and they went on together at a rapid pace into the town. All this I saw by the light of the station-lamps. When the two figures got beyond their influence and passed out of view in the denser darkness beyond, impelled by a vague feeling of curiosity, I drew my coat closer round me, and set off after them at a stealthy pace, taking the darker side of the square as I went. I had not far to follow. They passed into High Street, and stopped opposite number thirty-nine. A moment more, and they were both inside the house, and the door was shut; another moment, and I saw the light shining from Mr. Darke's room in the second-floor front.

Having no expectation of seeing anything more, I turned back to the office, and there, bending over a jovial fire, fell gradually into a doze, in which Mr. Darke the traveller, Cary a black dwarf, and Binks the draper, were all mingled in a fantastic drama, revolving endlessly in my weary

brain. What had the telegraphic message to do with the handsome traveller? I sleepily kept asking myself, at intervals of a few minutes; but without troubling myself to find an answer. Suddenly, a new light burst upon me. I started up, thoroughly awake; and, tearing open the despatch-book, read over again the first part of the message: "Lemonfingers starts by the mail to-night." Well, what has that to do with the handsome traveller? Why, this: don't the traveller wear a pair of tightly-fitting lemon-coloured gloves? and wasn't the outside seam of the first finger of the right-hand glove burst open? This I had noticed as he stroked his moustache. But, even supposing the traveller to be the Lemonfingers of the message, what about the black dwarf? There was no black dwarf. He was alone. Alone? Yes;—but, had he not with him a small black portmanteau, of which he seemed to take particular care, refusing to let the porter so much as take it out of the carriage for him? A theory, ingenious, but improbable, I remarked to myself, as I put out the gas and drew up the blind, to admit the struggling day.

My duty was over at eight o'clock. The London train was about to start as I went up the platform on my way home. Passing a group of people standing near a carriage-door, I was suddenly startled by a deep gruff voice exclaiming to some one: "We shall be off in half a minute more."—"I would pick that voice from a thousand as Mr. Darke's!" I exclaimed under my breath, as I glanced quickly round. The group had dispersed, except two persons, a man and a woman, who were preparing to take their places in the train. The person whom I took for Mr. Darke was a bulky middle-aged man, dressed in a good suit of black clothes. He had black hair, and thick black eyebrows; his whiskers were black, meeting full and bushy under his chin; his face was pale, and marked by the small-pox, and his eyes were black, bold, and cunning; altogether a fierce fellow, whom it would be unwise to enrage. His companion's face I could not see, it being concealed by a thick veil; but, judging from her figure, she could not be much above twenty years old. She was well, but rather conspicuously, attired: having over her silk dress a voluminous scarlet shawl, comfortable-looking enough certainly, on a cold Christmas morning. But see! As I live, she has got on the very pair of lemon-coloured gloves that were worn by the young dandy who arrived by the night-mail; the same pair of gloves without doubt, having the outside seam of the first finger of the right hand a little torn. There, too, is the identical little black portmanteau, carefully carried, this time, by Mr. Darke himself. What can it all mean?

Under ordinary circumstances I should have at once gone to bed and slept till two or three o'clock in the afternoon; but, on Christmas-day, such a proceeding was not to be thought of. So, having breakfasted, I put on my Sunday suit, and left home with the intention of taking a long stroll into the country. Before setting out, I went to the station to see if I could not induce a certain friend to accompany me; when whom should I meet on the platform but Mr. Choop, the chief constable of Newstone?

Mr. Choop is a small, wiry, active-looking man, with a sauntering and negligent air, as if he were in want of something to do. Mr. Choop has a smiling open countenance; he wears his hat very much at the back of his head, and generally displays an ample amount of shirt bosom; seeming, in his quiet way, to invite the confidence of everyone. But, tell him something that interests him; excite him; bring him out of the passive into the active mood, and you will see his eyes become keen and piercing, his features sharpen, and his teeth glisten. He looks at such a moment, as dangerous and full of mischief as a tiger-cat crouching for a spring. Mr. Choop is a distant relative of mine by marriage, and was aware of the state of my affections. He was in the passive mood, when I encountered him on the platform, and looked the most amiable and artless of men.

"How are you this morning?" he said as we shook hands. "And how is Cary? Have the old man and you made matters up yet?"

I shook my head disconsolately.

"Well, faint heart you know," he added, with a smile. "What brings me down here? Business, to be sure. The fact is," mysteriously taking me by the button, "there was a daring burglary committed last night at Ironville, and property to a large amount was stolen. From information I received half-an-hour ago by telegraph, I have reason to believe that one of the accomplices, having in his possession a considerable part of the stolen property, arrived here early this morning by the mail-train. A slender young man, fashionably dressed, light flaxen moustache; wearing a pair of lemon-coloured kid gloves, and carrying a small black portmanteau."

"Mr. Darke's friend, by Jupiter!"

"Eh, what do you mean?" asked Choop sharply, with his eager ferret-look, that changed him at once into another man. Three minutes sufficed to put him in possession of all I knew. Mr. Choop gave an almost imperceptible jerk with his thumb; and a tall ungainly-looking man, having the appearance of a farm-labourer in his best clothes, lounged up; and I recognised Timothy, Mr. Choop's confidential subordinate.

Mr. Choop sent Timothy off to Number Thirty-nine to make certain inquiries; then went himself to the booking-office to ask of the clerk whether he remembered to what

station Mr. Darke and his companion were booked. The clerk booked so many passengers by that train, that he could not positively remember; but he thinks, through to London. Mr. Choop then desired me to accompany him to the telegraph office. The eight o'clock train had hardly got half way to London yet. By consulting a time-table, Mr. Choop found out at what part of the line the train ought to be; so, at his request, I telegraphed to the station at which it would next stop; giving a brief description of Mr. Darke and his companion, desiring the train to be searched on its arrival, and the individuals in question to be detained. In a quarter of an hour we received a reply: "The train has been searched, but no individuals answering to the description given by you were in it."

"Telegraph to each station where the train has stopped," said Mr. Choop, "till you discover at which of them the man and woman got out."

So I telegraphed to four stations without success, but the fifth answered, "Yes; the individuals you mention reached here by the eight A.M. train."

"I'll have you yet, Jim Riley!" exclaimed Mr. Choop, with a grim smile. "Fred, my boy, if you want to see a bit of fun, and like to go with Timothy and me, you are welcome."

As the clock struck twelve, we found ourselves at Fulwood-station—Mr. Choop, Timothy, and myself. After making a few inquiries of the station-master, Mr. Choop sent Timothy in one direction, while he and I took another. Mr. Choop put cautious questions to several individuals, but without gaining any decisive information. Neither was Timothy—when we met him—able to furnish any satisfactory intelligence. Mr. Choop considered for a few moments: "It must be as I have suspected all along," said he, at last. "We shall find them at the Ten Tramps; step out, lads. Best leg foremost."

We left the village at a rapid pace, and still keeping on the high road, got into a barren, moorland country. Fields, hedgerows, and trees, were gradually left behind; until, at length, we were shut in on every side by swelling hillocks of moor, which swept away as far as the eye can reach, and bound the horizon with their sinuous, graceful lines. Following the guidance of Mr. Choop, we quitted the high road after a time, and came to a halt under the lee of a higher hillock than common. Mr. Choop, taking off his hat, clambered up the hill and took a stealthy survey over its summit. He then beckoned me to follow. Peeping over, I found that we were on the summit of a ridge of country, from which the road swept down into a small valley, in the middle of which, and close to the high road, stood a small square house.

"The Ten Tramps. I dare wager that Jim Riley and his wife are in that house," said Mr. Choop. "It is a notorious gathering-place for all the rogues in the district."

Mr. Choop descended, and he and Timothy held secret council for some minutes. Then Timothy opened a small bundle—brought all the way from Newstone—and proceeded, with much gravity, to induct himself into a waggoner's blue smock-frock, plentifully braided and buttoned, after the fashion in which waggoners delight. He next turned up the bottoms of his fustian trowsers, so as to bring into more prominent view his laced-up boots; then he gave his hat a push back and his hair a pull forward, and set off at a swinging pace in the direction of the Ten Tramps, whistling the Plough-boy as he goes. Mr. Choop and I passed the next half-hour together, smoking cigars and discussing various matters, with a glance over the hillock every two or three minutes in the direction of the inn.

"Why not wait till night," I asked Mr. Choop, "when you could approach the inn without being seen?"

"Because, after dark, we should be pretty sure of finding half-a-dozen rough customers there, who would make the matter awkward."

"Then why not take half-a-dozen men with you, so as to avoid all risk?"

"What credit would there be in that? When Timothy and I fail, it will be time enough to talk about calling in other assistance. There he is!"

Timothy was lounging against the door-post, smoking a long clay-pipe. While we were watching him, he took off his hat, and scratched his head vigorously; a second time; and a third time.

"All right!" said Mr. Choop. "That was the signal. Lend me your cap, Fred, and you take my hat; I don't want Riley to recognise me till I get into the house."

Having made the transfer, we set off, Mr. Choop walking with an assumed limp.

Timothy was still smoking his pipe at the door when we reached the inn.

"Poine day, master."

"Very fine, my man," replied Mr. Choop. "What sort of a tap have you got here?"

"Oh, toidyish. You'll foind the landlord somewhere insoide. All the women-folk seem to be gone out somewhere."

"Two glasses of your best ale, landlord," exclaimed Mr. Choop to a burly red-headed man with a villanous countenance, who came forward, scowling suspiciously. The landlord's back was hardly turned before a quick whisper was exchanged between Timothy and Mr. Choop. We were lighting our cigars when the landlord returned with the ale. He showed us into a small room, and we left the countryman still smoking at the door. He seemed to be a thirsty soul, this countryman, for he called for glass after glass rapidly,

as if fully determined on getting drunk in the shortest possible time. He drank so much that the landlord's big jug was at last exhausted, and he lighted a candle to go down into the cellar to draw more ale. Hardly had the landlord reached the bottom of the cellar-steps, before the door was quietly locked behind him.

Mr. Choop's apathy vanished in a moment. His eyes flashed, his teeth glistened, he looked dangerous. "Go you into the garden," he whispered to me, "and take your stand below the window on the left. If Jim Riley jumps out—though I don't think he'll have time—lay hold of him, and stick to him till I come. Now, Tim, quick and silent!" Mr. Choop and Timothy, each pulling out an ugly-looking staff, crept up-stairs as stealthily as two burglars, while I hastened into the garden.

A mingled noise of shouting and oaths, crowned by a woman's wild shriek, the crash of a falling table, and then the window was flung up, and Mr. Darke dashing madly through, followed closely by Choop. They came to the ground almost together, and rolled over in a fierce struggle. But Mr. Darke, twice as strong as his opponent, was uppermost, sitting astride of Mr. Choop. Only for one moment; for, the next, my arms were round his neck. I gave him a sudden pull back, with all my strength. Choop, now on his feet, whipped out his handcuffs, and had Mr. Darke safe and fast before that individual could recover his breath.

At this moment Timothy appeared, escorting Mrs. Riley, as I suppose she ought to be called; and carrying, with much care, the small black portmanteau. Mr. Choop opened it, and I perceived it to be half-full of watches, rings, pins, and jewellery of various kinds. The woman's veil, now thrown back, showed me the midnight traveller, minus the moustache; a bold, forward-looking, good-featured woman, bearing her misfortune with a haughty indifference that excited Timothy's admiration.

The landlord, kicking at his cellar-door, and calling to be let out, long before this, was released by Timothy; and very blank he looked when he beheld how his guests had suddenly come to grief. By Mr. Choop's orders he brought out his horse and a light cart, and we drove back, through the darkening afternoon, to Fulwood.

Through Mr. Choop's indefatigable exertions, the whole of the gang of burglars was speedily captured. One of them turned queen's evidence; and it then came out that Mr. Riley was the planner only of the burglaries in which they had all been engaged for some time back; it being his duty to pick out the premises to be robbed, to make plans of them, and arrange the details of the attack, leaving to others the merely mechanical part of the business, and receiving a certain share of the proceeds for his part of the labour.

Three days after Christmas-day I received a note from Mr. Lancaster asking me to go over to Ironville, as he wished particularly to see me. He received me in his grave quiet way, looked me through and through from under his bushy grey eyebrows, motioned me to a seat, and then spoke.

"I received yesterday morning from Mr. Choop an account of certain events relative to the recent burglary on my premises."

"The burglary on your premises, sir?"

"Yes. Were you not aware of it?"

"I was on course aware that a robbery had been committed, but was not aware that you were the sufferer."

"Such, however, is the case," replied Mr. Lancaster. "Mr. Choop informs me that it was through you he first obtained the clue which enabled him to track and capture part of the gang, and recover a portion of the stolen property, and that he was much indebted to your courage and activity in the capture of Riley. Now, I am not an ungrateful man; you have long had a liking for my daughter, which, I believe, is returned by her; but you are not in a position to marry. I will tell you what I'll do for you. I will take you as an assistant in my shop, at a moderate salary, and if I find that you bring into your new trade that amount of intelligence and activity which I am told you possess, I will advance you accordingly; and, providing you and Cary remain in the same mind another year, I will not object to your marriage. Let me have your decision in the morning. You will find Cary in the parlour."

I need hardly say, that both Cary and I are very glad to see Mr. Choop whenever he favours us with a call in our new home, and brings us news of Lemonfingers; who, now that Mr. Riley is working out his penal servitude, is doing well as a licensed hawker in the hosiery and Nottingham line.

THE ELFIN CHARM.

'Twas in the days of elves and fays,
Of knights and minstrels' gone;
'Twas Christmas Eve, and o'er the land
The early sunset shone.

The great hare trees were branched with fire,
The blue intense between,
And shimmered through a golden dew
The glossy evergreen;

While to the purely-jewelled frost
Such sparks and hues were given,
That earth in honour of the time
Seemed luminous with heaven.

Save where an inky blot of shade
Drank up the shrinking light,
'Neath one great rock a solid gloom,
A cavern's denser night.

And there, before a woman weird,
The Lady Mabel stood,
The darkness flowing to her feet
Behind the shining wood.

A woman awful: fiends, they said,
Were waiting on her nod,
But that she used their evil power
All for the love of God.

And, sooth to say, the holy priests
On her no ban had cast,
And ev'ry stately abhess round
Bowed rev'rent when she passed.

Her voice went through the maiden's soul
The echo deep of doom,
From stony lips whose very breath
Came cold as from a tomb.

"What, maiden, need'st thou yet a charm?
The prince of all the land
To-night will eat thy father's bread,
And ask his daughter's hand."

"Oh, therefore, therefore am I come:
They say God gives thee power;
Take from my face aught men think fair,
And that within this hour.

"Dim each bright hue, the gold, the blue,
That hair and eyes have worn;
Give me a roseless lip and cheek:
That any prince would scorn."

"Bethink thee of the wealth and state
That wait upon his crown;
They say he hath a presence grand,
A name of high renown."

"His crown: its gems would cut my heart;
A weight of lonesome woe.
And for himself, a stranger now,
Once wed to me, a foe.

"Brought by the fame of a fair face
To win my unknown hand,
Chained in my father's, thus alone
May I their will withstand."

Blushed to her brow the vivid shame,
The young voice quivered long:

"I love another, royal too,
A heaven-made prince of song.

"Swift as a stream last summer sped,
And did with him depart,—
A lilled stream whose silver flowers
Have floated round my heart.

"His presence haunts yon wood, where first
I learned his lovely lays;
I know no music like his harp,
Unless it be his praise."

"His thoughts like light, his love like dew,
All natural things did change:
The very daisies seemed new flowers,
As beautiful as strange.

"Once, round my hair of violets
He twined the slender stems:—
I would not give that withered wreath
For all this prince's gems.

"A landless minstrel wandering far,
But I his love do own;
The richest maiden overground
In having that alone."

"Enough, thou love-sick girl! this cup
Might angel-beauty stain,
Once drunk: yet stay, I can destroy,
But not bring back again."

A little pause—a girlish sigh.

"Say, will thy lover prize
A face so changed from that he sees
Before his absent eyes?"

"Ay, he would prize it faded, sick,
Bowed down, and blind, and gray.
My heart he loveth: 'tis his harp,
He said none else should play.

"And if I pause, 'tis for his sake.
He loved this beauty well.
I would my face grew only dim,
Not strange, beneath thy spell.

"Let my old self live in my eyes,
My smile familiar seem:
'Twill be less pain to meet me thus,
Than lovely, lost to him."

"Thy soul I touch not; so the charm
Will grant thee this desire."
Then Mabel took the fatal cup,
Her young heart all on fire.

Was pulsing in the crimsoned cheek,
Kindling the coral glow
Of lips that tremulously thrilled
To ev'ry bosom thro'

So child-like in her helplessness,
In loving trust so strong:
A gentle nature passion-tost,
Ah, who could do it wrong.

While the large tears so innocent
Swelled from the azure eyes?
E'en she whose last kind thought was seared
'Mid evil mysteries.

She drank—the dimpled face looked worn,
Its rosy lights grew cold;
A dullness passed o'er the blue eyes,
Along the curls of gold.

"Go, lady, praise nor pity give
To earthly thing this night,
Nor breathe a prayer while works the charm,
Until the morning light.

"For prince or sire thou must not dare
The power of spirits read:
E'en though thy own true love should come
To-night, thou must not wed.

"And if thy wand'ring bard return,
And loathe thy altered face,
Daughter, the Church for faded looks
Hath many a hiding-place."

The grinning hag, as Mabel fled
Affrighted on her way,
Muttered, "If I know aught of man,
Thou wilt have time to pray."

The love, the joy, from many a life
Had faded 'neath her art,
And then the convent's chilly calm
Closed round the youthful heart.

Thus taking her revenge on life,
She called it piety.
(But this was in the dark old times,
And never more may be).

But keen and kindly eyes, ere this,
Watched round that darksome door.
Too late, the merry elves that dwelt
In the deep woods of yore.

Now Nature in the maiden's breast
A deep delight had stirred,
And as a link 'twixt her and them,
Was each admiring word.

"What! those free feet a cloister walk?"
Quoth the indignant elves,
"That trod our wild entanglements,
As fealty as ourselves?"

Then delicate, sweet voices rose,
The fairies of the flowers
Could tell of bruised heads lifted up,
Of kindness soft as showers.

The Spirit of the Oak, himself,
From his majestic seat,
Had watched, all through the summer eves,
The lovers at his feet.

'Twas then the royal sprite had woo'd,
So laughing elves did tell,
The lady of the Mistletoe,
In his strong heart to dwell.

And she in turn, with wreathings soft
Of tender green, o'erlaid
With drops of moonlight, lighted up
His palaces of shade.

So graciously he gave the word,
"The lady follow near,
To watch the charm, to mar its harm,
This night no hag we fear.

"From twelve till dawn, o'er human fate,
We have a power for good,
E'en for *His* sake to whom we owe
The greenness of the wood."

The oaks bent low, their shadows swept
Her path with sable bars,
And Mabel murmured, "Grand ye look,
'Neath this soft light of stars."

They touched her cheek with icicles,
"Thank God!" the maiden cried,
"Tis Christmas, and the kindly elves
By glowing hearths abide."

Dropt at her feet, a frozen bird,
Still mindless of the charm,
Her quick compassion laid it deep,
Within her bosom warm.

They met her at the castle-door,
"The prince awaits thee now,"
"Now, God defend me!" said the maid,
And crossed her pallid brow.

Out laughed the hearty Oak-elf, then
"This maiden's innocence,
(And little knew the witch its power),
Will be its own defence.

"But for the past, our strength is small
To break a spell so strong,
And well I ween a deadlier sting
Lurks poisoned in the wrong."

Then, suddenly, the nestling bird,
From Mabel's bosom sped,
And thus, to spirit ears alone,
He warbled as he fled.

"The wedding rite, on this blest night,
Might this ill spell undo,
If she were won, the ring put on,
By one whose love was true.

"The husband's arm, 'twixt her and harm,
Would be a bar of night,
Then comes your hour of kindly power—
Use it till morning light."

All sadly Mabel sought her bower,
Her viewless escort round,
The change in their fair lady's face,
Her maidens did astound.

They whispered, as a regal robe
Of white and silver sheen,
They placed. "The minstrel's memory
Will rob us of a queen."

Then in the presence-room alone,
For such her sire's command,
Before the prince with downcast eyes
Did Mabel trembling stand.

Each to his place, the sylvan crew,
A forest fragrance calls,
For plenteously the Christmas green
Hangs on the lofty walls.

Ah, wicked spell! She heard her name
Breathed in the old, true tone;
Shrank back from eager eye and hand,
For prince and bard are one!

Her hands she closed about her face,
As they would ope no more,
And with the sudden agony
Sank swooning to the floor.

Yet could she feel his kisses warm,
While the aerial brood
Revived her with their wafting wings,
With odours of the wood.

With tender touch, with old pet names,
He to her heart appealed;
Nor looked she up till in his ear
Her trouble was revealed.

Then looks remorseful sought his eyes
With their unspoken prayer.
Oh, bliss! unutterable love
Beamed from the dark depths there.

He watched the deepening love-blush mount,
Love-lit the timid eyes,
Scarcely missed the sparkle or the bloom
Beneath the dear disguise.

And soft, sweet tears the maiden wept,
On that kind bosom long,
Where yearning pity throbb'd to pain,
Where vengeance struggled strong.

"Now, out on her, the hellish hag!
I would a man were she,
Not Satan's legions, nor himself,
Should keep her life from me.

"I've done thee wrong, my beautiful;
When news of tumults came,
I left with hope of swift return
My peerless bride to claim.

"I thought to watch thy bright'ning face
Beam to the prince unknown;
Not for his kingdom, but his love,
That nameless, won thy own.

"A jewel'd crown may light my brows
In thy self-sacrifice;
Thy matchless trust, a deeper shrine
Thou hast, my pearl of price,

"I'll wrap thy life with happiness;
The picture in my heart
Of each lost beauty fills my eyes:
Yea, e'en more fair thou art."

The prince looked up, for shook the boughs
As with some sudden air;
The thought came to him, "Wed to-night,"
As if 'twere written there.

It flash'd from ev'ry bending branch,
Fresh leaf, or berry bright,
Upon his mind, that, nothing loth,
Did echo back "To-night."

And thus he spake: "For what I ask
The offering is too small;
My crown and life, as Christmas gift
Give me thyself for all."

She whispered what the Witch forbade,
In shuddering tones and low:
"Ay, did she; *all* her dark behests
Thou hast not kept till now.

"For Pity is thy spirit's pulse,
And Praise its needful air,
And thy soul's breath, when dangers press,
Instinctive forms a prayer.

"E'en as a dove, on whose white wings
Drips hard the heavy rain,
Thy heart shakes off the evil thoughts,
And soars to Heaven again.

"Our love—our holy marriage love—
Shall scare and dazzle hell;
Thy hand in mine, and both in His
Whose might shall break the spell."

In came Prince Kenric's knights and squires
A goodly company;
And in came Mabel's father stern,
A joyful man was he.

But startled when thus spake the prince:
"To-night she must be mine,
And that before I break thy bread,
Or pledge thee in the wine."

"Fair prince, here are no wedding-ropes,
No gallant guests to wait;
I would fain grace those nuptials proud
With honourable state."

"We are each other's guests; with her
Thou hast all honours given;
The robe thy daughter wears for me
Hath fall'n on her from Heaven."

"Then, daughter, look not thou so pale
As though we sought thy death;
'Tis ill to tarry when a crown
Hangs to the bridal wreath."

Up spake the castle priest, a man
Of cold and silent eyes:
"I have a vow—on holy days
To bind no marriage ties."

"Then here stands my good chancellor,
A priest of high degree;
He'll think no shame to gift his prince,
My gentle love, with thee."

They brought the veil of white, in vain
Her wedding-ring they sought;
But he (nor needed prompting sprites),
In whom quick love had wrought,

Drew off his royal signet-ring :

"This in its place shall be,
And ere I take it back thou shalt
Have power o'er it and me."

But hark ! a jaded messenger—

"Prince, take thy horse, and speed ;
Thy subjects beat thy palace-gates,
By daring rebels led !"

"Go on, good priest ; hence, two for one
Shall their allegiance crave ;
I shall but make the firmer fight
For having her to save."

Another comes : "Thy mother, Prince,
Upon her death-bed lies,
And bids thee, by thy duty haste,
To close in peace her eyes."

A moment's wavering, then : "Of thee
My mother loved to hear ;
Thou shalt be mine, no news so sweet
Could fill her closing ear."

They stood beneath the mistletoe,
But, ere the words were said,
A spray, empearl'd with shining drops,
Fell soft on Mabel's head.

"An omen ill ; some evil elf
Doth watch the marriage hour !"

"Not evil !" cried the poet-Prince,
For this is Nature's dower.

"Say, was it made thus beautiful
To gift an evil race ?
I know no purer wreath, and this
My bride's fair head shall grace."

He bound it on ; "For every drop
Some blessing hasten here !"
Light voices, as of flower-bells,
He thought went past his ear.

The rite is done, the first kiss won,
The young wife's blush and smile
Are quench'd by the heart-sinking words,
"I leave thee yet awhile.

"The land's true servant, I must go
To keep its peace for thee,
And ere she dies my mother's eyes
Must surely rest on me.

"Too swift a journey for thy strength,
Dawn sees me back again,
I leave thee in thy father's care,
A precious trust till then."

Then Mabel, in her bower alone,
Sat low before the fire ;
With that supporting presence gone,
Felt Hope's bright ray expire.

The thought would come, "Ah ! my lost face
He would have longed to show,
But from his mother e'en his love
Doth make him hide me now.

"O ! I was wrong, and doubly wrong,
Thus God's good gift to dull,
And well I know his poet-soul
Doth love the beautiful !"

Then up from the repentant heart
Swelled the deep voice of prayer,
And then for him brok o'er her head,
The wife's first wave of care.

But loud the solemn hour of twelve
Was told upon the bell.
A deep delicious drowsiness
Upon her senses fell.

Touched by transparent hands and fanned
By wings of gossamer,
While all soft sounds made lullaby
Most musically clear.

Now, tinkling like a tiny rill,
Now, like the air's low sigh,
The leafy flutter now like nought
But its own melody.

"Quick to your work !" the Oak-elf cried,
"And first my gentle queen,
Whose well-dropped wreath secures the spell
That makes her ours, I ween."

Then over Mabel's sleeping face
She spread her wings of light,
And softly rounded neck and brow,
And turned them lily-white.

Wild-briar sprites upon her cheek
Made flower-like beauty blow,
He of the Holly gave her lips
His own rich scarlet glow.

A deep hue from the haunting fay
About the violet wreath,
Dropped dewily on the blue eyes
The waxen lids beneath.

Luxuriant curled her hair, it was
The Ivy-spirit's spell :
Where drops of gold from twinkling hands,
Like gathered sunshine fell.

On ev'ry feature fingers pure
Ethereal touches made,
And on her face the changeful charm
Of dimpling water laid.

All Nature's freshness, life, and glow,
The grace unspeakable,
The essence of her loveliness,
Was poured into the spell.

The mighty Oak-elf did bestow
Clear laugh and blithesome mien,
The maiden passion for the woods
He deepened in the queen.

The laurel, 'mid his wealth of green,
Had nought for Woman's name,
But garlands grand for Kenric's head,
And that was still the same.

And for her minstrel's brows the Bay
Had many a verdant crown,
Yea, for his sake, some tender shoots
Should twine about her own.

"Now merry Christmas, lady sweet,
The cocks are crowing shrill !"
The busy murmur ceased again,
The spirit-world was still.

Amid a blush of light that stole
The crimson hangings through,
Slept Mabel, spiritually fair,
A flower new-dipt in dew.

But with an overflowing heart,
Woke to her husband's kiss,
And bending o'er her his dark eyes
Rained down ecstatic bliss.

"My beautiful! my beautiful!"

How exquisitely thrill,
Along the heart the praises true,
That loving lips distil.

Yet what was beauty to the thought
That the dark spell was gone,
Which her unthinking young despair
So lightly had put on!

And Mabel told how through her dream
She watched the fays and elves,
And knew they were but ministers,
Heav'n's creatures like themselves.

How had he sped? Some ill intent
Those errands sent untrue,
And still his mother lived, and longed
To see her daughter new.

But, as with baffled malice stung,
The aged crane was dead;
And with her from their sunny lives
All chill, all shadow fled.

The grand old forest all their lives
They loved, this king and queen,
And many a lover's walk they had
Through its deep vistas green.

With ev'ry Christmas came the elves
To bless their palace halls,
While children's children for their sake
Made woodland of the walls.

MAX AND HIS COMPANIONS.

I, THE writer of the following story, entreat the reader of it not to believe that, because I shall relate it somewhat circumstantially, it is, therefore, a work of fiction, or in the slightest degree embellished by fancy. I was well acquainted with Max, the hero of the tale, and with the other agents in its strange conclusion; from more than one of whom, as well as from personal knowledge, I collected the following particulars. Singularly enough, the paper which plays an important part in this true drama, was for some time in my possession. It had been forwarded to me (unknowingly) in a book that Max's family sent me as a memorial of the deceased.

"And you really leave us, Max, to-morrow?" exclaimed, in chorus, a knot of students, who, with long hair, small caps, long pipes projecting from their pockets, books or portfolios under their arms, and mostly, with spectacles on their noses, were grouped together at an angle made by the intersection of two gable-ended streets, in an old picturesque town in southern Germany.

"Yes, really!" answered the youth to whom the question was addressed. "All is settled; and to my contentment, too. But," he added, after a pause—as if replying to the sorrowful silence of his companions, which seemed to fall blankly, and as it were reproachfully upon his own cheerful tones—"you must not think I do not grieve to leave you all, old comrades of the college and the

gymnasium. Yet consider; the first wish of my heart is about to be realised,—that is, I am making my first step towards its fulfilment. I hope soon to be a burden on nobody, for to-morrow I set out for Bologna, to study medicine there!"

The speaker was a small and slight young man, about eighteen years of age, with a pale, delicate-looking, oval face, about which fell long, but (it must be owned) rather lanky hair. The expression of his countenance was singularly amiable, and habitually somewhat sad; his grey eyes, beneath which was a faint purplish shade, had an unhealthy, morbid look, scarcely even now counteracted by the momentary excitement that gleamed in them. Unlike as he appeared to the robustly-framed, coarser-featured youths whom he had addressed as his fellow-students, he was a great favourite with them. On the announcement of his departure and destination, they shouted right cordially:

"Bravo, Max! Live long! Good luck to you! For, you are a good fellow, ay, and a right jovial, for all your fair face and maidenly looks. We green-caps will give you a parting bout to-night, in the old room at the Blaue Stern! No sleep, my lads, on the last night of Max's stay with us. Hurrah for jolly bottles of Ofner and Drachen-Blut, and thundering healths fifty times over to Dr. Max, Geheimer Medicinalrath, that is to be! Good-bye, then, for the present. But when are we to meet to-night? Come, Max, the feast is for you; do you fix the hour."

To this hearty invitation, Max as heartily replied; but, requested his friends to excuse his naming a late, and, for Germany, a very late hour, for the gathering.

"This departure of mine," he said, "has been very suddenly determined on; and I have all my baggage to pack, and much to arrange between this and to-morrow morning. Then, my father and grandfather—in short, all the family up at the castle—will hardly let me leave them, on this last night, before their bed-time. I fear I cannot come before eleven o'clock."

"Eleven o'clock be it, then!" cried Max's friends. "We will not say that we may not meet earlier ourselves: but we will drink no wine till you come—only some beer, perhaps, to moisten our throats between the pipes which we'll smoke to your welfare. You know we must smoke for ourselves and for you too. Ah! You lose a great deal, Max, by not being able to smoke. Pity that your chest is so weak; but when you come back from Bologna you'll smoke like the rest of us!"

A few minutes after this conversation, Max was walking, arm-in-arm, through the pleasure-gardens at the back of the town, with his chosen friend, Ernest. The day (it was late in autumn) was grey and melancholy. Instead of the flowers, so bright and gay in summer, were long, rank, rambling stalks, crowned here and there with a pale,

unseasonable-looking blossom. The ground was damp, and the tall fir-trees which in August had shed a grateful shade, on this November noon seemed only to give a dreary dampness to the remoter walks of the garden. (Do not I, the writer, know the spot well? And was I not there, also, on the day when Max decided to leave?)

For some time the friends walked on in silence, downcast and abstracted, as if the gloomy influence of the air and scene unconsciously affected them. At length Ernest broke out of the dreary mood, and said:

"Max, my friend, I can perfectly understand that you are glad to begin life; but how is it you are going to be a doctor? I thought music was to be the profession? How came draughts and boluses to take the place of Mozart and Beethoven? When I attended the pretty Opera you composed for the little theatre up at the castle yonder, you seemed to say you meant one day to be Kapel-Meister at this picturesque old town. And must I now renounce all hope of receiving a ticket, for you, admitting me to the first performance of the first grand opera in five acts, of the most illustrious maestro Max von Nierstein?"

"No!" replied Max. "Don't give up all hopes of that. I mean to have two strings to my bow, or rather to my fiddle. Physic is to get me bread; music is to win me fame. Many an evening at Bologna, after I have attended the doctorial classes, I shall be playing on my piano—for a piano I must have. Do you know, I think I shall have more time for music, at Bologna than here; for Gretchen is always practising on the piano at the castle, and then the children make such a noise! Not but what I should have preferred studying music outright, under Mercadante at Naples, to poring over Paracelsus at Bologna. But, you know how I stand. My father's second marriage and second family of children have (as he says) taken all his money; and I assure you I could not bear any longer the hints thrown out to me, which all amounted to this, 'Go, and get your own living!' So, the other day, when my old uncle—the prelate, you know, of the Benedictine convent—sent for me, and, in a few words, told me that, for my dead mother's sake, he would do something for me, but that he restricted that something to enabling me to become either a priest or a physician; I, of course, closed with the offer of the latter vocation, for I have no call to the church. And then, you know, my engagement with Caroline Marschner—"

"Yes, yes, my friend," said Ernest; "I know all about that, and how wretched, too, you must be up at the castle since your own brother and sister died and the new family came in."

"Assuredly," replied Max: "it is not a pleasant position to be hourly reminded that

you are a superfluity in your own father's house. But we must not speak of that."

And then the brave young fellow shook himself as if to throw off any unmanly emotion, and said in a cheerful tone:

"O! I shall be very happy at Bologna!"

"Does Fräulein Marschner know you are going to leave us?" asked Ernest.

"She does," answered Max; "and, I am glad to say, her family seemed pleased that I am about to study a profession in earnest. They almost sanction our engagement, conditionally, and my dear Caroline is full of hope. I am sure, come what will, I may depend on her fidelity! I am to see her again to-night—and, to say the truth, that was the chief reason why I appointed to meet the Green-caps so late."

What a jolly scene it was at the Blauwe Stern that night! Eleven o'clock was come. As Max entered the room where his companions were all assembled, a loud Vivat! shook the wreaths of smoke that the students had been breathing out thicker and thicker for the last two hours, and seemed to clear the scene of action for a while, as flashes from cannon make visible for a moment the ships which had thundered forth their volleys, till they were hidden in their own sulphureous canopy.

"Hurrah for Doctor Max!" said one of the gay set. "And now let us sing—*Gaudeamus igitur, Juvenes dum sumus!*"

The song was sung. Other songs were sung. Loud was the noise. But there was something more sympathetic, more refined, in the mirth than there would have been in the jollity of young Englishmen, meeting under similar circumstances—more refined, and yet much madder. Such gripes of the fist, such embracing! Now, as the hours have passed the bridge of midnight, and the fun is still more fast and furious, and all the Adelaides and Carolines (absent, of course,) have been toasted, with stamping of feet and knocking on the table, the mad students scarcely knowing what freak to be at, at once to demonstrate and relieve their exuberant enthusiasm, propose a sort of Freischütz oath, to be forthwith administered.

"Here we are!" shouted the loudest of the party—Fritz by name. "Here we all are, and it would be a shame to separate without doing something madder than ever we did before, to signalise the last night we spent together before Max's departure for Bologna. Green-caps! I propose that we all solemnly swear to meet here again, on this spot, in this room, exactly this day twelvemonth, to celebrate the return of Max from Bologna!"

"But will he return?" asked the more sober Johann.

"I shall!" answered Max for himself. "Nay! I mean I WILL! For, even if there is no vacation just at this time, I'll manage to get away."

"That might be difficult, my boy," said Johann, "and might cost you an expulsion."

"Silence!" cried Fritz. "I fear we've got some beggarly Red-cap amongst us!"

"No! no!" shouted Johann; "I'm a staunch Green-cap. But there is a difficulty, and I'll solve it. Listen to what I propose. Name a day for our meeting, when it will certainly be vacation at Bologna—say, next Easter twelvemonth. Max, can you come then?"

"And why not this very next Easter?" loudly interrupted Fritz.

"I could not come next Easter," replied Max himself, "because my uncle and my family have arranged with me that I should stay at Bologna at least a year; for, as they say, the place is far off, and journeys are expensive, and rolling stones gather no moss, and all that sort of thing."

"Ay!" cried Fritz; "that sort of thing at which the old ones are ever ready. O! very well! Here goes for next Easter twelvemonth! Say Easter-Eve. Now, for a good large jolly sheet of paper! I'll draw up the agreement in right legal style: I'm studying law, you know. But where's our paper?"

Fritz struck his tumbler, so as to imperil its breaking, with the blade of his knife, and, when the Kellner answered the summons, ordered a large sheet of writing-paper, which accordingly was brought. Large, coarse, blue-looking, wire-wove paper it was.

"Behold!" said Fritz. "This will do for a firm stout, diabolical compact, by which we all bind ourselves to meet here, at this capital Blaue Stern, next Easter-Eve twelvemonth, at the same hour we did to-night. No! Say—to give everybody time, distant ones, especially—that we solemnly swear, on the peril of our souls, to be here all assembled at this very identical hour."

"And that is?" interrupted Johann, in-terrogatively.

"Just one o'clock," returned Fritz, looking at his large silver watch.

"Bravo! Agreed!" cried all the students. "Now for it!"

So, the summons to the banquet in the future, was written out by Fritz, in a bold legal hand. I decline to quote the exact words, which rather savoured of blasphemy, and which only the excited state of the young men could in any way, however sorrowfully, excuse. All, however, when the document was read aloud, gave in their adhesion to the mad-cap covenant; to which no proviso for hindering circumstances—for affairs, illness, or death—was added. The oath, to be and appear in the room where the students then were, at the Blaue Stern, next Easter-Eve twelve months, was absolute. Some of the company, it may be supposed, agreed to the terms of the compact merely because they would not seem wanting in boldness. Amongst these more reverential, though weaker students, I should a priori have classed Max

himself, who was pious, and a staunch Roman Catholic to boot. (By this token: Many an argument have I had with him on religion, especially on Virgin-worship, but I made no impression on him.)

"Sign! Sign!" shouted Fritz. "Come all of you and sign! But not in vulgar ink, my lads! The only worthy liquid wherein to dip our pens, on such an occasion as this, is undoubtedly our own blood—blood that has visited our hearts! Come on! Here is my dagger. Here goes first!"

With these words, the enthusiastic fellow pricked himself pretty deeply in the arm, which he bared for the purpose, and, as the little pool of blood stood in the small wound, turned and returned the pen in it, as if with relish and delight. Then, he signed his name at the bottom of the solemn engagement. Then, the dagger was handed from one to another, the same ceremony was repeated, and the name of the student was added to the list: while verbally, he pledged himself to observe the oath. Max was the last to sign. When the strange document was complete, it was consigned to the custody of Max, who carefully folded it up, and placed it in one of the pockets of a large old leathern pocket-book, that had been given him by his uncle the prelate. After the mad act came fresh potatoes, a renewal of embraces, and louder noises, until the whole of the jovial company fell asleep on the benches in the reception-room of the Blaue Stern.

Not long, however, did they sleep: for, Max was to go off by the coach (Schnellwagen) that started towards Bologna at eight o'clock.

This I know for certain—for I was there. All the Green-caps were at the Post to see Max start. I looked at them curiously, for I knew they had been drinking the greater part of the night, and had not been in bed. I must say, however, that none of them looked muzzy. As Max came down from the Castle where he had been to say Farewell, his friends struck up a most harmonious part-song, with voices that did not in the least savour of debauch, but were as fresh as those of morning-larks. The song had been composed for the occasion by one of the students, and was, of course, full of *Lebewohl*, *Freundschaft*, and *Wiederschen*.

Then, spectacles were almost crushed by strict embraces, the gauntlet of which Max, poor fellow, had to run; then, as he mounted the impériale of the Schnellwagen, there was a parting shout, resounding along the Lindenstrasse, down which the lumbering vehicle soon crushed its noisy way; finally, as long as a glimpse of Max could be discerned, last adieus were waved by energetic handkerchiefs of all hues, and doubtful degrees of cleanliness, while Max, too, waved his handkerchief (he had a white one on purpose) in return.

Max is gone.

I heard of him, sometimes, from certain members of his family, with whom I was acquainted. He was doing well, behaving well, studying manfully, and always wrote home in high spirits.

After a period, no news of him came for a long time. The year and a quarter, since he had left the old town in Southern Germany, had passed away. Easter-Eve, the Easter-Eve had come, had gone. Three months afterwards I visited the town.

"So," said Johann to me (Johann was telling me the story of what had happened on the Easter-Eve which had come and gone), "we were all, all but Max, at the Blaue Stern, according to our agreement. We had assembled at about eleven o'clock, in order that every thing might be as like the old evening as possible. We never doubted but that Max would come: though of his arrival in town no one had heard. But, he was a lazy correspondent, and had only written his great crony, Ernest, one letter during his absence at Bologna; that letter was a very cheerful one, and gaily alluded to the grand meeting on Easter-Eve, which he again promised to attend, for, said he, not for worlds would I break my true old German faith.

"Of course, when we met, we asked each other:—

"Has anybody heard lately of Max?"

"No one had heard of Max.

"Ay, he means to surprise us," said some of the party, "and to step in, like a ghost, at the witching hour of One, when we signed the agreement." Yet we were a little surprised that, as time wore on, no Max appeared, and I, and perhaps others, felt an unexpressed uneasiness, which each thought it would be a bad omen, and a damping thing, to shape into language. This very uneasiness, I believe, set us all upon drinking more than usual. Max's health was thundered out again and again, with an energy that seemed as if it would secure the result which it invoked. If the wind shook the door, we cried out, 'Here he comes!' but, under all this was a lurking doubt. So the time went on till one o'clock was nearly come.

"Now of what followed" (Johann is always speaking), "I can give you but a very faint, confused, and strange account; yet no one of us, who were present at the scene, could give you a better. We have all questioned one another as to our thoughts and sensations at the moment. When I tell you how the matter appeared to me, I tell you how it appeared to all us Green-caps, some of us who were assembled at the Blaue Stern that night. I speak in the name of all.

"We had taken wine till we were queer—that is the truth of it—and the thing seemed to pass in the nature of a dream—a very real dream, though. The door seemed to open; but no one heard it open, and there,

somehow, was Max amongst us. He was always pale, you know; but now he was deadly pale. He was dressed just as he was the night before he left us, and seemed to be sitting just in the very place where he had sat before. We saw him walk in, we saw him sit down. Some, afterwards declared that they heard, at the time when Max walked in, a faint rustling sound, as if a silken robe were shaken: I heard nothing of the kind. It is the only point on which we Green-caps differ."

"Did you see Max very plainly?" I interrupted.

"As plainly as I now see you," said Johann. "But all my senses, except that of sight, seemed spell-bound. We, none of us, got up, or attempted to take Max by the hand. Some of us, at the time, were half lying on the benches; but nobody stirred. Indeed there was something solemn and awful in Max's appearance which chilled us. He looked so pale and sad. And the flickering lights, and the atmosphere, made dim by our having smoked, cast about the figure and the face of our friend, not so much a shadow, as a mournful and uncheering aspect. How long this state of things lasted, neither I nor any of us can exactly tell. Silently we looked at Max, and silently Max looked at us. I imagine the whole appearance did not last many minutes. When some one called out, 'Why, Max has been here!'—Max was already gone; but gone as he had come, no one knew how. After the Green-cap had spoken, there was immediately a stir, and a search for Max. Some of us, I believe, looked under the benches; thinking he had tricked us, and that we should find him hidden somewhere for a joke. Then, we hallooed up the Kellner and the Wirth, and, with them, stumbled about the house, looking and calling everywhere for Max.

"But no Max was to be found.

"Then, I own, we felt uncomfortable; though, in spite of our thinking that it was very unlike Max so to have acted, we persisted in saying that the odd fellow had played us a trick.

"When morning light came, and we could go out into the town to inquire at the Bureau of the Post whether Max had lately arrived there, and we were answered, 'Certainly not;' when, later in the day, we went up to the old Schloss, and found that Max's family had had no news of him; when we had sought him vainly at the houses of all his friends; then, indeed, the matter began to assume a serious aspect. Was it possible that we had all been consentaneously deluded by some coinage of our own brains? This was hard, impossible, to believe; and, after all, was only explaining one difficulty by another—miracle by miracle—for we had seen him plainly! We could talk of nothing else.

"A week had passed since the strange event, and it had made great noise in the town; when Ernest, who was the most frequent visitor at the castle, came to us with the astounding intelligence that news of Max's death had been received by his family. Ernest had read the letter through—the letter which informed the Geheim-Rath von Nierstein, of his son's death. It was a friend, whom Max had made at the Bologna University, who wrote a long and particular account of the sad event, and the circumstances that preceded it."

From this point I can take up the story: for, I, too, read that deeply interesting letter which told the fate of poor Max. It was minutely particular: rambling (as such letters always are); interspersed with bursts of grief, encomiums, memories only interesting to friendship. Of course, then, I do not give the letter in extenso; but, the following is a correct abstract of it.

The climate of Bologna did not agree with Max from the beginning. Born in Schloss Nierstein, close to one of the highest towns in Europe, and breathing from his childhood, the highly oxygenated air of that lofty region, the relaxing warmth of the plains of Italy had a most pernicious effect on his health. With his usual and beautiful unselfishness, Max would not alarm and grieve his father, who doted on him, by writing home one word about his indisposition. On the contrary, he wrote cheerfully to his relatives; and, battling with his own feelings, did truly and manfully, try to be cheerful. This kind of holy deception was carried so far, that he had even—unknown to his relations—spent some weeks in the Apennines, with a view to the recovery of his health. From this mountain trip he had returned to his university much stronger, and free from that tendency to low malaria fever, which had haunted him in the gloomy streets of Bologna, and which had obliged him to keep his bed for some time in the preceding autumn.

But, suddenly, in the early spring, he had a return of his complaint. He lingered on for some time: not very ill, but low, and (as it seemed) hypochondriacal. Again, he would not write home about his state, waiting—always waiting—to be better. Then it was he did not write at all.

The end was very rapid—indeed sudden. Brain fever set in. Three days of delirium did death's work. The friend was always at his bedside, too much occupied in the attentions necessary to a patient under such circumstances—to bewilder; too agonised; yet too hopeful—to write word to Nierstein how ill Max was. A few days would decide for life or death: so few, that a summons for Max's relations was delayed,

until something like a certainty should declare itself. Had his family been sent for in the beginning, they would have found him either dead or recovering. And how much Max would have disliked an unnecessary summons to his sick bed, the Bologna friend very well knew. So, in the midst of doubting and hoping, nothing was written, no one was sent for (there was no electric telegraph in those days), and Death stole on. The records of poor Max's delirium were very affecting. All his words showed a good, pure, affectionate spirit. Many times he seemed to be conversing with the brother and sister whom he had lost, or with his father, whom he dearly loved. Many times he besought the love of his step-mother, who (truth to say) had viewed him with a hard eye. Then he would seem to be talking to his betrothed, Caroline Marschner, or again, his friend Ernest would be the phantom of his brain. His death was unexpected, at the moment it occurred, even by his medical attendant.

It happened on Easter-Eve. Neither during the day, nor when the doctor had recently visited him late in the afternoon, had he appeared to be worse. On the contrary, he had become more tranquil. The friend was sitting by his bedside. The night might be said to be nearly over; for, in truth, Easter-Eve had merged into Easter-Day. It was near one o'clock in the morning, when Max, who seemed to be asleep, startled his friend, by suddenly calling out:

"Now I must go! They are expecting me!" He partly raised himself in bed, stretching out his arms and hands. Then, as suddenly, he fell back upon the pillow dead—as if he had been shot.

After hearing these things, the blood-written covenant, that had faded to a dim, brownish hue, unlike any other colour, looked to me terrible. I made haste to send it back, to the keeping of Max's family.

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DEEP DESIGN ON SOCIETY.

I KNOW how to read and write, and I have a pretty knack at ciphering, in all the branches of that useful art which overshadow the human mind on this side of Vulgar Fractions. As to any attainments, however, beyond these, I think I may safely say (having due consideration for my superior station in life) that I am, out of all comparison, the most ignorant man in this country. I attribute my want of information on every subject under the sun, to the unnecessary and vexatious difficulties which beset the acquisition of knowledge in all directions. Everything else that I want, I can get easily. My apartments (furnished; in an excellent neighbourhood), my little tasteful dinner, my gentlemanly clothing, my comfortable reserved seat at public amusements; my neat carriage, to take me out and bring me home; my servant, who bears with my small caprices, and takes troubles of all kinds off my hands—these accessories, which revolve round the great fact of my existence, come obediently at my call whenever I want them, and dance attendance, in excellent time, to the faintest jingle of my silver and gold. But Knowledge, scrubby Knowledge, declines to be summoned at five minutes' notice; scorns an invitation from me, even when I deliver it myself at the end of my purse; wants my time instead of my money, and my patience instead of my patronage; expects me to follow, where I am accustomed to lead; meets me, in short, on audaciously equal terms, and, as a natural and proper consequence, fails to enjoy the honour of my acquaintance.

I had written thus far the day before yesterday, turning my sentences, I think, very prettily, with a soothing use of metaphor and a pleasing crispness in my arrangement of words—I had written thus far, when my brother (a very useful unassuming man) brought me a present of a little book, which informed me, the moment I opened it, that Knowledge had, so to speak, come to its senses at last, and had learnt the necessity of offering itself on reasonably easy terms to all persons of distinction who might desire to possess it.

The book in question is called *Things Not*

Generally Known. It is short; it is portable; it may be taken up one minute and put down the next; it presents abstruse information ready cut and dried into short paragraphs on all subjects—on Domestic Manners, and Life and Death; on the Animal Kingdom, and Church and State; on the Marvels of the Heavens, and the Dignities of the Earth. I am much obliged to my brother (a well-meaning man, but without ambition or talents for society) for giving me this book. I am much obliged to Mr. John Timbs, the industrious person who put it together. I intend to recommend him. Why should I not? He saves me the trouble of digging up my own information out of the mine of Knowledge, just as my tailor saves me the trouble of making my own clothes; just as my cook saves me the trouble of preparing my own dinner. He also assists me in realising the one aspiration which my prosperous position in the world has left me free to form. Handsome, engaging, perfectly dressed, comfortably rich, the one thing I want to complete me is to be well-informed, without the inconvenience of preliminary study. My solitary deficiency is now supplied on the most easy and reasonable terms. I can rush forthwith, by a short cut, into the reputation of a man of vast knowledge, and a talker of unlimited capacity. I can silence all men; I can astonish and captivate all women. Is this mere idle boasting? Certainly not. I have my inestimable pocket Manual of ready-made wisdom, to fit all minds; I have modest assurance, and an excellent memory; I have a brother who will make himself useful as a prompter, and who can be depended on to lead all up to my favourite subjects. What follows, as a matter of course, from these advantages to start with? Conversation which is, by the very nature of it, a monologue, because it bristles at all points with Things Not Generally Known.

I am candour itself: I desire to conceal nothing; and I warn society that I am going to begin covering myself with glory, as a great talker and a mine of information, on Thursday week. I have a dinner invitation on that day, to meet a posse of clever people. It is to be followed by a soirée with more clever people. I am not in the

least afraid of this mass of intelligence. It may be formidable enough on its own customary ground of Things Generally Known; but I shall turn it topsy-turvy, in no time, with Things Not Generally Known. I shall take to this festival my inestimable pocket Manual, my modest assurance, my excellent memory, and my brother. On Thursday week, there will be the most remarkable dinner-party in all England. The Indian Mutiny, the Panic, the Leviathan, the new Parliament, the very weather itself, everything, in short, which is generally known, will be blown away from every mouth the instant I open my lips, and sow my Things Not Generally Known, broad-cast, among the company and the dishes, from the first course to the dessert.

For instance, let us say the cover is off the fish—cod's head and shoulders, I know by anticipation. My brother (previously instructed, and a very trustworthy person in small matters) whispers to me, "Page thirteen, Jack; the Age of the Globe." My host (an old-fashioned man, who asks everybody what they will have, instead of leaving it to the servants) says, "Fish, my dear fellow?" I shudder, and turn from him with horror. "Good Heavens, Simpson! do you take me for a cannibal?" Simpson stares; the company stare; everybody is puzzled but my useful brother, who is behind the scenes. The opportunity is mine—and I let off my first Thing Not Generally Known, with a loud report, thus:—

"Fish!" I exclaim. "You eat fish, after the discovery of the great Demailet, whose thoughts on the age of the globe are in the hands of every schoolboy? Is it possible that nobody here remembers the passage in which it is stated distinctly that man was originally a fish? Nay more, my dear madam, there are still fish to be met with in the ocean, which are half-men, on their progress to the perfect human shape, and whose descendants will, in process of time—you understand me, in process of time?—become men. Ah, you smile, sir." I proceed, stopping a man at the lower end of the table, who is asking, under his breath, for news from India, and letting off my second Thing at the same time. "You smile? Well, well, I am not bigoted about Demailet's theory. I grant you there may be something in Woodward's idea that the deluge was occasioned by a momentary suspension of cohesion among the particles of mineral bodies—nor am I prepared to deny (as who is?) that Oken—may I trouble you for the salt?—that Oken has perhaps solved the great deluge problem in those five immortal words, 'All is done by Polarisation.' Short, you will say, doctor—but how full of meaning, how very full of meaning!"

I offer this as a specimen of the neat manner in which a Thing, so generally known as a Cod's Head, may be made, as it were, to fire a mine of recondite information in

the midst of an astonished company, thanks to my pocket Manual and to the industrious person who has put it together. But, if need be, I can do without dishes, and can use the people who eat from them to serve my purpose instead. I take it that a nervous old lady, neatly dressed in stiff black silk, who was a great beauty in some past century, and who is now a wonderful woman for her age, is a Thing generally known at family dinner-parties. Nothing is more graceful and becoming in a young and dashing gentleman than a little delicate conversational attention, on his part, offered to venerable age in the presence of a mixed company; and nothing is more difficult than to hit on an appropriate topic where a man's mind is unprovided with a proper store of Things Not Generally Known. In my case, no such obstacle as this can possibly exist. I can stick a fact with which nobody is familiar into the head of the typical old woman, with whom everybody is familiar, and can set it a-light for the public benefit at a moment's notice. Say, we are just assembling round the dinner-table. The venerable lady is slow in getting to her chair, and nervous about sitting down in it. Her daughter says, "Dear mama, don't hurry." I instantly groan, shake my head, and fix my eyes on Mrs. Methuselah. My brother (perfectly invaluable where nothing but mere watchfulness is wanted) whispers, "Page fifteen, Jack—the three motions of the earth!"—and off I go with another Thing, like a race-horse from the starting-post.

"Did I hear your daughter, ma'am, beg you not to hurry?" I begin with a faint smile. "Excuse me, but of all the vain requests she could possibly have addressed to you, this is the most utterly futile. You are hurrying at this very moment, ma'am, at the rate of a hundred and fifty millions of miles a-year towards a particular point in the heavens, a star in the constellation Hercules. We—or, if you like, our Earth, which comes to the same thing—have three Motions. Two, generally known, round our own axis and round the sun. A third, not at all generally known, and recently discovered by great astronomers, with which I have just had the pleasure of making you acquainted. Don't be alarmed, ma'am, the sun and all the planets are rushing in our direction, and at our rate, and it is my private opinion that when we do come into collision with that star in the constellation Hercules, we shall probably smash it, and go on again smoothly as if nothing had happened."

Shall we get back again to the dishes, just to show how easily I can garnish any of them with Things Not Generally Known, as I garnished the Cod's Head? The dinner is nearly over. The cheese has appeared; and the salad is being handed round. "Page twenty-six," my brother whispers, as the servant approaches me with the verdant bowl.

"Salad, sir?"

"Any oil in it?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Take it away directly, then. So long as sea-sickness continues to torture humanity, I cannot reconcile it to my conscience uselessly to consume even the small quantity of oil which adheres to the leaf of a lettuce."

General astonishment—general anxiety to know what I mean. Down comes another Thing, directly, shaken out of my bottomless bag of ready-made information.

"What produces sea-sickness?" I ask, leaning back in my chair, and putting one hand impressively into my waistcoat. "The rolling of the sea, and the consequent pitching and tossing of the vessel that floats on it. Still the sea, and you still the vessel. Still the vessel, and you still the human stomach. But, who is it to still the sea? Pooh! pooh! give me a boat, a vial of oil, and a Professor to pour it out—and the thing is done. You doubt that, do you? Ah, dear! dear! this is what comes of Things not being generally known. It is a fact, with which few persons, unhappily, are familiar, that Professor Horsford (you see I don't mind mentioning names)—that Professor Horsford, by emptying a vial of oil upon the sea in a stiff breeze, stilled the surface. After that, don't talk to me about sea-sickness, and don't expect a man who loves his species, to eat salad, and so waste oil which might be used in mitigating human suffering. Give me a row of boats from Dover to Calais, and a row of Professors in them (well wrapped up, for such men are precious), each armed with his vial of oil. Professor Number One empties his harbour; Professor Number Two, at a proper interval, follows his example—and so on, all through the row, over to Calais. What is the inevitable consequence? A stiff breeze becomes known, to all future ages, only as a Horsford calm—the privileges of continental travel are thrown open to the most uproarious stomach in existence—and the children of the next generation, when they see the verb *To Retch* in the English Dictionary, look up innocently into our faces, and say, with a smile, 'Papa, what does it mean?'"

Will that do, for dinner? If it will, I am ready to proceed up stairs, to join the soirée, and to go on inexhaustibly scattering my Things about me, in that new sphere of action. Youth of the fair sex, which shuns the sober dinner-table, floats in with the evening gathering (I despise the man who can speak of a young lady and not be poetical) like the beams of the young moon; like the rays of the rising sun (I throw this sort of thing off very easily); like the flood of gorgeous light from a chemist's window when the gas is lit; like the sparkles from a diamond ring; like the welcome glow from a lighthouse that brightens the bosom of the deep; like—well, well, the reader may be out of breath by this time, though I am not:

let us therefore wind our way back through the labyrinth of comparisons to our original starting-point of female youth and beauty.

It (female youth and beauty) comes to the soirée with its mama and its nosegay, and its smile and its precious dress, and its plump shoulders, and its captivating freshness in the matter of Things Not Generally Known. It sits down and looks innocently interested about nothing in particular. It receives compliments from male youth and beauty; and blushes and beams, and flirts its nosegay, and rustles its precious dress, responsive. But what compliments! Not the smallest atom of useful information wrapped up in any one of them. Not so much as the shadow of rivalry for me to dread, when I enter the field with my soft speech and my Thing Not Generally Known—my oil and vinegar; my nonsense and my knowledge—so mixed up together that no human art can ever separate them again. I bide my time till the eye of female youth and beauty catches mine, and beams indulgent recognition—then turn to my brother and whisper, interrogatively, "Compliment to a pretty girl?" he answers, directly, "Page Forty One: Phenomena of Vision,"—and I slide off forthwith to the corner where the charming creature sits twiddling her nosegay and bashfully expecting me.

"I saw you looking sympathetically at your sister-flowers," I begin, in that soft, murmuring, mysterious tone of voice, which we ladies' men so perpetually and so successfully use in all our communications with the fair sex; "and I longed to be one of them,—this scarlet geranium, for instance. Do you know why I envy that one little flower with all my heart?"

"Because I like to look at it, I suppose, you selfish man!" says the young lady, little suspecting that, under cover of this apparent nonsense, there lies artfully in wait for her a Thing Not Generally Known.

"No," I answer, "not because you look at it,—though that is much,—but because it has the happy, the priceless privilege of making your eyes undulate four hundred and eighty-two millions of times in a second. Todd—do you know him?—states it as a scientific fact that you must undulate all those millions of times—in one second (pray: don't forget that) before you can perceive a scarlet tint. Why, ah why, am I not of a scarlet tint?—or, better still, of a violet tint? For, believe me, I am not exaggerating when I tell you (on the authority of Todd, whose *Cyclopædia* may be procured at any of the libraries) that those laughing eyes must undergo seven hundred and seven millions of millions of undulatory movements, if they look at a violet tint. Out of all those vibrations might there not be one little one adventurous enough to stray from the eye to the heart? May I sacrifice all propriety, by wearing a violet waistcoat, the next time

we meet, and will you reward me for that outrage on good manners by looking at it, for one second? Not for my sake and in my name—ah, no, I dare not ask that!—but for the sake of Science and in the name of Todd!”

After this specimen—a very slight one—of what I can do with a young lady at an evening party, it would be a mere waste of time to offer any proofs of my power of overwhelming elderly people of both sexes and of all degrees of capacity. I must have written vainly, indeed, if I have not made it manifest by this time that I can really and truly (densely ignorant as I am) carry out my intention of becoming a great talker, a most amusing man, and a mine of rare information, all together and all of a sudden, on Thursday week. Confident, however, as I feel on this point—thanks to my toilsome gentleman who has provided me with my Things—I must confess to one little misgiving, which troubles me at this very moment, and which I have no objection to communicate immediately.

Perhaps the intelligent reader thinks he can guess at my misgiving, without the slightest assistance from me. Perhaps he thinks that I am apprehensive, when I am quite prepared with my whole list of Things Not Generally Known, of becoming, not only a great talker, but also a finished and complete bore. No such fear ever has, or ever can, enter into my head. I have no objection whatever to being a bore. My experience of the world has shown me that, upon the whole, a bore gets on much better in it, and is much more respected and permanently popular, than what is called a clever man. A few restless people, with an un-English appetite for perpetual variety, have combined to set up the bore as a species of bugbear to frighten themselves, and have rashly imagined that the large majority of their fellow-creatures could see clearly enough to look at the formidable creature with their eyes. Never did any small minority make any greater mistake as to the real extent of its influence! English society has a placid enjoyment in being bored. If any man tells me that this is a paradox, I, in return, defy him to account, on any other theory, for three-fourths of the so-called recreations which are accepted as at once useful and amusing by the British nation. Why are people always ready to give, and to go to parties? Why do they throng to certain Lectures and to certain Plays? What takes them to public meetings, and to the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons? Why are the debates reported in full in the newspapers? Why are people on certain social occasions, always ready to leave off talking together, for the sake of making speeches and listening to them? Why is it that the few critics always discover the dullness of heavy books, and that the many readers never seem to be

able to find it out? What, in short, to put the whole question into one sentence, is the secret of the notoriety and success of half the public men and half the public and private entertainments in this country? I answer, the steady indwelling element of Boredom: firmly-settled, long-established, widely-accepted Boredom. Let no young man, with an eye to getting on in the world, rashly despise the Bore: he is the only individual in this country who is sure of his position and safe with his public.

What is it, then, that I am afraid of? Plainly and only this:—I am afraid of being forestalled in the Deep Design on Society, which I have just been endeavouring to describe. On the title-page of my inestimable pocket Manual, I find these formidable words, “*Sixteenth thousand.*” Are there sixteen thousand ignorant people who have bought this book, with the fell purpose of distinguishing themselves in society, as I propose to distinguish myself? It seems fearfully probable that there are; and, in that case, it is more than likely that we may, some of us, meet round the same festive board, and jostle each other in a manner dreadful to think of. Can we not, my sixteen thousand ignorant brothers and sisters, come to some arrangement? Shall we have a public meeting and divide the inestimable pocket Manual among us fairly? I must have my subjects for Thursday week—I must, indeed. If any one of the sixteen thousand is going out to dinner on that day, I call upon him publicly to come forward, as I have publicly come forward in this paper, for the purpose of stating plainly what house he is going to, and how many Things Not Generally Known he means to use, and which they are. If he will meet me fairly, I will meet him fairly; and, what is more, I will even lead up to his choice bits, and throw my brother in to prompt. All I want is that we should be a united body, and that we should not interfere with each other. We have a sure game before us, if we only shuffle our cards properly. Let us be organised like other Societies. Why should we not take a leaf out of the Freemasons' book? I, for one, don't mind sacrificing my own exclusive tastes, and walking in procession occasionally, with an apron round my loins, profusely decorated with symbols of Things Not Generally Known—supposing that ceremony to be essential, in our case (as it apparently is in that of the Freemasons), to the strict preservation of a secret. Let us forthwith have a mystic sign by which we may communicate privately, in the broadest glare of the public eye. Let us swear each other sixteen thousand times over to secrecy on the subject of the pocket Manual. In one last word—for I must come to an end somewhere, inexhaustibly as I could run on, if I pleased—let us in the name of everything that is fraternal and fair and gentlemanly, combine to enjoy the good-

Things-Not-Generally-Known-of-this-world, share and share alike. If we can do that, and if we can only keep the rest of the public out, we are sure of making our reputations, and sure of keeping our hold of society as long as we please.

THE LEGEND OF MY NATIVE TOWN.

THE little country-town in which I was born has a legend of its own which is well known to many persons there, although I believe it has never yet found printed record. This being the season of story-telling, I do not know why I should not tell this, after my own fashion.

Full a hundred and fifteen years ago, when George the Second was king, there lived in this town a saddlemaker. This saddlemaker, whose name was Ranson, had a daughter, and he had an apprentice. Ever since there were stories or story-tellers, apprentices have loved their masters' daughters, which, however common, is at all events a possible thing. So, old Ranson's apprentice, Richard Hayes, took more delight in seeing this daughter, in hearing her speak, or in exchanging a few words with her than ever old Ranson dreamed of, or than ever anyone else dreamed of, not excepting the daughter or the apprentice himself. What old Ranson would have done if he had suspected it, I do not know. He would probably have thrashed his apprentice, and been by him knocked down for his pains, besides converting him into a fanatical lover from that hour. As it was, the life of his apprentice was not a merry one, for old Ranson's notions of the treatment proper for apprentices were derived from the glorious times of Queen Elizabeth; having been transmitted through a long line of ancestors, till they came to a dead stop in his obstinate head. He believed, like the ancient form of apprenticeship indenture that bound Richard Hayes to him, that all apprentices, when they were free from control, took to gambling, or profuse swearing, or drunkenness, with a hearty relish. He believed, that if their masters' eye was not constantly upon them, they would skulk from their work, or rob the till, or go out and stop the mail. You might argue as you would!

Richard Hayes was a steady, honest, and industrious fellow; but, about this time his mind was apt to wander from his work, so that some damage was occasionally done to the old saddler's materials.

"You are an idle villain," said the master one morning early. "You eat and drink here, and render no return."

Hayes made no answer, though deeply wounded. He was no great hero, and was still but a lad. He did exactly what many other lads have done when offended. He refused to eat that day. When meal-times

came, he said he would rather work on. Old Ranson bore this punishment with great cheerfulness. He quoted old proverbs about a proud stomach. He set the room-door open at dinner-time, that the savoury steam might wander up the long shop, and tease his refractory apprentice. Richard Hayes worked on; but sometimes, when the old man made a joke at his expense, he paused a while, and listened. Did she laugh at him, or join in the persecution? If she did, he would starve himself to death. But she did not; nor did he hear her speak a word.

That afternoon, when it was getting dusk and Richard Hayes was still at his work; while the master saddler was smoking in his little back-room, Margaret stole through into the shop, so gently that the apprentice did not hear her step until she stood beside him. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Come, Dick," she said; "come in for my sake. I know, you have not broken fast to-day."

"I have been called a villain, and an eater of bread that I have not earned," said Dick.

"Never mind," said the girl. "You are vexing me, and vexing my father, too. Do, pray, come in."

"No, Margaret," replied the apprentice. "I'm not without a guinea of my own. I'll buy my own bread. I'll work after hours. I'll eat at no man's table."

"Have you a bad heart?" said the girl.

"I have a right feeling," replied Dick.

"Well; and if you have, Dick," replied the girl, "you've fasted long enough. Why do you grieve me, too? Well, well, I cannot make you come; so good night."

Dick took her little trembling hand, and held it for a while, and felt a strong desire to blubber, and give in. He could have held out against anything but her compassion.

He stood there, still holding her hand for some minutes, saying not a word; till, just at the moment that she turned away, he whispered to her hurriedly: "I'll go. I care for nothing. You sha'n't grieve about me. I'll give in. They shall say or think what they like." With that, he set his work aside and went into the room where the saddler was, and sat down in silence, and ate his meal. He bore all the old man's jokes, and let him tell of how often he had known such stubborn folks brought round by hunger, and made no answer: while the old saddler, wise in his own conceit, sat there and little thought what power had wrought the change. That night, Margaret met her father's apprentice on the stairs, and bade him good night, and told him he was a kind-hearted fellow, and that she would remember that day.

From that time, old Ranson had no more power to make his apprentice miserable. Dick worked hard and did his best, and if the old man complained, he gave him no answer. The time was drawing near, when

his apprenticeship would end, and Dick thought of what he should do when master of his time, and planned out many a scheme. But, old Ranson grew every day more irritable. Dick's silence, when he spoke to him, looked like contempt. He saw the time drawing near when he supposed that his apprentice would throw off the mask and set him at defiance. All things soured him; and, one day when he had been rating his apprentice for some trifle, Dick, who thought no more of the matter, began to whistle at his work. The old man's anger was roused at this. He rushed at his apprentice and struck him. If Dick had paused to think a moment, he would not have returned the blow; but he didn't pause to think, a moment. He knocked him down. There could be no reconciliation after that. The old man declared solemnly that Dick should be taken before a magistrate, the next day, and sent to jail. Ranson, it is true, had struck the apprentice first; but magistrates had no sympathy with apprentices. The old man had bruises; Dick had none. There was nothing more certain than that Dick, if he came before a magistrate, would be sent to a prison, to associate with thieves and rogues. Dick turned it over in his mind that night; but, look at it how he would, he saw no hope, except in running away: so he made up his mind at once. He tied in a bundle all he possessed, put on all his clothes, dropped out of the low window on to the porch, and so into the road-way, and walked away.

A runaway apprentice in those days was a far blacker villain than he is now. There was not a man or woman in the country round about where poor Dick had spent his days, who would have helped him with a crust if they had known it. The very dogs were in the interest of masters, and barked at all such unnatural rebels. Dick had a little money, and he did not doubt of getting work when he had got far enough to be safe. Dick's plan was to make a fortune at once, and return and claim Margaret for his wife, to compel old Ranson, to forgive him and forget the past. But, although this scheme seemed to him well defined and practical enough, he found difficulties. In many towns, there was not a single saddler to be found. More than a week after he had left his home, he came to a place where he learned at last that there was a saddler's shop. Dick surveyed the house, and determined to go in and ask for work; but, going across the road to clean his shoes and shake the dust from his clothes, he made a discovery which turned him in a moment from his purpose. Right facing him was the watch-house, and there, for the first time, Dick caught sight of his own name upon a large handbill, evidently newly stuck upon the board beside the door. Dick read hurriedly the description of himself, which made him

of a down and sullen look, and, on the whole, was not flattering. It gave Dick a pang to think how his detractors must have it all their own way now; how every little fault he had committed would be raked up and exaggerated, and how Margaret, hearing such things all day, might come before long to lose her liking for him, and to think that they were right.

It would not help this story to tell all Dick's sufferings: or how his stock of money gradually went; or how his stick and bundle dwindled down at last to a stick and no bundle. In some places people told him at once that he was a runaway apprentice. They knew it, they said, by his looks, and would not harbour him: in other places they wanted a character with him—wanted to know where he came from, and who employed him last; and said that he looked young, and must be only just out of his time. To all these things he could give no good answer; and, therefore, in the end, went on his way. In this manner, Dick soon began to look like a miserable tramp. He slept in barns and outhouses, where poor travellers took shelter with him, and became in looks, at least, a bad sample even of their class. The very beggars on the road addressed him familiarly, without a doubt that he was one of them. But Dick would not be. He would go and be a soldier first; and to this end, in fact, he had been inevitably coming from the first.

It was on New Year's-day in the year seventeen hundred and forty-five, that Richard Hayes found himself, hungry and weary, and cold, in the town of Newcastle on Tyne. He wandered up and down the steep and angular street, and looked in at shops, and saw two saddlers; but he was too beggarly in his appearance now, to go in and ask for employment, like a decent workman. There was no help for him. Rebellion was rife in the north. Only that week, the regiment called the Old Buffs, and that called the King's Own, commanded by Colonel Wolfe, had landed there from Flanders. Dick found out a serjeant at a public-house, in a bye-street, and there took service at once in the Old Buffs, and in the name of Philip Joyce.

When all the world conspires to treat an honest fellow as an abandoned scoundrel, it is ten to one that he begins to get nearer and nearer that character every day. Dick's trials had, in fact, not improved him; nor did the company of ragged recruits, in which he found himself, tend to make him better. He cursed his own fate, and cursed the people who had behaved harshly to him in his wanderings. He had a bitter feeling towards all easy comfortable folks who sat at that merry time by cheerful fires, and ate, and drank, and sang. He heard of fighting and cruelties in the north with a savage pleasure, and wished to be on the march to have a license to lay waste and kill; and if he should get killed himself? Well, Dick had no objection

to that. The world and he had done with one another, in a friendly way, for ever.

In this mood, he wandered up and down the streets of Newcastle, during the short time the regiment stayed there. One day, he came, in this way, upon a little group of people in an open space in the town, to whom a man was preaching, standing in the midst. The audience were poor colliers and sea-faring men, and some soldiers. The preacher belonged to a sect, then too poor and despised to preach under roofs, save here and there in larger towns. He was a weather-beaten, humble-looking man, scarcely less poor in his appearance than his hearers. He stood in the blustering wind bare-headed, holding in his hand a little worn and thumbed Bible, and preached from that in a rough, coarse way, which all there understood and felt. He told them he was a poor fellow like themselves; pointing to his broken boots, in which he had walked from London, and in which, God willing, he hoped to get to Scotland, to preach there to our men, whom civil strife had turned to devils; but who, if he had strength, should hear from him the words of Christ. He spoke to the colliers; and, in his rude way, drew illustrations from their daily life. To the sailors he used some seamen's terms, saying he had been to sea himself. Richard Hayes listened to him with a curious interest; till, suddenly the man's eye fell upon him, and he spoke some words which he knew well were meant for him alone. They were blunt, but not unkindly words. They pictured to him his position with a truth that made him start. They guessed his past life so nearly what it was, that the man seemed, in his hearer's eyes, endowed with something more than human power. When he stopped and bade his hearers good night, and the little crowd began to disperse, Dick followed him in the gathering twilight, till he came up with him, and touched his arm. The man looked round.

"You have spoken kind words to a poor friendless fellow," said Dick. "I walked after you to thank you."

"Not my words," said the man. "I preach as I am bidden. God grants that they fall not upon stony ground."

"Master," said Dick, earnestly, "I'll tell you what I feel. I have met unkindness, and wrong, and insult where I did not quite deserve them. No human being save you has given a thought to what I am, or where I am going, or what may become of me for many a day. If you have found the world as I have found it, you may be glad to know that I am grateful."

The man took Dick's proffered hand, and grasped it: and then pointing to a little public-house bade his hearer follow him there, that they might talk awhile. They found a clean quiet room where a bright fire was burning, and glittering in the glass of the old-

fashioned prints upon the walls. Dick, in his joy at finding a new friend, told him all his history, and the old man gave him advice. It was too late, he feared, to go back. The war demanded men, and nothing would release him: but he exhorted Dick to do his duty; to avoid the evil courses too common with his comrades; to pray to Heaven to turn the hearts of men from violence and bloodshed, and relieve him from his dreadful burden. Dick assured him fervently that he would strive to follow his advice. And so they parted; promising to meet next day, before the old man went upon his journey. When Dick saw him again, they had a longer conversation; they walked together a mile out of the town, upon the old preacher's road: and there Dick resolved to ask him a favour.

"You know," said Dick, "after battles, they form a list of all the men who are killed. Now, I want you to promise to look always to these, and if ever you find the name of Philip Joyce, which is my name in the regiment, to let Margaret Ranson and her father know that I am dead."

"God forbid!" exclaimed his friend: "but should it be so, His will be done. I give my promise, and, if I live, it shall be fulfilled."

"Do not say where, or how," said Dick, in a faltering voice, "for it would grieve her more than need be." Say that you saw me after I left them, and that I was sorry for the pain that I had given them."

The old preacher grasped his hand and bade him hope, and be confident of the good wishes of Jacob Bonnell; and then took his farewell, and went upon his way.

Recruits were drilled rapidly in that time of rebellion, for soldiers must be had whether taught or not.

Richard Hayes was with the army under Wade and General Hawley at Falkirk and Culloden, and saw many a scene of carnage, but escaped without a wound. He heard no tidings of the old preacher; but his words were not forgotten. There was not a better or more humane soldier in all the army. Most men liked him, and the cavalry officers employed him to mend their saddles for them. Two years after he had enlisted, he embarked with his regiment for Flanders, and then fought at Roucoux. From the day he left his home, he had never heard of Margaret or her father, but he still cherished the hope of seeing her again. The desire had grown with time. He guarded all the money that he earned with the hope of being allowed to buy his freedom, and return to England; and, with this idea for ever present, he acquired a greedy love of money that looked like avarice in his comrades' eyes, and indeed grew nearer to that quality every day. The long delay preyed upon his spirits, and he became by degrees a sullen and silent man. The waste and luxury of young officers filled him with envy. The good luck of others made

him hate them. The sight of successful roguery turned all his thoughts to bitterness.

Sometimes, in his great dejection, doubts would arise in his mind whether all honesty were not a mere delusion—a doctrine preached by knaves who were too wise to follow it, but palmed it upon weaker men for their own gain. He knew that sometimes, after an engagement, or even when on the march, men would grow suddenly possessed of a store of money—from what source none told. Some would gamble this away, sitting at night by watch-fires, and would lose good sums without a thought, or with a laugh. Dick never joined in these; but he would sometimes look on with a strong interest. One night he was watching such a party, who were quietly throwing dice upon the top of a drum. The man who won was an idle and dissolute fellow. Hayes fixed his eyes upon the little heap of money which the winner swept into his pouch, and felt a gnawing envy. The blood rushed to his head. The forms of the men shot up into unnatural size, and dropped again: the whole scene reeled before his eyes in the ruddy glare of the wood-fire. A strong desire possessed him to seize the dice-box, and challenge the winner to stake his gains once more. A superstitious whisper was in his ear, that the purpose for which he wanted gold was good and just, and that the other man would squander it—and that, seeing all these things, Fortune would favour him. He advanced to the drum, and asked eagerly to be allowed to throw. The man accepted his challenge, and Hayes lost; he doubled his stake, and lost again; doubled it, and lost once more. Some men who knew their comrade's avaricious character, had gathered round, and he knew that they felt a satisfaction at his losses. Indeed, as he cast down his guineas and left the spot, a half-smothered laugh caught his ear, and roused in him thoughts more bitter still than he had felt upon that New Year's-day when he wandered hungry and weary, a stranger in the streets of Newcastle.

There was a great battle on the next day, which lasted from daylight until near sunset, many hundreds being slain. The fight had spread over a wide country, many sharp struggles having taken place at distant points. The company to which Hayes belonged had been pushed on to the front; until, near the close of the day, it found itself alone, and the word was given to fall back. At this moment he received a blow upon the head, from what cause he knew not, for he reeled at once, and fell.

He could not have lain long. When he awoke, it was still daylight; but the place where he found himself, was deserted. He rubbed his head and found a little blood, which he wiped with his handkerchief, but he seemed to have nothing but a bruise.

After resting a few moments, he felt quite revived, and determined to go at once in search of his comrades.

To those who have ever listened for noises real or fancied, in solitary places, where there is no wind, it will not seem strange that Hayes felt doubtful in which direction the body of the army lay; for sometimes he seemed to hear a confused murmur upon either sides, and sometimes a noise, like one halloaing at a great distance. Not doubting, however, that he should soon rejoin his comrades, he wound his way round a low hill till he came to a field of brushwood, where traces of the fight were visible. The flush of sunset filled the sky, like a crimson vapour risen from the battle-field; but the light was beginning to fail. Hayes walked quickly till he sunk again into a hollow, and there, a little off the path beside a pool of water gleaming crimson in the sunset like a pool of blood, he found the body of a man. He lay there motionless, as if he had striven to gain the pool and drink, but had died before he reached it; and, being then some distance from the battle-field, had remained there unobserved; for Hayes knew, by the richness of his uniform, that he was an officer of superior rank.

Hayes paused a few moments, watching the body for some sign of life, but it gave none. His epaulettes and sword-hilt glittered even in the waning light, and seemed to dazzle the young soldier's eyes. The uncontrollable madness of the night before came upon him once again. The lust for money; the yearning after his abandoned home; the casuistry that made the basest thing seem good, all drew him on.

It was too late to help the man. The gold or other things about him could be useful to him no more. Before many hours, the wretches who hover about a battle-field would plunder him of all. Hayes's comrades had never yet shown scruples on this point. He stooped quickly beside the body, and drew forth a purse. The man lay sideways, and Hayes perceived a ribbon that was round his neck, as if fastened to some trinket worn beneath his shirt. He clutched it greedily, and found a cross thick set with diamonds that sparkled as he drew it forth. Hayes shrunk from touching the body as he strove to disentangle the ribbon, when, to his astonishment, the wounded man uttered a faint groan.

Hayes started; and then paused; holding the cross still firmly. The man was evidently awakening from a swoon. His hand passed quickly to his breast, as if to feel for the cross there, and as quickly caught his plunderer by the wrist.

"Laissez-moi ça. Mon Dieu! la croix!" exclaimed the officer, as if still half-dreaming.

Hayes strove to disengage himself, but he himself was weak with recent loss of blood,

and the man's strength was returning. He half-raised himself, and clutched Hayes with both hands, and they fell together, and struggled with their whole strength. Hayes held the cross still, instinctively, which engaged his hand, and his antagonist drew a pistol from his belt. In another moment he would have shot his opponent dead; but Hayes held off his arm, and, blinded by the fury of the struggle, drew a pistol from his own breast, and fired at his opponent. The officer uttered a groan, his hold relaxed, and he fell back heavily. Horrified by the dreadful act into which his cupidity had betrayed him, Hayes fled from the ground.

Night had fallen as he hurried on over fields, and through lanes, till he must have journeyed some miles. He discovered no trace of his comrades, nor did he desire to meet them again. The words of the preacher who had left him at Newcastle rang in his ears, and reproached him with his crime. He would have given all that he possessed—all hopes that he had ever cherished, to go back and wipe out that one day from his memory for ever. Towards daylight, he met some labourers, who directed him to a little village, where he purchased a blue linen blouse, and a cap and trousers, which concealed his military uniform. In this garb he wandered about for some time, till finally, he found his way to the coast, and took ship for England.

Hayes found employment in London; but he lived a solitary life. Of those who employed him, or came in contact with him, none knew his history, but all remarked his reserved and gloomy character, and shrank from him with dislike or dread. Some even said that he had been a highwayman; others did not scruple to hint their belief that he had stained his hands with some dreadful deed. Hayes knew their distrust or hatred of him; but he lived too much with his own thoughts to heed it. His sole idea was to remain cut off for ever from all who had known him or cared for him, suffering a life of voluntary hardship in expiation of his crime; though, sometimes, the thought of the misfortunes he had met with, and how these had, step by step, drawn him onward, through a kind of madness to this dreadful end, passed through his mind, and eased him for a moment of some portion of the burden that he bore.

Two years had elapsed, when one night, coming to his cheerless home, Hayes passed a man, who stared at him for a moment, and then, following him, called to him in an anxious manner to stop. Hayes turned beneath a lamp, and the man, suddenly coming up with him, called him by the name of Philip Joyce!

Hayes recognised him as Jacob Bonnell, the street preacher, whom he had parted with in Newcastle.

"They reported you killed," said the

preacher; "and for these two years I believed that we could never meet again in this world."

Hayes was too much agitated to speak many words. He begged his friend to go home with him, and there the preacher told him that he had visited his native town, and, according to his compact, had communicated to Margaret and her father the intelligence that he was dead.

"Promise me," exclaimed Hayes, "never to let them know that I still live."

The wildness of his manner struck his hearer with astonishment; but Hayes that night made confession to him of the crime of which he had been guilty.

"This is horrible," said his friend, "and can scarcely hope for forgiveness."

Hayes made no answer; but, taking a little box he unlocked it, and displayed to his visitor's eyes a purse of money and a cross, sparkling with diamonds.

"They are here as I stole them," says Hayes, "the accursed things that tempted me to murder a wounded man. I have touched no atom of their value."

"Such justice as is possible must be done," said the preacher. "I will endeavour by this clue to discover the family to whom they belong, that you may restore them."

Hayes thanked him, and his visitor took a description of the cross. They spent that night in serious converse, and Hayes felt a support in his presence which he had not known for a long time. When they parted, his friend told him, that he was going from London for some time, but would return again.

Many months after this event, the young workman was sitting one night alone in his room, seeking occupation for his mind in reading, when a tapping at his door aroused him. Taking his lamp in his hand, he threw the door open, and there found his faithful friend, Jacob Bonnell, with a stranger. The light upon the stranger's face revealed a man advanced in life. His countenance was stern and worn, and he had a thick moustache like a foreigner. Hayes shrank from the man's gaze, as if he remembered some one like him, and remembered him with dread.

"Enter Monsieur Bonnell," said the stranger to the street preacher, in a foreign accent. "You can best explain this visit."

"This," said the preacher, "is the Count de Beauséant, the representative of Count de Beauséant, who was killed in the action at Val. After much correspondence with persons on the continent, I have discovered him, and he has travelled here in person to obtain from your hand the diamond cross, a precious heirloom belonging to his family, which you took from his brother's person on the battlefield.

"They are here!" exclaimed Hayes, suddenly unlocking the box; but the stranger stopped him, and taking the lamp from his hand, held it up to his own face, and bade

Hayes scan his features, and tell him if he knew him.

The man looked steadily at him, and Hayes trembled violently, with a sudden suspicion of the truth that awaited him.

"I have deceived my friend here," said the foreigner impressively. "It was I myself who was cruelly attacked and plundered on the field of Val. See here!"

The stranger thrust open his shirt, and revealed, near his left shoulder, a bullet-wound now healed. "This is your act," he added.

Hayes uttered a cry of joy, and seizing the stranger by the hand, fell on his face, and implored his pardon for the terrible wrong that he had done.

Some tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheek of the old soldier as he took Hayes's hand, and assured him of his forgiveness. "This noble friend of yours has told me your strange story," he added.

"It is happily ended so far," said the preacher; "but with God's blessing it may have a happier sequel. Would you see Margaret Ranson once again?"

"The hope of such a happiness was gone for ever," replied Hayes; "but this night and its unexpected joy revives it. Would she, or would her father, see me again?"

"She believes you dead," replied Bonnell: "that she would be rejoiced to find you living, how can I doubt? When I saw her last, she still wore mourning for her loss, and her father spoke of you with tenderness and regret as one who might have been happy with his daughter, and who might have relieved him of the cares of his business now in his old age."

On the morrow, Jacob Bonnell wrote to Margaret and her father, that Richard Hayes was known to be still living, and that he would come to them that week, to bring more important tidings; and in a day or two Hayes and he started together. It was in the winter time, with some snow on the ground, and the old-fashioned Highflier coach was four days upon the road—an endless and a weary time; but Hayes's heart was lighter than it had been for many years. In the old inns; where he stayed on the road, when he succeeded in falling into a doze at night, he dreamed of being again and again an apprentice in the old saddlemaker's shop, with all the miseries of his future life still mercifully hidden from his knowledge. A dream of dreams it was; but, when they stood before the old house again, and looked up at its plastered front, and its worn wooden steps leading into the shop, in which he had known so much of sorrow and delight; and at the small-paned lattice window, from which he had dropped on to the porch on the night when he fled—and found all still unchanged, a shade of doubt and fear passed over him, soon happily to vanish. Jacob Bonnell entered first, and stayed some time, preparing

the way for his companion. Then he came out, and led his companion into the room behind the shop, where the old man, though now decrepit, was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, exactly as of old; and, oh! crowning delight of all! his own good Margaret, who had mourned for and loved his memory through all, fell on his shoulder uttering no word, but only sobbed for joy. Not dead! Unless the miserable outcast, the poor soldier, and the gloomy misanthrope were one with him.

Jacob Bonnell stayed with them for some days, doing many good offices to poor persons in the town, though he visited them afterwards once a-year, taking their town in the circuit of his labours. He exhorted them always to be mindful of the Providence which had led them to so happy an issue: for Hayes, before his next visit, was the husband of Margaret, and the old saddlemaker, who had retired, leaving all the conduct of his trade to his old apprentice, had caused to be written over his windows the words "Ranson and Hayes, Saddlemakers."

SIXTY NEW YEARS' DAYS AGO.

Is my darling tired already,
Tired of her long day of play?
Draw your little stool beside me,
Smooth this tangled hair away.
Can she put the logs together,
Till they make a cheerful blaze;
Shall her blind old Uncle tell her
Something about long past days?

Hark! The wind among the cedars
Waves their white arms to and fro,
I remember how I watch'd them
Sixty New Years' Days ago:
Then I dreamt a glorious vision
Of great deeds to crown each year;
Sixty New Years' Days have found me
Useless, helpless, blind,—and here!

As I feel my darling stealing
Warm soft fingers into mine;
Shall I tell her what I fancied
In that strange old dream of mine?
I was kneeling by the window,
Reading how a noble band
With the red cross on their breast-plates,
Went to gain the Holy Land.

While with eager eyes of wonder
Over the dark page I bent;
Slowly twilight shadows gather'd
Till the letters came and went;
Slowly, till the night was round me,
Then my heart beat loud and fast:
For I felt before I saw it
That a spirit near me pass'd.

So I raised my eyes, and shining
Where the moon's first ray was bright,
Stood a winged Angel-warrior
Clothed and panoplied in light:
So, with Heaven's love upon him,
Stern in calm and resolute will,
Look'd St. Michael, in the cloister;
Does the picture hang there still?

Threefold were the dreams of honour
That absorb'd my heart and brain;
Threefold crowns the Angel promised,
Each one to be bought by pain;
While he spoke, a threefold blessing
Fell upon my soul like rain.

HELPER OF THE POOR AND SUFFERING;
VICTOR IN A GLORIOUS STRIFE;
SINGER OF A NOBLE POEM;
Such the honours of my life.

Ah, that dream! Long years have brought me
Joy and grief as real things;
Yet never touch'd the tender memory
Sweet and solemn that it brings,—
Never quite effaced the feeling
Of those white and shadowing wings.

Ah, I guess, those blue eyes open!
Does my faith too foolish seem?
Yes, my darling, years have taught me,
It was nothing but a dream.
Soon, too soon, the bitter knowledge
Of a fearful trial rose,
Rose to crush my heart, and sternly
Bade my young ambition close.

More and more my eyes were clouded,
Till at last God's glorious light
Pass'd away from me for ever,
And I lived and live in night.
Dear, I will not dim your pleasure,
New Years should be only gay,
In my night the stars have risen,
And I wait the dawn of day.

Even then I could be happy,
For my brothers' tender care
In their boyish pastimes ever
Made me take, or feel a share.
Philip, even then so thoughtful,
Charles so noble, brave and free;
And your father, little Godfrey,
The most loving of the three.

Philip reason'd down my sorrow,
Charles would laugh my gloom away,
Godfrey's little arms put round me,
Help'd me through my dearest day.
And the promise of my Angel,
Like a star, now bright, now pale,
Hung in the black night above me,
And I felt it could not fail.

Years pass'd on, my brothers left me,
Each went out to take his share
In the strain of life; my portion
Was a humble one—to bear.
Here I dwelt, and learnt to wander
Through the woods and fields alone,
Every cottage in the village
Had a corner call'd my own.

Old and young, all brought their troubles
Great or small for me to hear;
I have often bless'd my sorrow
That drew others' grief so near.
Much the people needed helping—
Needed love—for Love and Heaven
Are the only gifts not barter'd:
They alone are freely given.

And I gave it. Philip's bounty
(We were orphans dear) made toil
Prosper, and want never fasten'd
On the tenants of the soil.

Philip's name (Oh, how I gloried
He so young, to see it rise!)
Soon grew noted among statesmen
As a patriot true and wise.

And his people, too, felt honour'd
To be ruled by such a name;
I was proud, too, that they loved me,
Through their pride in him it came.
He had gain'd what I had long'd for,
I meanwhile grew glad and gay,
Mid his people, to be serving
Him and them, in some poor way.

How his noble earnest speeches,
With untiring fervour came;
HELPER OF THE POOR AND SUFFERING,
Truly he deserved the name!
Had my angel's promise fail'd me?
Had that word of hope grown dim?
Why, my Philip had fulfill'd it,
And I loved it best in him!

Charles meanwhile—ah, you, my darling,
Can his loving words recall—
'Mid the bravest and the noblest,
Braver, nobler, than them all.
How I loved him! how my heart thrill'd
When his sword clank'd by his side,
When I touch'd his gold embroidery,
Almost saw him in his pride!

So we parted; he all eager
To uphold the name he bore,
Leaving in my charge—he loved me—
Some one whom he loved still more:
I must tend this gentle flower,
I must speak to her of him,
For he fear'd—Love still is fearful—
That his memory might grow dim.

I must guard her from all sorrow,
I must play a brother's part,
Shield all grief and trial from her,
If it need be, with my heart.
Years pass'd, and his name grew famous,
We were proud, both she and I;
And we lived upon his letters,
While the slow days fled by.

Then at last—you know the story,
How a fearful rumour spread,
Till all hope had slowly faded,
And we knew that he was dead.
Dead! Oh, those were bitter hours;
Yet within my soul there dwelt
Something, while the rest all mourn'd him,
Something like a hope I felt.

His was no weak life as mine was,
But a life, so full and strong,
No, I could not think he perish'd
Nameless, 'mid a conquer'd throng.
How she droop'd! Years pass'd; no tidings
Came, and yet that little flame
Of strange hope within my spirit
Still burnt on, and lived the same.

Well, my child, our hearts will fail us
Then, when they the strongest seem;
I can look back on those hours
As a fearful evil dream.
She had long despair'd; what wonder
If her heart had turn'd to mine?
Earthly loves are deep and tender,
Not eternal and divine!

Can I say how bright a future
 Rose before my soul that day?
 Oh, so strange, so sweet, so tender,
 And I had to turn away.
 Hard and terrible the struggle,
 For the pain not mine alone;
 I call'd back my Brother's spirit,
 And I bade him claim his own.
 Told her—now I dared to do it—
 That I felt the day would rise
 When he would return to gladden
 My weak heart and her bright eyes.
 And I pleaded—pleaded sternly—
 In his name, and for his sake:
 Now, I can speak calmly of it,
 Then, I thought my heart would break.

Soon—ah, Love had not deceived me,
 (Love's true instincts never err;)
 Wounded, weak, escaped from prison,
 He return'd to me: to her.
 I could thank God that bright morning,
 When I felt my Brother's gaze,
 That my heart was true and loyal,
 As in our old boyish days.

Bought by wounds and deeds of daring,
 Honours he had brought away;
 Glory crown'd his name—my Brother's,
 Mine, too!—we were one that day.
 Since the crown on him had fallen,
 "VICTOR IN A NOBLE STRIFE,"
 I could live and die contented
 With my poor ignoble life.

Well, my darling, almost weary
 Of my story? Wait awhile;
 For the rest is only joyful,
 I can tell it with a smile.
 One bright promise still was left me,
 Wound so close about my soul,
 That as one by one had fail'd me,
 This dream now absorb'd the whole.

"SINGER OF A NOBLE POEM,"
 Ah, my darling, few and rare
 Burn the names of the true Poets,
 Like stars in the purple air.
 That too, and I glory in it,
 That great gift my Godfrey won;
 I have my dear share of honour,
 Gain'd by that beloved one.

One day shall my darling read it,
 Now she cannot understand
 All the noble thoughts, that lighten
 Through the genius of the land.
 I am proud to be his brother,
 Proud to think that hope was true;
 Though I long'd and strove so vainly,
 What I fail'd in, he could do.

I was long before I knew it,
 Longer ere I felt it so;
 Then I strung my rhymes together
 Only for the poor and low.
 And it pleases me to know it
 (For I loved them well indeed),
 They care for my humble verses,
 Fitted for their humble need.

And it cheers my heart to hear it,
 Where the far-off settlers roam,
 My poor words are sung and cherish'd,
 Just because they speak of Home.

And the little children sing them
 (That, I think, has pleased me best),
 Often, too, the dying love them,
 For they tell of Heaven and rest.

So my last vain dream has faded
 (Such as I to think of fame!)
 Yet I will not say it fail'd me,
 For it crown'd my Godfrey's name.
 No; my Angel did not cheat me,
 For my long life has been blest;
 He did bring me Love and Sorrow,
 He will bring me Light and Rest.

A MORNING CALL ON A GREAT PERSONAGE.

WHEN, some years ago, the first clearance was made in that marshy ship-building yard at Millwall, and the plan was laid down of that huge vessel which bore the name of the Great Eastern up to Tuesday, the third of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, but which on that day, from the lips of a young lady named Hope, took the title of the Leviathan—there, on the borders of that river, which continually bears upon its bosom the full stream of commerce which flows unceasingly to and from the ever-restless, hungering city—there, in the face of Deptford dockyard, with all its old naval associations—there, within sight of those long webs of masts and rigging which mark the outline of the crowded docks—there, within sight of those old, weather-beaten warrior vessels, strong in a strength that we hope we shall want no more—there, within sight of those Hospital cupolas, beneath which repose the maimed and aged defenders of wooden walls, the representatives of a past time, was implanted the first stake of a great experiment, which, if it proves successful, will undoubtedly inaugurate a new era in the naval world. We may bid farewell to tar and bunkum, to barks, brigs, schooners, sloops, and frigates, and welcome huge machines that savour more of the engineer's factory than the shipbuilder's yard. And thou, my unsteady friend of Ratcliffe Highway, with those peculiar trousers, so broad and loose about the feet, and so tight and narrow round the waist, with that short blue jacket, and those small, low shoes, with that black neck-tie slung so carelessly round the bronzed open neck, and that shining cap stuck so wonderfully at the back of thy head—am I to part with thee, with all thy dear characteristic ways, thy tavern broils, thy extemporaneous hornpipes, thy rollickings upon dangerous elevations on the tops of cabs, driven by reckless, joyous cabmen, thy utter disregard of money, and thy love for rum, tobacco, swearing, Eastern music halls, comic songs, arguments with helpless policemen, and lodgings somewhere about Stepney, or Saint George's in the East? Am I to see thee fade slowly from my familiarised, if not enraptured gaze—fade, as I have seen the stage coachman fade before thee—and give

place to a respectable, well-conducted, but utterly lifeless something—a mixture of the stoker and the supercargo?

I am a passive instrument in the hands of fate, and I may add in the hands of science; and on the morning of that drizzling, cheerless November day, heedless, even ignorant of the importance of the occasion at which I am about to assist, I follow the stream of expectant sight-seers, and find myself, in due time, upon the dismal Island—the Isle of Dogs. Over the trembling wooden bridge that divides us from London, properly so-called, and on through the mist and steamy exhalations, and along the sides of the green ditches that skirt the roadway, up the crowded, noisy, bustling street, hung with a few dingy flags, and I approach the long, silent monster, stretching along above the house-tops—above the tree-tops—and standing in impressive calmness, like some huge cathedral. As I enter Mr. Scott Russell's yard, I contrast the calm of the great vessel—the sullen silence of inert matter—with the eager bustle and hurry of the two thousand workpeople who are employed to assist in the launch.

I am in the empire of mud. I am assisting at a festival in which mud forms the prevailing element. I am surrounded by muddy navigators, muddy engineers, muddy policemen, muddy clerks of works, muddy, reckless, ladies, muddy directors, muddy secretaries; and I become muddy myself. Mud—soft clayey mud—is the distinguishing feature in this Island of dirty Dogs. Not to be muddy is to argue yourself unknown, and to be confounded with the unimportant rank and file of visitors, who number in and around the yard, and upon the river, and the opposite coast, full one hundred thousand souls.

The birthplace of the Leviathan presents rather a chaotic picture. Lying about in the clay, like plums in a pudding, are large screws, crowbars, broken hammers, bits of iron, cogwheels, sheets of metal, scaffold poles and blocks of timber, big spike-nails, felled trees, iron girders—pieces of cable, chain, pulleys, and boilers, into which people creep out of the rain.

There is the hum of many voices upon land, and the shouts from the river, the music and ringing of the bells on the opposite shore, the hissing of steam, and the clatter of the engines. Careworn officials pass me, who have been hard and anxiously at work for many weeks, and who have been up all night. They look at me with a sorry welcome, wondering how I and so many persons can take an interest in what appears to them an irksome task. There are groups of stout, powerful navvies, Lancashire and Yorkshire, who are not occupied to-day in the work of the yard, and different classes of lounging workpeople, some in blue jackets, and some in clayey brown shirts, and some in fustian suits, and very greasy caps. These

are the men who have been working for so many weary months upon the great ship's shell; and they are there with their wives and their children—babies in arms—to witness the success or failure of their handiwork. Some of the women have brought their husbands' dinners, and they wait, looking curiously at the arrangements around them, until the repast is finished upon a piece of old iron, or inside a boiler. Some of the dinner-bearers are not so fortunate in finding their husbands in the crowd at the exact moment when they want them, and they run about bewildered in the general din, bemoaning the fact that the dinner is getting cold. The sparrows seem to be aware that something is going on of far more interest to them than the gigantic launch, and they assemble in great force, chirruping for the crumbs that may fall from the poor man's table. One very clean, neat old widow, after some difficulty, finds her son, a very greasy, muddy lad, with a good deal of lamp-black about his face. To the old lady's great concern he does not seem to care about his dinner, and she is sure that he must want something after being up all night about the yard. The lad has been stimulated by some fellow-workmen with a large allowance of beer, and this, together with the exciting event of the day, had made him so indifferent to food, that the old lady, very unwillingly, is compelled to leave the carefully prepared comforts to take their chance in the course of the afternoon. Such domestic events go on, no matter what great interests are hanging in the balance. Dinners were brought to workmen by careful wives and mothers at the building of the Tower of Babel, and why not at the launch of the Leviathan? The welfare of her greasy, muddy son, was of more moment to the clean, old, widowed mother, than the great, sullen carcass which one hundred thousand people were so anxious to see floating on the waters.

On all occasions of this kind you meet with a good deal of character, brought out by the surrounding circumstances. There is the practical man, bloated with all the traditions of the past, but a hopeless blank as to the future; who would rather cling to the inventions and appliances that we have, than fly to others that he knows not of. He is, at the present time, a good representative of those men, laughed at now, who backed a Margate hoy against the first locomotive engine that ever ran on rails, and who considered the man who first proposed to light London with gas a dangerous lunatic of the Guy Fawkes' breed, against whom every man's hand ought to be turned who did not wish to see his home in flames, and his children calined.

Such men as these were very plentiful on the morning of the third of November, standing in the centre of a little attentive

group, and delivering such oracular phrases as, "Wood, sir, never did it before, and it will never do it again!" confidently setting their opinions, the result of five minutes' hasty, superficial, and untrained examination, against the plans of men who have thought and dreamed of nothing else than the great work before them, day and night, for many weary years.

Then, there were fussy men,—probably shareholders in the Company to the extent of one small share,—who were taking out the value of their individual subscription in a minute examination of every part of the complex and powerful machinery, and who were begging the visitors to keep back, as an attendant clown clears the ring for a tumbler.

Then, there were important men of stately forms, clad in double breasted coats and waistcoats, who awed you with authoritative glances like incarnate beades. They must have been directors, or sworn friends of directors, for Board-room was written in every line of their important countenances.

Of more real importance in connection with the event of the day were those two muddy, anxious ordinary working men, looking like a decent master carpenter, and his attendant foreman, whose minds and bodies were too much occupied to afford time or inclination for any pose plastic of official dignity. They were Mr. Brunel, the engineer, and Mr. Harrison, the captain of the *Leviathan*: the former almost bent double with fatigue, and the latter with every particle of the salt-sea captain drawn out of him during his long residence in Mr. Scott Russell's ship-building yard.

Then, there were fidgeting men, who tried to catch the eye of persons in high authority, upon the strength of having met them once or twice somewhere at dinner. You could hear such men saying to friends: "I know Brown very intimately; very nice fellow, Brown; if I could only get hold of Brown for half a second, he would put that matter right in an instant." "That matter" generally referred to a rebuff they had met with from a muddy policeman, who prevented them rushing into a position of imminent peril.

Then there were pretty little groups of elegantly dressed ladies, carefully escorted by an attentive cavalier through the wet, slippery clay, over splintered timbers, and across chains and cables, to some position supposed to be more than ordinarily interesting, for the purpose of exclaiming: "La! Amelia, isn't it wonderful!"

Then there were adventurous spirits amongst the directors, who would get into positions of danger, to the great horror of their wives and daughters; and who seemed disposed to counsel the whole Board, with the Chairman at their head, to go down with their capital and their venture to a man.

The river, about two o'clock in the afternoon, presented the appearance of a solid mass of human beings outside the limits prescribed by the *Leviathan* authorities. Jolly young watermen were in charge of crews such as they had never seen since the first steamer was launched upon the Thames. There were coal-barges, lumpy Scotch and Hamburg steamers, Dutch galliots, skiffs and cutters, barks, schooners, and sloops, neat little Chelsea steamers, worn-looking Woolwich boats, ambitious Gravesend crafts, police barges, floating-engines, mooring-barges, fishing-smacks, fruit vessels, light jaunty yachts, and grimy colliers from Sunderland. I think I see the little, dirty, naval drudge on board the *Bounding Betsy*, from Shields, looking up with awe and admiration at the great vessel which overshadows him, and wondering if he will ever be on board such a craft. There must be some charm in the sea for this poor lad, which our wisdom does not enable us to measure. His life seems hard enough; his berth is grimy; his hands and face are grimy; his food is grimy, for he crunches the coal-dust as he eats his pork and greens; his captain is grimy; the cook, who is also the chief mate, is grimy; and the two able seamen are grimy. He has to obey orders from every grimy mouth, and occasionally he gets a stout cuff from a grimy fist. He has little or no bed during the short grimy voyage, and his life is passed amidst coal-dust and water. Yet the lad is happy and cheerful; and if his old mother wishes to keep him on land, she must chain him up strongly to the cottage-door. I wonder whether the captain of the *Leviathan* was ever such a boy? I know many great captains who were.

A general spirit of reckless daring seems to animate the majority of the visitors. They delight in insecure platforms; they crowd on small, frail, house-tops; they come up in little cockle-boats, almost under the bows of the great ship. In the yard, they take up positions where the sudden snapping of a chain, or the flying out, under severe pressure, of a few heavy rivets, would be fraught with consequences that they either have not dreamed of, or have made up their minds to brave. Many in that dense floating mass on the river and the opposite shore would not be sorry to experience the excitement of a great disaster, even at the eminent risk of their own lives. Others trust with wonderful faith to the prudence and wisdom of the presiding engineer, although they know that the sudden unchecked falling over or rushing down of such a mass into the water would, in all probability, swamp every boat upon the river in its immediate neighbourhood, and wash away the people on the opposite shore. Everything about the yard and the vessel is large, and rough, and strong; and many who contemplate these things become, in imagination, large, rough, and strong likewise. If

the feeblest visitor in the yard was suddenly asked to lift half-a-ton weight, or hold a chain against a tugging power of six horses, he would turn up his cuffs and try.

The mass that has to be launched, or pushed into the water, weighs twelve thousand tons. It is as high as an ordinary church, and exactly the length of the Art Treasures' Building at Manchester; or, to convey the dimensions more approximately to the mind of a Londoner, we may tell him that the length, breadth, and height of the Leviathan corresponds very nearly to the length, breadth, and height of Great George Street, Westminster. This measures the mere shell of the vessel; for, when it is finished and has its crew and cargo on board for voyaging, it will be more than double its present weight. The problem to solve, then, out of the pen-and-ink abstraction, and the undisturbed solitude of a civil engineer's office, and in the broad light of day, before a hundred thousand eager, trusting, sceptical, anxious spectators, is, to let down an iron hull gradually into the water, six hundred and eighty feet (or nearly one-eighth of a mile) long, eighty-three feet broad, sixty feet high, and weighing nearly twelve thousand tons. This is the task that Mr. Brunel has undertaken. He stands in a very different position from that of a great military or naval commander on a grand emergency: they employ great forces to destroy; he employs them to preserve. On one side he has the capital of the Company, to the extent of a million, under his charge; and on the other, many thousands of visitors to shield from injury or death. This task, also, Mr. Brunel has undertaken.

The army that he employs to carry out his orders, is rude and ill-organised, about two thousand in number, unaccustomed to work in unison, and strong and hearty as they look, practically useless without the aid of machinery. That aid the engineer has availed himself of very largely. Two steam-engines stationed at each end of the yard, opposite the head and stern of the vessel, operate by drawing in chains working round barges moored in the river, and acting to draw the vessel down its launching-ways. Four other barges are moored in the river, working drawing tackle equal in force to two hundred and fifty tons. These with the hydraulic pumps used on the land side to press the vessel forward, are the forces employed to overcome the reluctance of the Leviathan to move. There it stands, like a sulky monster, firm in its two cradles, at the top of its launching ways, which slope down gently to the water's edge, well covered with lamp-black and grease. The machinery used to keep the great vessel back, and prevent its plunging too hastily into its new element, injuring itself and every one near it, is two enormous cables, the links of which are as thick as a man's thigh; rolled round drums as high as a small house, and governed by

four windlasses, two to each drum. This, with the two thousand navvies and workmen, standing like terriers at rat-holes, waiting for orders, is the power placed in Mr. Brunel's hands to use for one object—the launch of the Leviathan, twelve thousand tons weight—on the third of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, at one o'clock in the day.

At that hour, everything being in readiness, the operation commences, and for some few minutes no result is visible. All at once, a loud, united shout is heard, and those at the stern-cable see the head of the vessel slide some little distance down the ways. In an instant afterwards—before the shout has died away—the huge mass quivered from head to foot, and the stern part follows the lead of the head with a grinding crash and sullen roar, and in two seconds, before the dazzled eyes of the people have scarcely realised the fact, the mighty vessel has slipped six feet down her ways, like a boy down a slide. The stern cable drum savagely pays out its gigantic chain, and one of the windlasses revolves with frightful rapidity, hurling a dozen poor men, who are unprepared for the sudden movement, like acrobats, into the air, and in another moment they are lying bleeding, senseless, and writhing on the ground. The men at the other windlass—a mere handful—see that everything depends upon their redoubled efforts, and a dozen strong, earnest arms, aided by machinery, pull up the retreating monster—the twelve thousand tons—with a sudden check, and a quiver felt throughout its enormous length and breadth, as if it was the most tottering horse, or the most shaky cab that ever came out upon a night-stand. The engines stop, and a rush takes place towards the injured men; and, while they are being carried to the hospital in the arms of their fellow workmen—two of them to die, and baptise the Leviathan in blood—the shouts from the river and the opposite shore came wafted on the wind, from men who little know how much they are indebted to that handful of resolute men at the stern windlass.

After the lapse of one hour, the work is re-commenced, but the surly monster refuses to move. One of the drawing-chains snaps under extreme tension, and the hydraulic pressure pump gets out of order. At half past two o'clock, the launch of the Leviathan, as far as the public are concerned, is finally closed.

As I join the reluctant crowd, and file slowly out of the wet muddy yard into the outer chaos of drunken sailors, overflowing beer-shops, streaming houses, misty marshes, laden omnibuses, splashed broughams, independent cabs, and close, drizzling rain, I feel that, as the experiment of the day has demonstrated the power to propel and the power to check, the first important stage in the development of the great enterprise may

be considered as secure. The launch, continued through November, has not, at this present writing, been fully effected; but will, there is every hope, in spite of treacherous chains and dragging anchors, be speedily completed.

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.*

THE next encampment-ground at which we halted was close to a *dák* bungalow; and, during the day, there were several arrivals and departures: the travellers merely halting for an hour or so, while some refreshment was got ready. The Lieutenant, who appeared to know everybody in Hindoostan (I never met a person who did not know him) contrived to use his own phrase, to "screw a small chat out of each of them." On one occasion he returned to the tent richer than he left it. He carried in one hand a small basket containing preserved oysters, crystallised apricots, and captains'-biscuits, and in the other a stone bottle of Maraschino. Under his arm was a quantity of gauze, which he wanted for a veil, he said. These contributions he had levied from a lady who was going to Muttra, where her husband was an official of some magnitude. She had just returned from England, the Lieutenant informed me, and was looking as blooming as possible. To my question, "Do you know her?" he responded, "O, yes! she is one of my sixty."

"Sixty what?"

"First-cousins."

"All in India!"

"Every one of them. My good sir, I have at this moment, in the Bengal Presidency alone, upwards of two hundred and twenty relations and connexions, male and female, and every one of them—that is to say, the men and the boys—in the service of the government."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes. What is more, four-fifths of the number are in the civil service. I should have been in the civil service, too, only I was sent away from Haileybury for rebellion and card-playing. It is not an easy matter for me to go to any station in these provinces without finding a cousin in it."

"Do you know the assistant-magistrate of Agra?"

"Yes."

"Is he a cousin of yours?"

"He isn't. But his wife's father and my father were own brothers; so it amounts to pretty much the same thing."

"And do you know the judge of Jampore?" This was a gentleman to whom I had letters of introduction.

"Yes. His mother was my aunt."

"It must be dangerous," I suggested, "to express an opinion of anyone in India

in the presence of a man who has so very many relations."

"O, dear, no!" said the Lieutenant. "A man with such a frightful lot of connexions has no right to be—and is not generally—very sensitive. Bless me! if I had nothing to do but to stand up for my relations, I should run the risk of being perpetually knocked down. Life is much too short for that sort of thing. Therefore, when I hear any one abuse or reflect upon any relation or connexion of mine, I am invariably silent; or, if appealed to, express my indifference by a shrug of the shoulders."

Here we were interrupted by the old Soubahdar, who came to the door of the tent. He had dined, washed, smoked, slept, and had now got up to grumble. His huge teak box—which measured four feet by two, and two feet deep, and without which he never travelled—had received a slight injury, and of this he had come to complain. He said, that in the time of Lord Clive or Lord Lake, if such a thing had happened, the men in charge of the hackeries (carts) would have been hanged on the spot; and Phool Singh Brahmin, whose exertions, he alleged, prevented the utter destruction of the box, would have been promoted to the rank of *havildar*.

"Clive and Lake!" whispered the Lieutenant to me. "He talks like a leading article in a London newspaper." Then, turning to the old man, he inquired, "Would Lord Clive or Lord Lake have sanctioned your carrying about that beastly trunk on march at all?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"It is not true. Lord Clive and Lord Lake gained their victories by the help of self-denying men, who cheerfully endured any personal inconvenience; not by a parcel of old grumblers like yourself, who have no right to refer to the career of those illustrious men."

"Sahib, I was with Lord Lake's army."

"Then, that's the very reason that you ought not to be here."

"But our present Colonel, Sahib, was with Lord Lake."

"And I wish he was with Lord Lake now!"

"I shall report this, Sahib."

"Very well. Do!"

Whereupon the old officer left the tent, and the Lieutenant assured me that the Colonel, who was as imbecile as the Soubahdar, would cause the matter to be investigated, and that he, the Lieutenant, would, to a certainty, receive a severe reprimand.

"For what?" I asked.

"For not having made arrangements for the safe conveyance of the baggage, and for having treated with a want of courtesy a native commissioned officer of the regiment. I need scarcely tell you, that this reprimand will not in any way disturb my night's rest."

* See number 404, p. 12.

"But, the complainant will forget it," said I, "before he gets back to the regiment."
 "Forget it?" exclaimed the Lieutenant. "Forget it? A native—especially a native commissioned officer—forget a grievance? Catch that old man forgetting the slightest unpleasantness that has occurred to him during this march. He will, it is true, forget his present grievance to-morrow, when he has a fresh one; but, at the end of the journey they will be forthcoming in a lump."

This prophecy was destined not to be fulfilled; for, presently, a sepoy came to the Lieutenant, and reported that the Soubahdar was very ill. We hastened to the old man's tent, and found him, strange to say, in the last extremity. He was going very fast; but, nevertheless, he continued to gurgle forth a grievance. He demanded, with his last breath, why the East India Company did not give him his pay, as in Lord Lake's time, in Sicca rupees?

"You shall, in future, receive it in Sicca rupees," said the Lieutenant, bending over the old man, whose hand he grasped tightly.

"And will my past losses be made good?" he asked with awful energy.

"Yes," said the Lieutenant.

"It is well!" and the old man, slipped almost imperceptibly from one world to another.

That the old Soubahdar, who was upwards of eighty, had died of natural causes, there could be no question; but, clamorous as was the entire company for the interment of the body, the Lieutenant determined on taking it to Agra, for the purpose of a surgical examination. Meanwhile the old man's effects were scrupulously collected and put under seal.

We were now only twenty-six miles from Agra, the capital of the North West Provinces, and it was agreed to perform the distance in one march. We, therefore, started at sundown and travelled all night. The moon was shining brightly; the road was in excellent order; and, notwithstanding that the old Soubahdar was lying lifeless on the top of some of the treasure-boxes, the sepoys were in high spirits; and, on several occasions even jocular in respect to the deceased's weakness—that of perpetually grumbling.

Shortly after the day had dawned, I beheld on the distant horizon something like a large white cloud. Had we been at sea, I should have said it was a sail or an iceberg; to which it bore a very striking resemblance. I pointed it out to the Lieutenant, who smiled:

"Don't you know what that is?"

"No," I answered.

"Can't you guess?"

"No. What is it?"

"That is the famous Taj Mahal. That is the building that defies the most graphic pen in the world to do justice to its grandeur and

its transcendent beauty. Bulwer, in the *Lady of Lyons*, has a passage which sometimes reminds me of the Taj:

'A palace lifting to eternal summer
 Its marble halls from out a glossy bowler
 Of coolest foliage, musical with birds.'

But, how far short must any description of such a place fall! How far distant do you suppose we are from that building?"

"About two miles."

"Upwards of nine miles—as the crow flies! Yes, that is the Taj, the tomb of a woman—the wife of the Emperor Shah Jehan. The pure white marble of which it is built, was brought from Ajmere. For upwards of twenty-five years, twenty-five thousand men were employed, day by day, on that edifice. I am afraid to say how many millions it cost. The Mahrattas carried away the huge silver gates and made them into rupees. What became of the inner gate, which was formed of a single piece of agate, no one can say. The general opinion is, that it is buried somewhere in Bhurtapore. The original idea was to build a corresponding tomb on this side of the river for the Emperor himself, and connect the two by a bridge of white marble. A very pretty idea—was it not? Lord William Bentinck was for pulling the Taj down and selling the marble, or using it for building purposes."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all. He thought it was very impolitic to allow these gorgeous edifices to stand—these monuments of folly, extravagance and superstition, which served none but the worst of purposes, leading the natives to draw prejudicial comparisons between the simple and economical structures of the British and these stupendous and costly erections of the Mogul Emperors. And most assuredly our bungalows, churches, and other buildings do present a most beggarly appearance alongside these masses of polished marble and red stone. It looks as though we had no confidence in our hold of the country, and therefore would not go to any expense worth speaking of. Look at our court houses, in the civil lines, as that part of Agra is called,—a parcel of paltry brick and mortar pigeon holes, not to be compared with the tenements that the menial servants of the Emperors inhabited. Look at the Government House, the Metcalfe Testimonial, and other paltry European edifices."

"Surely," said I, "you would preserve rather than deface or destroy these magnificent works of art—these wonders of the world?"

"Works of art and wonders of the world they doubtless are; but, under existing circumstances, they are eyesores, and I would pull down everyone of them, and convert the material into useful buildings—barracks—splendid barracks for our British and native troops; hospitals, worthy of being called

hospitals; court-houses, churches, magazines, and so forth."

"But what barbarians the natives would think us!"

"What does that signify? Are we the conquerors of the country or are we not? As to what they would think of us, they can't think much worse of us than they do already. Do we not eat swine's flesh, and do not English ladies dance (the natives call it 'jumping about') and with men who are not their husbands? Barbarians? Why, the very dress that we wear renders us barbarians in their sight."

The sun had now risen high in the heavens, and his rays fell upon the Taj, which we were, gradually, approaching. I was wrapped in admiration, and wishing in my inmost heart that my talkative companion would cease, and leave me to gaze, in silence, on that glorious scene, when suddenly the procession halted, and the Lieutenant shouted out the word "Hulloa!" in a voice so loud that I was completely startled.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Matter!" the Lieutenant echoed me. "Matter? Look a-head! There is a wheel off one of those rickety carts, and those confounded boxes are scattered all over the road." Here the little officer bounded like an Indian-rubber ball from his seat, and, in a towering passion with all the world in general, but no one in particular, rushed to the spot where the disaster had occurred, and there began to fret, fume, and snort most violently.

"Hush, Sahib!" said one of the sepoys, saluting his officer very respectfully, "or you may wake the Soubahdar, and then what will happen?"

This appeal had the effect of restoring the Lieutenant to calmness and good-humour. He smiled, and seemed to feel that matters would certainly have been worse, and the delay more protracted, had the old man been alive and witnessed the accident.

One of the boxes was smashed to pieces, and the rupees were lying about in all directions—the sepoys picking them up, and searching for others in the dust and sand. I never witnessed a more ridiculous or grotesque scene than this: the native soldiers in their red coats and chacos, but with bare legs, and without shoes, kneeling, and sifting the earth through their fingers—the Lieutenant in his pyjama's and solar hat, a cheroot in his mouth, and in his hand the buggy whip, which he used as a bâton while giving his orders.

"Does this often happen?" I was tempted to ask.

"Constantly," was the Lieutenant's reply. "The Government have a bullock-train for the conveyance of stores, and even private individuals, by paying for the carriage, may have their goods taken from station to station; but in respect to treasure, we cling to

the old system. The military authorities apply to the magistrates, whose subordinates provide these hackeries, which were in vogue some five thousand years ago. And just observe those rotten boxes."

"Why are they not lined with cast iron or zinc?"

"It would be too expensive. The Government cannot afford it."

"But why should not the Government use its own bullock-train for the conveyance of treasure, instead of hiring these antiquated and rotten conveyances?"

"Because the bullock-train is under the post-office authorities; and the military authorities have nothing to do with the post-office authorities."

"Is that a reason?"

"No—nor is it rhyme; but it is a part of our Indian system, and, what is more, it is Government logic. However, I am not going to stop here all day. We will push on, and get into Agra for breakfast. The treasure will come all right enough, and I will be there to meet it at the office of the magistrate and collector."

We now took our seats in the old buggy. The hood was raised; the Syce sat behind, and off we went at a canter, which very soon became a gallop. In the parlance of the lieutenant, the old horse was indeed a ripper. When warm there was no holding him, and he went over his seven and a-half miles of ground in thirty-seven minutes. At the bridge of boats which crosses the Jumna, we met, by chance, the assistant-magistrate (the friend with whom I was going to stay, and the husband of the Lieutenant's first cousin). He was dressed in a pair of large jack-boots, corduroy breeches, a shooting-coat, and a solar helmet; and was riding an immensely powerful Cape horse. He did not recognise either of us at first, but pulled up, and turned round the moment the Lieutenant shouted out his name with the addition of "Old boy!"—household words in the mouth of the Lieutenant, for he not only applied them to things animate, but inanimate; for instance, his corkscrew, his tea-pot, his buggy, his watch, his hat, everything with him was an old boy, in common with the Lieutenant-Governor, or the general commanding the division.

After I had been greeted by my friend, who had been at a loss to account for my delay in reaching Agra—the Lieutenant thus addressed him:

"I say, old boy. Look here. I have a lot of treasure for you about seven or eight miles from this; but there has been a break-down. Send out a lot of fellows to give assistance will you?"

"Yes."

"And look here, old boy. There's a dead Soubahdar."

"A what?"

"A dead Soubahdar. He died suddenly,

and I don't wish him to be buried without an examination, because I bullied him mildly only a short time previous to his going out. You will manage that for me, old boy, won't you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"He died of old age, and his last grievance; but still I should like a medical man's certificate; just to satisfy the colonel, who served with him in Lord Lake's time, you know, and all that sort of thing."

"I can manage all that for you," replied the official, riding by the side of the buggy; "but push on, for the sun is becoming rather oppressive, and I have no hood to my saddle, remember."

My host and hostess made me as comfortable and as happy as any traveller could wish to be made. Of the former I saw little or nothing from eleven in the morning till three or four in the evening, for he was what is called a conscientious officer, and attended strictly to his work. During these hours I used to read, or pay a visit to the mess-rooms of a regiment where a billiard-table was kept. To the officers of the regiment I was introduced by Lieutenant Sixtie, previous to his return to his own corps. He stayed eight days in Agra—upon some plea or other—and sent his company on in advance of him.

Agra—that is to say, the society of Agra—was at the time split into two sections, the civil and the military. They were not exactly at open war; but there was a coolness existing between the two branches. They did not invite each other, and very very seldom exchanged calls. For me, who was desirous of seeing all parties, this was rather awkward; living, as I was, in the house of a civilian. So I resolved upon taking a small bungalow for a short period, and furnishing it in a mild and inexpensive manner. I was candid enough to confess to my host that, as I was in no way connected with either branch of the service, I was anxious to avoid taking any part in their local differences; and he had the good sense, not to press me to remain under his roof.

A few days after I had located myself in my bungalow, I received a call from a native gentleman, a Seik chieftain, who was, and now is, a state prisoner on a handsome stipend. He drove up to my door in a small phaeton, drawn by a pair of large black mules of incredible swiftness and agility. This fallen chieftain—a tall and powerfully built man—was no other than the renowned Rajah Lall Singh, who commanded the Seik cavalry at the battle of Ferozeshah, and who was subsequently Prime Minister at Lahore, during a portion of the time that the British Government undertook the administration of the Punjab on behalf of Maharajah Dulleep Singh. Lall Singh was now studying surgery. More than one medical officer in charge of the hospitals which he attended, informed me that the Rajah was already a

comparatively skilful operator, and could take off an arm or a leg with surprising dexterity. Notwithstanding his previous character—that of a sensualist and faithless intriguer: one, indeed, who had not been constant even to his own villainies—I could not help liking his conversation; which was humorously enlivened with imitations of English officers with whom he had come in contact and was entertaining to the last degree. His anecdotes, relating to the late Runjeet Singh, were peculiarly interesting; coming as they did from the lips of a man who had been so much in the company of that remarkable monarch, who in many respects resembled Napoleon the First, especially in the selection of the instruments of his power. "All his" (Runjeet's) "chief men," said the Rajah, "were persons of obscure origin: Tej Singh, Sawan Mull, Deenanauth, and the rest of them."

"But you were an exception?" said I.

"Indeed not," was his reply. "I began life as a muleteer, and hence my partiality for mules, perhaps."

After a while the Rajah invited me to take a drive with him to a house about two miles in the country, and situated on the banks of the Jumna. It was not his own house, which was then under repair, he said, but had been placed at his disposal by a friend. I thanked the Rajah, and stepped into his carriage; he followed me, seized the reins, shook the whip, and away we went at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

The garden-house, at which we soon arrived, was a spacious building of European architecture. It had formerly belonged to a general officer who had married a native woman of considerable wealth. The furniture was all of European make, and was arranged very much in the same manner as that in the Sahib Logue's apartments at Bhitoor. In point of quality it was also very much the same,—a portion costly, and the rest of a common description. This house, too, was constantly inhabited by English folks who sought a change of air for a few days. Since his removal to Agra, Lall Singh lived more like an European than a native, and had got into the habit of sitting at ease in a chair, instead of cross-legged, like a tailor, on the carpet. His dress was of the simplest and most unpretending character imaginable; and, with the exception of a signet-ring on his forefinger, he had no ornament on his person. The table of the apartment to which he conducted me was literally covered with surgical instruments,—saws, knives, scalpels of every size and shape. Amongst them I perceived a pair of swords, in wooden scabbards covered with rich green velvet, and ornamented with gold and precious stones. Observing that my eyes rested on these swords, he took one up, and remarked, "These have performed some curious operations in their time; but never in an

hospital. They have been used chiefly for taking off heads. This once belonged to Dhyan Singh, and that to Heera Singh, who were both assassinated. They are of Damascus steel, and are sharper than any of these knives or scalpels. I have sent a number of swords to England to have them made into surgical instruments." Here our conversation was interrupted by a domestic, who announced—

"THE LALLAH SAHIB;"

and presently a native gentleman walked, or rather limped (for he was lame of the right leg) into the room, and made a very graceful salaam, first to the Rajah and then to myself. He was rather short in stature, but very stoutly built, and about forty years of age. His eyes were full of intelligence and vigour, and his features regular and well-shapen. His manners were easy, affable, unassuming, and modest, and his attire as plain and quiet as possible.

"This gentleman, Sahib," said the Rajah, addressing me, "is a great friend of mine. This house belongs to him. A strange world is this! Only a few years ago I offered a reward of a lac of rupees (ten thousand pounds) for his head, or two lacs to any one who would bring him alive to my tent."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and if I had caught him, how changed would have been the whole face of affairs in this country!"

"How so?"

"This gentleman was the contractor for the British army; and, if I had got hold of him, the army could not have been supplied."

"But why was he worth more alive than dead?" I asked with a laugh, in which the native gentleman heartily joined.

"Because," returned the Rajah, coolly, "if we had secured him alive we would have made him feed us with the supplies bought with his own money; which should also have paid the reward for his capture. This, by the way, was claimed by several who brought in heads, alleging that each was the head of the Lallah the contractor; but the attempted imposition was discovered, and the perpetrators were themselves decapitated."

Unlike Hindoos and Mussulmans, who drink in secret, Lall Singh drank neat brandy openly; and, rising from his chair, he administered unto himself a couple of glasses—or rather a tumbler half-filled—on this occasion. He could take more than two bottles of brandy without being in the least intoxicated. This was owing, of course, to the circumstance that he consumed considerable quantities of bhang; just in the same way that an opium-eater is rarely or never affected by drinking deeply of wine.

The Rajah's visitor, the Lallah Jootepersad, had a grievance, and a rather substantial one. He had claimed from the Government fifty-seven lacs of rupees (half a

million and seventy thousand pounds sterling) as the balance due to him for feeding the armies employed during the two Seik campaigns; and the Government had threatened to prosecute him, in one of their own courts, for an attempt to make an overcharge of forty thousand rupees, or four thousand pounds.

"And if they understand the principles of good government thoroughly," said the Rajah, "they will convict you, imprison you for life, and confiscate all your possessions, real and personal. That is the way the Lahore Durbar would have settled so large a claim. But the Indian Government has not the courage to act in that way."

"But I have not attempted to make an overcharge; and if my agents have done so, let it be deducted, if it be incorrect," said the Lallah.

"You are a criminal," said the Rajah.

"How so?" asked the Lallah.

"You say the Government owes you fifty-seven lacs?"

"Yes—and honestly."

"Well, is not that enough to warrant your being transported for life, or hanged? But, as I have told you, the Government has not courage to prosecute you."

In this opinion, however Lall Singh was in error; for, that very night, the Lallah was informed that he was, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner, and must not leave Agra. The firm belief of every native, not only in the district but throughout India, was, that these proceedings had been taken to evade payment of the contractor's just demands. But the Lallah himself was the first to deny this assertion, and to declare that the prosecution arose out of the circumstance of the Commissary-General being a near relative of the Governor-General of India; that a civilian in power had a quarrel with the Commissary-General, and had represented, semi-officially, that great frauds had been committed, and there could be no question that the heads of the departments were cognisant of such frauds; that the Governor-General, anxious that the honour of a member of his ancient family should be cleared up, had determined upon a strict investigation; and that the civilian in question suggested the public prosecution of the contractor as the speediest and most satisfactory means of arriving at the result! And such was the opinion of many officers of the Government, civil and military.

The contractor, however, was eventually acquitted, and the Government paid the bill. But, to this day, the natives of India believe that the object of the Government was to cheat their creditor; while the officers, civil and military, are equally sanguine that it was "the honour of the family" that led to the most extraordinary and protracted trial that ever was known in India, and which was emphatically denounced, by the press

and public of every country in Europe, as absurd, unjust, and shameful. Nevertheless, Jootepersâd cannot have harboured any revenge for the wrongs (involving disgrace and dishonour) which were heaped upon him; for it is he who has fed, since July last, the five thousand Christians during their incarceration in the fortress of Agra; and, amongst the number of civilians there shut up, is the gentleman who conducted the prosecution on the behalf of the Government, and who, in the execution of his duty, strove very hard indeed for a verdict of guilty. Without Jootepersâd we could not have held Agra.

When the sun had gone down, and it was cool enough to walk abroad, Lall Singh led me into the extensive gardens which surrounded his temporary abode. The Lallah had left us, and I was now alone with the ex-Commander of the Seik Cavalry and the ex-Prime Minister of Lahore. I felt much more pleasure in his society than I should have felt had he been in the plenitude of his power; for he bore his altered condition with great dignity and cheerfulness, and discoursed upon all sorts of topics without any restraint or reserve. He even talked about the Ranees of Lahore—with whom his name had been so frequently coupled—and with a chivalrous spirit (whether his assertions were true or not is another matter) assured me that his intrigues with her had been confined exclusively to politics. I asked him where this helpless woman had fled to, after her miraculous escape from Benares, in the garb of a man? He replied that he knew not. He was sure she was not in Nepal—where the authorities supposed her to be—but somewhere in our own provinces.

"Was she a beautiful woman?" I asked.

"No—and never had been," was his reply. "But she had eyes which could charm like those of a snake, and a voice sweeter than that of a bird."

"They say she was the Messalina of the East," and I explained to him what the allusion signified.

"It is not true," he exclaimed vehemently. "She was a vain and clever woman; but the very opposite of the character that she has been described. She was proud of the influence she possessed over men in making them subservient to her will and her caprices."

"Had she great power over Runjeet Singh?"

"None. She was his doll, his plaything, and the only being who could calm him when he had the horrors. Nothing more."

"How the horrors?"

"Runjeet Singh began life as a petty chieftain, with a few hundred followers. He acquired a vast kingdom, and had the most powerful army that the East ever saw, or will see. Whilst he went on conquering, shedding blood, and plundering, he was easy in his mind; but, when he found that he had got as much as he could manage, he stopped; and

then came his disquiet. His great fear then was that he could not retain what he had become possessed of—and his chief horror was that the Koh-i-noor would be carried off—that diamond which Runjeet Singh stole, and which the Ranees had worn a thousand times as a bracelet. That diamond which is now in the crown of England."

"Where did it come from originally?"

"No one can say that. The history of the Koh-i-noor has yet to be written. Did you ever see a likeness of Runjeet Singh?"

"Never."

"Then I will show you a very faithful one; a miniature taken by a famous painter who came from Delhi, and spent his life in Lahore. The Malarajah was a diminutive, shrivelled man, frightfully pitted with the small-pox, which had destroyed one of his eyes; but with the other he could gaze for an hour without ever winking. He had a shrill and squeaking voice; but it terrified those who heard it, especially when he was angry. He did not talk much; but he was a great listener. Then, shrivelled and emaciated, as he was, in his later years, he was possessed of immense physical strength, when roused; and, upon horseback, where skill could be exercised, few men in his kingdom could have disarmed him."

"Indeed?"

"He inspired all those who approached him—whether European or native—with respect mingled with intense fear."

Our conversation was here interrupted by a gardener, who presented the Rajah and myself, respectively, with a nosegay; and who volunteered the information, that some workmen, in digging the foundation for a vine trellis had come upon an old house under the earth, and in it had been found several gold and silver coins.

"Where?" asked the Rajah.

"There!" said the gardener, pointing in the direction.

We hurried to the spot, and found that the workmen had gone; but sure enough, there were the walls of an apartment, formed of red stone and white marble.

"This quarter of Agra," said the Rajah to me, "was formerly inhabited by persons of the highest rank. Where we are now standing was, no doubt, once the site of a palace; and these walls are those of the ty-khana—a vault beneath the dwelling from which the light is excluded. In these dark places are usually perpetrated what you, English, call 'dark deeds.'"

I expressed a desire to explore this newly discovered apartment of former days; but the Rajah told me it was then too late, as the workmen had gone; but he promised me that if I would come to him at daylight, on the following morning he would have great pleasure in gratifying my curiosity.

On the following morning, having spent a very dreary night, I was carried in my

palanquin to the Jatnee Bagh. Such was the name of the Jootepersád's garden-house, in which Lall Singh then resided. The Maharajah was dressing, I was confronted by a Seik with an enormous beard, whose hair was a yard long and tied up in a peculiar knot on the top of his head, and who politely inquired if I would take coffee. Ere long the Rajah made his appearance, and we went together to the newly discovered ty-khana, which was now guarded since gold and silver had been found there. The workmen, some twenty in number, came and commenced their labour: that of clearing away the earth in all directions, in order to get to the bottom of the apartment in the ty-khana. This was accomplished in about two hours, and we then stood upon a stone-floor in the centre of a room, about sixteen feet square. In several of the niches were little lamps, such as are burnt upon the tombs of Moslems, and a hookah and a pair of marble chairs were found in this subterraneous apartment; of which the sky was now the roof. Whilst examining the walls, I observed that, upon one side, there was a ledge about six feet high from the floor (and carried up therefrom), and about a foot in width. This ledge, which was of brick and plaster, resembled a huge mantel-piece, and was continued from one end of the apartment to the other. I asked the Rajah the reason of such a structure in the apartment. He replied that he did not know, nor could any of the workmen account for it; one of them, however, took a pick-axe and dug out a portion, when, to my surprise and horror, I discovered that in this wall a human being had been bricked up. The skin was still upon the bones, which were covered with a costly dress of white muslin, spangled all over with gold; around the neck was a string of pearls; on the wrists and ancles were gold bangles, and on the feet were a pair of slippers, embroidered all over with silver wire, or thread; such slippers as only Mahomedan women of rank or wealth can afford to wear. The body resembled a well-preserved mummy. The features were very distinct, and were those of a woman, whose age could not, at the time of her death, have exceeded eighteen or nineteen years. The head was partially covered with the white dress. Long black hair was still clinging to the scalp, and was parted across the forehead and carried behind the ears. It was the most horrible and ghastly figure that I ever beheld.

The workmen appeared to take this discovery as a matter of course; or, rather, to regard it only with reference to the gold and silver ornaments upon the skeleton, and it was with great difficulty that I could prevent their stripping it forthwith. As for the Rajah, he simply smiled and coolly remarked: "A case of jealousy. Her husband

was jealous of her, and thought her guilty, and punished her thus,—bricked her up alive in this wall, with no room to move about, only standing room. Perhaps she deserved it,—perhaps she was plotting against his life; perhaps she was innocent: who can say? Hindoos as well as Mahomedans punish their wives in that way."

"You mean that they used to do so in former times, previous to British rule in India. But such a thing could not occur in our time."

"It does not occur so often as it did; but it does occur, sometimes, even in these days. How do you know what happens in the establishment of a wealthy native? Let us look a little further into the wall. It strikes me that we shall find some more of them."

Orders were given accordingly to the workmen to remove, with great care, the whole of the ledge, in short, to pull away its entire face. This was done; and how shall I describe the awful spectacle then presented? In that wall there were no less than five bodies,—four besides that already alluded to. One of the number was a young man, who from his dress and the jewels on his finger-bones, must have been a person of high rank: perhaps the lover of one, or both, of the young women; for he had been bricked up between two of them. The others were evidently those of confidential servants; old women, for they had grey hair. They possibly had been cognisant, or were supposed to be cognisant, of whatever offence the others had been deemed guilty.

The sun was now shining brightly on these ghastly remains, covered with garments embroidered in gold and silver. The air had a speedy effect on them, and, one by one, they fell; each forming a heap of bones, hair, shrivelled skin, dust, jewels, and finery. The latter were now gathered up, placed in a small basket, and sent to the Lallah. Their value, possibly, was upwards of a thousand pounds. How many years had passed since that horrible sentence had been put into execution? Not less than one hundred and seventy, or perhaps two hundred.

VESTIGES OF PROTECTION.

I AM a stern, unflinching, thoroughgoing free-trader. Whenever I use a cab, I give a cabman whatever he thinks proper to demand; and when any regulation comes out about omnibus-fares, I shall pay no more regard to it than I do to the orders of the Trinity Board. That's my character—firm and consistent.

I like clean boots. I may be stout and puffy as regards figure; but my feet are always neat. Much, however, as I covet clean boots, I will not have them polished by a gaudy little Protestant ruffian, clad in red sackcloth, like a drummer in the Spanish

legion, or another gaudy little Catholic ruffian, clad in yellow or blue sackcloth, like a badly-dressed jockey at Newmarket. I hate a Protestant shoeblack as I hate a Protestant champion at a Parliamentary election; and I hate a Catholic shoeblack in the same proportion. I do not deal with a Protestant baker, I do not employ a Protestant sweep, I do not patronise a Protestant butcher, and I will not encourage a Protestant shoeblack. I am not clothed by a Catholic tailor, I am not shaved by a Catholic barber, my dustbin is not emptied by a Catholic dustman, and I will not have my boots cleaned by a Catholic shoeblack.

I will not allow the police to be the sole judges of markets. I will not, without protest, give them the power to determine when any street trade is overstocked, and to say—"So far shall you go, and no farther." If there is such a demand for good boot-cleaning, let it be fully supplied, until four stock-brokers are polished off for one penny instead of one. Let the plinth of every column, the base of every statue, the recess of every archway, bristle with unfettered shoeblacks, plying their useful trade in sublime indifference to the periodical passing to and fro of the hateful obstructive officer of the law. Why should I in a free country—a tax-payer of thirty years' standing—be left in front of the Royal Exchange, in the broad glare of a summer's day, in the ridiculous position of having one trouser-leg tucked up, and the other not—with one boot polished and the other not; or, which is equally annoying, with one boot shining like a mirror, and the other presenting a dead, dull surface of wet blacking that has gradually got dry, because I have employed a shoeblack unlabelled as Protestant or Catholic? Why should I, for the same reason, be subject to the indignity of having a boy with a foot-box, blacking-bottle, and shoe-brushes slung over his shoulders, beckoning me round the corner of a banking-house, as if I was playing touch or hi-bob-ree, or taking a part in some nefarious proceeding? Why, Administrative Reformer, should I be condemned to a weary pilgrimage about town, with one boot muddy and the other polished, to find a legally qualified Protestant or Catholic shoeblack to restore the ornamental balance under the protection of the police? I say again, Why?

Why am I interrupted, in the middle of a purchase of a few ribstone pippins, because my unfortunate fruiterer stands behind an old basket in the street, instead of a massive mahogany counter inside a magnificent plate-glass shop? Why do I see her flying across the road at the approach of a policeman, scattering her wares in the frightful hurry of the transit. Why am I ordered into a flashy dépôt, to give sixpence for a peach, paying for all the gorgeous fittings which I do not want, and which I detest, when I can buy the same, if not a better article outside, if

the law would only allow me, for one penny! Why are humble traders to be prevented from supplying me with the exact thing that I want, at the exact time that I want it, and at the lowest possible price, because their capital will not allow them, or their trade does not require them, to stand anywhere else than in the gutter? I ask again, Why?

I hate shams; and I ask why my place of dissipation is sometimes called a Casino, and sometimes a Dancing Academy? I want to know why a thing that is considered to be rotten, utterly bad, and to be exterminated at any cost in the parish of Saint Stratilace the Martyr, can be immediately transplanted, to flourish in the adjoining parish of All Serene? I want to know what earthly good a licensing system is, which merely alters the title of a place from Casino to Dancing Academy, the thing itself remaining the same?

I cannot imagine, for a moment, why any public-house, which has already got full permission to sell any quantity of the fiery, maddening liquors which eat into mind and body, and soul, should be refused the power of tempering that permission with a little harmless music. I may sit for hours on a tub in front of a glittering bar drinking the awful poison, in the company of half-palsied juniper idiots, and no one will interfere with me in the name of the law; but if I go into a spacious, well-lighted building, at the rear of the house, and join a large and comparatively well-conducted audience of common people who have learned to drink less, and to seek harmless amusement more, and if the man who is singing on the small stage, and the little orchestra which accompanies him are not licensed pursuant to the twenty-fifth of King George the Second, I stand a chance of spending my night in the comfortless cell of a police-station for taking part in an illegal entertainment.

I want to know what purpose that part of the licensing system serves, which is applied to the regulation of the sale of intoxicating drinks. I am sure of one great fact that supplied how, when, or where it is, a certain quantity of gin, for example, will be used in this country at a certain price within a certain time. If the licensing system has any effect it deteriorates the quality of all the gin sold in the given time, without decreasing the quantity directly, or through the operation of an increase in price. Supply and demand will fit into each other in spite of supposed legislative restrictions. The licensing system, by increasing the cost of supply, in this case, has given the consumer turpentine instead of gin, for the consumer will not have his quantity lessened or his price raised, and the supplier meets the difficulty by adulteration.

If gin was sold to-morrow at every apple-stall,—if rum-punch was manufactured and laded out at street-corners like stewed eels, and if beer was hawked about in cans from

house to house, like milk, does any reflecting man suppose that our workhouses, our prisons, and our lunatic asylums would be overrun with paupers, thieves, and madmen more than they are now? When men resort to those very convenient and unmolested dens of vice, whose outward shell of apparent virtue consists of a teapot, a French roll, two stale eggs, and the word Coffee written in prominent letters upon the shop-window-blind; they find a strange charm in drinking the forbidden fire-water in a teacup, long after midnight, purely because they are engaged in something which the law, in its wisdom, has thought proper to prohibit. When the night-cabman goes over to the very early breakfast-stall, and behind the friendly shelter of the bacon, the coffee-cups, and the quartern loaves, asks the guileless proprietor, with a wink, for a drop of "physic," he does so, in many cases, for no other reason than because the "physic" is a little more difficult to get at than coffee. When once the great intoxicating drink-selling monopoly is broken up, and the trade is not confined to a number of metropolitan licensed palaces, dram-drinking, divested of all its meretricious and alluring adjuncts, is likely to decrease in proportion as it descends to the common-place level of the oyster-stall and the baked potato-can.

So much for trade restrictions; now for certain branches of commerce that are more free than welcome.

Why do I find stall-keepers limited, and heterodox shoeblacks forbidden under the pretext that they interfere with the street traffic, when I cannot walk down any large trading thoroughfare without being compelled to pass under groves of cabbages, groves of carpet brooms, groves of blucher boots, and groves of legs of mutton? Why should I be edged into the gutter because little Reels, the haberdasher, has once, during a long trading career, received an enormous truss full of some stuff or another from the country, and he likes to keep it on the pathway in front of his shop the whole day long, that his neighbours may see what a gigantic trade he is doing, and that his rival over the way may be driven mad with envy? Why should I be edged into the gutter because old Yoicks, the saddler, or young Strawbottom, the upholsterer, has positively packed up ten wooden cases, the size of egg-chests, which he places across the pavement for several days, that the public may see they are directed to no less a person than "His Excellency the Right Honourable Lord Peppercraft, Ramihumbug, East Indies?"

Why am I, in the heat of a summer's day, condemned to walk under long avenues of meat; sirloins of beef far from fresh, melting

loins of mutton, and sheep slung up by their legs, with their bleeding noses and cracked crowns daugling at my feet, because a little knot of butchers have found it profitable and convenient to extend their trade from the narrow limits of their shops, under awnings carried across the pathway, flush with the gutter? Why am I hustled under the unwelcome shade by greasy bullies, who ask me in stentorian tones, to buy, intimidating me all the while with knives of fearful aspect?

Why am I brought to a dead stand under a similar awning, because an enterprising green-grocer has blocked up the way with greens and carrots, four or five sacks of coals, and half-a-dozen large baskets of potatoes?

Why am I compelled to wend my weary way under large tin baths and warming-pans, gents' Wellingtons at seven-and-six, firkins of butter, and second-hand perambulators, intermixed with easy chairs and fenders?

If the policeman is to be left the sole arbiter of the destinies of trade, I do not think he should be allowed to compound for undue leniency to a compact phalanx of encroaching shopkeepers, by excessive severity to a body of weak, poor, disunited, struggling, houseless traders.

If law-making is to be anything but an inflated sham, it will be well for our legislators to see that they do not put down names, but realities.

If we are to guide ourselves by the great principle of free trade, let us carry it into the very smallest nooks and crevices of commerce. There is no reason why we should have a penny fixed arbitrarily as the price for boot-cleaning, when a halfpenny might suffice; and there is certainly no reason why a lad should be subject to an examination in one of the two great schools of theological doctrine, before he is considered worthy to be entrusted with a blacking-bottle.

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A LESSON LOST UPON US.

OFFICIAL in a subterranean Downing Street, there is a certain Morpheus to whom, once upon a time in the days of the Faery Queene, were brought tidings of work that must be done :

"The messenger approaching, to him spake,
But his waste words return'd to him in vain :
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
So rudely he him thrust, and push'd with pain,
Whereat he 'gan to stretch : but he again
Shook him so hard, that forc'd him to speak."

Once on a time, in the days of Queen Victoria, there were brought tidings to the Somnus of our own dearly beloved Downing Street, concerning work that must be done at once with energy in the Crimea. An army sent but lately from our shores was perishing for want of proper shelter, clothing, food, and rest. The messenger was the newspaper correspondent, whose waste words returned to him in vain, until he thrust rudely with home truths more painful than Englishmen can bear, even though they be set apart and shut off from the vulgar toil and moil of men by official doors, with druggot over-cast, and blessed with clerks who—

"Wakeful dogs, before them far do lie,
Watching to banish care, their enemy."

The state sleeper then stirred in his bed, and, being further shaken, spoke and said, Let all be done that should be done. Let the troops have proper shelter, clothing, food, and rest. Let filth be cleared out from among them. Let them live.—And they did live. Never was there a more conspicuous example furnished of what a great nation can do if it tries. An army, managed in defiance of the laws of health, was perishing. The laws of health were obeyed, and, as the immediate consequence of this obedience, Death gathered his black skirts about him and stepped out of camp. The troops in the East became absolutely healthier than the men of the household brigade living in English garrison ; there was less death among them than there usually is among the quiet citizens who stay at home.

But, when the Morpheus of the days of Gloriana, Queene of Faerie, had done the bit

of work he was constrained to do, what was his next proceeding ? It is recorded of him that he

"down did lay
His heavy head, devoid of careful cark,
Whose senses all were straight benumb'd and stark."

Precisely the same course was taken by the Official Somnus. Having allowed the world to see that pestilence can be checked in mid career ; that an army encamped far away from England can have sickness banished from its huts ; that soldiers on the tented field can be made more robust than English ploughmen, if only there be due attention paid to the requirements of man's body ; having allowed, during one moment of trial, use to be made of that knowledge of the day which should be brought to bear upon the whole day's work ; our government fell fast asleep again. It has been said, If any man compel you to walk a mile, go with him twain. The government of England having been compelled forward a mile, considers itself bound in honour to go back a mile as soon as the constraint is at an end. The soldier, whom it was found possible to care for properly when he was stationed thousands of miles away from the supplies required for him, has come home to his old wallow in English barracks, where he lives next door to the supplies that never come ; deprived of half the necessaries, and all the decencies, of life. Bands of men, without whose aid in the commissariat and in the field-works an army could not thrive when in the field, were called into existence, trained by strict experience of war, and then dispersed. The very next men sent from England to a distant shore are welcomed by disease and hunger at the landing-place. The first four thousand of the troops coming as reinforcements into India—troops intercepted on their way to China—were for many days, because there was no house-room provided for them, left on board crowded transports, moored in the river at Calcutta, during the most unhealthy month of the year. Even the men of the Fifty-third regiment, that had been for some time at Calcutta and Barrackpore, went forty-eight hours without food when upon guard during the Mohurrum. Steamer after steamer broke down with the Marine Brigade under Captain Peel. There was not

a commissariat officer in Allahabad when General Neill arrived there; and fugitives from that town, conveyed down the Ganges in government steamers, suffered from hunger which in one case at least, ended in death.

If it be said that the beginning of the Indian Revolt, like the beginning of the siege in the Crimea, took us by surprise; and, if we be pooh-poohed for considering that a well-organised system ought to know how to stand the shock of a surprise, let us look simply at the garrisons at home. Nothing seems to have been learned from the great lesson taught before Sebastopol. How well it was taught we shall show presently: how little has been learnt from it by government officials we remark at once, with shame. Nothing whatever has been done to amend the gross defect of ventilation in the barracks of this country. There is still only one way of cooking soldiers' meat officially recognised: it is invariably boiled. The private soldier has but one tin vessel from which to drink his tea, beer, physic, or whatever else it may become his fate to drink. We must disgust our readers, too, by adding that here, at home, where every convenience is accessible at small cost, in some instances his only washing tub is used for such other unmentionable purposes, that the economy exercised on behalf of the nation, in this matter, causes frequent inflammation of the eyes among its victims. We read of barracks in one English county town which have their kitchen and their dead-house side by side under one roof; the stench from the dead-house passing through sloping shutters into the kitchen, to perfume the dinners of the men.

Now, let us con over again that Crimean lesson, which we cannot have too perfectly by heart. In England, the Sanitary Commission, and in France, M. Baudens who was sent out to the French army on special mission as a Medical Inspector, made, during the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, their experience public. From other sources, also, minute information is accessible. More emphatic and instructive lesson upon public health the nations never have received.

When the allied armies landed on the shores of the Crimea, it was the belief of the English government that Sebastopol would be taken by a coup-de-main. It has since appeared that the fortress might have been so taken, and that it was not the English who, in that first critical time, held back. A considerable part of the French army had previous experience of the business of the field. The Englishmen, having only experience of English peace, were sent from quiet barracks, by a government slow to admit any new idea, and which required, at least, a twelvemonth to consider what new sort of provision might be necessary for the mainte-

nance of soldiers in their new position. Routine was in bewilderment. Stores were mis-sent, or stored improperly; roofs of huts were forwarded to one quarter of the world and walls to another; clothing sailed round the world, and then came home again; cooking became one of the lost arts, wholesome food a curiosity.

Our generals magnanimously undertook that every Englishman should do as much as two Frenchmen: that being the necessity imposed upon our soldiers by the proportion held between extent of lines and the force at disposal for trench duty. Hunger, exposure, want of sleep, and that wild strain of overwork which was the chief burden of the soldier's complaint when he came into hospital, produced horrible mortality in the winter of eighteen hundred and fifty-four. Survivors were compelled to add to their own overwork, much of the duty of sick comrades.

At first sight, it was natural—after breaking vials of wrath on the heads that should have taken thought concerning all these matters, and did not—it was natural, when the whole army seemed to be sickening and dying, to attribute much blame to our army medical system; and, as we heard nothing of the sufferings of the allies, it was not less natural to laud the French ambulance system, the French hygiene, the French method in everything. Time tries all. There is solid reason for believing, that at no time was the sickness and mortality in the French army, for three successive months, below the rate of sickness and death in the same months among the English.

Discreditable statistics were suppressed by the French government, when they referred to France; but, when they referred to England, they were proclaimed with just wrath by the English people. The correction of a fatal course was imperatively demanded. The nation was absolute and had its will. When peace was signed, the English army was in perfect vigour and high spirits, its hospitals were empty, its physicians out of work. The French army was rotten to the core. M. Baudens had to report to the Emperor, through the Minister of War "the critical situation in which the army of the East was placed by the invasion of typhus." An army scourged by typhus, means an army cursed with dirt, hunger, and foul air. The French medical system broke down far more hopelessly than ours did; because it was, much more than ours, the slave of the bureau. That may stand here for a moment as assertion only. We shall bring it presently to proof.

In the middle of February, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, while the horrors of that first Crimean winter were still filling our newspapers, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Gavin, and Mr. Rawlinson, the civil engineer, were appointed members of a Sanitary Commission,

which was, within three days of its appointment, to set out for the seat of war, investigate, state fully, and urge strongly, all matters relating to the preservation of health and life among the soldiery. They obtained leave to take with them Mr. Newlands, who, as Borough Engineer of Liverpool, had acquired experience in working the oldest local Sanitary Act in England; they took with them, also, three inspectors; and proceeded with all haste to the Crimea, where they were joined soon afterwards by Dr. Milroy.

At Scutari they found the great Barrack Hospital, with lofty rooms and insufficient windows, with corridors well-windowed, but crowded with a double row of beds, and placed in indirect communication with a Turkish sewer at the end of each; these sewers being loaded cesspools opening above the level of the sea. Certain winds blowing into the sewer mouths forced the foul gases through the corridors. Accordingly, a change of wind sometimes caused an accession of fever cases, and the aggravation of existing ailments. The wards and corridors being both occupied by sick, they could, in fact, be considered only as two hospitals built back to back, with the foul air in each intermingling by the doors. A considerable part of this building was, moreover, used as a *dépôt*, to the great risk of health among the soldiers stationed there. Though these and other faults were manifestly enough, the Barrack Hospital was infinitely better than it had been; for there, as elsewhere, the military and medical authorities had begun to amend what was most intolerable.

The Sanitary Commissioners ordered first, a system of constant scavenging and cleansing; secondly, the adoption of simple plans of ventilation for the rooms and corridors: thirdly, the ventilators, water-traps and tanks for flushing the sewers opening into the corridors, and constant ventilation across the end of each corridor, to which the sewer was attached. In the fourth place, they directed that there should be only one row of beds in a corridor, and that the allowance of breathing space to each patient, exclusive of ventilating shafts and window recesses, should not be less than a thousand cubic feet. They attended to water supply, ordered a frequent use of lime-wash on the walls, required all refuse to be instantly removed out of the building, and advised the speedy departure of all soldiers or persons not necessary for the care and comfort of the sick.

In this spirit, the Commissioners furnished directions also for the improvement of wholesomeness in other hospitals. In the General Hospital they found air poisoned by the sewerage. In the Palace Hospital, the harem apartments were found poisoned by foul exhalations caused by total want of drainage; the ball-room was more wholesome, but destitute

of ventilation. The Stable Hospital was so foul that its use had to be discontinued. The burial-ground for these Scutari hospitals being limited in extent, officers were buried singly; and men, wrapped in sheets, were laid side by side as closely as possible, twenty together, within shallow graves. As matter of health the fault was great, but we must not omit to say, that English soldiers' burials at Scutari and everywhere in the Crimea, were, on the whole, ordered most decently. All accounts tell of the tenderness shown by British soldiers towards sick comrades; of reverent interment of the dead; even in some Crimean burial-grounds; of a loving decoration of the grave, by men of the regiments to which they might belong. Health, nevertheless, required the establishment of certain rules; that, where many were buried together, each body should have a clear space of twelve inches on each side of it; that there should be no burial of men over men; that all graves should be at least six feet deep; that peat charcoal, instead of lime, should be laid over the bodies; and that no burial should take place during the heat of the day, when it was least safe for the living to assemble over bodies of the newly dead. Afterwards, in the case of all burial-grounds belonging to the British army, similar requirements were enforced. The other hospitals were in the same way cleansed and reformed. That of Kulali, standing on damp soil, was also placed over a basement, from which fifty Turkish dung-heaps, and two hundred Turkish cavalry horses, sent their exhalations up. There were two hospital ships on the Bosphorus, in which low typhoid fever had broken out. Their bilge-water was foul; their ventilation was bad; they were overcrowded with men who had been long prisoners to bed, in a low-ceiled, confined space; they were not properly lime-washed. Instructions were given for the remedy, as far as possible, of these defects. Bilge-water was pumped out, watched, deodorised, and often again pumped. The ships were cleansed and lime-washed; a system of ventilation was established; the number of occupants was reduced; and they were made to consist only of convalescents. The Royal Naval and Marine Hospital at Therapia, consisted of a Turkish private residence and a kiosk belonging to the Sultan, partly used for convalescents. The kiosk, situated in a fine garden, was airy and wholesome. The private residence had the defects usual in Turkish houses; and when used as a hospital, became a fever-nest. Low typhoid fever cases were bred, and prevailed through all the rooms. Three of nine female nurses were affected.

The Smyrna Hospital was a large Turkish barrack, well placed over a clean bit of coast, and exposed all day to the sea-breezes. It was open on two sides; and, on the other two sides, had the town of Smyrna coming close

up to its walls. Of the lower district of Smyrna, near the shore, a considerable part is built on piles over swamp, sewer, and banks composed of the town-filth. The narrow streets between such houses, especially those covered in from air and light to form bazaars thick with stench, are almost impassable for Europeans. They are not drained, paved, or cleaned in any rational and human sense. That there should ever be a house in them free from fever or the plague, is wonderful. A part of the directions given for protection of health in the hospital at Smyrna, was the daily cleansing of these streets, wherever they approached too near the building. There were foul open ditches, also, to fill up, choked drains to open, clear, and purify. Thorough ventilation was established, the unhealthy basement story was abandoned, water was filtered, walls were lime-washed, and the usual recommendation was made, of an allowance of a thousand cubic feet of air to every patient.

The sanitary works in and about these hospitals began on the seventeenth of March. During the three weeks previous to that date, the proportion of deaths among the sick in the Barrack, General, Palace, and Kulali Hospitals had been nearly ten in every hundred. During the three weeks next following the commencement of the improved arrangements the mortality fell to exactly one-half of what it had been. During the next three weeks of sanitary discipline, the proportion of deaths among the sick fell again from nearly five to three per cent. During the three next weeks the proportion, fell below two per cent. Finally, during the three last weeks of June, there died of the sick, in these hospitals, one in a hundred, only.

At the end of June, cholera—which had prevailed in the Crimea and at some points on the Bosphorus, and which had touched the hospitals wherever a defective drain had been left—broke out in the rooms occupied by the dépôt of soldiers at the Barrack Hospital. The rooms in which it made itself at home were not clean: they were crowded, and the ventilation was inadequate. The Sanitary Commissioners had urged the removal of the dépôt. Cholera came among the soldiers. In four days there were fourteen cases and nine deaths. The dépôt was removed, and the epidemic vanished.

The hospital at Abydos was unserviceable. The Civil Hospital at Renkioi, fitted up under the energetic superintendence of Dr. Parkes, was perfect in every detail, and would have been of inestimable value had the war lasted another year.

Now, we come to the Crimea, where the climate is indeed capricious, and the soil has, in some districts, the unwholesome influences common to uncultivated land; but where, on the

whole, nothing more is needed than reasonable and moderate precaution to secure capital health. Hot sunshine fell sometimes during the day, our soldiers said, like melted lead upon their backs; but, when they turned out at night the chill struck to their marrow. Given, however, proper heed to food, dwelling, and dress, there is much to thrive upon and little to die of, in the air of the Crimea.

The Allies occupied ground in which good springs abounded, yielding clear and wholesome water, with the single fault of being hard. The Sanitary Commissioners found that very simple engineering devices, which would have made the water-supply large and pure, had not been used by the army on its own behalf. Large open tanks were being cleared out on loamy or clayey ground. The soldiers did not draw water from service-pipes, but dipped with canteens or buckets into tanks, which they made muddy, and round about which they slopped and trod the unpaved ground into mire that yielded runlets of dirt to the well.

Down the upper part of the valley of Balaklava, flowed a valuable stream. It was fouled near its source by Turks and French; lower down, dead animals were thrown into it, and, for want of care, it became unfit for use. Again, there were springs at Balaklava, yielding a large stream of pure water, that ran towards a ravine under the castle-rock. This stream was polluted by washing from the ships, and even by worse nuisances. The Commissioners advised that it should be covered over, or at any rate protected by guards from pollution. Again, in watering horses throughout the whole camp—easy as it would have been to supply each trough by pipes coming direct from the well—the plan was to pass the overflowings of the first trough into the second, the overflow from that into the third, and so forth, the water thus becoming more and more polluted, until at last it was so filthy that the horses would not drink it. At Balaklava, (where Nature had been most bountiful of springs), the cattle landed from the transports, after having been kept several days without water during the voyage from the ports of the Black Sea, even in the hottest weather, found nothing to drink. They were driven on to the dépôts without water; although a few yards of piping—of which there was plenty in the place—laid from the stream in the castle ravine to a few troughs on the cattle-wharf, would have permanently supplied the want. This defect was pointed out by the Sanitary Commissioners, and after a delay of some months, was at last remedied by the commissariat works corps.

The sanitary condition of the British troops in the Crimea was, in the beginning of April eighteen hundred and fifty-five, by no means good, although hardly below what has in all former times been considered a fair

standard of health for armies in the field. The sick and wounded were an eighth part of the entire force, and, to every five men, incapacitated by their wounds, there were ninety-five laid up by sickness. During the next five weeks the sick were a tenth part, and the wounded only a hundredth part of the army. Half the sickness was made up of fevers. Three cases in five were of those diseases which are induced by unwholesome ways of life. In the week ending the twelfth of May, cholera increased in the camp; forty cases of it went into hospital, and half of them were fatal cases. During that one week the admissions into hospital were thirty-seven in a thousand of the force, of which only about five were due to wounds. During that week the mortality was great, and four deaths in every five were deaths by preventible disease. In the week ending on the ninth of June, there were one hundred and forty-five deaths from cholera. The week ending on the twenty-third of June contained one of the bloodiest struggles of the whole war,—the attack on the Redan. Sixteen or seventeen hundred wounded men went into hospital; but, there went into hospital during the same week nineteen hundred cases of preventible disease. Her own unwholesome camp was a more devastating enemy to Britain than the Russian with his fortress and his batteries. Thirty in a hundred of the deaths in hospital, that week, were deaths from wounds; the proportion of deaths from preventible disease was more than twice as great.

The ten weeks ending in the middle of July include the first advance of spring and the setting in of the fierce summer heat. They include the beginning and the first decline of cholera. They include a period of harassing and dangerous trench-duty. They include one terrible assault. During those weeks three men in five of the whole British force went into hospital. Of those admitted, seventeen in each hundred went in because of wounds: only twenty deaths in each hundred were produced by wounds. All the rest was disease, and of every ten men killed by a disease, nine were killed by a zymotic disease,—that is to say, by a disease that might have been prevented. The more obvious privations of the winter were abated; men were better clad and better fed; fresh meat, vegetables, and bread had found their way to camp. Nevertheless, zymotic, or preventible maladies were increasing; the men who suffered most, being the new arrivals. There was an epidemic influence abroad. In the camp were damp, filth, and foul air: therefore the epidemic influence was irresistible.

At Balaklava the "more men from England" suffered most. The harbour being nearly landlocked in a tideless sea, there was dependence only upon winds and currents for renewal of the water. It had formerly

extended farther inland; and, at its head, the portion filled up had become a noisome marsh. The native houses in the little town calculated for the unwholesome lodgment of five or six hundred people, were damp, and bred fever. Then this harbour became filled with shipping: and, from the ships, all offal and filth went to pollute the stagnant water. The town became crowded with people. Twenty or five-and-twenty thousand men and a large number of animals, came into it and left it every day on the service of the army. For all this increase of population and traffic, there were no adequate cleansing or other sanitary measure. There was no road past the cliffs leading out to sea: nobody had thought of carrying away the filth in barges. All went to pollute the harbour water and the harbour shores. The Commissioners found that nearly the whole of the eastern margin of the harbour—the part nearest the town, and directly under the sterns of the shipping, where men were at work unloading stores for the army—was composed of a mass of organic matter, consisting of filth, stable manure, offal and numerous carcasses of dead animals. When Orientals are thus filthy, they get some of the required scavenging done for them by the troops of dogs in every town. At Balaklava all dogs had been summarily destroyed.

Disease and mortality increased. It was most clearly traceable to the foul state of the place. Epidemics broke out in those ships that were moored where the air was most pernicious, and they were arrested suddenly by sending such ships out into the open sea. The town became so pestilential, that it was not safe for men to pass even a few hours in it while on duty. The great winter mortality of eighteen hundred and fifty-four, and eighteen hundred and fifty-five, led to the use of the marsh as a place of burial. A large number of men were put there, close to the line of public road; were laid almost in water, and were sparingly covered with earth, that when the Sanitary Commissioners first examined the place, portions of the clothing of the dead, and even limbs, protruded above ground. When these graves afterwards were being covered with peat charcoal and sand by the men yielded to the service of the Sanitary Commission, wine and stimulants had to be administered to them hourly.

Colonel Harding and Admiral Boxer had greatly exerted themselves to make Balaklava wholesomer; but failed for want of men. The Sanitary Commissioners never obtained the working bodies necessary for the perfect maintenance of wholesomeness. Want of labourers was still the difficulty, till the Army Works' Corps landed. They set to work, however, on the business of cleansing. Simply to maintain wholesomeness, when once established, would require the daily industry of seventy-five men. Fairly to be prepared against the advent of warm weather

needed at least two hundred and ninety-three men, with tools and means of transport. This estimate was sent to head-quarters, and a number of men was granted, averaging twenty-five a-day. Warm weather drew nearer. Cholera was expected. At the beginning of May, five hundred men were needed. Eighty were spared; and, at the beginning of June, that number was raised to a hundred and fifty-five,—these being native labourers, of whom about six do the day's work of an Englishman. There were no men to be spared to cleansing operations: they could so much better be given to disease and death. The large exhaling surface of the marsh never was covered, for want of labour; neither was the Turkish burial ground, on the west side of the harbour. They continued to generate malaria throughout the summer. Meanwhile, to the utmost of their skill, and to the utmost strength of the force granted them, the Commissioners worked for the removal of the causes of disease. Cholera came, and they battled vigorously with it.

In camp, there were ill-ventilated tents and huts, constructed with a singular neglect of all the rules of health,—deliberately sunk below the level of damp, undrained soil, and unprovided, often, with the very simplest means of ventilation. In some, there were but a hundred and fifty cubic feet of air allowed at night to every sleeper. The usual allowance was only about three hundred cubic feet. The camp of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, on Marine Heights, furnished a strong illustration of the influence exercised by the position of huts upon their tenants. None of the huts were wholesome; but one batch of them, platted for special military reasons on soft and wet ground, a hundred feet below the rest, were noticeably fatal to the men who occupied them. After the Seventy-ninth had left, the Thirty-first Regiment arrived at Balaklava, lived in the same camp, and was smitten with disease most fatally in those same lower huts. The company removed higher up, and the disease abated. Four companies of the Royal Artillery then disembarked at Balaklava, and were marched into the old huts of the Seventy-ninth. Death took possession again of his own ground in the hollow; and at last the medical officer ordered all the affected huts, namely, the twelve built on ground below the rest, to be pulled down. They were rebuilt higher up, and then became comparatively healthy.

In the camp, on the plateau before Sebastopol, while there was on the whole a great neglect of matters upon which health most immediately depends, there was much difference, as to their sanitary state, between different divisions of the force—proportioned, in fact, to the characters of the medical and military officers who had in each the power to enforce good regulations. There were

some portions of the camp in which it would have been most difficult to find a fault.

We need not dwell upon the numerous shortcomings to which the Commissioners upon their first arrival in camp called attention. The right work was done. The surface of the ground was cleansed; the huts and hospitals were drained and ventilated; slaughtering places ceased to be nuisances; room was made for the sun, rain, and wind to purify the soil. In the meantime overwork ceased, food became abundant, and at last our hospitals were almost empty, and there were few nuisances to report, except those suffered by men stationed in the neighbourhood of a French slaughter-house, or otherwise reminded of the filthy state of our allies. In one week of April before the evacuation of the Crimea, there were only five deaths among the seventy-two thousand men in position there, and twenty-two in all the hospital establishments,—namely, at the front, Kertch, Scutari, Renkioi, and Smyrna.

Now, let us turn for a few minutes to the French camp. A peculiarity about the ambulance service of the French is, that it deprives the military surgeon of one-half the freedom of action on behalf of the sick which he enjoys in England. The French regimental surgeon, although of advanced rank, treats only slight cases, and sends all that require more than about two days attention to the hôpital ambulant, which, by the rules of the French service, should be able to provide for one sixth part of an army warring on a foreign soil. In this hospital medical duties are performed under the direction of the war-minister, who delegates his authority either to the commander-in-chief, or the officers of the Intendance. The Intendance is a board unknown to the English, and is composed of officers of every grade, permanently withdrawn from regimental duties and promotion, and charged with the administrative direction of garrison and field hospital services. The Intendance commands the medical staff in all matters of military discipline and police; it fixes the number of beds and the amount of furniture to be contained in any ward; it contracts for all hospital requirements, and is alone answerable for their supply; it regulates the dietary on a scale which no surgeon may transgress in any one particular, save at his own personal cost. It appoints and removes surgeons. It establishes, in fact, a board, with all its apparatus of files, dockets, and red tape, not only between the army surgeon and what an English doctor would regard as the military position due to him, but also to a very great extent between the army surgeon and his patients. Unless we are to believe more evil of French surgeons than we know to be due to a body of men, very competent and enlightened, we must say that with the French army in the Crimea

this board proved unequal to its duty, and that the ambulance system, very neat upon paper, very pretty in a time of peace, and equal, no doubt, to the requirements of society as it was in the old Peninsular days, thoroughly broke down.

The fact is pointed out by a physician resident at Constantinople, who was attached to the medical service of both the English and French army hospitals; who saw the truth concerning each, made searching inquiry, and has published the result of it in what we know to be, on the whole, a very trustworthy book, or pamphlet, upon "England and France before Sebastopol, looked at from a medical point of view." He tells us, that in the months of December, January, and February, previous to the evacuation, when the English camp was not less healthy than an English country town, the daily average of sick treated in the fourteen hospital divisions at Kamiesch alone (which served for but a third of the French army), exceeded fourteen thousand; and that during these three months, in these divisions only, the aggregate loss by deaths was at least eighteen thousand! The medical staff was so unequal to the duties with which it was overwhelmed, that one surgeon was habitually called upon to order medicine and food for about two hundred cases in succession, and was bound also to get through his round in about two hours and a-half, because breakfast or dinner could not be served until his work was done.

The condition of French hospitals in the latter days of the Crimean occupation was even worse than that of the English hospitals in the beginning of it. At Pera, the number of sick was disproportionate to the capacity of the hospital—there being double the number of patients that there ever were even of healthy soldiers in the place. They were a prey, of course, to typhus. The aspect of the patients brought to the mind of an observer the fever that spread during the days of Irish famine. The diet of the sick private was meagre and insufficient, while that at the officers' hospital consisted of game, fish, oysters, turkey, pigeons, pastry of all kinds, fruits, fresh and preserved, and the finer kinds of wine.

Of the French hospital sheds for sick soldiers at Gullaneh, at the same period, we are told that "the air was fetid, pungent, loathsome, occasioning an instinctive impulse to rush from its influence. To hear of the daily rate of mortality" (from twenty to thirty) "was not so shocking as it was to observe the irremediable state of the living." Of those who do not die, few only, under such conditions, can recover. There is reason for the assertion that, throughout the war, not one in five received in the French hospitals on the Bosphorus was sent back for service in the Crimea.

We need not multiply these details. Such

as we have given, we have given for two reasons. First, to put utterly aside all argument to our discredit from comparison with France, as to these matters of hygiene. Bad as we are, and much as we desire to become better, let us be just to ourselves, and understand that we need not set up our neighbours as a standard of perfection. The French government returns—which, by the way, do credit to the reputation France has for its cookery—admit that the per-centage of mortality in the French army of the East was a trifle—but the merest trifle—higher than that of the English. And the French government returns quietly give themselves a margin of twelve thousand nine hundred and four men difference between outgoing and incoming, for whose disappearance sundry theories propose to account; and they claim to have had in the Crimea an effective strength of one hundred and forty-six thousand two hundred and forty men when the war closed. But, when the allied armies were paraded before General Luders, on the conclusion of peace, the French Commander-in-chief, with every effort, placed in review order a force of, at the utmost, forty thousand men. Say there were in all hospitals forty thousand sick "effectives," add the twelve thousand men at Eupatoria, leave a wide margin for any possible addition, and there must remain a missing force, which, with the twelve thousand unaccountables, makes, at the lowest calculation, fifty thousand men beyond the recognised mortality, who once have been alive in flesh and blood, but now live only in ink and paper.

Even in ordinary times French hygiene is less efficient than our own. Returns of a more trustworthy kind show that the mortality of infants—the best test of unwholesome conditions of life—is in France decidedly greater than in England. Hard work kills more of us in middle life; but, again, we have more longevity. Our other reason for referring to the French mortality in the Crimea during the last months of the Russian war is, because this mortality shows that the marvellous improvement in the health of English soldiers did not depend upon any accident of climate, or on the mere cessation of siege-work. Those advantages the army of France shared with us. We had obeyed the conditions of life; but, they sank under the unwholesome influences we had overcome. Our men were even healthier than they would be in barrack on an English heath; there was less sickness among them, than there is among the household cavalry at home. The whole French army was perishing, and, had not peace been concluded, would have perished utterly.

And is all this to yield us nothing but a bit of record? Never before was there so conspicuous an evidence afforded of the nature of those fevers and plagues which infest our towns and villages, and of the readiness with which they can be conquered, when we

are determined that they shall not conquer us. Of the vast saving of life that can be effected in any army, and not less surely also in any state; of the economy of sanitary discipline, and of the ease with which it can be brought to bear on a community, we have had proof. No use, however, has been yet made of the knowledge thus impressed upon the country. Questions of public health stand where they did. The soldiers saved to the country, come back to foul barracks. Even in the application of the laws of health to military discipline, not one step forward has been conceded. Having wakened up, under the urgency of a great dread; having established in one place and for a few months, rules that should be common and universal, and, having derived signal advantage from so doing, our Somnus "down did lay his heavy head," and typhus has come to his own again. Army officials sneer as judiciously as ever, at all sanitary crotchets, and with a pleasant shortness of memory ask, what good the sanitary people did in the Crimea?

THE LITTLE HUGUENOT.

THIS is the true story of the escape of a little Huguenot from the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day.

The massacre took place at Paris, in the year fifteen hundred and seventy-two. It was the practical consequence of the hatred of the Papists for the members of the Reformed Religion, who desired nothing but to think for themselves on subjects which concerned their eternal salvation. The King of France and his mother were at the head of the conspiracy; and the signal for the beginning of the bloodshed was the tolling of a church bell, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Royal Palace. Men and women of the Reformed Religion, and their innocent children, were assassinated, under the encouragement and superintendence of the Church and State, in all quarters of Paris. The chief man of the Huguenots—the famous Admiral de Coligny—suffered with the rest of the victims. He was officially murdered at night, in his own house, and his dead body was thrown from the window of his bedchamber into the courtyard below. This atrocious massacre was perpetrated in the name of Christianity; and was invented and directed by men who were acquainted with the existence of the New Testament, and who, in the natural course of their studies, must have read the words of the Sermon on the Mount.

In those times of savage cruelty and of worse than Pagan wickedness, there lived at Paris two brothers, who were Huguenots, and gentlemen of distinction in that day. One of the brothers bore his family name, and was called Monsieur de la Force. The other was known by the title of the Sieur de Caumont.

It so happened that some time before the day of the massacre, M. de la Force, the younger of the two brothers, had proved himself to be a good customer and friend to a certain horse-dealer, of whom he had purchased, on various occasions, nine or ten horses. Strange as it may appear, this person, although he was a horse-dealer, was really a sensible, humane, and honest man. A few hours before the massacre began, he happened to be in the neighbourhood of Admiral de Coligny's house, and he there saw, or heard, something which gave him a suspicion of the murders which the Papists were then on the point of committing. He immediately thought of his kind patron and customer, and determined to warn him in time of the imminent danger to which he was exposed, as a man of distinction among the Huguenots. To do this, it was necessary for the horse-dealer to cross the Seine; M. de la Force living on that bank of the river which was opposite to the bank on which the King's Palace and the house of Admiral de Coligny were situated.

The River Seine was crossed by ferry-boats in those days. When the horse-dealer reached that part of the bank on which the Royal Palace stood, and asked for passage in one of the ferry-boats in attendance there, he was told that they were all engaged on special service. He went a little further on, to try what he could do at the next station—but here the ferry-boats had all been removed. Knowing that the minutes were precious, and determined to succeed in his errand of mercy, the brave man took off his clothes, tied them in a bundle on his head, and passed the river by swimming. Once on the other bank, he lost no time in going straight to the house of M. de la Force, and warning him of his danger. The Huguenot gentleman, thereupon, immediately betook himself to his brother, the Sieur de Caumont, who lived near him; and the two called together all their friends of the Reformed Religion who were within reach, to consult on the best means of escaping the deadly danger which now threatened them.

After some discussion, the Sieur de Caumont, ignorant of the part which the King had secretly taken in organising the massacre, proposed that all the persons assembled should go straight to the Palace, and place themselves under the Royal protection. This advice was adopted, and they set forth at once for the nearest station of ferry-boats on that side of the river.

Arrived at the place, they found that every one of the boats had been removed to the opposite bank. This circumstance aroused their suspicions, and forced them to the conclusion that the conspiracy against their lives was sanctioned in high official quarters. They resolved to return immediately; to get to horse with their families; to muster in a park in the neighbourhood of Paris, called

the Pré-aux-Clercs, and thence to escape to the safest places of refuge at their disposal in the country.

While they were preparing for departure, news came that the ferryboats were approaching the side of the river on which they lived, all filled with soldiers armed to the teeth.

Upon this, the fugitives mounted without losing another instant, and made for the Pré-aux-Clercs. The horses were ready for M. de la Force and his brother. The Sieur de Caumont rode off with the rest. M. de la Force (who was a widower) was detained by some difficulty in getting his two boys safely on horseback—was detained so long that he gave up all hope of joining the fugitives; and, returning to his house, closed all the doors, and determined to defend his children and himself on his own hearth.

Defence, however, was hopeless against the number of assailants who were now approaching him. The street was filled with soldiers, who threatened to break in the door if it was not opened. It being only too evident that they could execute their threat in a few minutes, their demand was complied with, for the sake of not irritating them unnecessarily.

They rushed in at once, with their drawn swords, headed by a Captain, named Martin, and all shouting together, "Kill! kill!" Their first proceeding was to disarm the master and his servants, and to place them, with the two boys, in a corner of the room. "Any one of you who likes may say his prayers, and had better be quick about it," said Captain Martin; "for you will all die together in five minutes' time."

M. de la Force, preserving his self-possession, replied:

"Do what you will with me: I am prepared to die, if need be, in five minutes' time. But have some compassion on these children, who have offended no one. By putting them to death you will gain nothing. By preserving their lives you may profit yourself considerably, for I have the means of rewarding your moderation by payment of a heavy ransom."

This last argument made some impression on Captain Martin and his men. They put up their swords, and dispersed to pillage the house. Being unable to find the necessary keys (the person who kept them having taken to flight), they burst open closed doors, and broke open locked boxes in the court-yard. In a short space of time, all the property of M. de la Force, in money, plate, and clothes, had passed into their keeping.

Having completed the pillage, Captain Martin and his men came back to their prisoners, and told them with many oaths that die they must, as the soldiers had orders to kill all the Huguenots in Paris, without sparing anybody. M. de la Force again appealed to them on their only weak point, the

love of money, and promised to ransom the lives of himself, his children, and his servants at the price of two thousand crowns. Captain Martin looked at his men, pondered a little, and then said roughly: "So be it. Follow me, all of you."

Having got his prisoners into the courtyard, he made them tear up their handkerchiefs, and fix the strips in the form of a cross on their hats. After which, he directed them to turn up their right sleeves as high as their shoulders. The cross on the hat and the turned-up sleeve were peculiarities of dress previously agreed upon to distinguish the Papists from their Huguenot victims. Thus protected from discovery, they were taken across the river by Captain Martin, without delay.

They were altogether five in number. The father, the two boys, a man servant named Gast, and a Page named La Vigerie. On reaching the other side of the river, they passed the bodies of murdered Huguenots, weltering in their blood, at every step. Captain Martin, without looking to the right hand or the left, led his prisoners straight to his own house; and, having bestowed them there in safety, made ready to go out again, and continue the work of murder and pillage in his own neighbourhood. Before he went away, however, he addressed himself to M. de la Force, and insisted on that gentleman's pledging his word of honour, that neither he nor his children would attempt to escape before the ransom was paid. Having been satisfied on this point (for he knew well enough that M. de la Force was a man who held his promise sacred), he took himself off, recommending the prisoners to be quick in getting the money, and leaving two Swiss soldiers to guard them in his absence.

M. de la Force, knowing the importance of losing no time, immediately sent his manservant, Gast, to his sister-in-law, Madame de Brisembourg, who lived at the Arsenal. Gast was to tell her all that had happened, and to implore her to raise the sum of money required for the ransom, as soon as possible.

On his return to his master, Gast reported that the lady would undertake to raise the money and send it by the next day. She also sent word that the news of the lives of her brother-in-law and his children having been spared, had already reached the ears of the King, and that the worst consequences were to be apprehended as the result of that unhappy circumstance.

Having delivered his message, the servant implored his master to seek safety by flight—the more especially as the two Swiss soldiers appointed to watch the prisoners, were secretly horrified at the massacre, and were perfectly ready to let them go. But M. de la Force, with a dauntless sense of honour, which would have influenced few men at that moment, and which no words can praise as it deserves

to be praised, steadily refused to profit by Gast's suggestion.

"I have passed my word to wait here till the ransom is paid," said that brave and admirable gentleman; "and I will not save my life by breaking my promise. Here I will stop till the money comes; and I will leave it to God in his wisdom to dispose of me and of my children, as He sees good."

Hearing these words, the servants hesitated about taking to flight by themselves, not knowing where to go, and not having any means of procuring horses. They waited, therefore, in the house, with the purpose of concealing themselves in the upper rooms at the first approach of danger.

The rest of the day passed, and the night followed, and nothing happened. Neither Captain Martin nor any of his men came near the house. On the next day, when the ransom was due, there arrived, instead of the Captain who was to receive it, a certain Papist nobleman, named the Count de Coconas, followed by a guard of forty soldiers. The Count informed M. de la Force that the King's brother had heard of their being taken prisoners, and that he desired to speak with them immediately. While he was giving this message, he allowed his men to tear off the outer clothing of M. de la Force and his sons. Finding themselves used in this way, they suspected that the pretended message was a falsehood, and prepared themselves for the worst. M. de la Force appealed, as a last resource, to the Count's sense of justice, pleading that his life, and the life of his sons, had been spared on condition of paying a ransom, and that the money was to be sent that very day. His youngest son, who had shown marvellous courage and coolness in the midst of deadly danger, joined M. de la Force in trying to touch the Count's heart by his innocent entreaties. They spoke long; the boy, when he found his father getting agitated, trying to console and quiet him. When they had said all that it was possible to say, the only answer the Count condescended to give them, was this:—

"I was told there were two servants with you; and I see neither of them. Where are they?"

On the first approach of the soldiers, the Page had wisely flown to the protection of the two Swiss guards. Gast, unfortunately for himself, had rushed up-stairs to one of the garrets, and had there endeavoured to lie hid. He was searched for by the Count's order, was found, and was brought down-stairs, to take his place with his fellow prisoners. The Page could not be discovered anywhere.

"Only four!" said the Count, running them over with his eye. "Never mind. March them out."

They left the house, with their guards all round them, and were led into a lonely bye-street in the neighbourhood. There the soldiers halted, drew their swords, called

out all together, "Kill! kill!" and attacked their defenceless prisoners.

The eldest boy was the first slain; and his father was the next victim. The youngest son (the same who had shown such courage in pleading for his life), had the presence of mind to drop to the ground with them, and to lie there as still as if he too had been killed by the same sword-thrusts which had despatched his father and his brother. Gast, the servant, was murdered last. All the clothing of the bodies was torn off them. The living boy lay naked in the blood of his nearest and dearest relations—to all outward appearance death-stained by his wounds, like the rest.

As the Count and his men withdrew, believing that they had successfully accomplished the butchery of their four prisoners, certain poor Papists living in the street, stole out from their houses to look at the dead bodies. One among them, a Marker at a Tennis Court, staid longer than the rest on the scene of slaughter; and said to himself sorrowfully, looking at the younger son as he lay on the ground:

"Sad, sad! here is the body of a mere child!"

The boy, whose name was Jacques, hearing these compassionate words, ventured to raise his head, and said, piteously:

"I am not dead. For mercy's sake, save my life!"

The Marker instantly pressed him back to the ground again, and whispered:

"Hush! Don't move yet, my little man. The soldiers are still in the neighbourhood."

Having spoken those words of warning, he withdrew a few paces, and walked backwards and forwards for a little while, watching, on the other side of the street. In a few minutes he came back, and saying: "They are gone, now—you may get up, my boy," put his ragged old cloak over the naked body of Jacques, and led him away by the hand. They had not walked many paces, before some people met them, and asked who that strangely-dressed boy was.

"My nephew," answered the Marker. "The little rascal has been getting drunk, and I am taking him home to give him a good whipping."

The worthy man's home was a garret in a ruinous old house. Arrived there, he gave Jacques some water to wash himself, and some ragged clothing belonging to the nephew, whom the boy now personated. He was so poor that he had nothing to eat or drink; and seeing that Jacques had a little ring still left on his finger, he asked leave to go out and pawn it, to get some food. They supped, and breakfasted, the next morning, on the money obtained by the ring; and, then the Marker asked Jacques what he proposed to do next, and where he wanted to go.

The boy answered by begging to be taken to the Palace, where he had a sister who

occupied a place in the Queen's household. The Marker shook his head at that proposal, and declined to risk the gallows by taking a young Huguenot, whose life he had saved, to the head-quarters of the Papist conspiracy.

The next suggestion offered by Jacques, was that they should go to the Arsenal, where his aunt, Madame de Brisembourg, lived. The Marker was ready to undertake this expedition, though it was rather a long and dangerous one, provided they passed through no principal streets. Before they started, he took occasion to remind Jacques of his poverty, and inquired if Madame de Brisembourg was a likely woman to give as much as thirty crowns for the safe delivery of her nephew, at the gates of the Arsenal. Jacques promised, in his aunt's name, that the sum should be forthcoming, and they started immediately.

They got to the Arsenal without misadventures of any sort. Arrived at the gate, Jacques said to his companion:—

“Wait here; and I will send you out your nephew's clothes, and the thirty crowns for taking care of me.”

While he was speaking, the gate was opened by some one coming out; and Jacques dexterously slipped in, before it was closed again. He wandered about the place, looking for the building in which his aunt lived, and meeting no persons but strangers, whom he was afraid to inquire of. At last, who should he see but the Page in his late father's service—the lad who had been saved by the Swiss guards!

The Page (who had taken refuge with Madame de Brisembourg on the night of the murder), did not recognise his young master at first, in the ragged clothing of the Marker's nephew. Jacques made himself known, and was taken instantly to his aunt.

Madame de Brisembourg having heard that her brother-in-law, and both his children, had been killed, was in bed, overwhelmed by the shock of that dreadful intelligence. Her joy and astonishment can hardly be imagined, when she found her youngest nephew standing alive and well by her bedside. She immediately ordered proper clothing for him, and arranged that his bed should be made in her own dressing-room. Jacques did not forget his friend the Marker, in the happiness of finding an asylum. He begged thirty crowns from his aunt, and sent them out, with the ragged clothes, to his preserver, who was waiting at the gate.

Jacques enjoyed two days of rest and security in his aunt's dressing-room. At the end of that time, Marshal de Biron (Head of the Artillery Department), was told that the King had discovered that certain Huguenots had taken refuge at the Arsenal, and that His Majesty was determined to have them sought for without delay. This bad news the Marshal communicated to Madame de Bri-

sebourg, who immediately felt that her nephew was no longer in safety under her own roof.

The next morning, accordingly, she caused him to be dressed as a Page in the service of Marshal de Biron, and placed him, with many tears, under the protection of the Sieur de Born, a lieutenant-general of artillery, in whose good sense and humanity she could put perfect trust.

The Sieur de Born took Jacques out of the Arsenal and brought him to a house in the neighbourhood belonging to a person connected with the Artillery Department, named Guillon. “Be so good,” said the Sieur de Born, “as to give this lad house-room for a few days. He is the son of an old friend of mine, and he is about to enter the service of the Marshal de Biron, in the capacity of Page.” Guillon accepted the charge readily. He was a sharp man, and he strongly suspected that the story about the Marshal de Biron's page was a mere invention. However, fortunately for Jacques, he was under obligations to the Sieur de Born; so he kept his suspicions to himself, and received the young stranger very kindly.

Jacques remained unmolested in the house of Guillon for a week. His host was accustomed to go out every morning to his duties, and to return to dinner—on which occasion the lad generally ran to open the door for him. On the eighth day the usual knock came at the usual time, and Jacques opened the door; but, seeing a stranger standing on the threshold, immediately clapped it to again in his face. Upon this, the man called through the door, “Don't be afraid, my boy. I am a messenger of your aunt's, and I am sent to know how you are.” Jacques called back, that his health was excellent, and that he was very much obliged to his aunt; but he took good care not to open the door again. The deadly peril through which he had passed, had taught him to be as cautious as any grown man in Paris.

When the master of the house came back, a little later, Jacques told him what had happened. Guillon, with a look of alarm, started up from his dinner, and ran to the Arsenal to make inquiries at the apartments of Madame de Brisembourg. The information he received there, justified the worst suspicions. Madame de Brisembourg had sent no messenger to inquire after her nephew's health. The stranger was evidently a Papist spy.

There was no resource now for Jacques, but to resign all hopes of finding an asylum in Paris, and to risk the danger of trying to escape into the country. If he had not possessed powerful friends at the Arsenal, he would never have been able to make the attempt. As it was, his aunt's influence with the Marshal de Biron, was powerful enough to give him another chance for his life. The

Marshal had a royal passport intended for the use of two persons in his service—that is to say, of his steward, the *Sieur de Fraisse*, and of one of the pages, who was accustomed to carry his written orders to the commanding officer of a troop of soldiers, then in garrison in the country. It was arranged that the steward should make use of the passport immediately, and that he should take Jacques with him in the character of page.

At the gate of the city by which they passed out, they found the *Sieur de Born* waiting to lend them his assistance, in case of any difficulties. He introduced Jacques to the official persons who examined the passport, as a relation of his own, who had recently entered the service of the *Marshal de Biron*. Thanks to this recommendation, the passport proved effectual; and the steward and the page rode through the gate without hindrance and without question.

As soon as they passed the guard, Jacques asked where they were going to. "We are going into the country, if it pleases God," said the *Sieur de Fraisse*. "I hope from my heart it may please Him," answered Jacques. And away they went along the high road.

After two days' riding they put up at an inn, where they met with a *Person of Quality*, who had arrived before them, and who rejoiced in a train of seven mounted servants. The *Person of Quality* was a zealous Papist, and talked in high spirits of the successful slaughtering of the scoundrelly Huguenots, as he called them. He also took a great fancy to Jacques, and proposed, as they were travelling the same way, to offer him the protection of his train of seven mounted servants. Jacques and the steward were afraid to decline this offer. So the next day they all travelled together.

When they put up again for the night, the *Person of Quality*, ordered his dressing-gown to make himself comfortable after the journey. Jacques recognised the pattern the moment the dressing-gown was produced. It had belonged to his father.

Once wrapped up comfortably, with his boots off and his legs on a chair, the *Person of Quality*, resumed his rejoicings over the massacre of the Huguenots. He said that only one mistake of any consequence had been committed in the execution of that righteous butchery, and that was caused by allowing the *Sieur de Caumont* (Jacques' uncle) to escape. This circumstance the *Person of Quality* sincerely regretted; but he was consoled by calling to mind that *M. de la Force* and both his children had perished, at any rate; and he was not without hope that he might yet find out the place of the *Sieur de Caumont's* retreat, and have the satisfaction of killing that detestable Huguenot with his own hands.

This discourse and the discovery of the

dressing-gown had such an effect on Jacques, that he took the first opportunity of entreating the steward to find out some means of continuing their journey alone, the next day. The *Sieur de Fraisse* was only too anxious to grant the request. He and Jacques rose the next morning before day-break, paid their bill, called for their horses, and rode off, while the *Person of Quality* was fast asleep.

They encountered other dangers from stray Papist travellers, from which they escaped, however, with very little difficulty. The further they got from Paris, the fewer risks they ran. On the eighth day after their departure, they reached a large building, situated in a very remote place, and called *Castlenau*. This was the end of their journey; for here the *Sieur de Caumont* had flown for refuge, after riding out to the *Pré-aux-Clercs* with the rest of the Huguenot fugitives.

"Nobody," says the ancient chronicler from whose pages these particulars are taken—"nobody would believe, if I tried to relate it, how the *Sieur de Caumont* rejoiced over the recovery of the nephew whom he had given up for dead. From that time forth he loved the boy as if he had been his son; and the first lesson he taught him was to thank God, on his knees, night and morning, for his deliverance from death."

It is good to know that Jacques showed himself well worthy of his uncle's affection and care. He entered the army, and rose to the highest distinction as a soldier. In French history his name is famous, as the *Marshal de la Force*. He escaped death on the field of battle as marvellously as he had escaped it in the streets of Paris, and he lived prosperously to the ripe old age of eighty-four years.

This is all there is to tell of the escape of Jacques from the Massacre of *St. Bartholomew's Day*.

A NEW IDEA OF AN OLD SLAVE-CAPTAIN.

THERE is probably scarcely a full-grown person in this kingdom, who, in connection with the slave-trade, has not heard of the "horrors of the middle passage." The pictures that we have had presented to us of the treatment of negroes in their transit from Africa to America have invariably been of the most horrible and heart-rending kind. Doubtless there is much painful truth in the statements of the sufferings of the slaves in their journey from the interior to the coast, and afterwards in their passage across the Atlantic, even after allowing for the pardonable colouring imparted to such statements by the sensitive humanity of those noble and disinterested men, who, amidst all the false principles and venal legislation of the latter part of the last, and the commencement of

the present century, lived and moved for no other end than to endeavour to put down an unjust, unchristian, and nefarious traffic. Seventy years of English labour, twenty millions of English money, and an African squadron, kept up by English capital at an annual cost of half-a-million, have been powerless, however, to extinguish the trade in human beings in any places except our own colonies. At this present time there exists an annual exportation of more than one hundred thousand negroes from the coast of Africa to Cuba, the Southern States of North America, and the French, Dutch, and Portuguese settlements. As the shipments are contraband, they are carried on in vessels constructed more for rapid sailing than commodious stowage, and the sufferings of the unfortunate negroes are consequently increased. Still, the demand for slave-labour is so great, and the price offered for the negro is so high, that the trade is immensely lucrative, even after allowing for the loss of one-half the cargo by death from close packing, or throwing overboard, to lighten the vessel during the heat of a chase. It is a melancholy and an appalling fact—a fact that ought to call Clarkson and Wilberforce from their graves—that the condition of the negro during the sea-transit is ten times worse at the present time than it was when the trade was legal. The only operation of the so-called Abolition Bills has been to impose difficulties in the way of supply, without destroying to any great extent the demand, and the inevitable result is an increase of price for the human commodity.

The slave-trade of a hundred years ago may have been conducted badly and cruelly in individual instances, by brutal captains, such as, unfortunately, we have at the present time in our ordinary Merchant Service; but, I have materials before me that will enable me to give a tolerably authentic picture of a slave-captain of seventeen hundred and ninety, who may have been a very favourable specimen of his class.

Captain Hugh Crow was born in the town of Ramsay, Isle of Man, in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-five. When very young, he lost his right eye; and when only twelve years of age he was nearly drowned, but was preserved to pass the chief part of his life on the element that threatened to destroy him in his youth. Being brought up at a seaport town, he imbibed an inclination for a sea-faring life; and, after two years' labour as a boat-builder, he went his first voyage in the spring of seventeen hundred and eighty-two. While at Cork, before setting sail under convoy for Barbadoes, he saw, for the first time, great scenes of oppression and distress under the cruel system of impressment. He saw sailors swimming from ship to ship to escape the press-gang; some nearly smothered by stowing themselves away in confined places below decks; others, who

were not fortunate enough to escape, dragged on board by the hair of their heads.

In October, seventeen hundred and eighty-three, he set sail for the coast of America; and at Charleston he saw several vessels arrived from Ireland crowded with poor labourers, who were to be sold for so many years, by the captains, to defray the cost of their passage out. Among them were many half-starved poor creatures, who were advertised to be sold to the highest bidder; and at the sale, while the whites were bidding, the blacks, who attended in large numbers, would indulge their love of fun at the expense of the poor Irishmen, by exclaiming: "One dollar more for 'em da; I have 'em. Negra bit more for 'em da; I have 'em. Negra buy buckra now!" Such scenes as these, if nothing else, must have inclined him to look upon the slave-trade with calmness instead of horror.

In seventeen hundred and eighty-nine he had several offers to go as mate to the coast of Africa, but he refused them, having not yet overcome his repugnance to the slave-trade; but in seventeen hundred and ninety his friends overruled his objections, and he was appointed chief mate to a fine brig, and sailed on his first voyage to the slave-country. His visit gave him a favourable opinion of the blacks, especially of the natives of Benin, whom he found to be a truly fine, tractable race of people. His affection for the negro increased with time, and in every case it seems to have been fully returned. On the occasion of his second voyage to New Calabar, soon after they had weighed anchor with a cargo of negroes, they were overtaken by a tornado, with thunder, lightning, and rain, and before they could take in sail or let go the anchor, they were driven ashore. The storm and darkness of the night made their situation one of eminent peril. To lighten the ship they employed gangs in starting the water-casks and heaving the fire-wood over. The ship began to lie over almost on her beam-ends; and dreading that the poor blacks below, whose cries were most distressing, might be suffocated, they allowed them to come on deck at the risk of their own lives, for they outnumbered the crew in the proportion of ten to one. Their chief dependence was upon the good disposition of sixty of the negroes whom they had shipped on the windward coast, a race superior to those of New Calabar. The confidence was not misplaced; for, perceiving the danger, they were so active to assist, that they were mainly instrumental in saving the ship. During this voyage, one of these windward-coast men fell overboard, and the studding sails being set at the time below and aloft, the ship was running at the rate of seven or eight knots, and it was some time before they could bring her to. Chief mate Hugh Crow, being anxious to save the poor fellow, if possible, he prevailed upon four of the crew

to accompany him, and they started in a leaky boat towards the place where they thought he had fallen, and continued to pull in search of him for about an hour, but in vain. At last, when they were about to give him up for lost, they discovered him on the point of sinking, in an exhausted condition. They got him into the crazy boat, which was half-full of water, and made towards the ship; two men constantly bailing, two men pulling for their lives, Hugh Crow steering, and the poor black lying on the stern-seat nearly dead. This circumstance made our future captain a great favourite with the poor grateful blacks.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-two, laws were made for the better regulation of the African trade, of which Hugh Crow and every person acquainted with the business heartily approved. One of these laws was, that only five blacks should be carried for every three tons' burden; and Hugh Crow thinks proper to pay an especial compliment to Mr. Wilberforce, as one of the promoters of these very proper regulations, for this wise restriction.

The following entry goes to show what was paid for negroes at Bonny, in eighteen hundred and ten :

One piece of chintz, eighteen yards long.
 One piece of bair, eighteen yards long.
 One piece of chilloe, eighteen yards long.
 One piece of bandanoe, seven handkerchiefs.
 One piece of neccanee, fourteen yards long.
 One piece of cashtoe, fourteen yards long.
 One piece of photoe, fourteen yards long.
 Three pieces of ramatts, forty-five handkerchiefs.
 One large brass pan.
 Two muskets.
 Twenty-five kegs of powder.
 One hundred flints.
 Two bags of shot.
 Twenty knives.
 Four iron pots.
 Four hats.
 Four caps.
 Four cutlasses.
 Six bunches of beads.
 Fourteen gallons of brandy.

The articles cost about twenty-five pounds, and in no case were negroes procured, as many have supposed, for nothing.

The diet-scale and regulations of the slaves upon the sea-passage in Hugh Crow's vessel were thoughtful, and calculated to promote the health and cleanliness of all on board. They frequently bought from the natives considerable quantities of dried shrimps to make broth, and a very excellent dish they made, mixed with flour and palm-oil, and seasoned with pepper and salt. Both whites and blacks were fond of this mess. In addition to yams, they gave them, for a change, fine shelled beans and rice cooked together, and this was served up to each individual with a plentiful proportion of the soup. On other days their soup was mixed with pickled

yams, cut up thin and boiled with a proportion of pounded biscuit. For the sick were provided strong soups, and middle messes, prepared from mutton, goat's flesh, fowls, &c., to which were added sago and lilepees, the whole mixed with port-wine and sugar. With regard to the personal comfort of the blacks, on their coming on deck about eight o'clock in the morning, water was provided to wash their hands and faces, a mixture of lime-juice to cleanse their mouths, towels to wipe with, and chew sticks (pieces of young branches of the common lime) to clean their teeth. A dram of brandy bitters was given to each, and clean spoons being served out, they breakfasted about nine o'clock. About eleven, if the day was fine, they washed their bodies all over, and after wiping themselves dry, were allowed to use palm-oil, their favourite cosmetic. Pipes and tobacco were then supplied to the men, and beads and other articles were distributed amongst the women to amuse them; after which they were permitted to dance and run about the deck to keep them in good spirits. A middle mess of bread and cocoa-nuts was given them about mid-day. The third meal was served at about three o'clock, and after everything was cleaned out and arranged below for their accommodation, they were generally sent down below about four or five o'clock in the evening. A thatched house was also built on deck from stem to stern for the comfort of the slaves, and the thorough ventilation of the vessel.

Such a favourite was Captain Hugh Crow with the blacks, that on one occasion when, just as the vessel had left Bonny and sprung a leak that they stopped up as well as they could with pieces of beef, the negroes all crowded round the Captain, shaking his hand, and begging that they might be employed in assisting the crew; and by their exertions at the pumps kept the vessel afloat until assistance arrived in the morning from the coast. When an illness compelled the Captain to stay some time in the harbour of Bonny, he was invited on his recovery by the kings and the great men to visit them on shore, and spend a few weeks with them. When he reached the town, all classes were lavish with their presents to him, and the children, amongst whom he was well known, sang after him in the streets.

Captain Crow's voyages were not undertaken without many and severe engagements with French privateers, and on the twenty-first of February, eighteen hundred, after an action of nine hours with one of these vessels, he came off victorious, with the loss of two slaves and with considerable damage to his ship. When the French were finally beaten off the Captain went down below to return thanks for the victory, when the black women crowded round him with tears in their eyes, saluting him, and thanking their gods that he had overcome the enemy. In a short time

after this rencontre they arrived at Kingston Jamaica, when eight men-of-war came alongside taking from them every man and boy they had on board, and raising reflections in the Captain's mind as to the relative cruelty of slavery and impressment. The most desperate engagement that the Captain was perhaps ever engaged in was on the night of the first of December, eighteen hundred and six, by mistake with two British men-of-war. He was hailed by these vessels in English, but he had his doubts, as he knew that French cruisers had a trick of hailing British ships in their own language when they thought deception would answer their purposes. He, therefore, calmly replied, "No one shall bring us to in these seas in the night." Then addressing his men in a spirited manner, he prepared for action; and for six hours they fought between two heavy fires, with their masts and rigging shot away, with five blacks killed and numbers wounded, and nearly all the men more or less disabled. After a most gallant, although mistaken defence, which continued until the break of day, when he was knocked down senseless by a splinter, they were obliged to surrender, and they then discovered the error they had all committed. The damage done to the slave-ship and the two men-of-war was nearly equal, and also the loss on both sides. Captain Crow was in great distress of mind and body, expecting to be blamed by his owners for rashness in entering upon the unfortunate engagement; but to his relief he received a certificate from the commander of her Majesty's sloop Dart, the principal of the men-of-war, to the effect that he had defended his ship in a running action in a most gallant manner from what he supposed were the attacks of two French cruisers from Cayenne, and did not give up till his rigging and sails were nearly cut to pieces, and several of his people wounded. Six of these people, I may add, afterwards died.

His character, compounded of kindness and courage, was well known to the blacks. One Sunday morning when he landed at Kingston, Jamaica, he found a number of his old black shipmates, all neatly dressed, waiting on the wharf to receive him. Some of them took hold of his hands, and the general expressions of welcome and good will were, "God bless massa! How massa do dis voyage! We hope massa no fight 'gen dis time." While this conversation was going on, a negro said in joke: "Who be dis Captain Crow, you all sabby so much?" and his black friends replied: "What dat you say, you black negro? Ebery dog in Kingston sabby Captain Crow, and you bad fellow for no sabby him." They then fell a-beating him with so little ceremony, although in fun, that the Captain had to interfere.

In all emergencies he did his duty. On one occasion, when a fire raged on board, within three feet of the powder-magazine, he went

below with great courage and presence of mind, and, by his exertions and example, succeeded in extinguishing the flames. When he returned on deck the blacks—both male and female—clung around him in tears; some taking hold of his hands, some of his feet, and all with much earnestness and feeling, thanking Providence for their narrow escape.

On another occasion, when he went to Kingston, he received another very gratifying proof of the affection of his old black friends. A great number came on deck, dressed in their best, and crowding round him with gestures of respect, exclaimed: "God bless massa! how poor massa do! Long live massa, for he do fight ebery voyage!" Many of these negroes had been with him in one or other of his privateer actions, and though his attention to them, when on board, was no more than he considered proper and humane, he was deeply affected by this mark of grateful remembrance from poor creatures whom he had brought from their homes on the coast of Africa. The women were neatly dressed in calicoes and muslins, their hair was tastefully arranged, and they wore long gold earrings. The men appeared in white shirts and trowsers, and flashy neckcloths, with their hair neatly plaited. The whole were at once clean and cheerful, and it gladdened the Captain's heart to see them. When they left the ship he distributed amongst them a sum of money, and they bade him good-bye with hearts full of thankfulness and joy.

When I call up the form of the stout, one-eyed, courageous, kind-hearted, old slave-captain, doing all he can to prevent savage sacrifices of human life by the natives on the African coast, writing from slave-ports fatherly, Christian, and affectionate letters to his son upon his entrance into life, and advising him to steer clear of Lord Chesterfield and his maxims, standing up boldly and kindly for the character and intellect of the poor enslaved African, and working practically for his comfort, even in administering a false and pernicious system; jumping overboard at the risk of his own life to save a slave from drowning, and being at heart a thorough abolitionist, and not a mere transferrer of the accursed trade from good hands to bad,—I give him a hearty shake of the hand even across half a century of time.

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

WHILST I was at Agra,* a distinguished military officer of high rank, who had just been appointed as a member of the Council, passed through the station on his way to the seat of government, Calcutta. It was supposed that this general officer would, on the first vacancy, become Deputy-governor of Bengal; and, of course, the society of Agra was resolved to do him honour. It would

* See Number 406, page 64.

not do for anybody to hang back on an occasion like this; and, for the nonce, both the civilians and the military were of one mind, and actually met on an amicable and pleasant footing, to talk the matter over, and to decide upon what was to be done. After a friendly debate, which lasted for four hours, it was resolved that Sir Gunter and Lady Gallopaway should be invited to a ball and supper, and not to a dinner. It was further determined that the entertainment should take place, not at Government-house (that would be too Civil)—not at any mess-room (that would be too Military)—but at a good-sized hall, called the Metcalfe Institution, this being perfectly neutral ground. My friend, the civilian with whom I had been staying, had a perfect contempt for these local squabbles—although he was really compelled to take a part therein; and, after the meeting was over, he sat down and wrote a metrical squib, ridiculing the whole affair, and sent it for publication to one of the newspapers, the Delhi Gazette. For this squib—seeing that it sneered at both the civilians and the military—I unfortunately got the credit, and the consequence was, that, when I made my appearance at the ball, several of the heads of the society who had formerly received me with extreme cordiality, answered me only in monosyllables when I addressed them. Indeed, I learnt afterwards, from my friend's wife, that a meeting had actually been called to consider the propriety of not inviting me, and that I had very narrowly escaped that punishment; for, had it not been for the vote of her husband, my name would have been omitted, as there were ten for and ten against me, when he held up his hand in my favour.

But to the ball. There were present some twenty civilians, all dressed in black, with white cravats; and each had brought with him his wife, or a sister, or a daughter. Of military men (all in full-dress uniform) there were about forty-five or fifty; and the ladies who came with them may have numbered thirty. In all, say that there were present—including visitors and stragglers like myself—one hundred and forty. I was rather late, and, on entering the room, beheld one of the oddest sights that I ever witnessed: all the black coats were huddled together, and so were all the reds. They had been unanimous only so far as giving the entertainment was concerned; and it seemed to be distinctly understood by each party that there was to be no mixing; and so the civilians formed quadrilles and danced with the civil ladies, and the soldiers with the military ladies. Had there been a royal regiment in Agra, there would have been three parties, owing to the jealousy that existed formerly between the Queen's and the Company's officers. Besides myself, there were two "interlopers in the East" present at that ball. The one, a French gentleman; the other, a German Baron. They, too, were travelling about in search of

the picturesque, and here they had it with a vengeance. The Frenchman could not comprehend this exclusiveness on the part of the blacks; but the German assured us that to him it was a very common sight, and to be witnessed at every ball in every garrison town in his country. "But there," said he, "the military look down on the civilians, while here, it seems to me, that the civilians look down on the military. See! see! See how disdainfully that old Mrs. Revenue Board scrutinises the dress of Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel Damzè!"

Sure enough such was the case. "But regard!" said the Frenchman, "how angry is that Mrs. Sudder Adaulut, because that little Mrs. Infantry (whose husband, I am told, is the younger son of a poor English lord) is contemplating her, nose in the air. Truly this is a magnificent spectacle! Is it always so, I wonder?"

I was enabled, from experience, to inform him, that in almost every large station—and at Agra especially—it universally occurs; but that in small stations seldom or never.

Here we were approached by Lieutenant-Colonel Damzè himself. After exchanging a few words with the foreign gentlemen on either side of me, he passed on, seemingly proud and happy at having had an opportunity of slighting me in public, on account of the doggerel for which I had the credit.

"Mais monsieur," said the Frenchman to me. "Who, in wonder's name, are all these Damzè gentlemen? There is one Damzè, colonel of such a regiment; another Damzè, major in another corps. There is a Deputy-Commissary-General Damzè; there is a Mr. Damzè in the Indian navy; another Damzè is a military secretary; some half-dozen Damzès are, I have perceived, on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief. Parbleu! C'est Damzè—tousjours Damzè! for here, by Heaven, I meet with still another Damzè! Who are all these Damzès?"

I informed him that Damzè was the patronymic of a nobleman in power; and with this explanation he was thoroughly enlightened, and appeared to be perfectly satisfied.

"Let us move up towards the General," said the German Baron, who had been introduced to the old here. "Let us go and say a few words to him."

It was not easy to do this; hemmed in as was the General by those who desired to make him remember them in the future. However, it was managed at last; and, somehow or other, we three interlopers, contrived before long, to monopolise his attention—we, the only people in the room to whom he could not be of any service—for there was nothing that he could give, or get for us, if we had wanted his patronage. We, rather maliciously—so far as the crowd was concerned—stood about the distinguished old man and guarded him; and I have reason to know that he was grateful to us for so

doing. Towards the hour of twelve, however, we had to stand back; for Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel Damzè came and sat upon the sofa on the left side of the General, and talked to him in an animated but somewhat anxious manner, which became even more anxious when Mrs. Revenue Board approached, and taking a seat on the General's right (eyeing Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel Damzè with a somewhat haughty expression), congratulated the General on his recent good fortune. At this advanced stage of the evening also, Lady Gallopaway was flanked, right and left, by old Mr. Revenue Board and Lieutenant-Colonel Damzè, C.B. The reader is requested to note that these two letters—C.B.—were Damzè's by right; or, at all events, that he had been recommended for the order, and that the recommendation had been instantly attended to: albeit Damzè had never been within range of an enemy's cannon in the whole course of his life. Lady Gallopaway yawned.

At length a gong sounded, and the band struck up that usual signal that supper is ready, "O, the Roast Beef of Old England, O, the Old English Roast Beef."

The anxiety of the ladies who sat on either side of the General was now at its height. They fanned themselves with fearful vigour; and we, the three interlopers, fancied that we could hear the palpitation of their hearts. Meanwhile their husbands, respectively, by their looks, evinced a corresponding anxiety. Each stood ready to offer his arm to Lady Gallopaway as soon as the General had made his election—of the lady he would lead to the supper-table. Each party was equally confident but equally nervous; like the parties to a law-suit. For weeks past this question of precedence had been debated in Agra, and very warmly debated—namely, whether Mrs. Revenue Board, of the Civil Service, or Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel Damzè, C.B.—was entitled to the pas. Now was the moment for a decision, or, at all events, an authority in support of either position or argument. The old General (upon whom both Mr. Revenue Board and Lieutenant-Colonel Damzè, C.B., had their anxious eyes) rose, smiled, bowed to the ladies who had flanked him, left them, and wandered about the ball-room, looking to the right and left, as if searching for some one. Presently he stopped short, before little Mrs. Infantry, who was talking to a cornet of the Seventeenth Light Cavalry. The General offered her his arm. She took it very graciously, and was led away. But before leaving the room, she halted, turned round, and stared very significantly at the two elderly ladies who were still seated on the sofa, overwhelmed in surprise, horror, and indignation. Infantry, who was only a lieutenant in his regiment, observing that the General had recognised the social right of his wife, which she had derived solely from him, instantly

rushed up to Lady Gallopaway, and offered her an arm (which she took) lead her away in triumph, leaving his own Colonel (Damzè) and old Mr. Revenue Board gasping, and gazing at each other in mutual disgust and consternation. Had a shell burst in the building; had the powder-magazine exploded and shattered all the windows, the commotion could scarcely have been greater than it was at that moment. No one could account for this extraordinary conduct, or caprice, as it was termed, on the part of the old General. Damzè, who had just been flattering him concerning his wonderful achievements, now declared that "the old fool had become half-witted since eighteen hundred and forty-seven," while Revenue Board, who, a quarter of an hour previously had, to the General's face, held forth on the unflinching independence which has marked his character through life, now protested—openly protested—that he had been a time-server throughout his entire career, and had some object in thus truckling before the son of an influential peer. The ladies, on the sofa, stared at each other; now commiserately and in silence for at least two minutes, then simultaneously ejaculated: "What *can* it mean?"

"I thought it would have been me," said Mrs. Revenue Board.

"You?" said Mrs. Damzè.

"Yes; why not? My husband is a civilian of twenty years standing?"

"Is not my husband a Lieutenant-Colonel and a C.B.? If he were only a Major and a C.B. he would take precedence of Mr. Revenue Board."

"You are quite mistaken!"

"Indeed not! Do you suppose a C.B. goes for nothing?"

"No,—but—"

Here Lieutenant-Colonel Damzè and Mr. Revenue Board—who had been discussing the same question; but in a calmer spirit than their wives—approached, and, making common cause against the upstart enemy (Infantry and his wife), formed a quartette and went into the supper-rooms; where, to their intense mortification, they heard little Mrs. Infantry talking loudly, on purpose to attract the notice of all present. What was even more mortifying still, the old General was paying her marked attention.

The red party, that is to say, the military, were in very high spirits; the black, the civilians, correspondingly depressed. The quartette, consisting of Damzè and Revenue Board, and their wives, ate voraciously; but evidently without appetite. They sipped their wine with an absent formality, which was very entertaining to lookers-on, who were in no way interested in the momentous question which was preying on their very souls.

"It shall not end here," said Damzè, moodily fixing his eyes on the chandelier.

"Not, indeed!" said Mr. Revenue Board.

"I shall put my case to the Governor—"

General direct," said Damzè. "His Lordship is a near connection of mine."

"I am perfectly aware of that," said Mr. Revenue Board. "But it is my intention to submit my case to his Lordship through Mr. Bommerson, the Lieutenant-Governor of these Provinces, officially; and, if his Lordship's opinion should be adverse, I shall have my appeal to the Court of Directors, amongst whom (thank Heaven!) I have several relations and warm friends."

"And you will write, I hope, my dear," said Mrs. Revenue Board, "to Sir John Bobgrouse, who is the president of the Board of Control, and whose secretary married your first cousin—recollect."

"We can write, too," said Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel Damzè.

"You may write to anybody you please," said Mrs. Revenue Board, defiantly and contemptuously; "but you will remember that the point between us is this, that even if your husband, in consequence of having got—no matter how—a C.B. ship, has the right to precede my husband, a civilian of twenty years standing, whether you have the right to precede me? That is the question, and I hope, Revenue Dear, you will not fail to raise it."

In truth the question was submitted in all its bearings for the consideration of the most noble the Governor-General of India; who, declining to take upon himself so fearful a responsibility, referred the matter to the Home Government. Leadenhall Street had something to say to it, and so had the Board of Control. While the case was pending, the newspapers in every part of India literally teemed with letters on the subject, and their editors were invited to give their opinions thereon. Only one of the number was weak enough to do this, and bitterly did he repent of his rashness; for, having decided in favour of the C.B., and of Mrs. C.B., he lost (so he confessed to me) no less than six-and-twenty civilians, each of twenty years standing in his subscription list. For more than eighteen months, this precedence question formed a leading topic, not only in the public prints, but in private circles. It became, in short, a perfect nuisance. At length, the decision of the Home Government came out to India; but, alas! they had only half done their work! They had given C.B. the precedence over the civilian of twenty years standing, but had been silent about their wives! So, the matter was referred back. A clerk in the Private Secretary's office told me that he was occupied for three hours in copying only the Governor-General's minute on the Court's despatch, which was a very lengthy one, and signed by the chairman for himself and the other directors, whose names were given in full. He further informed me that the whole of the documents, connected with this weighty

affair, would, if put into type, form a volume five times as bulky as Sir William Napier's *Conquest of Scinde*.

How the matter was settled eventually, I do not know; for, when I left India, the question had not been decided. On the great point, when it was referred for a second time to the Home Authorities, there was a difference of opinion between the Court of Directors and the Board of Control, and a long correspondence ensued on the subject between each of these departments of the Indian Government and the Governor-General, who was required to have the case laid before the Advocates-General of the supreme Courts, at the various Presidencies. These gentlemen differed one with the other in their views of the case; each alleging that the point lay in a nut-shell, and was as clear as possible. For all I know to the contrary, it may be in the nut-shell at this moment. Both, Lieutenant-Colonel Damzè, and Mr. Revenue Board, laid cases before the Calcutta barristers, who pocketed their fees, and laconically expressed their opinions, respectively, that the parties who consulted them were in the right,—“there could be no doubt on the point,” they said. Damzè sent a copy of his case, and the opinion of his barrister thereon, to Revenue Board, who rather triumphantly returned the compliment. I regret to say, that this contest engendered in Agra a great deal of what is called bad blood, and induced many ladies to descend to very unseemly personalities. For instance, Mrs. Damzè, one evening at the band-stand told Mrs. Revenue Board, that when she (Mrs. R. B.) returned to England, she would have no rank at all, as her husband was not an esquire even—but a “mister” in his own country. To which Mrs. Revenue Board replied:

“And you, pray? Is not your husband in the Company's service?”

“Yes,” rejoined Mrs. Damzè; “but you forget the C.B.!”

Let us now return to the Honourable Lieutenant Infantry. When that officer came up, and led away Lady Gallopaway to supper, Damzè was overheard to say, “I'll take the shine out of that young gentleman;” and if taking the shine meant constantly bullying the subaltern, Damzè certainly kept his word. And when the next hot weather came, and the Lieutenant wished to accompany his sick wife to the Hills, Damzè, when he forwarded the application for six months' leave of absence, wrote privately to the Assistant Adjutant-General, and recommended that it should not be granted. The honourable subaltern, however, was rather too strong for his colonel, in the way of interest. Presuming on the acquaintance which existed between his father and the commander-in-chief, he wrote a letter to that functionary, and a few days afterwards found himself in general orders.

The wrath of Damzè may be easily imagined; especially as he had boasted to several of his officers, of having put a spoke in the lieutenant's wheel. And by way of throwing salt upon the colonel's wounds, the lieutenant called upon him, and, in the politest manner possible, inquired if there was anything he could do for him at head-quarters!

While at Agra, a Bengalee Baboo called upon me. Judging from his appearance, I should have guessed his age to be about fifty years; but he was upwards of seventy. He spoke English with marvellous fluency, and accuracy, and could read and write the language as well and as elegantly as any educated European. He was, perhaps, the cleverest Hindoo whom I encountered during my sojourn in the East. His manners were peculiarly courteous and winning, and there was an air of penitence about the man, which, apart from his abilities, induced me to treat him with kindness and consideration. His name was—let us say—Nobinkissen.

The history of Nobinkissen was simply this. He was a Brahmin of the highest caste, and, at the age of eighteen was a writer in the service of the Government, on a salary of ten rupees per month. He ingratiated himself with every civilian under whom he served, and gradually rose, step by step, until he became the Sheristadar or head-clerk, of a circuit judge of a court of appeal. In this office he acquired riches—and was still adding to his store, when his official career was brought prematurely to a close.

I must here inform the reader that not one civilian in a hundred—no matter what his rank or grade—can read and write Hindoostanee or Persian, although the majority of them have some colloquial knowledge of both those languages. Yet, as a matter of course, they append their signatures to every document of which, on hearing it read aloud, to them by their native officials, they approve. Their orders they dictate orally; those orders are transcribed by the Sheristadar, who gives them to a native writer to copy. This done, they are read aloud for correction or approval, and then signed, in English, by the covenanted civilian. Before leaving office every day, such civilian may have to sign fifty, sixty, or a hundred documents; for the rule is, not to sign each of them when read; but to sign them in a mass at the breaking up of the court. Here Nobinkissen invented his means of money-making. Whenever the judge gave a decree in any case of importance, he made a counterpart of such decree, and, when the signing time came, obtained, without any sort of trouble or inquiry, the signature of the Sahib and the seal of the Court to both documents. He was thus, to all intents and purposes—or, at all events, for his own—in possession of something tantamount to the fee simple of the lands in dispute. He could arm either

the appellant or the respondent with the final decree of the Court, under the hand and official seal of the judge. The only question with him now was, which of the litigants would give the most money;—and to each in private, and in the sahib's name, he exhibited the documents. The highest bidder, of course, gained the day, whereupon Nobinkissen took the coin, handed over one of the decrees, and burnt the other.

It fell out that Nobinkissen was attacked with fever; and, in a state bordering on delirium, he parted with, that is to say, sold, to both respondent and appellant, a decree, under the hand and seal of the judge; such decree arming the holder with the power to take possession of a very large estate in Bengal. Each party, fearful of a disturbance, which often occurs when possession of an estate is sought for, applied to the magistrate of a district, under a certain regulation of government, for assistance, in order to enable him to carry out the judge's decree, which each, as a matter of course produced. The magistrate was naturally much perplexed, and made a reference to the judge, who could only say he had signed but one decree. There was then a report made to the government by the magistrate. An investigation ensued, and the judge was, meanwhile suspended, for great suspicion lurked in the minds of many that he was not so innocent as he affected to be. When Nobinkissen recovered from his sickness, and saw the dilemma in which his superior, the judge, was placed, he made a clean breast of it, and confessed that the guilt was his, and his alone. Nobinkissen was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be imprisoned in irons for the term of his natural life. For nine years he was in the jail at Alipore, near Calcutta. At the expiration of that period he was called upon to furnish some information of which he was possessed, in relation to certain public affairs. He was brought from the prison, confronted with several officials, amongst whom was a member of the Council. His altered appearance, his emaciated form, his attitude of despair, and the intelligence and readiness with which he responded to the questions put to him, touched the hearts of those by whom he was examined; and the member of Council, who has been since a director of the East India Company, spoke to the Governor-General, and eventually obtained Nobinkissen's pardon and release. The Hindoos, and Mussulmans in India (like the Arabs), do not regard being guilty of a fraud or theft as a disgrace. The degrading part of the business is, being convicted, and Nobinkissen, on being set at liberty, could not face his countrymen in Bengal, and, therefore, retired to the upper provinces, where he lived in comparative obscurity, and in easy circumstances; for he had not disgorged his ill-gotten gains. His wife had taken care of them during his captivity.

At the time that Nobinkissen called upon me, the government of India were in considerable difficulty in respect to finance. A new loan had been opened, but it did not fill, and the government had very wisely determined upon closing it. Nobinkissen made this a topic of conversation, and his views—albeit they came from a man who had been convicted of a fraud—are, at the present time especially, entitled to the very gravest consideration.

"Ah, sir!" he remarked, "it is a pitiful thing that the government of a great empire like this should ever be in pecuniary difficulties and put to their wits' end for a few millions annually, in order to make the receipts square with the expenditure."

"But how can it be helped?" I asked.

"Easily, sir," he replied. "Why not make it expedient to do away with the perpetual settlement of Lord Cornwallis, and resettle the whole of Bengal? That is by far the most fertile province in the East; but it is taxed lighter than even these poor lands of the Upper Provinces. Look at the Durbungah Rajah. Nearly the whole of Tirhoot—the garden of India—belongs to him, and he does not pay into the government treasury half a lac [five thousand pounds] per annum, while his collections amount to upwards of twenty lacs. These are the men who get hold of the money and bury it and keep it from circulating."

"But all zemindarees [lands] are not so profitable in Bengal?"

"No. Many are not worth holding—especially the smaller ones, although the land is just as good and just as well cultivated."

"But how is that?"

"They are so heavily taxed. You must know, sir, that in those days—the days of Lord Cornwallis—the greatest frauds were committed in respect to the perpetual settlement. The natives who were about and under the settlement officers all made immense fortunes, and the zemindars from whom they took their bribes have profited ever since to the cost of the poorer zemindars, who could not or would not bribe, and to the cost of the British government. It is a great mistake to suppose that the whole of the landholders in Bengal would cry out against a re-settlement of that province. Only men holding vast tracts of country, at a comparatively nominal rent, would cry out."

"And tax the British government with a breach of faith?"

"Yes. But what need the government care for that cry—especially when its act is not only expedient, but would be just withal? In Bengal, all the great zemindars are rich, very rich, men. In these provinces, with very, very few exceptions, they are poor, so that the whole of Upper India would be glad to see the perpetual settlement done away with, and the land re-settled."

"Why so?"

"That is only human—and, certainly, Asiatic—nature. Few of us like to behold our neighbours better off than ourselves; so that the cry of faith-breaking would not meet with a response in this part of the world."

"Yes; but in Europe the cry would be too powerful to contend against. The Exeter Hall orators and the spouters at the Court of Proprietors would—"

"Ah, sir! India should either be governed in India or in England. It is the number of wheels in the government that clogs the movement of the machine."

"Very true."

"But who are these men—these zemindars with whom you are required to keep an illicit faith? Are they your friends? If so, why do they never come forward to assist you in your difficulties? Did a single zemindar, when, after the battle of Ferozeshah, the empire was shaking in the balance, lift a finger to help the government of India? And, to-morrow, if your rule were at stake, and dependent on their assistance, think you they would render it? Think you they would furnish money if your treasury was exhausted? Not one pice! Think you they would furnish men to protect your stations denuded of troops? No! Although hundreds of them can each turn out a thousand or two of followers, armed with iron-bound bludgeons, swords, and shields, when they desire to intimidate an European indigo-planter, or to fight a battle between themselves about a boundary question. These are the men who, in your greatest need, would remain neutral until, if it so happened, you were brought to your last gasp, when, as one man, they would not fail to rise and give you the final blow."

"Do you believe that? I do not."

"Sir, I know my own countrymen better than you do."

"If such a state of affairs were to come about, and these zemindars remained neutral, of course the cry of breaking faith would be absurd in the extreme. Neutrality, in such a case, would be almost as bad as hostility."

[Nobinkissen's prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter. Our rule has been at stake, in imminent peril, and not one of these men has offered to assist us with men or money. The Rajahs of Durbungah and Burdwan alone, to say nothing of the Newab of Moorshedabad, between them could have furnished an army of, at the very least, five thousand stalwart fighting-men, whereas they have looked upon our difficulties in perfect apathy. It is from the coffers of men of this stamp that large sums should be extracted annually towards keeping up a vast—an overwhelming—European force in India. Faith with such men as these! What claim have they to our faintest consideration? What right to expect that we shall any longer forego the collection of several extra millions annually—

several extra millions which, to every intent and purpose, is our just due ?]

"There is a line in Shakespeare, sir," Nobinkissen continued, "which the government of India should adopt as its motto, and act up to consistently—

"Cæsar never does wrong without just cause."

Our conversation was here interrupted by a noise in the road. I went to the window, and, observing a great crowd, inquired of one of my servants who was standing in the verandah :—

"What is the matter ?"

"A bullock has fallen down, and they are trying to get him up—that is all, sahib," was the reply.

I rushed to the spot, followed by Nobinkissen, and there beheld a scene which in no other country would have been tolerated by the crowd assembled.

One, of a pair of bullocks drawing an overladen cart, had from weakness and fatigue, sank beneath the burden. The driver of the animals (a Hindoo) had broken, by twisting it violently, the tail of the poor beast, which was nothing but skin and bone, and was covered with wounds from ill-treatment. Heavy blows, and the tail breaking having failed to make the jaded ox stand upon his legs, the driver—heedless of my remonstrance—collected some straw and sticks, and lighted a fire all round him. The poor beast now struggled very hard, but was unable to rise, and presently he resigned himself to be scorched to death.

"I always thought that the cow was a sacred animal with Hindoos ?" said I, to Nobinkissen.

"Yes," said he.

"And here is a Hindoo who works one of his gods till he drops down with sheer fatigue, and then cruelly puts him to death !"

"Yes, that often happens," said Nobinkissen, smiling.

"Then, what an absurdity and inconsistency for the Hindoos at Benares, and other holy places, to make such a noise if an European only strikes a sacred animal with a whip ! Why, it was only the other day that a mob collected around the house of the magistrate and set the authorities at defiance : all because the magistrate had ordered that one of the bulls which crowd the streets should be shut up, on the ground that he had gored several people."

"That is the doing of the Brahmins who incite the people to such acts ; and every concession on the part of the government leads those Brahmins to believe that they have great power, and leads the people also to believe it. If a Mahomedan finds one of those bulls in the way, and gives him a thrashing with a thick stick, or probes him in the side with a sword, the Brahmins say nothing, nor do the people of Benares."

"Why is that ?"

"Because it would not be worth while. The strife would be profitless ; for, you see, sir, the Mahomedans are not the rulers of this country, but the Sahibs are ; and hence the jealousy with which they are watched. In time, the Government of India will see the necessity of forbidding Hindoo festivals in the public streets—abolishing them—just as Suttee was abolished. It is only the dissolute rich and the rabble who take any delight in these festivals, many of which are indecent and disgusting. Sensible and respectable Hindoos take no part in them ; on the contrary, they avoid them, and think them a nuisance. Hindooism will never become extinct, so long as this world lasts ; but the British government has the power of doing away with those obnoxious observances in the public thoroughfares, which only disfigure the religion."

"Well, in that case, you would have to do away with the Mahomedan festivals ?"

"Most certainly,—in the public streets. In private, the Mahomedans as well as the Hindoos, might be permitted to keep their festivals in whatever way they thought proper. Do you suppose that the Mahomedans, when in power suffered the Hindoos to block up the streets continually with their processions, as they do now ? Think you that they entertained the same consideration for the bulls and monkeys at Benares as the British now entertain ? And when, in turn, the Mahrattas over-run this part of the country, think you that Agra was ever deafened, as it now is, with the din of the Buckree Ede and the Mohurram ?"

"Perhaps not. But then you see, Nobinkissen, we are a tolerant people, and wish to convince both creeds that we have no desire to interfere with their religious prejudices in any way whatsoever."

"Yes ; but then you are inconsistent, and the consequence is, that you not only get the credit of being insincere, but are imposed upon at the utmost."

"How, inconsistent ?"

"Why, you declare that you have no desire to interfere with the religious prejudices of the Hindoo and the Mahomedan ; but you, nevertheless, encourage missionary gentlemen to go from station to station to preach in the open air concerning the superiority of your religion over all others. Believe me, sir, this does a great deal of harm."

"Ah ! but we make converts ?"

"How many do you suppose ?"

"I cannot say."

"I can. Take India from one end to the other and you make, annually, one out of fifty thousand."

"No more ?"

"No more, sir ! That is the result of preaching in the open air, all over the country, and the distribution of thousands and

hundreds of thousands of tracts printed in Hindoostanee and Bengalee languages."

"Well, that is something, Nobinkissen."

"And of what class of people are your converts?"

"Respectable men of all classes, I suppose."

"The dregs of both Hindoos and Mussulmans. The most debased and degraded of Indians—men who only assume Christianity in the hope of temporal advantage and preferment—and who fling aside their newly put-on faith, and laugh and scoff at your credulity the moment they find their hope frustrated. I could give you at least one hundred instances; but one will suffice. Not long ago a Mussulman, named Ally Khan, was converted by Mr. Jones a missionary in Calcutta, and, shortly after his conversion, obtained an appointment with a salary of one hundred rupees a month, in the Baptist Mission Society. Here he contrived to embezzle sixteen hundred rupees, for which offence he was indicted in the Supreme Court, found guilty, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the Calcutta jail. On hearing the sentence he exclaimed: 'In the name of the devil, is this the reward of renouncing my religion? Farewell Christianity! From this hour I am a Moslem again!'"

"Another very flagrant case occurred in this very station. A civilian took into his service a recently converted Hindoo, as a sirdar-bearer. The fellow had charge of a money-bag, and ran off with it. And where and how do you suppose he was apprehended? At Hurdwar, taking an active part in the Hoolee Festival! The Roman Catholic priests have long since left off asking the natives of India to become Christians. Those who voluntarily present themselves, are, after a strict examination, and a due warning that they must hope for no temporal advantage, admitted into the Church."

"And do they have any applications?"

"Very few, indeed; but those whom they admit do, really and truly, become Christians."

These last words of Nobinkissen were scarcely pronounced, when a palkee was brought up to my door, and out of it stepped a Roman Catholic priest—an Italian gentleman, a Jesuit—whom I had met a few evenings previously at the house of a mutual friend. Nobinkissen, who appeared to know the reverend father intimately, related to him the substance of the conversation we had just held, or rather the latter part thereof, and the priest corroborated every allegation, that Nobinkissen had made.

"Yea," he added, "we now devote our attention, exclusively, to the spiritual wants of the white man who requires our aid—convinced, as we are, of the hopelessness of the task of converting the Hindoo and the Mussulman to Christianity." And, in addition to the instances of false converts, afforded by

Nobinkissen, he did not scruple to detail several others of an equally atrocious character and complexion.

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

IV.

THERE is a certain picture of prodigious proportions hanging in the Rijks Museum—a picture of many figures, wherein may be studied advantageously the old Dutch type of face and expression. Some twenty or thirty figures supping desperately, with stern Dutch purpose—some twenty or thirty living, speaking faces, fitted with flesh, and blood, and veins, and unshaven stubble, full of startling, outspoken life. Such a miracle of portrait-painting can hardly be conceived, most perfect memorial, therefore, of how the Dutchmen of old, looked and bore themselves. How they gathered round their long tables in huge parties, how they ate of those quaint pies dressed in the likeness of birds, how they held aloft those queer cups and beakers (mounted Nautilus shells they would seem to have been), which, of themselves, together with the eternal lemon rind, are such popular studies with the old Dutch Masters; how they drank the red wine, not through the helmet barred, but from blue antique flasks, letting it come in a great arch—all this, and much more, may be gathered profitably from that picture chronicle. With that prevailing type of physiognomy before spoken of, the full radiant faces suffused with an unctuous glow, the twinkling eyes, the purple flesh, fattened on the juices of many rich meats, the open throats, all in thick rolls like so much corded brawn, so looked the burgher and the fighting element in the fine old days of Dutch glory. Out of such stuff came De Ruyters and Van Tromps, and their disciples, it may have been, of the same sturdy build—walking their quarter-decks with heavy stride, and holding good cheer in the admiral's cabin. There is another pattern of physiognomy, the direct opposite, and these two would seem to exhaust the species. This is the lean lantern-jawed order, to be also found abundantly on the walls of the Rijks Museum. Morne, melancholy, and yellow men, counsellors chiefly, that do the thinking work, with small ragged moustaches, and subject eternally to bilious derangement. These were the spirits that could weave triple alliances, and dictate haughty answers to the great Louis. They may be seen in many galleries, standing out yellow with strange effect—work of Rembrandt, Van Ryn, and other light and shadow masters—side by side with their sturdier and robustious brethren. They may be seen, too, in the old plates of the Hogen Mogen sitting in council, their tri-cornered hats on, and periwigs flowing down their backs: which two patterns, as has been said, the sanguineous and bilious, the thinkers and the doers, may be held to exhaust that ancient company.

Beyond question the Dutch have this advantage, beyond other nations, in helping us to an exact view of how their forefathers looked, by reason of this painfully minute handling of their painters, a legion of Denners, reproducing every hair, and mole, and wrinkle. Saving always Rembrandt the Bold, splashing in his colours with a noble purpose, bringing out those Rabbi heads of his by whatever treatment seemed fittest at the moment, humble agency of thumb-nail, piece of stick, brush-handle, being all available, and doing better service than the finest brush. That great supper picture, then, we may take as most faithful chronicle of the sturdy old Hogen Mogen days, before which may be seen rapt connoisseurs, backing absently on neighbours' toes, and making lorgnettes of their hands: before which, too, great Sir Joshua was filled with wonder and delight, writing down hereafter, that it was the finest portrait picture in the world; compared then, with which standard, our modern Dutchman must be taken to have not at all fallen away in physique or morale build of temperament. He is plethoric, dropsical, slow of motion, suggestive of apoplexy, and strangely cartilaginous about the thorax, as of old. He has an eye of fish—fshiest, cheeks of flesh—fshiest, as of old. He bears something before him, that is fair and round, and with good (rich?) capon lined, as of old. He relishes his meals exceedingly, and fails not, at five minutes before four o'clock to be in waiting at his host's table, doing fearful work on host's provisions, all as of old. He keeps his napkin tucked under his chin, as one who means business, and rejoices in many courses, letting no meats go by him without tithé. He affects principally, fatty preparations, stews, unctuous fish, rich game birds wrapped in jackets of richer bacon, and salad floating in strong oils. To such fare does he most seriously incline; whereof the marks and tokens are visible about his lips, together with a certain exhaustion and sense of having toiled diligently in that vineyard. The Boswellian will be minded of the great Samuel's fashion of deglutition, who would tear his dinner like a famished wolf, with strange animal sounds: the cords of his forehead swelling, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. As to wine, "O! that a Dutchman's soul could be, As wide as the foaming Zuyder Zee," is the only too natural aspiration of every true Hollander. For he is a gourmet as to his neat wines, and very often you may see the landlord bringing in an old cobwebbed flask, for which some four or five present have clubbed their means, and which, being filled forth into spindle-legged glasses, is handed round and sniffed luxuriously, and held up between the light, and blinked at with eye half-closed, Mynheer lolling back right royally in his chair. French vintages are what he loves dearest; but your commonalty grow mellow of festival days over Rhein wine, Selters, and

sugar compounded, with entire satisfaction. He turns not his face away from those pink stewed pears, neither does he eschew his peaches, whereof his country bears a plentiful crop. Finally, when all has been cleared, when his now languid eye roams down the table and up again, and sees that there is nothing left whose quality has been untested; when he has had of the mouldy cheese, of the pears, of the sweet cakes, of the peaches, and of the pears again, he falls to fumbling in his great pocket, and brings out the cherished case, from which he picks, with a certain daintiness and nicety of appetite, a fat and fragrant cigar. So do his brethren about him. For an hour to come, he is lost in a cloud, speaks out of a cloud, chuckles behind a cloud, and at the end, perhaps, drops away into an easy doze behind his cloud.

Taking him out of these restauration-hours, which more particularly illustrate his physique, your Dutchman has other marks and tokens which give him a certain individuality and character. He is given a little to discoursing of his country, and is great in statistics of her trade. He will tell you boastfully, of the great Indiamen, he—that is, his country—has built; and how they come home richly laden from Java and other dependencies. He will show to you how he (same qualification as before), has the whole coffee trade, the whole spice trade, of Europe, in his hands. He will point exultingly to that monster auction held the other night at Amsterdam, where polyglot bidders attended, bidders from the north, from the south, from the east and west, and where no less than four hundred thousand bags of coffee were disposed of. Curiously enough, coming round that way, not many nights before, I find a building, lighted up, and crowds going in and coming out, with a sort of festive air over the whole. Gentlemen, dressed as for a party, hurrying by and entering the building lighted up, The stray cab, or so of the place in waiting. A great night—a gala night! The great July coffee sale, choicest festival that can be for your trading Dutchman's heart! Coffee and spices supplied to the world, in spite of some under-hand trick of that Grand Bretagne, striving to turn aside the trade. He does not love England, your true Dutchman. Thinks she has behaved scurvily to him in some particulars:—to say nothing of that trade matter, in standing by while he had been bullied by the French. Which catchword sets him a-going upon military glory, and upon what a great people in arms they, the Dutch, are. Witness Chassé and that defence of Antwerp! How he held out, and from his citadel could have laid the town in ashes, but forbore. He is never weary of Chassé and the Antwerp siege. You have it everywhere, in every shape, newspaper allusions, small coloured prints, large coloured prints, Ballads, Chassé the great, Chassé the

victorious, and the spindle stone fountain or pillar, set up by a company of enthusiastic gentlemen, in perpetual memory of the thing. There is complaint, too, of certain advantages enjoyed by British traffickers, in such small matters as the method of rendering accounts and conducting of correspondence. The Dutch clerks have to be trained to the British tongue, as the letters come to them in that language, and they are required to reply in the same medium. Accounts reach them in British balance-sheets, in British pounds, shillings, and pence, in British tare and tret, in gross and in net; and it is expected that they shall furnish back accounts, not with due reciprocity, in guilders and cents, not in Dutch tare and Dutch tret, in gross, or in net Dutchwise; but, in this old established British fashion, and on British book-keeping principles. With other nations our Dutchman does business in cosmopolitan French, in cosmopolitan francs, as do they with him; therefore he takes it a little hard, that he should have to apply himself to the mastering of this terrible English tongue. Your Norwegian is much in the same plight. English becomes his cosmopolitan French, and it is curious, sometimes, to hear him and a friendly Dutchman, breaking English together, respectably enough.—Recalling, at times, however, the famous meteorological dialogue between two chevaliers of the French nation, who it is to be devoutly hoped, have since made better progress in the English.

As to his politics, we may say that our Dutchman is a pure Poccourantist. Trade is his politics. The safe arrival of the India fleet is news for him more exciting than the crash of an odious ministry. So he looks on, clinking his guilders in his pocket—rather does not care to turn his head and see what they are doing with the country. Prices remain steady, coffee-berries are firm, freight is light. Why then, O man, be troubled in mind, or take heed lest the republic receive detriment? Heavens, how unlike their Belgic sires of old: rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold! So sang one who had staid among them, and knew them well. The poverty gone, perhaps the contentedness. Beyond mistake, the ungovernable boldness, De Ruyter with the broom at his mast-head—De Witts—sturdy stadtholders—Mauritz's, ungovernably bold! and surly Hogen Mogen—all gone now! He is inclined to constitutional monarchy now, and has for King Meat Royal William, whose face may be seen on the coins, physiognomy awfully unprepossessing, and as the French have it, ugly even to causing fright.

To the old Napoleon days, when he had a Napoleonic king thrust upon him, our Dutchman looks back, with a certain tenderness and veneration. Something of the

old fire, belonging to their Belgic sires was stirred in him about that time. He went up with the great man, and with the great man he came down. And though roughly treated at his hands, he still was brought before Europe's eyes, and was talked of. He feels a little lazy pride in thinking of those days. Since then, he has only Chassé to lean upon. I have heard that when old King Louis was sojourning in Italy, no Dutch gentleman came by that way, without turning aside to pay his respects to his old sovereign. He lived, not so long since, near to Pisa, along the pleasant banks of the Arno. There, he grew old, and rich, and very great in person, and, when verging on his eightieth year, grew desperately enamoured of a modest, well-favoured, damsel, daughter to a lady, next door, who let out apartments for hire. Curious to say, neither the halo of departed royalty, nor the rich coffers, could outweigh with Mademoiselle Maccaroni age, decrepitude, and infirmity. Ex-King Louis was refused, and went home drivelling; it is to be hoped, were it only to make a pretty end to the history, that he portioned her handsomely on her wedding, with Carlo, or Pietro, or whatever swain was fortunate enough to win her. Such, however, is not on record. Depend upon it that Carlo's or Pietro's grandchildren, sitting by the fire of winter nights, shall often hear the story how grandmamma might have been wife to one who had once been a great king, and had sat on a throne. Perhaps grandmamma Maccaroni may hereafter sigh, and think she may have been a little foolish to have scorned the great king!

This small sketch of but indifferent handling, may serve, perhaps, as pendant, to hang opposite that other cabinet picture of My Little Dutchwoman, given before. He does stand out so pleasingly.

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SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

A FEW days ago, I was walking in a street at the western part of London, and I encountered a mendicant individual of an almost extinct species. Some years since, the oratorical beggar, who addressed himself to the public on each side of the way, in a neat speech spoken from the middle of the road, was almost as constant and regular in his appearances as the postman himself. Of late, however, this well-known figure—this cadger Cicero of modern days—has all but disappeared; the easy public ear having probably grown rather deaf, in course of time, to the persuasive power of orators with only two subjects to illustrate—their moral virtues and their physical destitution.

With these thoughts in my mind, I stopped to look at the rare and wretched object for charity whom I had met by chance, and to listen to the address which he was delivering for the benefit of the street population and the street passengers on both sides of the pavement. He was a tall, sturdy, self-satisfied, healthy-looking vagabond, with a face which would have been almost handsome if it had not been disfigured by the expression which Nature sets, like a brand, on the countenance of a common impostor. As for his style of oratory, regard for truth and justice compels me most unwillingly to admit that it was very far superior, both in choice of language and in facility of delivery, to half the professed speeches which it has been my misfortune to hear, out of the House of Commons and (incredible as the assertion may appear) even in it as well. Here is a specimen of my oratorical vagrant's form of address, as I happened to hear it, when I first stopped to look at him:—

"Good Christian people, will you be so very obliging as to leave off your various occupations for a few minutes only, and listen to the harrowing statement of a father of a family, who is reduced to acknowledge his misfortunes in the public streets? Work, honest work, is all I ask for; and I cannot get it. Why?—I ask, most respectfully, why? Good Christian people, I think it is because I have no friends. Alas! indeed I have no friends." (Cheers—in the shape of money cast profusely by the hands of prosperous

people, revelling in friends, on both sides of street.) "Surely my home ought to be a happy one? I feel, respectfully, quite sure of that. Yes! I feel quite sure of that. Oh, yes, I feel quite sure of that. But is it a happy home? No: it is, I regret to say, a starving home, because we have no friends—indeed it is so—because we have no friends. My wife and seven babes"—(Hear! hear! in the shape of one philoprogenitive penny from a family man)—"are, I am shocked to tell you, without food. Yes! without food. Oh, yes! without food." (A sympathetic penny.) "Because we have no friends." (An approving penny.) "I assure you I am right in saying, because we have no friends. Why am I and my wife and my seven babes starving in a land of plenty? Why am I injured by being deprived of work when I ask for it? Why have I no share in the wholesome necessaries of life, which I see, with my hungry eyes, in butchers' and bakers' shops on each side of me? Can anybody give me a reason for this? I think, good Christian people, nobody can! Must I perish in a land of plenty because I have no work and because I have no friends? I cannot perish in a land of plenty. No! I cannot perish in a land of plenty. Oh, no! I cannot perish in a land of plenty. Bear with my importunity, then, if I ask you to leave off your various occupations for a few minutes and to listen to the harrowing statement of a father of a family, who is likewise a starving and a friendless man."

With this neat return to the introductory passage of his speech, the mendicant individual paused; stared about him for some more pecuniary tokens of public approval; and, finding none forthcoming, walked forward, with a funereal slowness of step, to deliver a second edition of his address in another part of the street.

While I had been looking at this man, I had also been insensibly led to compare myself, as I stood on the pavement, with my oratorical vagrant, as he stood in the roadway. In some important respects, I found, to my own astonishment, that the result of the comparison was not by any means flattering on my side. I might certainly assume, without paying myself any great compliment, that I was the more honest of the two; also that I was better educated

and a little better clad. * But here my superiority ceased. The beggar was far in advance of me in all the outward and visible signs of inward mental comfort which combine to form the appearance of an essentially substantial, healthily-constituted man; and, making fair allowance for the different directions taken by our aspirations in life, he appeared to me to succeed more prosperously, and more to his own satisfaction, in his profession, than I succeed in mine. After perplexing myself, for some time, in the attempt to discover the reason for the enviably prosperous, healthy, and contented aspect of this man—which appeared palpably to any sharp observer, through his assumed expression of suffering and despair—I came to the singular conclusion that the secret of his personal advantages over me lay in the very circumstance on which he chiefly relied for awakening the sympathies of the charitable public—the circumstance of his having no friends.

“No friends!” I repeated to myself, as I walked away. “Happily-situated vagrant! there is the true cause of your superiority over me—you have no friends! But can the marvellous assertion be true? Is there any human being so favoured in his circumstances within the pale of civilisation? Can this enviable man really go home and touch up his speech for to-morrow, with the certainty of not being interrupted? I am going home to finish an article, without knowing whether I shall have a clear five minutes to myself, all the time I am at work. Can he take his money back to his drawer, in broad daylight, and meet nobody by the way who will say to him, ‘Remember our old friendship, and lend me a trifle’? I have money waiting for me at my publisher’s, and I dare not go to fetch it, except under cover of the night. Is that spoiled child of fortune, from whom I have just separated myself, really and truly never asked to parties and obliged to go to them! He has a button on his coat—I am positively certain I saw it—and is there no human finger and thumb to lay hold of it, and no human tongue to worry him, the while, with the long story of a lamentable grievance? He does not live in the times of the pillory, and he has his ears—the lucky wretch!—have those organs actually enjoyed the indescribable blessedness of freedom from the intrusion of ‘well-meant advice’? Can he write—and has he got no letters to answer? Can he read—and has he no dear friend’s book to get through, whether he likes it or not? No wonder that he looks prosperous and healthy, though he lives in a dingy slum, and that I look peevish and pale, though I reside on gravel, in an airy neighbourhood. Good Heavens! does he dare to speak of his misfortunes, when he has no calls to make? Disgusting Sybarite! what does he want next, I wonder?”

These are crabbed sentiments; but, per-

haps, as it is the fashion, now-a-days, to take an inveterately genial view of society in general, my present outbreak of misanthropy may be pardoned, in consideration of its involving a certain accidental originality of expression in relation to social subjects. How this may be I cannot presume to say; but I must acknowledge, nevertheless, that I have never yet been able to appreciate the advantage of having a large circle of acquaintance. It is a dreadful thing to say (even anonymously); but it is the sad truth that I could positively dispense with a great many of my dearest friends.

There is my Boisterous Friend, for instance—an excellent creature, who has been intimate with me from childhood, and who loves me as his brother. I always know when he calls, though my study is at the top of the house. I hear him in the passage, the moment the door is opened—he is so hearty; and, like other hearty people, he has such a loud voice. I have told my servant to say that I am engaged, which means simply, that I am hard at work. “Dear old boy!” I hear my Boisterous Friend exclaim, with a genial roar, “writing away, the jolly, hard-working, clever old chap, just as usual—eh, Susan? Lord bless you! he knows me—he knows I don’t want to interrupt him. Up-stairs, of course? I know my way. Just for a minute, Susan—just for a minute.” The voice stops, and heavily-shod feet (all boisterous men wear thick boots) ascend the stairs, two at a time. My door is burst open, as if with a battering-ram (no boisterous man ever knocks), and my friend rushes in like a mad bull. “Ha, ha, ha! I’ve caught you,” says the associate of my childhood. “Don’t stop for me, dear old boy; I’m not going to interrupt you (Lord bless my soul, what a lot of writing!)—and you’re all right, eh? That’s all I wanted to know. By George, it’s quite refreshing to see you here forming the public mind! No! I won’t sit down; I won’t stop another instant. So glad to have seen you, dear fellow—good bye.” By this time, his affectionate voice has made the room ring again; he has squeezed my hand, in his brotherly way, till my fingers are too sore to hold the pen; and he has put to flight, for the rest of the day, every idea that I had when I sat down to work. And yet (as he would tell me himself) he has not been in the room more than a minute—though he might well have stopped for hours, without doing any additional harm. Could I really dispense with him? I don’t deny that he has known me from the time when I was in short frocks, and that he loves me like a brother. Nevertheless, I could dispense—yes, I could dispense—oh, yes, I could dispense—with my Boisterous Friend.

Again, there is my Domestic Friend, whose time for calling on me is late in the afternoon, when I have wrought through my day’s task; and when a quiet restorative half hour

by myself, over the fire, is precious to me beyond all power of expression. There is my Domestic Friend, who comes to me at such times, and who has no subject of conversation but the maladies of his wife and children. That afflicted lady and her family have never been well, since my Domestic Friend and I first became acquainted, some years since. No efforts that I can make to change the subject, can get me out of the range of the family sick-room. If I start the weather, I lead to a harrowing narrative of its effect on Mrs. Ricketts, or the Master and Miss Rickettses. If I try politics or literature, my friend apologises for knowing nothing about any recent events in which ministers or writers are concerned, by telling me how his time has been taken up by illness at home. If I attempt to protect myself by asking him to meet a large party, where the conversation must surely be on general topics, he brings his wife with him (though he told me, when I invited her, that she was unable to stir from her bed), and publicly asks her how she feels, at certain intervals; wafting that affectionate question across the table, as easily as if he was handing the salt-cellar, or passing the bottle. I have given up defending myself against him of late, in sheer despair. I am resigned to my fate. Though a single man, I blush to confess that I know (through the vast array of facts in connection with the subject, with which my friend has favoured me) as much about the maladies of young mothers and their children, as the doctor himself. The symptoms and treatment of Croup are familiar to my mind. So of other painful disorders. Show me a baby in a certain state; let me look at that infant, and listen to that infant, and then ask me how much Dill-water I ought to throw in directly, and see if I don't give the right answer. Does any other unmedical single man, besides myself, know when half a pint of raw brandy may be poured down the throat of a delicate and sensitive woman, without producing the slightest effect on her, except of the restorative kind? I know when it may be done—when it must be done—when, I give you my sacred word of honour, the exhibition of alcohol in large quantities, may be the saving of one precious life—ay, sir, and perhaps of two! Possibly it may yet prove a useful addition to my stores of information, to know what I do on such interesting subjects as these. Possibly, I ought to feel grateful to the excellent husband and father who strengthens me to meet the nurse and the doctor on their own ground, if I am so fortunate as to be married. It may be so—but, good Christian people, it is not the less true, that I could also dispense with my Domestic Friend.

My Country Friends—I must not forget them—and least of all, my hospitable hostess, Lady Jinkinson, who is in certain respects the type and symbol of my whole circle of rural acquaintance. Lady Jinkinson is the

widow of a gallant general officer. She has a charming place in the country. She has also sons who are splendid fellows, and daughters who are charming girls. She has a cultivated taste for literature—so have the charming girls—so have not the splendid fellows. She thinks a little attention to literary men is very becoming in persons of distinction; and she is good enough to ask me to come and stay at her country-house, where a room shall be specially reserved for me, and where I can write my “fine things” in perfect quiet, away from London noises and London interruptions. I go to the country-house with my work in my portmanteau—work which must be done by a certain time. I find a charming little room made ready for me, opening into my bedroom, and looking out on the lovely garden-terrace, and the noble trees in the park beyond. I come down to breakfast in the morning; and after the second cup of tea, I get up to return to my writing-room. A chorus of family remonstrance rises instantly. Oh, surely I am not going to begin writing on the very first day. Look at the sun, listen to the birds, feel the sweet air. A drive in the country, after the London smoke, is absolutely necessary—a drive to Shockley Bottom, and round by Mulum in Parvo, where there is that famous church, and a picnic luncheon (so nice!), and back by Grimshawe's Folly (such a view from the top!), and a call, on the way home, at Saint Rumold's Abbey, that lovely old house, where the dear old Squire has had my last book read aloud to him (only think of that! the very last thing in the world that I could possibly have expected!) by darling Emily and Matilda, who are both dying to know me. Possessed by a (printer's) devil, I gruffly resist this string of temptations to be idle, and try to make my escape.

“Lunch at half-past one,” says Lady Jinkinson, as I retire.

“Pray, don't wait for me,” I answer.

“Lunch at half-past one,” says Lady Jinkinson, as if she thought I had not heard her.

“And cigars in the billiard-room,” adds one of the splendid fellows.

“And in the greenhouse, too,” continues one of the charming girls, “where your horrid smoking is really of some use.”

I shut the door desperately. The last words I hear are from Lady Jinkinson. “Lunch at half-past one.”

I get into my writing-room. Table of rare inlaid woods, on which a drop of ink would be downright ruin. Silver inkstand of enormous size, holding about a thimbleful of ink. Clarified pens in scented papier-mâché box. Blotting-book lined with crimson watered silk, full of violet and rose-coloured note-paper with the Jinkinson crest stamped in silver at the top of each leaf. Pen-wiper, of glossy new cloth, all ablaze with beads; tortoiseshell paper-knife; also paper-weight, exhibit-

ing view of the Colosseum in rare Mosaic ; also, light green taper, in ebony candlestick ; wax in scented box ; matches in scented box ; pencil-tray made of fine gold, with a turquoise eruption breaking out all over it. Upon the whole, over two hundred pounds' worth of valuable property, as working materials for me to write with.

I remove every portable article carefully from the inlaid table—look about me for the most worthless thing I can discover to throw over it, in case of ink-splashes,—find nothing worthless in the room, except my own summer paletôt,—take that, accordingly, and make a cloth of it,—pull out my battered old writing-case, with my provision of cheap paper, and my inky steel pen in my two-penny holder. With these materials before me on my paletôt (price one guinea), I endeavour to persuade myself, by carefully abstaining from looking about the room, that I am immersed in my customary squalor, and upheld by my natural untidyness. After a little while, I succeed in the effort, and begin to work.

Birds. The poets are all fond of birds. Can they write, I wonder, when their favourites are singing in chorus close outside their window ? I, who only produce prose, find birds distinctly a nuisance. Cows also. Has that one particular cow who bellows so very regularly, a bereavement to mourn ? I think we shall have veal for dinner to-day ; I do think we shall have nice veal and stuffing. But this is not the train of thought I ought to engage in, if I am to earn any money. Let me be deaf to these pastoral noises (including the sharpening of the gardener's scythe on the lawn), and get on with my work.

Tum-dum-tiddy-hidy-dum — tom-tom-tiddy-biddy-tom — ti-too-tidy-hidy-ti — ti-ti-titum. Yes, yes, that famous tenor bit in the *Trovatore*, played with singular fire on the piano in the room below, by one of the charming girls. I like the *Trovatore* (not being, fortunately for myself, a musical critic). Let me lean back in my chair on this balmy morning—writing being now clearly out of the question—and float away placidly on the stream of melody. Brava ! Brava ! Bravissima ! She is going through the whole opera, now in one part of it, and now in another. No, she stops, after only an hour's practice. A voice calls to her ; I hear her ringing laugh, in answer ; no more piano—silence. Money, money, you must be earned ! Work, work, you must be done ! Oh, my ideas, my only stock in trade, mercifully come back to me—or, like the famous Roman, I have lost a day.

Let me see ; where was I when the *Trovatore* began ? At the following passage apparently, for the sentence is left unfinished.

"The farther we enter into this interesting subject, the more light"—What had I got to say about light, when the *Trovatore*

began ? Was it, "flows in upon us ?" No ; nothing so meagre and common-place as that. I had surely a good long metaphor, and a fine round close to the sentence. "The more light"—shines ? beams ? bursts ? dawns ? floods ? bathes ? quivers ? Oh, me ! what was the precious next word I had in my head, when the *Trovatore* took possession of my poor crazy brains ? It is useless to search for it. Strike out "the more light," and try something else.

"The farther we enter into this interesting subject, the more prodigally we find scattered before us the gems of truth which—so seldom ride over to see us now"—

"So seldom ride over to see us now ?" Mercy on me, what am I about ? Ending my unfortunate sentence by mechanically taking down a few polite words, spoken by the melodious voice of one of the charming girls on the garden-terrace under my window. What do I hear, in a man's voice ? "Regret being so long an absentee, but my schools and my poor"—Oh, a young clerical visitor ; I know him by his way of talking. All young clergymen speak alike—who teaches them, I wonder ? Yes, I am right. It is a young clergyman—wisp of muslin round his neck, no whiskers, apostolic hair, sickly smile, long frock coat, no gap in black silk waistcoat for display of shirt front. The charming girl is respectfully devouring him with her eyes. Are they going to have their morning chat under my window ? Evidently they are. This is pleasant. Every word of their small, fluent, ceaseless, sentimental gabble comes into my room. If I ask them to get out of hearing, I am rude. If I go to the window, and announce my presence by a cough, I confuse the charming girl. No help for it, but to lay the pen down again, and wait. This is a change for the worse, with a vengeance. The *Trovatore* was something pleasant to listen to ; but the reverend gentleman's opinion on the terrace flowers, which he has come to admire ; on the last volume of modern poetry, which he has borrowed from the charming girl ; on the merits of the church system in the Ages of Faith, and on the difficulties he has had to contend with in his Infant School, are, upon the whole, rather wearisome to listen to. And this is the house that I entered in the full belief that it would offer me the luxury of perfect quiet to work in ! And down-stairs sits Lady Jinkinson, firmly believing that she has given me such an opportunity of distinguishing myself with my pen, as I have never before enjoyed in all my life ! Patience, patience.

Half an hour ; three-quarters of an hour. Do I hear him taking his leave ? Yes, at last. Pen again ; paper again. Where was I ?

"The farther we enter into this interesting subject, the more prodigally do we find scattered before us the gems of truth, which"—

What was I going to say the gems of truth did, when the young clergyman and the charming girl began their sentimental interview on the terrace? Gone—utterly gone! Strike out the gems of truth, and try another way.

"The farther we enter into this interesting subject, the more its vast capabilities"—

A knock at the door.

"Yes."

"Her Ladyship wishes me to say, sir, that luncheon is ready."

"Very well."

"The further we enter into this interesting subject, the more clearly its vast capabilities display themselves to our view. The mind, indeed, can hardly be pronounced competent"—

A knock at the door.

"Yes."

"Her Ladyship wishes me to remind you, sir, that luncheon is ready."

"Pray beg Lady Jinkinson not to wait for me."

"The mind, indeed, can hardly be pronounced competent to survey the extended field of observation"—

A knock at the door.

"Yes."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but her Ladyship desires me to say that a friar's omelette has just come up, which she very much wishes you to taste. And she is afraid it will get cold, unless you will be so good as to come down-stairs at once."

"Say, I will come directly."

"The mind, indeed, can hardly be pronounced competent to survey the extended field of observation, which"— which?— which?—Gone again! What else could I expect? A nice chance literature has in this house against luncheon.

I descend to the dining-room, and am politely told that I look as if I had just achieved a wonderful morning's work. "I dare say you have not written in such perfect quiet as this for months past?" says Lady Jinkinson, helping me to the friar's omelette. I begin with that dainty: where I end is more than my recollection enables me to say. Everybody feeds me, under the impression that I am exhausted with writing. All the splendid fellows will drink wine with me, "to set me going again." Nobody believes my rueful assertion that I have done nothing, which they ascribe to excessive modesty. When we rise from table (a process which is performed with extreme difficulty, speaking for myself), I am told that the carriage will be ready in an hour. Lady Jinkinson will not hear of any objections. "No! no!" she says. "I have not asked you here to overwork yourself. I really can't allow that."

I get back to my room, with an extraordinary tightness in my waistcoat, and with slight symptoms of a determination of Sherry to the head. Under these circumstances, returning to work immediately is not to be thought of. Returning to bed is by far the wiser proceeding. I lie down to arrange my ideas. Having none to arrange, I yield to Nature, and go to sleep.

When I wake, my head is clear again. I see my way now to the end of that bit about "the extended field of observation;" and make for my table in high spirits. Just as I sit down, comes another knock at the door. The carriage is ready. The carriage! I had forgotten all about it. There is no way of escape, however. Hours must give way to me, when I am at home; I must give way to hours, when I am at Lady Jinkinson's. My papers are soon shuffled together in my case; and I am once more united with the hospitable party down-stairs. "More bright ideas?" cry the ladies interrogatively, as I take my place in the carriage. "Not the dimmest vestige of one," I answer. Lady Jinkinson shakes her parasol reproachfully at me. "My dear friend, you were always absurdly modest when speaking of yourself; and, do you know, I think it grows on you."

We get back in time to dress for dinner. After dinner, there is the social evening, and more *Trovatore*. After that, cigars with the splendid fellows in the billiard-room. I look over my day's work, with the calmness of despair, when I get to bed at last. It amounts to four sentences and a-half; every line of which is perfectly worthless as a literary composition.

The next morning, I rise before the rest of the family are up, leave a note of apology on my table, and take the early train for London. This is very ungrateful behaviour to people who have treated me with extreme kindness. But here, again, I must confess the hard truth. The demands of my business in life are imperative; and, sad to say, they absolutely oblige me to dispense with Lady Jinkinson.

I have now been confessing my misanthropical sentiments at some length; but I have not by any means done yet with the number of my dear friends whom I could dispense with. To say nothing of my friend who borrows money of me (an obvious nuisance), there is my self-satisfied friend, who can talk of nothing but himself, and his successes in life; there is my inattentive friend, who is perpetually asking me irrelevant questions, and who has no power of listening to my answers; there is my accidental friend, whom I always meet when I go out; there is my hospitable friend, who is continually telling me that he wants so much to ask me to dinner, and who never does really ask me by any chance. All these intimate associates of mine are persons of fundamentally irre-

proachable characters, and of well-defined positions in the world; and yet so unhappily is my nature constituted, that I am not exaggerating when I acknowledge that I could positively dispense with every one of them.

To proceed a little farther, now that I have begun to unburden my mind—

A double knock at the street door stops my pen suddenly. I make no complaint, for I have been, to my own amazement, filling these pages for the last three hours, in my parlour after dinner, without interruption. A well-known voice in the passage smites my ear, inquiring for me, on very particular business, and asking the servant to take in the name. The servant appears at my door, and I make up my mind to send these leaves to the printer, unfinished as they are. No necessity, Susan, to mention the name; I have recognised the voice. This is my friend who does not at all like the state of my health. He comes, I know beforehand, with the address of a new doctor, or the recipe of a new remedy; and he will stay for hours, persuading me that I am in a bad way. No escaping from him, as I know by experience. Well, well, I have made my confession, and eased my mind. Let my friend who doesn't like the state of my health, end the list, for the present, of the dear friends whom I could dispense with. Show him in, Susan—show him in.

BEYOND THE PRAIRIES.

WHEN the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, by which the cities of Cincinnati and Saint Louis are put in direct communication with each other, was completed, there was a great celebration. There were speeches, and dinners, and processions. The militia paraded; the firemen had a trial of their engines; the eternal principles of liberty were invoked; the Union was enthusiastically lauded; the future of the Mississippi valley was sketched; the health of the American Eagle was drank with huzzas; brass-bands played Yankee Doodle and the Star-spangled Banner, and the liberality of the Board of Directors was duly commemorated. As the stockholders lived in New York, and the ceremonies of inaugurating the railway necessarily took place at its termini, an excursion was planned; cards of invitation were issued, entitling the holder to a free passage, for the space of three weeks, by almost any route, from points as far East as Boston to Saint Louis,—and back.

One of these tickets I, an American, belonging to New York State and City, was fortunate enough to obtain. Thus it happened that, after a journey sufficiently common-place to be delightful (as those times are said to be the most prosperous about which the historian finds least to write), I reached the Mound City, as Saint Louis is called. Saint Paul was nearly eight hundred miles

further north, and my ticket carried me only a part of the distance; but to Saint Paul I determined to go.

One Saturday morning in June found me waiting for the cars on the line of the Illinois Central Railway at Pana, since whisked miles into the immense prairie of Sandoval, upon which it stands, by one of those vagrant tornadoes, which have been wandering through the States during the spring and summer. In an hour after I entered the cars, I began to feel warm and dirty; in a half-hour more I was miserable. At the expiration of another hour, I think I could have committed suicide, had I possessed the requisite energy. There are travellers who profess to think a prairie the grandest object in nature. I had myself been weak enough to burst into conventional raptures, when crossing my first prairie at sunset. But my eyes were now opened to the real character of the thing. A flat prairie is a desert, with none of the charms of the desert: with neither camels, mirage, moving pillars of sand, nor oases with fountains and palm-trees. No hills, no trees in sight—unless those dim shapes on the horizon be bushes; no water, unless that ghostly cloud is bringing some; not even waving grass in June, to give to the level expanse, an appearance of life;—nothing to break the monotony, except the straight, dead, iron lines upon which we are travelling, and which cross without dividing the desert. How unlike the sea, with which it is so frequently compared, in all noble characteristics, except that of immensity! For a nervous man to live a twelve month upon the open prairie and not go mad, seems impossible.

Presently, with a snort, the train comes to a stand-still in the midst of a clump of houses, too new to have tasted a drop of rain. Half-a-dozen loafers, at the door of the inevitable village grog-shop, stare from bleared eyes. Many squalid children look up from their play in the dirt, and two or three slatternly women are at the windows, all bearing the mark of the beast; all have had the shakes, as the fever and ague is flippantly called.

What is told us of these people does not enhance our good opinion of them. The fever breaks down the constitution, and takes away strength of will. The monotony of prairie-life drives all but the strongest to seek excitement in whiskey and brandy; in fights with the railway operatives; and at the travelling circus or menageries which pitches its tent in the village two or three times a-year. We have not stopped here for the convenience of passengers—for there is little way travel upon these Western railroads—but to deliver and exchange the three or four letters and newspapers which compose the mails.

The instant we leave one of these whiskey-besotted places, the weight of the desert is again

felt, and the old misery returns. Vainly I look around the car for relief. A few sad-eyed tobacco-chewers spitting in their sleep, two or three sallow women, and a goodly number of infantile suckers (or hoosiers, as the inhabitants of Illinois and Indiana respectively are called), compose the bulk of my fellow-passengers. After such an interior view, the prairie was, for an instant, charming.

It seemed as if that afternoon would never end; but at length the sun sank, the horizon was enlivened for a few moments with brilliant hues and the evening shades prevailed. The horrors of the prairie partially disappeared with daylight; but the horrors of the gleaming track, laid out stark and stiff behind us, were more horribly fascinating than ever. Coiled upon a seat—a whole one to myself—I tried to sleep, but closed my eyes only to open them again and wonder how many hours were between me and morning. The constant jumping made my position—uncomfortable enough at best—intolerable; the atmosphere was thoroughly impregnated with bad tobacco and worse breaths, and the babies throttled silence.

I had begun to doubt whether day and night succeeded each other with the same regularity upon the prairie as in more civilised localities, when the dawn, pale and wan, and in not the best of tempers, looked in upon us. During the night we had wound our way out of the prairie, and were now in a fine, rolling country, agreeably diversified with hills and forests, and neat, thriving, country villages. Rushing by Galena, famed for its lead-mines, we were soon within sight of the Mississippi. We stopped at Dunleith, a pretty little village, crouching at the feet of several tall cliffs, and modestly-looking across the river at her big brother, Dubuque, in the younger State of Iowa; who had climbed higher up the hills than she, and looked a bit boastful, sitting there in the sun.

A voyage upon the Northern Mississippi, now-a-days, is not materially different from a voyage upon any other stream in America. Commerce has rooted up the snags and sawyers that were the terror of the early navigators. There is no boat-racing or boiler-bursting; and gambling has been so thoroughly done away with, that the placards, prohibiting it, are seldom renewed when worn out or defaced, but still hang in the cabin, relics of days that were. No ruffians pick their teeth with their bowie-knives, flourish revolvers, or bid the travelling child of civilisation drink or fight, as he may elect. Emigrants and tourists have destroyed the romance of Western river-life, and dulness reigns.

The Defiance, in which our train deposited its contents, was a fair specimen of the better class of Mississippi boats. She was a high-pressure, side-wheel steamer, with a huge flat bottom, which her pilot displayed no hesitation in running aground, when passengers

or freight were to be landed or shipped, and an inveterate habit of giving vent, upon the slightest provocation, to a series of the vilest yelps that ever usurped the name of whistle. In each of the state-rooms, with which her sparsely-furnished cabin was surrounded, were a couple of berths, where travellers, wise with the wisdom of this world, by no means go to bed; but lie down with their boots on and their shawls wrapped closely round them. The Defiance carried a hundred and fifty or two hundred passengers, including a score of the poorer class of emigrants, who housed between decks,—one with his cow, one with his rifle and axe, one with nothing but a family, all with their whole worldly possessions. Few invited study, or a more intimate acquaintance. Two or three lank-haired backwoodsmen drew attentive circles about their long-winded tales of frontier life; and one married couple excited general interest. The wife was young, not very fair, but sprightly, and a born coquette; the husband was older than her husband should have been, with heavy whiskers, a swarthy complexion, and a hard eye. She was taking a bridal tour; he, a business journey, in search of the best investments in western lands. Going after strange gods himself, he left the divinity whom he had sworn to serve, to other worshippers. Her propensity to make love, while her husband was striving to make money, was encouraged by one, at least, of our fellow-passengers. Doctor Jones—who, by virtue of being a Jones, was related to half the world, and well acquainted with the other half—was apparently the last person likely to please the gay young bride. He was one of those terrible bores, who are bent upon the acquisition of facts. With the ardour of a youthful poet, he would buttonhole the nearest man, and read him asleep with extracts from his diary. He talked upon all topics; cleverly, upon none. He was built somewhat after the fashion of the traditional Yankee, but was older than that much-abused personage is reported to be, and had none of the peculiarities of dialect, accentuation or feature, which are popularly attached to the character. But, at heart, he was a thorough Yankee, sharp, knowing, Jack of all trades, minding everybody's business, including his own; and, in his blind way, making the most of his opportunities. How this modern Paris managed to steal into our Helen's affections, and how the story, which opened with chats in the cabin, rough courtesy at table, and walks upon the deck at twilight, ended, I never knew.

The Defiance set before her guests three meals a-day, at stated intervals, and fresh Mississippi in goblets at all hours. The heart of what citizen, whose daily drink comes from a stagnant pond, through miles of brick aqueduct and lead pipe, does not leap at the idea of quaffing from the urn of the Father of Waters? Let

the enthusiast taste the coveted liquid ! Thick, viscous, brackish, utterly scorned and rejected of the stomach, prolific of parched lips and summer complaint, it is never drunk more than once by a sane man. The fourth-proof brandy, which he, who has prudently fore-armed himself with three or four bottles, mixes with it, it brings into reproach ; and the tea or coffee which fills the breakfast-cup, tastes as if made from plants that grew on the banks of this Stygian stream. What wonder that so many poor souls are stranded at the bar, near the captain's office, where liquids curious in colour, suspicious in appearance and in what is jocularly called their bouquet, are sold under borrowed names, at a monopolist's prices ? It is said that below the junction of the Missouri with the Mississippi, the river water is both palatable and healthy ; but few who have drunk it above that point, can bring themselves to believe the statement.

With a praiseworthy regard for the eternal harmonies, the commissariat department of the Defiance strove to tone down the quality of the eatables to an accord with that of the water. The attempt could not but fail. Still such success was attained as led all of us to partake sparingly of the more substantial viands, and some to subsist mainly upon bread and beans.

But for its water, the Mississippi would be in all respects an admirable river. With slow and measured steps, for the most part, it marches down a single channel, from a half-mile to a mile in width ; but occasionally discipline is relaxed, and its streams part company, and run races among low, wooded islands. On both sides tower limestone bluffs, near the base overgrown with bushes, and adorned with clumps of scrub oaks, hanging vines and flowers, but bare, castellated rock at the top. No two of these formations are alike. Sometimes the structure is covered with green so far towards the summit as to be at once recognised as a long since ruined stronghold of robber chieftains. Sometimes the fortress is in such complete preservation, that the eye iustinctively runs along the ramparts in quest of their giant defenders. Sometimes a line of towers seems to block up further passage ; but no sooner does the Defiance blow her steam-horn, than the portcullis rises. Generally, the cliffs come down to the water's edge, but sometimes they retire a mile or two, and are transformed into well-rounded hills, clad in rough under-garments of woods, but with an exquisitely delicate mantle of shade and shine flung carelessly over their shoulders. The picturesque little prairies, or patches of forest, thus left upon the river-side, are often crossed by streams, which join our river, babbling, as they run, of cool sequestered glens, and deer, and waterfalls, and all the mysteries of the forest further inland. In such places as these, fresh, pale-faced villages,

with pretty Indian names, such as Winona, Winneiska, Lacotah, or Wacouta, or horrible American names, as Homer, Cassville, Thing's Leanding, Badaxe City, are always building, never built. Most of those which are two years of age, already boast of a newspaper office, two or three grogshops, ten or a dozen lawyers, a huge barn of a hotel, and an immense forwarding-house, which receives and disburses whatever freight the steam-boats leave. The few detached log-huts, which we see clinging to the side of a cliff, or squat at its foot, belong to the wood-choppers, who supply the river-craft with fuel, and are brown enough to have been built by the earliest settlers. Now and then, we meet a raft of logs bound for New Orleans, with a wigwam upon it, in which the drivers, and their families, sleep and eat ; and more rarely a steamboat, which exchanges a currish greeting with the Defiance.

It matters not that our fellow-passengers prove as uninteresting as they promised to be at the start, and that even the romance of Dr. Jones and Helen scarcely merits a second reading. Nature fills the day with beauty. Every curve of the river discloses a new outlook, and every outlook discloses or suggests a new curve. At sunset, light, fleecy, clouds throng the sky, which huddle together and change colour, when left alone in the twilight, like frightened children. A new and more delicious charm comes upon the river ; and others beside Helen, seated upon deck between her Menelaus and Paris, grow sentimental. With the nearer approach of night, sublimity takes the place of beauty. The scenery becomes wilder, and the old back-woodsmen seem to be listening for the war-whoop. There it is, out of the breast of yonder black cloud, hurrying down stream ; it bursts, and every bluff that hears the sound, repeats it. Such a thunder-storm I never witnessed elsewhere. There was so little rain that we were able to stay upon deck, in the lee of the furious wind, until the clouds had nearly passed, listening to the roar or crack of the thunder, catching sudden glimpses of the ghastly shore-line and the grisly heads of the bluffs above us, and following the flash of the sword of fire, drawn every instant and then sheathed again. These magnificent displays are said to be frequent in Minnesota during the summer season, when the rains mostly fall in the night.

The elements do all the war-whooping and war-dancing, that is done in these days below Saint Paul. Such of the aborigines as linger in their old haunts seem quite incapable of doing either for themselves. At one landing-place, we saw a small party of fat, copper-coloured fellows, gorgeously arrayed in coloured blankets and glass beads, and squatting upon their hams, while they stupidly stared at our great fireship, as if wondering whether it had brought them a fresh supply of fire-water. Of savages more worthy than

these, the one legend of the river, the legend of Winona, hints. A half-crazed Indian maid, deserted by her lover, after listening all day in her wigwam for his coming, and wildly rousing the echoes with his name, is supposed to have rushed to the top of a lofty cliff, and flung herself thence into the water. Such is the substance of most Indian legends. This Maiden's Rock is a cliff, four hundred feet in height, commanding a bold bend in the river, and at such a distance from the water, that the sceptical doubt whether Winona could have cleared at a leap the rods of rock and underbrush that intervene. But travelling Young America rarely discredits a tradition.

With the Maiden's Rock in full view, we steamed through Lake Pepin, an expansion of the river, some five miles wide and thirty-five long, surrounded with gently-rolling, prosaic hills, which are occasionally interrupted by bluffs, rarely so grand as where the river remained a river. As there is little or no current in Lake Pepin, ice and loose logs collect there in the spring to the great danger of steam-boats, as the wrecks of several which we saw attested.

The scenery of the remaining seventy miles of our voyage, was more tame than what we had been seeing, and we were becoming surfeited with the Mississippi, when Monday evening showed us Saint Paul upon the right bank of the river, where it turns a sharp angle and makes away to the westward. Most of the passengers committed themselves to the tender mercies of one of the hotel-runners, who had boarded the *Defiance*, a hundred miles below. But those of us, who were suspicious, economical, or lazy enough, not to be afraid of doing what looked mean, as the American phrase runs, preferred berths, whose good and bad qualities we had tested, to experiments, and determined to remain on board for the night. Scrambling over steamboats and piles of lumber, we presently stood upon the soil of Saint Paul, between rows of ticket offices, belonging to rival companies, and at the foot of a steep and shattered slope of hills, covered with loose dirt and stones, and channelled with deep gulleys. Ascending, we came into the principal business street, which stretches for nearly two miles along the bank of the river, and was, at ten o'clock in the evening, still a blaze from end to end. We soon caught the spirit of the place, and perceived that Saint Paul with a resident population of not more than fifteen thousand, was really one of the foci of the West.

Saint Paul is the capital of the most rapidly growing territory, with the exception of Kansas, within the limits of the United States. The place is a marvel. During the season of navigation four or five steamboats land full freights of passengers every day, and it is estimated that not less than fifty thousand emigrants pass through the town in the

course of the summer. The thirteen hotels, two of which can accommodate not less than six or eight hundred guests a-piece, are constantly crowded to the eaves. Trade is brisk between old and new settlers, and land is the principal article of traffic. A footing in every Dorado within the territorial limits of Minnesota can be purchased here. "Land, land, land!" burst not more ardently from the lips of Christopher Columbus, upon his first voyage, than from those of the people of Saint Paul and their customers, year in and year out. The newspapers, of which there are five or six, are crowded with the advertisements of speculators; section-maps hang in every place of resort: skilfully prepared historical and topographical sketches of new or projected towns in the back country, illustrated with views of the place, as it is to be, and informing the reader where he may obtain a share in the venture, waylay one at every turn. There are a few handsome residences, which look quite inviting, upon the upper one of the two plateaus, upon which the city is built: but below, in the city proper, is a howling wilderness of speculators. As one picks his way along the street, fording the brooks that cross it, wading through an occasional quagmire, stumbling over loose, protruding stones, and trying to keep clear of the unfenced edge of the precipitous river-bank, the words "Land Office," in enormous capitals, are constantly in his eyes. In buildings of Grecian, gothic, mediæval, composite, and American-backwoodsman styles of architecture, land is for sale, and a grogshop is sure to stand open next door, where seller and sellee are chaffering over their glasses. Everybody dabbles in land. The hotel-keeper tells the stranger where to purchase: the attorney-at-law makes it his chief business to draw up the papers: the druggist owns a claim, or a corner-lot, which he can be induced to part with for three or four hundred per cent advance upon the price which he gave for it. I questioned a lad in a hardware-store in the adjoining town of Minneapolis, who was boarding himself at a Californian rate, out of a salary of six hundred dollars a-year, concerning his investments in land.

"I have made none here yet," he replied, he had been in the place a fortnight; "but in Saint Paul," where he had been receiving a still smaller stipend for ten or twelve months, "I own real estate."

Our German driver, from the stable, casually remarked, that he must soon go up country to look after a little property of twenty-five acres, which he had recently purchased. Everybody, in short, is a freeholder, and borrows to become so, although money commands, in the easiest times, two per cent a-month. Everybody inflates a balloon of his own, of which he is determined to keep hold, until it rises. Every-

body has an air-castle, where he will gladly entertain strangers for a sufficient consideration. In the town, the whole of which was offered, less than a dozen years ago, to a Dutchman for two barrels of whiskey and a half-barrel of peach-brandy, and refused on those terms by him, a kennel of a store, rents at five hundred dollars per annum, and corner-lots sell at incredible prices.

Such is Saint Paul in summer. During the long, cold, but dry and healthy winter—lasting from November to May—navigation being closed, a stage-coach, plying between Saint Paul and Prairie du Chien (pronounced by the natives, Prayree doo Sheen) in Wisconsin, a distance of three hundred miles, connects the main body of civilisation with its pioneer city. Emigration falls off, and business stagnates. How, under such circumstances, the Saint Paulese manage to kill the hours is matter of rumour, which reports parties and sleigh-rides as the principal amusements of the place. Whenever there is snow on the ground, the fast horses, of which, I can answer for it, there is no lack, fast men and faster women turn night into day and day into night, and keep up a carnival. The fever of pleasure succeeds the fever of business. Money still changes hands rapidly at the Apollo and other drinking saloons. Some of the older hands at business are laying plans for the coming summer, preparing their maps and their guide-books, and laying out the towns that are to be: others have gone east to spread their nets: others, becoming weary of dissipation, and desirous of keeping themselves in practice, traffic with their neighbours, as the coquette tries the effect of her graces in the family circle, when what she considers better game is not to be had.

I find no difficulty in believing that Saint Paul bears, as is said by those who have seen both cities, a close resemblance to San Francisco; land standing in place of gold as material to gamble with, and leading to similar excesses and extravagance. Some call Saint Paul the more dissipated place of the two, and say that its citizens live faster, make and spend more money, and know less of quiet happiness than those of San Francisco. However this may be, Saint Paul, like the West, of which it is an epitome, and the American nation, of whose characteristics it is one of the latest manifestations, is an awkward, overgrown boy, the elements of whose nature, although beyond question fine and manly, are not yet worked up into a whole, and whose mind is in a transitional state. Full of life and quick of wits, its citizens, inquiring not so much whither each leads as which affords most scope for their exuberant power and spirits, rush into all paths of activity that present themselves. They do not seek excitement as an occasional feast, but as their daily fare. Bluff, outspoken, unrefined, their hearts on their sleeves for any daw to peck

at, they grasp the stranger by the hand, offer him everything but their time, on which there are already too many claims, and make him feel thoroughly at home. To polish their manners, to reform their morals, to foster the fine arts of civilisation, to hang their virtues upon the silken string of moderation, would take too much from the day, all of which they require for more pressing affairs. Whether with families or without, they have little home-life. They have not come west to live, but to stay while amassing a fortune. Every year these men hope to return East; every year beholds them embarking in a new project, and the chances are, that they will die in the harness. Very few succeed in making the Western States their India, and in surprising their native towns by coming back Nabobs. Others, again, go West in order to push themselves in politics. They are confident of being sent to congress within two or three years. And so many better men find work nearer home than Washington, that they often succeed. Others are born Westerners, who go to Saint Paul's or Chicago, as young men go up to London, to fight the battle of life where the press is the strongest, and most blows are exchanged. Occasionally a New Englander strikes for the prairie in hopes of finding there an Arcadia, where he may bring up his children in peace and innocence. It would be a curious question to ask how many found what they sought. Now and then a Yankee farmer, finding that he was scarcely wringing a livelihood out of the rocky acres, which descended to him from his father, pulls up stakes, and plants himself in a richer soil. The want of what is called a good opening, in the place where many emigrants are born, accounts for their leaving it. Those who go West, from pure love of adventure, are much fewer than the newspapers would have us suppose. The love of money, or of distinction, or of the excitement of competition, the desire of rising in the world in one way or another, is the real source of almost all the emigration that flows from the Eastern into the Western States. Daniel Boone lived a century ago. Washington Irving's Western settler is of another generation. You may find him upon the Neasho in Kansas; you may find him in Oregon; but you will have to look long even there for a man who cannot bear to have neighbours, who is restless when civilisation is upon his heels, and discontented, unless his clearing is nearest the setting sun.

The tendency, now-a-days, is towards aggregation. People live in villages, and only farm upon compulsion. Farmers who went West, with the intention of clearing a few acres and supporting themselves and their families, with axe, hoe, and rifle, are sucked into the vortex, and find themselves, of a sudden, not planting, but gambling in land. The staid, slow-moving, slow-thinking countryman soon becomes as much in a hurry, as

his neighbour, a young spendthrift from the city.

The Western people appear to do nothing for the love of doing it. They do not enjoy life. They have no choice or relish of food apparently, but feed themselves with what is nearest, as if they thought eating a thing to be done, and done quickly. As you go further West, the cars stop less and less time for meals, until the half-hour for dinner is shortened to a matter of ten minutes. Most of the passengers are impatient of even so much delay, and may be seen picking their teeth with their forks, or squirting tobacco-juice, their appetites fully satisfied, some moments before the warning whistle is heard. At every meal which I took during my journey, several relays of eaters came and went while I was discussing my food, in manner and form as I was brought up to do. In Chicago the waiters humoured the fashion of fast people, making the few slow ones like me wait meanwhile, by serving the dessert at the same time with the soup and meats, as if to afford an opportunity of bridging over with *charlotte russe* a possible interval between boiled and roast. In Saint Paul the business of the breakfast, the only meal which I took at a table d'hôte, was what are regarded as its incidents elsewhere—conversation, which of course ran on land, and the morning papers. The despatch which those who had neither the one nor the other made was prodigious. It was a question not of rapidity in mastication, but of rapidity in provisioning the mouth.

Sooner or later, the noble elements of the Western character will unfold themselves. The awkward boy, selfish, the creature of impulse, with manners as bad as manners can be, may yet make a man. One cannot rationally expect to see parlour graces upon the person of a van soldier, who is in the thick of the battle. England was England before the gentleman appeared. All Americans have faith in the West. Give it time.

Our one day we devoted to the usual drive to the falls of St. Anthony, which are not what one would expect of the Mississippi. They are little more than a continuation of the rapids, a series of irregular cascades, no one of which leaps more than seventeen feet. Sawdust and logs half choke them up, and their roar is almost overcome by that of the saw-mills and flouring-mills, which have seized every available inch of water-power. The one is well-named by the Ojibway Indians, *Kaboh Bikoh*, broken rocks. The surrounding country is a magnificent prairie, six miles square, with a line of graceful hills between it and the horizon. Upon opposite sides of the river, close to the falls, stand St. Anthony and Minneapolis, two model Western cities. The latter, though but three years old, is treading close upon the heels of the former, which has reached

the advanced age of seven. As we drove through them, crossing to Minneapolis by a wire suspension bridge, just above the falls, we noted signs of neatness and cleanliness as well as of thrift and eager growth. We were soon striking into the prairie, with Minneapolis at our back and a few farm-houses on each side upon its outskirts. In the midst of the plain we encountered an open barouche. Menelaus was talking loud upon the front seat, while Helen sat tête-à-tête with Paris behind. By-and-by, everybody may be called upon to pity the deserted Menelaus. Does he deserve pity?

An hour's rapid driving brought us to the Minnehaha, a merry little stream which empties into the Mississippi, about midway between St. Anthony and St. Paul. A few steps from the main road, we found the falls of Minnehaha, which Longfellow in his last poem has helped into notice. The volume of water is not large; the brook leaps only seventy feet; but it falls into such a charming glen, with so merry a laugh, that one lingers and lingers, to see more of the merry maid of the forest.

After vainly shouting for Hiawatha, and bidding his squaw an affectionate farewell, we drove on and soon reached Fort Snelling. The Fort, not many years ago the extreme outpost on the frontier, and latterly little more than a dépôt of stores and a receiving place for soldiers, was sold by the government, a few weeks since, together with its immense reservation, which includes the falls of Minnehaha, to one Franklin Steele for ninety thousand dollars,—a bad bargain, if not a corrupt one. A fort no longer, its statistics cease to interest. Its site, sooner or later to be the site of a great city, is magnificent. It stands on the verge of an extensive plateau, where are natural gardens and orchards and wood in abundance. The soil stands ready to do everything, for the farmer but plant his seed. One hundred feet below, the Mississippi and Minnesota, the former navigable to the Gulf of Mexico, nearly eighteen hundred miles, the latter for five hundred miles, unite their waters. The air is like the air of mountains, fresh and bracing. In beauty and amplitude of resources, I doubt if any situation in the territory be its superior.

The ferry by which we recrossed the Mississippi was established by the purchaser of the Fort Snelling Reservation, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, when it produced three hundred dollars. In eighteen hundred and fifty-five, its revenue was twelve thousand dollars, and this year it cannot net less than double that amount. Of course, we visited the Fountain-cave on our way back to Saint Paul. Of course, there was no fountain, but there was sufficient water to wet one's feet, and white, spectral sandstone, into which, armed with tallow-candles, we groped our way for several rods.

Having seen all the curiosities, except the cluster of lakes, three or four miles from St. Anthony's Falls, which we had no time to visit, we turned our faces homewards. The Prairie du Chien boat was advertised to start at six o'clock precisely; at half-past five we were at her wharf. She had been gone fifteen minutes. The fastest thing yet in the fastest place in the world: a steam-boat nearly an hour in advance of its time! A score of her would-be passengers swore: a score pondered a curious problem, then and there presented. The Defiance and the Phœbus Apollo—under which king? Our old friend, the Defiance, did not start until one o'clock the next day; but then she started without fail, for she was a regular passenger-boat and carried the mails. A fast boat we knew her to be. The Phœbus Apollo had already bent the bow of his wrath, and was puffing away, all ready to go, according to the captain; but several unhappy persons, who had paid for their passage three days before, asseverated that he had said the same thing to them on Saturday. There were whispered suggestions, too, that the Phœbus had not wood enough on board to feed her engine for an hour, and that she was a stern-wheeler and irremediably slow. The imagination, instructed by the nose, added several counts to the already bristling indictment. The promise of a dance in the cabin of the Defiance decided most of the company in her favour. But haste, instinct, hope of tasting a new experience, and the solemn vow of the captain, that he would start precisely at nine o'clock, seconded the importunities of the three or four runners, through whom Phœbus breathed doubtful oracles, and sent us beneath his protection. The negroes who were swabbing the decks of the Defiance, seemed to look down contemptuously upon the plebeian boat, with which we had identified our fortunes. We were glad when darkness stepped between us, and then derived a melancholy satisfaction from the fact that no sounds of "flying feet, chasing the glowing hours" issued from our patrician neighbour.

Nine o'clock came; the wheels moved and we started. Ten o'clock, and we had advanced five miles, and were wooding up. Twelve o'clock, and we had run ashore, to enable the captain to transact some unfinished business. Day-light, and we were only fifty miles down stream. A chilling rain, with wind dead ahead, put the thermometer of our spirits at zero. The bluffs, draped in mist, or half-hidden in cloud, failed to interest otherwise than as landmarks; the Maiden's Rock we saw again only to sneer at the legend of Winona; the few passengers were worse than dull, they were repulsive; the novels which we had bought at Saint Paul proved no match for the blues. With parched lips—for in our despair we had madly drank deep of the Mississippi—we

covered on the deck to leeward, peered through the now furious storm, or gathered around the stove in the cabin. At every possible landing-place Phœbus stopped to rest. It was a work of time to get his head down stream again. In one instance upwards of two hours were consumed in completing this process. Violently revolved the stern-wheel, sometimes in, sometimes out of the water; puff, puff, puff, went the little labouring engine; round swung the bows, until they were blown back again,—a spectacle more curious than entertaining to a passenger. Other adventures we had. There was almost a fight between our crew and the owners of a woodpile to which Phœbus had been quietly helping himself with the license allowed to the gods. But a few dirty bank-bills quieted the mortals, who dared oppose his will with the pitiful pretence that the wood was their property. At another point, a hardy young woman of Minnesota walked through wind and rain over at least a quarter of a mile of floating logs to the boat. She would have defended her husband, in a block-house, against tribes of Indians.

We reached Prairie du Chien as early on Thursday morning as we had hoped to get there, and with our best bow to Phœbus Apollo, and a blessing upon the Father of Waters, bade both good day. The next Sunday we were at Niagara.

FAMINE ABOARD!

WHEN I was a lad, I was a long time aboard a ship that traded with a cargo of odds and ends; owner and captain, Abraham Higginson; to Callao and other places round the Horn. We had with us a sailor named Richard Thoresby, and he was a great friend to me. Everybody liked, and had a sort of respect for him. We used to say that if he had cared to be a mate, or even a captain, he might have been one long before. Old Abraham, our captain, would talk with him now and then; which he never would with us: but Thoresby was a silent man, and not often cheerful. I believe I may say he had more liking for me, although a boy compared with him, than he had for any one else in the ship. So, when Thoresby went ashore at Lima, and caught the fever, I nursed him. I was obliged to do so in a measure, for it was I who first heard that he was ill, and went ashore to see him. When our captain heard of this, he sent both our trunks ashore with our money, and said we should not come aboard again; and soon after that the ship sailed and left us.

This was a dreary situation for me, though I was a thoughtless fellow. The sickness was pretty general in Lima at that time; all the rich merchants went away, and the business of the place was stopped. We lived in one of those low, light-built houses which

you find in all South American cities, where earthquakes are always expected. Thoresby had enough of money, but nobody but I would go near him. I used to steal out to buy things for him at a distance; for people would not serve me if they knew I had been attending some one with the sickness. The weather was very hot, and the stillness of some of the streets, as I went alone in the bright open day, gave me a strange sensation. At night-time I used to doze beside my patient's bed, and wake up now and then when he stirred, or wanted drink. A little Jew doctor in the town sold me medicines for him, but he would not come to see him, and Thoresby, after taking the medicines for awhile, would take no more.

For all this, I never lost heart, till poor Thoresby began to talk very much, which gave me a great dread lest he should die mad. The fear of this made me more serious than ever I had been in my life. I thought that in that event I must inevitably die too; and one night I sat, with my lamp beside me at a little side-table, and wrote a long letter for my uncle and aunt in England, meaning to write outside it, that it was to be sent to them if I died. While I was writing this, Thoresby began to mutter in his sleep, and then, suddenly awaking, he called me to the bedside, and said he had something to tell me. What he told me, I will tell pretty nearly in his own words.

"When I was such a lad as you," said Thoresby, "I ran away from a good home, and went to sea. I came back to England many times, visited secretly my native place, saw my father and mother, and once even heard them speak; but they never saw me again, or knew where I had gone. How this was does not matter; for it is no part of my story. Nearly thirty years ago, I sailed from Montreal for Liverpool, aboard a vessel laden with timber. We had a crew of thirteen persons, including the captain; besides four passengers—a physician and his wife, and an old Canadian Frenchman and his niece. It was in the month of January, and we had a fair wind; but we soon came among ice-fields, and had bitter cold watches, which make men think of home, and comfortable fires ashore. Many a time I went aloft, and, holding on with hands or belly to the frozen yards, and fumbling with numbed fingers at the stiffened reefs, have thought I must go off with every blast that cut me in the face. We kept among the ice a long time, and got far out of our course: so at last the captain told the passengers that, as he had not counted on the delay, he must shorten the allowance of food for all.

"This set me thinking. What if we should be many weeks in that situation? Our provisions must be all gone, and we must perish one by one of hunger and cold, or do something worse. I had read stories of drawing

lots aboard ships in such a situation; and at night I dreamed about it. I do believe it was not so much the dread of death as of coming to be one at that horrible kind of feast, that frightened me. However, I devised a plan—a selfish plan it was—for escaping from such a horror. Our allowance of food was as yet very slightly diminished. Every day I saved some portion; and sometimes, on pretence of being more hungry than usual, I bought the ration of a man who was sickly, and could not eat. Such of those hoardings as could be preserved, I put away in a box, inside my chest, and now and then, when I went down to my hammock, and found myself alone, I used to open it, and contemplate my store with a miserly sort of satisfaction, which is horrible to me now to think of; for I knew that in my secret heart I looked forward to a time when the bottle of water which I hoarded there, would have become more costly than any wine that mortal lips ever tasted; when, if I had an opportunity, I meant to use my treasure slowly, to maintain my own life, while my companions starved.

"The Frenchman and his niece I knew well, for I had lodged in their house. He was a superannuated government clerk with a small pension, who was going to live in France for the benefit of his health. The niece was an intelligent and pretty young woman, who spoke English well; for her mother was an Englishwoman. They were cabin-passengers, but had taken a passage at an intermediate sum, which restricted them to plainer food than others got; but they fared no worse than the rest now. The rations were reduced again, and we all began to feel the pinch.

"We had heavy snow-storms, succeeded by bright moonlight nights, awful in their silence; but, at last, the ice became rarer, and we began to sail clear. However, a worse trouble awaited us. From the moment that the last ice left our sides, it was manifest that we were sinking rapidly, from some great injury to the vessel's bottom. It was in the night time when we discovered it; and, in the hurry and confusion, little was done to save stores until too late. One man, who volunteered to go below, was killed by the floating timber. The water bilged up the hatches, and kept the vessel flooded amidships; but the upper deck was comparatively dry, for the timber aboard kept the vessel afloat, and there we all took refuge. We knew she could not sink, being merely waterlogged.

"When the first alarm was given, I was below, and I thought at once of my box. It was heavy; but, taking it on my shoulder, I crept on deck, and groped my way aft with it. On the way I ran against several persons coming forward; but, in the darkness they took no heed of me, and I deposited my treasure in a boat on the after-deck, and covered it as well as I could with coils of

rope. I knew they would not take to this boat while the vessel floated, and I hoped that no one would think of disturbing the ropes.

"For four days I took the share of the rations which the Captain distributed to us all. The physician's wife, who was in ill-health, died, and was cast into the sea. This left us fifteen persons. The old Frenchman was also in weak health; but he held out, and his companion tended him constantly. Everybody took interest in them, wretched as they were, and it was a fine thing to see her bravery and constant care for her charge. I remember looking at them, and thinking that if there were no more than they, I would gladly give them a portion of my store; although, perhaps, I was then too selfish for that, and only flattered myself with the thought. I did not dare myself to go to the boat until the first dark night, when I pulled off my boots, and, groping along, found my box, and stealthily ate a portion of its contents; eating, however, in great fear, lest my secret should be discovered; in which case I knew my famished comrades would have killed me for my selfishness. I knew I could have relieved them to some degree; but I did not stir. I heard their murmurs, but I held my tongue; all which I justified to myself; for what, thought I, would be my little hoard amongst all these? Better that one should live, than that all should eat, merely to live another day.

"Soon after this our case became dismal indeed. The ship sunk deeper, and even the after-deck became gradually immersed, so we all took refuge in the tops and rigging, where we lashed ourselves; and all day long, as shipwrecked men will do, reported a strange sail. As to my box, I had managed to fold its contents in a large sail-cloth which I carried with me, and of which we all had plenty. And now, seeing my companions' weakness I took the devilish idea of feigning weakness equal to theirs, lest otherwise some suspicion might arise against me.

"I had lashed myself in the mainsheets, having made a better place for myself with a swinging board and an old coat. Immediately above me in the maintop were the Frenchman and his niece; but most of the crew were in the mizensheets and top. I used to look up and exchange a few words with the Frenchman and his charge. They were better sheltered than I was, and the girl, who was of a cheerful temper, bore up well. We threw no more bodies in the sea, but several were dead, as I knew by the drooping of their heads, they being lashed to their places. One man, who had untied himself accidentally, fell with a splash in the deep water on the mid-deck, and no one offered to descend, or even spoke. There now began a dreadful silence among us, so that I began to doubt if many lived save I,

the Frenchman and his niece, and an old sailor who was on one of the mizen yards. This man, whose name was Ephraim, sat drooping, and apparently very dejected, for several days; but one day looking towards him, soon after daybreak, I found his eyes fixed upon me in a manner that perplexed me. He was a man of a hideous cast of countenance, his face being furrowed with scars, as if it had been at some time burnt with gunpowder, and his upper lip being slit in a way that showed all his front teeth even when his mouth was closed. He had a low forehead, and long black hair like a Malay, and he regarded me with a scowl that at such a time would have terrified the bravest. I could not see him unless I turned towards him, but at first a curiosity, and finally an impulse which I could not control, compelled me to meet his eyes. For, when I did not look I felt them upon me—nay, even at night when I could see him no more, I felt that he was still looking towards me, and bending forward as if striving to discern my figure in the gloom. Sometimes he regarded me with a grimace which was at once ludicrous and terrible; but he spoke no word, only uttering now and then a dismal cry, not like the sound of any human voice.

"All this so fretted me in my weakness and depression, and so filled me with a kind of shame, that I sat one night in my place and omitted to creep down to my box. When day dawned, it was a relief to me to find our ship enveloped in a mist; and just at that time I heard a moan either from the Frenchman or his niece in the tops. Touched with a sudden pity, which in my selfishness and fear I had not known until then, I crept up the shrouds to where they lay, and there found what might have moved a stonier heart. The man lay back against the mast quite cold, but his companion, who had been enveloped in a cloak and heap of sail-cloth, evidently by his hand, was living still. It was her moans that I had heard. She could not have eaten anything for some days, nor had they had any water for a longer time, save a few drops of rain which they might have collected in the sail-cloth. I turned and crept down again to my box where I had still some biscuits, a piece of raw pork, some grocer's plums, a bottle containing in the bottom a little rum, and another small bottle of water. With some drops of the spirit and water mingled in the palm of my hand I wetted her lips, and after a while revived her a little, though still insensible—a happy thing. For finding the Frenchman quite dead, I moved his body to the edge of the top, and then let it down into the sea, which now covered the mid-deck above the bulwarks.

"She remained in this weak half-senseless state for some days, during which the mist continued, and shrouded me from the terrible gaze of old Ephraim; but I heard him still.

By what dreadful means he sustained his life, I only guessed. Sometimes he shouted out my name, and then began again to utter those cries that I had heard before. It was evident to me that he felt some spite against me; why, I knew not, for he could not have discovered my secret. If he had, he might have rifled my box long before. This idea, however, induced me to remove it by night into the top; where I finally withdrew myself, and now sought, in cherishing my poor companion, to find relief from evil thoughts. Once, when she opened her eyes, looking round, as if in quest of her former protector, she shuddered, and turned her face to me imploringly, as if she knew that I had power to save him yet; but at other times, even when conscious of my care,—as when I wetted some biscuit into a paste and put to her lips—she seemed to have forgotten the horrors of the place.

“Hour by hour I felt an interest in the fate of this girl growing up within me, more deep than any feeling I had ever known. I reduced my own share of my little store of food and water to the lowest point that I might sustain her the longer. I watched her face as she lay sleeping, and it seemed to me so beautiful, that sometimes I fancied that my sufferings had brought upon me a kind of delirium in which shipwrecked men see visions which mock their horrible and lonely state; but at most times, I clung to her with no thought but that of saving her from death. It seemed to me as if in hiding my store of provisions I had but unconsciously prepared a means of rescuing her from that dreadful end which had befallen our companions. Sometimes, indeed, the idea would come upon me that if she should escape she would remember that I had had the power to prolong her uncle’s life—that I had marked his sufferings, and had yet held my hand. Would this make her hate me? The thought was now more terrible to me even than death.

“One night, having shrouded myself in sail-cloth—worn out with tending her—I dropped asleep. I dreamed of warm and sheltered places; of walking in gardens in which the sunlight fell on an ancient red-bricked wall where fruits were ripening; and with me was my dear companion—she my wife, and I no longer a poor horny-handed seaman, but a gentleman, as I had thought to be before I ran from home. This, and many such places, I had dreamed of—she with me in them all. I was suddenly awakened by a shriek, and, starting, found a hand at my throat. In an instant, I felt a wound as from a knife upon my arm; but I grappled with my antagonist in the darkness. A cry that he uttered told me in a moment that it was old Ephraim.

“‘To the devil!’ he exclaimed, as he struck at me again with great force: ‘Why should I eat vultures’ food!’

“He was a man of great strength. I struggled hard. I had no weapon; and if

I had not warded off his last blow, he had struck me dead. But the top was slippery with the misty night-dews, and his foot tripped, and he staggered over the rope and sail-cloth in which I had been wrapped. Following up my advantage quickly, I thrust him from me, and he fell. I heard a dull splash in the water below. I slipped down the shrouds some distance and listened, but could hear nothing. Old Ephraim had perished.

“Grey light was dawning, and the mists had cleared away, when I hastened up again to my companion, calling to her by the way; for her silence made me think that she had fallen into a swoon. She gave no answer, nor did she speak as I raised her from the ground, and found to my horror that there was blood upon her. My box, in which I had still some biscuits remaining, I had made a resting-place for her head, but it had been pulled out, and the sail-cloth which covered her had been drawn aside. The madman or devil who had assailed me, had roused her in endeavouring to remove the box, and when she shrieked had stabbed her. She was still warm and gave some signs of breathing; but they grew fainter. I spoke to her by name, calling aloud as I would call to some one at a distance; but she was already in the distance of eternity.

Of all that wretched band none now was living except I. Careless of all, and with a superstitious feeling that the box had somehow brought this fate upon me, I arose and cast its contents out into the wind, and sat down upon the edge of the top, with my feet hanging over, and with my head resting on my hand.

“Loss of blood from my wound quickly made me feel a drowsiness in which it was strange that I did not fall from that height. Sometime after this—like a man neither asleep or awake—I heard a noise of voices below, and rousing myself, with an effort, I looked down and saw a boat alongside, with two seamen guarding it; and there, about a mile on our larboard side, was a large brig brought to in a calm sea.”

When Thoresby reached this point in the narrative he paused. Though curious to know the end of his strange story, I waited, determining not to press him to speak.

“They nursed me and brought me round,” he continued, “but they did not like me. They thought that I had killed my companion and her protector, and that the wound that I had got had been received in the struggle. They whispered together that I had done this to rob them of their stock of food; and when they got into a French port they would have had me tried for murder and hung, or sent to the galleys. But they could make no case against me; and I was free. Ay, I was free!” Thoresby continued, clutching my arm; “but the calumnies stuck to me. The old story has

followed and come up against me many a time, forcing me sometimes to fly, and making me the sullen, hated fellow you have known me."

Such was the story Thoresby told me, on the night before he died, and left me heir to all that he possessed. Whether it was true or whether it was but a sickly fancy of his mind, as he lay there in the fever, I never knew. I, alone, followed him to the grave; and, when the sickness had abated in Lima, I found myself happily untouched, got a ship again, and sailed for England.

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

HAVING seen Agra,* its edifices, ruins, society, European and native, and having visited Secundra, Futteypore, Sickri, and Muttra, I journeyed upwards to Delhi, where I was received by Mr. Joseph Skinner, the eldest son of the late Colonel Skinner, renowned as the founder and commandant of the famous Skinner's Horse. Mr. Joseph Skinner's house was, at all times, open to all travellers. He was, without exception, the most hospitable man that I ever met in any part of the world. At his board were to be met, daily, either at luncheon or at dinner, civilians and military men of every rank and grade in the service, as well as native gentlemen of position in India—Hindoos and Mahomedans. Even the young princes—sons of the King of Delhi and descendants of the Great Moghul—used frequently to honour Mr. Skinner with their company. The title by which they were usually greeted was Sahiban-i-Alum, signifying "Lords of the World." But the most remarkable native that I ever met at Mr. Skinner's hospitable board was the late Maharajah Hindoo-Rao, a little, fat, round Mahratta chieftain, with small twinkling eyes, and a countenance replete with fun and quiet humour. He was a pensioner of the Gwalior State, and drew therefrom twelve thousand pounds a-year, which was guaranteed to him, by the British Government. Large as was this income, Hindoo-Rao contrived, annually, to spend more than double the amount, trusting, continually, to fate to relieve him from his pressing pecuniary difficulties; not that he ever suffered them to prey upon his mind; on the contrary, he made them a subject of jocularly. In addition to being as hospitable as his friend Mr. Skinner, Hindoo-Rao was addicted to field-sports on a large scale, and kept up a very large establishment for the purpose of gratifying this propensity. He was considered—and perhaps justly by those qualified to form an opinion—the best shot in all India, and, with his rifle, he had destroyed several hundreds (some say thousands) of tigers. Hindoo-Rao had another very expensive hobby. He desired to possess himself of the Philosopher's Stone, by

which he might transmute metals—a mode by which he proposed to improve the state of his finances, and eventually pay his debts. On all other points, Hindoo-Rao was sufficiently sensible and shrewd; but on this point he was childish, if not insane. Thousands and thousands of pounds were squandered by him in this absurd pursuit, for he was constantly the victim of juggling forgeries, swindlers and rogues. His house was on a hill, immediately overhanging Delhi, and it has recently been made famous throughout Europe as the position of one of our batteries. Night after night, in that house would furnaces blaze, while some impostor who pretended to have the secret was at work with his chemicals.

I ought to mention that this Mahratta chief was a near relation of the royal family of Gwalior, and that he had been banished and pensioned for having been engaged in some intrigues against the Gwalior state.

The Maharajah Hindoo-Rao was a great gourmand; and those who partook of his dinners never forgot them. It was not often that the old chief could be induced to discuss politics; but on the occasion of the Forty-first Regiment of Infantry having mutinied at Delhi—a mutiny which, by the way, was hushed up—I heard him very energetically exclaim: "Ah! if you go on humouring your native soldiers in this way, they will never be satisfied until they govern the country!"

The late Sir Charles James Napier visited Delhi while I was there. He came, not as ordinary commander-in-chiefs usually come, with a large suite and an escort covering a square mile of encamping ground, but attended only by two aides-de-camp and a military secretary. It was on the morning of his excellency's arrival that the mutiny in the Forty-first Regiment, to which I have just alluded, occurred. Sir Charles reviewed the regiments then quartered at Delhi, including the Forty-first, and complimented them en masse! The review over, Hindoo-Rao, who was a great horseman, rode up to the commander-in-chief on his spirited charger, and expressed the happiness it afforded him to see an officer who had so distinguished himself in the military annals of his country. Sir Charles appeared much pleased with the open, frank manner and independent bearing of the old Mahratta chieftain, and accepted, on behalf of himself and his staff, an invitation to dine with him that evening. A large number of gentlemen, European and native, assembled to meet his excellency; and when Sir Charles returned thanks for the honour that had been paid to him in drinking his health, he made allusion to the pleasure that it afforded him in seeing Christians, Hindoos and Mussulmen, on such good terms, and living together in such amity and concord. What a change since that evening, which to me seems but as yesterday! Several of our

* See page 87.

party, on that occasion, have become chiefs of the recent rebellion, and were accessory to the massacre of English gentlemen and ladies.

Hindoo-Rao died in eighteen hundred and fifty-four. His funeral was thus described to me by a friend who witnessed it: "They dressed up the old gentleman's corpse in his most magnificent costume, covered his arms with jewelled bracelets of gold, with costly necklaces of pearls and diamonds hanging down to his waist, placed him in a chair of state, sat him bolt upright—just as he used to sit when alive—and thus, attended by his relations, friends and suite, he was carried through Delhi to the banks of the Jumna, where the body was burnt with the usual rites, and the ashes thrown into the river."

Mr. Skinner also is dead. He died in eighteen hundred and fifty-five. When I think of him I am rejoiced that he did not survive to be brutally massacred, as his brothers have been—or to see his house (near the Cashmere Gate) which was always the scene of good fellowship and good feeling, turned into a battery by the rebels—or the church, built by his father, burned and destroyed by the people who had for years and years paid, or affected to pay, unqualified respect and devotion to his family.

I made the acquaintance of another personage at Delhi, for whom I had a very great liking and regard. This was Mirza Futeh Allee Shah Bahadour, the heir apparent to the throne of Delhi. He was a very amiable and intelligent prince, and had an extraordinary thirst for knowledge. Amongst other things that he was curious to learn was the history of steam power, railroads, and the electric telegraph. For hours together, he would encourage me—nay, importune me—to talk with him on these matters. Apropos of this prince and his family. While I was at Delhi, the festival of the Eed came to pass, and there was an omen which was variously interpreted. The King—in other words, the Great Moghul—sacrifices a camel. The King kills (or used to kill) the camel with his own hand, by driving a spear into the breast of the animal. On the occasion to which I now refer, the King, being extremely old and feeble, was assisted by two attendants, and, in attempting to drive the spear, it broke in two pieces. That was the omen. The friends of Mirza Futeh Allee Shah Bahadour interpreted it as prognosticating the King's death and the speedy succession of the heir apparent to the throne. Others, however, said that it prognosticated the downfall of the King and of his throne for ever. Mirza died about a year ago of an attack of cholera; and it may not be premature, perhaps, to say that the throne of the Great Moghul will not in future be recognised. There was another curious prophecy connected with the throne of Delhi, and current for many years in the Punjab. It was

implicitly believed that the Sikh soldiery would one day or other, and before long, sack Delhi; and, in eighteen hundred and forty-five, when the Sikh army crossed our frontier, Delhi was its destination. This prophecy has, to some extent, been fulfilled. The Sikh soldiers have tasted of the plunder of Delhi. But who could ever have dreamed that their entry into the city of the Great Moghul would be in company with British soldiers? It is as though—and quite as incredible as if—some one had predicted in eighteen hundred and sixteen that, in eighteen hundred and fifty-five, the Queen of England, a grand-daughter of George III., would be a guest at the Tuileries, of an Emperor of the French, and a nephew of Napoleon Buonaparte; and that such Queen would be led upon the arm of such Emperor to visit the tomb of the prisoner of Saint Helena.

After leaving Delhi, I crossed over to Meerut, which was then—as it always has been since its formation—the favourite station in the upper provinces of India. In eighteen hundred and forty-six and forty-seven there were as many as ten thousand troops quartered at Meerut, including two regiments of British foot, a regiment of dragoons, and three troops of horse (European) artillery. Until lately, it has always been deemed prudent to keep a very large European force at Meerut in order to keep Delhi (only forty miles distant) in check; for it was stipulated, in one of our treaties with the family of the Moghuls, that no British infantry or cavalry, or other European troops, should ever be quartered in the Imperial City or its immediate vicinity. When, however, the Punjab was annexed, the European force at Meerut was lessened, to meet the exigencies of the times; and, of late, Meerut has not been, in respect to the number of European troops, the station that it was formerly.

There are no ancient buildings to be seen at Meerut. All is of European structure. The church, the barracks, the court-houses, the treasury, the theatre, the bungalows of the civilians and military officers, as well as those of the merchants and "others," are all of brick and mortar, lath and plaster; and they were, for the most part, thatched, so that the Sepoys had very little trouble in setting fire to them. The reason why houses are commonly thatched instead of tiled and shingled is, that the thatch keeps the interior of the dwelling so very much cooler.

While at Meerut I was a guest of the editor of the journal which used to issue from that station, and as my stay extended over six weeks, during which period I frequently assisted the editor in his work, I gained some knowledge of the practical working of the press in the upper provinces. I am authorised to make any use I please of this knowledge.

In the first place, I may mention that the order of government, forbidding civilians or

military men corresponding with the press, was, to every intent and purpose, a perfect farce and a dead letter. On the staff of the Meerut paper were several gentlemen belonging to each branch of the service. These gentlemen not only wrote, but some of them wrote for pay—for so much per column; while the correspondence columns were filled with letters from covenanted civilians, or commissioned officers, judges, and magistrates, and their subordinates; brigadiers, colonels, majors, captains, and subalterns contributed anonymously whenever the spirit moved them. Ay! and frequently the members of the staff of the governor-general and of the commander-in-chief would not only send items of news, but comments thereon; and I have reason to know that this practice was continued up to the date of the recent outbreak, and is still continued. By the way, the late Major Thomas was virtually the editor of the Mofussilite at Agra at the time he received his death wound in the field of battle. The Delhi newspaper was also written for, by civilians and military men of all grades.

It was the press that introduced to the notice of the government many clever and able men, who had no other interest to help them. I could mention scores of instances, but two will suffice. Herbert Benjamin Edwards, of the Bengal Fusiliers; the "Brahminee Bull" of the Delhi Gazette, and Mr. Campbell of the Civil Service, who was "given up" to Lord Dalhousie as the "Delator" of the Mofussilite, and promoted to an office of great responsibility. In the last mentioned paper there also appeared in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, forty-eight, and forty-nine, a series of leading articles on military reform and other matters, some of which attracted the notice of Sir Charles Napier. They came from the pen of General (then Major) Mansfield, of the Fifty-third Foot, and at present chief of the staff of Sir Colin Campbell. It was not to silence these men, who displayed their ability in the newspapers, that they were placed in staff employ, or promoted. On the contrary, I know that they were expected—and, in some instances, requested—to use their pens in defence of certain government measures; and that, on several occasions, they did vigorous battle with their former literary chief, the editor of the paper in which they first made their appearance in print. I remember that on one occasion the editor, on being beaten in an argument, headed his admission of the fact with the following lines:

"Keen are our pangs; but keener far to feel
We nursed the pinion that impelled the steel."

There are no newsmen in the upper provinces of India, nor, indeed, in any of the presidencies. Whoever wishes to take a journal must subscribe for a certain period—year, or half-year. The rates for the Mofus-

silite, or Delhi Gazette, were three pounds twelve shillings per annum, or two pounds per six months. The net profits of both these papers, in eighteen hundred and forty-nine and fifty were upwards of five thousand pounds per annum. With the exception of the Friend in India, when under the control of its original proprietor, these journals of the north-west were by far the most remunerative of any in the East.

There was a native newspaper published at Meerut, called the Jam-i-Jumsheed, which title signifies a bowl or glass into which, if you look, you will see what transpires in the whole world. The history of this paper is very curious.

It was founded, without the knowledge, privity, or consent of the conductor of the European journal, by the head pressman of his establishment, who was a brahmin. The editor of this native print, which was lithographed, in the Oordoo language, was the moonshee of the English press at Meerut. He was well skilled in English, and his chief employment was translating the native correspondence. Having constant access to the desks of the compositors, this press moonshee acquired a knowledge of every item of news furnished by European as well as native correspondents, and of this knowledge he failed not to avail himself. This, however, was but a small evil, comparatively. Unknown to the conductor of the Meerut paper, a much greater evil arose from the publication of the native print; availing himself of such sources of information its editor seized the views of his employer, views intended only for European eyes, and gave his own version of them to his readers in the Hindoostanee language. And what was equally mischievous, he published quantities of matter which the conductor of the Meerut paper thought proper to suppress, after it was set up in type. These were the morsels in which the native editor took most delight. A single instance will suffice. The following appeared in the leading columns of the Jam-i-Jumsheed; the facts having been kept out of the columns of the Meerut paper, at the instance of the friends of the gentleman who was guilty of the indiscretion:

"An act of retributive justice has just been committed by the worthy magistrate of this district. It was supposed that an escaped convict from the jail was secreted in a village about four miles distant from this cantonment. In the dead of the night, the magistrate, at the head of a large body of police, visited the village, aroused the inhabitants from their slumbers, and demanded the culprit. The villagers denied any knowledge of him. The magistrate, with characteristic kindness and consideration, gave them half-an-hour to make up their minds. At the expiration of that time, as the culprit was not produced, he set fire to the village. In those flames, which illuminated the country for miles round, thirteen lives were sacrificed; namely, those of three men, four women, and six children. One of the unfortunate women was in labour at the time. Some malicious natives in the

neighbourhood of Meerut give out that the Sahib has been notoriously mad for several years past. Let us hope, however, that the Lieutenant-Governor will not heed such insinuations, but after complimenting the magistrate on his vigour and his zeal, appoint him to the first judgeship that may become vacant. No less than six hundred persons are, by this fire, rendered homeless beggars. But what of that? Must justice be obstructed?

"It remains for us to add, that the escaped convict of whom the magistrate was in search, has been in Oude for the past month, and that no notice of this affair will appear in any of the papers printed in English and edited by the Sahib Logue. Those gentlemen are far too modest to make known the manifold blessings which arise out of British rule in India."

For upwards of a year and a half the native paper went on filching news, and writing in the above strain; at length the conductor of the Meerut journal was furnished with some information which led to his discharging his employés, the head pressman and the moonshée, and breaking up their journal, the *Jami-Jumshed*. And more than this was done. The danger of permitting native newspapers to be published without any sort of supervision was elaborately, and from time to time, dwelt upon by the English editor; and at length the government was moved to call for a return of the journals printed in the Hindoostanee language in the upper provinces of India, and for an account of the number of copies that each issued. With this return and account the government was well satisfied first, because the aggregate circulation was so ridiculously small (comparatively), that it was quite clear that the native press had no power or influence; and, secondly, that the tone of the best conducted and most respectable journals of the native press were loud in their praises of British rule, and firm supporters of the Government. It was overlooked, with reference to the first point, that in no country, and in India especially, is the actual circulation of a newspaper any criterion of the number of persons acquainted with its contents, its chief items of intelligence, and its sentiments on the most important questions of the day. Let us take for example, the greatest paper in the world—*The Times*. Compare the number of copies that are struck off daily, with the number of hands into which that paper passes, the number of eyes that read it, and the number of ears that listen to hear it read. As to the second point, the praise of the Government of India, it was laughable to hear it mentioned, albeit the subject was of so serious a character. That praise was bestowed very much in the same spirit that Jack Wilkes is said to have conveyed a serious warning, with a humorous grin, to an election mob—"I hear that it is your intention, gentlemen, to take that person (there!), who is interrupting me, place him under that pump, and duck him! Now if you should do so, no matter how much it may be for his own good, you will—I

give you this emphatic warning—incur my most serious displeasure, gentlemen!" They, the native editors, used to wrap up the most bitter irony in the most complimentary phrases; and frequently their allusions, if viewed abstractedly, were both humorous and witty. A case in point. The late lieutenant-governor of the north-western provinces, a few years ago, presided at an examination of the students of a Government public school. Amongst other questions which his Honour put, to the boys of the first class, was this: "How does the world go round?" The head boy, a very intelligent Hindoo, gave an admirable reply—spoke, as the saying is, like a book. The editor of a native paper, in a notice of the examination, predicted that this boy would come to a bad end, for giving such an answer to the lieutenant-governor of the north-west provinces. "He ought" (said the native editor), "when so questioned by so potent a ruler, as to the cause of the world's going round, to have flung science into the gutter; and having assumed the most cringing attitude imaginable, he should have placed his hands together, and then have responded meekly: 'By your Honour's grace, favour, and kindness, does this planet revolve upon its axis?'" This same editor once wrote a notice of a ball given by the officers of the Horse Artillery mess at Meerut to the ladies of the Twenty-Ninth Foot, on the occasion of that last-mentioned and distinguished regiment coming to the station. When translated, literally, to an Englishman this notice would seem the most flattering account possible; but, if such Englishman took it in the sense in which Asiatics understood and comprehended it, he would, without any sort of doubt, have admitted that it was the most extraordinary and ingenious admixture of satire and obscenity that ever was printed and published.

The same editor, during the second Sikh campaign, burlesqued the despatches of Lord Gough; but so cleverly, that they were taken by English people, who heard them translated, as genuine productions. This was the man who never lost an opportunity of bringing British rule in India into disgrace, ridicule, and contempt amongst his countrymen; and who, eventually, by producing his writings, and having them translated literally, succeeded in obtaining an appointment under the government worth one hundred and fifty rupees per mensem. The great article on which his good fortune was based, was one descriptive of Lord Dalhousie, on the back of an elephant, proceeding to a spot appointed as the place of an interview between his lordship and the late Maharajah Goolab Singh. Neither the London nor the Paris Charivari ever surpassed this squib, so far as its spirit of ridicule was concerned, while in point of mischief, those European journals of fun would never have dreamed of going the lengths of the Asiatic

writer. "What became of this native editor?" may be reasonably asked. I hear that he is now aide-de-camp and military secretary to Bahadoor Khan, the rebel, who is at the head of a considerable army, and according to the latest accounts, in possession of the entire Bareilly district! He (the native editor), is a Mahomedan of very ancient and good family; he has an extremely handsome person, and plausible manners; and should I again wander in India, it will not at all surprise me to find him in the service of the British government, and filling some office of considerable dignity and emolument.

I have incidentally spoken of the theatre at Meerut. It was a building about the size of the Adelphi Theatre, and was built by subscription, some twenty-five years ago. The performers were, of course, amateurs, officers in the civil and military services, and now and then an interloper, possessed of histrionic abilities. The ladies were those young gentlemen who could be best made up to imitate the gentler sex. The scene-painters, scene-shifters, prompters, and so on, were men belonging to the various European corps quartered in the station, men who had been about, or connected with, London theatres, and who understood their business thoroughly. On an average, there was a performance once a fortnight. Tragedy was seldom or never attempted; nothing but standard comedies and approved farces. It pains me to think of the last performance I witnessed on the Meerut boards; for, with the exception of myself and another gentleman, every one who had a character assigned to him is now numbered with the dead. The play was the *Lady of Lyons*. Claude Melnotte was an officer in the governor-general's Body-guard; his height was under five feet, and his weight exactly eight stone. Pauline was the magistrate of Bolund-Shahur, who was six feet three, and weighed twenty-one stone and some pounds. In short, Claude was about the smallest, and Pauline about the biggest, man, in British India. These two died of natural causes within the last three years. The rest have all been massacred or killed in action. Some perished at Cawnpore, and other stations, and some have fallen before Delhi, and before Lucknow. And, alas! amongst the audience of that night, how many have since been prematurely despatched from this world,—men, women, and children!

There are some matters connected with theatricals in India, in the upper provinces, which would strike any gentleman or lady fresh from Europe as very odd. Huge punkahs are suspended from the ceiling, and pulled by natives, during the performance. Without the punkahs the heat in the house would be unbearable. Then, there are no boxes, and there is no pit. One part of the house,

that nearest to the stage, is set apart for the officers civil and military, and their wives and families. The rest of the house is generally filled by non-commissioned officers and private soldiers. As a matter of course, the greatest order prevails throughout the play, which is usually produced, "under the patronage of the officer commanding the station and his lady." The actors are never hissed; but the applause, in which the men always join, is loud, long, frequent, and encouraging.

In most of the large stations, where European troops are quartered,—such stations as Meerut, Agra, Umballah, Cawnpore, Lahore,—the non-commissioned officers and men of the regiments get up theatrical performances, which are attended by the society. And very creditably, too, do they perform. I have seen a sergeant of the Eighth Foot (Colonel Greathead's regiment) play, at Agra, the character of Doctor O'Toole, in the *Irish Tutor*, in a style and with a racy humour, which reminded me more of the late Mr. Power than any actor on the metropolitan or provincial boards in England, ever did. And at Umballah, I have seen a corporal of the Third Dragoons act the part of the Stranger in a way that moved an audience, "unused, albeit to the melting mood," in the literal sense of the phrase, to involuntary tears. But by far the best actor (I am speaking of non-professionals) that I ever listened to, considering the range of characters that he played, was a private in the Ninth Lancers. I would have gone night after night, to see him in tragedy, comedy, or farce; or even to hear him sing a sentimental or a comic song. He was a younger brother of an intelligent, influential, rich, and deservedly respected London tradesman, whose name is known in every quarter of the world where the English language is spoken. It behoves me to say that these three men (who, by the way, are all dead) were possessed of great general ability, and had respectively received a good education.

It is not for a wanderer and an interloper like myself, to make any suggestions to an enlightened (I use the word advisedly) government; but I do hope that when order is restored throughout our Eastern dominions, when the affairs of the country are a matter of local consideration, the health, comfort, and recreation of the British soldier in those hot plains will command more attention than has hitherto been bestowed upon them. I hope to see barracks in which the men can live in comparative comfort—barracks lofty and spacious, and fitted with punkahs, and other conveniences such as are required for the climate, and such as one always finds in the abodes of officers and gentlemen. I hope to see separate sleeping apartments for the married couples, and separate sleeping apartments for the mass of children above seven

and eight years of age. I hope never again to see men, women, young girls, and boys, and infant children, so huddled together that those who escaped demoralisation ought to have been exhibited as curiosities of the human species. I hope never again to behold white children, girls of thirteen years of age, the offspring of British soldiers, married, in order that they might remain in the regiment.

"Surely," I once remarked to the colonel of a Royal regiment in India, who made some remarks on the painful topic last alluded to—"Surely this might be obviated?"

"Yes, my good sir," was his reply. "But it would cost this government an outlay of a few thousands of rupees. A little while ago, I had a battle with the government. I insisted on having punkahs hung up in the barracks, and I spoke in a tone so decided that even the frowsy military board—composed of several very old and feeble Company's officers of the last century—was frightened into something like activity. Well, sir, the punkahs were suspended, and I fancied that I had gained an immense triumph; but I was very much mistaken. It was a case of, 'There are your punkahs, and now let your men pull them, or employ the natives to do so!' So that the punkahs, after all, instead of promoting a current of fresh air, impeded it, and served only as perches for the flies and cobweb-booms for the spiders. The idea of the poor men paying for punkah coolies!"

"What would it cost to punkah the whole regiment during the hot season?" I asked.

"I can tell you exactly," said the colonel: "for I have made a correct estimate. The cost for the five hot months would be under three hundred pounds; and by laying out this sum the Government would save some three thousand or four thousand pounds a-year, at the very least."

"How so?"

"Many men cannot bear the heat of these barrack rooms, crowded as they are, and left without punkahs. The consequence is, that they become ill, go into hospital and die there, or spend the greater part of their time there. I should say that if the men had better accommodation, and the same means as we officers have of keeping their apartments cool, we should save in every regiment fifty lives annually. Now, every recruit who comes from home and joins a regiment in the Upper Provinces, to fill up a death or casualty in the ranks, costs the Indian government a hundred and ten pounds sterling. I have pointed all this out, but it is of no use."

"I would report it to the Horse Guards," said I.

"I did so, two years ago."

"And what did the Horse Guards say, in reply to your statements?"

"Precisely what the learned world said of poor George Primrose's paradoxes—they said nothing. They treated them with dignified

silence, and perhaps contempt. However, I did not stop there. I went further."

"You addressed the Throne, or Prince Albert?"

"No. I did not go so far as that. We had just got the Albert hat out, and after a careful examination of it, I came to the conclusion that his Royal Highness would hardly be disposed to give much ear to my complaint touching the discomfort of the British troops in India. But I wrote to an elder brother of mine, who represents a borough in Parliament, and I begged of him to bring under the notice of the House of Commons, the condition of the British soldier in India, and, move for a report of the officers in command of the various regiments doing duty in this country."

"And he did so, I hope?"

"Not he. He wrote to me to say that he had never spoken in the House, and never intended doing so, as he had not the faintest ambition to become a public orator; but that he had shown my letter to several friends of his (members of Parliament), who would only be too glad of an opportunity of bringing themselves into notice; and that they, one and all, blew upon it, remarking that the condition of the British soldier in any part of the world was a frightful bore; but that the condition of the British soldier in the East was a bore utterly beyond toleration. 'My dear George (he went on to say to me), your story would only be received with an ironical hear, hear, followed by a series of coughs, as though the subject had given the House a sudden chill and a very bad cold. Even that garrulous goose, Jamsey, to whom (in despair, and in order to oblige you) I showed your letter—even Jamsey, who is always ready to talk for hours about everything or anybody, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, sighed, lifted up his hands, groaned It won't do, and left me. Find out some indigo-planter who has been, or is supposed to be, guilty of some sort of oppression towards a sable cultivator of the soil, and we will pretty soon grind his bones to make our bread, my boy; but, for Heaven's sake, and the sake of the House of Commons, don't inflict upon us your British soldiers.'"

To leave the colonel, and express my further hopes.—I hope to see, in every large station throughout India, two Christian churches erected—one for the Protestants and another for the Roman Catholics. Both erected at the expense of the Government. I hope to see, also, in every large station, a library to which every soldier, at stated hours, shall have access. I hope to see soldiers' gardens—such as the late Sir Henry Lawrence recommended—in which the men may, when they feel disposed, work, or amuse themselves in the cold season. I hope to see a theatre in every large station, built and kept in repair; not by subscription from the poor men, but at the cost of the State. I hope, in fact, to see the British soldier in the East—

not petted, pampered, and made a fuss of, but made as sensibly comfortable as the climate in which he serves will admit of his being made. I hope, from the bottom of my heart, never to see brave men put into such a barrack as that at Loodianah, which fell in upon and buried in its ruins, the remnant of her Majesty's Fiftieth Regiment of Foot: one of the most gallant regiments in the army list. They went into the field, during the first Sikh campaign, nine hundred strong. Nine hundred bright bayonets glittered in the sun as they marched away to give the foe (in the words of Lord Gough) "a taste of cold stale." They were at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon. Out of that nine hundred, only three hundred returned to quarters in March eighteen hundred and forty-six. In three months, six hundred had fallen in battle! The campaign over, they were quartered at Loodianah, and placed in barracks which had been frequently reported rotten, unsound, and dangerous. But, of this report—though forwarded by the commander-in-chief—the military board took no notice. The consequence was, that in a dust-storm on the night of the twenty-first of May, ten years ago, the barracks came down! Beneath that mass of dust and smoke, and unburnt bricks, lay all the men, women, and children left to represent the glorious Fiftieth Regiment of Foot! Beneath that mass, were the heroes who had escaped the carnage of the battle-fields in which three to one of the Regiment had died! Fifty-one men, eighteen women, and twenty-nine children, were killed by the fall of those barracks; one hundred and twenty-six men, thirty-nine women, and thirty-four children, were badly wounded—many maimed and disfigured for life! Well might the Colonel of that regiment cry aloud: "My God! there is no Fiftieth left! The enemy did its worst; but it is the Company Bahadoor that has given us the finishing blow!"

The English reader may possibly doubt the accuracy of these details; but there is a huge grave at Loodianah containing the bones of those men, women, and children of the Fiftieth; and scores of officers still live, to bear testimony to the truth of my assertions in respect to this horrible catastrophe.

The engineer at Loodianah was written to, by the secretary of the military board, and asked why he had not made a report of the state of the barracks which had fallen in? He replied that he had written three letters on the subject, and that his predecessor in office had written seven; and the foolish man was stupid enough to ransack the records of his office, and "had the honour to transmit for information of the Board, copies of these documents." For this absurd effort of memory, and ridiculous attempt to clear himself of blame, he was removed from his appointment, and sent to do duty with the Sappers and

Miners,—a sort of very severe punishment in the East for any engineer officer guilty of an indiscretion!

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

v.

TAKING those two cabinet pictures of my little Dutchwoman, who looks out at me so fresh, and fair, and dimpled,—and of my Dutchman, so roseate and sanguineous in visage;* setting them at convenient distance, mentally, that is, and retreating admiringly to have the better view; now decorating him with a stiff frill, and fixing on bristly moustaches, with a bunch of stubble on the chin, imperialwise, and a grim smile upon his lips, to the likeness of the late Hugo Grotius, syndic of Rotterdam, delegate of West Frisia, and most learned writer; now setting a broad-brimmed hat and feather well over his brows, dressing him in a jerkin of yellow, and short wide boots, with broad sash about his waist, like the fellow with the halberd and crimson tassel in the great Night Watch picture; now, trimming close his hair and beard, and giving him a starched collar and short cloak, and so turning him into a preacher. From such reverie entertainment, I fall at last a-thinking how it has come about that these Dutchmen and Dutch women should have found such ill favour with all who have been to see them. Somehow they have few men's good word. They have no winning ways about them; and inspire no great yearning to re-visit them. The traveller's book has no flattering testimonials written down concerning them. By an unlucky chance they seem usually to come in for the kicks rather than the small coppers of writers. Their roughness and ungovernable boldness seems to have stood in their way, and hindered the favour of the roving world; to such, your rude and ready innkeepers—men of surly independent ways; of take it or leave it creed—do not come pleasantly. Mightily diverting is it to hearken to one of their own old writers, discoursing loftily on what he terms *Les Délices*, *The Sweets*, that is, of his country. "The Dutchmen of old times," he remarks, "were despised by their neighbours, who held them to be mere dolts, calling them, in derision, cheese-eaters. What sort they are at the present time everybody knows." He may revel in such self-glorification, unmolested until he lays down this thesis: "They are content with what they have; and if you were to offer them a five-sous piece for what was worth only two and a-half, they would take what they were entitled to, and return you the rest. Should you beg of them to keep it, they would not understand what you would be at; would, most likely, ask if you were disordered in your head." Heavens! how unlike the greedy spirits now on earth! Con-

* See page 94.

ceive the Laquais de Place of the old Hoogen Mogen days, respectfully restoring the change out of Monsieur's guilder-piece, protesting that Monsieur must be mad to think of pressing on him more than he was entitled to! Conceive a waiter, as the guest is stepping out after his mails and remembering the servitors, conjuring the Herr to wait only one second until he got change; the Herr having given a quarter-guilder, or fivepence too much. Conceive—and most difficult of all things in the world to conceive—a driver of the hackney-coach of those days, a machine in build like a lord mayor's carriage, hung low, and all down behind, with his cocked hat off, remonstrating tenderly with the fare for his overpay; perhaps casting about for a schout, or politician, to take Monsieur securely to the nearest asylum for persons of unsound mind. Such things shall come about towards the Millennium.

I would commend to the writer of *The Sweets* the following little fact: Wandering through the town of La Haye one morning, and getting lost in certain unsavoury lanes, it was only natural to cast about for some intelligent being, skilled in foreign tongues, who should direct me conveniently to the open square known as the Platz Mauritz, hard by to which was my own particular caravanserai. An individual in new black, eminently respectable, and something higher than the grade of a notary-public, might have been descried, crossing the street (lane, that is), picking his steps with infinite pains. Here is my man, I whisper to myself, exultingly; and proceed to stop on the Dutch King's highway the individual in new black. He speaks French marvellously well, is very gracious, and I can observe a tinge of pity in his tones for the stranger alone in a foreign land, and who has lost his way in a strange city. Just a step further on, and let Monsieur take the first turning to the right, nothing more simple. Nothing more simple, the new black curving itself into the letter C, many times over. Stay, he will just show Monsieur the turning himself:—and picks his steps a few perches on, to the mouth of the turning; where, sure enough, I can see afar off, the great Platz opening out, and the effigy of Mauritz astride upon a bronze quadruped. When, as I take off my hat to the shiny black notary-public, I discover that its hand is stretched out, not for affectionate interchange of grasp after the British fashion, but with undisguised sordid purpose. I wrap my garment about me and depart in the direction of Mauritz and his brazen beast, catching, as I go, sounds of execration, not loud, but deep. This adventure contrasts not refreshingly with another of lost way in a strange town, only in the sprightly land of mirth and social ease—in bare, bleak Calais. Straying negligently here and there, taking turns and alleys that lead out of the open square where sand seems

blowing eternally in men's eyes at each of the cardinal points; and being invariably brought out again unexpectedly, on the open square, it entered into my head to make out that famous hostel, where the late Reverend Mr. Sterne, travelling sentimentally, had once put up, and in whose court had lain for four months that vamped-up chaise—that little carriage, the désobligeant—which had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Senis. Going out of the square, by a lane on the right, was only sure to bring me in again by a lane to the left. At last, in some by-place, finding before me the open door of a money-changer, notary, and house-agent, for there were marks and tokens of all these professions, I enter, desiring information, of several gentlemen, doing scrivenery on very large sheets, concerning the late Mr. Sterne's hotel. Instant setting aside of his scrivenery by one of the professional gentlemen ('Tis a pity, an't, please your Honor, said Trim, he were not a Field-Marshal, on account of those moustaches of his)—instant leaping from off his stool. He stands out at the door, and points, and postures, and gesticulates—first this lane, then that tour,—then to the right—to the left, and le Voilà! Whereby seeing that I gather nought but mystification, he goes in again for a card of the establishment on whose blank side he lays out neatly, a ground plan of the principal streets—Grand Place and all—with M. Dessenin's Hotel brought out in red ink, so as to catch the eye. This he puts into my hand, and then, all hatless as he is, goes out with me to the top of the street to start me, and so disappears without waiting for thanks. I sometimes fancy he must have come of the same stock as that gentle monk of St. Francis, who exchanged snuff-boxes with the Rev. Mr. Sterne.

But, for that other gentleman in the streets of La Haye. Travellers who have come that way, seem to have seen the like of him, and to have departed in dissatisfied moods, casting the dust from off their shoes. Terrible Scaliger, running a muck at every person and everything, contrived to have a word for him,—a desperate stroke of that thorny, rasping side of his tongue. He had sojourned long in Leyden city, doing professor's work. And yet this was the sum—small enough—of his estimation: "They are villanously ungrateful," he says, in that curious Patois Book, the Scaligerana—sont vilainement ingratis. "Fathers and sons make their bargains in writing with each other, not trusting each other. There are some good folk, after all, in this country; but there is no spot in the world that cries out more for the judgments of Heaven."

Gentle Goldsmith came that road, journeying to Leyden also, and likens a Dutchman's house to a temple dedicated to an ox. Even my little Dutchwoman could not bring him over, though, at this period of his life, he

was keenly alive to women's personal gifts. "A Dutchwoman and a Scotch woman," he writes, "will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy. The one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride."

Thus far the gentle Goldy, never rough and ready with his pen; who would not write a harsh thing of his enemy. Yet it is plain he had no great love of that people; neither, for that matter, had Andrew Marvell, Esquire, late member of the Honourable House of Commons, as may be gathered from his poems, imprinted for Robert Boulter at the Turk's Head, in Cornhill, a grim effigy of the late Andrew Marvell, Esquire, in unlimited periwig to face the title-page. Says Andrew Marvell,—in no complimentary humour certainly, but then it was about the time that Robert Blake, captain and admiral at sea, with Dean and other famous seamen, had been sinking Dutch men-of-war by the dozen; says Andrew Marvell, Holland is a country which scarce deserves the name of land, being but "th' offscouring of British sand,—no more than so much earth as was contributed by English pilots when they heaved the lead!" Then, stringing most disreputable puns, he adds: "Nor can civility there want for tillage, Where wisely for a court they choose a village. How fit a title clothes their governors, Themselves the Hogo, as all their subjects Bores!" Grim commonwealth humour, this: such as my Lord Protector would have chuckled a sour smile over! The notion of likening their High Mightinesses—the awful Hoogen Mogen—to hogs! Just as in the great French war, our British public would shriek with laughter over those funny Buonaparte caricatures, sent out by that droll Mr. Gilray, wherein the Corsican upstart was portrayed, ridiculously, in green swallow-tailed coat, and absurd cocked hat, led along by John Bull, glorious and immortal. How many of those caricatures, as well as of lean Frenchmen eating frogs, or themselves furnishing a meal to John, who takes up three or four of them on the point of his fork, the ingenious Mr. Gilray coloured with his own hand, and sent out during that eventful time, may now be seen in the scrap-books of collectors, and on old country house screens; on which you may follow the whole career of the Upstart in his green swallow tails. It is certainly worthy of note that, in what Mr. Carlyle calls the late Turk-Russian business, no phobia of this sort took hold of the public mind.

To return to Andrew Marvell, Esquire: It does not please me that he alludes to my little Dutchwoman, in this unhandsome fashion. "See," the ungentlemanly Cromwellian calls out, "See but their mairmaids with their

tails of fish, Reeking at church over the chafing dish. A vestal turf enshrined in earthenware Funnies through the loopholes of wooden Square." Nor doth he over-relish my Dutchman: "For what a spectacle the skipper gross, A water Hercules, butter-coloss. Turned up with all their several towns of beer." But though a little wroth with Andrew Marvell, Esquire, I cannot turn my ears from his sweet verse that tinkles melodiously like silver bells; and I wonder how the blunt, rude man, that so delighted in rude jokes on his Dutch enemies, could tune his soul to such soft conceits, such delicate and gossamer images.

I think, too, of M. Voltaire, how he, too, had come that road. How, when he has done with them, and picked his last footprint out of the country, he turns about, and with that sneering mouth of his relaxed, takes off his hat in mockery with that alliterative farewell of his, "Adieu, canaux, canards, canaille!" that is to say, "Good bye, ducks, dykes, and dregs!" To him they might have replied, conveniently, as did the Hoogen with their counter-medal to the great Lewis, "Adieu, scoffs, sneers, and snarls!" They were well rid of him, to my mind.

Then I think of Peter the Great and his sojourn, and I speculate as to how the Barbarian found the people. Much to his liking, I suspect. Much more to his liking must have been the strong waters of the country: the spirit made at Schiedam and such places. He was a Boor himself as to habits; and, therefore, Boors, could not have jarred very unpleasantly on his feelings. Naturally enough the thought of Peter brings me to Zaardam or Saardam, and it enters into my head to go as a pilgrim to that little town—barely an hour's travel distant.

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THANKS TO DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE.

IN Boswell's Life of Johnson it is related of OLIVER GOLDSMITH that he one day broke his shins in attempting to show his friends that he could perform a certain feat of agility, which had conferred great celebrity on a Clown who was the popular favourite of the day. The anecdote is generally accepted, with a high sense of relish, as one among many other amusing proofs of Goldsmith's ridiculous vanity. Speaking for myself, I have never been able to look at it in that light. I have always believed that the misadventure to Goldsmith's shins was caused by his acute sense of the neglected state of his muscular education. He knew that he possessed the same bodily apparatus as the Clown; he was ashamed of not being able to turn it to the same dexterous use; he gallantly endeavoured to make up for deficiencies in early training by self-directed efforts in later life; and, like many another man, who, in default of proper schooling, has tried to teach himself, he failed in accomplishing his meritorious purpose. Superficial spectators, who could not look beyond the broken shins, all burst out laughing at the accident, and cried: There is his vanity again! And, since that time, a superficial public has unanimously echoed the exclamation.

Grateful remembrances of The Vicar of Wakefield make me hope that I am right in the view I take of this anecdote. At the same time, common candour compels me to confess that all public exhibitions of great skill and dexterity have the same curious effect on my own mind, which I suppose the Clown's feat to have had on the mind of Goldsmith. When, for example, I attend the performances of a conjuror; when I observe that his hands are in every respect like mine; and when I see the amazing uses to which he can put them, I blush at the mortifying sight of my own fingers and thumbs; I think of the dormant dexterities which my parents never cultivated, and which I can now never hope to acquire; and I leave the entertainment, secretly ashamed of my grossly ignorant hands, and secretly relieved when I find myself hiding them from the public eye in the kindly refuge of my pockets.

- It must be a very strong feeling indeed

which makes an Englishman ashamed of his own legs. The observant reader who has travelled abroad, will, I think, support me when I assert that no respectable Frenchman, German, or Italian, was ever yet seen to bend his head down while walking in the street, and survey the spectacle of his own legs with a grave and vacant satisfaction. The same observant reader, on returning to London from foreign parts, cannot fail to have noticed that all respectable Englishmen perform this action, at one period or another of their progress through the streets. It may be that we admire our own legs as a nation; or it may be that we are scrupulously anxious to see that our trousers are properly brushed. At any rate, there is no doubt of the fact that the Englishman enjoys the sight of his own legs in a state of progression—especially when they are taking him to Church. National in all other matters, I used to be national also in this. Some years since, unfortunately for myself, I saw a famous male opera-dancer. The sprightly leaping, twistings, twirlings, and twinklings of those incomparable and never-to-be-forgotten legs, sank deep into my mind, and dried up in me for ever, those sources of innocent national enjoyment, to which I have referred, I hope, with becoming tenderness and respect. I left the theatre, so heartily disgusted with the stolidity of my own uneducated legs, that I have never had the courage or the curiosity to look at them since.

Something of the same eccentric mental operation has been lately stirred into action within me by the perusal of a very remarkable book which is just now interesting the public in an unusual degree. I have been following a narrative of great dangers and trials, encountered in a good cause, by as honest and as courageous a man as ever lived. In other words, I have been reading DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE'S Account of his Travels in South Africa. What various results this book may have produced upon the minds of its very large circle of readers, I cannot pretend to say. One of the results which it has produced on my mind, is of a kind which I suspect neither its author, its publisher, nor its critics foresaw, when it was first presented to the world. The effect of it on me has been to lower my opinion of my own character

in a most remarkable and most disastrous manner. I used to think that I possessed the moral virtues of courage, patience, resolution, and self-control. Since I have read Doctor Livingstone's volume, I have been driven to the humiliating conclusion that, in forming my own opinion of myself, I have been imposed upon by a false and counterfeited article. Guided by the test of the South African Traveller, I find that my much-prized courage, patience, resolution, and self-control, turn out to be nothing but plated goods. A week ago I thought they were genuine silver—I did, indeed.

How can this possibly have happened?—some persons may be inclined to ask. Happy persons! who can lay the book down, thankful to the author (as I am thankful) for having written it; but, on the other hand, not depreciated in their own estimations, as I am depreciated in mine. It is no very difficult task to describe the manner in which my self-esteem oozed out of me as soon as I made Doctor Livingstone's acquaintance. The process was simple in itself, and it began at the very first chapter in the book. I had only reached page twelve, when I was irresistibly impelled to ask myself this searching and decisive question: Suppose I was travelling in South Africa, and suppose, at the very beginning of my wanderings, a lion laid hold of me by the shoulder, and got me down on the ground under his paw? What should I have done? Beyond all possibility of doubt, I should have shrieked for help to my savage friends running off in the background; and, receiving none, I should have fainted away with fright, and have known nothing more till my faithful niggers brought me to, and set my pulse going again with news that the lion was dead. That is what I should have done under these circumstances. What does Doctor Livingstone do?

*** "I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. ** I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people said, Stop a little till I load again. When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting and looking half-round, I saw the lion in the act of springing upon me."

That is where I should have shrieked for help.

"I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear"—

This is where I should have fainted with fright—

"he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of

chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. *** Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe, and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. *** Besides crushing the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds on the upper part of my arm."

Gentle reader, if you were under the paw of a lion could you move to make your position more comfortable? Could you notice whether your companion's gun missed fire or not? Could you keep your consciousness, and analyse your feelings afterwards? I could have done none of these things; and, knowing that, it did not surprise me to find that the perusal of the passage just quoted and the loss of all belief in my own courage, were simultaneous mental operations, in my case, no longer than a week ago.

Another example. Suppose I set forth, as Doctor Livingstone set forth, to spread the blessings of Christianity among savages to whom the mere sight of a white man was a marvel—strong in my determination to do good—stronger yet in my freedom from the mischievous spiritual crotchets of sects and their high-priests at home, and in my wise resolution to give the cause of Religion the whole benefit of my plainest common sense, without regarding worn-out traditions, without stooping to powerful prejudices, without fearing senseless blame. Suppose I had been a Missionary of this rare sort—as Doctor Livingstone was, and is—how would my patience have held out, when I came to put my plans in practice, against such vexations and such trials as these?

*** "It is, however, difficult to give an idea to an European of the little effect teaching produces, because no one can realise the degradation to which their minds have been sunk by centuries of barbarism and hard struggling for the necessities of life; like most others, they listen with respect and attention, but, when we kneel down, and address an unseen Being, the position and the act often appear to them so ridiculous that they cannot refrain from bursting into uncontrollable laughter. After a few services they get over this tendency. I was once present when a missionary attempted to sing among a wild heathen tribe of Bechuanas, who had no music in their composition; the effect on the risible muscles of the audience was such that the tears actually ran down their cheeks. Nearly all their thoughts are directed to the supply of their bodily wants, and this has been the case with the race for ages. If asked, then, what effect the

preaching of the Gospel has had at the commencement on such individuals, I am unable to tell, except that some have confessed long afterwards that they then first began to pray in secret." * * *

And again, a little further on :

* * * "When all knelt down, many of those who had children, in following the example of the rest, bent over their little ones; the children, in terror of being crushed to death, set up a simultaneous yell, which so tickled the whole assembly there was often a subdued titter, to be turned into a hearty laugh as soon as they heard Amen. This was not so difficult to overcome in them as similar peccadilloes were in the case of the women farther south. Long after we had settled at Mabotsa, when preaching on the most solemn subjects, a woman might be observed to look round, and, seeing a neighbour seated on her dress, give her a hunch with the elbow to make her move off; the other would return it with interest, and perhaps the remark, Take the nasty thing away, will you? Then three or four would begin to hustle the first offenders, and the men to swear at them all, by way of enforcing silence."

Would my patience have resisted such attacks on it as these? I am more than afraid that I should have lost it altogether before I had advanced many miles into the African continent, and should have continued my journey in the character of a mere traveller, bent on making discoveries, but enabled no longer by the better ambition of making conversions.

And suppose I had gone on as a traveller? Suppose I had toiled through unknown tracts of country, through savage tribes with whose disposition towards strangers no man's previous experience had made me acquainted—suppose I had dared perils of sickness, of hunger, and of death from wild animals, rather than abandon my resolution to open up a new trade to the world, and to make such geographical discoveries as no other man had made in my time—suppose I had run these risks and compassed these achievements, whereabouts would the miserable counterfeit which has hitherto falsely represented to my mind the sterling virtue of Perseverance, have at last exposed itself and shown what it was really worth? Where should I have discovered unmistakably that I was not what I had hitherto believed myself to be—a genuinely persevering man? At this point of my journey, I think—if not long before it.

"Next morning, by climbing the highest trees, we could see a fine large sheet of water, but surrounded on all sides by the same impenetrable belt of reeds. This is the broad part of the river Chobe, and is called Zabesa. Two tree-covered islands seemed to be much nearer to the water than the shore on which we were, so we made an attempt to get to them first. It was not the reeds alone we had to pass through; a peculiar serrated grass, which at certain angles cut the hands like a razor, was mingled with the reeds; and the climbing convolvulus, with stalks which felt as strong as whipcord, bound the mass together. We felt like pigmies in it; and, often, the only way we could get

on, was by both of us leaning against a part, and bending it down till we could stand upon it. The perspiration streamed off our bodies, and as the sun rose high, there being no ventilation among the reeds, the heat was stifling, and the water, which was up to the knees, felt agreeably refreshing. After some hours' toil we reached one of the islands. Here we met an old friend, the bramble bush. My strong moleskins were quite worn through at the knees, and the leather trousers of my companion were torn, and his legs bleeding. Tearing my handkerchief in two, I tied the pieces round my knees, and then encountered another difficulty. We were still forty or fifty yards from the clear water, but now we were opposed by great masses of papyrus, which are like palms in miniature, eight or ten feet high, and an inch and a half in diameter. These were laced together by twining convolvulus, so strongly that the weight of both of us could not make way into the clear water. At last, we fortunately found a passage prepared by a hippopotamus. Eager, as soon as we reached the island, to look along the vista to clear water, I stepped in, and found it took me at once up to the neck."

I should never have got up to my neck in water. I should have stopped at the bramble-bushes and saved my moleskins.

Another, and a last example. I have always been accustomed to consider myself as possessed in a remarkable degree of the virtue of self-control. I said "No," this very last Christmas Day, at a large dinner-party, when the servant offered me champagne. A week ago, my wife (to whom I am passionately attached) implored me to set her up with a supply of the new-fashioned red stockings. I did violence to my own feelings, and said "No," again—remembering the expense. Yesterday fortnight, I roused my sinking heart, and nerved my sluggish legs, and went to a large ball; smiling and chattering, and making myself agreeable, through heat, crowding, confusion, and dullness, as if I really enjoyed the evening. At this very moment, I am writing these very lines, with the third volume of a breathlessly interesting novel tempting me in vain, on a table within my reach. Is this self-control? It is what we, who live at home at ease, are accustomed to consider as representing that virtue in its most practical and meritorious form. Are we all deceived, then, by a counterfeit? I cannot presume to answer that question for others; but I should be exceedingly glad to know what readers of well-regulated minds thought of their own self-control, when they read these passages in the eighteenth chapter of Doctor Livingstone's Travels :

"We heard some of the Chibouque remark, 'They have only five guns;' and about mid-day Njambi collected all his people, and surrounded our encampment. Their object was evidently to plunder us of everything. My men seized their javelins, and stood on the defensive, while the young Chibouque had drawn their swords, and brandished them with great fury. Some even pointed their guns at me, and nodded to each other, as much as to say, 'This is the way we shall do with him.' I sat on my camp-stool, with my double-barrelled gun across my knees, and invited the chief to

be seated also. When he and his counsellors had sat down on the ground in front of me, I asked what crime we had committed that he had come armed in that way. * * * In reference to a man being given, I declared that we were all ready to die rather than to give up one of our number to be a slave; that my men might as well give me as I give one of them, for we were all free men. * * * My men now entreated me to give something. * * * I gave him (the chief) one of my shirts. The young Chibouque were dissatisfied, and began shouting and brandishing their swords, for a greater fine.

"As Pitsane felt that he had been the cause of this disagreeable affair, he asked me to add something else. I gave a bunch of beads, but the counsellors objected this time, so I added a large handkerchief. The more I yielded, the more unreasonable their demands became, and at every fresh demand, a shout was raised by the armed party, and a rush made around us with brandishing of arms. One young man made a charge at my head from behind, but I quickly brought round the muzzle of my gun to his mouth, and he retreated. I pointed him out to the chief, and he ordered him to retire a little. I felt anxious to avoid the effusion of blood; and though sure of being able with my Makololo, who had been drilled by Sebituane, to drive off twice the number of our assailants, though now a large body, and well armed with spears, swords, arrows, and guns, I strove to avoid actual collision. My men were quite unprepared for this exhibition, but behaved with admirable coolness. The chief and counsellors, by accepting my invitation to be seated, had placed themselves in a trap; for my men very quietly surrounded them, and made them feel that there was no chance of escaping their spears. I then said, that, as one thing after another had failed to satisfy them, it was evident that *they* wanted to fight, while *we* only wanted to pass peaceably through the country; that they must begin first and bear the guilt before God: we would not fight till they had struck the first blow. I then sat silent for some time. It was rather trying for me, because I knew that the Chibouque would aim at the white man first; but I was careful not to appear hurried, and having four barrels ready for instant action, looked quietly at the savage scene around."

Backed by a body of men on whom I could depend, and persecuted by the insatiable rapacity of a horde of greedy savages, I could no more have kept that double-barrelled gun across my knees, and sat looking quietly at the scene around, than I could command the evolutions of a vessel, reduced to extremities within sight of a lee shore. I should instantly have let off my guns, have shed blood without the excuse of absolute necessity, have roused the whole country against me, and have perished to a dead certainty, in a longer or shorter time, the victim of my own rashness. Doctor Livingstone's genuine self-control brought him and his men out of the scrape without the degradation of submission on the one hand, and without the horrors of slaughter on the other. He got to the end of his journey, and saw the faces of his own countrymen again on the western coast. I should have been buried hundreds of miles on the wrong side of my destination, and should never have been heard of more. When my friends talk next of their own self-control, or of mine, I think I know a little African

anecdote which is likely to exercise a marvelous influence in leading the conversation to some other topic.

Such is the effect which this book of African Travels has had upon me. It has done me a world of good in modifying my own favourable opinion of myself. Although I might well rest satisfied with acknowledging the usefulness of such a result of my reading as this (not at all a common one, in my case, when I occupy myself with the works of travellers in general), I must still ask leave to say a few more last words before I bid farewell to Doctor Livingstone and his book.

I have no intention of attempting to tell the Traveller's story at second-hand. If it be indeed a great critical triumph to crush a long narrative into a space which cannot possibly contain so much as the one hundredth part of it, in a moderately fair and un mutilated form, that great triumph has been already achieved in more instances than I can undertake to reckon up. I have no need, as I have certainly no desire, to treat a book which I am bound to respect, in this summary fashion. Neither is it my ambition to put on record, in this place, any favourite opinions of my own on the future prospects of the Missionary cause in Africa. Not being a professed critic, I do not feel bound to set myself up in the character of a person who is, by virtue of his office, always better informed than the author himself on the author's own subject. My only object, in writing these final lines, is to express my admiration, in all seriousness and sincerity, of the manly truthfulness of Doctor Livingstone's book, and of the admirable tone of unaffected modesty in which it is written from the first page to the last. The author's unflinching honesty in describing his difficulties and acknowledging his disappointments in the attempt to plant Christianity among the African savages; his sensible independence of all those mischievous sectarian influences which fetter so lamentably the exertions of so many other good men; and his fearless recognition of the absolute necessity of associating every legitimate aid which this world's wisdom can give with the work of preaching the Gospel to heathen listeners, are merits beyond all praise, because they are merits without a parallel in the previous history of Missionary literature. Surprisingly new and delightful to read, in this respect, the book is hardly less remarkable viewed simply as the narrative of a traveller's adventures. With certain rare and honourable exceptions, the tone adopted in these days by literary travellers in general, is one of flippant mockery and wearisome self-conceit. The matter-of-fact tendencies of English readers induce them, apparently, to grant a species of privilege to men who profess to treat of something that has really happened, which they refuse to extend to men who pursue the higher, or, in plainer terms, the more imaginative

branches of literature. A tone which is condemned as offensive in a writer of novels, is either quietly accepted, as a matter of course, or is positively approved as rather entertaining, in a writer of travels. After reading the ordinary run of books by the ordinary run of travellers, it is a positive refreshment to the mind to turn to Doctor Livingstone's volume, and to follow the simple—I had almost written the artless—narrative of an unaffectedly modest man. On this account, especially, I have met with no book, for a long time past, which, to my mind, sets so excellent an example before other writers—no book which has stirred up within me so strong an interest in the author, and in the future that lies before him. None of Doctor Livingstone's many readers more cordially wish him success in the noble work to which he has again devoted himself—none will rejoice more sincerely in hearing of his safe and prosperous progress, whenever tidings of him may reach England—than the writer of these few lines, who now heartily and gratefully bids him farewell.

THE VITAL POINT.

THE vital point is about the size of the head of a pin. It is a little spot formed of the grey substance of the nerves. The vital spot is situated at the point of junction between the cerebral marrow and the spinal marrow. The physiologist Lorry is said to have been the first observer of this point, probably because he was the earliest observer who has recorded his observations in books. Sudden death from what has been popularly called breaking the neck seems, however, to have induced medical men from very remote times to suspect the existence of some such point. Rough men have often inflicted instant death upon children by lifting them up by the head. Cage birds in escaping from their cages sometimes dash their beaks against the glass of windows and kill themselves instantly by breaking their necks. The bull-finch of a friend of mine, escaping from his cage during the love season, dashed against a pane of glass and expired instantly. On examining the bird, I found it had ruptured the vital point. The guardians of lighthouses describe how, during nights of storm and hurricane, they are continually hearing sea-birds dashing themselves against the strong glass of their beacons, and then falling mysteriously down dead.

Lorry says, "This place is found in little animals between the second and third, and third and fourth vertebræ; and between the first and second vertebræ of the neck, and between the second and third in animals of greater bulk." Legallois describes the spot exactly: "Respiration does not depend upon the whole brain, but really upon a very limited spot upon the medulla oblongata, which is situated at a small distance from

the occipital hole, and towards the origin of the pneumogastric nerves, or eighth pair." Legallois arrived at this discovery, which determines the function of the medulla oblongata, and reveals the primal motor of the mechanism of respiration, the central point of the nervous system, by cutting successive slices of the brain until the section of the origin of the eighth pair of nerves stopped the respiratory movements.

M. Flourens has added minute precision to the exactitude of the invaluable discovery of his predecessors. The vital point, he says, is situated five millimetres under the origin of the pneumogastric nerves upon the brain of a dog. The vital point is situated three millimetres under the origin of the pneumogastric nerve upon the brain of a rabbit. The bifurcation of the bulb or medulla oblongata, forming a V, the vital knot is located at the point of the V. It is a grey corneous point. This grey pin's-head-like spot is the keystone of the fabric of life. The ancients imagined the Fatal Sisters with the distaff, the spindle, and the scissors, presiding successively over the thread of life; and the moderns have revealed a junction of the nervous fibres which a small gimlet can scoop out easily, changing thereby, in an instant, life into death.

This great fact is easily demonstrated.

"I often," says M. Flourens, "make the experiments by transverse sections.

"If the section passes above the point, the respiratory movements of the chest persist.

"If the section passes behind the point of junction of the pyramids, the respiratory movements of the face, the movement of the nostrils and yawning persist.

"If the section passes upon the point of the V of the grey substance inscribed upon the V of the junction of the pyramids or pen's nib, the respiratory movements of the chest and face are abolished instantly and altogether.

"I often perform the experiment in another way.

"I use a little cutting punch scarcely a millimetre in diameter.

"I plunge this cutting punch into the prolonged marrow, taking great care to adjust the instrument to the V of the grey substance. I thus suddenly isolate the vital point, and the respiratory movements of the chest and the respiratory movements of the face are suddenly abolished."

The study of the vital point clears up many dark puzzles.

I need not point out how it explains the cases of sudden death from what is called breaking the neck. The hangman who understands his business adjusts the knot so as to dislocate the vertebræ, and tear the vital junction asunder. The knowledge of this point is very important to coroners and their juries, and all persons having occasion to distinguish between suicides and murders,

When the root of the pneumogastric nerves are torn, death is instantaneous; and this rupture requires marvellously little to accomplish it. Suicides are mistaken for murders by persons who do not know how easily suicides can kill themselves with their feet resting, or with their bodies lying, upon the ground. Nothing more is needful than force enough to tear the breadth of a pin's head of nervous fibre. The hangman's work is commonly spoken of as an asphyxia, which it only is when bunglingly done. I once knew a benevolent clergyman who, having been a surgeon before he entered the Church, and knowing the secret of hanging, showed his affection for a penitent culprit condemned to death for a small offence, by attending him upon the scaffold, and by himself adjusting the knot of the rope in the way needful to secure the instantaneous rupture of the point of life.

The functions of the vital spot, while explaining the suddenness of many deaths which are constantly deemed mysterious and suspicious, explain also the prolongation of life for considerable periods, sometimes after the most fatal and frightful wounds. What I have said about the vital point explains what used to be when I was there, and perhaps still is, one of the standing wonders of London. There used to be several eating-houses in the city famous for turtle soup; and, of course, there are plenty of them still. But at the doors of the houses which exhibited the wonder there might be seen lying upon a layer of sawdust, at the bottom of a basket, the living head and neck of a turtle, the flesh of which was said to be already made into soup, and served up to the gastronomes inside. The head was undoubtedly alive. The eyes were alive and moving. They seemed dimly, vaguely, and feebly to ask from the spectators if not an explanation of the phenomenon, at least, why and wherefore the head had been served in this way. Persons hardy enough to put their fingers into the mouth were assured of the vivacity of the severed head by receiving a good pinch. I for one am guiltless of having ever eaten any of the soup; nevertheless I am still haunted by those reproaching eyes, although I am sure I could exclaim, "Thou canst not say I did it."

The physiologists long since reversed the wonder of the London cooks. The cooks displayed heads alive and bodies soup, and the savans displayed heads dead and bodies alive. Redi cut off the head of a turtle which survived twenty-three days. Flourens had some salamanders which lived several months without their heads. Legallois says birds have been known to walk and run with their heads off.

The explanations are very simple. The vital point is close to the head in all reptiles, and especially in the batrachian reptiles; and the London cooks, when cutting off the head cut off the vital point with it. The physiologists

do just the reverse. When the physiologists sever the heads of frogs, turtles, or salamanders, with a view to show the reptiles living without their heads, they are careful, by cutting above the vital point, to keep it attached to the body.

One more explanation and I have done. The newspaper correspondents who wrote home accounts of the battle of the Alma, challenged physiologists to explain how a soldier, the length of whose head from the front to the back had been traversed by a bullet, was able to walk down the hill to wash his head in the river. Similar facts have long been well known. Men have lived many years, well, sane, and healthy, after their skulls have been cleft to a considerable depth on one side. The records of physiology are full of marvellous survivals after the most terrible wounds; and their number will be increased continually, as the spread of science diminishes fear and increases courage among mankind. Hope will more and more help the healing art, when it is known how nature triumphs over the most dismal disasters which leave unscathed the vital point—that all important but well protected pin-head point, where alone the prick of a pin is death.

THE PATAGONIAN BROTHERS.

WE are not related. His name is John Griffiths, and I am William Waldur; and we called ourselves the Patagonian Brothers, because it looked well in the bills and pleased the public. We met by chance, about six years since, on the race-course at Doncaster, and so took a sort of mutual liking, and went partners in a tour through the midland counties. We had never seen or heard of each other up to that time; and though we became good friends, were never greatly intimate. I knew nothing of his past life, nor he of mine, and I never asked him a question on the subject. I am particular to have this all clear from the beginning; for I am a plain man telling a plain story, and I want no one to misunderstand a word of what I am about to relate.

We made a little money by our tour. It was not much; but it was more than either of us had been able to earn before; so we agreed to stay together and try our fortune in London. This time we got an engagement at Astley's for the winter, and, when the summer came, joined a travelling circus, and roamed about as before.

The circus was a capital thing—a republic, so to say, in which all were equals. We had a manager, to whom we paid a fixed salary, and the rest went shares in the profits. There were times when we did not even clear our expenses; there were towns where we made ten and fifteen pounds a-night; but the bad luck went along with the good, and, on the whole, we prospered.

We stayed with the company two years and a half in all, and played at every town between York and London. During that time we had found leisure to improve. We knew each other's weight and strength now to a hair, and grew bolder with experience; so that there was scarcely a new feat brought out anywhere which we did not learn, even to the "perche" business, and the trick of walking, head downwards, on a marble ceiling. The fact is, that we were admirably matched, which, in our profession, is the most important point of all. Our height was the same, to the sixteenth of an inch, and we were not unlike in figure. If Griffiths possessed a little more muscular strength, I was the more active, and even that difference was in our favour. I believe that, in other respects, we suited each other equally well, and I know that, for the three years and a-half which we had spent together (counting from our first meeting at Doncaster down to the time when we dissolved partnership with the circus folks) we had never had an angry word. Griffiths was a steady, saving, silent fellow enough, with little grey eyes, and heavy black brows. I remember thinking, once or twice, that he was not quite the sort of person I would like for an enemy; but that was in reference to no act of his, and only a fancy of my own. For myself, I can live with any one who is disposed to live with me, and love peace and good-will better than anything in the world.

We had now grown so expert, that we resolved to better ourselves and return to London, which we did somewhere about the end of February or the beginning of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-five. We put up at a little inn in the Borough; and, before a week was over, found ourselves engaged by Mr. James Rice, of the Belvidere Tavern, at a salary of seven pounds a-week. Now, this was a great advance upon all our previous gains; and the Tavern was by no means a bad place for the founding of a theatrical reputation.

Situated half-way between the West-end and the City, surrounded by a densely-populated neighbourhood, and lying in the very path of the omnibuses, this establishment was one of the most prosperous of its class. There was a theatre, and a concert-room, and a garden, where dancing, and smoking, and rifle-shooting, and supper-eating was going on from eight till twelve o'clock every night all through the summer, which made the place a special favourite with the working-classes.

Here, then we were engaged (Griffiths and I), with a promise that our salary should be raised if we proved attractive; and raised it soon was, for we drew enormously. We brought out the perche and the ceiling business; came down in the midst of fireworks, from a platform higher than the roof of the theatre; and, in short, did everything that ever yet was done in our line—ay, and did

it well too, though perhaps it is not my place to say so. At all events, the great coloured posters were pasted up all over the town; and our salary was increased to fifteen pounds a-week; and the gentleman who writes about the plays in the Sunday Snub, was pleased to observe that there was no performance in London half so wonderful as that of the Patagonian Brothers; for which I take this opportunity to thank him kindly.

We lodged (of course together) in a quiet street on a hill, near Islington. The house was kept by Mrs. Morrison, a respectable, industrious woman, whose husband had been a gasfitter at one of the theatres, and who was now left a widow with one only daughter just nineteen years of age. She was very good, and very pretty. She was christened Alice, but her mother called her Ally, and we soon fell into the same habit; for they were very simple, friendly people, and we were soon as good friends as if we had all been living together in the same house for years.

I am not a good hand at telling a story, as, I dare say, you have found out by this time,—and, indeed, I never did sit down to write one out before,—so I may as well come to the point at once, and confess that I loved her. I also fancied, before many months were over, that she did not altogether dislike me; for a man's wits are twice as sharp when he is in love, and there is not a blush, or a glance, or a word, that he does not contrive to build some hope upon. So one day, when Griffiths was out, I went down-stairs to the parlour, where she was sitting by the window, sewing, and took a chair beside her.

"Ally, my dear," said I, stopping her right hand from working, and taking it up in both of mine; "Ally, my dear, I want to speak to you."

She blushed, and turned pale, and blushed again, and I felt the pulses in her little soft hand throbbing like the heart of a frightened bird, but she never answered a syllable.

"Ally, my dear," said I, "I am a plain man. I am thirty-two years of age. I don't know how to flatter like some folks, and I have had very little book-learning to speak of. But, my dear, I love you; and though I don't pretend that you are the first girl I ever fancied, I can truly say that you are the first I ever cared to make my wife. So, if you'll take me, such as I am, I'll be a true husband to you as long as I live."

What answer she made, or whether she spoke at all, is more than I can undertake to tell, for my ideas were all confused, and I only remember that I kissed her, and felt very happy, and that, when Mrs. Morrison came into the room, she found me with my arm clasped round my darling's waist.

I scarcely know when it was that I first noticed the change in John Griffiths; but, that it was somewhere about this time, I

am tolerably certain. It is hard to put looks into words, and to make account of trifles that, after all, are matters of feeling more than matters of fact; but others saw the change as well as myself, and no one could help observing that he grew to be more silent and unsociable than ever. He kept away from home as much as possible. He spent all his Sundays out, starting away the first thing after breakfast, and not coming back again till close upon midnight. He even put an end to our old friendly custom of walking home together after our night's work was over, and joined a sort of tap-room club that was kept up by a dozen or so of idle fellows, belonging to the theatre. Worse than this, he scarcely exchanged a word with me from morning till night, even when we were at meals. He watched me about the room as if I had been a thief. And sometimes, though I am sure I never wronged him willingly in my life, I caught him looking at me from under those black brows of his as if he hated me.

More than once I laid my hand upon his sleeve as he was hurrying away on Sundays, or turning off towards the club-room at night, and said, "Griffiths, have you got anything against me?"—or, "Griffiths, won't you come home to a friendly glass with me to-night?" But he either shook me off without a word, or muttered some sulky denial that sounded more like a curse than a civil answer; so I got tired of peace-making at last, and let him go his own way, and choose his own company.

The summer was already far advanced, and our engagement at the Belvidere had well-nigh ended, when I began to buy the furniture, and Ally to prepare her wedding things. Matters continued the same with John Griffiths; but, when the day was fixed, I made up my mind to try him once again, and invite him to the church and the dinner. The circumstances of that invitation are as clear in my memory as if the whole affair had taken place this morning.

It was on the twenty-ninth of July (I am particular about dates), and there had been a general call to rehearsal at one o'clock that day. The weather was warm and hazy, and I started early that I might not go in late or tired; for I knew that, what with the rehearsal and the new piece, and the Terrific Descent, I should have enough to do before my day's work was over. The consequence was that I arrived about twenty minutes too soon. The gardens had a dreary look by daylight; but they were pleasanter, anyhow, than the theatre; so I loitered up and down among the smoky trees, and watched the waiters polishing the stains off the tables in the summer-houses, and thought how slabby the fountains looked when they were not playing, and what miserable gim-crack concerns were the Stalactite Caves and the Cosmoramic Grottoes, and all the other at-

tractions which looked so fine by the light of coloured lamps and fireworks.

Well, just as I was sauntering on, turning these things over in my mind, whom should I see in one of the summer-houses but John Griffiths. He was lying forward upon the table with his face resting upon his clasped hands, sound asleep. An empty ale-bottle and glass stood close beside him, and his stick had fallen near his chair. I could not be mistaken in him, though his face was hidden; so I went up and touched him smartly on the shoulder.

"A fine morning, John?" says I. "I thought I was here early; but it seems that you were before me, after all."

He sprang to his feet at the sound of my voice, as if he had been struck, and then turned impatiently away.

"What did you wake me for?" he said, sullenly.

"Because I have news to tell you. You know that the sixth of August will be our last night here. . . . Well, mate, on the seventh, please God, I'm going to be married, and—"

"Curse you!" he interrupted, turning a livid face upon me, and an eye that glared like a tiger's. "Curse you! How dare you come to me with that tale, you smooth-faced hound!—to me, of all men living?"

I was so little prepared for this burst of passion, that I had nothing to say; and so he went on:

"Why can't you let me alone? Why do you tempt me for? I've kept my hands off of you till now . . ."

He paused and bit his lip, and I saw that he was trembling from head to foot. I am no coward—it's not likely that I should be a Patagonian Brother if I was—but the sight of his hatred seemed to turn me, for the moment, quite sick and giddy.

"My God!" said I, leaning up against the table, "what do you mean? Are you mad?"

He made no answer; but looked straight at me, and then walked away. I don't know how it was; but from that moment I knew all. It was written, somehow, in his face.

"Oh, Ally dear!" I said to myself with a kind of groan, and sat down on the nearest bench; I believe that, at that moment, I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was doing.

I did not see him again till we met on the stage, about an hour afterwards, to go through our scene in the rehearsal. It was a grand Easter piece with a great deal of firing, and real water, and a live camel in the last act; and Griffiths and I were Mozambique slaves, performing before the Rajah in the Hall of Candelabras. Excepting that it cost a great deal of money, that is all I ever knew about the plot; and, upon my word, I don't believe that anybody

else knew much more. By this time I had, of course, recovered my usual composure; but I could see that Griffiths had been drinking, for his face was flushed and his balance unsteady. When the rehearsal was over, Mr. Rice called us into his private room and brought out a decanter of sherry, with which, I must say, he was always as liberal as any gentleman could be.

"Patagonians," says he, for he had a wonderfully merry way with him, and always called us by that name, "I suppose you would make no objection to a little matter of extra work and extra pay on the sixth—just to end the season with something stunning—hey?"

"No, no, sir, not we," replied Griffiths, in a sort of hearty manner that wasn't natural to him. "We're ready for anything. Is it the flying business you spoke about the other day?"

"Better than that," said the manager, filling up the glasses. "It's a new French feat that has never yet been done in this country, and they call it the trapeze. Patagonians, your health!"

So we drank his in return, and Mr. Rice explained all about it. It was to be an exhibition of posturing and a balloon ascent both in one. At some distance below the car was to be secured a triangular wooden framework, which framework was called the trapeze. From the lower pole, or base of this triangle, one of us was to be suspended, with a ligature of strong leather attached to his ankle, in case of accidents. Just as the balloon was rising and this man ascending head downwards, the other was to catch him by the hands and go up also, having, if he preferred it, some band or other to bind him to his companion. In this position we were then to go through our customary performances, continuing them so long as the balloon remained in sight.

"All this," said Mr. Rice, "sounds much more dangerous than it really is. The motion of a balloon through the air is so steady and imperceptible that, but for the knowledge of being up above the housetops, you will perform almost as comfortably as in the gardens. Besides, I am speaking to brave men who know their business, and are not to be dashed by a trifle—hey, Patagonians?"

Griffiths brought his hand down heavily upon the table, and made the glasses ring again.

"I'm ready, sir," said he, with an oath. "I'm ready to do it alone, if any man here is afraid to go with me!"

He looked at me as he said this, with a sort of mocking laugh that brought the blood up into my face.

"If you mean that for me, John," said I, quickly, "I'm no more afraid than yourself; and, if that's all about it, I'll go up to-night!"

If I was to try from now till this day next year, I never could describe the expression that came over his face as I spoke those words. It seemed to turn all the currents of my blood. I could not understand it then—but I understood it well enough afterwards.

Well, Mr. Rice was mightily pleased to find us so willing, and a very few more words ended the matter. Mr. Staines and his famous Wurtemberg balloon were to be engaged; fifteen hundred additional coloured lamps were to be hired; and Griffiths and I were to receive twelve pounds a-piece for the evening, over and above our general salary.

Poor Ally! In the midst of the excitement, I had forgotten her, and it was not till I was out of the theatre and walking slowly homewards that I remembered she must be told. For my own part, I did not believe there was the slightest danger; but I knew how her fears would magnify everything, and the nearer I came towards Islington the more uncomfortable I felt. After all, I was such a coward—for I always am a coward where women are concerned—that I could not tell her that day, nor even the next; and it was only on Sunday, when we were sitting together after dinner, that I found courage to speak of it. I had expected something of a scene; but I had no idea that she would have taken on as she did, and I declare that, even then, if the posters had not been already out and myself bound in honour to act up to my engagement, I would have gone straight to Mr. Rice and declined the business altogether. Poor little, soft-hearted darling! it was a sore trial to her and to me also, and I was an inconsiderate idiot not to have thought of her feelings in the first instance. But there was no help for it now; so I gave her the only consolation in my power by solemnly promising that I would be the first man tied to the trapeze. It was, of course, the safest position, and when I had assured her of this, she grew calmer. On all other points I kept my own counsel, as you may be certain; and as to John Griffiths, I saw less of him than ever. He even took his meals in the city now, and, during the seven days that elapsed between the twenty-ninth and the sixth, never once came face to face with me, except upon the stage.

I had a hard matter to get away from home when the afternoon of the sixth came round. My darling clung about me as if her heart would break, and although I did my best to cheer her, I don't mind confessing now that I went out and cried a tear or two in the passage.

"Keep up your spirits, Ally dear," says I, smiling and kissing her the last thing before I left the house. "And don't be spoiling your pretty eyes in that way. Remember that I want you to look well, and that we are to be married to-morrow."

The multitude in the Belvidere Gardens was something wonderful. There they were, men, women, and children, thronging the balconies, the orchestra-stairs, and every available inch of ground; and there, in the midst of them, rolled and swayed the huge Wurtemberg balloon, like a sleepy, lolling giant. The ascent was fixed for six o'clock, that we might come down again by daylight; so I made haste to dress, and then went to the green-room to see after Mr. Rice, and hear something of what was going forward.

Mr. Rice was there, and three gentlemen with him, namely, Colonel Steward, Captain Crawford, and Sydney Baird, Esquire. They were fine handsome looking gentlemen, all three—especially Sydney Baird, Esquire, who was, as I have since been told, a play-writer, and one of the cleverest men of the day. I was going to draw back when I saw them sitting there with their wine and cigars; but they would have me in to take a glass of port, and shook hands with me all round as polite as possible, and treated me as handsome as any gentlemen could.

"Here's health and success to you, my brave fellow," says Colonel Steward, "and a pleasant trip to us all!" and then I found that they were going up in the car with Mr. Staines.

And now, what with their light cheerful ways and pleasant talking, and what with the glass of wine that I had taken, and the excitement, and the hum of voices from the crowd outside, I was in first-rate spirits, and as impatient to be off, as a racer at the starting-point. Presently one of the gentlemen looked at his watch.

"What are we waiting for?" said he. "It is ten minutes past six already."

And so it was. Ten minutes past the hour, and Griffiths had not yet been seen or heard of. Well, Mr. Rice grew very uneasy, and the crowd very noisy, and so twenty minutes more went by. Then we made up our minds to go without him, and Mr. Rice made a little speech and explained it to the people; and then there was a cheer, and a great bustle; and the gentlemen took their seats in the car; and a hamper full of champagne and cold chicken was put in with them; and I was made fast by one leg to the base of the trapeze; and Mr. Staines was just about to get in himself and give the signal to cut loose, when who should we see forcing his way through the crowd but Griffiths.

Of course there was another cheer at this, and a delay of eight or ten minutes more while he was dressing. At last he came, and it was now just a quarter to seven o'clock. He looked very sullen when he found that he was to be the undermost; but there was no time to change anything now, even if I had been willing; so his left wrist and my right were bound together by a leathern strap, the signal was given, the band struck up, the

crowd applauded like mad, and the balloon rose straight and steady above the heads of the people.

Down sank the trees and the fountains, and the pavement of upturned faces. Down sank the roof of the theatre, and fainter grew the sound of the hurrahing and the music. The sensation was so strange that, for the first moment, I was forced to close my eyes, and felt as if I must fall and be dashed to pieces. But that soon passed away, and by the time we had risen to about three hundred feet I was as comfortable as if I had been born and bred in the air with my head downwards.

Presently we began our performances. Griffiths was as cool as possible—I never saw him cooler—and we went through every conceivable attitude; now swinging by our hands, now by our feet, now throwing summersaults one over the other. And during the whole of this time the streets and squares seemed to sink away to the right, and the noises from the living world died on the air—and, as I turned and slung, changing my position with every minute, I caught strange fitting glimpses of the sunset and the city, the sky and the river, the gentlemen leaning over the car and the tiny passengers swarming down below like ants on an ant-hill.

Then the gentlemen grew tired of leaning over, and began to talk and laugh, and busy themselves over their hamper. Then the Surrey hills drew nearer, and the city sank away to the right, farther and farther. Then there were nothing but green fields with lines of railway crossing them here and there; and presently it grew quite damp and misty, and we ceased to see anything, except through breaks and openings in the clouds.

"Come, John," says I, "our share of this business is done. Don't you think we might as well be getting into the car?"

He was hanging below just then, holding on by my two hands, and had been hanging so quite quiet for some minutes. He didn't seem to hear me; and no wonder, for the clouds were gathering about us so thickly, that even the voices of the gentlemen up above grew muffled, and I could hardly see for a yard before me in any direction. So I called to him again, and repeated the question.

He made no answer, but shifted his grasp from my hand to my wrist, and then up to the middle of my arm, so raising himself by degrees, till our faces came nearly on a level. There he paused, and I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

"William Waldur," said he hoarsely, "wasn't to-morrow to have been your wedding-day?"

Something in the tone of his voice, in the question, in the dusk and dreadful solitude, struck me with horror. I tried to shake off his hands, but he held too fast for that.

"Well, what if it was?" said I, after a moment. "You needn't grip so hard. Catch hold

of the pole, will you? and let go of my arms."

He gave a short hard laugh, but never stirred.

"I suppose we're about two thousand feet high," says he, and it seemed to me that he had something between his teeth. "If either of us was to fall, he'd be a dead man before he touched the ground."

I would have given the world at that moment to be able to see his face; but what with my own head being downwards, and all his weight hanging to my arms, I had no more power than an infant.

"John!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean? Catch hold of the pole, and let me do the same. My head's on fire!"

"Do you see this?" said he, catching my arms a couple of inches higher up, and looking right into my face. "Do you see this?"

It was a large, open clasp-knife, and he was holding it with his teeth. His breath seemed to hiss over the cold blade. "I bought it this evening—I hid it in my belt—I waited till the clouds came round and there was no soul to see. Presently I shall cut you away from the balloon. I took an oath that you should never have her, and I mean to keep it!"

A dimness came over my eyes, and everything grew red. I felt that in another minute I should be insensible. He thought I was so already, and, letting my arms free, made a spring at the pole overhead.

That spring saved me. Our wrists were bound together, and as he rose he drew me along with him; for I was so faint and giddy that I could make no effort for myself.

I saw him hold by the pole with his left hand; I saw him take the knife in his right; I felt the cold steel pass between his wrist and mine, and then

And then, the horror of the moment gave me back my strength, and I clung to the framework just as the thong gave way.

We were separated now, and I was still secured to the trapeze by one ankle. He had only his arms to trust to—and the knife.

Oh, the deadly, deadly strife that followed! it sickens me to think of it. His only hope now lay in the cursed weapon; and so, clinging to the wood-work with one hand, he strove to stab me with the other.

It was life or death now, and I grew desperate. To feel his murderous clutch upon my throat, and, in the silence of that hideous struggle, to hear the report of a champagne cork—followed by a peal of careless laughter—overhead Oh, it was worse than death, a hundred times over!

I cannot tell how long we clung thus, each with a hand upon the other's throat. It may have been only a few seconds; but it seemed like hours to me. The question was simply which should be strangled first.

Presently his gripe relaxed, his lips be-

came dead-white, and a shudder ran through every fibre of his body. He had turned giddy!

Then a cry burst from him—a cry like nothing human. He made a false clutch at the trapeze, and reeled over. I caught him, just in time, by the belt round his waist.

"It's all over with me," he groaned between his set teeth. "It's all over—with me! Take your revenge!" Then his head fell heavily back, and he hung, a dead weight on my arm:

I did take my revenge; but it was hard work, and I was already half exhausted. How I contrived to hold him up, to unbind my foot, and to crawl, so laden, up the ropes, is more than I can tell; but my presence of mind never failed me for an instant, and I suppose the excitement gave me a sort of false strength while it lasted. At all events I did it, though I now only remember climbing over the basket-work, and seeing the faces of the gentlemen all turned upon me as I sank to the bottom of the car, scarcely more alive than the burthen in my arms.

He is a penitent man now, an Australian settler, and, as I am told, well to do in those parts.

This is my story, and I have no more to tell.

CHIP.

A BRITISH NUISANCE.

WHEN London was empty, I, wishing to enjoy a solitary ramble, left our populous and stirring agricultural village in Kent, swarming with above two hundred and thirty souls (infants in arms included), and after half an hour's walk to it, reached our railway station. At half-past ten in the morning I arrived at London Bridge.

I forced my way into the grand mart of literature, Paternoster Row. Here there were many stops, but I pushed on. Breathing awhile, as is natural at Amen Corner, my mind became filled with the vastness of the space I had thought so small.

I am addressed with rudeness; I am hustled by a ruffianly fellow in a dirty blue, darkly-stained blouse, who wields a long ragged staff, and is driving round the corner, with many blows, several sorely distressed bullocks and about a score of panting sheep, all pitifully bellowing and bleating, towards a still narrower passage which runs upon my right hand to Newgate Street, and passes by what once was the Royal College of Physicians, but is now a shambles.

I sought refuge in a bookseller's shop, where knowledge for the people was conspicuously inscribed on a board; and there I inquired of the respectable person behind the counter what sort of a place it was which begot so dangerous a nuisance in the busy haunts of men, especially of men engaged in

the noblest pursuit (bowing to him)—the diffusion of education and enlightenment. It seemed that my question was not likely to lead to the purchase of any guide-book with a view to its solution. The worthy oracle of knowledge for the people answered me rather curtly, that he could not tell; all he could tell was that it was Newgate Market, and that the passage of dangerous animals to it, and of cart and waggon loads of reeking flesh from it, at all hours of the twenty-four, was a scandalous bub-ub-bore. As my new acquaintance, therefore, had told me all he said he could tell, and in a tone as if farther query on my part would only be another bub-ub-bore, I resolved to see for myself how the intellectual and animal wants of the metropolis were represented by one seat—confessed together at one shrine.

Following the track of the herd up the strait, called Warwick Lane, I accordingly walked, and speedily found myself in the midst of filth, odious to nose and eyes. Here was Ave Maria Lane, haply so named from the expediency of putting up a prayer before entering these deadly regions; and here, again (only the emblem of the ragged staff remaining), the illustrious king-maker, Warwick, left his name on a square, whence within a few years issued many handsome and useful volumes, and in which I had somewhere read that the keeper of the Royal conscience, the Lord Chancellor Truro, was born and bred, whilst being educated at the near school of Saint Paul's. Close to the entrance into this small square, I observed a crowd of five or six ill-conditioned fellows, and a dozen boys of eight, nine, or fourteen years old. They were all gazing earnestly on something that was doing in a dilapidated house, the door of which was open, while a wider uncasemented window also enlarged the accommodation for spectators. The front division of the premises was occupied by three men butchering sheep; in the back compartment, a little smaller, several others were employed in killing bullocks. Education for the people cost money in Paternoster Row. Education for the people was to be had gratis here. The Gaol of Newgate is within a few hundred yards, with its cells tenanted by wife-abusers, burglars, murderers, child-slaughterers.

More, much more than sufficient for the day was the evil thereof. Little did I dream in the morning when I left our pleasant lanes and verdant fields, sprinkled with flocks and herds, that my quiet ramble over a deserted town would lead me into scenes like these. To my rustic idea the evil of open slaughter-houses is gross and shameful; and it cannot be denied that its passive permission is calculated to be very hurtful to the children who assemble and meet together to witness these detestable spectacles. They must corrupt the heart and the head, and pave the way, by a training not to be withstood, to

cruelty and crime. They ought to be proscribed, as bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and other debasing sports have been abolished. I do not censure necessary labour, or the honourable conduct of a most important traffic. It is against the abuse of the one, and the forfeiture of every claim to suzerainty in the other, that I raise my voice. Let the labourers perform their work as much out of the common view as possible—let cruelty of every kind to animals be prohibited, watched, and punished—and drovers and butchers and their helpers be subject to the same, or, as the case demands, a sharper control than omnibus or cabmen, and others of like condition, who ply their occupations openly amid the millions of the metropolis. Let their employers and salesmen be placed under more efficient surveillance. The creed of Mahomet is not particularly merciful, yet there is recognised by the Mahometans the need of some reminder to the slaughterer of animals that he shall be gentle in performance of his duty. Mr. Lane, in his *Modern Egypt*, published twenty years ago, informs us that according to the Moslem law, "An animal that is killed for the food of man must be slaughtered in a peculiar manner: the person who is about to perform the operation (instead of Newgate oaths and curses) must say, 'In the name of God! God is most great!' and then cut its throat (instantly and effectually), taking care to divide the windpipe, gullet, and carotid arteries. It is forbidden to employ, in this case, the phrase which is so often made use of on other occasions, 'In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful!' because the mention of the most benevolent epithets would seem like a mockery of the sufferings which the animal is about to endure. Some persons in Egypt, but mostly women, when about to kill an animal for food, say, 'In the name of God, God is most great! God give thee patience to endure the affliction He has allotted thee!'" I am no advocate for such ceremonial customs, which lose effect by repetition; but surely the contrast of the sentiment among people we speak of as uncivilised and barbarous, should convey something of a lesson and a reproach.

A TREE IN THE STREET.

I.

THOUGH varied their features, yet equally creatures
Of Him who shall weigh in His balance their worth,
The good they engender reveals in their splendour—
The pride of the woodlands, the lord of the earth:
Born like the mallow that blooms in the shallow;
Fair in their fruitfulness, dire in their death.

II.

Thus musing serenely where branches all greenly
O'ershadow'd the murmur of hurrying feet,
Where throng'd in commotion like tides of the ocean,
Those waves of the world with sad voices replete,
Rays thro' it gleaming, winds thro' it streaming,
Fresh grew a tree 'mid the dust of the street.

III.

Three gold-robbing varlets and brazen-eyed harlots,
 The squalor, the vice, and the dregs of the town,
 The wine-bibber reeling, the murderer stealing
 From daybreak—vile spawn of the peer and the
 clown,
 Round it assemble where the leaves tremble,
 Calm, o'er abysses of crime looking down.

IV.

Yet sweet as the morning with verdure adorning
 Those haunts of Debauch by her votaries trod,
 Divine as the wild wood beloved in our childhood,
 And pure as if nurtured in Eden's young sod;
 Green those leaves quiver, radiant for ever,
 Sinless as when first create' by their God.

V.

Beholding thus stainless, that life e'er painless,
 Still budding thro' smoke 'neath the blue heaven's
 face,
 My thoughts with emotion supreme as devotion
 Scem'd yearnings to cherish that type of its race:
 I could have bless'd it, I could have kiss'd it,
 Clasp'ing it round in a loving embrace.

RUNNING AWAY.

PUTTING aside, for the present, the whole British army and navy, which have nothing to do with my proposition, I will lay it down as a principle, that all human beings have a natural propensity to run away. To run away whither? and from what? Well, that is not the question. I only know that, after a patient survey of human history—after recalling innumerable instances, after, secretly communing with my own heart, which is, I hope, no fainter than other men's—it seems to me as certain as any truth in physics, that any man who did not constantly control his nature by a powerful effort, would at some period of his life inevitably run away.

Cognisant of this weakness in our nature, knowing how it leads us—when we have not the happiness of being able to run away ourselves—to take a delight in reading how somebody else ran away, does not the skilful fictionist continually present us with artful narratives of flight and concealment, seasoning them with powerful motives, and raising us to the highest pitch of sympathy and interest, by showing his hero who has run away, always on the point of being hunted down, tracked out, and brought back again? How we exult in his escapes; how we go with him—no matter how great a rascal—when he slips away, and, for a while, is once more free; how we enjoy the calm retirement of his hiding-place,—the more, if it is in the midst of a busy town or city, in the very neighbourhood, perhaps, of his persecutors, who fancy he is far off. How we share in the excitement of his stealing out amongst them in disguise; how we feel with him a fascination in the idea that some accident may, at any moment, break the charm of that peaceful shelter, and send him out a breathless fugitive once more. There are Caleb Williams, Frankenstein and the Stu-

dent, Timon of Athens, the Fair Imogen, Colonel Jack, Gil Blas, Lara, and Childe Harold; Robinson Crusoe, Bunyan's Pilgrim, the Chevalier des Grieux, the Lover of Mr. Longfellow's Evangeline, and a score of people in the late Monsieur Sue's Mysteries of Paris. And if I were to mention the instances of real men who have yielded to the innate and fascinating desire of running away, this paper would run to seed in a mere dry list of names. Not to mention the Wandering Jew—who has been running away now for nearly two thousand years, leading, I should say, not a miserable, but a fine natural supernatural sort of life, full of a strong but not unpleasing excitement, bating remorse, which time may be charitably supposed to have diminished—there was Governor Wall, Wortley Montagu, the Abbé Prevost, Mirabeau, Edgar Allan Poe, Oliver Goldsmith, Louis Philippe, John Wilkes, Dick Whittington, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, alias Comberbatch, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Sir Richard Steele, William Hutton, Thomas Otway, Eugene Aram, Jonathan Swift, Lord Bolingbroke, William Cobbett, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and a thousand others, not including the less illustrious list of initials who have always ran away, and are daily advertised for in the columns of the newspapers; and leaving out of the question, as actuated by a different passion, all those infatuated persons who have ran away to get married by Fleet and Savoy parsons, and blacksmiths at Gretna.

As I run over these names, and many more that I have not ventured to write down, remembering their lives and adventures, most of them read long ago, and more than half-forgotten, I am more than ever convinced of the soundness of my principles by observing what is the particular incident which, above all others, is fresh as ever in my memory. Who was Caleb Williams's tormentor; and even why he tormented him I have not, after twenty years, a very clear remembrance. What was the name of the student who created the monster in Frankenstein; or why he turned his attention to that mischievous art, I have entirely forgotten. Nor could I be relied upon to give the briefest outline of the lives of any of those persons whose names I have mentioned; but I remember well that each and every one, for some reason, and at some time or other, ran away. This is what held me delighted through page after page and chapter after chapter, and this it is which still makes each name and story pleasant to recall. There is Sir Richard Steele—poor Dick Steele, as some people call him. I am not familiar enough with him to speak of him in that easy manner; but I know that he rode in the Guards, and fought a duel, and became a Christian hero; and wrote plays and essays in the Tattler, the Guardian, and the Spectator, and became Mr. Addison's double, and got into debt, and had a narrow-minded

wife, who wished him to take care of his money and not get drunk. This is very well, but I like best to imagine him running away, as he did in the evil days when wife and Mr. Addison were dead, and the boxes at Button's were filled with unknown faces; when creditors became more importunate, and friends unkind. Then all forgotten were the malignity of critic Dennis, and the fierce wit of Swift, and the insolence of Wagstaffe, and the gibes of Pope and the Scribblers' Club, the squabbles of the players, and the strife of Whig and Tory. Far away down in Herefordshire, famous for its orchards, and finally in Langunor in the heart of Wales, he found a hiding-place, and was forgotten till he died. Am I the fool of fancy when I picture the jovial town-man settling down in that sweet pastoral Welsh village, where they show the wall of his garden yet, and wondering why he had not run away long ago to such a life of peace, and leisure, and content. Of a different kind was the flight of his enemy, Swift, when in the very crisis of his political life, he suddenly vanished, none, save a trusty friend, knew whither, and in the antechambers of Windsor and St. James's, was found no more dispensing patronage to friends, and counsel to statesmen famous now in English history. When parties were split asunder by a dread of the pope, and a hatred of a German successor; when friends were persisting in a dangerous game; when the queen was dying, and the battle of tory and whig waging fiercer than ever, the haughty Swift saw no course wiser or better than to run away. So he went down to a little village in Berkshire; and there, while men were bewildered by his flight, took shelter in a quiet parsonage, where only faint echoes of the great storm of politics could reach him; while, with his host, a melancholy, thoughtful man, he dined at twelve or one, supped on bread and butter and a glass of ale, and went to bed at ten. Nor did Swift ever lose his taste for the pleasure of running away. Many anecdotes are told of his sudden disappearances; of his love for escaping from the great world even into questionable company; carrying his passion, so far as sometimes to make long tours on foot, sleeping by the way in low country lodging houses, where, it may be supposed that he picked up his keen Teniers-like enjoyment of the humorous side of low life. Far more distinct, however, in my memory is the running away of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Who would not remember it? It is a scene in which we have ourselves acted at some time far off, but still remembered well. My copy of Jean Jacques, well-thumbed when I had it, and wanting some pages at the end, has long ago gone the way of all lent books; but I think I could tell pretty accurately the story of the flight from Geneva, which was the beginning of that self-torturing sophist's marvellous career.

I have never forgotten how the watch-engraver to whom his friends, little dreaming of the fame that was to greet him on the way of life, had bound him in his youth, tyrannised over him, struck him for reading by night, overtasked him, reviled him, stinted him of food; and how Jean Jacques bore it all, and stealthily found means to devour the whole library of the Genevan bookseller. Neither have I forgotten those stolen country rambles in which he knew the sweet taste of vagabondage, and for the first time dreamed of the blessed resource of running away; my heart was always with him, when, hurrying back at dusk one day, he heard the trumpet blow the signal for the raising of the drawbridge, which would shut him out of the city for the night, and bring him to sure disgrace if he remained. At a few paces from the guard, as he came up eager and breathless, behold the drawbridge rose, and the destiny of Jean Jacques was fulfilled. He lingered there till daylight, with a natural fondness for the old city, and then departed never to return. What might become of him, or whither he would go, he knew not. Whether the authorities would track him out and bring him to disgrace, and the punishment of the cruel laws of that Calvinistic community, Jean Jacques and his readers know not, as he hurried away penniless; till he finds himself in Turin, and is safe. Who would now know the name of Jean Jacques had he never run away.

More impressive and pathetic, because vaguer, and leaving more to be imagined, is the flight of the poet Collins, whose name I omitted to mention in my list of fugitives. Not much is known of Collins beyond what is given in the brief but affecting narrative of his friend Johnson. We learn that he was a latter's son, and a boy on the foundation at Winchester College; that he out-distanced boys of far happier circumstances, carrying away the prize—a fellowship at Oxford—over all. He was a curious scholar, learned in the classic and modern languages, and deeply versed in all poetic and legendary lore. We know that, having fought the battle of life up to a point, he fell into a weak, irresolute habit, only explained in the sequel, when he sank into a settled madness. But what is to me far more interesting, is the fact that when he felt this madness stealing upon him, when he found that the ease and competence of a fortune which he had acquired were as nothing against this great calamity, of whose approach none knew save him, he took a resolution to depart—to hurry away out of England, anywhere; as if the terrors of that disease could be escaped by flight; and so disappeared from all who knew him, and somewhere in French or German cities was seen, from time to time, hastening ever, though with no settled destination—a silent, solitary, haunted man.

More cheerful to think upon as having a

happier sequel, is the running away of William Hutton of Birmingham, stationer, of which he himself has given us a touching narrative. I never took to Hutton in the days of his success; for it seemed to me that he got rich by sheer good luck, and that any one who went upon his plan again must inevitably come to ruin; but the sufferings and anxieties of his flight from Nottingham were mine. It must be considerably more than a hundred years ago since, smarting like Jean Jacques under the insults and oppression of his master—I think his uncle—he ran away with a little bundle and with a shilling or two in his pocket, taking, as he thought, farewell of Nottingham for ever; and this reminds me of the running away of Benjamin Franklin, and of what it led to, which is in the memories of all my readers.

And, indeed, what does not every one of these instances remind me of? Cowper, melancholy mad and smitten with remorse at his attempt at self-destruction, running away from the gay world where he had vainly thought to live as they lived, down to Olney, there to lead a tranquil and literary life forgotten by all his old companions. There he found the true secret of happiness, and wondered, as all men have wondered, who ever tried this remedy, why he should live in the din and warfare of the world, ruffled and jostled by the insolent and the strong; why he should strive for the patronage of the great and a post at the House of Commons, tormenting himself with doubts and fears, when it was so easy to slip away and be at rest.

Johnson, hiding in obscure lodgings in the days when clean linen with him was scarce, till mistaking for a cause of his happiness what was in fact but an accidental association of that delightful retirement, he ventured to confess his affection for a dirty shirt.

Junius sitting in the shop of Almon the bookseller, in Piccadilly, listening to the literary and political gossip of the hour, and wondering, with the rest, who Junius was. For, I do not hesitate to class Junius among the men who have run away. He had run away from his political associates, and all his private friends, into a shelter where no man could ever trace him; combining luxuriously all the pleasures of running away with the excitement of the strife. And what was that gentleman's name who had been taken away, when an infant, from his father the chief of a wild tribe of Indians? It was at some time towards the end of the last century. He, I remember, acquired the tastes and habits of civilised life,—even improved so far as to fight a duel with an officer, I think, and yet, after all, ran away;—gave up the comfortable roof, the wig, the powder, and the tights; the sword, the buckle, and the tri-cornered hat, to go back and join the savage tribes again. He had never known his own people and had therefore no ties of kindred or associates in the far wilds. He could have been moved

by nothing; but the natural unborn desire of man—the desire to run away.

As I brood over this delightful idea, it becomes to me more and more inexplicable that people do not universally find out the true remedy for the trouble and turmoil of life, and in a body run away—sever themselves from everything and begone. Why does not the Speaker of the House of Commons run away? Why does not the Lord Chancellor, sitting under that awful flowing, full-bottomed wig in the midst of the dog-days run away—why do not all the judges run away? Behind their judicial seats, temptingly, cut in the wall, is a little door through which they go out for refreshment in the middle of the day. Why not take that opportunity, doffing gown and wig, and throwing judicial gravity to the winds, slip out and leave brother Quiddit to thunder to the empty seat! Why come back and listen to that gentleman's mock-deferential sarcasms? Why bother the head with unravelling the title of Owen Glendower to a yard and a-half of his neighbour's ground? Finally, why should any crowned head stand up to be shot at, every now and then, when the remedy is obvious and easy? The list, indeed, of kings who have run away, from Charles the Fifth to King Leopold, would count no small number. Did not old George the Third, when Wilkes and America had driven him to distraction, dream of it like a schoolboy who sees the school-door open on a sunny day? Why, in short, should I weary my readers with further questions when the thing is clear? I should hope that they are already converted to my views, and are only anxious to run away.

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

I CANNOT leave Meerut* without taking the reader to the churchyard of that station.

An Indian churchyard presents a very different aspect to a churchyard in England, or elsewhere. The tombs, for the most part, are very much larger. When first erected, or newly done up, they are as white as snow, formed, as they are generally, of chunam (plaster), which somewhat resembles Roman cement; but after exposure to only one rainy season, and one hot weather they become begrimed and almost black. The birds, flying from structure to structure, carry with them the seeds of various plants and herbs, and these if not speedily removed, take root and grow apace. A stranger wandering in the churchyard of Meerut might fancy that he is amidst ruins of stupendous antiquity, if he were not aware of the fact that fifty years have scarcely elapsed since the first Christian corpse was deposited within those walls which now encircle some five acres of ground, literally covered with tombs, in every stage of preservation and decay. I was con-

* See page 112.

ducted in my ramble through the Meerut churchyard by an old and very intelligent pensioner, who had originally been a private in a regiment of Light Dragoons. This old man lived by the churchyard, that is to say, he derived a very comfortable income from looking after and keeping in repair the tombs of those whose friends are now far away; but whose thoughts, nevertheless, still turn occasionally to that Christian enclosure in the land of heathens and idolators.

"I get, sir, for this business," said the old man, pointing with his stick to a very magnificent edifice, "two pounds a-year. It is not much, but it is what I asked, and it pays me very well, sir. And if you should go back to England, and ever come across any of her family, I hope, sir, you will tell them that I do my duty by the grave; not that I think they have any doubt of it, for they must know—or, leastways, they have been told by them they can believe—that if I never received a farthing from them I would always keep it in repair, as it is now. God bless her, and rest her soul! She was as good and as beautiful a woman as ever trod this earth."

"Who was she?"

"The wife of an officer in my old regiment, sir. I was in her husband's troop. He's been out twice since the regiment went home, only to visit this grave; for he has long since sold out of the service, and is a rich gentleman. The last time he came was about five years ago. He comes what you call incog.; nobody knows who he is, and he never calls on anybody. All that he now does in this country is to come here—stop for three days and nights—putting up at the dâk bungalow, and spending his time here, crying. It is there that he stands—where you stand now—fixing his eyes on the tablet, and sometimes laying his head down on the stone, and calling out her name: 'Ellen! Ellen! My own dear Ellen!' He did love her surely, sir."

"Judging from the age of the lady—twenty-three, and the date of her death,—he must be rather an old man now."

"Yes, sir. He must be more than sixty; but his love for her memory is just as strong as ever. She died of a fever, poor thing. And for that business," he again pointed with his stick to a tomb admirably preserved, "I used to get two pounds ten shillings a-year. That is the tomb of a little girl of five years old, the daughter of a civilian. The parents are now dead. They must be, for I have not heard of 'em or received anything from 'em for more than six years past."

"Then, who keeps the tomb in repair?"

"I do, sir. When I am here with my trowel and mortar, and whitewash, why shouldn't I make the outside of the little lady's last home on earth, as bright and as fair as those of her friends and neighbours? I have a nursery of 'em as I call it over in

yonder corner—the children's corner. Some of 'em are paid for—others not; but when I'm there, doing what's needful, I touch 'em up all alike—bless their dear little souls. And somehow or other every good action meets its own reward, and often when we least expect it. Now, for instance, sir, about three years and a-half ago, I was over there putting the nursery in good order, wheu up comes a grey-headed gentleman, and looks about the graves. Suddenly he stopped opposite to one and began to read, and presently he took out his pocket-handkerchief and put it to his eyes.

"Did you know that little child, sir?" said I, when it was not improper to speak. 'Know it?' said he, 'yes. It was my own little boy.' 'Dear me, sir!' I answered him. 'And you are, then, Lieutenant Statlerleigh?' 'I was,' said he; 'but I am now the colonel of a regiment that has just come to India, and is now stationed at Dinapore. But tell me, who keeps this grave in order?' 'I do, sir,' says I. 'At whose expense?' says he. 'At nobody's, sir,' says I. 'It is kept in order by the dictates of my own conscience. Your little boy is in good company here; and while I am whitening the tombs of the other little dears, I have it not in my heart to pass by his, without giving it a touch also.'

"Blest, if he didn't take me to the house where he was staying, and give me five hundred rupees! That sort of thing has happened to me more than five or six times in my life,—not that I ever hope or think of being paid for such work and labour when I am about it."

"That must have been a magnificent affair," said I, pointing to a heap of red stone and marble. "But how comes it in ruins?"

"It is just as it was left, sir. The lady died. Her husband, a judge here, took on terribly; and ordered that tomb for her. Some of the stone was brought from Agra, some from Delhi; but before it was put together and properly erected he married again, and the work was stopped. I was present at the funeral. There was no getting him away after the service was over, and at last they had to resort to force and violence, in fact, to carry him out of the yard. But the shallowest waters, as the proverb says, sir, always make the most noise, while those are the deepest that flow on silently. Yonder is a funny tomb, sir," continued the old man, again pointing with his stick. "There!—close to the tomb of the lady which I first showed you."

"How do you mean, funny?" I asked, observing nothing particular in the structure.

"Well, sir, it is funny only on account of the history of the two gentlemen whose remains it covers," replied the old man, leading me to the tomb. "One of these young gentlemen, sir, was an officer—a lieutenant—

in the Bengal Horse Artillery; the other was an ensign in a Royal Regiment of the Line. There was a ball; and by some accident that beautiful lady of our regiment had engaged herself to both of them for the same dance. When the time came, both went up and claimed her hand. Neither of them would give way; and the lady not wishing to offend either, by showing a preference, and finding herself in a dilemma, declined to dance with either. Not satisfied with this, they retired to the verandah, where they had some high words, and the next morning they met—behind the church there—and fought a duel, in which both of them fell, mortally wounded. They had scarcely time to shake hands with one another, when they died. In those days matters of the kind were very easily lushed up; and it was given out—though everybody knew to the contrary—that one had died of fever, and the other of cholera; and they were both buried side by side in one grave; and this tomb was erected over them at the joint expense of the two regiments to which they belonged. I get ten rupees a year for keeping this grave in order.”

“Who pays you?”

“A gentleman in Calcutta, a relation of one of them. I’ll tell you what it is, sir. This foolish affair, which ended so fatally, sowed the seeds of the fever that carried off that beautiful and good woman, yonder. She was maddened by the thought of being the cause of the quarrel in which they lost their lives. I knew them both, sir, from seeing them so often on the parade-ground, and at the band-stand; very fine young men they were, sir. Yes; here they sleep in peace.”

“Whose tombs are those?” I asked, pointing to some two or three hundred, which were all exactly alike, and in three straight lines: in other words, three deep.”

“Those are the tombs of the men of the Cameronians, sir. These graves are all uniform, as you observe. Fever made sad havoc with that regiment. They lost some three companies in all. Behind them are the tombs of the men of the Buffs, and behind them the tombs of the men of other Royal Regiments of Infantry—all uniform, you see, sir; but those of each regiment, rather differently shaped. To the right, flanking the infantry tombs, are the tombs of the men of the Cavalry, Eighth and Eleventh Dragoons, and Sixteenth Lancers. In the rear of the Cavalry are the tombs of the Horse and Foot Artillery men,—all uniform, you see, sir. Egad! if they could rise just now, what a pretty little army they would form—of all ranks—some thousands of ‘em, and well officered, too, they would be; and here a man to lead them. This is the tomb of Major-General Considine, one of the most distinguished men in the British army. He was the officer that the Duke of Wellington fixed upon to bring the Fifty-third Foot into good

order, when they ran riot in Gibraltar, some years ago. This is the tomb of General Considine, rotting and going rapidly to decay, though it was only built in the year eighteen hundred and forty-five. A great deal of money is squandered in the churchyards in India. Tombs are erected, and at a great expense frequently. After they are once put up it is very seldom that they are visited or heeded. Tens of thousands of pounds have been thrown away on the vast pile of bricks and mortar and stone that you now see within this enclosure; and, with the exception of a few, all are crumbling away. A Hindoo—a sweeper—said to me the other day, in this graveyard, ‘Why don’t you English, burn your dead, as we do, instead of leaving their graves here, to tell us how much you can neglect them, and how little you care for them? What is the use of whitening a few sepulchres amidst this mass of black ruin?’ I had no answer to give the fellow, sir. Indeed, the same thought had often occurred to me, while at work in this wilderness. Do you not think, sir, that the government, through its own executive officers, ought to expend a few hundred pounds every year on these yards, in order to avert such a scandal and disgrace? I do not speak interestedly. I have as much already on my hands as I can perform, if not more; but I do often think that there is really some reason in the remarks of that sweeper. All these graves that you see here so blackened and left to go to ruin, are the graves of men who have served their country and died in its service. Very little money would keep the yard free from this grass and these rank weeds, and very little more would make all these tombs fit to be seen; for neither labour nor whitewash is expensive in this part of the world. One would hardly suppose, on looking about him just now, that the sons and daughters of some of the best families in England are buried here, and that in a very short time no one will be able to distinguish the spot where each is lying: so defaced and so much alike will all the ruins become. What, sir, I repeat, is the use of throwing away money in building tombs, if they are not kept in repair? Instead of laying out fifty or a hundred pounds on a thing like this, why not lay out only five pounds on a single head-stone, and put the rest out at interest to keep it up?”

“Or a small slab with an iron railing round it?”

“Ah, sir; but then you would require an European to remain here, and a couple of native watchmen to see that the railings were not carried off by the villagers. As it is, they never allow an iron railing to remain longer than a week, or so long as that. They watch for an opportunity, jump over this low wall, and tear them down, or wrench them off and away with them.”

"But surely there is some one to watch the yard?"

"Yes, two sweepers—men of the lowest caste of Hindoos. And when it is found out that a grave has been plundered of its railings, or that the little marble tablet which some have, has been taken away, they deny all knowledge of the matter, and are simply discharged, and two others of the same caste are put into their places. It would not be much to build a comfortable little bungalow for an European—a man like myself, for instance—and give the yard into his charge, holding him responsible for any damage done, and requiring him to see that the grave of every Christian—man, woman, and child—is kept in good order. But horrible as is the condition of this church-yard—looking as it does, for the most part, more like a receptacle for the bodies of felons than those of good and brave soldiers and civilians, and their wives and children—it is really nothing when compared with the grave-yard at Kernaul. Kernaul you know, sir, was our great frontier station some twenty years ago. It was, in fact, as large a station as Umballah now is. It had its church, its play-house, its barracks for cavalry, infantry, and artillery, its mess-houses, magnificent bungalows, and all the rest of it. For some reason or other—but what that reason was I could never discover, nor anybody else to my knowledge—the station was abandoned with all its buildings, which cost the government and private individuals lacs and lacs of rupees. You may be pretty sure that the villagers were not long in plundering every house that was unprotected. Away went the doors and windows, the venetians, and every bar, bolt, nail, or bit of iron upon which they could lay their fingers; not content with this, the brutes set fire to many or nearly all of the thatched bungalows, in the hope of picking up something amongst the ruins. The church—the largest and best in the Upper Provinces, with no one to take care of it—was one of the first places that suffered. Like the other buildings, it was despoiled of its doors, windows, benches, bolts, nails, &c., and they carried away every marble tablet therein erected, and removeable without much difficulty. And the same kind of havoc was made in the burial-ground—the tombs were smashed, some of the graves, and especially the vaults, opened; and plainly enough was it to be seen, that the low caste men had broken open the coffins and examined their contents, in the hope of finding a ring, or an ear-ring, or some other ornament on the person of the dead. I went there a year ago on some business connected with the grave of a lady whose husband wished her remains to be removed to Meerut, and placed in the same vault with those of his sister, who died here about eighteen months since. I was not successful, however. There was no trace of her tomb. It was of stone, and had been

taken away bodily, to pave the elephant shed or camel yard, perhaps, of some rich native in the neighbourhood. Looking around me, as I did, and remembering Kernaul when it was crowded with Europeans, it seemed to me as though the British had been turned out of the country by the natives, and that the most sacred spot in the cantonment had been desecrated out of spite or revenge. And it is just what they would do if ever they got the upper hand."

[Whilst I write, it has just occurred to me that this old soldier and his family perished in the massacre at Meerut on the tenth of May. He was, in some way, related to, or connected by marriage with Mrs. Courtenay, the keeper of the hotel, who, with her nieces, was so barbarously murdered on that disastrous occasion.]

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the old man, stooping down and picking up something, "if the old gentleman hasn't shed his skin again! This is the skin of a very large snake, a cobra capella, that I have known for the last thirteen years. He must be precious old from his size, the slowness of his movements, and the bad cough he has had for the last four or five years. Last winter he was very bad indeed, and I thought he was going to die. He was then living in the ruins of old General Webster's vault, and coughing continually, just like a man with the asthma. However, I strewed a lot of fine ashes and some bits of wool in the ruin to keep him warm by night, and some fine white sand at the entrance, upon which he used to crawl out and bask, when the sun had made it hot enough; and when the warm weather set in he got all right again."

"Rather a strange fancy of yours, to live upon such amicable terms with the great enemy of the human race?"

"Well, perhaps it is. But he once bit and killed a thief who came here to rob a child's grave of the iron railings, which its parents, contrary to my advice, had placed round it, and ever since then I have liked the snake, and have never thought of molesting him. I have had many an opportunity of killing him (if I had wished to do it) when I have caught him asleep on the tombstones, in the winter's sun. I could kill him this very day—this very hour—if I liked, for I know where he is at this very moment. He is in a hole, close to the Ochterlony monument there, in that corner of the yard. But why should I hurt him? He has never offered to do me any harm, and when I sing, as I sometimes do when I am alone here at work on some tomb or other, he will crawl up, and listen for two or three hours together. One morning, while he was listening, he came in for a good meal which lasted him some days."

"How was that?"

"I will tell you, sir. A minar was chased by a small hawk, and in despair came and perched itself on the top of a most lofty tomb

at which I was at work. The hawk, with his eyes fixed intently on his prey, did not, I fancy, see the snake lying motionless in the grass; or if he did see him he did not think he was a snake, but something else—my crowbar, perhaps. After a little while the hawk pounced down, and was just about to give the minar a blow and a grip, when the snake suddenly lifted his head, raised his hood, and hissed. The hawk gave a shriek, fluttered, flapped his wings with all his might, and tried very hard to fly away. But it would not do. Strong as the eye of the hawk was, the eye of the snake was stronger. The hawk for a time seemed suspended in the air; but at last he was obliged to come down, and sit opposite to the old gentleman (the snake) who commenced, with his forked tongue, and keeping his eyes upon him all the while, to slime his victim all over. This occupied him for at least forty minutes, and by the time the process was over the hawk was perfectly motionless. I don't think he was dead. But he was very soon, however, for the old gentleman put him into a coil or two, and crackled up every bone in the hawk's body. He then gave him another sliming, made a big mouth, distended his neck till it was as big round as the thickest part of my arm, and down went the hawk like a shin of beef into a beggarman's bag."

"And what became of the minar?"

"He was off like a shot, sir, the moment his enemy was in trouble, and no blame to him. What a funny thing nature is altogether, sir! I very often think of that scene when I am at work here."

"But this place must be infested with snakes?"

"I have never seen but that one, sir, and I have been here for a long time. Would you like to see the old gentleman, sir? As the sun is up, and the morning rather warm, perhaps he will come out, if I pretend to be at work and give him a ditty. If he does not, we will look in upon him."

"Come along," said I.

I accompanied the old man to a tomb, close to the monument beneath which the snake was said to have taken up his abode. I did not go very near to the spot, but stood upon a tomb with a thick stick in my hand, quite prepared to slay the monster if he approached me; for from childhood I have always had an instinctive horror of reptiles of every species, caste, and character.

The old man began to hammer away with his mallet and chisel, and to sing a very quaint old song which I had never heard before, and have never heard since. It was a dialogue or duet between the little finger and the thumb, and began thus. The thumb said:

"Dear Rose Mary Green!

When I am king, little finger, you shall be queen."

The little finger replied:

"Who told you so, Thumny, Thumny? Who told you so?"

The thumb responded:

"It was my own heart, little finger, who told me so!"

The thumb then drew a very flattering picture of the life they would lead when united in wedlock, and concluded, as nearly as I can remember, thus:

THUMB:

"And when you are dead, little finger, as it may hap, You shall be buried, little finger, under the tap."

LITTLE FINGER:

"Why, Thumny, Thumny? Why, Thumny, Thumny? Why, Thumny, Thumny—Why?"

THUMB:

"That you may drink, little finger, when you are dry."

But this ditty did not bring out the snake. I remarked this to the old man, who replied: "He hasn't made his toilet yet—hasn't rubbed his scales up, sir; but he'll be here presently. You will see. Keep your eye on that hole, sir. I am now going to give him a livelier tune, which is a great favourite of his; and forthwith he struck up an old song, beginning

"'Twas in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower did hum."

Out came the snake before the song was half over! Before it was concluded he had crawled slowly and (if I dare use such a word) rather majestically, to within a few paces of the spot where the old man was standing.

"Good morning to you, sir," said the old man to the snake. "I am happy to see you in your new suit of clothes. I have picked up your old suit, and I have got it in my pocket, and a very nice pair of slippers my old wife will make out of it. The last pair that she made out of your rejected apparel were given as a present to Colonel Cureton, who, like myself, very much resembled the great General Blücher in personal appearance. Who will get the pair of which I have now the makings, Heaven only knows. Perhaps old Brigadier White, who has also a Blücher cut about him. What song would you like next? Kathleen Mavourneen? Yes, I know that is a pet song of yours; and you shall have it."

The old man sung the melody with a tenderness and feeling which quite charmed me as well as the snake, who coiled himself up and remained perfectly still. Little reason as I had to doubt the truth of any of the old man's statements, I certainly should have been sceptical as to the story of the snake if I had not witnessed the scene I have attempted to describe.

"Well, sir," said the old man, coming up to me, after he had made a salaam to the snake and left him, "it is almost breakfast-

time, and I will, with your permission, bid you good morning."

I thanked him very much for his information, and suffered him to depart; and then, alone, I wandered about that well-filled piece of ground. I have always had a melancholy pleasure in strolling from tombstone to tombstone, and reading the various epitaphs; and on that morning, after all that I had heard from the old pensioner, I was just in the humour for gratifying this morbid desire.

Some miles to the northward of Meerut is the station of Burnampore. No troops are quartered here; it is what is called in India a purely civil station, containing only a magistrate (who is also the collector of the revenue), an assistant (a covenanted civilian), the establishment of the office, and a small police force. To these two gentlemen and their few subordinates were entrusted the care and the collections of a district as large as Lancashire or Yorkshire, and containing, possibly, as many inhabitants. The idea of two gentlemen keeping in order a district of such dimensions was simply absurd; but they did their best, and that was all that could be expected of them. I remained four days and nights at Burnampore, and during that time was a guest of the assistant magistrate, whose acquaintance I had made at Meerut. Anything more monotonous and dreary than the existence of a gentleman stationed at such a place, it would be very difficult to imagine. My host assured me that if it were not for an occasional visit paid by some traveller on his way up or down the country, both himself and his superior officer would have died of ennui. "If it were not for the shooting, which is very good in this district," he added, "I would rather be a permanent passenger on board ship, or the inmate of a debtors' prison in London or any other part of England; in either case, one would have something like company, and one would have, at all events, a somewhat cooler and more congenial climate."

In the district of Burnampore there are a great number of wolves; and during my short stay even, two were brought in, and the government reward (two rupees a head) claimed upon them. These ferocious creatures often carry off the young children of poor people and devour them. It was in this district that "a wolf-child," as the natives of India express it, was found some years ago, and taken to Meerut, where it was exhibited as a curiosity.* "There can be no question," said my friend and host, when I spoke to him one morning on this subject, "that the male wolf, in all these cases, seizes and runs off with the infant, and that when he has carried it alive to the den, the female, especially if she happens to have cubs at the time, instead of killing and devouring, suckles

and fosters the little human being. So, after all, the story of Romulus and Remus may not be a mere fable."

"No," said I. "But what is that Greek epigram from the Anthology of Bland and Merivale? The she-goat that suckled the whelp of a wolf, which wolf when she had no more milk to give it, killed her and eat her. Something about—"

"Be kind, be gentle, and do what you will,
A stubborn nature will be nature still."

"Yes," replied my host. "I do remember something about it; and by-and-by we will talk the matter over, and refer to the volume, which I have amongst my books; but at present you must excuse me, for I have a duty to perform. You may come with me and witness the operation, if you like; but, understand me, I shall not be offended if you decline to do so."

"What operation?"

"That of hanging."

"What? Hanging! Hanging what?"

"A man—a culprit—a murderer. It is a part of my duty to see this operation performed. Come!" he added energetically, and slapping me on the shoulder, "Come! Be a sort of Selwyn for once in your life."

Whilst I was hesitating, the magistrate approached in his buggy. He had been taking his morning drive, and had dropped in upon his assistant to have some friendly conversation. He had forgotten all about the forthcoming execution; and, on hearing that we were just about to start for the spot, he very kindly offered to take us there: an offer which was accepted by his assistant with many thanks. So, off we drove—three in a gig—like so many men going to witness a pugilistic encounter in England during the beginning of the present century.

When we had arrived at the place of execution—a field some distance from the gaol, in which had been erected a temporary gallows—I was surprised at not finding a mob. There was no one there but the culprit (who was eating as much rice as he could, and as fast as he could); a couple of native policemen with drawn swords guarding him; the gaoler, who was a Mahommedan; and a Bengalee writer (clerk), who stood with pen, ink, and paper, in hand, ready to dot down the official particulars of the scene, preparatory to their being forwarded to government, according to a certain regulation.

"Is everything ready?" said the assistant magistrate to the gaoler.

"Yes, Sahib," he replied, "but he has not yet finished his breakfast."

"In one minute, Sahib," cried the culprit, who overheard the conversation; and hastily taking into his stomach the few grains of rice that remained upon the dish, and drinking the remainder of his half-gallon of milk, he sprang up, and called out the word "Tyear!" signifying, "I am ready."

* Vide Household Words, Volume the Sixth, page 562.

He was then led up to the scaffold, the most primitive affair that I ever beheld. It was only a piece of woodwork resembling a large crock or crate in which a dinner-service is packed for exportation. Upon this crock, which was placed under the beam, he was requested to stand. Having obeyed this order, the rope was adjusted around his neck. The assistant magistrate then called out to him, in Hindostanee, "Have you anything to say?"

"Yes, Sahib," was the reply. And he began a long story—false from beginning to end; but every word of which the Bengalee writer took down. He spoke, and with vehemence, for about thirty-five minutes, when, having stopped—either finally or to take breath—the assistant magistrate gave the signal to the gaoler, by waving his hand. The crock was then pulled from under the culprit by the two policemen, and down dangled the culprit's body, the feet not more than eighteen inches from the ground.

They are not adepts in the art of hanging in India; it took the culprit at least ten minutes to die. At times I feared—so desperate were his struggles—that he would break the beam, snap the rope, or bring down the whole apparatus. In the days of Henry Fielding, the vulgar used to speak of hanging as "dancing on nothing;" and this horrible idea the Indian culprit, on that morning, amply realised. The reader must not, however, sympathise with his sufferings. He had been justly convicted and was justly put to death for murdering, in that very field where he expiated his offence, a little girl of seven years of age, in order to possess himself of a silver bangle she wore—a bangle valued at one rupee four annas (half-a-crown of English money). I cannot accuse myself of a cruel or brutal disposition; but, if the monster whom I saw hanged had had a thousand lives instead of one, I could have witnessed the taking of every one of them without a single atom of a desire to save him.

The cutting down of the culprit, as soon as it was discovered that life was extinct (for as there was no crowd of pickpockets and vendors of cakes and gingerbeer to take a moral lesson, the prescribed hour was unnecessary), was quite as primitive as the foregoing part of the operation. One of the native policemen, with his blunt sword, severed the rope by sawing it just above the tie, and down came the corpse. I was tempted to jump out of the buggy—in which, sitting between the magistrate and his assistant I had witnessed the execution—and examine, or rather look attentively at, the deceased. A finer head, in a phrenological point of view, I had never seen; and across the naked chest was suspended the sacred thread, indicating that the culprit was a Brahmin.

"Is it not very odd," said I, on my return to the buggy, "that most of the diabolical

crimes committed in this country are committed by Brahmins?"

"Not at all odd," replied my host. "Do you not know that they believe nothing can hurt their pure souls after death; and hence their comparative recklessness in this world? There was a Brahmin hanged here, about a year ago, who, just before he was turned off, made a speech such as that made by Napoleon, on paper, to Sir Hudson Lowe: 'You may convict me of what you please; you may make me a prisoner; you may, if you like, shackle these limbs, and consign me to a dungeon; but you will find that my soul will be just as free, and just as proud, as when it awed all Europe!'"

"Ah, but that was the emanation of——"

"What the deuce is that?" cried the magistrate, who was driving us rapidly towards home. "See! That thing in the road?" and coming up to it, he reined in the horse.

The syce (groom), who was running behind the buggy, picked up the object, at his master's bidding. It was a cloak—a lady's cloak—made of most costly materials,—satin and silk, and wadded throughout. It had evidently fallen, unobserved, from some palanquin during the night; and, an examination of the foot-prints showed that the last traveller who had moved along the road was journeying upward, and was then, most probably, staying at the dāk bungalow at Deobund, a halting-place some twelve miles distant. The assistant magistrate, after we had breakfasted, proposed that he and I should drive to Deobund, and make inquiries. I was nothing loth; and a swift mare having been harnessed and put to the buggy, off we started, two sowars (native horsemen or mounted police) cantering behind us.

About two miles from the bungalow to which we were proceeding, we overtook a tribe of large monkeys. I should say there were as many as four hundred; and each carried a stick of uniform length and shape. They moved along in ranks or companies, just, in short, as though they were imitating a wing of a regiment of infantry. At the head of this tribe was an old and very powerful monkey, who was no doubt the chief. It was a very odd sight, and I became greatly interested in the movements of the creatures. There could be no question that they had either some business or some pleasure on hand: and the fact of each carrying a stick led us to conclude that it was the former upon which they were bent. Their destination was, like ours, evidently Deobund, where there are some hundreds of monkeys fed by a number of Brahmins, who live near a Hindoo temple there, and perform religious ceremonies. They (this monkey regiment) would not get out of the road on our account, nor disturb themselves in any way; and my friend was afraid to drive through their ranks, or over any of them, for when assailed

they are most ferocious brutes, and armed as they were, and in such numbers, they could have annihilated us with the greatest ease. There was no help for us, therefore, but to let the mare proceed at a walk in the rear of the tribe, the members of which, now that we were nearing Deobund, began to chatter frightfully. Just before we came to the bungalow, they left the road, and took the direction of the temple. Fain would we have followed them, but to do so in the buggy would have been impossible, for they crossed over some very rough ground and two ditches. My friend therefore requested the sowars to follow them, and report all they might observe of their actions. Meanwhile we moved off to the bungalow in search of the owner of the cloak. The first person whom we saw was an ayah, who was sitting in the verandah, playing with a child of about five years of age.

"Whose child is that?" asked the assistant-magistrate of the ayah.

"The Mem-Sahib's."

"What is the Mem's name?"

"I don't know," she replied, with a smile which seemed to say that she was not warranted in being communicative. While travelling, few servants who know their business will tell strangers the name of their master or mistress.

"What is your name?" he then inquired of the boy, in English.

"I don't understand you," was the reply, in Hindoostanee, accompanied by a shake of the head. It is wonderful how rapidly the children of Europeans in India take a cue from a native servant of either sex. Not always, but in very many cases, it is in deceit and falsehood that children are first schooled by the servants. The reader must understand that deceit and falsehood are not regarded as immoralities in the eyes of Asiatics. A man or woman who, by fraud and perjury wins a cause, or gains any other point, is not looked down upon as a rogue, but up to as a very clever fellow. Several other experiments were made in order to extract from the ayah the name of her mistress, but to no purpose. The only information we could learn was, that the lady was much fatigued and was sleeping. We said nothing about the cloak, by the way.

The servants of the bungalow—and at Deobund there were four of them—now came up to make their most respectful salaam to one of the lords of the district, the assistant-magistrate; and on questioning them, in private, as to the name of the lady, we were in no way successful. All that the ayah would tell them, they said, was, that she had come from Calcutta and was going to Simlah. "She is a barra beebie, however, Sahib," added the Khansamah; "for all along the road, after she left the steamer at Allahabad, until she arrived at Meerut, she was escorted by two sowars; and when she

reaches the Saharunpore bungalow she will find sowars ready. This is the only district in which she has had no escort."

This was a mystery that my friend could not unravel: why, if other magistrates had been indented upon (as magistrates very frequently were, when ladies were nervous and travelling with only an ayah), he should be omitted; especially as his district was as dangerous to pass through as any other (not that there was much or any danger in those days), was more than he could understand; and he very naturally became all the more curious (apart from the ownership of the cloak) to know the name of the lady who had broken the link of her escort when she came into his district. "Perhaps," said he to me, "either I have or my chief has given her husband some offence, and, possibly, he is small-minded enough to decline asking me to do what, after all, is only a matter of duty, or of civility and compliment, which amounts to pretty much the same thing. However, we shall see."

My friend now mentioned to the Khansamah, a very old but very active and intelligent man, the sight we had seen on the road—the regiment of monkeys.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, "it is about the time."

"What time?"

"Well, Sahib, about every five years that tribe comes up the country to pay a visit to this place; and another tribe comes about the same time from the up-country—the hills. They meet in a jungle behind the old Hindoo temple, and there embrace each other as though they were human beings and old friends who had been parted for a length of time. I have seen in that jungle as many as four or five thousand. The Brahmins say that one large tribe comes all the way from Ajmere, and another from the southern side of the country, and from Nepal and Tirhoot. There were hundreds of monkeys here this morning, but now I do not see one. I suppose they have gone to welcome their friends."

The sowars who had been deputed to follow the tribe now rode up, and reported that, in the vicinity of the old temple, there was an army of apes—an army of forty thousand! One of the sowars, in the true spirit of Oriental exaggeration, expressed himself to the effect that it would be easier to count the hairs of one's head than the number there assembled.

"Let us go and look at them," I suggested, "and by the time we return the lady may be stirring."

"But we will not go on foot," said my friend; "we will ride the sowars' horses. In the first place, I have an instinctive horror of apes, and should like to have the means of getting away from them speedily, if they became too familiar or offensive. In the second place I do not wish to fatigue myself

by taking so long a walk in the heat of the day."

"We mounted the horses, and were soon at the spot indicated by the sowars. There were not so many as had been represented; but I am speaking very far within bounds when I state that there could not have been fewer than eight thousand, and some of them of an enormous size. I could scarcely have believed that there were so many monkeys in the world if I had not visited Benares, and heard of the tribes at Gibraltar. Their sticks, which were thrown together in a heap, formed a very large stack of wood.

"What is this?" my friend said to one of the Brahmins; for since his appointment he had never heard of this gathering of apes.

"It is a festival of theirs, Sahib," was the reply. "Just as Hindoos, at stated times, go to Hurdwar, Hagipore, and other places, so do these monkeys come to this holy place."

"And how long do they stay?"

"Two or three days; then, they go away to their homes in different parts of the country; then, attend to their business for four or five years; then, come again and do festival, and so on, sir, to the end of all time. You see that very tall monkey there, with two smaller ones on either side of him?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, that is a very old monkey. His age is more than twenty years, I think. I first saw him fifteen years ago. He was then full-grown. His native place is Meerut. He lives with the Brahmins at the Soorj Khan, near Meerut. The smaller ones are his sons, sir. They have never been here before; and you see he is showing them all about the place, like a very good father."

Having seen enough of these "sacred animals," we returned to the bungalow; we were only just in time, for the lady was about to depart, albeit the sun was very high in the heavens, and the day, for the time of year, extremely hot. We caught sight of her in the verandah. My friend became deadly pale, and exclaimed: "Is it possible!"

"What?" I asked him.

"I will tell you on our way home. I must see her—speak to her—painful as our meeting must be. Only fancy, if that cloak should be hers!"

The lady, who must have learnt from the servants at the bungalow the name of my friend, the official, evidently desired to avoid an interview with him; for, upon our approach, she retired from the palanquin, which she was arranging, and entered, hastily, the room she had occupied. We (my friend and myself) went into the other room of the bungalow, which happened to be vacant. Presently we heard the voice of the ayah. She was very angry, and was accusing the servants of the bungalow of being thieves. She had now, for the first time since they were lost, missed

several articles, and amongst them the cloak of her mistress. She was perfectly ready to swear that she had seen them all since their arrival at the bungalow; that she had removed them from the palkees with her own hands; and if the servants had not stolen them, who had?—who could have done so? Distinctly did we hear the lady command the ayah to be silent—to say nothing of the loss, and enter her palanquin; but the ayah, too much enraged to hear or to heed the command, repeated her accusation; whereupon the servants, in a body, rushed into the apartment in which we were standing, listening, and after protesting their perfect innocence of the theft, referred to the character for honesty which every one of them had borne for many years. Strange to say, frequent as are the opportunities which the servants at these bungalows have of pilfering from travellers, they rarely or never avail themselves of such opportunities; and, whenever it has happened that a lady or gentleman has died in one of them, the money and effects have always been forthcoming, with nothing whatever missing.

The lady now forced the ayah to depart, and enter her palanquin, in which the little boy was sitting; she was about to follow, when my friend rushed into the verandah, and, seizing her by the hand, detained her. She was as agitated as he was: and quite as pale. He held her hand in his, with a firm, but withal, a gentle grasp, and looked into her face, which must have been beautiful when she was a few years younger. As it was, she had still a charming profile and countenance, and a skin as white as snow. From the window, or rather, looking through the venetians, I beheld the scene, which reminded me of that exquisite picture of Mr. Frank Stone—*The Last Appeal*. There was a look of agony and despair in the face of the man; while the woman, who appeared to sympathise with his sufferings, did not, for awhile, raise her eyes from the ground. But at length she did so, and, looking mournfully into my friend's face for a few seconds, burst into tears, and presently her head, involuntarily as it were, rested on his shoulder. Suddenly recollecting herself, she again attempted to take her departure; but my friend now grown desperate, seemingly, placed her arm beneath his, and walked with her to a clump of shade-giving mango-trees, in front of the bungalow, and there they held a conversation which lasted some ten minutes. The lady then tore herself away from my friend, and after bidding him farewell, she threw herself into her palanquin, which was speedily lifted by the bearers, and borne away, followed by the two sowars, who were commanded to escort the fair traveller to the next station. My friend, from the verandah of the bungalow, watched the procession till it was out of sight, and then, seating himself on the steps, covered

his face with his hands, and wept like a child.

"Come!" I said, after a time, laying my hands on his shoulder. "I am not very impatient to know your secret; but it is time that we thought of returning. What about the cloak? You have not restored it to the owner?"

"No, my dear fellow, and I never intend to do so. She has consented to my retaining it. That cloak has warmed her dear limbs; and the sight of it shall warm my heart till the last hour of my existence."

On the way home my friend (who was accidentally drowned in the river Jumna, about two years ago) spoke as follows:

"Ten years have now elapsed since that lady and I were fellow-passengers on board of a ship bound from London to Calcutta. She was then seventeen years of age, and I twenty. On the voyage we became very much attached to each other, and eventually loved each other devotedly. And, what was more, we were betrothed. It was arranged that as soon as practicable, we should be married. I was compelled, on arrival, to remain at the college at Fort William for a year, to pass an examination; she was obliged to proceed to a large station in Bengal, to join her family. Her father was a member of the civil service; previous to her arrival he had promised Alice (that is her name) to an old man, a judge, who had been twice married, and who was then a widower. This old man was very rich, and had—as he still has—great influence with the government. A brother of his was one of the lords of Leadenhall Street, and of this country. For some time after our unhappy separation we corresponded regularly; but suddenly the correspondence ceased. Her letters to me, and mine to her, were intercepted. Meanwhile, the old judge, to whom she had been promised, paid his addresses to her. She refused him. Many devices were resorted to in order to wean her affections from me. They all failed. At length they hit upon one which had the desired effect. They caused a paragraph to be inserted in one of the Calcutta journals, to the effect that I had married the daughter of a half-caste merchant. Alice was permitted to see this paper; but none of those containing my indignant denial of the truth of the announcement.

"In disgust at my imagined faithlessness, and in despair and recklessness, Alice at length accepted the hand of the old judge. They were married. When made acquainted with this horrible fact, I became half-mad. I drank very hard, had an attack of delirium tremens, and was sent home for change of air and scene, to recruit my health. On my return to India, after an absence of eighteen months, I was sent to Dacca, where there

was not the slightest chance of my ever seeing Alice. Subsequently, I was, at my own request, transferred to these provinces, but sent to Banda—a sort of penal settlement for refractory civilians; not that I ever committed any offence beyond that of loving Alice and being beloved by her. You must understand that, owing to the influence of his brother, her old husband, shortly after his marriage with Alice, became the great man he now is; and he had only to express a wish in this country, touching the appointment or *disappointment* of any junior in the service, to have such wish instantly realised. My only surprise is, that when it became necessary for her to pass through this district, I was not ordered away to Scinde, on some trumpety business, alleged to be special. Had there been any idea that we should meet—as, by the merest chance we have met—again in this world, I should certainly have been removed, and ordered to some other station miles away. I have never seen her since we parted in Calcutta, now more than nine years ago, until this very day. But, thank Heaven! she loves me still!"

"I was afraid, when I saw you talking to her beneath that clump of trees, that"—I was about to make some observations.

"Ah, no!" he interrupted me. "There is no danger. Great and lasting as my love for her is, I could not bear the thought of taking the slightest advantage of her feelings; or to see her fall from the sphere in which she holds a lofty and proud position. She is not happy, neither am I. But spirits will recognise each other, and be united for ever and ever. Ours is not a solitary case; sometimes, when ladies in India fall, they deserve far more of pity than of blame."

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ALL NIGHT ON THE MONUMENT.

If a man wishes to become a real unwavering cynic, cultivating the unamiable quality of a thorough contempt for his species; if he wishes to realise, and become a convert to, the truth of the common-places of the preacher about the utter nothingness of the things of this world; if he wishes to enlarge his views of life, and to spring out of his narrow circle of folly, ignorance, and prejudice; if he wishes to take a calm and dispassionate review of the paths he has been pursuing; to see how far he has wandered from the right track, or whither his blind, unguided, walled-in steps now lead him: if he wishes to divest himself, for a few short hours, of the depressing feeling of adoration which the gaudy haberdashery of honour excites in him when it appears to his dazzled eyes surrounding the petted dolls of the earth, let him take up his position upon the misty mountain-tops which frequently shut in great cities, or, if nature fails him, let him labour to the summit of one of those lofty monuments—those light-houses of the land—which dwellers in crowded places have always loved to raise in the centre of their homes. Seen from such a place, the prince's chariot and the huckster's cart, the glossy citizen and the tattered beggar, the marble palace and the tottering rookery, your dearest friend and your bitterest enemy, are all merged in one mass of indistinguishable equality. Heard from such a place, the roar, the accumulated voice of the great city—lifted up in its joy, its labour, its sorrow, its vice, and its suffering—sounds as the sharp cry of agony issuing from the mouths of men who are chained, within the hateful bounds, by imaginary wants and artificial desires; yet it fills the heart with no more sense of pity than the united plaint of low-sighing pain coming from the wretched flies on yonder besmeared fly-catcher. It is the curse of excessive smallness to be ill-treated and despised. Men who would shrink with horror from wounding an elephant, will crunch ten thousand insects under their heels, and whistle while they do it. Those black dots that hurry and wriggle through the crowded streets that look no wider than the passages of a

bee-hive, what are they? Men with immortal souls; centres of happy households; fathers, brothers, and husbands, if you look them in the face; but, seen from the trifling elevation of a few hundred feet, they sink into the most miserable beetles that ever crawled down a gutter. Drop a paving-stone upon them, crushing a dozen at a blow, and, even with your own father amongst the group, would you feel, from the evidence of your senses, that you were the perpetrator and witness of a horrid crime? You would probably be as one who sees a great battle afar off—sees a puff of smoke and the closing together of a few red lines—and who, while ten thousand men are lying dead upon the field, and thirty thousand children are weeping for their fathers, sits with the calm unruffled serenity of an Egyptian sphinx, the vacant placidity of a Nineveh monarch, or the silent contempt of the gods upon Mount Olympus. If the black dots in the deep distant street were to hustle, fight, and destroy each other, like the animalculæ in a drop of water, you would probably laugh at them, as you laugh at the insect battle when revealed to you by the powers of the microscope. May all this teach the same lesson to you as it does to me!—a lesson of humanity to the weak and small.

It was in some such spirit as this, that, at four o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the thirty-first day of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, I became the guest of the Right Honourable the Corporation of the City of London, and ascended their noble Monument on Fish Street Hill, coming down to mingle in the world once more—after a period of seventeen hours—at nine o'clock on the morning of the first day of this present January, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. I have nothing to urge in complaint of the want of readiness and courtesy displayed by the City authorities in acceding to my wishes. With the same hospitality which distinguishes the Guildhall and the Mansion House, Mr. Bunning, the City Architect, exerted himself, at a very short notice, to welcome me to the bleak column of sixteen hundred and seventy-seven. Mr. John Bleaden, the official keeper of the Monument, also insisted upon his deputy staying up all night. Below there was a fire in the event of my wanting

thawing at any period of the long watch. The deputy came up once (about nine o'clock at night), evidently expecting to find me sunk in a dangerous sleep, as people are supposed to sink when exposed to cold for any long period in elevated positions; but, finding me brisk and lively, and being told by me to go and brew half-a-gallon of egg-hot, he descended the long winding staircase very cheerfully.

My object in exposing myself all those hours in such an elevated cage on a winter's night was not to gratify any lunatic whim (although I pride myself upon having that slight tinge of insanity which gives a spice and flavour to a man), nor was it for the purpose of scientific experiment; but simply to see the aspects of the night from hour to hour, and, under new circumstances, far away from convivial atmospheres (of which I have had enough) and my family circle (of which I have not had enough) to witness in a peculiar solitude—in the world but not of the world—the death of that old, rotten, bankrupt swindling year that has just past; the year upon which we all turn our backs with little sorrow and regret, and to witness the birth of that other new, untried year that we have just reached, and which, I fear, we turn our faces to with little hope.

I am a conscientious man; and, although I know that in a great degree I have my public in my hands, (for few men are likely to test my experiences by a similar experiment, and if they were so disposed, no two nights are the same throughout the year) still I will not abuse the trust confided in me; but will, to the best of my ability, record what I saw and felt on the borders of cloud-land without exaggeration.

The Monument is not the highest building in London—as every Londoner knows—but it has the advantage of being very central; its outer gallery, or cage, extending over the column all round, gives you the feeling—not an unpleasant one—of being entirely unsupported from below, as if in the car of a balloon; and, while it is high enough to impress you with a firm belief in your immeasurable superiority to your diminutive fellow-worms beneath, it is not so lofty that it quite removes you from all sympathy with the doings and movements of those very contemptible, but very interesting creatures to whom you belong.

Ascending on this winter's afternoon at four o'clock, I find the City—from north to west, and from west to south—half encircled by a high, black, dense wall, just above which shines the golden cross which surmounts Saint Paul's Cathedral. Fog and cloud this wall may be; but what a noble barrier it is! rising high into those purple heavens, in which the imagination may see more forms of golden palaces, and thrones, and floating forms than ever Martin dreamed of in his sleep, and which, when his feeble

pencil endeavoured to put them upon canvas, with all their beauty, height, and breadth, and depth, degenerated into an earthly Vauxhall Gardens sticking in the air. Keep all the masterpieces of Turner—or any of the great colourists—down between the close walls of the City, but do not bring them up here to be shamed into insignificance by the glow of Nature. Then, the veil of fog and mist which covers half the City like a sea, and under which you hear the murmur and feel the throbbing of the teeming life—see it float away like the flowing skirts of an archangel's robe, revealing churches, bridges, mansions, docks, shipping, river, streets, and men, and tell me, lover of the picturesque, and dweller in the valley of coughs and respirators, wouldst thou give up this fog with all its ever-changing, glowing, Rembrandt-like effects, for all the brilliant, clear blue monotony of the vaunted Italian sky, and all the sharply defined outline and cleanly insipidity of Italian palaces? For the love of art and nature, say "Never!" like a man.

The puppet men now hurry to and fro, lighting up the puppet shops; which cast a warm, rich glow upon the pavement. A cross of dotted lamps springs into light, the four arms of which are the four great thoroughfares from the City. Red lines of fire come out behind black, solid, sullen masses of building, and spires of churches stand out in strong dark relief at the side of busy streets. Up in the house-tops, under green-shaded lamps, you may see the puppet clerks turning quickly over the clean, white fluttering pages of puppet day-books and ledgers; and, from east to west, you see the long silent river, glistening here and there with patches of reddish light, even through the looped steeple of the church of Saint Magnus the Martyr. Then, in a wide circle of light round the city, dart out little nebulous clusters of homes, some of them high up in the air, mingling in appearance with the stars of heaven; some with one laup, some with two or more; some yellow and some red; and some looking like bunches of fiery grapes in the congress of twinkling suburbs. Then the bridges throw up their arched lines of lamps, like the illuminated garden-walks at Cremorne—like the yellow buttons on the page's jacket, or the round brass-headed nails in a coffin.

Meantime the roar of the great city goes steadily on—the noise of voices—the rumble of carts—the bells on the land and river—the crash and clinking of chains falling from heavy cranes into paved yards—the distant shriek and whistle of the engines on the railway, and the barking of dogs. Then another sense is regaled with the smell of warm grains from breweries, the roasting of coffee, and the frying of numerous herrings.

The different clocks have, by this time,

struck the hour of eight—not simultaneously, for the city time-measurers are so far behind each other, that the last chime of eight has hardly fallen on the ear from the last church, when another sprightly clock is ready to commence the hour of nine. Each clock, however, governs, and is believed in by its immediate neighbourhood. The lights are turned out, one by one, in the puppet shops. The glowing pavement before them becomes black. The last account is balanced, or the last item posted in the puppet ledgers. The green shaded lamps die out, and the puppet clerks and warehousemen join the great human stream that is flowing rapidly along the illuminated roads that lead to home. The city becomes blacker and blacker, and the twinkling suburbs seem to glisten more brightly, as the imagination pictures the faces of expectant wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters, looking out to welcome husbands, sons, fathers, and brothers, in carriage, cab, omnibus, and coach; or, in the person of the more humble or healthy pedestrian.

Many of those hurrying men fly from the city as Cain did from the murdered body of Abel; and it would be better that they should smite to the earth, the trusting, loving circles of women and children that meet them at their doors, than whisper in their ears the dark, heavy secrets that are weighing like lead upon their hearts.

Nine; ten; eleven by the church clocks, and the great city, silent as death—save for the occasional rattle of a stray cab or omnibus with all its treasures, its precious metals and its costly fabrics—is like one vast empty workshop left in the charge of a few policemen, a few porters, a few boys, and a few old women. Its dreamers and its workers are at rest—far away from its walls—preparing for that never-ceasing, ever-recurring struggle of to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.

The moon has now increased in power; and, acting on the mist, brings out the surrounding churches, one by one. There they stand in the soft light, a noble army of temples thickly sprinkled amongst the money-changers. Any taste may be suited in structural design. There are high churches, low churches, flat churches, broad churches, narrow churches, square, round, and pointed churches; churches with towers like cubical slabs sunk deeply in between the roofs of houses; towers like toothpicks; like three-pronged forks; like pepper-casters; like factory chimneys; like lime-kilns; like a sailor's trousers hung up to dry; like bottles of fish-sauce; and, like Saint Paul's—a balloon turned topsy-turvy. There they stand, like giant, spectral watchmen guarding the silent city; whose beating heart still murmurs in its sleep. At the hour of midnight they proclaim with iron tongue, the advent of a new year, mingling a song of joy with a wail for the departed.

Shortly after midnight, a volume of smoke bursts from the quarter of a great Southwark brewery, dense and vast as the clouds on which stood Polyphemus when derided by Ulysses—stretching away in wreaths across Saint Paul's for miles over the Hampstead hills (a contravention of Lord Palmerston's act in the dead of night) so sublime and Titanic in its grandeur, that I should be paralysed with fear if I attempted to inform against it. Far from having any design of the kind, I am profoundly thankful that so much pictorial effect—as in the case of the fog—can be got out of what is generally treated as a nuisance.

All night long there has been little or no rest upon the river; shouting of names, the passage of small craft, the sound of quarrelling, the throwing down of heavy metal bodies, and now, at one and two o'clock, the iron tug-boats move about, and the large vessel at London Bridge-wharf (probably for Hull) begins to get up her steam. The land on the other side of the water has contributed the sound of the railway whistle, at intervals all through the night; with the discharge of fog signals, or the occasional firing of guns up to three o'clock, which latter I can only explain upon the supposition that some eccentric military gentleman has chosen this mode of being awakened for an early train.

About four o'clock I hear the hissing sound of brooms in the streets at the base of my watch-tower, and I gaze over at the early puppet scavengers as they ply their sanitary trade. Looking down upon the dark, grey quiet roofs beneath me, they present a strange uneven picture; like a town that has suddenly been half swallowed up in the earth, or a large slate-quarry, with masses of the material lying about, in rude plenty, in all directions. By this time Thames Street has become a valley of fire; and, at that gleaming corner by the Custom House, arise the noises of the busy Fish-market. Towards six o'clock the twinkling suburbs,—those red fiery stars of earth—begin to pale, and a narrow strip of dirty orange-coloured sky in the east, heralds the approach of daybreak. When the lamps are put out in the streets below, about seven o'clock, there is, as yet, no daylight to supply their place, and whole thoroughfares seem to sink into the earth, bit by bit; while London Bridge appears to be chopped away, arch by arch, into the water. Then, a boundless sea of light grey mist covers the housetops like a deluge; above which the thin spires of churches struggle upward, and you can almost fancy you see men cling to them in their agony, to be saved. As the dirty orange slip in the heavens above becomes longer, broader, and brighter, the sea of mist gradually subsides, revealing a forest of pure slate-white smoke, which floats and curls from ten thousand stirring houses, awakened

from their long night trance. Watch it for an hour—this other London nuisance; this domestic offering which every morning is sent winding up to heaven—and see the forms of unutterable beauty that it takes. Look at it, flowing up to, and wreathing round, yonder church of Saint Dunstan like a band of supplicating angels with long waving wings.

A small circle of steel-coloured sky above my head gradually widens, bringing more light; the mist forms a dense black wall round the city—this time from south to east, and east to north; and the moon, which started brilliantly from Whitechapel, is now, with diminished lustre, hovering over Blackfriars; helping to develop the sharp, clear form of the upper part of Saint Paul's Cathedral; still nothing more than the half of an inverted balloon. The dark grey churches and houses spring into existence, one by one. The streets come up out of the land, and the bridges come up out of the water. The bustle of commerce, and the roar of the great human ocean—which has never been altogether silent—revive. The distant turrets of the Tower, and the long line of shipping on the river become visible. Clear smoke still flows over the housetops; softening their outlines, and turning them into a forest of frosted trees.

Above all this, is a long black mountain-ridge of cloud, tipped with glittering gold; beyond, float deep orange and light yellow ridges bathed in a faint purple sea. Through the black ridge struggles a full, rich purple sun, the lower half of his disc tinted with grey. Gradually, like blood-red wine running into a round bottle, the purple overcomes the grey; and, at the same time, the black cloud divides the face of the sun into two sections like the visor of a harlequin.

The marked change between night and morning, all takes place within thirty minutes—from half-past seven to eight o'clock.

At the latter hour the new year is fairly launched. The first new day of work commences. New life is infused into the now restless but long silent city. The veil of night is removed from all the joy, and crime, and sorrow that it has covered; giving place to the mists of day in which the churches, streets, and houses come and go. The crowds of hurrying atoms, who have awakened to a new day and a new year, reluctantly leave the distant suburbs for the dark thoroughfares that now lead from home, and plunge once more into the whirling vortex of work, of speculation, and of trade. Unequal and vastly different they may be to each other, with all their outer and their inner trappings—their wealth and their poverty; their meekness and their severity; their wisdom and their ignorance; their weakness and their strength; their theories, their dogmatism, their palaces, their jewels, their pictures,

and their cherished books—but, to me, they appear only as a set of amusing puppets acting a play, in which the sick man cannot walk so fast as the strong man. The wise man is one who does not get run over by something larger than himself, and the rich man is one who strides across another something in the road, instead of walking on the pavement. God help them all! They have struggled on for many weary years, and will struggle for many more, when I, and the structure that has supported me so long, shall be numbered with the things that were.

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

I HAVE already spoken of a German Baron and a French gentleman whom I met at Agra,* and I have said that they, like myself, were travelling in search of the picturesque, and with a view to become acquainted with oriental character from personal observation.

While staying with my friend at Barnapore, I received a letter from the former, proposing that we should meet on a certain day at Mussoorie, in the Himalaya mountains, and travel into the interior together. I agreed with all my heart; and my friend, the assistant magistrate, was tempted to apply for six weeks' leave, in order that he might accompany us.

Let me describe these foreign gentlemen. They were respectively about my own age—thirty-two—had seen a great deal of the world, and of the society at every court and capital in Europe. They were both possessed of considerable abilities, and of the most enviable dispositions; always good-natured and good-tempered; patient and cheerful under those innumerable little difficulties that almost invariably beset a wanderer in the East, or, in fact, a wanderer in any part of the world. They had, moreover, a keen sense of humour; and, each in his own peculiar way, could relate a story, or an incident in his life, in such a manner as to make it wonderfully mirth-provoking. They were men of refined understanding and of very refined manners: take them all in all, they were the most charming companions I ever encountered. They were utterly devoid of vulgar nationalities—of any enthusiastic admiration of their own father-lands—and would just as soon ridicule the foibles peculiar to their own countries respectively, as the foibles of a man of any other country. My friend the assistant magistrate was also a desirable companion. He, too, was a good-tempered, good-humoured being, with a keen sense of humour, and some wit. He had read a great deal of late years, in that out-of-the-way station to which he had been appointed, and he had profited by his reading.

It was beginning to be very hot in the plains, and my friend and myself were not a little glad when we found ourselves on the

* See page 155.

road to a colder clime. We drove as far as Deobund in the buggy; and, at three P.M. threw ourselves into our palanquins (palkees), bound for Dehra Dhoon at the foot of the hills; at which place we arrived at about nine o'clock on the following morning, and were deposited—both of us fast asleep—in the verandah of the hotel, kept by a Mr. William Johns, who had been formerly a professional jockey in the North-west Provinces of India. All that can be said of Dehra Dhoon and Mussoorie has already appeared in Household Words,* and so recently, that even a brief sketch of these places would be unwarranted.

As soon as we arrived at Mussoorie we began to collect coolies (hill-men), to carry our baggage and stores. We required in all about one hundred and fifty for the expedition, and by the time that we had got these people together, and made arrangements with them, and the guides whom we required, and had laid in our stock of provisions, &c., the foreign gentlemen joined us, and expressed their readiness to start at any given moment. We lingered, however, for two days, in order that they might take some rest, and make the acquaintance of the gentlemen at the club, who, at the instance of my friend, had made them as well as myself honorary members of the institution.

On the third morning, in the front of the club-house, our marching establishment was collected, and the one hundred and fifty men of whom it was composed were laden, with the baggage and stores. There were tents, the poles thereto belonging, camp tables, chairs, beds, bedding, leather boxes of every kind, containing our clothing, &c., deal chests, containing all sorts of provisions, dozens of cases of wine—port, sherry, claret—beer, ducks, fowls, geese, guns (rifles and others), umbrellas, great-coats, &c., &c., &c. Having seen this train fairly off, we, the four of us, followed shortly after on foot, and overtook them at the Landour Hill, a mountain about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. We were all in high spirits—including my friend the assistant magistrate—notwithstanding he put on his lady love's cloak as soon as we were out of sight of the club, and began to quote in a melancholy but very loud voice, which reverberated through the valleys on either side of us, those glorious lines of the Poet Thomson:

“There is a power

Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world—
That guides its motions, from the brightest
Star to least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone:
Each bird, each insect flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou!”

Our first halting-place was about nine

miles from Mussoorie. It was a flat piece of ground some distance down the southern face of the peak over which the road wound. The place was called Sowcowlee, and here and there were to be seen a few patches of cultivation and a cow-shed. Our course lay in the direction of Almorah, another Hill Sanatorium for the English in India. The tents pitched, and all made snug and comfortable, we threw ourselves down upon our beds, not to sleep, but to take some rest after a long walk. Meanwhile our servants busied themselves in preparing the dinner, for which the exercise and the change of air had given us all a keen appetite.

“Well!” exclaimed my friend (whom in future we will call Mr. West), raising to his lips a bumper of claret, and quoting from the Sentimental Journey, “The Bourbon is not such a bad fellow, after all.”

Neither the Frenchman nor the German understood the allusion; but when it was explained they relished it amazingly. We were rather a temperate party; and after the second bottle of wine was emptied, we caused the glasses to be removed from our small table, and a green cloth spread over it. We then began to play at whist—a game of which we were all equally fond; and, what was of great consequence, we were all equal as players. We did not gamble exactly; but the stakes were sufficiently high to make either side attend very carefully to the game. The whist over, we each took a tumbler of warm drink, and turned in for the night and slept, as the reader may imagine, very soundly.

On the following morning, at sunrise, we were awakened and informed that upon a hill opposite to our encampment there were several Ghooral. We arose speedily, and went in pursuit of them. After dodging them for some time we came within range, and each of us selecting his animal we fired. One shot only took effect, and that was from the Baron's rifle. During our ramble we discovered that there were plenty of pheasants in the locality, and so we agreed to remain for the day, and, after breakfast, see what we could do amongst them. Under the circumstances we should have been compelled to halt, for as is usual, on such occasions, our servants had forgotten several little matters essential for our comfort, if not necessary for our journey, namely, the pickles and the sauces, the corkscrew, the instrument for opening the hermetically sealed tins containing lobsters, oysters, and preserved soups. Amongst other things that had been left behind was the Baron's guitar, and without it he could not, or would not, sing any of his thousand and one famous German songs. And such a sweet voice as he had! So while we were amongst the pheasants five coolies were on their way back to Mussoorie, to bring up the missing articles above enumerated.

* Vide “Himalaya Club,” vol. xv., page 265.

By two o'clock we had bagged eleven noble birds, and returned to our encampment, sufficiently tired to enjoy the refreshments which the Klansamah (butler), who was a great artist in his way, had prepared for us. Our repast concluded, we had our camp beds brought into the open air, and threw ourselves down on them.

Holding his cigar, between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, the Baron thus went off:

"Who can explain the inscrutable mystery of presentiments? Who can fathom the secret inclinations of the human heart? Who can lift the veil of sympathy? Who can unravel the web of magnetic natures? Who can fully comprehend that work which unites the corporeal with the spiritual world? Who can explain that terrible symbol which pervades so many of our dreams? The sweet anxiety that seizes us when listening to some wonderful tale; the voluptuous shiver which agitates our frame, the indefinite yearning which fills the heart and the soul. All this is a guarantee that some invisible chain links our world with another. Let no one condemn as idle nonsense that which our shallow reason may refuse to accept. Can the most acute understanding explain, or even comprehend, its own growth; or, even the growth and colouring of a mere flower? Is not Nature herself a perfect mystery unto the minds of thinking men?"

"What is the matter, Baron?" asked the Frenchman. "Have you a nightmare in this broad daylight?"

"No, no," returned the Baron, with good-natured impetuosity. "It is not so. I wish to tell you something—a little story, if you will listen."

"Pray go on," we (his three companions) cried out simultaneously.

"Some ten or twelve years ago," the Baron proceeded, "I was travelling from Munich to Berlin. Tired, by the continual rumbling of my carriage, I resolved upon taking a day's rest at Augsburg. It was the day of All Souls. The autumnal sun was shining brightly, and a large procession went its way towards the cemetery, a mile distant from the town. Wherefore, I know not; but I was instinctively led to join this procession. On arriving at the cemetery we found it, comparatively, crowded. All the graves were decked with flowers, and sprigs of young cypress, and near every stone there sat or knelt, at least, one mourner. Tears of love and regret wetted the sacred earth. In a singularly agitated frame of mind, I wandered through the cemetery. The recollection of departed friends, and of dear ones far away, made me sad, unhappy, miserable. And I could not help thinking that if I had been then entombed, no friendly hand would on that day have deposited a wreath or a flower upon my grave, no beloved eye shed a

tear of sorrow no faithful heart sent up to Heaven a fervent prayer for the eternal rest of my soul. Haunted by such gloomy thoughts, I wandered on, and at last came to a newly made grave. An hour previously had been buried in that spot, a young girl of seventeen years of age. The parents and the lover of the girl stood weeping near her grave, and her young friends adorned the mound with freshly gathered flowers. In a fit of profound melancholy, I bent down, mechanically picked up a half-opened rose-bud, and walked on. Approaching the gate of the cemetery, with the intention of returning to my hotel, my eyes fell upon a tablet upon which was engraved the following words: 'Respect the property of the Dead. Flowers are the property of the Dead.' These simple words made a very great impression on my already excited mind: and glancing, involuntarily, at the rose-bud which I still held in my hand, my heart smote me for having carried it away from the girl's grave. I was on the point of returning to re-deposit the flower, when an indescribably false shame prevented my doing so, and I left the cemetery with the rose in my hand. On returning to my hotel, I placed it in a glass of water, and stood it on a small table near the head of my bed, upon which I threw myself, and soon fell into that state which all of you must have experienced: a state in which the senses hover between sleep and wakefulness, as though undecided which to choose. Suddenly, my apartment was filled by a bright, but soft light, without my being able to perceive whence it came. Be it known that I had extinguished my candle. Ere long, the door of my room was opened; and in glided, noiselessly, a pale spectral figure, clad in a white robe, and wearing a garland of flowers. It was the figure of a young girl, and the face was angelic. With motionless eyes and outstretched hand, she approached my couch; and, in plaintive voice, asked me: 'Why hast thou robbed the Dead? Why hast thou taken that flower which a faithful lover threw upon my last resting-place on earth?' Seemingly my pulses ceased to beat, and I could scarcely breathe. The phantom then stretched forth the left hand, and took the rose out of the glass; and with the right hand she beckoned to me, saying: 'Come! Come, and give back the property of the Dead. Respect the property of the Dead. Come! Follow me!' In vain I tried to resist. I arose, and followed the figure out of the room and into the deserted streets. It was not dark; for the moon was at her full and shining brightly. Onward stalked the figure, I following her, towards the cemetery. We arrived at the gate. She touched it. It opened noiselessly. We entered. She led me to the grave—the grave from which I had taken the flower. With trembling hand I received from hers the rose, and placed it on

the very spot whence I had removed it. And then—"

Here the Baron paused—and relighted his cigar.

"Well—and then?" we all asked.

"Then," replied the Baron, "I awoke—that is to say, if I had ever been asleep. And, looking at the tumbler in which I had placed the rose, I discovered that it was gone!"

"The chambermaid, possibly; or the waiter, who may have entered your apartment for orders—may have seen, admired, and carried it away while you were slumbering," suggested the lively Frenchman. "And a very lucky fellow you are not to have missed your watch and your purse at the same time and place."

"No," said the Baron, shaking his head.

"Perhaps," said Mr. West, "you had taken more wine than usual?"

"No," was the reply. "The truth is that the story I have related to you was written by that great Austrian wit and satirist, Saphir. It was one of his earlier compositions, which, strange to say, were all of a very melancholy cast. Saphir, however, to this day asserts that his story of 'The Death Rose' is a fact, and that it happened to himself."

One by one we dropt off to sleep, and slept for about an hour and a-half. On awaking, the Frenchman, West, and myself, almost simultaneously exclaimed, "Confound your Death Rose, Baron!" for the truth was that the story had taken possession of our senses, while we were asleep.

"I thought it would," said the Baron, laughing. "Everybody dreams of the Death Rose after I have told the story. But—ah! See in the distance! Here are the coolies returning! I can make out my guitar-box on the head of one man. Ah! to-night we will sing plenty of songs."

And in the evening the Baron sang for several hours (we could have listened to him all night) some of the most sentimental, and some of the most humorous songs that I had ever heard. Fortunately, I knew enough of German to appreciate them; and my friend, Mr. West, was equally fortunate. As for the Frenchman, he understood and spoke—albeit very imperfectly—every language current in Europe. On that night we retired before twelve, for we had agreed to rise and proceed early on the morrow.

In pursuance of such agreement, as soon as the day dawned we struck our tents, packed up our traps, loaded the coolies, and set out for a place called Demooltee, distant some fourteen or fifteen miles. The road, which had been very, very seldom travelled over by Europeans, was a narrow and bad road, winding round, and leading over lofty peaks, some ten or eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Above us and below us we frequently saw herds of Ghooral and other deer; but as we could not, or would

not rather, have stayed to pick up any that we might kill, we suffered them to graze on, and preserved our ammunition. By the way we saw an animal which none of us had ever seen before—an animal called the Seron. It is a species of Chamois, but larger and stronger. Its colour was reddish, and it had a quantity of stiff, short hair on the neck, which gave it the appearance of a hogged mane. The native guides told us that it was a very shy animal, and only to be found where there was a great quantity of wood. The scenery of this part, in March, was exceedingly beautiful and varied. At times we had a good view of Mussoorie and the surrounding country. At other times we moved through vast forests of pine, and woods of oak, rhododendron, and other magnificent trees. In the midst of one of these woods our halting-place was situated, a large grassy flat, bounded on either side by a deep and steep precipice, while, in every direction, the surrounding mountains, which locked us in, were covered thickly with the trees above specified.

"What fools men are," exclaimed the Baron, whilst the servants were unpacking, "to huddle themselves together in old countries, when lands like these remain uncultivated and unenjoyed! And what fools are those travellers who go, year after year, gazing on comparatively paltry mountains and lakes which the eyes of the vulgar, of all nations, have beheld, when such fresh and gorgeous scenery as this may be looked at! Travelling in Switzerland and Italy!—bah!"

"But, my dear Baron," said the Frenchman, "you forget that the Peninsular and Oriental Company demand four pounds a day for conveying you from England to India, in consequence, they say, of the dearness of coals."

"Ah, well," laughed the Baron, opening with his own hand a bottle of hock, and emptying the contents into a silver tankard, "if you regard the matter in an economical point of view, you at once cut short my argument and my sentiment. Egad! what grapes could be grown on yonder hill, in that warm valley! What wine could be grown there! I will come out to this country with a few German peasants. I will have vineyards. I will make a fortune so colossal that Rothschild, when he is in difficulties, will have to write to me. Yes, I will. The thing is to be done, and I will do it!"

"But you forget," said Mr. West, "that you are now some twelve or thirteen hundred miles from the nearest sea-port, Calcutta, and that there would be some little difficulty in transmitting the produce to Europe."

"Europe! Europe! Why do you talk of Europe? Does not British India contain enough of Europeans to make a market? This bottle of good wine, which we are going to drink, costs twelve shillings in this

country. I could grow it, make it, and sell it for one shilling a bottle! Ah! you may laugh; but I tell you this is the fact. I am a proprietor of vineyards, and do not speak at random like a schoolboy, or an enthusiast. The natives of the country would soon learn that art—for an art it is—of wine-making; and as for the soil, it is superb. Yes! Grow wine, which would do your soldiers good. Generous wine, instead of that blood-drying, brain-consuming, soul-destroying arrack—your horrible grogs, and your bile-making beers.”

“But we have no roads, Baron.”

“True! But is there a scarcity of labour in India? Are pickaxes, shovels, spades, saws and gunpowder to blast rocks, so expensive that a government cannot procure them? Roads! My good sir, only a few years ago there was no road over the Splügen! The time was when you had no road from Calcutta to Benares. You have no roads! Well, make them. The wine and the tea that you grow, will more than pay for them, as well as remunerate the growers.”

“The tea?” asked Mr. West.

“Yes, the tea, I said!” returned the Baron. “You have discovered that you can grow tea in the lower range of these mountains, and you do grow it, in small quantities; now, why not, having made the experiment, grow it in large quantities? I would say to Mr. Chinaman, ‘I thank you very much; but I do not want any more of your tea. You are insolent, overbearing, and insulting in your dealings with me, and now you may drink your own tea, and I will drink *my* own tea; and, if you like, you may stir yours with your own pigtail. We will bring China into our own dominions, for God has given to this climate and to this soil the same properties as your soil and climate possess.’ I do not say it, as you know, with any sort of intention to offend; but the result of my experience leads me to believe that the government of this country is, in all matters (save annexation), as slow as the government of the Dutch was in by-gone days. There is a listlessness and a languor about its movements; a want of everything in the shape of society and enterprise, and seemingly such an earnest desire to discourage the efforts of those who would, in reality, develop the resources of India, that I am astonished any man unconnected with the services should persevere in the attempt to make a living in the Eastern British domains.”

“I quite agree with you,” said Mr. West, “especially as regards that portion of your remarks which relates to the obstacles thrown in the way of enterprising Englishmen. I have been a member of the Civil Service for nearly ten years, and have always been impressed with the idea that the policy of the government in respect to settlers in India, was and is a very erroneous policy.”

The conversation here was brought

abruptly to a close by the approach of one of the guides, who, in a very confidential manner, imparted to us that there was a kakur (a barking deer) grazing on a crag not far from the encampment. So, we seized our guns, went in pursuit, and were fortunate enough to kill the animal. His bark resembles exactly that of a Skye-terrier, when very much excited. On our return to the encampment we encountered a huge bear, and succeeded in killing, and carrying him to the door of our tent, where the natives skinned and deprived him of his fat, which they boiled down and used in the lamps, instead of oil. And very brightly did it burn; but the aroma was not a peculiarly pleasant one. I am afraid to say how much grease was taken from this enormous bear; but I know that I am speaking within bounds when I assert it was in excess of two gallons and a half.

We dined at dusk, and then, as usual, betook ourselves to whist, but so cold did it become shortly after dark, that we were forced to put on our great-coats, notwithstanding there was an enormous wood-fire in the front and at the back of our tent. These fires had been lighted to serve another purpose beyond that of giving warmth,—namely, to scare away the leopards which abounded in that locality. It was a very picturesque scene; the white tents standing out in relief from the dark wood, lighted up by the fires; and here and there groups of coolies wrapped up in blankets, and sitting as closely as possible to the blaze.

At daylight, on the following morning our march was recommenced. We had a distance of ten miles to travel before we could reach the next halting-place, named Kanah Tall. During this march we did not go out of our way for game; but only took such as chanced to cross our path. All we bagged was ghooral, which we did not stop to look at even, and two brace of partridges of very peculiar plumage. They were remarkably handsome birds, with a red mark round the eye, and down each side of the neck, olive-coloured feathers on their backs, and their wings and breasts covered with white and red spots. We could not fail to admire the beauty of the flowers which flourished in this locality. The ground on either side of the narrow and wild road was literally covered with violets, dog-roses, and a lily of the valley, and other little decorations of the earth, of which I know not the name. Throughout the whole march the scene was truly fairy-like. Kanah Tall was only five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and therefore very much warmer than our last halting-place. Of this we were by no means sorry, not only for our own sakes, but for the sakes of our personal servants, who had never before travelled out of the plains. Here, at Kanah Tall, we found the English holly growing. Botanists may tell me what they please, about this holly of

the Himalayas bearing a distinctive character; but I say it was the English holly—the same sort of holly that I saw last Christmas in almost every house in London and in the country.

Here, at Kanah Tall, we shot no less than seven elks. These deer are very plentiful hereabouts, and do a great deal of damage to the crops of the poor villagers at harvest time. Ghooral and kakur also abound here. We were so tired on the evening that we stopped at Kanah Tall, that we could not sit up to play at whist! We actually fell asleep over our second rubber, and by general consent threw our cards upon the table, and sought our beds.

The next day, at three P.M., we arrived at a place called Jullinghee, ten miles distant from Kanah Tall. Jullinghee is a large village situated on the right bank of the Bhagaruttee, a stream that flows direct from Gungootrie, and is, in consequence, one of the most sacred streams that compose the mighty and holy Ganges. We were encamped beneath a clump of apricot and walnut trees, but it was frightfully hot; for we were now not more than a couple of thousand feet above the level of the sea. The woods, however, were exceedingly beautiful and diversified. Not only were there apricot, walnut, rhododendrons, oaks, hollies, and other trees of the higher altitudes, but also the tamarind, the fig-peepul, the pomegranate, and others of the plains. At this village we procured some honey, which is taken from its makers in a very singular manner. The bees build in cavities in the walls of the houses, which are closed within by a moveable board, and are only entered by the bees, by a small aperture from without. When the owners of the houses want honey, they darken the interior of the house, and removing the board which forms the back part of the hive, extract as much as they require. The bees during this process, fly out into the light to discover their enemies, who then close the back part of the hive, and remain safely within doors until the wrath of the bees has subsided.

In the evening we took a walk in the village of Jullinghee, which appeared to be rich and populous, but very dirty. Our arrival had caused a great stir, and there was a large concourse of people, near our tents, to look at us. A short distance from the village were the ruins of several houses which once formed a separate hamlet, but which had been deserted for fear of a ghost which was said to haunt it. The same effect of superstition is by no means uncommon in the plains of India. There is a very curious instance in the Meerut district. A village had long been deserted, under the idea that it was haunted by a fakir. The settlement officer, however, with much difficulty prevailed upon a neighbouring Zemindar to farm the land at something like a nominal revenue. Shortly afterwards the

zemindar presented himself to the settlement officer, and represented that he had been very ill, and that the visitation was ascribed by his friends and by himself, to his impiety in interfering with haunted lands. The settlement officer, however, talked to him and insisted on his keeping his engagements; and once more did he venture to brave the ghost. So complete was his success that the village shortly became one of the most flourishing in the district, and the very relatives who had been foremost in reproaching the zemindar for his impiety, brought a suit against him in one of the local courts, to recover share of his large profits!

On the day following we marched to a place called Teree, a large straggling village, situated on a plain of some extent, at the junction of the Billung and Bhagaruttee rivers. A regular hot wind was blowing here, and our tents were unbearable; so we threw ourselves beneath the shade of a huge tree which grew on the banks of the Billung, and which served also as a shelter for a party from Srinugger, who were celebrating the marriage festival of a Bunneah (corn-merchant) of some twenty-two years of age, with a young lady of eight. The little damsel was on the ground, and did ample justice to the marriage-dinner, which consisted of rice, butter, sweetmeats, and a goat roasted whole—a goat which had been decapitated by one blow, and cooked without any sort of preparation beyond the removal of the entrails; it was not even skinned. Portions of this feast were distributed, on plantain leaves, to each guest, by the Bralmins, who officiated as cooks and waiters.

Teree is the residence of a Rajah, named Soodersain Saha, whose family, before the Goorkha invasion, ruled over the provinces of Gurhwal and Sirmoor, and, indeed, over the whole hill country, as far as Simlah, and from the snowy range to the plains. Expelled by the Goorkhas, he sought refuge with the British: and, after defeating the Goorkhas, was replaced by us in the greater part of his territories; a part of them we retained as the price of our assistance, namely, a portion of Gurhwal, the whole of Dehra Dhoon, and a part of the Terai! And we hold Landom and Mussoorie from him at a nominal annual rent! The Rajah is extremely civil to Europeans; and the moment he heard of our arrival he sent a deputation to wait upon us. The deputation brought with them a variety of presents, consisting of milk, sweetmeats, dried flour, dried fruits, and a couple of goats. The deputation gave us to understand that it would afford the Rajah very great pleasure to make our personal acquaintance; and we were just on the point of starting for his Highness's abode, when his arrival was unexpectedly announced to us. At Srinugger, in a portion of the country we took from him, is situated the old family palace, a handsome and substantial building.

This is rather a sore point with the old Rajah; and, as he considers the more modern abode which he now inhabits beneath his dignity, he prefers going to see any one with whom he is desirous of having an interview.

Having caused chairs to be placed in the front of our tents, we advanced to meet the Rajah, who, dismounting from a large Cabul horse, joined us, shook hands with us very cordially, and remained with us for upwards of an hour. He was a very small and rather an old man; active and intelligent. He talked to us about the Goorkha war, of which he had been a spectator in the British camp; and he was very eloquent on Punjab politics, and greatly praised Lena Singh, whom he described as "very far in advance of any of his countrymen in point of humanity, civilisation, and prudence." The little man told us, amongst other things, that he was thinking of having an iron suspension-bridge over the Bhagaruttee, but that he could not find an engineer; and that his applications to the Government, although he was ready to defray every expense, had not met with any reply. The present bridge is a sling or swing, and constructed in the following manner. Two lines of coir rope, each consisting of a number of smaller ropes, are suspended from the rocks on either side of the stream, and apart from each other about four feet. From these ropes depend, at intervals of about two feet, smaller lines or ropes, about three or four feet deep. These support slight wooden ladders, the ends of which are lashed firmly to one another. The whole affair has a very frail appearance, and at first it requires no small amount of nerve to step from ring to ring of the ladder, over that roaring torrent beneath. Of course, this bridge is only passable by men. Cattle and mules swim across the river much higher up, where the torrent is not so rapid.

We asked the Rajah, where he had got his idea of an iron suspension, and he replied: "From a picture-book which was given to me by a gentleman who was out on a shooting excursion some years ago in these hills."

We stayed two days at Teree, and, despite the heat, enjoyed ourselves amazingly. Our next encampment-ground was at a place called Pon, a march of eleven miles. Our route at first lay along the south bank of the Billung River, and then up a deep glen at the foot of a mountain, whose summit was some five thousand feet above the level of the ocean. The monotony of this day's journey was broken by meeting with another marriage party, some of whom carried parasols of evidently Chinese manufacture, and made out of painted paper! We shot also several green pigeons—a very different bird from the green pigeons of the plains; and much better eating. By-the-by we also met a pilgrim and his wife on their way to Gungootree, and the source of the Ganges: both of them were

painted and bedaubed after the most grotesque fashion. The Frenchman took a sketch of this couple, and I have heard that it now adorns an album in the possession of the Empress of the French.

Our next march was to a place called Tekowlee, where we halted beneath the shade of some large trees, and near the banks of a clear stream of water. On one side of the stream there grew a quantity of wild mint, some of which we gathered and cooled, preparatory to using it for "cup." There is a moderate-sized village near Tekowlee, and a Gosains' house or monastery, which is inhabited by a large number of this sect: we visited, and entered into conversation with them. The building was composed of a large square courtyard, surrounded by a range of two-storied barracks, or rather cells, the lower story of which is protected by a verandah. The place was full of men, women, and children: the Gosains being the only monastic order who are permitted by their tenets to marry.

We had been out sixteen days before we reached Loba, near to which place the Commissioner of Kumaon resides during the rains and the autumn. His bungalow is built upon the spur of a hill of considerable length, and there is a good quantity of flat ground in the vicinity. Not far from the bungalow is an old fort, a Goorkha stronghold, which commanded the pass leading to Almorah. It is chiefly celebrated, however, as the place where Moorcroft and Hearsey were discovered on their return from the Munsarowar lake, whither they had gone disguised as Bairagis; and so well had they sustained their characters, that they would have returned undetected, had not a rumour of their attempt reached the ears of the authorities and excited their vigilance. They were harshly treated for some days, but eventually released on a promise that they would return direct, and without delay, to the British territories.

The Commissioner was not at the bungalow when we arrived. Mr. West, however, knew him sufficiently well to warrant our taking possession of it for the day. After a residence for some time in tents, a house is a very agreeable change.

On leaving Loba we came upon the Pilgrim road, constructed by a former Commissioner of Kumaon to facilitate the progress of the pilgrims to the sacred places within the British Himalayas. It was a very humane project, for many of the unfortunate pilgrims used formerly—overcome by the difficulties of the route—to lie and perish by the way-side. Of these pilgrims we met swarms—hundreds, if not thousands—and with some we occasionally stopped to converse.

Our encamping ground, at which we arrived at four in the afternoon, was a short distance from a village called Guniah. Our tents

were pitched beneath a clump of trees, and close to a clear stream called the Ram Gunga, in which we caught a quantity of fish with a casting-net. There are some mines between Loba and Kumaon; but we did not go out of our way to visit them. Here an accident happened to the Baron. He sprained his ankle and could not walk; so the next morning we put him into a Dandi, and he was carried along the road by four of the Coolies. A Dandi is a pole, upon which is hung, by its two ends, which are gathered together, a piece of cloth or canvas, open in the centre. This forms a hollow seat, not a particular comfortable one, until you get accustomed to it, when the motion is rather pleasurable than otherwise. During this day's march we shot a quantity of black partridge, a hill fox, a deer, and a wild dog of enormous size.

On the third day after leaving Loba we sighted our (then) destination—the town of Almorah. On nearing the place we came upon a hill to the right, which bears the name of Brown's Hill; so called after an officer of the thirty-first Native Infantry, who, in the Goorkha war, volunteered to take it with his company, though it had a stockade on the top, which was obstinately defended. And he did take it, after a very severe loss. A monument is erected on this hill to the memory of those who fell in the engagement. A little further on is a large tree now used as a gallows. This tree was the scene of a well-remembered occurrence, just after the above-mentioned battle. A Goorkha, shot through the leg, had fallen here. The fighting over, a British officer was standing over him, and giving directions to a party of Sepoys to have him taken to the hospital; when, raising himself with his left hand, with his right he cut the officer down with his kookeree—a deadly weapon with which the little Goorkhas now chop up the rebels.

Apropos of a kookeree in the hands of a Goorkha, I must relate a little matter which I now know to be a fact, but which I could scarcely credit when it was first told to me. A party of Goorkhas—say fifteen or twenty—will proceed to a jungle in which they know a huge tiger to be. They will surround the jungle and form a circle, and closing in gradually, they will hem in the ferocious beast. They will then drop down on the right knee, as soldiers do forming a square, and, kookeree in hand, wait for the spring of the tiger, who becomes somewhat bewildered, and anxious to make his escape. After moving about for a brief while in this den, of which the bars are human beings (about five feet high), and glaring first at one and then at another, he lashes himself into a fury and makes his spring; then the nearest Goorkha delivers a blow with his kookeree which divides the tiger's skull. Wonderful as this feat is, I once saw at Jutog, near Simlah, a sight that struck me as even more wonderful. A

Goorkha battalion was (and now is) quartered at Jutog. There was a festival, at which the Goorkhas sacrifice an ox. The adjutant of the battalion asked me if I should like to witness the ceremony; as it was something new to me, I replied in the affirmative, and we walked to the parade-ground, where the whole regiment, in undress, was assembled, and surrounding the victim and the executioner. The ox was forced to kneel, and by the side of him knelt the little Goorkha, armed with the kookeree, which is nothing more than a huge curved knife, but very heavy, and as sharp as a razor. At a given signal he struck the ox immediately behind the hump over the shoulder, peculiar to all Indian cattle; and the body was divided into two parts. He had, with a single blow, gone through the ox just as completely and as cleanly as a butcher, with his hatchet, would remove a chop from a loin of mutton. They are a very odd race of people, those little Goorkhas; wonderfully honest, even amongst themselves; light-hearted almost to childishness; capable of enduring any amount of toil; obedient and respectful, without cringing to fawning or flattering their superiors, the white man. The great blot upon their characters is their frightful jealousy of their wives. Woe betide the woman who gives her Goorkha husband the faintest reason to suspect her of infidelity! He at once takes the law and the kookeree into his own hands, and slays both the wife and her (real or supposed) gallant. I am glad to say this is not a frequent occurrence, though it does happen now and then. As a body, the Goorkha women are as virtuous and as amiable as their husbands are honest and brave.

The Commissioner of Kumaon received us at Almorah, his head-quarters, with great cordiality and kindness, and offered us rooms in his house. This offer we declined, inasmuch as our party consisted of four, and his house was not a large one. Besides, he had other visitors who were putting up at his bungalow. We accepted, however, his invitation to dine, and on our way rode through the town, which is considered the best in the British hill possessions. Bishop Heber writes that Almorah reminds him of Chester. It consists of one street about a mile and a-half long, and about sixty feet wide, paved with large slabs of slate, and closed at either end by a gate. One half of the town is much higher than the other, and the street is divided in the middle by a low flight of steps, on which the ponies pass up and down with extraordinary self-possession. The houses are small, but neat and whitewashed. They all consist of two or more stories. The lower ones are shaded by wooden verandahs more or less carved. At one end of the town, is the old Goorkha fort; at the other end, Fort Moira, a small English fortification, near to which were the Sepoy lines.

A neat little church had just been erected at Almorah. The people of the place are all fair-complexioned, and some of the children as white as those born of European parents.

AT REST.

HERE let us linger as the evening closes,
In this green coppice with the setting sun ;
The landscape now in mellow'd tints reposes,
Ere yet the bat-wing'd twilight flitteth dun.

The sun-illumin'd boughs arch'd high o'erhead
Distil a cool light from yond glowing sky,
Where his great disc, declining broad and red,
Tinges dull clouds with his ensanguined dye.

Still sounds from distant woods the cuckoo's note,
The half-hush'd birds are twittering in the brake,
In quiet ponds the darkening shadows float,
Reflected foliage stains the brimming lake.

Here we will linger till the air dissolveth
Each uncomposed sound to silence clear,
While the moon rises o'er yond trees, and solveth
In her soft halo all the landscape near.

Nor will we think upon the morning's gladness,
No thoughts of day shall haunt this hallow'd light,
Far sweeter are the evening shades and sadness
To hearts which in each other take delight.

And now the world's at rest, our souls shall steal
To blend and mingle in this peaceful hour,
Like rainbow hues, which sweeter grace reveal
In the soft stillness of a moonlight shower.

Love is the rainbow left us in our thrall,
The hope of earth, form'd by a light from heaven,
Which penetrates the showers of grief that fall—
Foretaste of joys for aye, not of earth's leaven.

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

VI.

BOUND Zaandamwards, Saardamwards, Great Peterwards, I go forth from the Grey-headed Nobleman to a pleasant tune from the Bells, which I have come to mind no more than the buzz of flies. Distracting at first, they have grown now to be lullaby most excellent, and I do believe if the works of my near neighbour, who plays the Bellini air all night long, were to get astray, and so suspend its music, I should fall to restless tossing and beating of pillow, and so come in for an unquiet night. They wait on me down the little street until I reach the corner of the mighty Platz (where, by the way, on occasion of Admiral de Ruyter's funeral, I have seen in an old print, how the procession was put to walk tortuously from the right to the left—from the left to the right, and from the right back again, and so was ingeniously all fitted in to the Grand Platz), and here my bell-music gives way to a discordant burden. Not to that old obtrusive chant of Clean de Boots, beautiful—oh! laid only for the present, but to another discordant tune, that will henceforth lie in wait for me at street corners, at shop doors—the Lottery Ticket

tune. Men of villanous physiognomy, of the cropped Pentonville or ticket-of-leave type, such as were likely, during the garette days, to wander about at dusk with bludgeon for walking-sticks; gentry who might wile away the morning's tedium in offering for sale the Form of Prayer as appointed to be read in all her Majesty's churches; men of this forbidding aspect are abroad everywhere this morning, thrusting their lists of numbers into your face with sounds like low growling threats. Two, three, more of them at a time compassing you about; enforcing their goods with a Stand and Deliver manner. I think of the lonely walks by the canal banks under the Noah's Ark trees, and take a mental affidavit that I will not wander abroad by dusk, while the Staats Loterij Fever is raging. Raging, indeed; for, everybody is buying, everybody is hoping and fearing, everybody is pretty sure to win. Servants principally, and small traders, who will buy and lose, and buy and lose again, and then be driven to robbing of their masters. Little boys that run about the streets do a little business in this way, and beg or help themselves until they have got sufficient to purchase in the Staats Loterij. I am told the ruin begotten of this, among these classes, especially, is more than a stranger can conceive; and that the purloining of the master's silver is but the inevitable consequence when the servant takes to purchasing in the Staats Loterij. Nobody wins, as a matter of course, at least no one that a man can lay his fingers on. It is much, as at other gaming, desperately unprofitable to all parties. For, as Mr. Thackeray asks: "Did you ever play a game at loo, for sixpences? At the end of the night, a great many of those small coins have been lost, and in consequence won; but ask the table all round. One man has won three shillings; two have neither won nor lost; one rather thinks he has lost; and the three others have lost two pounds each."

Admirable analysis; only in our Dutch lottery it is not so difficult to name the winner. For, the Royal State Lottery—the Royal state—the government, that is—wins, and draws a snug little income from the odious traffic; draws it from the idleness, sin, crime, and want, of its own children. It is the pelican's story the other way. And where has the Royal State Lottery its home and local habitation? No where, but at the Bier Huis! At beer-houses and spirit-houses of every degree, side by side with the shining flasks of Schiedam and viler drink, at such places alone may be found the tempting lists of the lucky numbers, officially announced and communicated by special grace to the beer interest only. The beer interest sells wholesale to the ticket-of-leave men before mentioned. The beer interest has the earliest information, and is enabled to

announce the terrible and tempting news of the Hooge Preis ; say one hundred thousand guilders ! the Second Preis fifty thousand !—all set forth in the publican's window. There, sheets of figures may be held to do duty as signs to otherwise unobtrusive establishments—nearly akin to the Burial Society spirit, which has its sittings at the nearest public, only here the Staat is the great Leviathan landlord. But, after all, does not His Royal Highness, the Grand Duke of Spltzen Selters Böttel, carry out the same pastime on the persons of strangers doing a little pleasant study in the laws of colouring ? What more does His Brave Belgic Majesty strive after, in his sweet little hell at Spa Valley, than that M. Chevreuil's book, and his colour-contrasts should be better known ? Nothing can be more correct, nothing more fashionable. Let, then, our Dutchman have his Staats Loterij in peace.

Fetching diagonally across the Platz, and getting free of the gentlemen from Pentonville, I come out upon the great quay and monster sluice-dock, or whatever it may be—known as the Dam Rak. A busy scene of unloading, loading, packing, stowing, filling, emptying, hammering, shouting, and general bustle. There are great warehouses stretching out queerly into the water, with doors at the very edge ; there are broad bridges with squat houses in the middle ; there are sailors of every tribe in parti-colours ; there are ships entering and going forth ; and there is a certain brightness, a curious clearness at the end which is significant of the sea. Here, is a threshold of the town, as it were, and here, through monster gates ranged in rows, fortified with huge piers of masonry, with look-out places, and hatches—here is the sea, let in carefully and with precaution, to feed those green waters that stagnate through the town. Symptoms of shipping interest on all sides—scheeps victuals, scheeps tackling, scheeps sails—scheeps everything. Schippers clothing, schippers coffijhuis, schippers everything.

Reaching the end, I look abroad, and find that this is truly the sea edge of the town, which does not join its huge enemy abruptly, but is carried out in its bosom by many quaint tricks and devices. It is a straggling show of stone piers and little moles of small dock-work of projecting stages, crazily put together of ancient timbers, stretching out eccentrically with more little hatches planted on them solitarily. Beyond which, are long rows of stakes, with openings at stray intervals, and other rows of stakes beyond them again with other openings. With a long, long mole to the right, behind which lie up snugly whole ship-forests ; and another mole, to the left. With the town rising behind a pleasant piece of cheque-work, a diaper pattern of many colours coming out dusky. Here, at one of the eccentric stages, I find a crowd gathered ; a holiday crowd, like myself,

Zaandam bound, and waiting to go aboard that fast-sailing line-of-packet ship, the Apollo ; beyond question not standing A 1 at Lloyd's.

That steam heathen god was moored alongside, and the holiday crowd began to pour in, with much noise and confusion, hustling one another rudely and good humouredly. I hear them, but I heed them not ; my thoughts are far away, straggling Peterwards, and thinking how he must have looked in his workman's dress, with his axe in his hand. There is a schipper aboard, who might be captain of a man-of-war, for all his airs ; a dirty Hatteraick sort of fellow in a bright fireman's shirt. What infinite swagger there was in the man, and with what assumption of office he paced his dirty quarter-deck, can be but faintly described here, and was in itself worthy the Zaandam trip. There sounded presently, the note of departure from a cracked bell, rung out frantically on a fierce order, and through a storm of imprecations and directions from Captain Hatteraick, no doubt praying in his native tongue for the ultimate perdition of his own proper eyes. The ropes are cast off, and the steam heathen god goes forth labouring through the waters.

We are a little overcrowded on board the steam heathen god. We have men, women, children, and many dogs, with us ; they are all, saving the dogs, dressed out gaily, and plainly bent on making a holiday of it. I take note particularly of a party seated near me, six strong, who have come out a-pleasuring with as hearty a purpose as ever entered Burgher soul. I find them to consist of my old Dutch grandfather and his wife, who is unmistakably the Gerhard Dow old woman, stolen away out of her gallery ; my little Dutchwoman and her husband, son to the grandfather ; and their two children, one of whom is that Mieris child who, it may be remembered, used to peel carrots in the Dulwich Gallery. Here, I meet them all. Dutch grandmother furnished with her due compliment of wrinkles, nose and chin nutcracker-wise, her charcoal warmer under her feet in the manner spoken of so unhandsomely by Andrew Marvell, Esquire. She keeps pretty much to herself, being brought out for that day all capped and frilled, to get some of the fresh air. My grandfather is unmistakably that Mr. Smallweed, whom readers may have heard of ; a terrible old man swathed in a cloak, though a broiling day, strangely shrunk and shrivelled away. There is a significant basket beside him, packed unto bursting, over which he keeps guard with a singleness of purpose truly surprising. The packed basket has been assigned to him as a special duty, and he looks after it ceaselessly and with a certain uneasiness, yet not without pride. He detects me, studying the packed basket with my eyes at odd moments, and becomes restless. The son is my sample Dutchman over again ; plenty of underdone meat, of corded

brawn, rich gravies, and animal juices. Saucer eyes over again, fatuitous expression over again, eternal chuckle over again. His wife is my little Dutchwoman indeed, whom I am glad to meet. Fresher and fairer than ever, and fitted out gorgeously with a burnished helm, à la Polytechnique (alluding, of course, to the diver at that establishment).

The two children are awfully repulsive, and would, to a certainty, have been exposed on coming into the world, did that barbarous fashion prevail in the country. They are small walking Dutchmen, square-built, with embryo underdone meat and gravies. One has to be kept on my little Dutchwoman's knee, to her infinite discomfort; he will persist in rolling himself into perverse attitudes, outraging the laws of propriety, by bringing his garments over his head, pulling frightful faces at his little brother, but at me principally, whom he hereafter will strive secretly to prick with a pin. Such play of feature in one so young can scarcely be conceived, and recalled to me the disastrous effects of a contest recorded by Mr. Addison in his Spectator, where a labouring man grinned through a horse-collar with such force and originality, as to seriously imperil the life of a lady looking on, who was then in a more interesting state than her normally interesting condition.

Before very long, my Dutch husband, who has been looking round on the company, and chuckling heartily without apparent motive, looked round on me too, and chuckled with even more satisfaction. I looked at him pleasantly, not wishing to damp his spirits, and I found he suddenly grew serious, and turned his eyes away. Presently I looked again (he was sitting on the bench near me), and found that the saucer eyes were fixed on me once more. A sound like gurgling of decanted wine—he was laughing internally. He had the fag end of a cigar between his fingers, nearly burnt away. He turned his head thoughtfully about, and looked wistfully at the fag end of his cigar. "God help thee, Jack," I said, falling into Mr. Sterne's manner in his interview with his well-known ass; "thou hast a bitter breakfast on't. 'Tis all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others." In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them which I had just bought, and (still carrying out Mr. Sterne) offered him one.

More gurgling, as of decanted wine—taken that he was affected by this social act. A meteorological observation, in vile Dutch, on my side, which draws forth, after much preparatory decanting, certain faint syllables, which seemed to convey adhesion to my views. From that, out my Dutchman grows to be communicative; after a fashion of his own, bringing forth his words at his own time and convenience, with infinite labour and stertorous effort. At every halt he fixes me uneasily with the saucer eye, then decants small quantities. In this way I am let into small secrets connected with the private history of

my Dutchman; where he lives, what time he rises in the morning, what are his meal hours, what dishes he is most attached to. All this time, my little Dutchwoman has been listening eagerly; filled with a just pride at the manner in which her husband can deport himself to strangers. Only I fear she has over-much trouble with the offspring on her knee, who still persists in becoming lost to view beneath his own garments. The older pair take a feeble interest in me too, and take pride in their son. "Those two," says my Dutchman to me, with a motion of his cigar in the direction, "those two are children of ours. Fine?" He looked wistfully at me; and again I thought of Mr. Sterne's ass. So I gave him a macaroon—figuratively, that is—in the shape of a nod and a smile. "There are," adds my Dutchman, mysteriously, "there are seven more of 'em at home." Here prodigious decanting of wine. I make an execrable attempt to felicitate him on his good fortune, when he of a sudden, goes off in a roar that makes the bench tremble. "She," he says, motioning with his cigar, and every instant in peril of suffocation, "she is not of Losdun! No! No!" with more laughter and more suffocation. "Would you have her called Matilda? He-he!—Ho-ho-ho! HO—O—O!"

I could scarcely see the joke. "Why Matilda?" I ask. "Why Losdun? Does she come of that village?"

"O, good! good!" answers my Dutchman. "Hear, Vrou! The Herr knows not of Matilda! Why, our Cornelius should tell him of her."

Which was not likely, as the Cornelius alluded to had suddenly shot himself out of sight with a howl of despair.

"She had the largest family in the world," said my Dutchman, puffing slowly; "the largest family in the world."

"It would be curious to see such a person," I answer.

"She was dead and buried before you and I were born," he says, "about five hundred years! She had three hundred and sixty-five children, all born on the same day, and at the same hour!"

"You astonish me," I said. "It is wonderful!"

"Ay," said he; "how they were provided for when they grew up is a mystery to me." Here he looked with a troubled air on his wife, and the decanting became laborious. "Only—only—they all died on the one day. Praise be to the Lord!"

"A happy release," I added.

"You may say so," he said, sighing. "They were all baptised by a bishop, in two brass basins; and the boys were called John, and the girls, Elizabeth. That's the story, Vrou?"

"Yes, indeed," says my little Dutchwoman, speaking now for the first time. "And tell

Mynheer of the great castle near it, with three hundred and sixty-five windows, which is standing to this day! The wicked lady insulted a poor wandering woman, with twins in her arms; and the poor wandering woman prayed that she might be punished in this way. So, the Mynheer sees, it must have been a judgment of Heaven!"

"No doubt," I say.

But lo! Zaandam is approaching. There is a long straggling river opening up before us, with sentinel windmills doing duty along the banks. At first, these scouts seem posted at intervals; gradually, they thicken into numbers perfectly confounding, crowding on us alarmingly, and throwing up their arms wildly, as it were to give notice of our coming. Presently, terrible confusion in the windmill camp: the main body seems gathering around us on both banks. Bewildering tossing of arms! Everything seems going round. There is a kaleidoscope panorama passing us all the while, that seems to revolve with all the primary colours. Red houses going by, yellow houses going by, green houses going by. First, a lonely structure or so standing by itself; then, two or three together; then clustered. Red, green, yellow; green, yellow, red!—all turning and coming up, kaleidoscope fashion. Windmills thickening into huge disorderly mob; parti-coloured houses thickening; little wooden landing-stages on piles thickening; little creeks and wooden docks thickening. Captain roaring all manner of directions, contradicting himself, blaspheming himself and others. Smallweeds looking nervously to their packed basket. View now utterly blocked out with windmills; hearing assailed with sad groaning and melancholy mad creaking of their turning axles. More primary colours; more windmills; more shouting; more blaspheming; and we come alongside the little pier where we are to be set ashore at Zaandam, Saardam, or whatever other name you may please to give the place.

Not so much to be seen here, after all, saving the parti-colours, and the windmills, and certain importunate worrying curs that will show the stranger all things that are to be shown—or, at least, show him that there is nothing to be shown. A yelping crew of all ages and degree—plagues of this country, such as at La Haye, Leiden, and every noteworthy spot, fasten their teeth in the stranger just set down, and hang upon him with canine tenacity; underbidding each other in his own tongue, which never seems so hateful to him as them. Following the unhappy man—but too plainly marked out as Briton by his courier's bag, and garments on his arm, and umbrella—following him in a long disorderly rout, they attend on him for half-a-mile or more, laughing, chattering, and bidding. Some audaciously venturing to lay hands on the garment or umbrella. This is

their song: "Show you, sair, whole town, King's Palace, de pictures, all for one guilder!" Hoarse voice mutters privately on the other side, as though a sham smuggler offering cigars: "Take you see everything—King Palace, Town Hall, for one half-guilder." Little boy, later on, will do it all for one quarter-guilder. Nuisance that cries aloud to Heaven! No friendly interference of Schout, of policeman, who would see you condemned eternally first, before interfering with the rights and profits of his brethren. Thus, too, at this small Zaandam town—in a smaller way. Ticket-of-leave countenances in great force round me, muttering the old song confidentially. I lay my finger on a Pentonville forçat, desiring him to do the show-work, whatever it may be.

"And now," I ask, "what is there so much to be seen, after all?"

Pentonville lifts his hands high over his head, and answers: "Great things! O, great things!"

"Good!" I say. "What beyond the house and the windmills?"

My Pentonville's countenance falls. He is visibly discomposed. The bread is taken from out of his mouth.

"O, yes," he says; "there are the great windmills in the town for grinding of flour, of rape-seed, of artists' colours, of oil, of—"

"I know about the windmills," I interrupt impatiently. "I have seen enough of them already. But what besides them?"

My ticket-of-leave man's face brightens. "O, great things!" he says. "The great windmills outside the town, all along the river-banks, for grinding of flour, rape-seed, artists' colours, of—"

"That will do, friend," I say to him, seeing but too plainly that they hold to their windmills here, as to their chief speciality. "Take me to the house."

He leads the way with alacrity, and it must indeed be confessed that this superabundance of windmills is a matter that may justly excite infinite surprise. I never could so much as approximate to their number: some natives rating them at four or five hundred, others, with pardonable vanity, elevating them to a thousand or twelve hundred. Not built, however, on the substantial principles common to such structures in our own country, which seem of the lighthouse pattern, fit to brave storms and waves; but from the scooped shelving sides, well plastered over, would appear of strong timber framework, of a strange mud tint; some, as if that material had been used for its decoration; of a dull red others; of a bright red many more. But the numbers—the bewildering numbers! the eternal whirl and gyration! so many Catherine-wheels flying round eternally—so many long arms swooping down to the beholder with intent to catch in his garments and toss him high.

It was the effect of the ingenious optical toy known as the thaumatrope—the eye saw only so many revolving circles. And to stand near and hearken to them grinding the saddest music, a mournful creak and groaning of the axle that goes on all day long and the night long, too! Most melancholy entertainment for such as are lying awake near them, tossing hopelessly, and thinking that some doomed spirit is being ground up along with the colours and the oil seed. But the house—Peter's house? Just a little this way, then, down this lane—there!

A rude hay barn—an open shed, supported on posts, sheltering a crazy wooden house, that leans over, all on one side—not over-much of paint, not over-much of caulking, not over-much of care generally, and that is Peter's house. The house in which he slept, and from which he sallied out, of mornings, in his rough working-dress, axe in hand—a true Calmuck; there was no scraping necessary in his case, as Napoleon laid it down, to bring out the Tartar. It wore itself through at once and for ever. A true barbarian Peter; and yet there is a tradition of this same barbarian being beaten by a brother workman for taking his tools, and of his shielding this same workman from all punishment, and even rewarding him. Interiorly, a small naked room, bare as your hand, adorned with, I suppose, one hundred thousand autographs, from plain Smith to a crowned head. This is the barbarian's room, and his bedstead is here, too. Where? A hole in the wall with doors, fixed there much after the fashion of a registered safe. A cupboard, in other words. Another hole in the wall overhead, leading to what seems to be a hayloft, attainable, however, only by a ladder. "Behold it all," says Guide, "voilà tout!" and we go forth again.

"What next?" I ask abstractedly.

"Perhaps," says Guide faintly, "perhaps the Mynheer would now—the great windmills—that is for grinding of flour, of rape-seed, of —?"

I motion him off sternly, tendering him at the same time his proper fee, and then take my way slowly to the quay, where Captain Hatteraick, with steam up, is standing on his paddle-box, swearing lustily that he will not wait another minute.

CHIPS.

A PLEA FOR PLAYGROUNDS.

ALL wisdom to the councils, and all success to the efforts, of a Society that has been recently established for the furnishing of playgrounds to the pent-up children in our London lanes and alleys! There are associations in plenty for the schooling, the punishing, and the reforming, of the little boys and girls who live in dens. Praise be to the new society that suddenly cries "Boys and girls,

come out to play!" The day's experience that brought the claims of this society before my mind, let me proceed to tell. I am not feigning incidents and coincidences for the sake of effect. I am just one of the public telling simple truth:

"My lads, you must move on. No marbles here! And you there—hand me that kite."

So spoke E Thirty-Four to five boys, all under twelve years old, who were settling themselves down to a game at marbles on the pavement of a wide and not too busy street. The boy gave up his kite with a rueful look, and his companions, pocketing their marbles, moved off slowly and sullenly in the direction of our dirty High Street. I asked the policeman where the boys were to go? "Couldn't say; boys like them oughtn't to have games in the streets; his orders were strict, not to allow stoppages on the pavement, and to take away all hoops and kites."

I had not a word to reply; it was all reasonable enough. Foot-passengers must not be detained by gatherings of children; hoops and kites in the streets are both inconvenient and dangerous. But, a recollection of my own young happiness with hoop and marble, and in many a wholesome game, came into my mind so forcibly, that I followed the five children, hoping to see their game begin again where it was not a forbidden refreshment. They went on slowly enough for me to overtake them with the kite which E Thirty-Four had willingly given up; and which I restored to the owner on conditions dictated by that public authority. The four boys turned round a corner, went up a little alley, passed a large and showy gin-palace, and went into a paved court, in which all nauseous smells and noxious sights seemed to have been brought together. One door of the gin-shop opened into the court; and, just opposite this door on the most level spot of pavement they could find, the boys set themselves to a new pastime. This time it was hopscotch—the marbles would have rolled into the kennels and puddles. The mysterious lines indicating pots, pancakes, &c., were chalked out, and the jumping began. Interruptions were frequent, but they did not stop the game. Little girls with babies got in the way. Women with baskets gave the boys a shove, and, occasionally, something worse. The loungers from the public-house door indulged in every variety of horrid imprecation as they stumbled and reeled past the boys and over the chalked lines. What a recreation was this! I turned away with pain; and, meeting a poor widow in whose arrangements for her boy's education I had taken some interest, asked how the boy was going on? The answer came from a pale little fellow, who was carrying a bundle by her side. In his large eyes and thin limbs it was hard to recognise the rosy boy whom she had brought from the

country only three months before. "How comes he to look so ill?" was the next question. The mother "feared it was from want of air. He had victuals enough, and warm clothes, but their room was very close." "He is not always at home?" "Always," she replied, "except when he is at school, and when he goes out with me, and that is very seldom, for I can't walk far. I dare not let him play in the street, and get bad words and bad ways. It would break my heart if he got into mischief." Poor soul! I thought, there is no help for it. Better let your little boy look as he does, than get health at the risk of all he might get with it, in the streets.

That very day the newspapers told how two boys of ten and eleven years were committed to prison for stealing tarts from a pastry-cook's tray; and how it came out in evidence that they had been playing with other boys, but having been "moved on," or "moved off," had sauntered and loitered about, looking first at one shop window, then at another, weary and discontented; till, seeing the tray from which the confectioner's boy had turned away for a minute, the raspberry tarts tempted them, and they committed the theft which would send them in the downward path of crime and ruin. A gentleman, who appeared in court, to say a word for the boys, gave this evidence; his intercession, however, could not avert the consequence of an offence so fully proved.

Every one who walks much in London may see and hear scores of such things. They attract little attention. Street influences change the boy—who with the least possible share of active play and pleasure, and a few words of kind persuasion from a friend, might have been induced to attend school, and do well—into the ruffianly, swaggering youth, sallying out with a short pipe, and a thick stick, ready for any lawless work; familiar with the gin-shop and the police-court; and, with a life before him that one shrinks from picturing. Think of a boy, perhaps an only boy, a youngest darling, the pet and plague of the family, whose high spirits and heedlessness make it impossible with all your care to keep him within lawful bounds—think of him deprived of any outlet for activity in healthy sport, with no guide but his own undeveloped conscience, thrown into an atmosphere of filth and profanity, and left there to fall under the trials that break strong men's lives! Sunday and week-day school and reformatory may go on working, as they do, bravely and well; but, while the street mischief remains, the work will be counteracted. It is a very simple sort of charity, and yet a sort of charity to little children, which, as it considers the nature Heaven gave them, may help much to secure to them the final place in life for which they were created, to enable them to play without the loss of innocence. Let us

provide our poor children with space to play in, safe and dry, and out of sight and hearing of the gin-palace with all its infectious horrors. Let them be maintained under the superintendence of a good-tempered, steady man, with the penalty of exclusion for fighting and bad language. Let us only try this.

The Playground Society is a small combination for such a purpose. Its object, as set forth in its first circular, is "to provide playgrounds for poor children in populous places," and its origin is due to the Reverend David Laing, an accomplished and disinterested clergyman of the Church of England, who has been a true friend to the poor.

The committee state, that in the most dense neighbourhoods it is possible to make arrangements for the present, with the hope that changes of site and transfers of property may afford better opportunities for the future. The playground of St. Martin's in the Fields affords one mode of meeting the want.

Whoever desires information as to the further designs of the society, and would know how it is proposed to carry them out, can apply at its office, number seventeen, Bull-and-Mouth Street, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

MACARONI-MAKING.

It was towards the afternoon that we got into Amalfi. A host of touters besieged us in vain; and as Domenico, the driver of the coach that brought us, usually gets a fee from the padrone of the inn for every guest he brings, he was eloquent in its praise. An army of beggars surrounded us, shouting for a "bottiglia;" and, thus accompanied, we arrived at the doors of the Locanda dei Cappuenii, where the Don Mattheo is something of a magnifico, and seems to think it somewhat of a condescension to play the host. The fare and treatment are very good.

I had a special object in view, which was to describe the great branch of industry by which Amalfi and the neighbourhood subsist.

"Where will you take us, Luigi," said I to my cicerone, "to see macaroni made?"

"Well, sir, Gambardella is the largest maker," was the reply.

Off we went to the great flour prince of Amalfi. A stream of water rushing down from the mountains in front of a great factory marked the place we were in search of; but, before entering, I stopped to purify my shoes from dirt acquired in the way. One rushed to get water, another straw, and another a brush.

"I'll skin this stranger!" said the first of my eager assistants. "If I don't get half a piastre out of him,—may I be hanged!"

"You have made a mistake," I replied, in Italian. On which the whole party laughed heartily.

The scene within the fabrica was comical enough. A crowd of men and boys, half-blind with flour, and as white as cauliflowers,

sat on a lever, bumping up and down ; and making it describe the arc of a circle. Grinding, sifting, mixing, kneading and pressing, were all going on in the same place ; the manufactured article being taken to another place to dry. With pencil in hand and book on a sack, I began to take notes.

"He is going to make a story about us," said some of the men who had mustered around us.

"No, he is not," said others ; "he is going to set up a macaroni fabrica in England."

"Signor ! will you take me with you ?" said a sharp-looking, fair-complexioned, young man. "Fifteen hundred ducats only will set it a-going."

The poor fellow was really in earnest, I believe, and was somewhat disappointed when I assured him of his mistake.

The grain used for making macaroni is of the very hardest quality, is grown principally in Puglia, and is known as Saragala. It is washed in the mountain stream which flows down from behind the city, and woe to the wearied traveller who is awakened at the dawn of day by the numerous grain-washers. The operation is cleverly and rapidly done, and amusing enough it is to watch it. When ground—which it is by the action of water-mills—the flour is sifted into five different qualities. The first is called Farina, which, being sifted, is divided into Fiore and Brenna. The fiore is used for making the ordinary macaroni, whilst the brenna is used as food for horses and pigs. The fiore is itself again sifted until a yet finer quality, called *azematura*, is formed. This is used to make a superior kind of macaroni. A last sifting produces *semolina*, the finest kind which can be formed.

The flour is well mixed in a large tub, in the proportion of twenty-four caraffa of water (a caraffa being about a pint and a-half), to a hundred and fifty Neapolitan pounds of flour. The quantity thus used, goes by the name of a *Pasta*, and is put on a large kneading-board. At the farther end of the board a long lever moves horizontally by a swivel ; and, on the other extremity of it, sit three or four half-naked girdled men, who, for three quarters of an hour, move backward and forward on a kind of horizontal see-saw describing diminutive arcs of circles. In this way the lever is brought to bear upon the dough, kneading and cutting it till it is ready for pressing. The men remind one of figures in Egyptian drawings ; stiff and unnatural. 'Tis hard work, however, and there is always a relief party to take the place of the exhausted men. The last operation is most important, as it gives its character and form to the macaroni.

There are various kinds of macaroni, or pasta, rejoicing in different names, as *vermicelli stellata*, starred, *acine*, dipepe, *ricci fuitani*, flowing rocks ; *semaza di meloni*, melon seed ; *occhi di pernici*, partridge eye ;

capelletti, little hats ; *stivalletton*, small boots ; *punti del ago*, needle-points. The first is that long sort which we English use as a *dolce* or *au gratin*. All the others are used to thicken soup, like barley. First, let me speak of the *vermicelli*. When kneaded, the dough is put into a large copper cylindrical vessel, hollow above and below ; but at the lower extremity is fixed a moveable plate, perforated with holes. When held up to the light, it looks like the section of a honey-comb, being circular. On the top of the cylinder is a block corresponding to its size, and the whole is then exposed to the action of a press. Screw goes the press, and far below, from out of the holes of the cylinder, a series of white worms protrude their heads. Screw, screw again, and out they come longer and longer ; until, having arrived at the legitimate length, they are cut off ; and so the operation of screwing and cutting is continued until the whole quantity of dough is exhausted. The *vermicelli* is then hung upon poles for drying ; which requires usually about eight days under favourable circumstances, a north wind being always preferred, as a *sirocco* wind is preferred for the kneading. With regard to the smaller kinds of paste, they are made by a mixture of machinery and hand-work. Thus, the cylinder being placed horizontally, a man with a razor stands by the side ; and, as the dough protrudes through the holes, he cuts it off immediately into small bits,—a simple and primitive method enough. The smallest kinds of all are made, however, by hand, and principally at *Minori* and *Majuri*, two small villages which we passed en route for *Amalfi*. In fact, the whole coast lives by making and eating macaroni ; and one probable reason of this is, that lying, as the whole of this district does, under lofty mountains which are intersected by deep ravines down which pour mighty torrents, there is an unlimited supply of water power. I was informed that in *Amalfi* alone, about eighty thousand *tomoli* of flour are consumed annually for all purposes ; a very small proportion for bread, for your macaroni-eater is not a great bread-eater. Altogether, there are about twenty *fabriche* of macaroni in the city, each *fabrica* employing in the simple manufacture of the article about fifteen hands. Then a much larger number of persons are occupied in the washing, and preparation, and carriage of grain ; for everything is done by hand, and great numbers prepare macaroni on a small scale, without dignifying their more limited enterprises with the title of *fabricas*. *Gambardella* is evidently the great man of the place, for he imports his own grain ; has four *brigantini*, of two hundred and fifty tons each, which bring up grain from *Manfredonia* and *Sicily* ; and, what *Gambardella* does not consume, he sells amongst his neighbours.

Let me, now, put on a paper cap and

a white apron, and, before concluding this article, give some experienced hints on the cooking of macaroni. In England, it is boiled to a pulp—error the first. First take your water, as Mrs. Glass might say; let it boil well, and then put in your macaroni. The finger will soon ascertain whether the macaroni is softening; and, before it loses its consistency, you must take it up. Now then for your sauces. You may mix with it either a good tomato sauce, or a rich meat gravy, and a plate of grated cheese must be placed on the table; out of which you must perforce sprinkle your macaroni. There are many other more complicated and luxurious ways of dressing the article, which are beyond the reach of my science. With the smaller kinds you will enrich your soups, and some of them you may convert into a really delicious dish, called Priest Stranglers, so fond are the reverend gentlemen said to be of it.

When we had finished our survey, we found the horses at the door, and so was Domenico. D. Mattheo, from a window at the primo piano, was making divers elegant and condescending bows to us. We rushed through a host of beggars, who beset the path, and away we dashed through Atrani, Majuri, and all the other places which we traversed the day before. There was not a cloudlet in the heavens, and the heat was all too powerful; yet it was the middle of November. What a climate! what a country! and yet what a government!

THE PET OF THE LAW.

EVER since I can remember, up to the period when I reached fifty years of age, I was a thief; not an amateur occasional thief, not one of those impulsive fallen respectabilities who do some piece of inartistic crime, and then are sorry for it; but a regular professional trained thief, who was, and is still, proud of his profession. I believe my family, on the mother's side, is related to the great Jerry Abershaw, so I have an additional warrant for my pride; my paternal grandfather was hanged, and died game, at Tyburn; and there is a ballad about him, which I sing when I am in the humour. My father and mother are both in Hobart Town; my father was transported for burglary; and my mother, who had saved a good sum of money, went out there as a settler, and, oddly enough, hired my father as a gardener—or something of the sort—from the authorities. Every three months, I believe, she sends in a certificate of his good behaviour to the governors of the penal settlement, and he is allowed, in consequence, to remain unmolested in his servitude.

I am married, and have four children, three boys and a girl, all thieves, and all, I am happy to say, at this present time doing well. The girl, aged nineteen, has a decided talent for shoplifting, and I have

had proposals for her hand from a celebrated housebreaker (I must not mention names), which I shall certainly accept, as it will be a very good match. I have also apprenticed my youngest boy, aged twelve, to this artist, to learn his branch of the trade, and I hear very satisfactory accounts of the lad's progress. My next boy, aged fifteen, who has taken quite naturally to the pick-pocket and church business, has just returned, after a twelvemonths' imprisonment in the Model Prison, as plump as a butcher, and looking as if he had been at the sea-side for a long season. My eldest son, aged twenty-two, is out on a ticket-of-leave; and we often talk together about the way in which he interested the chaplain in his welfare. He said he thought he could be of immense service in trying to convert his family from the evil course they had adopted, and the chaplain and the governor of the prison—a governor of the new school—thought he could. To do the young man justice, he mentioned the subject once or twice when he came home; but I think he broke down when he pretended to prove to his sister, in the presence of the chaplain, that needlework was, in the long run, more profitable than shoplifting. What effect his arguments might have had if he could have devoted more time to enforcing them, I cannot tell; but he is out a great deal, especially at night, and is doing very well, to judge by the money that I have seen him with lately. The rumour that he was the man who gave the gentleman that ugly blow the other night in the fog, I treat with the contempt that it merits. A man is innocent until proved guilty before a jury of his countrymen. My wife is not altogether undistinguished in the profession (you may remember the great plate robbery at Lord Mumblepeg's, in which she was concerned), but I will not dwell upon that. I did not marry her for her virtues, nor her talents, but to secure her from coming against me as evidence at any time.

Our business—the business of thieving—does not differ from any other business in which the profits are high and the risks proportionately great. We go into it, knowing exactly what forces are arrayed against us. Some men prefer the army; some, gold-mining; some, the excitement of the Stock Exchange; some, the delirium of the turf. I, and a very numerous body of fellow-professionals, prefer thieving. It is not my place—although I have retired with a comfortable competency from the trade—to make any disclosures that would lead to greater stringency in the law, and greater severity towards us on the part of its administrators. I have a family to bring up, and my duty to them imposes upon me a certain reserve; but still, the gratitude that I feel to the public, the law-makers, and the judges, for all their kindness and consideration to our class—their love of what they call fair-play, their respect for the

time-honoured maxim of "honour among thieves," and their hatred of anything un-English—impels me to undeceive them upon some points.

In the first place, we are not a miserable class, hunted from house to house, squandering ill-gotten gains in a reckless, ignorant manner, and seeing the frowning face of offended justice ever at our heels. That face may appear very stern to the amateur vagabond, but it has no terrors for the regular thief. He has learned to measure it at what it is worth; to strip it of its theatrically awful trappings and adjuncts; to lay bare the springs that move the fettered machine, and to hear in the mimic thunders of its voice the mandates of a law in which consideration for the thief predominates. While a certain class of innocent industry is starving in its garrets, we are luxuriating in rude and cheerful plenty in our cellars and taverns. "All honour," says the virtuous orator, "to the noble, struggling workman, who endures bitter poverty rather than rush into crime." And so say I, but from a different motive. I know that the fewer persons there are in a trade, the greater will be the profits.

Many persons suppose that we detest the police, and look upon them as our bitterest enemies. On some occasions, I admit, we find them troublesome; but, generally we consider them as wholesome checks upon the increase of unskilful thieves, who diminish the profits, without adding to the credit, of the profession. The ordinary police force is not a very highly paid, highly educated, or highly intelligent class; and any man who knows his business, can easily avoid coming in contact with them. As to the detectives, those awful men in plain clothes, and curious disguises (which latter they might save themselves the trouble of putting on, as we know the wearers as well as our own fathers), they benefit us by inspiring an unbounded faith in their efficiency in the public mind, and stopping the appointment of real preventive officers. The sum they require as a reward, if successful in tracing a crime, is another element of our security; as is also their plan of fostering the development of small thieves, until they become important criminals. They carefully tend the criminal fruit until it is rotten with ripeness, and then—if it does not escape them—they shake it gently into the lap of justice; but they never nip it in the bud. Why should we be on unfriendly terms with such weak and agreeable guardians?

When I come to consider the rules of evidence, the comforts of prisons, and the general leniency of the criminal law and its administration (and I have devoted a good deal of attention to these subjects during my retirement), I cannot believe that any one is in earnest for the suppression of our class, but that we are considered worthy of preservation as providers of wholesome excite-

ment, employers of capital in a peculiar direction, agents for the distribution of wealth, bodies to be experimented upon by the social philanthropist, problems to exercise the ingenuity of, and provide amusement for the legal mind, and members in that company which is conveniently styled "necessary evils." When I was engaged in the active duties of my profession, I was tried, for the first and only time in my life, in conjunction with the whole of my family—my wife and four children—for a robbery of some magnitude. We were guilty, of course, but we had managed matters very artistically. My boys were not so old, or so experienced as they are now, and when the magistrate cautioned us, at the preliminary examination, that we were not bound to say anything to criminate ourselves, the two youngest could scarcely believe what they heard, and thought in their simplicity that we had all made an impression upon his worship. I remember having the same feeling myself when I heard the same remark addressed to my father, on the occasion of his trial, many years before. The youngest lad was so overcome by this, to him, unexpected exhibition of legal tenderness, that if it had not been for an additional caution from the worthy magistrate, and a sharp nudge from his mother, he would have there and then made a clean breast of the whole affair. That boy, like myself; and, I may say, all the family, is now a firm believer in the fact, that the law does not want to discover the truth, but only desires to give an opportunity for a display of legal learning and ingenuity.

When we came up for our trial at the Central Criminal Court, we were again put upon our guard, and very amusing the trial must have appeared to the spectators, for it amused even me. There we stood in the dock, a very happy family—a father, mother, daughter, and three sons—all implicated in one crime, and all warned to hold our tongues, lest we should spoil the sport of the trial. The counsel for the prosecution opened the case with a highly ingenious speech, full of eloquent denunciation, but very empty of facts; and when he had finished, he proceeded to call witnesses in support of his charge. Several persons were examined without adding much to the previous knowledge of the case, for we had taken most elaborate precautions to shield ourselves from being proved guilty, although we could not avoid suspicion.

Once or twice, when some of the most absurd suppositions were put forward in place of better evidence, I thought we should all have burst out laughing in concert, they were so very wide of the mark. One witness at last succeeded in proving to the apparent satisfaction of the court, that, on a certain night, I was at a place which I never saw in my life; but as this supposed fact had nothing to do with the case, it was not of much

benefit to the prosecution. Maddened by his ill-success, the prosecuting counsel wished, in defiance of law, to put a question to my daughter, but our solicitor at once objected to this, and the judge spoke up against it like a man, amidst a murmur of approbation that ran through the whole court. If they had put the question, I am afraid we should not have got off as we did, for my daughter is rather nervous, and could not have stood a cross-examination. But, we were spared the trial, and the liberty of the subject was preserved.

The case lasted a long time, and during its progress some very pretty circumstantial evidence was adduced, which all fell to the ground, bit by bit, under the vigorous blows of our solicitor. When the speech for the defence came, it was necessarily short, for there was really nothing of any moment to answer.

The summing-up of the judge was pleasant and dignified, with, of course, a little dash of the severity required by the duties of his position. But I cannot think that he was dissatisfied with his day's work; and the jury, who had been highly amused by the legal fencing displayed, and who—bless their hearts!—could not have put a question about the case to our happy family for the world, were glad to hurry over an acquittal, and get to their dinners.

I know that the public press are always writing against the dangerous classes, of which I am a member; but seeing that we and our doings provide them with the most exciting staple of their news, I cannot think that they are sincere in the desire they express to put us down.

I cannot believe that a Bankruptcy Commissioner dislikes bankrupts; that an Insolvent Commissioner dislikes insolvents; that a public hangman dislikes murderers; or that a Chancery Judge dislikes wretched suitors;—and, seeing the leniency of the laws, the mode of criminal procedure, and the vast amount of employment that we thieves give to capital, I cannot believe that Judges, Juries, Public Officers, Police, Gaolers, Governors of Prisons, Gaol Chaplains, and Legal Practitioners, are at all earnest and interested in our extermination. So a long life and a merry one to all those honest gentlemen, and similarly to us!

A ROYAL PILOT-BALLOON.

ABOUT the time when the noble French court was fiddling unconsciously on the eve of its conflagration, posturing in the long Versailles, and bickering over etiquette points, and female presentations; about the time when Boehmer and Bossange, court-jewellers, were running over Europe, hunting up precious stones for a certain necklace, and when the noble queen for whose defence Mr. Burke vainly imagined ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards, was having curious epithets called after her as

she rolled in her gilded coach along the boulevards;—at the eve, then, of this crack of doom, when the air was darkened with signs and tokens of approaching convulsions, it is well known in what a strange fashion this noble French court put their shoulders to the work, and in a manner helped themselves over the precipice. The new philosophy, Encyclopædia, rights of man, freethinking, and the rest of it, were the main levers that toppled over this Corinthian order, and brought about the great Revolution. And yet, they themselves might be seen toiling in company with the canaille at these same levers,—insanely working out their own destruction; for it grew into fashion to be freethinking and philosophical. It got into the boudoirs and reception-rooms. Ladies of noble degree, fair duchesses, and belles who sat to Boucher and Lancy, studied metaphysical communism, and talked the Contrat Social with easy familiarity. Terrible abstract tedium, fitted conveniently into pretty mouths, fashioned for no stronger meats than a bonbon or faded compliment. Messrs. Grim, Diderot, and Company, went out to parties with their lion's mane on, and explained to the admiring quality, how the lowest serf on their estates was fully equal to the noblest among them; how, if justice were but done, these great estates should be cut up and distributed in equal portions, leaving His Seigneurie or His Grandeur, no larger share than his fellows. How this same serf should be privileged to sit at the same board, if it should seem fit; should be petted and made much of for the present, being in what was called a state of nature, and therefore singularly instructive. These things to hear, the lords and ladies assembled would seriously incline, smiling complacently on one another, and murmuring applause, as the principles of their own spoliation were so satisfactorily established. Holbach, how charming he was! And ce cher Helvetius, with that new book of his, how delightful to hear him expound those curious notions about the soul! How funny those atheistical stories, and those queer jokes, of slightly impious flavour, wherein Davy Hume, ce drôle, figured so pleasantly. Gradually the joke spread, and filtered down through intervening classes, until, curious to say, it reached that lowest canaille of all, those baseborn coquins who worked in the fields. They took it in with infinitely more relish than their seigneurs, who had been laughing so suicidically; and, stranger still, this canaille proceeded to follow up the joke, and, like Mr. William Bottom, must needs do it in action. The result the world knows pretty well.

That knowledge which is power, was not, at this epoch, confined to metaphysical subtleties, but worked itself out more practically in mechanical inventions and useful arts. Here, too, in this pie, must the noble French court have its finger; simpering over mechanical

toys as they did over the radical paradoxes. They must have to do with the march of science as applied to the arts; and accordingly, science in that application is brought up-stairs into the boudoirs by powdered laquais, and is there petted and coquetted with. We have that pleasant story of the king's little supper, where the chatter turned upon such a practical question; when that ancient fop, the Marshal Duke de Richelieu, and divers ladies of quality were present. Some practical question as to the composition or origin of a common product of the earth. The Marshal Duke had one notion on the subject, some one else had another, the King, perhaps, a third; when suddenly, a sprightly lady suggests sending for the Encyclopædia, that bulky emporium of arts and sciences—at that present time under seizure at all libraries and book-shops. Excellent idea—most happy turn! The ludicrous notion of the king's most excellent Majesty consulting the dangerous book which the king's most excellent police were busy hunting up everywhere! The ladies were ready to expire with laughter. By all means let them be brought in. So, the huge quartos are carried down, and distributed one to each person of quality. The drollery of that night, we are told, cannot be conceived. They were turning over the pages, looking up little funny points ever so long. For instance, the lady of quality, who was curious about the composition of her rouge, turned to the letter R, and there found the whole history of that drug explained in the most delightful way possible. The Marshal Duke might be curious about Mahon—his own glorious conquest—and was startled at finding the whole topography of the place set out in the most surprising manner. It was altogether so comic, so diverting, if you could but see the joke!

The noble French court being in this practical humour, it came to pass that two ingenious brothers chanced to be working out a certain great invention which would thereafter be attended with important results. This was the famous Montgolfier Balloon; the bare notion of which, in its crude state, took the whole public by surprise. The noble French court soon got wind of these doings, and were frantic with mechanical ardour to learn more. When would it be ready? When perfected? What was it all about? Montgolfier, was he of the canaille? In a state of nature? You see, more illustration of the diverting theory. The canaille to think of inventing,—of flying! They only want encouragement; this state of nature is so deeply interesting. And the ladies of quality turned to their Encyclopædia, under the letter G, to make out the properties of gas.

Nobody can talk but of gas. The court is wild concerning gas, or at least this strange vapour that M. Montgolfier contrives to

extract from burning straw. A Swedish gentleman (was it the favoured Fersen?), when the subject is introduced, explains singularly apropos a comic way they have in his country of applying this gaseous principle at some of their banquets. A fine crystal dish would be brought in, heaped high with what seemed rare and tempting fruits; but, when the cover was removed, the rare and tempting fruits would float away over the heads of the guests, being no other than little balloons, coloured to the likeness of the fruits. By this happy conceit were the Swedish guests sold utterly. Great applause for the Swedish gentleman's story,—the scientific people of quality enraptured. Here was science applied to practical purposes, indeed! A device très-agréable, says a Frenchman describing it, and very proper to be introduced in our Versailles entertainments. One lady of quality,—no other than Madame la Marquise de Brantes,—grew so entêtée, on the subject, that one Pingeron, savant of the first order, member of all manner of societies, was got to write her a long letter (which became afterwards a bulky pamphlet), setting out the whole rationale of the thing. Not in popular shape, in philosophical sport,—the rude edges of science being chipped off and trimmed and smoothed down for ladies' use—but with hard naked abstraction and science in all her brain-wearing, unmanageable deformity; to which work Madame la Marquise, no doubt, went boldly; grappling with it fearlessly, and retailing it thereafter in her salons down in Avignon—for she was o the provinces—to such miniature Grims and Holbachs as she could lay hold of. She, no doubt, mystified them with M. Pingeron's jargon concerning one New ton, and le Docteur Pringle of the Société Royale de Londres,—to say nothing of M. James Lowther and M. Cavendish. The ingenious Frenchman explains to his noble correspondent, how in the case of balloons the laws of gravity seem to be suspended, which otherwise, adds he with a true Frenchman's turn, bear all things to the earth, by a sort of attraction, fatal sometimes to the face and features of your sweet children, when they gambol too carelessly in your delicious garden of Sorque. I shall now, Madame, do myself the honour of explaining to you how this is.

Follows then the explanation—to be retailed, as was said before, by Madame. Meantime, the balloon-fever spread; the court was half crazy on the subject, and at last it was resolved that Montgolfier himself should be sent for, and an experiment, on a grand scale, made before the eyes of the King himself and the scientific quality. M. Montgolfier accordingly set to work, and under his direction prodigious preparations were made. Workmen were busy, weeks beforehand, fashioning the balloon and

appliances for filling it. Finally, on the morning of the nineteenth of September seventeen hundred and eighty-three, of a fair cloudless French morning, all things were announced to be in readiness for the great show.

The Great Court of Ministers at Versailles had been selected as a sort of amphitheatre, and when, early in the morning, the public were admitted to the number of one hundred and thirty thousand souls, filling every nook and corner, the sight must have been grand, indeed. A large space, however, was kept clear in the centre, for the machinery to be employed in filling the balloon, consisting of an enormous framework of proportionate strength and solidity, ten feet high, and one hundred long; inside of which were heaped up the wet straw and wool, to be presently lighted—generators of the gas. On each side, to the right and left, were planted two tall masts, fitted with ropes and pulleys, which were to do duty as stays or guides, according as the balloon filled.

Such being the preparations, before seven o'clock in the morning, every inch of standing room was occupied. A party of grenadiers belonging to the French guard and Swiss, were drawn up round the portion set apart for the experiment. A second company of fusileers were ranged outside of these, forming a sort of reserved ground, where only were admitted the savans, the noble amateurs, and dilettantes of quality; and the ladies of the court, so enchanted with science. A most gallant and imposing show. A third company kept open a long avenue that stretched away to the door of the palace. This was against the coming of the King and the royal family.

An hour or more passed away. Much chattering, much expectancy, much fluttering of many fans from the reserved seats; epigrams, no doubt, from the Marshal Duke of Richelieu, titular savant; much flirting among the younger ladies of quality. Presently, towards the stroke of ten, one of the royal furniture vans—this sounds irreverent; but *voiture du garde meuble* is the word—drawn by four royal horses, comes dashing in laden with the balloon. Immense sensation, and a general impression that this begins to look like business. A most dazzling concern this balloon, formed of rich silk of royal blue tint, painted all over in yellow, with the cipher of "our august king," with garlands, and with fleur-de-lys. There is a singular reverence in the eye-witness who tells the history, for all things royal, as may be gathered from that stroke concerning the royal furniture van. Which flunkeyism was indeed much in vogue at this eve of combustion; when, as Mr. Carlyle has it, a red smithy light was seen through the chinks. It was the effete Bourbonism, the old Louis-worship, flickering up with a start before extinction. It was, as who should say, "How great, how glorious

is everything our king doth!" Our king, accordingly, has his grand huntsman, and his grand stable-keeper, and his beds of justice, and his little rising in the morning, and his grand rising, and his little coucher, or going to bed, and his grand coucher or going to bed. With the honour of handing of the shirt, and the rest of the play-acting, see how good and glorious! Even the royal furniture van drawn by four royal horses! Let us mark now the further steps of this scientific meeting.

The royal and august balloon being conveniently placed for filling, and all things being ready, Monseigneur the Count D'Artois was seen to enter the square surrounded by the lords and distinguished persons of his suite. He was shown the preparations, and expressed himself much contented therewith, though it may be suspected, not unjustly, whether such things were much in the line of Monseigneur the Count D'Artois. Presently came Monsieur, Chief Sir of the Realm, with his lords and his distinguished suite. The inventor, M. Montgolfier, we are told, "was allowed the honour and satisfaction" of explaining the machinery to the august personages. They having retired; the King, the Queen, followed by the court, and a detachment of the royal body-guard, and the Hundred-Swiss, came on foot (!) from the palace, and examined all the details with the most scrupulous attention. To them, too, was M. Montgolfier "allowed the honour of explaining" his invention. The appearance of M. Montgolfier is described. He was a man of good stature, and between two ages. He was dressed in sober black, and gave his directions, all through, with the greatest sang froid. The stern seriousness of his countenance, and his perfect composure, were sure tokens of his perfect confidence in the result. His manners were modest and retiring.

After the inspection and explanation, the King withdrew to hear mass, and the hundred and thirty thousand spectators wiled away the time as best they might. Presently, re-appears the King on the grand balcony, surrounded by numbers of persons of distinction, while the Queen takes up her position under a great tent, also surrounded by great lords and ladies. The position of the tent has been minutely described by the Jenkins of the hour, as being on the terrace belonging to the Palace Pavilion, and which is nearest on the left hand to the Court of Marble.

Everything being now ready, the King himself gave the signal, and the heap of straw and wool was lighted. It was noted with surprise how the collapsed silk gradually expanded and raised itself up along the masts, until, at the expiration of ten minutes, it stood out in full shape and perfection, a gorgeous globe of azure—royal blue, rather—forty-eight feet in diameter, with the royal cipher now displayed to infinite advantage.

By the pictures that have come down to us, this great balloon did not inflate as a globe strictly, but took a sausage-shape rather, being divided into rings or zones, wherein were depicted those royal L's before spoken of. A royal blue sausage, then, it stood up, quivering and struggling for release. Everybody was filled with delight; the chronicler tells us, that the delight was only equalled by the astonishment. People looked, one at the other; the Marshal Duke miscarried suddenly in one of his smartest epigrams; a prolonged round of applause burst from two hundred and sixty thousand hands.

Then, M. Montgolfier and his assistants proceeded to attach to the cords a sort of wooden cage, in which had been placed a sheep, a cock, a duck, some hay, and a barometer. Then was discharged the second cannon, by way of warning; the wind having now begun to rise a little, and to sway the balloon unpleasantly. At one minute, indeed, a sudden twist laid six of the workmen prostrate. It was time, therefore, to think of letting go, before it unmanageably went. Wherefore, as soon as the third cannon was discharged, the cords were cut, and the balloon sailed away upward majestically, royal ciphers and all, then for the first time introduced to aerial latitudes. The wind being strong, it was observed to bear off in a sort of oblique direction, still rising all the while. Within twenty-five seconds it was a good half-league from the Palace of Versailles, and seemed moving at the rate of some seventy leagues an hour.

It was still in sight when a misfortune came about that spoiled all. One portion had not been made strong enough, and, the pressure being greatest in that direction, the result was a huge rent, through which the vapour escaped rapidly. Down came the grand royal blue sausage and the royal cipher, tumbling headlong and ingloriously, lighting eventually on the trees along the road leading from Vaucresson to Carlfour Maréchal. People all set off running in that direction; and the more eager courtiers (*les plus zélés*) came running back to his Majesty with the news that the animals were all alive; that the sheep was actually at that moment eating its hay; that the cock only had come to grief, being found with his beak broken; that the barometer was all safe; and that the balloon had suffered little or no damage. Divers explanations were offered for the broken beak. It might have been the shock; or perhaps the noble bird had been scared, and so had dashed his head against the sides of his cage. However that might be, everybody was delighted. We are told, by Savant Jenkins, that "The king, the queen, the princes and princesses of the blood, and the whole court, were

extremely satisfied. M. Montgolfier," adds Jenkins, "had then the honour of being presented to the king" (note, that by the precious flunkeyism of the day, the royal vision, at that previous explanation of the machinery, was to be taken as non-cognisant of M. Montgolfier's person), "who gave him a most flattering reception; afterwards to the queen, and then to all the royal family, who congratulated him on the success of this attempt. M. Montgolfier went afterwards to dine with M. le Contrôleur-Général, to meet many gentlemen of the Academy and many philosophical amateurs of distinguished rank!"

Happy Montgolfier! He should have expired on the spot, and yielded up his soul in a transport, at the close of that dinner! It should be added, that all the details of the show were carried out by the gentlemen known as "M.M. des Mé nus-plaisirs du Roi," that is to say, by the masters of the royal small-sports; and our French Jenkins tells us that their arrangements were all that could be desired.

The ladies and gentlemen of quality and science, as may be conceived, could talk of nothing but the balloon. Their proposed application of it to practical purposes was, however, characteristic. The Marshal Duke and other gallants were for turning it into what may be called a cloister-escape, and expatiated on the happiness of being able to float over the gloomy wall and descend into the garden, to the utter astonishment of the jealous guardians of such places. Before very long, ingenious amateurs were enabled to supply themselves with toy balloons made of goldbeaters' leaf, and bearing the name of *Minimum*. They were selling in the shops, these minimums, at the reasonable charges of six francs, three francs, and even so low as forty sous. Science was thus brought within the means of the lowest. And, we are told, all Paris bought minimums.

Thus did M. Montgolfier let off his balloon in presence of the king and quality of France, with its freight of the sheep, the hay, the barometer, and the cock with the broken beak. Perhaps there was a certain significance here, suggestive of another no less famous cock, who was shortly to have his beak broken utterly, and his plumage torn, in a serious fight.

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STRIKE!

SOME years ago, the inhabitants of a small English country town were astonished by a very extraordinary circumstance. A new fishmonger from London suddenly plunged into the calm waters of the local trade, set up a magnificent shop, and sold his delicate goods at amazingly reasonable prices. The town, being by no means populous enough to support any two tradespeople who dealt in the same article, and the patronage of the fickle public being soon almost exclusively bestowed upon the new fishmonger, the old-established shop, which did business in the old-established way, was soon shut up; and the proprietor was reported to have left the place in disgust, with the intention of trying his luck in any other district of England, in which he could hope for the common justice of meeting with fair play.

No sooner had the new fishmonger got the public all to himself, than a gradual, steady, unintermitting rise began to take place in his prices. He was a very intelligent man, and he explained this alarming phenomenon clearly and fluently, on the soundest commercial principles. Nobody who objected to his bills, ever got the better of him in argument. Week after week his prices grew higher, and his train of reasoning in support of them more and more brilliantly convincing and conclusive. At last, the charges rose to such an exorbitant rate, and the monopoly enjoyed by the new fishmonger asserted itself so unendurably, as well as so logically, over the purses of his helpless customers, that the public spirit of the townspeople rose in resistance. A private meeting of the respectable classes was summoned at the house of the daring patriot who led the local struggle for the twin-blessings of freedom and cheap fish. Resolutions were proposed and passed, binding all the persons present, representing the rank, the respectability and the fish-consumption of the town, to make the sacrifice of at once abstaining from eating fish, on any pretence whatever, until absolute want of custom should have had the effect of starving the rogue who had impudently cheated the whole community, out of the town.

It is gratifying to be able to report that

no member of the League thus formed, proved unfaithful to the common cause; that the exorbitant fishmonger, after desperately resisting the combination against him for two whole months, and after vainly proposing a compromise with his outraged customers, fairly evacuated the town under stress of circumstances; that the old-established tradesman was sought for, was recalled, and was set up in his former business; and that the inhabitants have eaten their fish at reasonable prices, from that eventful period to the present day.

The anecdote which I have just related is not only true, but is also, as I have every reason to think, unique. Trifling as it may appear, it affords, I believe, the only instance on record, in which the middle classes of England have been found capable of combining together for the sake of promoting their own social advantage. If this conclusion be the true one—and I shall presently offer a few striking proofs in support of it—some rather serious considerations arise, in reference to the share which, little as we may think it, we ourselves have, in perpetuating some of the most vexatious and unpopular abuses of our own time.

Englishmen of the middle classes have combined together, and will probably again combine together, for the promotion of religious and of political reforms. Some very great victories in both these directions, have been won already by the influence of that united self-denial and united perseverance which is described by the word League. We, the respectable people, when we have a religious want or a political want, thoroughly understand the necessity of carrying out the desired object by sacrificing our own individual convenience to the first great consideration of the general benefit. When we have a social want, however, do we recognise the same principle? I rather think that we become, in this case, suddenly incapable of seeing it at all. The principle of a Strike, as understood and practised by the artisan, when he feels (whether rightly or wrongly, it is not my present business to inquire) that he is suffering under an abuse which nothing but self-devotion can help to remedy, seems to be, as to all social difficulties, a complete mystery

to the gentleman who stands above him in rank and education. It is a notorious fact, that various bodies and individuals make large fortunes by professing to minister to the necessities, the conveniences, and the amusement of the respectable classes; and it is equally indisputable that the promises which these professions imply, are, in the great majority of cases, not fairly performed. When we are impudently cheated of our fair demands in religious or in political matters, what do we do in the last resort? We right ourselves by a combination—or, in plainer English, we strike. On the other hand, when we are cheated in social matters, what do we do? We grumble, and submit. For the sake of our faith, or for the sake of our freedom (to borrow an illustration from the anecdote at the head of this paper), we are bravely ready to do without our fish. For the sake of our every-day necessities, comforts, and conveniences, we are none of us individually ready to sacrifice to the common cause so much as a single shrimp.

Let me make my meaning clearer by a few examples. Take an example, first, of an abuse, in the rectifying of which the interests of all our lives and limbs are concerned—take the case of the obstinate refusal of Railway Directors to give us a means of communication, in case of accidents, between the passengers and the engine-driver. Does any man, in his senses, believe that the granting of this just demand will be procured by any of the means which have hitherto been tried for enforcing it? A few months since, a railway carriage full of people was on fire. Everyone of the passengers would have been burnt alive, if a few labourers had not happened to be working, on that particular day, at a particular part of the line. This frightfully narrow escape from the most horrible of deaths, was published in letters to the Times. The vital necessity of a communication between the passengers and the guard was urged by the very men who had been all but killed for want of it. The same safeguard has been petitioned for to Parliament. And what good has come of taking this course? What good ever does come of shifting responsibilities, with which each man of us is individually concerned, on the shoulders of others? Have our letters to the Times—has our Imperial Parliament—got us what we so urgently want? On this very day, thousands and thousands of people will be travelling, with nothing but a screen of wood and cloth between them and a fire which is rushing through the air at the rate of from five-and-twenty to sixty miles an hour.

What, then, in this case, is to get us our fair demand? I answer, quite seriously, nothing will get it, at once, but a Strike on the part of the travelling public. Let us combine to ruin the passenger-traffic; and, in three months' time, the Directors will be forced to give us what we

want. You, who read this, and laugh at it, tell me how many times, in the course of the year, you travel on business which it is absolutely impossible to put off, and how many times you travel for your own convenience and amusement, which a temporary self-sacrifice might well enable you to postpone? If you want fair protection for your life, will you put off attending to your own interests—for three months—to get it? You are the obstacle—not the difficulties of organising the Strike. We are already subdivided, by our professions, into distinct classes. Let us have our consulting representatives of each class; our delegates acting under them, with a certain round of streets to visit; our public meeting, when the delegates have made us acquainted with the matter in hand; our signed engagement which it is a point of honour not to break—and the thing is done. For three months we all engage to sacrifice our individual convenience and pleasure, to serve the common object of securing our own safety; and to travel only in cases in which the most serious interests are concerned. Is this such a very Utopian idea? Is it so absolutely impossible to organise ourselves in the manner just suggested? The tax-gatherer successfully subdivides us, reckons us up, disciplines us, holds us, by thousands and thousands at a time, in the hollow of his hand, opens our multitudinous pockets, as if they were the pockets of one man. Does anybody tell me that what the tax-gatherer can do for us, we cannot, at a pinch, do for ourselves? If I wear a fustian jacket I can knock off work, by previous arrangement and combination, in three or four counties at once, on one given day, at one given hour. But if I am a clergyman, a doctor, a barrister, I cannot knock off travelling in the same way—no, not although the interests of my life depend on it. In the one case—with Poverty and Hunger against me—I can sacrifice myself at the word of command. In the other case, with nothing to dread but the temporary loss of some country pleasure, or a temporary delay in seeing the sights of London, I become utterly incapable of making my individual sacrifice for the public benefit: I let men, whose pockets I am filling, endanger my life with impunity; and, when I escape being roasted alive, I think I have done my duty if I pester the Editor of the Times with letters, helplessly entreating him to save me the trouble of redressing my own grievances and protecting my own life.

Take another case. The other day, I met my friend Smoulder. He was grumbling, just as tens of thousands of other Englishmen of his class grumble; the subject, this time, being the disgracefully uncomfortable condition of the metropolitan omnibuses.

"Here is a great Company," says Smoulder, "which buys up all the London omnibuses; which starts with the most magnificent pro-

mises relative to the reformation of those detestable vehicles; and which even invites every ingenious man in the country to forward the reform, by sending in models of a new kind of omnibus. What has become of all the promises, and all the models? Here we are still with the same old omnibuses, and the same old grievances to complain of. There is no more room for me on my seat, now, than there was before the great Company was heard of. I am squeezed on getting in, and crushed on sitting down, just as I used to be,—squeezed, sir, and crushed, sir, and by an infernal Monopoly, sir, that promised me a new omnibus to ride in. You are a literary man. Why don't you sit down, and write a letter about it to the Times?"

No, my friend, I will not write to the editor of the Times, to ask him to do for you, what you ought to do, and can do, for yourself. You live in a large suburb of London, and you are one of a large class of business-men, who return a regular daily revenue to the omnibus Company. You and your fellows, in the morning and the evening, and your wives, sisters, and daughters, when they go out shopping in the course of the day, are the principal customers who keep certain lines of omnibuses running. Call a meeting in the City, and propose that the whole class of the business-men shall give up using omnibuses for the next six weeks, and direct their female relatives to do the same. Make up your minds, and make up their minds, to walk for that time only. Or, if this cannot be done, spend a little extra money—for not more than six weeks, remember—in cab-hire. Only sacrifice yourselves individually, for this short time, and in this easy manner; and you will promote the general interest of your class, by forcing the London Omnibus Company to do it justice. How long do you think that monopoly would hold out against the sudden withdrawal of tens of thousands of omnibus passengers, representing tens of thousands of fourpences, and sixpences, and not to be reduced to submission by hunger, as the poor men are reduced when they combine against the rich master. Strike, Smoulder! Strike for six weeks, and ride in comfort for the rest of your days.

Smoulder stares at me,—shakes his head,—says irritably: "You turn everything into a joke. Who's to do all that, I should like to know?"—prefers passive grumbling, to which he is accustomed, to active resistance, of which he has no idea;—hails the omnibus, not being able to look an inch beyond his own convenience, the next morning as usual,—aimlessly grumbles over the discomfort of it, all the way to the Bank, with his friend Snorter; who aimlessly grumbles also, to the same tune, in a lower key;—meets Gruffer and Grumper on 'Change, and grumbles to them;—goes home (in the omni-

bus again) and grumbles to his wife and children;—finally, writes a letter to the Times, and actually thinks, when he sees it in print, that he has done a public duty.

Once more, there are the theatres. There is hardly a person in this country, possessing an ordinary sense of comfort, who does not dread going, even to the most attractive performances, on account of the miserably defective accommodation which the managers offer to the public in return for their money. If we sit in the dress-circle, have we room for our legs? Can we move without jostling our neighbours on both sides? Can we even see comfortably unless we are in the front row? If we go down-stairs into the stalls, are we not jammed together on high seats, with no foot-stools and no carpet, on the principle of getting as many of us into the place as possible—that place never having been originally intended for stalls at all? I know two theatres in London—and two only—in which it is possible to sit in the stalls with moderate comfort, and to see below the knees of the actors. As for the pit—with its rows of narrow wooden planks, half of them without backs, and all of them twice as close together as they ought to be—what words can describe the wretchedness of it? Where, in the rest of the habitable world, out of doors or in, is the cruel discomfort of the so-called sitting accommodation of a British pit to be equalled? It is really inconceivable that the public should now have submitted, for years and years, to be packed together, for the sake of putting certain additional pounds per night into the manager's pockets, like pigs on board an Irish steam-boat. And yet, they have submitted, when the remedy lay all the time, in their own hands. No miserable sinner in this country more thoroughly enjoys good acting than I do. And yet, if I thought the inhabitants of my parish would follow my example, and would try to rouse other parishes to the same sensible course of action, I would, from this moment, cheerfully engage to abstain from entering a theatre for a whole year's time, if need be, for the sake of ultimately starving the managers into giving us decent accommodation for our money. How comfortably we might sit and see a play, if we could only combine to send round a circular letter of this sort to the proprietors of the London theatres!

Sir,—I am desired to inform you, on the part of the theatrically-disposed inhabitants of this parish, that our bones have ached in your pit, our necks stiffened in your stalls, and our legs caught the cramp in your boxes, long enough. Your audience, sir, in this district, has struck for better seats, to a man, to a woman, to a child. Put what you like in your bill, not one of us will enter your theatre till our good money has wrung out of you the common justice, in return, of a comfortable seat.

What palaces of luxury our theatres would become in a few months, if the managers

received such a letter—as that, next week, from every parish in London!

There is the question of school education again. The public, fast asleep as usual, has been woken up about that subject, lately, by the Times. The case has been mentioned of a gentleman whose bill for the half-year's schooling and boarding of two little boys amounted to seventy-five pounds. This extortion was commented on publicly by an eminent novelist, was further exposed by an excellent article in the Times, which article was applauded with the usual unnecessary servility by the usual letter-writers who appear in that journal. What result has followed? One impudent letter, so far as I know, from one impudent schoolmaster. What other results are to be expected? Tell me plainly, will the comments of the eminent novelist, will the excellent article in the Times, will the fawning approval of the public letters, lower our school-bills—say, in a year's time? Judging by past experience in other matters, and by the representative letter of the impudent schoolmaster, I should say not. What, then, will lower them? Emptying the expensive schools next half-year—or, in other words, a strike of parents. My house would be dreadfully noisy, my boys would break the windows and play tricks with gunpowder, and I should have to suffer the shocking hardship of teaching them myself, unless I looked about and hired a tutor for the half-year. All serious inconveniences, I admit—but which alternative is the worse? To be uncomfortable for six months, or to submit to be fleeced regularly every half-year until my boys are grown up?

Here I rest my case; not because I am getting to the end of my examples, but because I am getting to the end of my space. Many readers may differ with my opinions, and may laugh at my remedy. It is easy to do so. But it is equally easy to obey the injunction which heads this paper. We travel every day in peril of being burnt to death; we ride in uncomfortable omnibuses; we sit in theatres with aching necks and bones, and are fleeced in them by box-opening harpies after we have paid our admission money; we pay bi-annually for the teaching and boarding of two of our small children a sum which equals a year's income for a clerk and his family—whose fault is it, really and truly, that these grievances, and dozens of others which might be mentioned, are not speedily and completely redressed? Has it actually come to this, that the English public has a capacity of common suffering, and a capacity of common grumbling, but no capacity of common action for the promotion of social reforms? Our system of civilisation relieves us of the performance of many irksome duties, by supplying us with deputies whose business it is to take them off our hands. This system has many obvious advantages,

which no reasonable man can question. But, if it be pushed beyond its legitimate purpose of saving the useless waste of valuably employed time, then it leads to serious disadvantages—even, as I am inclined to think, to serious deterioration of the national character. Public opinion, in these latter days, is apathetically satisfied with much talking and much writing; it shifts all doing to the shoulders of any chance deputy who may, or may not, turn up to accept practical responsibilities. It was not always so in England. When HAMPDEN'S blood rose under the extortionate tyranny of Charles the First, he was not satisfied with expressing his opinion that his taxes were unjust; he struck, and taught his countrymen to strike; he buttoned up his pockets like a man, and said, in plain, fearless words, "I will not pay the King his unjust demand." What does Hampden now, when every species of audacious social imposition is practised on him? He pays—and writes to the Times.

UNSUSPECTED NEIGHBOURS.

FROM the street in which we live, there diverges a lane, leading to nowhere, first, and afterwards to the open fields. About halfway between the street and the nowhere, there is a door in a wall affording entrance to a paradise which we often visit in search of apricots, artichokes, peaches, plums, and a long list of other desirable sundries. The bit of lane down which we have to pass, is partially paved in the roughest style, and partially remains in its primeval state of clay. Several gutters and kitchen drains from several houses empty their contents into it, getting out again as they can, if at all; notwithstanding which, the lane-floor all summer long is baked by the sun as hard as a brick. Moreover, one or two charitable persons take pity sometimes on the lane's forlorn condition: if it is unusually muddy after an extra dose from Saint Swithin's watering-pot, or Saint John's fire-engine, they scrape away the mire and make it what they call clean, leaving the next heavy tempest to finish the work of street-sweeping. But in autumn and winter (when it does not freeze) there will still remain permanent puddles, which render the crossing and the piloting down this lane a matter of considerable nicety. There is a chain of lakes of various dimensions communicating with each other through the beds of wheel-ruts. At one corner, there is an expanse of ornamental water; and there are picturesque creeks which lose themselves at the foot of a hedge.

The other day, when returning from the paradise with some canary-bird's groundsel and some ambrosial pears, I halted to contemplate the verdant lagune. "This must be rich!" I mentally exclaimed. "I will have a little of this before another five minutes!" So said, so done. With a beer-glass and an

iron spoon I obtained a sample of unctuous cream, only differently coloured to that afforded by the domestic cow.

When I rose to an upright position, after the process of skimming and scooping, I found myself standing face to face with a worthy citizen who had watched my proceedings with bewildered astonishment.

"I really beg your pardon," he said; "but what can be the use of that?"

"I want to see what sort of neighbours I have got," I replied, looking hard at my beer-glass.

He was too polite to ask further questions. Perhaps he was a little uneasy respecting my means of obtaining secret information, and set me down as a sorcerer.

The microscope was the talisman with which I immediately tested the quality of my neighbours. I had looked for members of the vegetable kingdom—for peaceable subjects, quiet creatures, sedentary beings merely,—and had the surprise of finding the greater portion of my cream to consist of busy crowds made up of myriads and myriads of lively promenaders, all belonging to one respectable family, enjoying themselves in company with billions and trillions of frisky fellows, the brothers, cousins-german, and second-cousins of several other equally respectable families. In short, it was a grand clan-meeting; it seems that they maintained their ground unexterminated by the bakings of the sun, the rarely-applied shovel of the road-mender, and the torrential rains of either equinox. I should like to introduce you to a few of my neighbours. They are all of them sailors by profession.

Figure to yourself, then, as Jolly Jack Tar the first, a grass-green, finless mackerel, with a lighter tinted head and tail, the caudal extremity tapering to a point. But, instead of being solid flesh, it is merely a hollow, transparent, flexible shell,—an overcoat without any body to wrap, studded inside irregularly with bright buttons of various sizes and shapes. A notch, by way of mouth, under the snout, like a pig's or a dog-fish's, remains permanently open, as if Jack had been greatly astonished in his early days, and had remained gaping with locked-jaw ever since. From one of the lips of the notch, there hangs a long thread, or whip-thong, something in the way of the worm-like appendages about the mouth of a barbel, only of extremest fineness, and longer than the creature's whole body. Abolish the mackerel's two eyes on each side, and, instead of them, put a single carmine-red eye, or perhaps cluster of eyes, at the back of the head. The creature is hence name *Euglena viridis*, that is, green pretty-pupil or pretty-eye. At times it contracts itself into the shape of a turnip-radish, the tap-root of which is the animal's tail. On account of this dramatic phase, in conjunction with its normal shape, one of its synonyms is *Raphanella urbica*, or town-loving little

radish. Sometimes it changes to a pear or a peg-top. But it really does delight in an urban or suburban residence, while one of its relations, to be mentioned shortly, prefers to revel in rural ponds and ditches. In repose or death, *Euglena* is round as a ball. Congregated in that state, so as to form a slimy paste like Russian caviare, it constitutes the dark green scum which covers the mud of many dried-up pools; alive and well, it gives the greenish tinge to the stagnant waters in which it dwells. The water itself continues white; the colour is derived from its inhabitants. *Euglena viridis* has one brother, amongst others, called *Euglena acus*, or *Euglena needle*, from its slenderer and more pointed proportions.

All the *Euglenas* roll through the water, revolving on their axis, instead of by distrokes of the tail, like fish. The filament attached to the head is supposed to be the locomotive power, by its continual lashing of the waters around it; but there are probably other means of progression which remain invisible to the acutest observer. It is doubtful whether the *Euglena's* pretty eye be an optical instrument at all. Ehrenberg will have it that it is, as also that the bright buttons inside are eggs, nervous ganglions and digestive organs; but Ehrenberg saw a great many things which nobody else has been able to see. With an indifferent microscope and a vivid imagination, you may see whatever you choose; while, with a first-rate microscope, not everybody has the skill to see what really is to be seen. Of the *Euglena's* own diet little is known. They cannot be made to swallow coloured substances with their so-called mouth, which is only a proof that they are not fond of paint. Probably they imbibe a good deal of nutriment by absorption, both in a liquid and a gaseous form. In this there is nothing contrary to facts established respecting the higher animals, man himself included; broth-baths and milk-baths have had their vogue from the date of Egyptian civilisation, downwards, while Dr. Franklin indulged in air-baths. Themselves (the *Euglenas*) are eaten at a rate of several individuals,—I dare not state how many I have seen devoured, for fear of being charged with exaggeration; but let us content ourselves with several—a minute, by the large wheel-animalcule, *Hydatina senta*, the rough water-beast who sucks them into his wide-open mouth, much as a codfish would swallow sprats, and instantly crushes them before your eyes in the terrible mill which works at the bottom of his throat. On letting fall a grain of salt or a droplet of sea-water into the drop in which an assembly of green *Euglenas* are disporting, death and the assumption of the globular form are the almost immediate consequences.

As a final surprise to you, unlearned reader, there are bold free thinkers who unhesitatingly affirm that the whole tribe of *Euglenas*

are nothing but plants very transparently disguised under the semblance of animals!—that they are only one of the “motile” forms of a protean vegetable, *Protococcus pluviialis*, the primitive rain-water grain, which has the power of passing alternately from a still to an active condition of life. If this be true, we feel less indignant at the voracity of the overgrown rotifer, who is only indulging in a hearty meal of salad, instead of engulfing whole shoals of innocent creatures; the insatiable carnivore is tamed down to a grazer on aquatic vegetation,—to the temper of a hippopotamus, in short. But the anti-animal theory for the *Euglenas* and others, though supported by high authority, and very possibly true, is still rejected by a considerable body of obstinate sceptics who regard the novel doctrine as heretical.

The second party of watermen who figure on our stage—and the expression is scarcely a metaphor; for the microscope has a stage as well as a theatre; not to mention that all the world’s a stage, whereon all the insects and animalcules are merely players, each playing many parts—our second party are akin to the first. The *Euglena*’s relation, who has been alluded to, looks like a small ovate leaf together with its footstalk, that had fallen into the water, and had suddenly become animated, swimming hither and thither with a rolling and revolving motion. But instead of being cylindrical and contractile, it is flat and scale-like,—slightly twisted as a withered leaf might be,—retaining its form after death, and even after the loss of its internal green colouring-matter. It has the bright red spot towards its anterior extremity, which in this case looks less like a real eye than that of its fish-like cousin. Its thread of a whip, of extremest fineness, is difficult to catch sight of, even with the best of instruments. Our present friend, named *Phacus pleuronectes*, or side-swimming lenticel, shows you how thin he is when you look at him edgewise. He is figured by Hogg as the flask-animalcule; but it is as clear that he is nearly an empty flask as it is doubtful whether we have the slightest clue to his private memoirs. As he is never observed to hold the least intercourse or connection with his fellows; as no indication of contractility has been perceived in the disks, or globules, or vesicles, contained in his interior; and as no food, foreign body, or coloured substance has ever been seen to enter what might be called his stomach; it is impossible to form any clear idea, either of the functions performed by his organisation, or of the nature of his constitution as a living individual. Perhaps he is not an animal at all, though his long slender whipthong is assumed to be a proof that he is.

If a prize were offered to the naturalist who should invent a living creature, on the condition of devising the most unthought-of form for an animal intended to inhabit a

liquid and a muddy medium, he would scarcely have the hardihood to propose such a strange, yet such a charming little monster as my pet, whom I call the corkscrew-worm, but who was christened by Ehrenberg, *Spirillum undula*; *spirillum* meaning a goat’s beard, the name is not inapt. There are several *Spirillums*; namely, *undula*, *volutans*, *plicatile*, and *tenuis*. Future observers, perhaps, may find reason to consider them as different stages of the same species. To form some idea of what they are like, without actually seeing them, cut off a ringlet of stiff-curling hair that makes two or three turns; endow each hair with the rigidity of iron-wire; separate them; animate them; and set them darting through the water, screw-like, in all directions, with a velocity which the eye can scarcely follow, and you have the *Spirillum volutans* magnified. If there were any moderate-sized existing shell-fish, say six inches long and half-an-inch thick, with the same form, proportions, and mode of locomotion as the *Spirillum* has, it would be a most formidable submarine projectile for a ship’s bottom to encounter; especially as these water-rockets fly, not singly, but in multitudinous coveys. They would be enough to sink another Russian fleet. The *Spirillums* are of equal thickness at each end. There is no perceptible evidence of head or tail, or other appreciable organisation. In fact, they appear to have no real tail, but to be double-headed serpents twisted into an inflexible curve; they move backwards or forwards, therefore, with equal ease; they have no difficulty in wheeling about or putting themselves in a position perpendicular to the side of glass on which they are swimming. They run races together, as it were, and stop from time to time to take breath, or water; but by what mechanical agency all this is effected, we must be content to remain in ignorance till the next grand improvement in microscopes takes place. *Spirillums* can neither contract their screw closer, nor extend themselves into a straight line; they remain as rigid after death as they were during life; nor can any division of parts or articulations (to be relied on) be seen under the highest magnifiers. They look like black, opaque, or transparent wavy lines, according as they are a little without or within the focus. All that can be received with certainty is, that their screw-like shell, instead of being round like a wire, is flat, like the blade of a knife, with the thickest part of the blade next to the axis of the screw. The inventor of the screw-propeller for steamboats, therefore, had been forestalled in his patent long ago. Here is a despised, I may say an unknown little animal, which flashes through the water at an incredible rate; who screws himself deep into the mud when bad weather comes, and who screws himself out again as easily when fine weather returns, by simpler

and more efficient mechanism than that which is contrived to propel Leviathans from continent to continent. I am never tired of watching the freaks of my merry neighbours, the corkscrews; the more so as the game they are playing is an insoluble puzzle. The dullest looker-on continues to gaze at the marvellous locomotion, whose means the eye cannot perceive nor the mind divine.

Another fellow-inhabitant, which those who behold it for the first time regard as a realised incredibility—a thing they dare not describe to their friends, for fear of being considered long-bow drawers—is the walking-stick worm (*Vibrio bacillus*). Myself thought I was the victim of an optical delusion, till repeated examination gave me convincing proof of the presence, not of visionary phantoms, but of real, moving material bodies. In the field of the microscope, nothing is seen at first; then, by looking sharp, catching a favourable ray of oblique light, and hitting the exact focus of your object-glass, multitudes of living wands are seen traversing the circle in all directions. They are stiff, with a slightly undulatory motion, which causes a slow steady progress in a straight line, either backwards or forwards, for it seems all one to them. There is no indication of head or tail; they are all of the same apparent thickness, but of very various lengths. No organs are perceptible; but I fancy I can see the symptoms of short articulations along the whole of their length, as if a scolopendra or forty-foot had caught a bad cold, which had given it a stiff-neck and a lumbago in the back. Of their food and generation nothing is known. It is probable that if a walking-stick worm is broken in two, the divided portions become distinct individuals. It is even possible that its reproduction may take place by the separation and subsequent growth of each several joint. But this is only a guess at a mystery.

After one more remarkable denizen has shown himself, we will take leave of our little companions for the present. The nimble-thimble (to give it a familiar nick-name) whose crystal body, furnished with a moveable fringe at the end where a lady would insert her finger, is an advanced stage of the creature better known as *Vorticella infusorium*—the little-eddy of infusions—and every stagnant ditch is a cold infusion of vegetable and animal matters. Some individuals are longer and more cylindrical in their shape than others, in which case they look like glass pint-pots, without handles to them. In its youth, we (at home) call this *Vorticella* the night-cap animal, while it is described in books as the bell-flower animal and the bell animalcule. But, the vivacious night-cap, instead of a tassel at the top, is furnished with a long string which, in the larger individuals, is visibly flat like a ribbon. By the further end of the ribbon it moors itself to some object of larger

dimensions, and commences fishing for its prey, by vibrating the circle of bristles with which the edge of the night-cap is fringed. The action of this fringe,—a rapid waving to and fro which the eye cannot follow when at its plenitude of vigour,—causes an irresistible whirlpool by which every minute object within its influence is brought to the yawning mouth of the cap. Whatever special senses the night-cap may or may not possess, it is gifted with extreme sensibility; at the slightest provocation, or at no provocation at all, it suddenly contracts the long ribbon into a spiral screw, and is instantly drawn, with a snatch and a spring, to its retreat and its place of anchorage. It may be compared, therefore, to a captive balloon, wherein the aeronaut has the power of instantly shortening the string that holds it to the ground; or it may be likened to a living paper-kite, which can fly under water in whatever direction it pleases, at the end of a string which is also itself alive. Microscopic anatomists inform us that the string or foot-stalk of the *Vorticella* contains no trace of muscular fibre, but that its rapid power of contraction and relaxation is due to the contractibility of the tissue lining the inside of the string, which is tubular, a property with which it appears to be specially endowed. At the same time that the string is contracted into a screw, the fringe of the night-cap is drawn tight close, and it is converted into a globular bag. The bell-animalcule takes alarm at the slightest disturbance. If you put a drop of water containing *Vorticellas* on your microscope slide, you must often wait several seconds before they will take courage to show themselves after their forcible abduction from the bottle in which you keep them. A somewhat paradoxical fact is, that very young bell-animalcules attach their stems to substances which expose them to violent and almost constant agitation; I have seen a large little family settled on the tail of a living tadpole, and another on the bivalve shell of a *Cypris*, a lively little crustacean,—the largest about the size of a mustard-seed,—which is always restlessly rushing through the water. However, should they change their minds, they can at any time lose hold of their turbulent quarters, and swim away freely, dragging their tails behind them, in search of some more comfortable situation. By-and-by, a fringe of cilia or bristles sprouts round the point whence the ribbon proceeds; the ribbon is cast off, like a tadpole's tail, as no longer wanted, and the liberated night-cap takes to a roving existence in the shape of the cylindrical nimble-thimble, whom we have seen bustling and jostling through crowded congregations of *Euglenas* and whole companies of cork-screw *Spirillums*.

And is this the whole list of our unsuspected neighbours? Ah, no! not by hun-

dreds and thousands. The few which I have presented to your notice have been selected not for their rarity, but for their commonness, as also because they are but briefly mentioned, when at all, in the popular treatises on the microscope. They require no extreme magnifying power to demonstrate their peculiarities, but are clearly recognisable and distinguishable, and their habits may be watched with a three-and-a-half guinea student's microscope. The inquirer, looking out for them, cannot fail to find them at the most casual search; they swarm beneath his footsteps and float beside his daily path. The aggregate number of our neglected neighbours is not countless; it is unimaginable; it is infinite. They lurk,—and very droll ones too,—in the tufts of moss on our cottage roofs; they are compressed and cofined alive in the blighted grain; they luxuriate and multiply in the hollows of our drains; they are whirled about in the clouds of dust which the keen March wind sweeps round the corners of the streets. They take possession of our food and drink; they swarm in our very persons if encouraged to do so by forgetfulness, neglect, and uncleanliness,—videlicet, between teeth that are never troubled by a brush. They help to consolidate our marshes, and to fill up our lakes. In fresh water, they abound incredibly; in seas and oceans, their hosts exceed all belief or imagination. So long as these, our unseen neighbours, remain, were every visible living creature swept from the face of the earth, our globe would still continue teeming with life on the most gigantic scale.

It has been naturally asked what is the use and the object of such innumerable throngs of minutest creatures? It has been ably answered, that these invisible animalcules may be compared, in the great organic world, to the minute capillaries in the microcosm of the animal body; receiving organic matter in its state of minutest subdivision, and when in full career to escape from the organic system, turning it back, by a new route, towards the central and highest point of that system. Animalcules are the savalls of organic matter. When a solid particle, either animal or vegetable, is about to leak away, by decay and resolution into its elementary gases, it is caught up by some animalcule, of whose frame it becomes a portion, to be devoured successively by larger rapacious infusoria, who themselves become the prey of insects or small fish. In this way, the trembling speck which can scarcely boast an outline to its form, helps to build up the frame and mass of the colossal whale.

But further; animalcules act as purifiers and scavengers of the highest importance. We can see that, but for them, every stagnant pool must become a centre of rottenness, which would fester and spread, till pestilence triumphant laid more highly organised beings

prostrate in death. We little think, in general, what a complicated army of tiny officials are constantly employed, night and day, summer and winter, at the endless work of filtering our waters, clearing away our offal, and rendering the breeze we are about to inhale, more refreshing and salutary to our lungs. Whether they be motile plants or whether they be animals, they are equally efficient in absorbing and retaining nutriment for their own structure and growth from what would be prejudicial and even fatal to us. But suppose pools, marshes, lakes, and seas to be utterly untenanted by a microscopic fauna, and they must become the pools, marshes, lakes, and seas of unceasing corruption, in consequence of the fresh matter unceasingly brought down to them by their tributaries. We know that production and reproduction, decomposition and new growth, continual death and as continual regeneration, is the great alternating law of nature. It would appear that animalcules occupy the turning-point of existence. They seize upon dissolution at its final stage; and where they first are present, the series of life begins. They, the shrill trebles in the grand chorus of Nature, shout with a voice of unison, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them All; the earth is full of thy riches. So is the great and wide sea also; wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts."

FEATS AT THE FERRY.

In this or that Hall of Arms, or sporting Arena in London, we have sometimes been witnesses of athletic entertainments stated to be prevalent in the north country, and we must confess that they struck us as being wearisome to the last degree: the sawdusted circle, the gas-lights, and the roar of the streets without, were circumstances perhaps too adverse for the proper appreciation of pastoral gymnastics; but certainly the heroes of Cumberland and Westmoreland gained little, as it seemed to us, by contrast even with the Whitechapel or Finsbury pets of the legitimate ring. Had we never known the beautiful sister counties save by report, we should have lived and died at St. John's Wood in the belief that their favourite sport was brutal and debasing, and the champions of their valleys mercenary gladiators—which would have been a great mistake indeed. That by reason of the frequency of wrestling meetings in the north, and of the increased value of the prizes, there are now a distinct race of professionals who live by the gladiatorial exercise of their thews and sinews, is quite true; it is very possible that amongst these men the bubble reputation may be held in less repute than a ten-pound note, and that various little arrangements may be made beforehand to the advantage of these privy purses and to the prejudice of honest and fair

elling; but their case is quite exceptional. Most of our northern athletes are used simply to make holiday, and leave their sheep-tending, or inn-keeping, or village trade for a few hours in order to enter their names at some neighbouring meeting, and to take their chance of being in the last two or three rounds (for which proportionable rewards are given), or of being among the sixteen last standers, or of even getting the champion's belt. Besides these public sports there are local ones of constant occurrence in every valley however small, for the north country population is far better off than that of the south, and has plenty of leisure to enjoy its favourite amusement. Each hero of his own hamlet, therefore, in venturing to such places as Carlisle or Ulverston, is certain of not being altogether unknown, and of getting supported by his little band of admirers; nay, so strong are these local attachments that not only are all Cumberland ready to set their lives upon the issue against a Westmoreland man, and vice versa, but two coming from the same place will generally refuse to wrestle at all, and he who is considered the better man is "laid down" to, and "stands" fresh and ready for some alien opponents. No dale, far hidden and set amidst the barrenest crags, is so poor but that it furnishes its belt of good broad leather with iron or steel buckle for a prize at feast-time, which the statesmen of the north are wont to wear as proudly, and to win, at least as honestly, as those of Downing Street their ribbons and garters. Almost every farm-house has its heir-looms of this kind, and we have seen grandfather, son, and grandson sitting in their eating-room with these trophies, fresh and fading, of the three generations suspended from the dark wood panelling behind them.

As the circumstances which attend these sports in towns needs materially detract from their usefulness, and from the enjoyment to be derived from them, so, in the lake country, their every accessory seems to heighten what is pleasant in them, and to increase the gratification of the spectator. The fine bracing character of the air—the open air—in which the sports are held; the exceeding beauty, in almost every case, of the scenery surrounding the place of meeting; the perfect good humour which prevails among the many combatants, and the scientific knowledge and intense interest exhibited by the lookers-on, unite in making these mountain revels matters very different indeed from the scenes of the prize-ring or the race-course.

There is not, we believe, a more beautiful prospect in all England than that afforded from the Ferry Ring on Windermere, as we sit on its rude wooden stand, and look straight out to northward; six miles of the broad blue lake lie immediately beneath us, gemmed with innumerable wooded islets, and sprinkled

with countless sails, for there is a regatta on the water to please the ladies (who rarely honour the wrestlers with their presence), and for those weaker brethren who prefer aquatics. How fair looks she who is well named Belle Isle, with that fine timber skirting her curving bays, and Lily Holm yonder,—what a fit garden is it for the loveliest of flowers! What mighty woods to westward clothe all those swelling hills to the water's edge, made doubly large by their reflection in the stilly depths! How stately beyond, at the lake's head, is marshalled that great mountain host with its mighty flanks, far undulating on either side! What a queen looks Fairfield—serene and emerald-crowned—and how fitly Langdale Pikes, themselves right royal, are guarding those shut mountain gales, within which reigns, invisible, Scawfell, their king. There is music rising from below upon the lake, and echoing sweet and far, and voices singing which awaken, away in the grey hill solitudes, snatches of broken melody. Afar, the grandeur of the mountain world, and near, the beauty of the lake with wooded isles! What would we more of nature? As for man—in this small ring before us, the foreground of the picture—there will be seen as splendid specimens of strength and form as Britain boasts of; the vigour of sinew, the shifts of suppleness, can be no further exercised than we shall see them used this day. The light-weights—those that are under eleven stone—will wrestle first this morning: a man who can but just get into them, has, of course, the better chance of doing well in them; and in the heavies also, than one less sturdy.

"Nay, you're over weight, John, by two pounds," says the clerk of the ring, to some candidate seated in the weighing scale, who smiles good-naturedly, and takes off nearly everything, but still is not quite qualified; he puts, therefore, a couple of great-coats on, and takes a run in the road by the lake's side, whereby, his too solid flesh being swelled and dissolved into a dew, he comes to scale a light-weight after all. Their names being entered, to the number, perhaps, of forty pairs, each of them is written on a slip of paper and thrown into a hat, from which they are drawn at hazard, two at a time, by village children. The pair thus selected have to wrestle together; but when a novice finds himself opposed to a very good man, he will often "lay down," and give up his modicum of chance at once, whereupon the other receives his ticket from the official, just as though he had "felled" his adversary in the ring. There are a great many "lay downs" in the first round, so that the wrestling gets select, and very much improves as it proceeds. The third round comprehends therefore (unless in the case of some accidental defeat) a score of the best men; they strip to their drawers and flannel waistcoats, exhibiting such studies for the painter and the

sculptor as are rarely seen elsewhere. They shake hands before commencing, in token of amity, nor, indeed, in the thick of the strain and the struggle, while the face of each is over the shoulder of the other, and every muscle is exerted to the utmost, do these fine fellows exhibit any trace of savageness or personal animosity.

Two umpires, Nestors of the wrestling-ring, walk slowly round the combatants, and observe them narrowly, nor is their decision ever impugned by the losing man. While the pair are taking hold, gratuitous advice is offered to them freely by their friends who sit or stand around the Pit; but when they grapple, a perfect torrent of bonnie Carels or bonnie Kendals, as the case may be, cleaves all the air. Then they strive, then they strain, shoulder to shoulder, neck to neck, and at last touch ground perhaps so nearly at the same instant, as to require the most practised eye to award the fall, or whirling circularly as in Fakir dance, are cast violently to earth apart, or one across the victor's thigh comes heels over head, and measures all his inches upon the greensward with a thud. This last fall is the only dangerous one, and that only in case of very heavy weights and of indifferent performers. Good wrestlers very rarely hurt one another. This quiet-looking giant by our side, who has been champion often and often—and will be so again this day, although he is nearly forty, and more than twelve years past the wrestler's prime—has never, in his twenty years' experience, once been hurt. He won his first man's belt when a lad of sixteen years old, and in his house across the lake yonder—a clean, neat little inn set in a wilderness of flowers—has no less than one hundred and seventy-four of these wrestling zones; of all colours they are, and of all descriptions, from the broad plain Manchester looking belt won at that matter-of-fact and unornamental town, to the splendid award of Newcastle, embossed with the silver towers. Besides the mere leather (although there is nothing like it) there is, of course, a very considerable prize in money, averaging, perhaps, twenty pounds; lesser pecuniary rewards are proportionally distributed among the less successful combatants, and besides these a subscription prize is commonly made up by the stewards or spectators, for which the sixteen last standers wrestle over again. Between the light and heavy weight matches (which are generally upon following days) there are all sorts of other amusements; running matches, for a mile or so; dog trails; jumping matches, for which not only the aborigines enter, but usually several visitors, university men and the like, who, reckoning upon the iron-shod boots and rough appearance of the natives, are surprised to find them, when stripped, as lithe and active as themselves, and indeed a trifle more so; they are, of course, a lighter set of men for the most

part than even the light-weight wrestlers. There is jingling also, a sport which consists in blindfolding a number of men and turning them out in the arena, which has been previously strewed with sacks full of sawdust, to pursue some fleet-footed athlete, who carries a bell. It is great fun to watch these unfortunates taking accurate bearings of these sacks before they are blinded, and then to see the pitiless officials set these impediments totally afresh, besides turning each performer three times round at the commencement of the game. But the most graceful of all the treats at the ferry is the pole-leaping. Two lofty uprights are set up with a light shifting bail that is raised an inch at a time by pegs, the first height being about seven feet. Each candidate has three several trials, if it be necessary, at each new position of the bar, and as it gets loftier, the competitors of course get fewer and fewer. It is pleasant to see the care which each man takes to fix upon the precise spot where his hand must clasp the pole in order to clear the desired height; how, girding himself up for the run, he rises perhaps to the requisite height, but, unlike vaulting ambition, comes down on the same side; or gets over the bail, but somehow brings it down along with him; or actually clears it, falling no matter on what portion of his body, whence he leaps up instantly to join in the universal cheer. When it is a candidate's last chance of three, his trial becomes of course proportionally exciting; shouts of encouragement greet him upon all sides, and the women, if he be a bonnie laddie, often shed tears in their enthusiasm. We once saw a youth fail twice at nine feet five inches, and so on to nine feet eight, always managing, however, to clear the bar when it came to his final chance. He was an inferior leaper to more than one of his conquered opponents, and only gained his place by pluck.

The heavy weight wrestlers generally close these amusements; if the others were Apollo, each of these is surely a Hercules; their grip is like the hug of a bear. The champion here, who was so good as to show us how to "take hold," the other day, in his garden, has left his mark indelibly on our back, besides having compressed our ribs so that we cannot breathe right yet. It has come to the last round by this time, and our giant friend has got but one foe to deal with—a true son of Anak, as tall if not so big as himself—he has got his work cut out for him, say the old hands; but success has made him somewhat over-bold; how quietly he suffers those mighty arms to be placed around him, and those strong fingers to feel like one in the dark for a certain hold. Now they have gripped at an advantage, and the foe is only waiting for him to have hold likewise. "He has holt! he has holt!" see how they grapple and strain. "Bonnie Robson!" "Bonnie Longmire!" so interested this time

in the individuals as to call them by their own names instead of by the localities from which they come. "Three to two on Langmire! two to one! five to — Langmire's down! Robson's felled him! Bonnie Robson!" And indeed it was so; very quiet, but very grim, our giant looked. "It is the best of three for the last round," quoth he, as he took up earth in his hands to prevent them slipping, reminding us of the preparatory horn practice which the bull indulges himself in on the turf before he charges. This time it is two to one on Robson, who is indeed a very good man, but he is felled nevertheless, and the third time he is likewise felled after a struggle such as the old Greek gods were wont to delight in, sitting above the thunder on Olympus top, or the Roman Cæsars, little less divine, in that great wrestler's ring by the Eternal City. So our giant friend has won his one hundred and seventy-fifth girdle, and is champion after all.

How the twilight is falling in the long valleys yonder, though the western hills wear still their golden crowns, and how coolly comes the lake wind through the island trees as we embark in the huge ferry-boat, and steer for the wooded promontory on the other shore. It was from thence that in the dark stormy night the evil voice called Boat, which the poor ferryman obeyed so fatally. No passenger was there, but some sight—no one knows what—which sent him back with bloodless face and dumb, to die next day. (The owls call Boat there yet, but not the fiend, who has been exorcised and laid in the wood quarry by the priest of Chapel Isle years and years ago.) Of all the feats at the ferry that is the only one which we hope will not yearly be repeated.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,

Or place my hand in thine,

Before I let thy future give

Colour and form to mine,—

Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night,
for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel

One shadow of regret:

Is there one link within the past

That holds thy spirit yet?

Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can
pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams

A possible future shine,

Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,

Untouched, unshared by mine?

If so, at any pain or cost, O tell me before all is
lost!

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel

Within thy inmost soul

That thou hast kept a portion back,

While I have staked the whole,

Let no false pity spare the blow, but, in true mercy,
tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need

That mine cannot fulfil?

One chord that any other hand

Could better wake or still?

Speak now, lest at some future day, my whole life
withier and decay.

Lives there, within thy nature hid,

The demon-spirit, Change,

Shedding a passing glory still

On all things new and strange?

It may not be thy fault alone, but shield my heart
against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,

And answer to my claim

That fate, and that to-day's mistake,

Not thou, had been to blame?

Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou—O
surely thou, wilt warn me now!

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

At Almorah I parted company with my foreign friends.* They intended crossing the mountains—the snowy range—to pay a visit to Kanawur. This was a journey for which I had not much inclination; besides, I was doubtful whether I could breathe at an elevation of eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. As it was, several of the coolies died of cold, and the rarity of the atmosphere. In fact, both of my friends themselves had, as they informed me afterwards, a very narrow escape. On several occasions they were compelled to huddle themselves amongst the coolies in their tent, and the sheep which they were taking with them for food, were kept alive for the sake of the warmth they could impart in the canvas abode. The grandeur of the scenery, they said, would defy any attempt at describing it. What they most wondered at was the impudence of that insect, man, in daring to climb up into such regions.

My friend, the assistant magistrate, had still a fortnight of unexpired leave, and proposed to me that we should pay a visit to a friend of his at an out-of-the-way station, called Bijnore. I had not the least objection, and thither we went. We were most hospitably received, partly out of regard for ourselves in particular, but chiefly because our host had not seen a white face for five weeks.

The cutcherry, or court-house, was undergoing repair, and the magistrate, therefore, was obliged to administer the duties of his office in his own abode, or rather in the verandah; for, a large number of half-clad natives, in a hot country, do not impart to a confined space an agreeable perfume, by any means. To me this scene—the native court—was particularly interesting. There sat the covenanted official in an arm-chair, with his solah hat on and a cheroot in his mouth, listening very attentively to the sheristadar,

* See page 148.

or head clerk, who was reading or singing aloud, the entire proceedings in the case then pending.

The prisoner, surrounded by half a dozen native policemen, all with drawn swords, was standing ten paces off. Ever and anon he interrupted the court by protesting his innocence, and assuring the sahib that the whole of the depositions were false from beginning to end. This interruption was usually—I may say, invariably—rebuked by the words, “Choop raho, sner!” (“Hold your tongue, you pig!”) And, not unfrequently, the nearest policeman accompanied this mandate by giving the culprit a smart blow on the back, or a dig in the ribs. I have seen prisoners well thrashed in our Indian court of justice by order of the presiding magistrate, for talking out of their turn; but that was not the case in the present instance. No more violence was resorted to than was absolutely necessary for the maintenance of order and the progress of the trial. The offence of which the prisoner stood charged was that of forging a bond for five hundred rupees, and suing thereon for principal and interest. The defence was, that the signature to the bond was not a forgery, and that the money had been advanced to the prosecutor; to prove which, no fewer than seven witnesses were called. Each of them swore, point blank, that, upon a certain day and at a certain place, they saw the prisoner pay over the money, and saw the prosecutor execute the deed. To rebut this, the prosecutor called eleven witnesses who swore, point blank, that, upon the day and at the hour mentioned as the day and hour on which the deed was executed, they met the prosecutor at a village forty miles distant from Bijnore. In short, if their testimony was to be relied upon, the eleven witnesses had proved an alibi.

This was one of those cases which happen continually in courts of justice in India; where the magistrate or judge must not be, and is not, guided by the oaths of the witnesses, but entirely by circumstances. It is one of those cases, too, in which it would be dangerous to consult the native officers of the court; for, having received bribes from both parties, their advice would be dictated entirely by pecuniary considerations. With them the question would be simply out of which party—the accused or the prosecutor—could most money be got in the event of “guilty” or “not guilty.” With regard to the characters of the witnesses, they are pretty equal, and generally very bad on both sides. Indeed, in nearly all these cases, the witnesses are professionals; that is to say, men who are accustomed to sell their oaths, and who thoroughly understand their business. They know exactly what to say when they come into court, just as an actor who is letter perfect in his part knows what to say when he comes on the boards. In fact, a case is got up

exactly as a play is. Each man has his particular part, and studies it separately; before the day of trial comes, they meet and rehearse, and go through “the business” till they verily believe (such is my opinion) that they are not perjured, but are speaking the truth. As for shaking the testimony of men so trained to speak to a certain string of facts, I would defy the most eminent nisi prius advocates in Europe. Besides, even if you should reject one part of a statement, it does not follow, in a native court, that you should reject the whole. The price paid to these professional witnesses depends, in a great measure, on the nature and magnitude of the cause. It is about twelve per cent. out of the sum in dispute. I believe it is distributed amongst the witnesses, and the like sum amongst the native officers of the court. This, of course, does not include little extra presents given secretly to those who are supposed to have the greatest amount of influence with the sahib, and who pretend that they will speak to him, favourably. The personal servants, also, of the European magistrate or judge expect some gratuity, and hang about a client like the servants of badly regulated hotels where attendance is not charged in the bill. It is this that makes litigations so expensive in India that even the successful party is often ruined before the suit is half concluded.

“Tiffin is ready, sahib,” said the khansamah, coming into the verandah, and placing his hands together in a supplicating attitude. “It is on the table, sahib.”

“Then we will adjourn,” said the magistrate, bowing to me, and rising. This was at once the signal for breaking up the day’s proceedings.

The tiffin over, we began to play at whist, and continued to do so until the sun had lost his power, when the buggies were ordered, and we took a drive in couples along a very bad road. It fell to my lot to be the companion of the magistrate, a very able and excellent man: one of the most efficient officers in the East India Company’s civil service. He was, moreover, an admirable linguist, and spoke Hindoostanee as well as any native.

“You understood the proceedings to-day?” he asked me.

“I followed them—yes.”

“And you heard the evidence?”

“Yes.”

“What would you say? Is he guilty or not?”

“I cannot say, although I have thought a good deal on the point. Even while we were playing whist, to-day’s proceedings were uppermost in my mind. Nothing can be clearer than that either one side or the other is perjured.”

“Both sides are perjured. If the bond be genuine, the men who really witnessed the execution, and who subscribed their names as witnesses, will not come forward, or else they

are such fools that the native lawyer for the defence will not trust to them lest they should be confuted and commit themselves."

"But what do you think? Is the bond a genuine document or not?"

"That is the very question. And when there is no evidence to weigh, how are you to act?"

"I suppose that in those cases you give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt?" I remarked.

"Not always. If I did that, I should acquit almost every culprit that is brought before me, and so would every judge throughout the length and breadth of the land. By the way, about a year ago, I sent a case to the sessions judge—a case of murder. I fancied there could be no doubt as to the guilt of the accused; which was the opinion of the sessions judge and of the Sudder Court of Appeal. The man was hanged about six weeks ago; and now I have discovered, beyond all question, that he was hanged for the offence of which his prosecutor was guilty! It may be all very well for people in England to rail at the administration of justice in this country; but they would be less severe upon some of us if they could only come out here and see the material with which we have to deal. The administration of justice may be, I confess, very much reformed and improved, but where the great bulk of the people are corrupt, it can scarcely be in anything like a perfect state." This statement, remember, was made by a magistrate who speaks as well as writes the native language as well as the natives themselves. But conceive the confusion and injustice of courts, the magistrates of which solely depend on corrupt moonshees for what they know of the evidence.

There is but very little twilight in India; and, by the time that we had returned from our drive it was dark. Shortly afterwards, dinner was announced. Dinner over, we resumed our whist, and played until midnight.

The following day was a native holiday—a Hindoo holiday. What with Hindoo holidays and Mahomedan holidays, nearly a third of every year is wasted; for, upon these days public business is suspended, and the various offices closed. It is devoutly to be hoped that, when our rule in India is completely re-established, these absurd concessions—these mere pretexts for idleness—will no longer be suffered to prevail. It is only the pampered native servants of the government, civil and military, who are clamorous for the observance of these "great days," as they call them. Go into the fields or ride through a bazaar on one of these holidays and you will see the people at their work, and the shopkeepers pursuing their respective avocations. You pass the court-house, the treasury, the magistrate's office, and observe that they are all shut up. You ask the reason,

and are informed that it is a native holiday. You go to an establishment founded and conducted by private enterprise—a printing office, for instance—and you observe Hindoos of every caste, and Mussulmans also, at their daily labour. Why? Because the head of such an establishment stipulates that those who wish for employ must work all the year round, and they prefer employ on such terms to no employ at all. So it is in some mercantile firms in Calcutta, and at the other presidencies; albeit such firms experience very great inconvenience from the circumstance of the government banks being closed on these holidays; if a merchant wishes to get a cheque cashed, or a bill discounted, he must wait sometimes for days together. Even the doors of the Queen's courts are often closed, and the judges and the council left unemployed, notwithstanding that the litigants are British subjects; and this because the native writers in these courts and the officers attached to them, are paid by the Company's government, which recognises absence from duty on these holidays.

It would be hard to deprive either of the great sects of certain holidays in every year. The Doorgah-Poojah, for instance, or the Mohurrun; but it is sheer folly, and profitless withal, to sanction these constantly repeated interruptions to public business. The idlers of the covenanted civil service in India are, naturally, in favour of closing the doors of the various offices as often as possible; but the hard-working portion, those men who take some interest in the discharge of the duties for which they draw their pay, regard the native holidays as an intolerable nuisance which ought, long since, to have been abolished by the government.

Whilst we were enjoying ourselves after dinner on the evening of the Hindoo holiday, the khansamah came in, and announced that two sahibs had arrived.

"Two sahibs?" said our host. "Who are they?"

"They are strangers to me, sahib," said the khansamah, "and they do not speak Hindoostanee; but their bearers say that they are Lord sahibs."

"Who, on earth, can they be?" said the magistrate of Bijnore (loudly) to himself; and, rising, he left the table to make inquiry in person, and offer the travellers every hospitality.

"O, I beg your pardon," said a voice from one of the palanquins. "But would you be good enough to tell me where I am?"

"You are at Bijnore," said the magistrate, blandly.

"Bij-what?"

"Bijnore."

"Then, how far am I from Meerut?"

"A very considerable distance—forty miles at least."

"How the deuce is that?"

“Well, sir—in the words of the Eton Latin Grammar—I may reply :

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

But where have you come from ? ”

“From Seharry something or other ; but confound these nores, and pores, and bores ! There’s no recollecting the name of any place, for an hour together. The magistrate—I forget his name just now ; but it was Radley, Bradley, Bagley, Ragley, or Cragley, or some such name—told me he would push me on to Meerut, and here am I, it seems, forty miles out of my road ! Well, look here. I am Lord Jamleigh.”

“Indeed ! Well, you are welcome to some refreshment and repose in my home, in common with your friend ; and whenever you desire to be ‘pushed on,’ I will exert my authority to the utmost to further your views.”

“O, thank you. My friend is my valet. Here, Mexton, jump out and take my things into a room.”

While Mexton is obeying this order, and while his lordship is following his host, let us inform the reader who his lordship was, and what was the object of his mission to India.

His lordship was a young nobleman, who was about to enter Parliament, and, being desirous of acquiring information concerning India in order to be very strong when the question for renewing the charter came on in eighteen hundred and fifty-two or fifty-three, he resolved on travelling in the country for a few months : the entire period of his absence from home, including the journey overland, not to exceed half a year. After a passage of thirty-four days—having already seen the Island of Ceylon, and approved of it—his lordship landed at Madras, was carried up to Government house where he took a hasty tiffin, and was then carried back to the beach, whence he re-embarked on board the steamer, and was, three days afterwards, landed at the Ghaut in Calcutta, where he found a carriage ready to convey him to the vice-regal dwelling. After two days’ stay, he was “pushed on,” at his own request, to the Upper Provinces : his destination being Lahore. The newspapers got hold of his name, and came out with something of this kind : “Amongst the passengers by the Bentinck is Lord Jamleigh, eldest son of the Right Honourable the Earl of Dapperleigh. His lordship leaves Calcutta this evening, and will pass through the following stations.” Then came a list of these stations. At many of these stations he was met—officially met by gentlemen in authority, who dragged—literally dragged—him, in their anxiety to have a lord for a guest, to their houses, and kept him there as long as they could : taking care to have the north-west journals informed of where and with whom his lordship had put up. He was not allowed to stay at a

dák bungalow for an hour or two, and then proceed, taking—in the strictest sense of the phrase—his bird’s-eye view of India, its people, its institutions, and so forth. Some of them threw obstacles in the way of his getting bearers, so that he might remain with them for four-and-twenty hours, and thus thoroughly impregnate and air their houses with an aristocratical atmosphere. Others lugged him to their courts and collectorates, albeit he had seen one of each at Burdwan in Bengal, and consequently had seen the working of the Indian judicial and revenue departments, and knew all about them. This sycophantic impertunity of a few government officials soured his lordship’s temper, which imparted to his manners a rudeness which was perhaps foreign to his nature. His lordship was led to believe that all Indian officials were a parcel of sycophants—progress-impeding sycophants—and hence he grew to treat them all alike : and he did not scruple, at last, to extract his information from them much in the same way that a petulant judge who has lost all patience with a rambling witness, takes him out of the hands of counsel, and brings him sharply to the point. For instance, “I know all about that, but tell me this,”—note-book in hand—would Lord Jamleigh in suchwise frequently interrogate his civil hosts, who insisted on doing themselves the honour of entertaining his lordship. The fact was that, in his own opinion, he knew all about India and its affairs long before he touched the soil, for he had read a good deal in blue books and newspapers. His object, as we have before hinted, was simply to see the country and travel in it, or through it, and thus arm himself with a tremendous and telling weapon in a court-tested debate, should he take part therein. And therefore when his lordship asked questions it was not so much with a view to obtain information as to test the accuracy of that already acquired by reading, over the fireside in the library, of his father’s mansion in Bagdad Square. Thus, the entries in his lordship’s note-book were, after all, merely a matter of form.

Having divested himself of the dust with which he was covered, and having restored himself to his personal comforts, his lordship joined our little party, and partook of some dinner which the khansamah had prepared for him. His repast concluded, his lordship moistened his throat with a glass of cool claret, and proceeded, in his own manner, to interrogate his host, who was not only an accomplished scholar, but a ready and refined wit. It was thus that the dialogue was commenced and continued :

“What is the number of inhabitants in this district ? ” asked the noble guest.

“Upon my word I don’t know, I have never counted them.”

“But have you no idea ? Can’t you give a guess ? ”

"Oh, yes; some hundreds of thousands," replied the host.

"Ah! And crime? Much crime?" his lordship persevered.

"Very much. But we are going to reduce it, during the ensuing half-year, exactly thirty-three and a-half per cent.," answered the magistrate, looking uncommonly statistical.

"How?"

"Well, that is what my assistant and myself have decided upon."

"I do not understand you. How can you possibly say at this moment whether, during the next six months, the amount of crime shall be greater or less?" His lordship was puzzled.

"How? Why, just in the same way that the directors of a joint-stock bank determine in their parlour what shall be the amount of dividend payable to shareholders. My assistant wanted to make a reduction of fifty per centum on the last returns; but I think thirty-three and a-half will be a very fair figure."

"You intend, perhaps, to be more severe," said the young legislator.

"Nothing of the kind. On the contrary, we intend to be less energetic by thirty-three and a-half per cent — to take matters more easily, in short."

"I wish I knew what you meant."

"I will explain it to you."

"As briefly as possible, please." His lordship didn't want to be bored, evidently.

"By all means."

"I only want facts, you see."

"And I am about to give you facts—dry facts."

"Well?"

"The facts are these. There is a district in these provinces nearly twice the size of this, and it contains nearly double the number of inhabitants."

"Yes."

"During the past half-year, the number of convictions in that district has been very much less than the number of convictions in this district. And the Sudder Court of Appeal has come to the conclusion, on looking at the figures in the official return, that the proportion of CRIME to population, in this district, is greater than it is in that district."

"Very naturally."

"Indeed? But suppose that the magistrate of that district only attends his court once or twice a-week, and then only for an hour or two on those days; and suppose that his assistant is a young man who makes sport his occupation and his business, and business his recreation and his sport? And suppose that I and my assistant work hard, and do our best to hunt up all the murderers, thieves, and other culprits, whom we hear of, and bring them to justice and to punishment? What then? Are the figures in the official returns touching the convictions, to be taken

as any criterion of the crime perpetrated in our respective districts?" His worship delivered these questions triumphantly.

"In that case, certainly not."

"Well, the Sudder have looked at the convictions, and the consequence has been, that in the last printed report issued by that august body (composed of three old and imbecile gentlemen) to the government, the magistrate of that district and his assistant have been praised for their zeal, and recommended for promotion, while the magistrate and assistant of this district have been publicly censured, or, to use the cant phrase of the report, "handed up for the consideration of the Most Noble the Governor-General of India."

"Is it possible?" asked the lord, throwing up his hands.

"You ask for dry facts, and I have given you dry facts."

"May I make a note of this?" (pulling out an elegant souvenir.) "Not that I should think of mentioning your name."

"You may make a note of it; and, so far as mentioning my name is concerned, you may do as you please. I have already written to the Sudder what I have stated to you," was the answer.

"What about the thirty-three and a-half per cent?"

"Yes; and what is more, I have insisted on a copy of the letter being forwarded to the Governor-General."

"And what will be the result, do you suppose?"

"That I neither know nor care. I have just served my time in this penal country; and, being entitled to both my pardon and my pension, I intend to apply shortly for both."

The reader will be glad to hear that a long correspondence ensued on this subject, between the Sudder, the government, and the mutinous magistrate. The upshot was, that the imbecile old men who had too long warned that tribunal, were pushed off their stools by the Governor-General (Lord Dalhousie), who, very meritoriously, bullied them into resigning the service; threatening, as some say, to hold a commission on their capacity for office. In their stead were appointed three gentlemen, whose abilities and vigour had hitherto been kept in the back settlements of India. The crowning point of all was, that the mutinous magistrate was one of the illustrious three!

Lord Jamleigh informed us that he had seen Lahore, and that he was about to go across the country to Bombay, and that he should then have seen all three presidencies, as well as all the upper provinces and the Punjab. He regretted, half-apologetically, that he had not been able to take a look at the Himalayas—Simlah and Mussoorie—but the fact was, "he was so much pressed for time."

"Poor devils!" exclaimed our host, smiling. "But as they won't know anything about it, they won't feel it much; indeed, not at all."

"To whom are you alluding?" asked my lord.

"The Himalayas," sighed our host, passing the claret to his lordship, who, by this time, had discovered that he had not got into a nest of sycophants, who worshipped a title, no matter how frivolous or how insolent the man might be who wore it; but that he had accidentally fallen into the company of persons of independent character: and albeit they were desirous of giving him a welcome, and making him comfortable,—being a stranger who had lost his way,—nevertheless were determined to make him pay in some shape for the want of courtesy he had exhibited when the bearers set his palkee down at the door of the bungalow. This discovery made his lordship a little uncomfortable, and rather cautious in his observations. He felt, in short, as one who knows that he has committed an error, and that some penalty will be exacted,—but what penalty, and how exacted, he cannot imagine. Had he been able to get away, he would probably have taken a hasty farewell of us. But that was impossible. His jaded bearers were cooking their food, and, until twelve o'clock, there was no hope of getting them together.

The khansamah came in with a fresh bottle of wine. Our host, withdrawing his cigar from his lips, inquired of him, if the wants of the gentleman's servant had been attended to?

"Yes, sahib," was the reply.

"And have you given him any champagne?"

"No, sahib."

"Then, do."

"O pray do nothing of the kind!" exclaimed his lordship. "He is not accustomed to it."

"Then he will enjoy it all the more," said our host. "I hope he is taking notes, and will write a book on India. I should much like to see his impressions in print; and he may possibly dignify me by devoting a few lines to the character of my hospitality. It is to be hoped, however, that should his travel inspire him with a thirst for literary distinction, he will confine himself to a personal compilation of his experience, and not go into judicial or revenue matters; for, should he do so, you may find yourself clashing with him, and that would be awkward. His publisher's critic might be inclined to break a spear with your publisher's critic, in their respective reviews of your respective works, and it would be quite impossible to conjecture where the controversy might end. Indisposed as I am, generally, to obtrude my advice upon any one—and much less a

perfect stranger to me—I nevertheless feel that I am only doing you a kindness when I say that, if I were you, I would regard Hindostan as a sort of Juan Fernandez, and myself the Crusoe thereof, and this valet as my man Friday; and then—with a due observance of that line of demarcation which should always be drawn between civilised man and the savage,—I would not permit him to keep even a stick whereon to notch the day or time of any particular event that occurred during my residence in the country, lest he should some day or other,—in consequence of my having discharged him, or he having discharged me,—rise up and instigate some man or other to call in question the accuracy of my facts.—The wine is with you; will you fill, and pass it on?"

Lord Jamleigh became very red in the face, and rather confused both in manner and speech. As for myself and the two assistant magistrates, there was something so benignant in the expression of our host's handsome and dignified countenance, something so quaintly sarcastic in the tone and manner of his discourse, that, had we known that death was the penalty of not maintaining the gravity of our features, our lives would certainly have been forfeited.

A silence for several minutes ensued after this; Lord Jamleigh spoke to our host as follows:

"Most of the young noblemen who come to this country, come only to travel about and amuse themselves. I come on business. I may say, Parliamentary business. My time is short, and I must make the most of it. I dare say, when you saw my name in the papers, as having arrived in India, you little thought that I was not a man of pleasure and excursion?"

"Upon my word, the subject never once became a matter of speculation with me," said our host.

After some further conversation, in which our host spared his visitor as little as was consistent with good breeding, Lord Jamleigh, who had been "sitting upon thorns," rose and said—

"I am afraid I have already trespassed upon your goodness too long. I will not attempt to apolo—apolo—or to express how much—how much; nor to assure you that—assure you—that when—"

"O, pray, don't mention it!" said our host, smiling. "You desire your palkee?"

"If you please," said Lord Jamleigh.

The palkee was ordered; and we were standing in expectation that it would be instantly announced as "ready"—when the sirdar bearer (head personal attendant) came into the room, in a state of excessive trepidation, and informed us that the sahib's sahib (Lord Jamleigh's valet) was drunk, asleep, and refused to be disturbed on any pretence whatever.

This announcement, which caused general merriment, induced Lord Jamleigh to ejaculate :

"That's the champagne, I suspected as much !"

"Where is he ?" inquired our host of the sirdar-bearer. "In his palkee ?"

"No, sahib," was the reply. "He is lying on that sahib's bed," pointing to me.

Here, again, everybody laughed, except myself. I was rather angry, being somewhat particular on this point. So I suggested that he might be put into his vehicle at once. The native servants, of course, were afraid to touch him, lest he should awake and "hit out;" so we, the five of us Europeans, the magistrate, the two assistant magistrates, Lord Jamleigh, and myself, had to lift, remove, and pack, in his palkee, the overcoat, and perfectly unconscious valet. He must have been sipping brandy-and-water before he came to the bungalow ; for he had only half finished his bottle of champagne. Lord Jamleigh now got into his palanquin, and composed himself for the night ; or, rather, the remainder thereof, and in order that there might be no mistake as to his lordship's destination, the magistrate sent a horseman to accompany the cortège, with directions that "the sahibs" were to be taken to Durowlah, on the road to Meerut, and to the house of the magistrate, by whom Lord Jamleigh had been invited, or rather, "petitioned," to stay with him, should he pass through that station, and (to use his Lordship's own terms), as he had promised to do so, he supposed that he must keep his word. When a palanquin is escorted by a sowar, the sowar when the destination is approached, rides on and gives notice that a lady, or gentleman, as the case may be, is coming ; and, as the natives of India can never pronounce European names properly, the precaution is usually taken of writing down the name of the traveller on a card, or a slip of paper, and giving it to the sowar. In this case, "Viscount Jamleigh" was written down for the guidance and information of the Durowlah functionary.

It was about seven A.M. when this card was put into the hands of the gentleman who had invited Lord Jamleigh ; whom, by the way, he had never seen. The bungalow was immediately all life, and in commotion. The servants ordered to prepare tea and coffee, the best bed-room vacated by the present occupants. Hot water in readiness, and ere long a palkee—a single palkee, loomed in the distance ; the other palkee was a long way, some three miles, behind. One of the bearers who was carrying it, had fallen and injured himself, and thus was a delay of an hour and a half occasioned. And during that hour and a half a pretty mistake was committed. The first palkee was that containing the valet, and the one behind was that of his lordship. The valet, on arriving, had not recovered his

potations ; and, on being awakened, seemed, and really was, bewildered and stupified, so much so, that he could not inform the magistrate that he was "only a servant," and not entitled to the attentions that were showered upon him. With trembling hand, he took the cup of tea from the silver salver, and gazing wildly round, murmured, rather than said—

"Brandy ! Little brandy !" which was at once brought and administered. He then had his warm "wash," and sat down on the best bed, and suffered himself to be punkahed by two domestics in snow-white garments. This revived him somewhat ; but still he felt far too ill to talk. He simply shook his head, and there was a good deal of meaning in that shake, if the magistrate could only have understood it.

"Take some brandy and soda-water, my lord," said his host.

The valet nodded assent.

The magistrate mixed the dose, and administered it with his own hands.

The valet sighed, and again shook his head.

"You will be better, presently, my lord," said the magistrate.

"Drunk as a lord," hiccupped the valet.

"O, no, my lord ! It was the jolting along the road."

"In that coffin ?" said the valet, who now began to regain the use of his tongue.

"Yes, my lord."

"Am I a lord ? He, he, he ! Where am I ?"

"At Dorowlah, my lord."

"And who are you ?"

"Your host, my lord."

"Then this is not the station-house ?"

"Not exactly, my lord."

"Give us a little drop more of that last brew."

"Yes, my lord."

"Ah ! Thank you ! I feel better now—much better. It was that champagne. Good it was, though. What place was that we were at ?"

"Bijnore, my lord."

"I'm not a lord."

"Would that I were in your place, my lord !"

"Well, it isn't a bad place," grinned the valet. "Plenty to eat and drink, little to do, and good wages. But hang this Hindyer ! It was a mistake altogether !"

The magistrate took this for fun, and laughed immensely.

"We had Lord Frederick Pontasguieure staying with us for a week, last winter. A very amusing character he was."

"O, had you ? Was he amusing ? O ! We don't keep his company. Don't know him. I'd give a five-pound note to be in Piccadilly at this moment. This is a nice mess. But the traps are all right, I see. There's the dressing-case, and the writing-desk, and the little medicine-chest."

"Recline upon the bed, my lord, and have

a gentle sleep. The punkah, you will find, will very speedily lull you to repose."

"Well, I will," said the valet; and, in ten minutes, fell fast asleep. The venetians were then closed, and the house kept as quiet as possible.

When Lord Jamleigh himself arrived, and established his identity, the scene that ensued may be easily imagined.

The magistrate, with a marvellous want of tact, acknowledged the mistake that he had made: told, in fact, the whole uncomplimentary truth. Lord Jamleigh, and perhaps with reason, was dreadfully annoyed at the idea that the servant should have been mistaken for himself; but he let out, however, that that was the third time the thing had happened, and that in future he should insist upon the fellow wearing livery, instead of plain clothes, and a black wide-awake hat.

The valet was speedily lifted out of the best bed, and transferred to another apartment, where he slept himself sober, and arose at about half-past one to explain to his lordship that he was not much in fault.

I would advise all noblemen and gentlemen who, like Lord Jamleigh, would take a bird's-eye look at India, not to travel with an European servant, who, in that country, is as helpless as an infant, and quite as troublesome, besides being in the way of everybody in every house. It is, moreover, cruel to the servant. He can talk to no one, and becomes perfectly miserable. If he take to drinking—which he is almost sure to do—he is much more deserving of pity than of condemnation.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL JAIL-SERMON.

PREFACE.

"THE Life of David Haggart, alias John Wilson, alias John Morison, alias Barney M'Coul, alias John M'Colgan, alias Daniel O'Brien, alias the Switcher. Written by Himself, while under Sentence of Death. Edinburgh, 1821." That is the title of the little book upon which we depend for the materials of this biography.

Our hero was hanged in the year just named at the age of twenty. The book appeared three or four days after his execution, with a frontispiece-sketch of its author sitting in the condemned cell in a meditative attitude, with folded arms, crossed knees, and a gratified expression on his face. Pen and ink are by his side, and the prison-dress is loosely arranged in graceful folds about his person. Were it not for the cropped hair, we might consider him a poet; but it is very notorious that from a tuneful brain the spirit of song exhales as choice macassar through the skull, good for the growth and for improving and beautifying the hair, and for sustaining it in decorative charm. But our hero David Haggart, pickpocket, highwayman, and mur-

derer, during his short life of a score of years, is to be regarded as a poet in spite of his hair, if metaphor can make him one. He lisped in metaphor, and cannot speak plain prose. He knows a tobacco-pipe but as a steamer, spoons only as feelers, stockings as stamp-drawers, shoes as crabs. He was in his earliest years a distinguished linguist, and his learned autobiography is to be read only by help of a glossary. The vulgar world does not know that a benjy is a waistcoat, that a blone is a girl, and that when our hero speaks of a budgekain he means a public-house; that by jiger he means door, by a much-toper-fecker an umbrella-maker, by a milvad a blow, and by luke nothing.

It is, not, however, as a poet and a linguist that we desire to present David Haggart to the public. The intense perseverance which enabled him while very young to attain high success and distinction in a dangerous and romantic calling, closed by an exemplary death upon the gallows, renders his life, as we are assured on the best authority (and we are, of course, bound to believe it), one of the most interesting biographies possible, especially to be commended to the study of the young. We learn of Haggart, in the advertisement prefixed to his autobiography, that "his conduct during the interval between his trial and his execution was such as to give satisfaction to the respectable clergymen by whom he was attended. His time was partly devoted to religious exercises and partly to furnishing materials for an account of his life."

Our copy of the life contains on a fly-leaf a warrant of its accuracy, written and signed by the author with his precious autograph, four days before his death. Possibly, for the promotion of its sale, the whole edition had been thus enriched under the eyes of an admiring clergy.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Birth, Parentage, and Education. The Bantam Cock. The Till. The Pony. David enters the Militia.

DAVID HAGGART was born at a farm-town called the Golden Acre, near Canon Mills, in the county of Edinburgh, on Midsummer-day in the first year of the present century. In one of the last passages of his autobiography we learn that he was born left-handed, "and," he adds, "with thieves' fingers for forks" (whereby he means his middle and forefinger, the chief implements of the pick-pocket), "are equally long, and they never failed me." Thus he was a born thief, not a man destitute of genius or aptitude forced either by chance or want into an uncongenial calling.

John Haggart, little David's father, was a gamekeeper; but when his family increased, he applied himself to the business of a dog-trainer, and obtained a large connexion among sporting men. Our hero in his early childhood assisted his father as keeper of

the kennel, and being often taken out with his father on shooting and coursing excursions by enlightened patrons who had dogs in training, he received from them a lavish supply of small silver, with many lessons, doubtless, which bore fruit in after years.

But David did not omit to send his child to schools at which he learned religion, grammar, writing, and arithmetic. Under one teacher at Canon Mills he remained two years, and was always dux of his class, though sometimes in trouble for playing truant—down for kipping. At the age of ten the boy had a fever, and his education ceased. He then devoted his mind wholly to his father's business in the kennel. Of himself at that age, he writes in his last days with quiet dignity, to the satisfaction of the respectable clergymen by whom he was attended, "I had formed no wicked acquaintances; but, having a bold and fearless disposition, I, by myself, even at this early period of life committed several depredations."

Who is not curious to know what were the first musical notes written by a Beethoven; what the first lines of his own that Shakespeare saw in print; what the first company projected by a Hogson; what the first public theft committed by Haggart? It was, he tells us, "stealing a bantam cock. It belonged to a woman at the back of the New Town, Edinburgh, and I took a great fancy to it, for it was a real beauty. I offered to buy; but mistress would not sell: so I got another cock, and set the two a-fighting, and then off with my prize." How triumphant are these words in their simplicity. We see the respectable clergymen in an admiring knot behind their hero patting his back while he writes on between his religious exercises as a sincere penitent, and almost in presence of the toping-cove, or hangman. "I also tried shop-lifting, and carried off the till of one poor woman who lived near Stock-bridge bodily. I knew all this was wrong, but I took no time to be sorry or repent; and what would have been the use of repenting, for it was just all FATE?" To the creed of his tribe he remained faithful at the last. It is fate. That is just all. Thus it was that he was able afterwards to make that philosophical reply to the judge who had just been sentencing him, a callous prisoner to death. "Well, if a man's born to be hanged, he can't be drowned!"

But we anticipate. One of David's earliest adventures was the appropriation of a pony, which he found grazing by the roadside when he had walked some miles from home to visit a relation. He and a boy, who was his intimate friend and companion, rode home together into Silvermills upon the pony's back. They did not take the trouble to return it, but kept it in an old hut for the free use and abuse of all the boys in the place. The owner, who was an egg and butter merchant, made, at last, his appearance, threat-

ening punishment. "This," we are told, "created a great noise in the town; but the women succeeded in appeasing him, by buying up the whole of his stock, and he went quietly away."

At the age of twelve, young David, whose love of liberty had caused him often to withdraw himself from the restraints of home, went to attend Leith races; and there, being intoxicated, he was enlisted by a recruiting party of the Norfolk Militia, then stationed at Edinburgh Castle. In three months he had learnt to beat the drum, and, after a little more time, became reasonably expert as a performer on the bugle. Thus were the lessons of the barrack-room added to those of the kennel. "I liked," says David, "the red coat and the soldiering well enough for a while; but I soon tired. We were too much confined, and there was too little pay for me. I remained in the regiment about a year, when we were ordered off to England to be disbanded; and, having made interest with the commanding officer, Colonel Nithop, I obtained my discharge in Edinburgh. My father was then living at the south-back of the Canongate, and I went home to him."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The Apprenticeship. Barnard M'Guire, a Darling of a Boy. Takes David with him on a Tour through England. The Burglary. The Capture. The Sentence of Death. The Escape. The Pistol Shot. Is it a Murder?

NINE months of his life are now spent by our hero at the school of Mr. Danskin, in the Canongate; and, having there acquired a tolerable knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we find that he was bound apprentice for six years to Messrs. Cockburn and Baird, millwrights and engineers. But, long before the six years have elapsed, the firm become bankrupt. Haggart, however, had no hand in the confusion that arose among the finances of his chiefs. He honestly bore to and from the bank considerable sums of money, and was content to draw his pocket-money from the trousers of the stranger in the street. As a pickpocket, we learn from him, that his attention was at that time confined to blunt, "owing to my want of knowledge of the flash kanes, where I might fence my snib'd lays." Which means in our vulgar English that he was obliged to steal ready money, because he did not know any receiver of stolen goods with whom he could safely trade.

But the genius of young Haggart was not unrecognised by one who well knew the worth of a born thief's hand and wit. Barnard M'Guire was no longer a youth: he was a man who stood high in the world of pickpockets, and it was he who became David's patron, David's friend. "Among my associates," our hero writes, "I had formed a great intimacy with Barnard M'Guire, an Irishman, a darling of a boy. He was brought up to the trade of a tailor, in Dumfries. He

was considerably older than myself. He was of a bold, enterprising spirit, of great bodily strength, and a most skilful pickpocket. He was good at everything in his profession, and always gave me fair play; but we sometimes did" (that is to say, swindled) "our comrades—even Barney's own brother. Barney put me up to his tricks, and he and I agreed to travel to England together, and share the fruits of our unlawful occupation. It was when in company with, and encouraged by the daring acts of this man, that I first attempted a pocket in open daylight."

Haggart's age was sixteen when he left Edinburgh for England by the Jedburgh coach, in company with Barney M'Guire and his brother. They were all very well dressed, and the younger M'Guire's task was to bring one other pair of fingers into the business, and to yield up to his two companions all that part of his earnings, of which it was in their power to defraud him. If he stole a pocket-book filled with bank-notes and passed it to Barney, Barney and David would divide the notes and laugh at their young comrade for having made a prize of nothing but old letters. If Barney or David seized a prize they would account for the pounds to one another and then represent to their companion that they had only a few shillings to divide.

How touchingly did they by this proceeding show that there may be a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. In speaking of a later period of his life, when Barney had been transported beyond the seas, David writes in intervals of prayer, while he enjoys life, soothed by the approbation of respectable clergymen,—“Poor Barney, got a free passage to Botany Bay for fourteen stretch. He was a choice spirit and a good friend to me. We spent many a joyous, merry hour together, for I had no thought and no sorrow till I lost Barney.”

Apropos, of a robbery of bank-notes from the breeches-pocket, Mr. Haggart, on the brink of the grave, has some advice to give his readers which we quote in the original Latin: “The keekcloy is easily picked. If the notes are in the long fold, just tip them the forks; but if there is a purse or open money in the case, you must link it.”

On the way to England, when at Lockerby, to attend the fair, they found John Richardson, an active constable from Dumfries, in the town. This made them circumspect, but they went in the evening to the principal inn and were put into a room where a drover and a farmer, bewildered by beer, sat opposite each other, at a large table, and were quarrelling. They meddled enough to insure a fight between the disputants, and, during the scuffle, eased the former of twenty-three pounds and a pocket-book. “This done,” says our hero, “I immediately called the waiter in a violent passion, paid him for a bottle of porter we had had, abused him for putting us into a room with such company, and

decamped all in a minute. Young M'Guire had taken some skins with a few shillings in each, which he shared with us; but we told him nothing about our stake.” Then the friends and the brother went to Langholm Fair, where, having made a strict survey, David writes, “we were convinced that we were the only prigs in the gaff.” They determined therefore not to mar their market by creating an outcry for small losses, but to content themselves with one or two rum lills (well-filled pocket-books) if they could be had.

Young M'Guire found a gentleman whom he had seen with a great pocket-book in his hand,—he was sure there were hundreds in it. He kept it in his breast-pocket, or suck. The theft was committed. Young M'Guire snib'd the lil and passed it to Barney, who made off.

Here, again, Mr. Haggart has a recipe at the service of his readers: “Picking the suck is sometimes a kittle job. If the coat is buttoned, it must be opened by slipping past. Then bring the lil down between the flap of the coat and the body, keeping your spare arm across your man's breast, and so slip it to a comrade; then abuse the fellow for jostling you.”

For this service, M'Guire the younger—thanks to a happy stroke of art on the part of his brother—received nothing. “When,” says the autobiographer, “we foregathered with Barney, he showed us the dumble stuffed with cambric paper, and he quizzed his brother for having given us so much trouble luke. But when Barney and I got by ourselves he showed me the blunt, which consisted of a hundred pounds in ten pound notes, and a hundred and one pounds in twenty shilling notes. I never was happier in my life than when I fingered all this money.”

In Carlisle the travellers put up at the best inn, and contented themselves for a time with morning rides and evenings at the gambling-houses. Barney was an excellent card-player, and to him David Haggart was indebted for the great proficiency he afterwards arrived at, in the use of cards, dice, billiards, and legerdemain tricks.

A robbery at Carlisle caused the lodgings of these gentlemen to be entered by the police in their absence, and their trunks to be removed. This obliged them to order new suits of clothes. In two days they were made and nicely packed up at the tailor's shop. The gentlemen called for them, and ran off with the parcel while the master of the shop retired to fetch his waistcoat-patterns. Thus provided with a change of clothes, the travellers resumed their journey. At Morpeth Fair they found a great many prigs, and particularly one school of six, from York. Scotland and Ireland observed two Yorks at work on a gentleman, who had screaves in his benjy cloy, that is to say bank-notes in his waistcoat-pocket. “One of the Yorks succeeded in raising the screaves to

the mouth of the cloy, when Barney neatly interposed his forks and brought them with him. It was the duty of the other York to have taken them when raised, but Barney was too quick for him. So neatly was this done that the two snibs saw nothing of it."

When David and his friends were at Newcastle they found it prudent to go into respectable private lodgings where they were received into the family of a worthy lady who had three daughters, very pleasant girls. This family kept merry Christmas with the intelligent and lively monied gentlemen who were travelling for pleasure, and who, while staying at Newcastle, paid their rent so well,—Mr. John Wilson, Mr. James Arkison, and brother. "Indeed," says our hero, "Barney and I were great swells in Newcastle, with our white-caped coats, top-boots, and whips. We frequented the theatre and other places of public amusement; to the former of these two of the Misses — often accompanied us." But the persevering men did not neglect their business. Thus, one evening, from a box in the theatre, Barney observed a fat pocket-book in the pit. He told the ladies that he felt faint, and went out of the box. As the audience departed he rejoined them and said, tapping the hand of David with the pocket-book, "I feel much better now." On another evening, in a box at the theatre, a gold chain was taken from the neck of a lady who sat in the row before them. During the month's residence at Newcastle seventy pounds were taken in the business; but that, says David, "did not defray our expenses by fourteen pounds."

In January eighteen hundred and eighteen the age of David Haggart being sixteen years and a-half, he and Barney had arrived at Durham to attend the fair, and in the evening took a long stroll out of town on the York road. On that road and on that evening they distinguished themselves by an achievement which our hero describes with simple dignity in a few words: "We came," he says, "to a house in a lonely place, and we immediately determined to break into it. Barney entered by a window, and I followed him. We met with strong resistance from the master of the house; but Barney knocked him down and we succeeded in binding him hand and foot, and gagged him with a handkerchief. The rest of the family seemed to be all women; but they were so terrified that they did not interrupt our proceedings. We got about thirty pounds, with which we returned to Durham." Our friends were, for this act, arrested on suspicion and dismissed; arrested again,—tried—convicted, and sent back to prison, there to await sentence of death at the end of the assizes.

Now it was that our hero first developed that great talent for prison-breaking, which has added so much to the exquisite romance and startling interest of his career. He contrived, with Barney and others, to

pierce through a wall, seize a turnkey, bind him, gag him, take possession of his keys, open the doors, scale wall. But, suddenly, the cry was raised, and David was the only prisoner who made good his escape. He, being free, went back with a Yorkshireman to Newcastle, and remained there a day, engaged in getting a spring saw for his friend Barney. "This being got," he writes, "we were returning to Durham, when we were pursued by two bulks (constables)." "They got close upon us on a wild part of the road, before we were observed. Just as they were springing on me, I laid one of them low with my pistol; whether I have his murder to answer for I cannot tell; but I fear my aim was too true, and the poor fellow looked dead enough. The Yorkshireman knocked down the other. We got safely to Durham; and in the night time I got over the backwall of the jail by means of a rope-ladder, and succeeded in giving Barney the fiddlestick (spring saw.) He made his escape that same night, by cutting the iron bars of his cell-window, and came off with me to Newcastle." A few days afterwards Barney was caught in the act of larceny by a stout farmer in Scotland, and got three months imprisonment in Jedburgh jail. David returned as Mr. John Wilson, to his private lodgings in Newcastle, earned his bread quietly with his fingers, danced at the wedding of one of the young ladies, and at last, in the happy month of June, took leave of Mrs. — and her worthy daughters with sincere regret and sorrow at parting on both sides. "Never will I forget the kindness and even friendship of these good people to me. Little did they know whom they were harbouring and introducing to the most of their acquaintances and relations."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

The Hero settles in Business as a Shop-lifter in Edinburgh. Captures. Escapes. Murder. Flight.

RETURNED to Edinburgh, Haggart put up at the house of a dealer in stolen goods, and worked for about three months with William Henry, a well-known snib, during which time he was engaged chiefly in that branch of his art known to some as shop-lifting, but known to him as "working at the hoys and coreing." This business not proving so lucrative as the purse and pocket-book line, the new partners agreed "to take a country stroll." After one or two adventures, illness obliged our hero to return to the capital, where he met with a new friend in George Bagrie, a willing, but poor snib, and returned to his father's house, giving no account of his time during absence; but promising to live a quiet life, and work at his old business of millwright. He was well received, and three days after his return, being on the point of slipping out for a night's pleasure, he became so seriously ill, that he kept his bed for a month afterwards. He describes in an edifying way, how, when sick unto

death, "feelings of remorse operated greatly upon him;" but he goes on to say that "when recovery set in, even while in a feeble and weak state, he attempted little enterprises of shop-lifting. But he lived at-home, kept such good hours, and made his absences so short, that his parents thought he could not be doing anything that was wrong." A "paltry adventurer," having implicated him in a mean theft of a roll of tobacco, which it was beneath his dignity to think of committing, David was caught, and brought before the magistrate. A lost firkin of butter was then laid at his door. The proof was inadequate. He had effectually blinded his own family, and he was released after ten days in Calton Hill Jail, when his uncles became cautioners on his behalf. Not many days afterwards, two ladies Mrs. Kean and Kate Cameron "both completely flash as well as game," entered with him into a considerable enterprise of shoplifting upon a draper. The ladies being taken, betrayed their companion, but he made out so good a defence before the magistrate, that he was only ordered to find bail.

This was about the middle of January, eighteen hundred and nineteen, when Haggart was between seventeen and eighteen years of age. He remained quiet at-home for a month afterwards, when one night, going up Cowgate, "I met," he says, "George Bagrie, and another cove whom I did not know. Bagrie asked me what I was doing. I said, 'Nothing!' upon which he replied: "It is a pity such a good workman should be idle."

They accordingly joined efforts at once, on the same night, "earning a watch and chain." On the next day, they started for Musselburgh, and did an important stroke of business in the lifting of some costly bales out of a merchant-tailor's shop. David again had left his father's house, and soon afterwards, for acts of violence, was imprisoned for four months in Bridewell. It seems to have been soon after this time, that his mother died of a broken heart.

When released from Bridewell, whither he had been carried, hitting out right and left at the menials of justice, he lived quietly for five weeks, and ate heartily to recover the strength taken out of him by bread and water diet. As soon as he had got stouter, and could stand a brush, he went off to Leith with two associates, a baker and an umbrella maker, who agreed with him that "Leith was a pretty good place for a few adventures." They took lodgings in the Kirkgate, and remained eight or ten days. From Leith they went to Perth, with a Perth man, whom they left there, and at Perth fair joined to their company, an able pickpocket, named Doctor Black. From Perth they went to Aberdeen "accompanied by a fifth cove."

At Aberdeen races, David and the Doctor kept together, and collected not fewer than

thirty pocket-books, but "not so much as would sweeten a grawler in the whole of them: we planted them all in a cornstalk near the race-ground." A day or two afterwards, the whole party was seized, and David and the Doctor spent two months together in the Bridewell. Being released, they travelled back to Edinburgh, robbing their way on. On Christmas Day, being at Leith, David entered a house after dark, and obtained a watch, the silver spoons, and a pair of boots. On New Year's morning, he was at work in Edinburgh, with two fresh associates, and received as his share of the produce of that morning's work, five silver watches and a gold one. So the new year eighteen hundred and twenty began prosperously. On the eighteenth of January he was arrested on suspicion of a robbery, but after two days' detention, released upon finding bail. At the same time, his two companions of New Year's Day were in the lock-up house, and David, mindful of his friends, undetermined the jailor's watchfulness with drink, took his keys from him, and let out, not his friends only, but also four other prisoners. Then he went over to Leith, and did good business by shop-lifting, and the dashing of his hands through shop-window panes, as a pickpocket, and by entering a house or two. At Leith he was seized by the police, and after a desperate fight with them for his liberty, was carried to the jail, "streaming all over with blood." Having obtained a file, David contrived, after a detention of two weeks, to break his way out of this prison, together with an associate. Once free, they ran to Dalkeith, without stopping, where they procured, on the same night, in the way of business, twelve yards of superfine blue cloth, which they carried on to Kelso. Arrived with all possible speed at Dumfries, they attended the market, and found money plentiful. David also obtained a tolerable sum for property which he removed one evening out of the house of one Mr. Christian Graham. Here, too, our hero fell in again with his old friend, Barney M'Guire. They met only to part. Barney, wearing his friend's coat, was arrested by mistake for David, but being taken, there was reason why he should be kept, and transported to Botany Bay. David started for Carlisle, but was pursued and caught by the Dumfries police, and passed back to the authorities in Leith. Then he was tried in Edinburgh for one act of housebreaking, eleven acts of theft, and one act of prison-breaking. The jury brought him in guilty of theft only: but there was informality, and after lying unsentenced in Edinburgh jail, the prisoner was forwarded to Dumfries, there to be tried for the business he had been doing in those parts. On the way he was detained two days in the jail of Peebles, and saw a way of escape from it, but the shamefully rotten state of the jail blankets, which

would bear no weight, defeated his intention. He wrapped a torn fragment of blanket round his body before leaving, as he writes, "for future use, little dreaming of the awful purpose it was afterwards to be turned to."

It was used in aid of the escape made soon afterwards from Dumfries Jail. With a large stone slung in it, a death-blow was given to the turnkey of Dumfries, Thomas Morris. The plan of escape was desperate, and contrived, not by one prisoner only; but David Haggart was the only captive who, on the alarm being given, baffled his pursuers. At one time, in a ditch, by Cumlungan Wood, after he had crossed an open field with constables in chase, "I could have breathed," he says, "on John Richardson as he passed me. Never did a fox double the hounds in better style." Next day, being concealed in a haystack, on the other side of Annan, "I heard a woman ask a boy, if that lad was taken that had broken out of Dumfries jail?" the boy answered, "No, but the jailor died last night, at ten o'clock." He knew then, that when he was tried next, it would be for murder. The woman and boy passed on. The fugitive came out of the stack. Hurrying away, he presently changed clothes with a scarecrow in a field, and marched on in the dress of a potato bogie.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

David Haggart resumes Business in England and Scotland, visits Ireland. Seizure. Trial. Condemnation. Execution. Clerical Admiration of his Piety and Phrenological Enjoyment of his Bumps.

At Carlisle, our hero found an old acquaintance, Mrs. Stubs, in Riccargate, who gave him the first food he had had since he left Dumfries jail. Travelling on then, by night, in girl's clothes, he reached Newcastle, and remained there for twelve days, diligent in his profession as a thief. One evening, on his way to the theatre, he brushed against John Richardson, who did not notice him. Thereupon, he determined to return to Edinburgh, and went by coach, filching purses on his way.

At Edinburgh, he went out only at night, and in girl's clothes. One night, dressed in his own clothes, he ventured to Leith, and there met the well-known chief of the police. Their eyes met. David thrust his hand into his breast pocket, as if for a pistol (and he doubtless carried one), upon which the officer of justice fled, and a minute after, David followed his example. He then went on a Scotch professional tour with a partner, and returned again to Edinburgh, where he read a police bill offering a reward of seventy pounds for his apprehension. This caused him again to travel. He went to Perth, where there was, during his stay, an illumination for Queen Caroline's acquittal, at which, he writes in his own learned style, under the eye of approving

pastors, "I played a noble stick, having got four wedge scouts (silver watches), and a dross (gold) one, and thirteen screaves in a lil, which I fork't from a suck. I took four of the scouts from shopkeepers who were standing at their own doors. Never was there such a down in a veil (hue and cry in a town)." Firm to his calling the heroic youth did all this, knowing well that arrest for the stealing even of a pin, would involve trial for a murder.

After a profitable tour among surrounding fairs, Haggart returned to Perth by coach, slipping away at the journey's end without paying anyfare, and soon afterwards was, with his comrades for the time, surprised in a private room at an inn, by constables. He assumed the air of a gentleman, and the inn-keeper, whom he had taken care never to cheat, believed him to be one. Quite willing to accompany the officers, and explain any misunderstanding, he stepped aside for his great coat; and, slipping out at the back-door, made all haste to an obscure house in the town, which he did not leave till two days afterwards, when he had business ready for him at Glammis fair. At that fair the profession was overstocked, no business was done, but in the evening David robbed and beat on the highway, a farmer, who had many bank-notes in his pocket.

With one comrade, David, then, doing business by the way, proceeded to Glasgow, and embarked at the Broomielaw for Ireland. One passenger was the Provost of Kirkaldy, who landed at Lamlash; and, before landing, scrutinised our hero. He wrote a letter next day to Dumfries. "It was well for him," says David, "I did not know his suspicions at the time, for he went on shore in black night, and I could too easily have put him under the wave."

At the fairs in Ireland David, for a time, was happy. "Paddyland," he instructs us, "is the land for pickpockets; lots of money, oceans of drink, and knocking down pell-mell even on; then is the time to work away at the business. England is too much hunted, and there is no money in Scotland."

At Drummore, a man who had been fellow-prisoner with Haggart at Dumfries saw him, and being afterwards "pulled for thieving," sought his own release by telling that he had seen Haggart, the murderer, at market. By this man's help, Haggart was taken, and, spite of his ingenious imitation of the Irish brogue, detained. Three yeomen were ordered to join the constables in sitting up with him all night in the court-room, to prevent his escape. Yet he contrived to take a harlequin's leap through a large window, alight upon his legs unharmed by the broken glass, and run under the shadow of a dark entrance, while the bewildered watchman hunted out into the night. He then travelled to Newry, there resumed his business, and afterwards reached Dublin, where he paid

the money for a passage to America. A new partner, and a lucky stroke of business tempted him to forfeit his passage-money, and remain in Ireland. A run of success followed; after which, he was proceeding to Belfast to take ship for France, when he heard of a fair at Clough, six miles on one side of his route, which he resolved to attend, and at which he resolved to exercise his calling for the last time upon British soil. There he was seized by a pig-drover for a theft which had been committed on the spot, but could not be proved. The pig-drover dragged him before a justice at Downpatrick, where his personal resemblance to an old Irish offender secured his condemnation. Returned to jail, he happened to pass within sight of the magistrate at Drummore, and was recognised as the man who had escaped from the courthouse. He was carried to Kilmainham jail, and detected in an attempt to break that prison. The account he gave of himself was unsatisfactory. John Richardson was in Ireland, seeking Haggart; he was summoned to Kilmainham, and knew his man. Heavily fettered, Haggart was carried back to Dumfries; and, arriving there at dark, was met by a thousand of curious spectators, who came out with torches to see the murderer. Haggart went up the stairs on which Morrin had received his death-blow. He was twenty years old, and already at the end of his career. Soon afterwards condemned to death, he received his sentence with a careless air, and answered the judge with a flippant comment. But he writes that while being sentenced, two thoughts were strong in him. A recollection that his mother was dead of a broken heart, and an impulse to leap over the dock upon the heads of the people, and make one desperate effort more for life. He did not repent until repentance was the last trick left to him to play. He wrote verses in prison. Had he not struck for liberty, and was it not as a martyr for liberty that he was doomed to fall? Here are some of his lines :

"My life by perjury was sworn away,
I'll say that to my dying day.
Oh, treacherous Smith, you did me betray,
For all I wanted was liberty.
No malice in my heart is found
To any man above the ground.
Now, all good people that speak of me,
You may say I died for my liberty."

Great was the satisfaction of the chaplain over this young Christian, who listened to his prayers, wept at his eloquence, remained on his knees as long as the reverend gentleman pleased, and only asked in return that the clergy would make much of him. We are told that "his conduct on the scaffold was in the highest degree becoming," that the "beneficial in-

fluence of religion was apparent in his whole demeanour," and that "he met his fate with the same intrepidity which distinguished all the actions of his short, but guilty and eventful life."

In his last days, David was visited by a distinguished phrenologist; who, on going over his head, found that he had a greater development of the organs of benevolence and justice than had been supposed. Phrenology proceeded to depict this good youth as having been in his early boyhood obstinately brave, but free from hatred or the spirit of revenge, self-willed at home in the resolve to take no course dictated to him against his own consent by other persons; as a youth cunning and dexterous, conscious of superiority to his associates in intellectual power and discrimination. He was a child who would grow with years firmer in resolve, having power to keep his own counsel, labouring in the "sporting life," for love of cleverness, and love of liberty and ease, not for the love of money or the desire of applause from associates. He would probably see that other men, called honest, lived practically as he did; he would never be cruel or brutal; he would never inflict serious suffering on any individual without bitterly regretting it. He would not be the slave to animal passions. His sense of justice was not remarkably defective; his sentiment of benevolence was great, and so were his intellectual powers.

So, we are dutifully to believe that the good and the wise honoured David in his very interesting end. Being neither good nor wise in such matters, we believe about one-third of what he relates in his exemplary work, and make bold to consider him an unmitigated rascal.

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*GIVE US ROOM!

THE entertainments of this unusually festive season, so far as I am personally concerned, have at last subsided into a temporary lull. I and my family actually have one or two evenings to ourselves, just at present. It is my purpose to take advantage of this interval of leisure to express my sentiments on the subject of evening parties and ladies' dress.

Let nobody turn over this page impatiently alarmed at the prospect of another diatribe against Crinoline. I, for one, am not going to exhibit myself in the character of a writer who vainly opposes one of the existing institutions of this country. The Press, the Pulpit, and the Stage, have been in the habit of considering themselves as three very powerful levers, capable of being used with terrible effect on the inert material of society. All three have tried to jerk that flourishing foreign plant, Crinoline, out of English earth, and have failed to stir so much as a single root of it. All three have run full tilt against the women of England, and have not moved them an inch. Talk of the power of the Press!—what is it, compared to the power of a French milliner? The Press has tried to abridge the women's petticoats, and has utterly failed in the attempt. When the right time comes, a French milliner will abridge them at a week's notice. The Pulpit preaches, the Stage ridicules; and each woman of the congregation or the audience, sits, imperturbable, in the middle of her balloon, and lets the serious words or the comic words, go in at one ear and come out at the other, precisely as if they were spoken in an unknown tongue. Nothing so deplorably deteriorating for the reputation of the Press, the Pulpit, and the Stage has ever happened, as the utter failure of their crusade against Crinoline.

My present object in writing is likely, I think, to be popular—at least, with the ladies. I do not want to put down Crinoline—I only want to make room for it. Personally, I rather like it—I do, indeed, though I am a man. The fact is, I am a thoroughly well-disciplined husband and father; and I know the value of it. The only defect in my eldest daughter's otherwise perfect form, lies in her

feet and ankles. She is married, so I don't mind mentioning that they are decidedly large and clumsy. Without Crinoline, they would be seen; with Crinoline (think of that, scoffing young men!) nobody has the slightest suspicion of them. My wife—I implore the reader not to tell her that I ever observed it—my wife used to waddle before the invention of Crinoline. Now she swims voluptuously, and knocks down all the light articles of furniture, whenever she crosses the room, in a manner which, but for the expense of repairs, would be perfectly charming. One of my other single daughters used to be sadly thin, poor girl. Oh, how plump she is now! Oh, my marriageable young men, how amazingly plump she is now! Long life to the monarchy of Crinoline! Every mother in this country who has daughters to marry, and who is not quite so sure of their unaided personal attractions as she might wish to be, echoes that loyal cry, I am sure, from the bottom of her affectionate heart. And the Press actually thinks it can shake our devotion to our Queen Petticoat? The Press, ladies? Pooh! pooh!

But we must have room—we must positively have room for our petticoat at evening parties. We wanted it before Crinoline. We want it ten thousand times more, now. I don't know how other parents feel; but, unless there is some speedy reform in the present system of party-giving—so far as regards health, purse, and temper, I am a lost man. Let me make my meaning clear on this point by a simple and truthful process. Let me describe how we went to our last party, and how we came back from it.

Doctor and Mrs. Crump, of Gloucester Place (I mention names and places to show the respectable character of the party), kindly requested the pleasure of my company and my family's a week ago. We accepted the invitation, and agreed to assemble in my dining-room previous to departure, at the hour of half-past nine. It is unnecessary to say that my son-in-law (now staying with me on a visit) and I had the room entirely to ourselves at the appointed time. We waited half-an-hour: both ill-tempered, both longing to be in bed, and both utterly silent. As the hall-clock struck ten, a sound was heard on the stairs, as if a whole gale of

wind had broken into the house, and was advancing to the dining-room to blow us both into empty space. We knew what this meant, and looked at each other, and said, "Hullo! here they are." The door opened, and Boreas swam in voluptuously, in the shape of my wife, in claret-coloured velvet. She stands five feet nine, and wears—No! I have never actually counted them. Let me not mislead the public, or do injustice to my wife. Let me rest satisfied with stating her height, and adding that she is a fashionable woman. Her circumference, and the causes of it, may be left to the imagination of the reader.

She was followed by four minor winds, blowing dead in our teeth—by my married daughter in Violet Tulle Illusion; by my own Julia (single) in Pink Moiré Antique; by my own Emily (single) in white lace over glacé silk; by my own Charlotte (single) in blue gauze over glacé silk. The four minor winds, and the majestic maternal Boreas, entirely filled the room, and overflowed on to the dining-table. It was a grand sight. My son-in-law and I—a pair of mere black tadpoles—shrank into a corner, and gazed at it helplessly.

Our corner was, unfortunately, the farthest from the door. So, when I moved to lead the way to the carriages, I confronted a brilliant, intermediate expanse of ninety yards of outer clothing alone (allowing only eighteen yards each to the ladies). Being old, wily, and respected in the house, I took care to avoid my wife, and succeeded in getting through my daughters. My son-in-law, young, innocent, and of secondary position in the family, was not so fortunate. I left him helpless, looking round the corner of his mother-in-law's claret-coloured velvet, with one of his legs lost in his wife's Tulle Illusion. There is every reason to suppose that he never extricated himself; for when he got into the carriages he was not to be found; and, when ultimately recovered, exhibited symptoms of physical and mental exhaustion. I am afraid my son-in-law caught it—I am very much afraid that, during my absence, my son-in-law caught it.

We filled—no, we overflowed—two carriages. My wife and her married daughter in one, and I, myself, on the box—the front seat being very properly wanted for the velvet and the Tulle Illusion. In the second carriage were my three girls—crushed, as they indignantly informed me, crushed out of all shape (didn't I tell you, just now, how plump one of them was?) by the miserably-inefficient accommodation which the vehicle offered to them. They told my son-in-law, as he meekly mounted to the box, that they would take care not to marry a man like him, at any rate! I have not the least idea what he had done to provoke them. The worthy creature gets a great deal of scolding, in the house, without any assignable cause for it.

Do my daughters resent his official knowledge, as a husband, of the secret of their sister's ugly feet? Oh, dear me, I hope not—I sincerely hope not!

At ten minutes past ten we drove to the hospitable abode of Doctor and Mrs. Crump. The women of my family were then perfectly dressed in the finest materials. There was not a flaw in any part of the costume of any one of the party. This is a great deal to say of ninety yards of clothing, without mentioning the streams of ribbon, and the dense thickets of flowery bushes that wanted gracefully all over their heads and half-down their backs—nevertheless, I can say it.

At forty minutes past four, the next morning, we were all assembled once more in my dining-room, to light our bed-room candles. Judging by costume only, I should not have known one of my daughters again—no, not one of them!

The Tulle Illusion, was illusion no longer. My married daughter's gorgeous substratum of Gros de Naples bulged through it in half a dozen places. The Pink Moiré Antique was torn into a draggled-tailed pink train. The white lace was in tatters, and the blue gauze was in shreds.

"A charming party!" cried my daughters in melodious chorus, as I surveyed this scene of ruin. Charming, indeed! If I had dressed up my four girls, and sent them to Greenwich Fair, with strict orders to get drunk and assault the police, and if they had carefully followed my directions, could they have come home to me in a much worse condition than the condition in which I see them now? Could any man, not acquainted with the present monstrous system of party-giving, look at my four young women, and believe that they had been spending the evening under the eyes of their parents, at a respectable house? If the party had been at a linendraper's, I could understand the object of this wanton destruction of property. But Doctor Crump is not interested in making me buy new gowns. What have I done to him that he should ask me and my family to his house, and all but tear my children's gowns off their backs in return for our friendly readiness to accept his invitation?

But my daughters danced all the evening, and these little accidents will happen in private ball-rooms. Indeed? I did not dance, my wife did not dance, my son-in-law did not dance. Have we escaped injury on that account? Decidedly not. Velvet is not an easy thing to tear, so I have no rents to deplore in my wife's dress. But I apprehend that a spoonful of trifle does not reach its destination properly when it is deposited in a lady's lap; and I altogether deny that there is any necessary connection between the charms of society, and the wearing of crushed macarons, adhesively dotted over the back part of a respectable matron's dress. I picked three off my wife's

gown, as she swam out of the dining-room, on her way up-stairs; and I am informed that two new breadths will be wanted in front, in consequence of her lap having been turned into a plate for trifle. As for my son-in-law, his trousers are saturated with spilt sherry; and he took, in my presence, nearly a handful of flabby lobster salad out of the cavity between his shirt-front and his waistcoat. For myself, I have had my elbow in a game-pie, and I see with disgust a slimy path of once-trickling, but now extinct custard, meandering down the left-hand lappel of my coat. Altogether, this party, on the lowest calculation, casts me in damages to the tune of ten pounds, eighteen shillings, and sixpence.*

In damages for spoilt garments only. I have still to find out what the results may be of the suffocating heat in the rooms, and the freezing draughts in the passages, and on the stairs—I have still to face the possible doctor's bills for treating our influenzas and our rheumatisms. And to what cause is all this destruction and discomfort attributable? Plainly and simply, to this. When Doctor and Mrs. Crump issued their invitations, they followed the example of the rest of the world, and asked to their house five times as many people as their rooms would comfortably hold. Hence, jostling, bumping, and tearing among the dancers, and jostling, bumping, and spilling in the supper-room. Hence, a scene of barbarous crowding and confusion, in which the successful dancers are the heaviest and rudest couples in the company, and the successful guests at the supper-table, the people who have least regard for the restraints of politeness and the wants of their neighbours.

Is there no remedy for this great social nuisance? for a nuisance it certainly is. There is a remedy in every district in London, in the shape of a spacious and comfortable public room, which may be had for the hiring. The rooms to which I allude are never used for doubtful purposes. They are mainly devoted to Lectures, Concerts, and Meetings. When used for a private object, they might be kept private by giving each guest a card to present at the door, just as cards are presented at the opera. The expense of the hiring, when set against the expense of preparing a private house for a party, and the expense of the injuries which crowding causes, would prove to

be next to nothing. The supper might be sent into the large room as it is sent into the small house. And what benefit would be gained by all this? The first and greatest of all benefits, in such cases—room. Room for the dancers to exercise their art in perfect comfort; room for the spectators to move about and talk to each other at their ease; room for the musicians in a comfortable gallery; room for eating and drinking; room for agreeable, equal ventilation. In one word, all the acknowledged advantages of a public ball, with all the pleasant social freedom of a private entertainment.

And what hinders the adopting of this sensible reform? Nothing but the domestic vanity of my beloved countrymen. I suggested the hiring of a room, the other day, to an excellent friend of mine, who thought of giving a party, and who inhumanly contemplated asking at least a hundred people into his trumpety little ten-roomed house. He absolutely shuddered when I mentioned my idea: all his insular prejudices bristled up in an instant. "If I can't receive my friends under my own roof, on my own hearth, sir, and in my own home, I won't receive them at all. Take a room, indeed! Do you call that an Englishman's hospitality? I don't." It was quite useless to suggest to this most estimable gentleman that an Englishman's hospitality, or any man's hospitality, is unworthy of the name unless it fulfils the first great requisite of making his guests comfortable. We don't take that far-fetched view of the case in this domestic country. We stand on our own floor (no matter whether it is only twelve feet square or not); we make a fine show in our houses (no matter whether they are large enough for the purpose or not); never mind the women's dresses; never mind the dancers being in perpetual collision; never mind the supper being a comfortless, barbarous scramble; never mind the ventilation alternating between unbearable heat and unbearable cold—an Englishman's house is his castle, even when you can't get up his staircase, and can't turn round in his rooms. If I lived in the Black Hole at Calcutta, sir, I would see my friends *there*, because I lived there, and would turn up my nose at the finest marble palace in the whole city, because it was a palace that could be had for the hiring!

And yet the innovation on a senseless established custom which I now propose, is not without precedent, even in this country. When I was a young man, I, and some of my friends, used to give a Bachelors' Ball, once a-year. We hired a respectable public room for the purpose. Nobody ever had admission to our entertainment who was not perfectly fit to be asked into any respectable house. Nobody wanted room to dance in; nobody's dress was injured; nobody was uncomfortable at supper. Our ball was looked forward to, every year, by the young ladies, as the

* For the information of ignorant young men, who are beginning life, I subjoin the lamentable particulars of this calculation:

	£2	0s.	0d.
A Tulle Illusion spoilt			
Repairing gathers of Moiré Antique	0	5	0
Cheap white lace dress spoilt	3	0	0
Do. blue gauze do.	1	6	0
Two new breadths of velvet for Mama	4	0	0
Cleaning my son-in-law's trousers	0	2	6
Cleaning my own coat	0	5	0
Total	10	18	6

especial dance of the season at which they were sure to enjoy themselves. They talked rapturously of the charming music, and the brilliant lighting, and the pretty decorations, and the nice supper. Old ladies and gentlemen used to beg piteously that they might not be left out on account of their years. People of all ages and tastes found something to please them at the Bachelors' Ball, and never had a recollection, in connection with it, which was not of the happiest nature. What prevents us, now we are married, from following the sensible proceeding of our younger days? The stupid assumption that my house must be big enough to hold all my friends comfortably, because it is my house. I did not reason in that way, when I had lodgings, although my bachelor sitting-room was, within a few feet each way, as large as my householder's drawing-room at the present time.

However, I have really some hopes of seeing the sensible reform, which I have ventured to propose, practically and generally carried out, before I die. Not because I advocate it; not because it is in itself essentially reasonable, but merely because the course of Time is likely, before long, to leave obstinate Prejudice no choice of alternatives and no power of resistance. Party-giving is on the increase, party-goers are on the increase, petticoats are on the increase,—but private houses remain exactly as they were. It is evidently only a question of time. The guests already overflow on to the staircase. Give us a ten years' increase of the population, and they will overflow into the street. When the door of the Englishman's nonsensical castle cannot be shut, on account of the number of his guests who are squeezed out to the threshold, then he will concede to necessity what he will not now concede to any strength of reasoning, or to any gentleness of persuasion. In the mean time, our daughters' gowns get all but torn off their backs; and our sons—if they are fond of dancing—go to casinos. We all of us groan over the depravity of our young men. How many of us remember that the laws of respectable society refuse them the casino-privilege of having room enough to dance in?

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

VII.

THE Village Feast, after David Teniers: Boors Drinking, after Brawer. A dull, dark interior lightened with reddish tones. Boors with slouched hats at the table in bacchanalian postures. Boors in the background bending over the fire, their heads together, and pipes in hand. One boor waving a queerly-shaped goblet over his head. Another boor overcome by drink, with a fat female on his knee: in short, the usual Dutch bibbing scene, as painted a hundred times, as engraved a thousand times, as enacted, it may be added,

up to the present day, ten thousand times over, without loss of effect. The boors are there to this hour; so are the dark interiors and the compendious Venuses on their knees. Nay, going along this very morning, I have seen squat Dutch lads—which term, speaking Hibernicè, properly takes in every age from fifteen to fifty—I have seen these heavy-built gossoons creeping behind a Dutch pie-woman and deftly snatching the stool from under her. The pie-woman was rolled over, and a shower of her own pies came tumbling after. The heavy-built fellows went their way quite doubled up with laughter at this broad and eminently Dutch joke. I have seen other comic gentlemen oversetting water-cans, snatching baskets from comely maidens going by—perhaps roughly tumbling the comely maidens. Look into the nearest tavern, you will see more of this rude tumbling; put the buff slouched hats on the performers you will find there, and the buff and brown garments; add a reddish tone generally, and you have the Boors Drinking, after Teniers Junior, Maes, or any of them. This tumbling of females is, to this hour, a favourite Dutch speciality.

I am led into this pictorial train of thought by the memory of a certain fête, or merry-making, that came off one Sunday evening just outside a little town hard by to Mæstricht, and at which I had the good fortune to be present. The scene was certain tea-gardens along the roadside, a mile or so out of the town. These same Rosherville tea-gardens are pleasant enough as places of resort in the cool summer evenings: much frequented, too, of the autumn nights; provision being made against the darkness by festoons of gas tubing carried on stiffly from tree to tree, each light being fitted neatly with a shade of frosted glass, as lights are within doors. An odd notion truly. To these gardens used to repair students, sturdy burghers, and others, to swill and make merry, and enact over again those rough scenes from Ostade and other painting men, that knew their country fellows so very well.

Looking out from the bow window of the hostelry on that Sunday morning; taking a glance now up the street, now down the street; noting what a prospect of shining red brickery it was; how the very paving-stones glistened shingly in the sun, as if they had been polished over night; how every little house went up and ended in a shape of its own; how the roofs of some were cut away in steps as it were. Noting, too, how this red brickery was not of our own dull manufacturing-town red, but of a bright vermilion inspiring tint; noting, too, how the street being now quite empty and deserted, and most people at worship, a little door would be opened softly—it might have been a practicable door in a scene on the stage—and shut to as gently, and there would issue forth a little figure in a scarlet

petticoat—the old silver helm upon her head catching the sun like a reflecting mirror—and clatter off to her little conventicle: taking all these matters in, as I look up and down lazily from the bow window, I hear the sounds of music afar off, borne to me on a Dutch breeze—a Dutch temperance band, most likely, patrolling noisily on the Sabbath; which sets me off upon the speculation, comic enough, that, had the late excellent Father Mathew or the worthy Manchester Alliance taken on themselves to crusade it among my Dutch friends, what issue conceivable would have come of it? Would Mynheer have been able to grasp the notion of teetotalism at all? He might have taken his long pipe from his mouth and blinked his round eyes and upheaved his huge figure, striving painfully to see what the tea crusaders wanted of him. Not to drink? Then why not to eat? As well one as the other. Was it suicide or wholesale destruction of the human family that Father Mathew and the Manchester Alliance were insanely bent upon? The schout, or policeman, might be useful here; but for that temperance-band (so I call it, from the quality of the music, which is strained) which I hear afar off from the bow window of the Goode-Haan (the Noble Bird being the name of my hostel) what possible?

Now it does just occur to me that the fine old Hoogen mogen would have set their faces utterly against such street music on a Sunday. They would have made no bones about it, as the phrase is, but have inconspicuously helped the big drum and the ear-piercing fife, without respect of person, to strong lodgings for the night—which would have been only proper on the part of their high mightinesses; such profane Sunday entertainment being clearly contra bonos mores, in every age and country. But, alack! how are their high mightinesses fallen! They have no heed for such concerns now. None of their rough, stern action appears to be left to their successors.

I call loudly for Jan, seeking to be better instructed as to the temperance music; and there appears to me, as though out of a trap, a complete little man, in a little coat, with his hair cropped quite close to his head. In years, I do believe he was no more than a boy; and yet he had served with distinction in many hotels of quality at La Haye and such places. There he stood, however, fresh landed from the trap, with his little old face, and his little old manner, awaiting orders. I fancy that we two were the only folk left at that time in the house.

I prayed the little man to expound to me the secret of the temperance music.

“O! O!” says the little man, flourishing his napkin, excitedly. “Great feast! such a great feast! Music, dancing, and the drinking! Every body will go to the music and the drinking! O, such drinking! O,

the schnaps!” And the little man drew in his yellow cheeks, succulently, as though he were dried up and consumed with a raging thirst.

“Where and when?” I ask.

“Out beyond the town, say a mile. Taking the road straight from the Goode-Haan or Noble Bird, follow the first canal to the right, and it would bring me there in good time. O, the drinking! Two o’clock in the afternoon would be ample time; then the sports and amusements begin, at the Tivoli Gardens.”

“But the temperance music?”

“Well, here was how it was exactly: This was for a charity. Did Mynheer see?”

“Perfectly.”

“The poor of a neighbouring district were in great straits,—had suffered from a conflagration, that had consumed, it would be hard to say how many houses! Terrible thing, that fire. Does the Mynheer follow my meaning?”

“Perfectly.”

“Well, then, certain munificent gentlemen had organised this festival; and, in the noblest manner, a certain amateur band, which had attained extraordinary celebrity, had ridden ventre à terre (as the French have it) to play at the Tivoli Gardens. O, the drinking! O, the dancing! I am to go; the fille de chambre is to go; the commissionaire is to go; the master had said it, and sworn it,—on his pipe! Hark to them now. O hark!”

And the little man shot down suddenly, through his trap, utterly unable to restrain himself further.

I take my hat and run out, for the temperance music seems to be now braying under the window. Divine worship is clearly over; for the street is full. Full of men and women,—full of the fat father o’ family’s, again,—full of my chubby little Dutchwomen, again,—full of the unnatural children, again,—full of the bursting books of family prayer,—full of the red, white, and blue chequering under the bright sun (with three cheers for those colours, according to the song, “Britannia, the pride of the ocean,” and the rest of it),—full of the many twinkling feet all over again. In short, it was as if there had been the cry behind the scenes of, “All-on-the-stage!” and that, whereas before there had come forth from the practicable door that little woman tripping on to her conventicle, so now there was to come the great market scene, peopled with all manners of gay and fluttering figures, passing and repassing, colours crossing, and variegating, and harmonising with prodigious effect. Neither is there lack of music in the orchestra. For, as I thread my way through the market scene,—jostling a stray father o’ family, as I go,—I can see afar off at the bridge, that the crowd has gotten into a clump, and that it is there that the music is discoursing. There is a great crowd. There

is extraordinary excitement, and this is what is to be seen :

In the middle of the throng, four magnificent gentlemen, in white breeches and great boots, mounted on strong black cobs (progenitors, doubtless, of Barclay and Perkins' dray-horses), are quaffing beer from glass-mugs. The crowd look on admiringly at the beer-quaffing; they can see that the four noble gentlemen are athirst, and have ridden long and wearily, being covered with dust, and having no end of cobwebs in their magnificent throats. These are the Corinthian organisers of the festival; and, about them, are their temperance musicians, who have had to trudge it, and to blow and thump it proudly, as they came through each village. No doubt, these are weary and foot-sore; but are finding comfort in the glass-mug. They are only at the beginning of the blowing and of their thumping. They are in a sort of temperance uniform, too,—Lincoln green, gilt buttons, braid, and French kepis,—which the surrounding crowd exceedingly admire, gazing at them thoughtfully as they imbibe hugely from the glass-mugs. Most specially do they admire the four magnificent gentlemen on the coal-black cobs. A great day for the country altogether, these appear to think. A day of joy and exceeding gladness.

Wandering away in the other direction, having seen my fill of this soul-stirring spectacle, I find means to divert the intervening hours in some capital studies of Dutch heads and figures which offer themselves of their own proper motion. Old Woman's Head framed in a Window—good; Boor Lighting his Pipe over the Fire, seen through door half-open—plainly after Ostade. Towards two o'clock I am on the road leading out of the city, which, in truth, needs no finger-post to tell that this is the road to Tivoli Gardens; for the town seems to have thought of emptying itself Tivoliwards, pouring itself out in a steady stream towards that al fresco place of amusement. I can see father o' family here, again, in but too many instances without family, linked affectionately with other fathers o' family. Such things are but so many ugly restraints on free and cheerful conviviality. How can the worthy man swill himself into oblivion, and drown dull care socially, with his dear matrimonial pledges (to say nothing of the partner of his joys) sitting opposite? They are best at home, clearly. Other fathers o' family—grievously pecked of hens at home—are being led along meekly by fat and lusty wives and a body-guard of chubby monsters. Sorry spectacle, indeed! Not that there is any lack of those who sweeten for us the pilgrimage through life. There are positive troops of bouncing creatures ready to sweeten any one's pilgrimage—that they look inanely to the right, and grin; and look inanely to the left, and grin;—grin at you, grin at me, and would grin at themselves, if they could; with whom

walk sweethearts, brothers, guardians, and elderly female relations.

A cloud of Dutch clerks, Dutch shopmen, Dutch rabble, and Dutch quality on the road! A tolerably silent cloud!—a cloud that scatters, and leaves a contingent at every drinking house along the way-side. How should your Dutchmen trudge that mile or so without something to keep life in him. On these dusty days, the cobwebs do gather so terribly in his throat!

This must be Tivoli—this gateway with the tawdry flags flying—where the crowd is gathered pretty thickly; where, too, you must cross a bridge over a ditch filled high with stagnant green ditch-water, by way of moat. I can see that the whole thing—the grand Tivoli Garden—rises out of the green ditch-water; that the institution is, as it were, with a garter of green stagnation. The green garter is never seen to stir—lies in its bed all day and all night long—and leaves on the wall-side and stone pillars of the gate pleasing patterns in green slime. This is the first al fresco glimpse—most inspiring, truly. However, over the bridge we go—cheerily enough—with the tawdry flags waving over head, and sundry tawdry festooning waving, too. Hi for sport and revelry! Enter Mirth and all his train, Laughter holding both his sides! Why should we be melancholy, boys! Why, indeed, with such good things in store. Pay your money here. One guilder, if you please, to one of the noble gentlemen dismounted from his cob. Dazzling vision, as we enter the Tivoli Garden. Astounding preparation! The noble gentlemen have spared nothing, indeed. Here we have a second bridge, painted al fresco,—richest red and yellow, and second stagnation below. Wheels within wheels—green garter within green garter. Wildernesses of growing vegetation about stunted Noah's Ark trees, shooting up like weeds. Grass unmown—walk unweeded. Cross over the bridge—more gaudy streamers and festooning; and here we are in the open space, in front of the cabaret or drinking-house, among ranges of chairs and rude tables, and ruder benches, set together in a hopeless sort of entanglement. Thus, a weary man might help himself to a chair, and with the action uplift a table and bench, and other chairs, with which its legs were someway interwoven. Here, in that drinking-house, you reached the bottom of the whole entertainment—Tivoli Gardens, magnificent gentlemen, on cobs, and all! Here was the charity, the amusement, the high festivity, the fun, fast and furious, within the measure of a flask of schiedam!

Thus you get at the secret—voilà le mot! as the Frenchmen have it—scrape your Dutchman, and your nails will be broken on the hoops and staves of a wine-cask.

Seated on the disentangled stool, I look about and take the bearings of the place. The Tivoli Cabaret, as has been said, at the centre

—cynosure in chief. Already are my Dutch folk at work, swilling slowly but surely. It is Jan here, Jan there, Jan everywhere, benches being dotted in all directions with a heavy figure. To the right is improvised orchestra of timbers newly hewn, garnished feebly with a strip of the tawdry calico; it looks crazy enough. There is, besides, an improvised dancing pit, thrown together by means of rough boards laid over the gravel, and rough seats placed round, with a rougher shed overhead by way of canopy. Lame enough these accessories of the dance; the dancers being tolerably certain of an overthrow from the rough boards, or of being crushed flat by the shed from overhead. It looks infinitely precarious, that shed. A little to the rear is an open field laid out as a race-course, where there shall be presently infinite diversion.

More Dutch folk pouring in. The munificent gentlemen purveying tickets, appear to be horribly overworked. More Dutch folk pouring in, all athirst, putting their mouths (metaphorically of course) by a sort of instinct to the spigot. Drink, drink! Jan, Jan! on every side. No seats, no tables, no bench to be had now. Jans take to a running motion, setting down all variety of drinks. I note a pink fluid brought in a wineglass, together with a small measure of pounded sugar. Sugar and pink fluid are stirred together—result, a muddy compound, most drinkable I am assured: charge, twopence. I note, too, a great squat black bottle with no neck, on a tray, its consort a thin shrunken flask, attended by a small measure of the pounded sugar. It was the Dutch family on a tray.

“What is that?” said Mrs. Johnson—Swift’s “Mrs. Johnson”—when they brought her in a medicine bottle in her last illness. “My apothecary’s son?” This ridiculous resemblance, says Doctor Swift, set us all a-laughing.

So, too, I seem to see the Dutch family type travelling about on a tray. The squat black bottle is Selters, the attenuated flask Rhine wine. Sugar as before, mix as before, pay as before, rather more—say two shillings—for the whole. But it does the family to perfection.

I note other drinks. Bavarian beer out of the stone jug; that being the natural place of confinement, alack, for unruly beers as well as for unruly mortals. Holland beer also out of the stone jug, as being unruly also. French wines in abundance. Sickly syrups—gaseous draughts—fizzing here! pop there! smoke everywhere!

But, hark! tuning in the orchestra. The musicians are gathered together, big drum has been hoisted to a convenient elevation. I am informed that a true amateur will now hear something worth his notice. “A celebrated band, Mynheer—of extraordinary reputation” (here action, with both arms out, as of embracing the world)—“such finish—such

shading—such expression—such” (profound shaking of head). “And the Maestro! the Heer Directoor! a man of singular parts—such control—such discipline—such” (more shaking of head). “Hark! hark! silence, pray, Messieurs! sit down in front! let us listen! Jan! more schiedam here! more schiedam, quick!”

I take my seat with the rest while the music begins, and look out curiously for the man of extraordinary reputation. Upon that music, as discoursed by the Lincoln-greens, what shall be the judgment? The programme is of an ambitious order, truly; grand selection from a grand opera; but the grand opera, the Lincoln-greens, the music, everything becomes as nothing taken with the extraordinary man. He was an undying source of wonder, of profound study, of infinite delight, that man of extraordinary reputation! I have never seen one to compare with him; not even excepting the Monsieur Jullien. That eminent bâton-wielder paled indeed his ineffectual fires before him. This was, in some sort, the order of his action:

The Lincoln-greens were gathered together below, with contracted brows and eyes steadily fixed on their music, blowing their very souls out with a stern intensity, as being men on whom lay an awful responsibility. But the chief? He had placed himself on a high form, exactly in the middle, without desk, without music, without anything beyond his little wand and the deep resources of his genius. Methinks I see him now. How his fat, corpulent, little person, buttoned close within the Lincoln-green, balanced itself with difficulty on the narrow form; how he kept his arms eternally out like a cross; how he imparted to them a wavy, encouraging motion, a wooing up and down movement, as who should say, “This way, my sweet music! Lo! I shall draw the very soul out of you!” How he described circles, turning on himself as on a pivot; how his round red face lay at one moment on his shoulder, and his eyes closed, utterly overcome by the luscious sweetness of the sounds; how a languishing smile played upon his features, as though such tones were altogether too much for this world; how he was seen to crouch low, like a tiger about to spring, at the eve of a grand crescendo; how hope, rage, joy, and, finally, celestial triumph irradiated those plain features—all these things may be indeed told here, but can give but a faint likeness of that matchless Maestro. The great Mons himself might have profitably sat at the feet of such a musical Gamaliel.

Drinking, as before, between the pieces; selters between the pieces; schiedam between the pieces; Maestro himself observed to drink, being athirst after his labour. But the cry is now—“The race! the race! To the field! Steeplechase, Mynheer!” Steeplechase of donkeys—a thing of infinite sport, I am impressively assured. Everybody has set himself

lazily on his feet and is moving that way. Selters, schiedam, half-finished tumblers with the spoons in them left as they were; for the owners will be back presently to rest after the laughing. I go with the rest, and, as I enter the field, "a 'krect card" of the races is put into my hands by one of the noble gentlemen in the boots. The affability of these distinguished persons is all through to me a matter of surprise and admiration. From the 'krect card I gather that the following entries have been made. Says the 'krect card:

TIVOLI GARDENS.

GRAND DONKEY RACES.

PRIZE OF HONOUR: A HANDSOME WATCH.

The following will start:

1. Eaudelobka, ridden by the Jockey Sultan-Tivolario.
2. Pepita (Andalusian).
3. Crinolina, out of Pompador.
4. Lombardio, ridden by Baron Munchausen.
5. Lola Montez, ridden by Brother Jonathan.
6. Griesgrammario.

Thus far the 'krect kyard, treating so serious a matter with unbecoming levity and pleasantry. Already are vigorous measures being taken to clear the course; and a munificent gentleman in Hessians—whom I have noted all along acting as a sort of master of the revels, doing that duty with infinite comicality, throwing his very soul into the work—armed with a heavy hunting-whip, is doing his utmost to get his countrymen out of the way. To say the truth, the course is singularly unpropitious for such sports; low apple-trees, furze-bushes, and such hindrances growing right in the path of the competitors. There is a bell ringing violently all this while, which has only the effect of drawing the crowd towards itself. Everybody pushes in the direction of the bell. Everybody is portly; exhibits painful traces of the heat; and is filled with boundless good-humour. Everybody pushes with infinite good humour, and enjoys the joke prodigiously. There is saddling of asses going on under the bell. There is prodigious activity on the part of the munificent gentleman with the hunting-whip. There is intense excitement to get a good view. The asses are there—well kept, Dutch animals—but even now showing symptoms of their peculiar nature. The jockeys are there; little fellows, in the usual particolours, blues, and reds, and yellows. Intense is the eagerness to catch a glimpse of the particolours. Intense is the laughter as one ass lunges out from behind, and strikes a portly bystander off his guard. The portly bystander laughs rather more than any one else. Finally, it being hopeless to get the course properly cleared; the start is given, and away they go.

Away they go? nothing further from their thoughts. Pepita has stayed in the same

attitude, heedless of all persuasion. Eaudelobka has coolly sent her rider over her head, and is looking round upon the crowd. Crinolina out of Pompador has planted her fore-feet firmly, and is at this instant kicking furiously with her hinder hoofs. While Griesgrammario, up to that moment first in the betting, has lain down upon the earth, heavily, doggedly, and regardless of all consequences. Two others have got away at a walk. Under such circumstances it must be held to be no start.

Shrieks of laughter from portly bystanders—tears of that delightful demonstration coursing down the cheeks of all the portliest bystanders: none being more moved than the munificent master of the revels, who leans him on his hunting-whip; and roars you like any full-bodied satyr. There must be another start, clearly.

This time they are all got off somehow; which result is only natural, considering that each animal has had a crowd of its own supporters, all busy propelling, pushing, poking, with the extremity of a sharp stick, and working the tail with the peculiar spiral movement applied, in our own humane country, in persuading fat stock to go on ship-board. All have got off with a capital start. The crowd has got off too; and, amid shrieks of laughter, you may note each unhappy jockey being shot up and down precariously, his animal trying to rid herself of the tormentors, by spasmodic plunging. Never did donkeydom show more spirit than on that day. Meanwhile, they are getting round somehow, and the supporters are getting round with them—now pushing, now lifting; with Griesgrammario well to the front. The noble brute has redeemed himself. Suddenly he is seen to shoot forward (scattering his queue of supporters), and passes swiftly under the low apple-tree. The result is that the little jockey is swept clean from off his back, and bites the dust. Away flies Griesgrammario, making straight for the winning-post. Shouts of applause, and the whole field is with him. A tall individual is seen to vault upon his back; but the next instant is cast down ignominiously. Another individual, also with prodigious length of limb, tempts fortune again, and not in vain. By clinging to his neck and tail, he holds on desperately, and is borne in, triumphant, upon the back of winning Griesgrammario.

Congratulations from all sides. Griesgrammario is brought round in procession—patted, praised, and made much of. What sport is there to come now? that is, after decent interval for slaking of thirst after so much exertion.

Tables and seats are now filled again; so are glasses. "More selters, Jan; more schiedam here! more pounded sugar!" More people have, by this time, lounged in, certain soldiers among the rest,—ill-made fellows in ill-made blue coats, and the eternal Dutch Y

upon their breast. A bell is heard to ring in the distance, and again do the drinkers become a rabble rout; to leaving drink, everything, behind them to see the sport. This time it is the old climbing of a greased pole—not for a leg of mutton, according to our tradition at home—but for a new pair of breeks and a handsome meerscham pipe. Pipe and breeks are won and lost in the old way; and then we come to the aquatic sport, known as the waterfall. This may be taken to be the most infinitely diverting of all, and this is the way the waterfall diversion was managed:

A sort of archway had been constructed, from which hangs suspended a pail of water. Hard by is a little hand-cart, and a daring navigator in the shape of a gamin, or urchin, of the most forward character, takes his stand on the cart, holding a sort of spear in his hand. A moment of expectancy, and the munificent gentleman in hessians gives the word, "Laissez aller." The cart is wheeled forward at a good pace; and, as he passes beneath the pail, the gamin strikes at it with his javelin. If he can hold his own, and empty the pail loyally, the prize shall be his. But alack! it is so arranged that the discharged stream shall only fall in the direction of the gamin, by way of shower-bath. Exactly proportioned to his intensity of purpose, is the copiousness of the descent. So would it seem to be cruelly ordered. First gamin failed with dishonour, turning aside his head at the first cupful; for, his javelin relinquished, an unseemly struggle takes place—other gamins contending with oaths and even buffets who should try next. The hearts of many fail them when the prize is all but won, and there is but a cupful left, until one gamin—stern of will—holds out to the last, and is miserably drenched. But he is winner, and takes away with him a complete, new, and shiny suit of clothes.

Then came the remaining sports. What was handsomely styled *chasse au sanglier*, being no other than the pig with soaped tail—to be held firmly by none. A strange scene, then, succeeds in a sort of circus. All gamins available—to the number of some sixty, or so—gather together within the circus, and are ordered by munificent gentleman in the hessians to take off their shoes. The shoes they cast into the middle, forming a huge pile, and the gamins, formed in a ring, wait word of command from the munificent gentleman. On the signal given, the gamins precipitate themselves wildly on the heap, each with object of recovering his own, and this heap becoming suddenly quickened is transformed into a tumbling, buffeting, struggling, scratching mass, rolling in waves of unlicenced gaminism. The sight is enjoyed intensely by the bystanders, and perhaps not without reason.

Altogether, it was an eminently Dutch entertainment of the tumbling order, of the romping order. The facial muscles of the

portly bystanders must have ached wearily against the next morning. They roared so woundily.

So the shows went on, until one bystander, at the least, fancied he had had enough, and went his way. There was what is called a sea-fight to come off in the slimy pool; to say nothing of more music, more tumbling, and the dancing, and the illuminated gardens. But the bystander had had sufficient, and retired from the struggle.

And that was "The Village Festival," to be painted by Teniers the younger, or his fellows, whereof drink remains a prominent feature.

MY FIRST PATRON.

I was so hard pressed for money at the time I am going to write about; I suffered so much vexation while everybody thought I ought to be the happiest person alive, that it may not be altogether out of place if I try to communicate to elderly people who may be practically unacquainted with such matters, some idea of the small persecutions which assail certain of their young friends, whose position may present to their eyes all the external appearances of perfect comfort and prosperity.

I was in the position of a young man of two and twenty, who, living in the bosom of his family, is favoured by the friends of the same, if he ever ventures to hint that his circumstances might admit of improvement, with the assurance that they wonder he is not ashamed to complain with so many comforts around him. And here, parenthetically, I would (if I dared) express my regret that these same family friends should always think it necessary, because they are so very fond of the young people, to be continually plaguing those unfortunate minors with unpleasant remarks: casting their comforts, in a manner, in their teeth, until at last they are almost inclined to compound for fewer of these advantages, and are ready even to part with some of them (say a sofa or two, or the drawing-room curtains, or the cheese after dinner), if it would procure them the privilege of escaping reproachful congratulations on the enviable nature of their circumstances in life.

Living thus, with nothing to complain of, I was yet wicked enough not to be happy. I was one of a large family, having opposed their wishes by determining to be an artist (how the family friends shuddered over that decision!) My father was a medical man, and professionally obliged to live fully up to his income. Circumstanced thus, of course nothing would have induced me to apply to my family for the additional pocket-money which I sorely wanted—not for extravagancies, but for necessaries of genteel life. It was distressing enough to be obliged to burden my friends with my keep: though I must do them the justice to acknowledge that they

never grudged it to me, which is a great deal more than I can say for the family friends, who were perfectly scandalised at my living rent free. Indeed, I once overheard one of them (a lady too) trying to make my mother uncomfortable, by asking her how much I paid towards the housekeeping expenses.

Pressed at last into the smallest of all possible corners by the dire necessity of keeping up appearances, with insufficient means (for though I worked hard at my profession, I had, as usual, to bide my time till profitable employment chose to find me out), I actually ended in the final refuge of all the destitute. I, the offspring of a respectable stock—I, as prosperous, to all outward appearance, as any gentleman in London—found myself, one day, making common cause with the raggedest wretches in creation, and finding my way into a certain commercial establishment, the entrance to which was decorated by three brilliantly-gilded balls, arranged in the form of an inverted pyramid, and accompanied by the assurance that money was advanced to any amount on every description of valuable property. To this house of call for all the poverties, I found it necessary to repair with every particle of valuable property in my possession, even to a pair of highly-prized gold sleeve-links. Alas! how well I remember the commotion caused in the house when but a few months before I had discovered that I could no longer exist with my wristbands secured by means of a mother-of-pearl button, as heretofore, but must have my shirt sleeves altered elaborately to the infinite disgust of the female members of the family, all of whom had to be engaged in the reformation. Truly "the gods do of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us." How I cursed my wretched coxcombry afterwards, when I found that in consequence of the alteration in my linen, I must spend eighteen pence out of the sovereign, reluctantly advanced on the sleeve buttons, in purchasing a pair of agate links, ignobly fastened together with brass!

From sleeve buttons I got to boots, and from boots to books. I should not like some of our eminent authors to know at what amount the pecuniary worth of their productions is estimated by the gentlemen who advance money on every description of valuable property. From books I got to pictures, and this past piece of poverty-stricken experience was the most humiliating of any that I had yet had to undergo.

"You see, sir, this ain't in our line," said one of the gentlemen who advanced money, to whom I repaired with a work of art from my own easel. He held the picture, while he spoke, in a slanting direction, so that the light caught on all the little projecting nob of paint, and on the brush hairs and dust which had been incorporated with the surface while it was wet. "This ain't in our line at all. How much did you want on it now?"

I had asked at the Royal Academy Exhibition thirty pounds for the picture, but the sort of way in which the market value of this choice production of my brain had diminished in my eyes, during this brief interview, is not to be told. So I modestly intimated that ten pounds was the loan I required, though that, of course, I said was infinitely below the real worth of the work. The reception of this piece of information by the gentleman on the opposite side of the counter was peculiar, at any rate, if it was not satisfactory. He uttered no sound, nor did the slightest change take place in the expression of his features. He spread out very carefully on the counter the Supplement to the Times in which I had brought my treasure, wrapped up, to his establishment. He turned my ill-used gem on its face upon the newspaper, lapped the surplus paper over the sides, secured the whole with string, and still without breaking his awful silence handed the package across to me with one hand, while with the other he received a flannel petticoat from a lady in the next box, of whom I could discover nothing, as she was hidden by the partition, except that her hand was old and shrivelled, and that by a curious coincidence, there entered the shop at the same moment with her a very strong smell of ardent spirits. At the next establishment I reduced my demand to five pounds, and ended in a degrading acceptance of the sum of fifteen shillings.

It was just when things were thus with me, that a very old friend came forward to effect my rescue from despair. I must say a word or two about this individual, for he was my First Patron.

By means of certain personal qualifications and of a wonderful "get up" as actors phrase it—by frequenting picture-sales and private views—by giving his opinions in very few words and accompanying them by shrugs, pursing up of the lips, and mysterious sounds, he had got to be looked upon by all his friends as a profound art-connoisseur, and by some of them as an enlightened patron as well, and one potential with the press in all matters of criticism. This highly-respected gentleman was, when I knew him, between fifty and sixty years of age, and was precisely the kind of man, to look at, whom a congregation would feel must be secured as a churchwarden at any price. His thin fine hair was of a light brown colour, dry and weak; he wore no whiskers, or any form of beard; he was of the middle height, with a body rather disposed to corpulence, and legs very much inclined to thinness. His costume was artful in the extreme—a loose black coat, cut like a dress coat, but high in the collar and with broad skirts, in which were large outside pockets with flaps to them, which flaps were, not uncommonly, pushed up by bundles of mysterious-looking papers. He wore a double-breasted waistcoat of snowy whiteness, and a

neckcloth of the loose style tied in a knot, of similar brilliancy. His shirt was decorated with a frill. But why do I dwell on these small things? Why don't I get on at once to his great characteristic—his wonderful legs. They did more for him, on the whole, than either bundles of paper, shirt-frill, or waist-coat. They were legs of that kind which when they are straight (and they always were straight when my Patron stood up), stiffen so uncompromisingly that they almost curve a little back. Nor was this sage unacquainted with the power of his own invaluable limbs. To the last he never disguised them with trousers, but wore very telling gray tights, buttoned at the ankles, and shoes of a round-toed, astoundingly-blackened type, much affected by bankers, and other capitalists, and which I never saw profaned either by dust or mud.

In his capacity of connoisseur, my Patron looked on all modern artists as presumptuous boys, and would hear of no great painter of later date than Angelica Kauffmann and Benjamin West, for both of whom he professed an ardent admiration. When I have added that he was a widower without children—that he had been married twice, in both cases to remote relatives of the above-mentioned distinguished artists, and entirely because they were so related—and when I have further added, that he never really laid out a farthing on art in his life, I have related all that need be said, in an introductory way, about my First Patron.

On my return from one of the expeditions in search of pawn-broking art-patronage which I have just described, I found Mæcenas waiting to see me on important business.

He had in his possession a picture by Angelica Kauffmann, of which, it seemed, he wanted a copy to give to a friend, and out of his regard for our family he thought—yes, he really thought, he would venture to let me undertake it. I moderated my transports, as well as I could, and professed my readiness to commence the work at once.

The next morning, having ordered a canvass of the requisite size from my colour-man (giving the order by letter, for I had long ceased to think of entering a shop where I owed a grievous bill), I set to work.

It was a dreary picture, this work of Angelica's. It represented a lady of uninviting aspect, with a hook-nose (which is not "an excellent thing in woman"), with a short waist (a quality to which one may apply the same quotation), with drapery wrapped tightly about her feet—with hands folded upon her breast—hair disturbed by a furious wind—and a thunder-storm brewing in the background. I worked away at my task with the industry of desperation; and, as soon as the thing could be done decently, and without raising suspicions that the copy, even if it looked right, must be bad, because it had been finished so quickly,

I sent it home, accompanied by the inestimable original.

For two days I heard nothing; but, on the third, there came an invitation from Mæcenas, to dine with him quietly the following day.

"There is always something awkward about receiving money from one's friends. I wonder what he'll give me? We settled nothing about price; I hope he will get the paying part of the business over before dinner, or I shall feel uncomfortable all the time." Such were my thoughts as I entered a square, prosperous-looking house in one of the western suburbs of London.

The proprietor of the imposing legs received me very politely and patronisingly, and proceeded to introduce me to the two other guests, who completed the party, as "a young friend of his, who was very fond of painting." Now this was not the sort of thing I liked at all. One would speak in this manner of the most incompetent amateur, who ever daubed canvass for his amusement. "Very fond of painting!" I thought to myself. "Why, of course I'm fond of painting, you old idiot; painting's my profession; I'm an artist, ain't I?"

When I had been further patronised by being asked after my papa, and had been also humiliated by the question, "and how's the good mamma?" I was considered, I suppose, sufficiently made aware of my place, and was, for a time, left in peace. But, from this moment, there became developed in my treatment by the two guests, a combination of antagonism and compassion towards my youth, very curious and irritating to behold.

Both these gentlemen were of about the age of our host, and bore, legibly inscribed on their exteriors, narrowness and prejudice, and (if I may use a negative expression in a positive sense) the absence of pecuniary embarrassment.

Looking back at myself, I feel a sort of pity for the poor forlorn castaway of that time, with wits so preternaturally sharpened by his own moneyless condition, as to be able to detect the possession of money in others. I remember thinking, as the dinner proceeded, that if the footman who waited on us at table, had known there was a pawnbroker's duplicate in my pocket, he would have entered a protest against bringing the potatoes to an impostor of a guest, who was infinitely his inferior.

No allusion was made during dinner to the subject that engrossed my thoughts; nor, indeed, was much attention of any kind thrown away upon me. I had time to commune with my own thoughts, and to anticipate the delight I should experience when I got outside the house, and the enjoyment I should find in the walk home, with a cheque in my pocket for something handsome as well as a duplicate.

When the cloth was removed, one of the middle-aged guests turned the conversation

(by way of introducing a highly festive topic) to a question of over assessment in the matter of taxes, by which he had suffered; and, as this enabled the other guest, and the master of the feast to relate certain particulars, which proved what gigantic sums they all paid for income tax, the subject proved a popular one, and lasted one hour and fifteen minutes by the clock on the chimney-piece.

Even conversation on taxes ends at last; and, now for it, I thought, as our host, at the entrance to the drawing-room, begged his two elder friends to excuse him for a moment; and, drawing me aside, led the way to another room on the same floor.

This room he called his studio, and round it were hung quantities of brown landscapes of his own perpetrating, one more gloomy and more remote from Nature than another. Here, too, I found the Angelica Kauffmann, and my copy, standing side by side.

I ventured to ask my Patron if he were satisfied with my production.

"Well," he said, "yes—yes—it's very well, you know, very well, indeed. Yes—yes—yes. I'm very well satisfied—very well satisfied; and to show you how sincerely I speak, I mean—though you are so young a man—to pay" (how my heart beat!)—"to pay your abilities the compliment of asking you to put a couple of figures into this drawing of mine. Yes, a couple of figures, just here, you see,—yes, and a dog, you know. Eh? Yes, a dog; I can manage the landscape well enough, but I don't get on so well with the figures. Now just sit down, will you, like a good fellow, and you'll find everything you want on this table."

Before I could gasp out a sound, his imposing legs had carried him out of the room, with a springy opulent walk, and I found myself alone, with his hateful drawing before me.

I sat down, supported by the thought that this new piece of work would certainly increase the amount of the cheque; encouraging myself with anticipations of the delightful sensations I should experience in finding money in my purse once more, and in being able to face my colourman personally, when I wanted to give an order, instead of causing endless mistakes by endeavouring to explain my wants by elaborate and always misunderstood descriptions in writing. I had even visions of the restoration of the old glories of the gold sleeve-links, and of getting back a volume of Tennyson, which I felt the want of sadly. So I set to work manfully; and, as the drawing before me was a sea-piece, I conjectured that smugglers would come in appropriately. In accordance with this bright idea, I proceeded to execute, as fast as my fingers would allow me, a spirited group, of two smugglers—one fiddling, idiotically, with some nets, and the other pointing into vacancy. As the smuggler who was fiddling with the nets was sitting down, I made the

smuggler who was pointing at vacancy, standing up; and, having introduced a powerful Newfoundland dog observing both closely, from the top of a cask of smuggled spirits, I considered the undertaking complete.

I was much too wise, when I had completed my task, to take my handiwork into the drawing-room. No, I thought; I'll give him another opportunity—for, of course, he would rather not allude to money-matters before other people. Accordingly, I went to the room-door, and mentioned that the drawing awaited his inspection.

"Bring it in, my young friend," said this fiend in human form, "and let us all look at it together."

Another disappointment! "Ah!" I said to myself, "I see he is not going to pay till just as I am going away. I see how he'll do it—he will slip the cheque into my hand, as I am saying 'good night.' Yes, yes, that will be the way, and a very delicate and generous way too."

The rest of the evening passed in looking over dreary Indian ink drawings by geniuses whom I had never heard of; until, at last, one of the opulent guests—evidently unable to hold his ground against the Fine Arts any longer—got up to take leave.

The other old gentleman was not slow to follow his example—and I, of course, made a feint of saying good night, too.

"Stop a moment, my young friend. Stop a moment. I have something to say to you before you go," were the magical words which arrested me. The long-expected moment had come at last. I stopped behind, and waited until Mecenas, who had accompanied his two friends to the door, returned.

"Well, my young friend," he said in a comfortably rich kind of voice, and with the smile of a man who was good-naturedly pleased himself at the pleasure he was going to confer. "I'm very much gratified, indeed, with what you have done—very much gratified—and—so, you know, as you're a young artist, and as young artists are often in want of a little assistance—Yes, a little assistance, and so on—I've got something here, which, I think, may be not unacceptable—not unacceptable—not unacceptable."

By this time, he had arrived at the other end of the room, and was fumbling with the lock of a large bureau, while I was invoking benedictions on his head.

"Yes," he continued, "I am going to present you with ——" What? In Heaven's name. What!

People don't write cheques on the largest sized cartridge paper—paper that has been rolled up, for years, until the outside is quite black; neither do they tie up drafts upon their bankers with dirty string; yet it was with such a roll in his hand that he now advanced towards me!

"I am going to present you," continued my First Patron, "with these anatomical

studies, drawn by the celebrated Blenkinsop, when a young man. And I am consoled in parting with such treasures by the conviction of the assistance they will prove to you, in acquiring a knowledge of the most important branches of your profession, my young friend. There! don't say a word" (pushing me towards the door, and cramming the "studies" into my hands). "You quite deserve them for the pains you have taken with the Angelica Kauffmann, and the group of smugglers. Not a word, I beg, not a word. There! bless you, my boy. No, really, now—not a word, I insist—remember me at home—remember me kindly at-home." The door closed between us!

And it was for this, I had slaved at that dreary Angelica? For this, I had encountered that awful dinner? For a bundle of drawings, such as I, in common with every student, had to execute before we could be students at all!

I battered the detested "studies" with all my strength against every lamp-post I encountered on my road, and finally sent the fragments flying over a canal-bridge which I passed on my way home—not without reflecting whether I should not do well to follow them myself.

I did not follow them myself. I have lived long enough since, to be glad that I abstained from executing the intention with which I awoke the next morning, of abandoning the profession of painting altogether. I have had patrons since those early days, who have shown their approval of my exertions by more substantial tokens than bundles of bad anatomical drawings. But, however long I may live, and however prosperous I may become, I shall never forget the hard pinches that genteel poverty gave me in my student days; and I shall never cease to think that my First Patron might have paid me, at least, for the canvass on which I painted for him, even if he thought it unnecessary to remunerate me for the time I devoted to his service.

I have never seen my First Patron since that memorable day of the dinner, and I do not even know whether he is alive or dead at this moment. If he be alive, I warn all my fellow-students to beware of an accomplished amateur, who stands on a very stiff pair of legs, and who admires no great artists but the great artists of a hundred years ago.

SLEEP.

When friends were cruel, and threaten'd to forsake,

She came by night, with little griefs oppress'd,
And sleep received her, as the mountain lake

Takes home the brook and hushes it to rest;

Now, where her childish step was wont to pass,

By winding hill-path or in shady lanes,

Sweet violets pine unpluck'd, and on the grass

The daisies miss her hand, and grow entwin'd in
chains.

She will not wake; the memory-hallow'd stream

May pour near her green bed its noisy flood;

For once there enter'd the small head a dream,

Conceal'd from us, like fair hues in the bud:

In sleep she went to heaven, and linger'd there,

Rapt with the music of the heavenly lay,

'Till angels gave her a bright crown to wear,

And chain'd her so with love, she cannot come
away.

THE SHELL-MOTH.

THE shell-moth is a moth of a group, the females of which live in shells. The naturalists of the day have a most extraordinary controversy among themselves, at present, respecting the habits and manners of these moths, controversy always accompanying mystery. I shall leave them to fight it out before I trouble myself with it. The fact, however, of the females living in shells is clear, positive, and well known. I have studied specimens of them, which are exposed to the view of all the world, in the Museum of Natural History, at Paris. They are placed in phials with a back-ground of black wood or of coloured glass, to bring out their characteristics by the contrast of colours. These shells are of different kinds. There are shells which are mere sheaths or cases coated with earth or sand. There are shells which are sheaths or cases formed of earth gummed together, and with small bits of withered twigs stuck upon them, and, as a sailor who saw them in Western Africa once described them, "all raking aft." The bits of withered twigs, indeed, all rake aft, or slant from the mouth towards the end of the case or sheath, like the quills of a porcupine. The Roman lictor was a sort of beadle, who carried a bundle of rods, and these insects have been classically and fancifully called lictors; because the insect drags about a bundle of sticks. This female moth is without wings, and, it is said, never leaves her shell. When she wishes to change her locality she projects her head and her six legs out of her case, and drags after her, wherever she goes, her tiny, little bundle of dry twigs. She is, I suspect, the original of the little old woman who went to the wood for a bundle of sticks. The little rods are of different lengths, the longest being at the end of the sheath. There are species which are found suspended upon the dried rhenaster bushes, whose tiny sticks are arranged in three regular sets, being thickest at the head, thinner in the middle, thinnest at the end, and tapering almost to a point. The species which feeds upon the yellow flowers of the everlastings has regular rows of very tiny sticks around its sheath. There are species coated with earth, whose shells curl spirally, and which have been called from the resemblance of their shells to the shells of snails, *Helicinella*.

I use the word Shells in the sense of an external crust or hard covering. There are many kinds of shells. These shells resemble

generally the sand-sheaths, or cases made of sand, glued together by the common seaworm, called the Sabella. The insect, like the worm, exudes a glue which fastens the sand or earth together, and in the form desired by each of the different species. The gluing of tiny twigs to the hard covering, reminds me of the topshell or trochus, called Phorus, which glues bits of shells to its shell. The French call this mollusc, La Fripière, or the rag-gatherer, and several species of shell-moths may be called twig-gatherers. The twig-gatherers, however, arrange their rods with order and method, and all raking aft.

The shell-moths are nocturnal moths. The males having scale-wings, the moths are Lepidoptera, or of the order of the scale-wings. The helicinella, or snail-shell moth, is an object of great interest, at present, among the lovers of insect-lore, many of whom are busy observing and discussing her structure and habits. The shell was described as a shell, by conchologists, before the animal was known.

Schrank gave the name of Psychidæ to this tribe of nocturnal moths. Why I should be bothered with Greek mythology and Psyche, when thinking of shell-moths, I cannot conceive; but I suppose I must bow, like all the world, to the ancient tyranny of pedantry.

Dupouchal, in his catalogue of the Lepidoptera of Europe, describes the Psychidæ by the following characteristics. Antennæ pectinated or plumose, that is, ears or feelers comb-like or plume-like; body very velvety; wings laden with few scales, and often almost diaphanous or transparent; females wingless and vermiform, or worm-like, and never leaving their cases, shells, or sheaths. The larvæ are smooth and discoloured; the three first wings are horny, and the rest are soft. There are twenty-five known species which are divided into the sections of the pectinated and plumose Psychidæ.

The section of the Psychidæ, with comb-like ears, feelers, or horns, have slim bodies, and their wingless females have complete tarsi, or feet-joints, and antennæ. There are eleven species of pectinated Psychidæ, among which may be cited Psyche pectinella, Psyche nitidella, &c.

The section of Psychidæ, with plumose or feathery feelers, horns, or ears, have very velvety bodies. Their females are worm-like. There are fourteen species of feathery Psychidæ, among which may be noticed *P. hirsutella*, *P. muscella*, *P. albida*, &c. The shell-moths are spread all over Europe, but chiefly in the south of France, and they have been observed in Western Africa.

The shell-moths illustrate the variety which reigns in the application of the grand and simple laws of animated nature. Moths pass their lives like snails in shells; fishes build nests; shellfish suspend themselves by

threads, like spiders and caterpillars; feet breathe; there are animals in which there are separate lives in the separate links, and others with the life concentrated in a pin's head point; there is generation by alternate generations, and some strange secret conceals the propagation of the shell-moths; but all the variations of forms and instruments are only marvellous while the laws or principles of nutrition and reproduction are sublime.

SIAMESE EMBASSY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, in his book on Siam, tells us that while settling with the punctilious officials at Bangkok the ceremonial of his reception at court, he had frequent occasion to refer for precedents, and always successfully, to M. de Chaumont's narrative of his mission to Siam in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-five. If the Siamese envoys, now in this country, have in their turn studied the official reports of their ancestors who visited the court of Louis the Fourteenth in the following year, they must have been surprised and disgusted at the neglect and oblivion to which their arrival here in the middle of the dead season and the parliamentary recess consigned them. Unless they be very intelligent men indeed, with a faculty of comprehending the changes of the times scarcely to be expected from Orientals, not all the attention which they have received at our hands will prevent them from setting us down as very inferior to our next neighbours in the art of receiving distinguished strangers.

In the year sixteen hundred and eighty-four, the Chevalier de Chaumont was sent as ambassador from the Grand Monarque to the King of Siam, and with him, as a sort of coadjutor, went the Abbé de Choisy, better known for his strange mania of dressing himself in female attire, and passing under female names. The embassy was at first not unsuccessful. Land was given to the Jesuits for their churches, commercial privileges were granted to French traders, and the prime minister promised that, if a strong body of troops were sent out from France, they should be placed in such a position as would give them a commanding influence over the country.

M. de Chaumont returned to France in sixteen hundred and eighty-six, bringing with him from Siam three ambassadors, who were empowered to conclude a treaty of amity and friendship with the French monarch. Each ambassador was selected for some special qualification. The first was the son of the prime minister; he took the lead on all occasions, and was apparently chosen for his oratorical abilities; the second had formerly gone on an embassy to Peking, and would therefore be able to give his master some idea, by comparison,

of the power and resources of the French king. The third was the son of a former ambassador to Portugal, and probably owed his appointment to a presumed acquaintance with European usages. Their suite consisted of eight mandarins and twenty domestics—quite numerous enough one would think—but we are told that six mandarins and a number of domestics had to be left behind, as they did not make their appearance in time at the port of embarkation. Their appearance at Versailles was quite a god-send to the courts, which had begun to fall into a sad state of vapidty under the régime of the genteel asceticism which Madame de Maintenon was introducing. Besides frequent mention of them in the histories and memoirs of the time, we have the full account which M. Jean Donneau de Viré, the implacable critic of Molière and the father of French journalism, gave the public of their proceedings in the pages of his *Mercur* Galant. His special correspondent seems to have followed the Siamese strangers about during the whole of their nine months' stay in France with an inquisitorial pertinacity and vigilance which would do honour to a modern Manchester reporter. Not a particular of any consequence escapes him; all their outgoings and incomings are recorded; all the visits they paid and received; the innumerable speeches that were made to them, and the answers they returned.

M. de Chaumont's squadron arrived at Brest on the nineteenth of June, and here the *Mercur* takes them up at once. M. de Chaumont and the Abbé de Choisy started for Paris at once, to make their report to the King, leaving the strangers behind at Brest, where they remained thirteen days, passing their time very agreeably. On the fourteenth day arrived M. Storff, a gentleman of the King's household, who had been deputed to attend on the embassy during its stay in France. With him came M. Selly, the *maitre d'hôtel*, to whose care the King had entrusted the creature-comforts of the embassy. M. Storff's first business was to congratulate the ambassadors on behalf of the King, on their safe arrival, and to inform them that his Majesty had been pleased to order that nothing should be left undone to testify his extreme gratification at the handsome manner in which M. de Chaumont had been received in Siam. His Majesty, he assured them, would have sent his own carriages to convey them to Paris, but that the roads in some parts of Brittany were so bad that they could only be travelled over in litters. It seems rather startling to be told that the King's highway between his capital and his chief naval station was impassable for carriages; but it turns out that the route taken was by the valley of the Loire, probably because it led through the finest towns and the richest country, and to reach this four or five days' travelling by cross-roads to

Nantes was necessary. To all this the chief ambassador answered that the mode of travelling was a secondary consideration, that his only anxiety was to be in the King's presence at the earliest possible moment, and that if he could reach it quickest on foot he would set out at once.

On the ninth of July, everything being ready for their departure, and the heavy baggage—in all a hundred and thirty-two packages—having been sent round to Havre and the Seine, our travellers set their faces towards Paris. On the twelfth, travelling by short, but not easy stages, they came to Vannes, where they were received with great honour by the parliament of Brittany. On the fourteenth, having got over the worst of the roads, they exchanged their litters at Roche-Bernard for wheeled carriages. In the first carriage, along with the chief ambassador, went the letter of their master to the King of France, the proper conveyance of which was a source of perpetual anxiety. It was a point of the first importance in the code of Siamese loyalty that the royal missive should always be maintained above the level of the heads of its bearers; and a moveable shelf was fitted up at the top of the carriage on which the precious trust was deposited. So inflexible was this rule, that, when the *maitre d'hôtel* proposed at one of the halting places to lodge the third ambassador in a chamber over that of the first (by which arrangement he would have lain over the royal letter), he preferred to "pig in" with a mandarin rather than be guilty of an act which would have exposed him to the penalties of high treason on his return home. At Paris it was lodged in the first ambassador's bedchamber, on a handsome pedestal erected for it, of which De Viré gives us a drawing. The letter was written on a golden plate, as is the custom when his Majesty of Siam writes to a brother monarch, and was enveloped in three boxes; the outside one of Japanese lacquer-work, the next of silver, and the inner one of gold. Each box was sealed with the seal of the first ambassador in white wax. None of the Siamese ever passed before this emanation of royalty without saluting it with a profound reverence. On the seventeenth, the ambassadors arrived at Nantes, where M. de Molac, the governor, had made preparations to give them a distinguished reception. He met them outside the gates at the head of the young nobility of the district, accompanied by a numerous band of ladies in the carriages, and conducted them into the town amidst innumerable salutes of artillery. Next day they came to Ancenis, where it is recorded that the ambassadors bathed. They had probably never gone so long without a duck in their lives before; but the proceeding was altogether so novel to M. de Viré as to oblige him to explain to the reader that it was their habit to bathe frequently in their own country, and he adds,

with an amusing naïveté, "Ils se lavent mesme icy souvent tous les jours apres le repas." The great Louis himself, we read, only shaved every other day, and his whole toilette, from beginning to end, was made in public. No wonder, then, that this little eccentricity of the strangers was likely to startle his loyal subjects. From Ancenis the route lay through Angers, the mayor of which town was ready with gifts of the dry confitures, which were a speciality of the place. The magnificent progress was continued through Tours—where there were firing of cannons, reviews of archers, harangues from all the heads of the different departments of the province—Clenborse, Blois, and Orleans.

The ambassadors did not fail to examine with attention all the objects of interest presented by the fine old towns we have named. Indeed their nicety of observation seems to have surpassed that of any traveller we have ever known. They measured everything that was capable of mensuration, counted the stones and windows in front of the houses, and the trees along the roads, or in the gardens which they visited, and never relinquished their inspection of an object, until they had gone over all its parts minutely, and had got all the information come-at-able respecting it. Each ambassador made copious memoranda; which were combined into a regular narrative, or report, every evening by the secretaries. On the journey, two or three mandarins, each with an interpreter, were sent out as flying scouts to inspect the country for ten or fifteen miles on each side of the grande route, and their notes also were worked into the official report. Moreover, it was the business of one of the mandarins, day by day, to weave this narrative into Siamese verse.

At Orleans, we learn from the diary of the Marquis de Dangeau, the travellers were not well treated—though he does not specify in what manner. M. de Viré is discreetly silent as to this fact, and fills up the space which is allotted to Orleans with a description of the city and its neighbourhood, without saying a word good or bad, as to the behaviour of its inhabitants on this occasion. The same thing, the Marquis writes, had happened at two or three other places, some of those probably which the Mercure dismisses with a simple mention of their names as stages on the journey. At Fontainebleau—where they arrived on the twenty-ninth of July—after viewing the park and chateau, they gave audience to M. Brisacier, the head of the Foreign Missions, who made them a speech of more than a quarter of an hour in length, which was too prolix even for our universal panegyrist; though he mentions that the chief ambassador, in reply, touched neatly and briefly on every point contained in it. Next day, they moved on to Versailles, and thence to Berny, a house in the neighbourhood belonging to the Abbé de Saint Geneviève;

where they were to be lodged until the day was appointed for the formal entry into Paris. No sooner were they fixed here, than there was a rush of visitors from Paris and Versailles. All the great people about the court, either came in person, or sent to compliment them on their safe arrival. M. Bonneuil, the introducer of ambassadors, conveyed his Majesty's congratulations. The easy and polite manner in which they received and conversed with these distinguished visitors, excited the astonishment of those who had been accustomed to consider Versailles as the sole fountain of good breeding, and de Viré endeavours to account for it, by saying, "ils entroient naturellement dans les manières Françaises." He has preserved several specimens of what he calls their spiritual repartees; but, unfortunately, he is not to be trusted to tell a good thing, and the bloom of the esprit gets sadly blown off by his handling. The lady visitors were, of course, very numerous. They flocked to see the Siamese ambassadors, just as they did since to see Tom Thumb; and, apparently, much in the same spirit. Their pet topic of conversation was plurality of wives. The twenty-two wives whom the chief ambassador had left at-home, furnished a never-ending subject of badinage, which he bore good-humouredly enough, and returned, too, in a style which showed that he had formed a very just appreciation of the morality of court ladies.

Pretty nearly a month was spent at Berny, receiving visits, and viewing the various places of interest outside of Paris. All this time they were waiting for the heavy baggage, which contained the presents from the King of Siam—valued by some of the writers of the time at thirty thousand pounds; and, as it was necessary, according to Siamese etiquette, that these presents should be all displayed on the day of audience (as was the case at Windsor, the other day), no progress could be made until they arrived.

At length they turned up, and the twenty-second of August was fixed for the preliminary ceremonial of the grand entry into Paris. The cortège was one of unusual splendour. Besides the King's carriages, the Dauphin, Monsieur and Madame, all the princes of the blood, all the great officers of state, and many other persons who wished to show honour to the ambassadors, or who had had friends in the last Siamese expedition, sent their carriages to swell the train, so that there were in all sixty carriages, each drawn by six horses, and each containing a gentleman from the household of the owner. In the King's carriage, went the first ambassador, with the Duc de Feuillade, who had been deputed by the King to attend on the embassy on state occasions, Madame Bonneuil, and M. Storff. The second and third ambassadors rode in the carriage of the Dauphin, the mandarins in the carriage of

Monsieur and Madame, and the servants in plain carriages, belonging to the King. Twenty trumpeters of the King's household led the way. The route taken was through the Porte St. Antoine, down the Rue St. Antoine, across the Pont Neuf, to the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, in the Rue de Tournon. All the windows on the way were filled with spectators, and the crowd of carriages, and horsemen, and people on foot, was so great, that the procession was at some points delayed for half an hour at a time. At the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, the illustrious visitors were entertained for three days at the expense of the state, and they ought then to have had their audience of the King, but that his Majesty falling ill of a fever, it was again put off. Being, perhaps, slightly disgusted at this further delay, they shut themselves up in their own apartment, and would see no one, nor go anywhere.

One exception they were induced to make : they went to visit Nôtre Dame on the occasion of the annual procession on the Day of Assumption, where they saw so much to interest and amuse them, that they kept four secretaries at work in the evening, reducing their notes to order. At length, his Majesty being fully recovered, the first of September was fixed for the presentation, a ceremonial which evidently claims all our narrator's sympathies, and of which he does not spare his readers one single detail. Early in the morning, came the Duc de Feuilleade, with the King's coaches, to convey the ambassadors to Versailles. Passing through the great court-yard, in which were drawn up the French and Swiss guards in full uniform, flags flying, &c., they alighted at the Salle de Descente, where ambassadors usually awaited their audience. Here a déjeuner was served, which they declined, but availed themselves of the opportunity to—wash.

They also put on their state head-dresses, something after the fashion of our coronets, set round with flowers in jewels, principally rubies, and leaves of gold. The third ambassador, being of inferior rank, had no flowers. The mandarins wore head-dresses of muslin only ; but with some similar mark of the gradations of rank. It being announced that the King was on his throne, the procession set forth for his presence. First went M. Giraut, an aide of M. Bonneuil, with the domestics of the embassy ; then M. Blairville, the grand master of the ceremonies, M. Bonneuil, and M. Storff, followed by the mandarins. After them was borne on high, by twelve Swiss, the autograph letter of the King of Siam, with four parasols held over it, to protect it from the sun-rays ; and lastly walked the Duc de Feuilleade with the ambassadors. Before each, one of their suite carried what we should call a gold mace, emblematical of their dignity. In this

order they moved through the court-yard, where were stationed twenty-four trumpets and thirty-six drums (nothing could be done in France even then without drums), up the grand staircase, which was lined with a double row of the Cent Suisses, through the Salle des Gardes, where the Garde du Corps was under arms, to the entrance of the grand apartment, twenty-four trumpets following, blowing a grand fanfare.

At the top of the staircase, the first ambassador took the royal letter from the bearers, and gave it to the third ambassador to carry. On reaching the door of the apartment, the procession was received by M. de Luxembourg, at the head of thirty officers of the guards ; who, having first made them a short speech, led the way to the hall of audience. The King's silver throne had been erected at the upper end of the great gallery on an estrade ; the steps leading to which were covered with carpets of cloth of gold, and, about it, were placed the richest pieces of plate, vases, torchères, and candlesticks which Versailles could furnish.

The King was dressed in a gorgeous brocaded suit blazing with jewels, so that he would have sold as he sat there, according to De Viré's calculation, for several millions of livres. On his right he had the Dauphin, the Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Bourbon, and the Count de Toulouse ; on his left, Monsieur, M. le Duc, and the Duc de Maine. Behind, were ranged the great officers of state, and, what seems strange to us, those who held reversions of charges in the household formed part of his Majesty's backing. All were en grande tenue, but the rubies displayed by the Duc de Maine attracted most attention. Monsieur, who was in mourning, wore a black suit, and this set off admirably the diamonds with which it was covered. There were some sixteen hundred courtiers, ladies and gentlemen present in the gallery ; but, by the good generalship of M. d'Aumont, the first gentleman of the chamber, they were so packed that a lane was left up the middle wide enough for six persons to pass along abreast. M. d'Aumont was considered to have distinguished himself greatly by this day's business, and received the royal meed of praise for his exertions.

On the threshold of the gallery the ambassadors caught the first sight of the King, and immediately saluted him with three profound reverences, raising their joined hands on high after the fashion of their country. The procession advanced up the lane of courtiers, and at the end, the mandarins and the rest of the suite filed off to the right and left. Here, as though they had been in presence of their own sovereign, they fell prostrate on the ground, averting their faces, as if not daring to regard the splendour of the throne. "In this posture

they would have continued," says the Mercure, "had not the King been graciously pleased to permit them to look on him, saying that they had come too far to be deprived of so slight a gratification." This arrangement left a vacant space between his Majesty and the ambassadors, who halted at the foot of the estrade, and again made their three obeisances, so low that one might almost fancy that their foreheads touched the ground. The King returned their salute by raising his hat. Having delivered himself of the usual harangue, which was afterwards read out in French by the Abbé de Lionne, the chief-ambassador, taking from his colleague his master's letter, advanced with it up the steps of the estrade, the other two following at a distance of one step behind. The King, as he took the letter, rose from his seat and uncovered. He then inquired, through the Abbé de Lionne, after the health of the King and Queen of Siam, and informed the ambassadors that if they had anything further to request he was ready to listen. This last proof of his Majesty's condescension so overpowered the Siamese, that they could only reply by low bows.

This concluded the ceremony, and the ambassadors retired from the presence, "tours à reculons," and with the same obeisances as before. If the sneer of Voltaire and his followers have any foundation in fact, Louvois and his colleagues must have chuckled mightily at the success of their scheme. It was one of the weaknesses of Louis to like to perceive in the countenances of all who approached him the effects of that divinity which in his own opinion, at least, hedged him about. The awe and veneration which were manifested in the demeanour of the envoys flattered his vanity to the top of its bent; and the courtiers were unsparing in their praises of the ingenuous barbarians who had succumbed at first sight to the "grand air," which had reduced princes, dukes, and marshals, to the level of so many funkeys.

We spare our readers the description of the banquet, which was served in the Salle de Descaltes; after which the distinguished strangers had audiences of the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Anjou, and the Duke of Berry—the last an infant aged two days exactly, but who, nevertheless, gave audience in the arms of Madame de la Mothe, the gouvernante of the children of France. They had also the honour of being presented to Monsieur and Madame. They were frequently at Versailles after this, though it is to be hoped they never again had such a hard day's work. Under the date of October the first, the Marquis de Dongean writes: "The King has had the Siamese ambassadors with him every day for some time past, either in his own apartments or in his private gardens, where he says to them

and does them all sorts of kindnesses. They are greatly charmed with his Majesty's behaviour to them."

During the remainder of their stay in France, which lasted till the following March, they inspected all that was to be seen in Paris, and took a tour through the north of France and Flanders, to see the King's conquests. They would have extended it to Alsace and the Rhine, but for the inclemency of the winter. They sailed home from Brest, having been prevented from making Havre their port of departure, by the impassable state of the roads in Normandy.

The end of all this was nil. When the ambassadors got back, the native party in Siam (among whom, we regret to say, the first ambassador is found bearing a prominent part), proved too strong for Monsieur Constance. Taking advantage of a sudden illness of the King, they seized upon the hated foreigner and put him to death—some say by horrible tortures. The French troops, which had been put in possession of Bangkok and Meyra, were expelled from the country; and thus France lost another chance of founding an empire in the East.

BANKRUPTCY IN SIX EASY LESSONS.

INTRODUCTION.

As the whole human race must range themselves under two classes, viz., debtors and creditors, it is of vital importance that a man should make himself acquainted, as fully as possible, with at least the chief tribunal whose special function it is to deal with those who cannot or will not pay:—the Bankruptcy Court.

Four men out of five go into business, and two of that number fail as a matter of course; the wonder is, that this prolific and useful subject has not been taken up scientifically before.

LESSON THE FIRST. THE BUSINESS.

THE first thing to do, my young friend, when you start in life, is to settle everything you possess, upon your wife. Having done this legally and securely, take a warehouse in a good situation, and begin to buy. That you may be under no alarm about your power to do this, I will explain, in a few words, the theory of trade. The greater part of goods manufactured are made by persons with little capital, and they are compelled to force sales, to get bills of exchange for discount to pay for the raw material. The warehousemen who buy them are men of little or no capital, and they are compelled to hurry sales, to get bills for discount to pay the bills drawn by the manufacturers. And so trade moves, one class continually

pushing on another. The necessity to sell is behind every man's back; you, therefore, need be under no concern about your ability to buy. Before you have opened your doors a week, you will scarcely be able to keep the commercial travellers out. Let it be hinted abroad—although it is not absolutely necessary for your success in failure—that your father-in-law is a person of property. It means nothing, but it will be useful in a variety of ways.

LESSON THE SECOND. THE BANK.

IN the choice of a bank for discount (which you will not want for a few months), you will find little difficulty. As a rule, perhaps, you will pick out one of the young concerns; but all of them, bear in mind, are urged on by the same necessity to trade, as the merchants and traders. Be easy, bold, and confident in your manner, and careful in your dress. One style does for one kind of bank, another style for another. Judge of this from the names of the directors; and give as a reference your principal creditor, who by this time will take quite a fatherly interest in your welfare. By all means keep a good balance, if it is done by the discount of accommodation bills.

LESSON THE THIRD. THE ACCOUNT BOOKS.

MAKE this branch of your business your especial study, and keep it in your own hands. Many men understand the true art of figures, viz., to conceal the truth; few are able to practise it. See that you are not ignorant and unskilful in this useful science. Raise a fictitious capital at the commencement of your business by a stroke of the pen, and enter at the beginning of your Cash Book, on the left hand side, a respectable, but not a very large sum,—say two thousand pounds,—the disposal of which imaginary item you can account for amongst your imaginary bad debts. These are fabulous transactions with persons who are supposed to have failed, or exaggerated dealings with persons who really have failed; and the property represented by the figures entered in the books you—take care of. Keep your personal expenses in appearance small, and throw the burden upon the trade expenses. Fail in the third or fourth year, if you are quite prepared for action, and go to the Bankruptcy Court at once, without hesitation. Shun deeds of inspection and assignment, because they place you in the hands of those dissatisfied creditors, who in the Court are made to feel their proper position, and are taught that the man who fails, and renders an account of his failure (if he has not run the estate too close for the expenses of the Court), is a very meritorious member of society. These are chiefly matters of pen and ink, but they are important, and do not let them be neglected.

LESSON THE FOURTH. THE OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE.

YOU will now be within the power of the Bankruptcy Court, a position not by any means so disagreeable as many persons suppose. As your private property is settled on your wife, you will not be troubled at home with the Messenger, as he is called, and the first person of any importance that you will see is your Official Assignee—a very gentlemanly man to you, as your estate will be large, and so prepared as to give little trouble. You will hand over to him in cash, et cetera, a sum more than sufficient to pay all the expenses of the Court (about sixty per cent. of your assets), and this will place matters on a very amicable footing. He loves you like a brother. You help to pay his salary, or commission—about two thousand a year—the salaries of the Commissioner, with all the officers in and about the Court, and a good many far away from it—pensioners to the extent of sixteen thousand pounds per annum. It is absurd to suppose that there can be any ill-feeling between you. He goes over your books with you. You began with a capital—good; your books have been well kept—good; your personal expenses are light (light for a person in your position in society)—good; you have given the estate every attention—better; you have handed over property sufficient to pay all expenses, and declare a dividend of one shilling in the pound before the matter has been in the energetic hands of Mr. Official Assignee six weeks—best. Who dares to say that the Court is tardy in collecting and distributing assets? You may sleep, and dream of a first-class certificate.

LESSON THE FIFTH. THE COMMISSIONER.

THE Commissioner is obliged, for his salary (about two thousand per annum), to make a show of doing something; and, for his judicial dignity, to make an appearance of discouraging bankrupts. But he loves them for the same reason as the Official Assignee,—loves them because they pay him; and he loves them more if they give him no trouble. Knowing little or nothing of figures—although having to decide upon them more than upon law—he is, practically, in the hands of the Official Assignee, and is governed by his report in the choice and granting of a certificate.

LESSON THE SIXTH. THE SOLICITOR.

THERE are not more than two solicitors pleading in Basinghall Street, who have what is called the ear of the Court. You will retain one of these, more for display and respectability than because you require him. He goes over the favourable points of your trading career, lighting them up with a glow of approbation. The sympathising Commissioner, prepared by the very favourable report of the Official Assignee, is glad to have

it in his power to reward you for bringing so good an estate to the Court, by granting an immediate first-class certificate.

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

THE house of a civilian (a magistrate and collector) in the heart of a district, such as Bijnore, is really worthy of contemplation.* With the exception of a bungalow, which is usually occupied by the assistant, and which may, therefore, be said to belong to the magistrate's house, there is no other Christian abode within five-and-thirty or forty miles. The house is usually well, but not extravagantly, furnished; the walls are adorned with prints and pictures, and the shelves well-stored with books. In a word, if the punkalees and the venetian blinds, the thermantidotes, and sundry other Indian peculiarities were removed, you might fancy yourself in some large country-house in England.

There was at Bijnore a native moonshoe who was a very good scholar; and, as I was anxious to read Hindostanee and Persian with him (the more especially as I much enjoyed the society of mine host and his assistant), I was induced to accept an invitation to remain for a month. During this period I studied for several hours a-day, besides attending the Court House regularly, to listen to the proceedings, and acquire some knowledge of a most extraordinary jargon, composed of a little Hindostanee, a little Persian, and a good deal of Arabic. This jargon is known in India as the language of the courts. A good Persian and Hindostanee scholar cannot understand it, unless he is accustomed to it. Many magistrates and judges have insisted upon having pure Hindostanee spoken; but to no purpose. Up to a recent period, Persian mixed with Arabic was the language in which legal proceedings were conducted,—Persian and Arabic being as foreign languages to the people of India as English, German, or French. And, when the order went forth that Hindostanee was to be used, the native officers of the courts, and the native lawyers who practised therein, complied with it by putting a Hindostanee verb at the end of each sentence, and using the Hindostanee pronouns, retaining in all their integrity (or rascality) the Persian and Arabic adverbs, prepositions, nouns, adjectives, and conjunctions. An indigo planter in Tahoot, who spoke Hindostanee perfectly, having lived amongst the natives for upwards of twenty years, assured me that he did not comprehend a single sentence of a decree in court Hindostanee, that he heard read out to him,—a decree in a case to which he was a party. What is even more absurd, each court has its own peculiar jargon, so that the magistrate or judge, who from long experience has acquired a thorough knowledge of the jargon of his own court, has

very great difficulty in comprehending the jargon of another court. This might be altered by fining any officer of court, or native lawyer, who, in matters connected with a suit, used words and phrases unintelligible to the mass of the people; but the order would have to emanate from Government. No magistrate or judge would venture on even an attempt to bring about so desirable a reform.

Whilst at Bijnore, I was seized with an attack of tic-doloureux, and suffered all its extreme agonies. One of my host's servants informed me that there was a very clever native doctor in the village, who could immediately assuage any pain,—tooth-ache for instance,—and he begged permission to bring him to see me. I consented.

The native doctor was a tall, thin Mussulman, with a lofty forehead, small black eyes, long aquiline nose, and finely chiselled mouth and chin. His hair, eyebrows, and long beard were of a yellowish white, or cream colour. Standing before me in his skull-cap, he was about the most singular-looking person I ever beheld. His age did not exceed forty-four or forty-five years. He put several questions to me, but I was in too great pain to give him any replies. He begged of me to sit down. I obeyed him, mechanically. Seating himself in a chair immediately opposite to me, he looked very intently into my eyes. After a little while, his gaze became disagreeable, and I endeavoured to turn my head aside, but I was unable to do so. I now felt that I was being mesmerised. Observing, I suppose, an expression of anxiety, if not of fear, on my features, he bade me not be alarmed. I longed to order him to cease; but, as the pain was becoming less and less acute, and as I retained my consciousness intact, I suffered him to proceed. To tell the truth, I doubt whether I could have uttered a sound. At all events, I did not make the attempt. Presently, that is to say, after two or three minutes, the pain had entirely left me, and I felt what is commonly called, all in a glow. The native doctor now removed his eyes from off mine, and inquired if I were better. My reply, which I had no difficulty in giving at once, was in the affirmative; in short, that I was completely cured. Observing that, he placed his hands over his head, and pressed his skull, I asked him if he were suffering.

"Yes, slightly," was his reply. "But, I am so accustomed to it; it gives me but little inconvenience."

I then begged of him to explain to me how it was that he had the power to afford me such miraculous relief. That, he said, he was unable to do. He did not know. I then talked to him of mesmerism and of the wonderful performances of Doctor Esdaile in the Calcutta hospital. He had lately heard of mesmerism, he said; but, years before he heard of it, he was in the habit of curing

* See page 179.

people by assuaging their pain. The gift had been given to him soon after he attained manhood. That, with one exception, and that was in the case of a Keranee—a half-caste—no patient had ever fallen asleep, or had become beehosh (unconscious), under his gaze. "The case of the half-caste," he went on to say, "alarmed me. He fell asleep and slept for twelve hours, snoring like a man in a state of intoxication." I was not the first European he had operated upon, he said; that in Bareilly, where he formerly lived, he had afforded relief to many officers and to several ladies. Some had tooth-ache, some *tic-doloureux*, some other pains. "But," he exclaimed energetically, "the most extraordinary case I ever had, was that of a sahib who had gone mad—'drink delirious.' His wife would not suffer him to be strapped down, and he was so violent that it took four or five other sahibs to hold him. I was sent for, and, at first, had great difficulty with him and much trembling. At last, however, I locked his eyes up, as soon as I got him to look at me, and kept him for several hours as quiet as a mouse, during which time he had no brandy, no wine, no beer; and, though he did not sleep, he had a good long rest. I stayed with him for two days, and whatever I told him to do he did immediately. He had great sorrow on his mind, poor man. Three of his children had died of fever within one short week, and he had lost much money by the failure of an agency-house in Calcutta. There was a cattle serjeant, too, an European, whom I also cured of that drinking madness by locking up his eyes."

"What do you mean by locking up his eyes?"

"Well, what I did with you; I locked up your eyes. When I got his eyes fixed on mine, he could not take them away—could not move."

"But can you lock up any one's eyes in the way that you locked up mine?"

"No; not everybody's. There was an artillery captain once who defied me to lock up his eyes. I tried very hard; but, instead of locking up his, he locked up mine, and I could not move till he permitted me. And there was a lady, the wife of a judge, who had pains in the head, which I could not cure, because she locked up my eyes. With her I trembled much, by straining every nerve, but it was of no use."

"Do you know any other native who has the same power that you possess?"

"Only three; but, I dare say, there may be hundreds in these provinces who have it, and who use it. And now, sahib," said the native doctor, taking from his kummerbund (the cloth that encircles the waist) a bundle of papers, "I desire to show you some of my certificates, at the same time to beg of you to pardon my apparent want of respect in appearing in your presence in this skull-cap

instead of a turban; but the fact is, that when I heard you were in such great pain, I did not think it humane to delay until I had adorned myself."

I proceeded to examine very carefully every one of his many certificates; not that I was in any way interested in them, but because I knew it would afford him great pleasure. In all, they were quite as numerous as those which English charlatans publish in testimony of their skill in extracting corns. They were more elaborate, however; for it is by the length of a certificate that a native judges of its value—just in the same way that Partridge, when Tom Jones took him to see Hamlet, admired the character of the King, because he spoke louder than any of the company, "anybody could see that he was a king." As for myself, I sat down and covered a whole sheet of foolscap in acknowledgment of my gratitude to Mustapha Khan Bahadoor, for having delivered me from unendurable torments. To my certificate I pinned a cheque on the North-West Bank for one hundred rupees (ten pounds), and, presenting both documents to the doctor, permitted him to take his leave. Some months afterwards, on discovering that this cheque had not been presented for payment, I wrote to the assistant-magistrate, and asked him, as a favour, to send for the native doctor, and obtain some information on the subject. In reply, I was informed that the doctor preferred keeping the cheque appended to my certificate as an imperishable memorial of the extraordinary value in which his services had been held by an European gentleman, and that he would not part with it for ten times the amount in gold or silver. Such a strange people are the natives of India! Their cupidity is enormous, certainly, but their vanity (I am speaking of the better class) is even greater. One hundred rupees was equal to half a year's earnings of the native doctor, and yet he preferred holding the useless autograph of an insignificant sahib like myself for the amount rather than realise it. The native doctor evidently reasoned thus:—"I might spend the one hundred rupees, might not be believed if I made the assertion that I had received it; but here is the voucher." Some may imagine that he kept it as a sort of decoy-duck; but this I am perfectly satisfied was not the case.

I was now about to leave Bijnore, and, as time was of no object to me, I made up my mind to travel no more by palkee, or horse dâk, but in the most independent and comfortable manner. I therefore provided myself with two small tents, and two camels to carry them, two bullocks to carry the tent furniture, my baggage, and stores; a pony for my own riding, and a similar animal for a boy *khitmutghur*, who was also my personal servant or bearer.

I engaged also a cook and a sweeper, or

general helper; so that, when the sarvans (camel drivers), the bullock-man, and the syces (grooms), were included, my establishment numbered, in all, eight servants, whose pay in the aggregate amounted to fifty rupees (five pounds) per mensem. This, of course, included their "keep," for they provided themselves with food. The expense of keeping the camels, the bullocks, and the ponies, was, in all, thirty-five rupees (three pounds fifteen shillings), per mensem; while my own expenses, including everything (except beer and cheroots), were not in excess of fifty rupees, per month; so that I was thus enabled to travel about India at a cost of not more than two hundred pounds per annum, or two hundred and twenty-five pounds at the very outside. The reader must remember that in almost every one of the villages in India, fowls, eggs, rice, flour, native vegetables, curry stuff, and milk are procurable, and at very small prices, if your servants do not cheat you, and mine did not; for I made an agreement with my boy khitmtghur, to that effect; indeed I entered into a regular contract with him previous to starting, touching the purchase of every article that would be required during my journey. This boy was, in short, my commissariat department. His name was Shamsheer (a word, signifying in the Persian language, "a sword"), but he generally went by the name of Sham. He had been for several months in the service of the assistant magistrate of Bijnore; who, as a very great favour, permitted the boy to accompany me on my travels; he was so clever, so sharp, so intelligent, and so active a servant. He was not more than sixteen, and very short for his age; but stoutly built, and as strong as a young lion. He was, moreover, very good-looking and had, for a native of Hindoostan, a very fair complexion. He had been for several years the servant, or page, of an officer on the staff of a governor-general, and he spoke English with considerable fluency, but with an idiom so quaint, that it was amusing in the last degree to listen to him. He had been "spoilt" in one sense of the word, while at Government House, not only by his own master, but by the whole staff, who had encouraged him to give his opinions on all subjects with a freedom which was at first very disagreeable to me. But, ere long, I, too, encouraged him to do so; his opinions were so replete with such strong common sense, and were expressed in such an original fashion. If an inquiry touching a certain administration had been called for by Parliament, what an invaluable witness would that boy have been before a Committee of either house—provided he had not been previously "tampered with!"

When all my preparations had been completed, I took leave of my friends, and left Bijnore at three o'clock one morning. My destination was Umballah. I did not take

the main road; but a shorter cut across the country, conducted by a guide who knew the district well, and who was enjoined to procure for me another guide as soon as his information failed him.

By seven o'clock, we had travelled over twelve miles of ground, and as the sun was beginning to be very warm, I commanded a halt. Our tents were then pitched beneath a tope (cluster), of mango trees, whose branches formed a dense shade. Having bathed, breakfasted, smoked, and read several pages of a Persian book, I fell asleep, and was not awakened until noon, when Sham came into my tent, and reported that there was an abundance of black partridge in the neighbourhood: he then proposed that I should dine early—at one, P.M.—and at half-past four take my gun; and, permitting him to take another, sally forth in search of the game. To this proposal, I at once assented, and removing my camp stool to the opening of my little hill tent, I looked out into the fields, where I saw some men ploughing. For the first time, during my travels, I was struck with the appearance of the instrument which the natives use for tilling the soil; an instrument which, in fact, closely resembles that used by the Romans, according to the directions laid down in the Georgics:

"Curvi formam adiepit ulmus aratri," &c. &c.

—and, at first, I felt some surprise, that an implement so apparently ill-fitted for the purpose for which it is designed, should answer all the requirements of the cultivator. The substitution of the English plough for this native hūr, has been several times projected by gentlemen who were zealous in the cause of agriculture; but without any success, or reasonable hope thereof; for when we consider the cheapness, and the great amount of labour always available, the general lightness of the soil, the inaptitude of the natives of India for great, or continued physical exertion, the inferiority of the cattle, all of which are the marked characteristics of India, it would not only be undesirable, but impossible to introduce the English plough, generally, as an implement of husbandry, an implement requiring physical strength, manual dexterity, and a superior breed of cattle for draught. Rude and simple as the native hūr is, or as it may seem to the casual observer, cursorily viewing the operation of ploughing, it has still many good qualities which render it peculiarly suited to the genius of the Indian cultivator; and it is not in any immediate endeavour to improve it, or alter it, that any real benefit can be conferred on the cause of Indian agriculture. All the efforts, therefore, that have been made in that direction have been time and trouble expended to no purpose. It has been said, that all improvement to be real, must be spontaneous, or take

rise within itself, and it would seem to be more reasonable to improve such means and appliances as the natives use and understand, without running counter to the ideas, and shocking the prejudices, which they entertain, by endeavouring to compel their adoption of European modes of culture which, however well suited to the land of their origin, have not the quality most necessary to their practicability, that of being comprehensible to the people of India. The true end of agriculture :

“ with artful toil

To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil,
To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
The grain, or herb, or plant, that each demands,”

is best to be attained by aiding and assisting the development, of those resources of the soil, which have already been made visible by the people themselves.

Here it is that the duty of the Government begins. The precariousness of the land tenure is one of the greatest impediments to the outlay of capital by the tenant in the improvement of the land ; and as there is but little prospect of the removal of this objection, the Government should fulfil what would, were the case different, be the obvious plans of the landholder, in developing the resources of the soil. Irrigation and manure are the two great points most deserving of attention. On both points the resources of the country are incalculable ; the advantages evident and immediate ; both require system and an outlay of capital, which the zemindar (native landholder) is often unable, and oftener unwilling to adopt and incur—from want of confidence in the administration of the law, and the law itself. With the ryot, or cultivator, the case is very different. The law, or the administration thereof, affects him in a very slight degree, compared with the zemindar. The land tenure matters very little to him ; his rights have been secured ; he profits by the outlay of capital on the land. Risk, he has none. His advantage is immediate. But he does not possess the means of improvement in any way. He may build a well, dig a tank, or plant a grove to the memory of a departed ancestor, and by so doing, enhance the value of the land to the zemindar ; but he almost always ruins himself by the act, leaving his debts to be paid by his descendants, and the well, tank, or grove mortgaged to the banker, for the extra expenses incurred in its establishment ! It behoves an enlightened government to do for the people and the country, what they are unable to do for themselves. An inquiry, properly set on foot, and undertaken by competent persons on the part of the Government, to investigate all particulars regarding the state of agriculture, would bring to light many facts, which, if made fitting use of, would not only greatly redound to the honour

but adduce greatly to the advantage and profit of the state. The information thus acquired, and not founded on the reports of native (government) collectors, police-officers, and peons (messengers), but ascertained by the personal inspection of European officials, and from the opinions of the zemindars and cultivators themselves, would enable the Government to know and devise remedies to obviate the evils arising out of the gradual decline of the agricultural classes in our earliest occupied territories. It would show the Government many places where the expenditure of four or five thousand rupees (four or five hundred pounds) in the repairs or erection of a dam, for the obstruction of some rain-filled nullah (a wide and deep ditch), would yield a return yearly of equal amount, besides affording employment, and the means of livelihood to hundreds of persons. It would show where the opening of a road, or the building of a bridge, involving but a small expenditure, would give a new life to a part of the country hitherto forgotten, and render the inhabitants flourishing and happy, by throwing open to them a market for their produce—a market at present out of their reach. It would prove incontestably that the means of irrigation—the true water-power of India, has been even more neglected than the water power of that (in comparison with the United States) sluggish colony, Canada. The initial step once taken—the march of improvement once fairly set on foot—private enterprise, duly encouraged, will follow in the wake of the Government ; and capital once invested, land in India will become intrinsically valuable, and thus obtain the attention it merits. Agricultural improvement would induce lasting and increasing prosperity of the cultivating classes (the bulk of the population) and of the country itself.

“What ? Sham ! Dinner ready ?” I exclaimed, on observing the boy approaching the tent with a tray and a table-cloth.

“Oh, yes, sir ; quite ready. And very good dinner.”

“What have you got ?”

“Stewed duck, sir—curry, sir ; pancake, sir. And, by the time you eat that, one little quail ready, sir, with toast. I give dinner fit for a governor-general, sir ; and the silver shining like the moon, sir.”

(It was in this way that he ran on whilst laying the table.)

“But why are you preparing covers for two, when I am dining alone ?”

“Yes, sir. But only poor man’s has table laid for one. That place opposite is for company sake. And suppose some gentleman came—not likely here, but suppose ? Then all is ready. No running about—no calling out, ‘Bring plate, knife and fork, and spoon, and glass,’ and all that. And if two plates laid, master, if he like—when I am standing

behind his chair keeping the flies off, while he eats, — may fancy that some friend or some lady sitting opposite, and in his own mind he may hold some gustoogoo (conversation). That's why I lay the table for two, sir."

I had been warned by the gentleman who permitted Sham to accompany me, that he was such an invaluable servant,—it was only politic to let him have his own way, in trifling matters; and, therefore, instead of objecting to his proceeding, I applauded his foresight.

Whilst discussing the stewed duck, which was excellent,—as was indeed every dish prepared by Sham, when he had "his own way;" and while he was standing behind me, keeping the flies off with a chowrie (a quantity of long horsehair fastened to a handle), I talked to him without turning my head:

"You say you wish to take a gun. Have you ever been out shooting?"

"Oh, yes, sir. When my master went up from Calcutta to Mussoorie and Simlah with the Governor-General, I went with him. And I often went out shooting in the Dhoon, with my master, who was a great sportsman, sir. And I was out with my master—on the same elephant—when the Governor-General shot the tiger."

"What! Did the Governor-General shoot a tiger?"

"Oh no, sir. But my master and the other gentleman make him think he did, sir."

"Explain yourself."

"Well, sir, the Governor-General said he had heard a great deal of tiger-shooting, and should like to see some, for once. So my master, who was a very funny gentleman, went to an officer in the Dhoon,—another very funny gentleman,—and between them it was agreed that his lordship should shoot one tiger. And so they sent out some native shikarees (huntsmen) and told them to wound, but not kill, one big tiger in the jungle, and leave him there. And the native shikarees did shoot one big tiger in the jungle, and they came and made a report where he was lying. Then, next morning, when all the elephants and gentlemen was ready, and the Governor-General had his gun in his hand, they all went to the jungle; and when they got to the place and heard the tiger growl very angrily, my master called out: 'There, my lord,—there he is; take your shot!' and my lord fired his gun, and my master cried out very loud: 'My lord, you've hit him!' And my lord, who was very much confused—not being a sportsman—said, 'Have I?' And all the gentlemen cried out: 'Yes, my lord!' And then some of the gentlemen closed round the tiger and killed him, by firing many bullets at him. And my

lord had the tiger's skin taken off, and it was sent to England to be made a carpet for my lord's sitting-room. And for many days all the gentlemen laughed, and asked of one another, 'Who shot the tiger?' And the Governor-General was so happy and so proud, and wore his head as high as a seesu-tree. But he had enough of tiger-shooting in that one tiger; for he was not a sportsman, and did not like the jolting of the elephant in the jungle."

My repast ended and the table-cloth removed, I lighted a cigar and took my camp-stool once more to the opening of the tent, when, to my surprise, and somewhat to my dismay, I found myself besieged by a host of ryots, cultivators of the soil, each bearing a present in the shape of a basket of fruits or vegetables; or a brass dish covered with almonds, raisins, and native sweetmeats. These poor creatures, who doubtless fancied that I was a sahib in authority (possibly, Sham had told them that I was a commissioner—a very great man—on a tour of inspection), prostrated themselves at my feet, and in the most abject manner imaginable, craved my favour and protection. I promised each and every one of them, with much sincerity, that if ever it lay in my power to do them a service, they might depend upon my exerting myself to the utmost; and then I made a variety of inquiries, touching their respective ages, families, circumstances, and prospects, in order to prove that I had already taken an interest in them. I then asked them some questions touching the game in the locality, and was glad to hear the report made by Sham confirmed to the letter. I was assured that the light jungle in the rear of my tents literally swarmed with black partridges.

It was now nearly time to go out, and in the course of two hours, I brought down no less than seven brace, while Sham distinguished himself by killing five birds. By the time I returned to my tent, I was weary, and retired to rest, having previously given orders that I was to be called at two A.M., inasmuch as at that hour I intended to resume the march. It is one thing, however, to retire to rest, but it is another thing to sleep. What with the croaking of the frogs in a neighbouring tank, and the buzzing and biting of the musquitoes in my tent, I could not close an eye. I lay awake the whole night, thinking—thinking of a thousand things, but of home chiefly; and right glad was I when Sham approached my bed, holding in one hand a cup of very hot and strong coffee, and in the other my cigar-case, while the noise outside, incident on the striking of the tents and the breaking up of the little camp, was as the sweetest music to my ears.

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WELL-AUTHENTICATED RAPPINGS.

THE writer, who is about to record three spiritual experiences of his own in the present truthful article, deems it essential to state that, down to the time of his being favored therewith, he had not been a believer in rappings, or tippings. His vulgar notions of the spiritual world, represented its inhabitants as probably advanced, even beyond the intellectual supremacy of Peckham or New York; and it seemed to him, considering the large amount of ignorance, presumption, and folly with which this earth is blessed, so very unnecessary to call in immaterial Beings to gratify mankind with bad spelling and worse nonsense, that the presumption was strongly against those respected films taking the trouble to come here, for no better purpose than to make supererogatory idiots of themselves.

This was the writer's gross and fleshy state of mind at so late a period as the twenty-sixth of December last. On that memorable morning, at about two hours after daylight,—that is to say, at twenty minutes before ten by the writer's watch, which stood on a table at his bedside, and which can be seen at the publishing-office, and identified as a demi-chronometer made by BAUTTE of Geneva, and numbered 67,709—on that memorable morning, at about two hours after daylight, the writer, starting up in bed with his hand to his forehead, distinctly felt seventeen heavy throbs or beats in that region. They were accompanied by a feeling of pain in the locality, and by a general sensation not unlike that which is usually attendant on biliousness. Yielding to a sudden impulse, the writer asked:

"What is this?"

The answer immediately returned (in throbs or beats upon the forehead) was, "Yesterday."

The writer then demanded, being as yet but imperfectly awake:

"What was yesterday?"

Answer: "Christmas Day."

The writer, being now quite come to himself, inquired, "Who is the Medium in this case?"

Answer: "Clarkins."

Question: "Mrs. Clarkins, or Mr. Clarkins?"

Answer: "Both."

Question: "By Mr., do you mean Old Clarkins, or Young Clarkins?"

Answer: "Both."

Now, the writer had dined with his friend Clarkins (who can be appealed to, at the State-Paper Office) on the previous day, and spirits had actually been discussed at that dinner, under various aspects. It was in the writer's remembrance, also, that both Clarkins Senior and Clarkins Junior had been very active in such discussion, and had rather pressed it on the company. Mrs. Clarkins too had joined in it with animation, and had observed, in a joyous if not an exuberant tone, that it was "only once a year."

Convinced by these tokens that the rapping was of spiritual origin, the writer proceeded as follows:

"Who are you?"

The rapping on the forehead was resumed, but in a most incoherent manner. It was for some time impossible to make sense of it. After a pause, the writer (holding his head) repeated the inquiry in a solemn voice, accompanied with a groan:

"Who ARE you?"

Incoherent rappings were still the response. The writer then asked, solemnly as before, and with another groan:

"What is your name?"

The reply was conveyed in a sound exactly resembling a loud hiccough. It afterwards appeared that this spiritual voice was distinctly heard by Alexander Pumpion, the writer's footboy (seventh son of Widow Pumpion, mangler), in an adjoining chamber.

Question: "Your name cannot be Hiccough? Hiccough is not a proper name?"

No answer being returned, the writer said: "I solemnly charge you, by our joint knowledge of Clarkins the Medium—of Clarkins Senior, Clarkins Junior, and Clarkins Mrs.—to reveal your name!"

The reply rapped out with extreme unwillingness, was, "Sloe-Juice, Logwood, Blackberry."

This appeared to the writer sufficiently like a parody on Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-Seed, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, to justify the retort:

"That is not your name?"

The rapping spirit admitted, "No."

"Then what do they generally call you?"

A pause.

"I ask you, what do they generally call you?"

The spirit, evidently under coercion, responded, in a most solemn manner, "Port!"

This awful communication caused the writer to lie prostrate, on the verge of insensibility, for a quarter of an hour: during which the rappings were continued with violence, and a host of spiritual appearances passed before his eyes, of a black hue, and greatly resembling tadpoles endowed with the power of occasionally spinning themselves out into musical notes as they swam down into space. After contemplating a vast Legion of these appearances, the writer demanded of the rapping spirit:

"How am I to present you to myself? What, upon the whole, is most like you?"

The terrific reply was, "Blacking."

As soon as the writer could command his emotion, which was now very great, he inquired:

"Had I better take something?"

Answer: "Yes."

Question: "Can I write for something?"

Answer: "Yes."

A pencil and a slip of paper which were on the table at the bedside immediately bounded into the writer's hand, and he found himself forced to write (in a curiously unsteady character and all down-hill, whereas his own writing is remarkably plain and straight) the following spiritual note.

"Mr. C. D. S. Pooney presents his compliments to Messrs. Bell and Company, Pharmaceutical chemists, Oxford Street, opposite to Portland Street, and begs them to have the goodness to send him by Bearer a five-grain genuine blue pill and a genuine black draught of corresponding power."

But, before entrusting this document to Alexander Pumpion (who unfortunately lost it on his return, if he did not even lay himself open to the suspicion of having wilfully inserted it into one of the holes of a perambulating chesnut-roaster, to see how it would flare), the writer resolved to test the rapping spirit with one conclusive question. He therefore asked, in a slow and impressive voice:

"Will these remedies make my stomach ache?"

It is impossible to describe the prophetic confidence of the reply. "Yes." The assurance was fully borne out by the result, as the writer will long remember; and after this experience it were needless to observe that he could no longer doubt.

The next communication of a deeply interesting character with which the writer was favored, occurred on one of the leading lines of railway. The circumstances under which the revelation was made to him—on the second day of January in the present year—were these: He had recovered from the effects of

the previous remarkable visitation, and had again been partaking of the compliments of the season. The preceding day had been passed in hilarity. He was on his way to a celebrated town, a well-known commercial emporium where he had business to transact, and had lunched in a somewhat greater hurry than is usual on railways, in consequence of the train being behind time. His lunch had been very reluctantly administered to him by a young lady behind a counter. She had been much occupied at the time with the arrangement of her hair and dress, and her expressive countenance had denoted disdain. It will be seen that this young lady proved to be a powerful Medium.

The writer had returned to the first-class carriage in which he chanced to be travelling alone, the train had resumed its motion, he had fallen into a doze, and the unimpeachable watch already mentioned recorded forty-five minutes to have elapsed since his interview with the Medium, when he was aroused by a very singular musical instrument. This instrument, he found to his admiration not unmixed with alarm, was performing in his inside. Its tones were of a low and rippling character, difficult to describe; but, if such a comparison may be admitted, resembling a melodious heart-burn. Be this as it may, they suggested that humble sensation to the writer.

Concurrently with his becoming aware of the phenomenon in question, the writer perceived that his attention was being solicited by a hurried succession of angry raps in the stomach, and a pressure on the chest. A sceptic no more, he immediately communed with the spirit. The dialogue was as follows:

Question: "Do I know your name?"

Answer: "I should think so!"

Question: "Does it begin with a P?"

Answer (second time): "I should think so!"

Question: "Have you two names, and does each begin with a P?"

Answer (third time): "I should think so!"

Question: "I charge you to lay aside this levity, and inform me what you are called."

The spirit, after reflecting for a few seconds, spelt out P. O. R. K. The musical instrument then performed a short and fragmentary strain. The spirit then recommenced, and spelt out the word "P. I. E."

Now, this precise article of pastry, this particular viand or comestible, actually had formed—let the scoffer know—the staple of the writer's lunch, and actually had been handed to him by the young lady whom he now knew to be a powerful Medium! Highly gratified by the conviction thus forced upon his mind that the knowledge with which he conversed was not of this world, the writer pursued the dialogue.

Question: "They call you Pork Pie?"

Answer: "Yes."

Question (which the writer timidly put,

after struggling with some natural reluctance),
 "Are you, in fact, Pork Pie?"

Answer: "Yes."

It were vain to attempt a description of the mental comfort and relief which the writer derived from this important answer. He proceeded:

Question: "Let us understand each other. A part of you is Pork, and a part of you is Pie?"

Answer: "Exactly so."

Question: "What is your Pie-part made of?"

Answer: "Lard." Then came a sorrowful strain from the musical instrument. Then the word "Dripping."

Question: "How am I to present you to my mind? What are you most like?"

Answer (very quickly): "Lead."

A sense of despondency overcame the writer at this point. When he had in some measure conquered it, he resumed:

Question: "Your other nature is a Porky nature. What has that nature been chiefly sustained upon?"

Answer (in a sprightly manner): "Pork, to be sure!"

Question: "Not so. Pork is not fed upon Pork?"

Answer: "Isn't it, though!"

A strange internal feeling, resembling a flight of pigeons, seized upon the writer. He then became illuminated in a surprising manner, and said:

"Do I understand you to hint that the human race, incautiously attacking the indigestible fortresses called by your name, and not having time to storm them, owing to the great solidity of their almost impregnable walls, are in the habit of leaving much of their contents in the hands of the Mediums, who with such pig nourish the pigs of future pies?"

Answer: "That's it!"

Question: "Then to paraphrase the words of our immortal bard —"

Answer (interrupting):

"The same pork in its time, makes many pies,
 Its least being seven pasties."

The writer's emotion was profound. But, again desirous still further to try the Spirit, and to ascertain whether, in the poetic phraseology of the advanced seers of the United States, it hailed from one of the inner and more elevated circles, he tested its knowledge with the following

Question: "In the wild harmony of the musical instrument within me, of which I am again conscious, what other substances are there airs of, besides those you have mentioned?"

Answer: "Cape. Gamboge. Camomile. Treacle. Spirits of wine. Distilled Potatoes."

Question: "Nothing else?"

Answer: "Nothing worth mentioning."

Let the scorner tremble and do homage;

let the feeble sceptic blush! The writer at his lunch had demanded of the powerful Medium, a glass of Sherry, and likewise a small glass of Brandy. Who can doubt that the articles of commerce indicated by the Spirit were supplied to him from that source under those two names?

One other instance may suffice to prove that experiences of the foregoing nature are no longer to be questioned, and that it ought to be made capital to attempt to explain them away. It is an exquisite case of Tipping.

The writer's Destiny had appointed him to entertain a hopeless affection for Miss L. B., of Bungay, in the county of Suffolk. Miss L. B. had not, at the period of the occurrence of the Tipping, openly rejected the writer's offer of his hand and heart; but it has since seemed probable that she had been withheld from doing so, by filial fear of her father, Mr. B., who was favourable to the writer's pretensions. Now, mark the Tipping. A young man, obnoxious to all well-constituted minds (since married to Miss L. B.), was visiting at the house. Young B., was also home from school. The writer was present. The family party were assembled about a round table. It was the spiritual time of twilight in the month of July. Objects could not be discerned with any degree of distinctness. Suddenly, Mr. B. whose senses had been lulled to repose, infused terror into all our breasts, by uttering a passionate roar or ejaculation. His words (his education was neglected in his youth) were exactly these: "Damme, here's somebody a shoving of a letter into my hand, under my own mahogany!" Consternation seized the assembled group. Mrs. B. augmented the prevalent dismay by declaring that somebody had been softly treading on her toes, at intervals, for half-an-hour. Greater consternation seized the assembled group. Mr. B. called for lights. Now, mark the Tipping. Young B. cried (I quote his expressions accurately), "It's the spirits, father! They've been at it with me this last fortnight." Mr. B. demanded with irascibility, "What do you mean, sir? What have they been at?" Young B. replied, "Wanting to make a regular Post-office of me, father. They're always handing impalpable letters to me, father. A letter must have come creeping round to you by mistake. I must be a Medium, father. O here's a go!" cried young B. "If I an't a jolly Medium!" The boy now became violently convulsed, spluttering exceedingly, and jerking out his legs and arms in a manner calculated to cause me (and which did cause me) serious inconvenience; for, I was supporting his respected mother within range of his boots, and he conducted himself like a telegraph before the invention of the electric one. All this time Mr. B. was looking about under the table for the letter, while the obnoxious

young man, since married to Miss L. B., protected that young lady in an obnoxious manner. "O here's a go!" Young B. continued to cry without intermission, "If I an't a jolly Medium, father! Here's a go! There'll be a Tipping presently, father. Look out for the table!" Now mark the Tipping. The table tipped so violently as to strike Mr. B. a good half-dozen times on his bald head while he was looking under it; which caused Mr. B. to come out with great agility, and rub it with much tenderness (I refer to his head), and to imprecate it with much violence (I refer to the table). I observed that the tipping of the table was uniformly in the direction of the magnetic current; that is to say, from south to north, or from young B. to Mr. B. I should have made some further observations on this deeply interesting point, but that the table suddenly revolved, and tipped over on myself, bearing me to the ground with a force increased by the momentum imparted to it by young B., who came over with it in a state of mental exaltation, and could not be displaced for some time. In the interval, I was aware of being crushed by his weight and the table's, and also of his constantly calling out to his sister and the obnoxious young man, that he foresaw there would be another Tipping presently.

None such, however, took place. He recovered after taking a short walk with them in the dark, and no worse effects of the very beautiful experience with which we had been favoured, were perceptible in him during the rest of the evening, than a slight tendency to hysterical laughter, and a noticeable attraction (I might almost term it fascination) of his left hand, in the direction of his heart or waistcoat-pocket.

Was this, or was it not a case of Tipping? Will the sceptic and the scoffer reply?

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

I WAS twelve days marching from Bijnore to Umballah, and, by keeping away from the high-road, I did not see during my journey a single European face. I moved entirely amongst the people, or rather the peasantry, of the upper provinces of India; a very poor and very ignorant peasantry, but, comparatively speaking, civil and honest. Sham made a much greater impression upon them than I did; mounted on his pony, and drest in very gay attire—a purple velvet tunic, pyjamas of red silk trimmed with gold lace, a turban of very gorgeous aspect, and shoes embroidered all over with silver. He had more the appearance of a young rajah or prince, than a gentleman's servant. And Sham talked to his countrymen—if the wretched Hindoos could be so called—in a lofty strain which vastly amused me, though I did not approve of it. I said nothing, however. As for the camp arrangements, he had

completely taken them out of my hands; and he was so much better manager than myself that I was well content that it should be so; all that was left to me was to name the hour for departing from an encampment-ground and the next spot whereon I wished my tents pitched.

It was past six o'clock on the morning of the twentieth of April, when I came within a few miles of Umballah. The mornings and the nights were still cool; but, in the day, the heat was beginning to be very severe. However, after taking my coffee and making my toilet, I caused my pony to be re-saddled, and, followed by Sham mounted on his pony, rode into the cantonments, inquiring my way, as I went along, of the various servants who were moving about. I eventually found myself at the door of a bungalow which was tenanted by a very old friend and distant connection of mine. He was an officer in one of her Majesty's regiments of foot then stationed at Umballah.

"You will sleep here, of course, during your stay," he said; "but you are the guest of the mess, remember. We have settled all that, and we will go up in the buggy presently to deposit your pasteboard in the mess reading-room. I will point out to you where you will always find your knife and fork, and I will introduce to you all the servants—the mess-sergeant especially."

I must now digress for a brief while, in order to give the uninitiated reader some idea of Indian etiquette as it exists amongst Europeans, members of society. In other countries, or, at all events, in England, when a gentleman goes to take up his abode, for a long or a short period, in a strange locality, it is usual for the residents, if they desire to show him any civility or make his acquaintance, to call upon him in the first instance. In India, the reverse is the case. The stranger must make his round of calls, if he wishes to know the residents; and, what is more, he must leave his cards on the mess, "for the colonel and officers of her Majesty's — Regiment." You may leave a card on every officer in the regiment, from the senior colonel down to the junior ensign; and each of them may, and possibly will, invite you to his private board; but, if you omit to leave a card on the mess, it would be a gross breach of decorum in any member of the mess to invite you to dine at the mess-table, because you have "not left a card on the mess." And not only to the royal regiments does the rule pertain, but to every regiment in India, and to every brigade of artillery.

Having left my cards at the mess of the regiment to which my friend belonged, I was driven to the mess-house of the—Dragoons, where another expenditure of cards was incurred; then, to the mess-houses of the two native infantry regiments, and the mess-house of the native cavalry regiment. I was then whisked off to the house of General Sir

Doodle Dudley, G.C.B., who commanded the division. The General was very old, close on eighty; but he was "made up" to represent a gentleman of about forty. His chesnut wig fitted him to perfection, and his whiskers were dyed so adroitly that they were an exact imitation of their original colour. The white teeth were all false—likewise the pink colour in the cheeks and the ivory hue of the forehead. As for the General's dress, it fitted him like a glove, and his patent leather boots and his gold spurs were the neatest and prettiest I had ever seen. In early life, Sir Doodle had been a rival and an acquaintance of Beau Brummell. When a colonel in the Peninsular war, he had been what is called a very good regimental officer; but, from eighteen hundred and eighteen until his appointment to India, in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, as a general of division, he had been unattached, and had never done a single day's duty. He was so hopelessly deaf, that he never even attempted to ask what was said to him; but a stranger, as I was, would scarcely have credited it; for the General talked, laughed, and rattled on as though he were perfectly unconscious of his infirmity. I ventured a casual remark touching the late dust-storm which had swept over the district, to which the General very vivaciously replied:

"Yes, my good, sir. I knew her in the zenith of her beauty and influence, when she was a lady patroness of Almack's and the chief favourite of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. Oh, yes! she is dead, I see by the last overland paper; but I did not think she was so old as they say she was—eighty-four. Only fancy, eighty-four!" Then darting off at a tangent, he remarked: "I see they give it out that I am to have the command-in-chief at Bombay. The fact is, I don't want Bombay, and so I have told my friends at the Horse Guards at least a dozen times. I want the governorship and the command-in-chief at the Cape; but, if they thrust Bombay upon me, I suppose I must take it. One can't always pick and choose, and I fancy it is only right to oblige now and then."

"We shall be very sorry to lose you, General," said my friend, mechanically, "very sorry indeed."

"So I have told his Excellency," exclaimed the General, who presumed that my friend was now talking on an entirely different subject. "So I have told him. But he will not listen to me. He says that if the court martial still adheres to its finding of murder, he will upset the whole of the proceedings, and order the man to return to his duty; and the court will adhere to its original finding; for the court says, and I say, that a private who deliberately loads his firelock, and deliberately fires at and wounds a sergeant, cannot properly be

convicted of manslaughter only. Well; it cannot be hepted, I suppose. The fact is, the commander-in-chief is now too old for his work; and he is, as he always was, very obstinate and self-willed." And the General continued: "For the command of an army or a division in India, we want men who are not above listening to the advice of the experienced officers by whom they are surrounded!"

When we were leaving the General, he mistook me for my friend and my friend for me, and respectively addressed us accordingly. (His eyesight was very imperfect, and he was too vain to wear glasses.) He thanked me for having brought my friend to call upon him, and assured my friend that it would afford him the greatest pleasure in the world if the acquaintance, that day made, should ripen into friendship.

"He is an imbecile," I remarked, when we were driving away from the General's door.

"Yes, and he has been for the last six or seven years," was the reply.

"But he must be labouring under some delusion with respect to being appointed to the command-in-chief of an Indian presidency?"

"Nothing of the kind. He is certain of it. He will go to Bombay before six weeks are over. You will see."

The General went to Bombay, where he played such fantastic tricks before high heaven, that the angels could not have "wept" for laughing at them. Amongst other things, he insisted on the officers of the regiments buttoning their coats and jackets up to the throat, during the hottest time of the year! He would have nothing unmilitary, he said, "hot climate or no hot climate." He was quite childish before he relinquished his command, and was brought home just in time to die in his fatherland, and at the country seat of his aristocratic ancestors. Although utterly unfitted, in his after life, to command troops, he was a very polished old gentleman, externally; and having enjoyed a very intimate acquaintance with Blucher, and other celebrated commanders, he could repeat many anecdotes of them worthy of remembrance. "Blucher," he used to say, "generally turned into bed all standing, jack-boots included; and if his valet forgot to take off his spurs, and they became entangled with the sheets, woe betide the valet! The torrent of abuse that he poured forth, was something terrific." I also heard the General say that Blucher, having seen everything in London, remarked with great earnestness: "Give me Ludgate Hill!" and on being asked to explain why, replied, with reference to the number of jewellers' and silversmiths' shops which, in that day, decorated the locality,

"Mein Gott! What pillage!"

After leaving the General's house, we

called upon some six or eight other magnates of Umballah, for the time being; and on returning to the mess-house, at the hour of Tiffin, I was rather fatigued. The scene, however, revived me considerably. There were seated round the large table, in the centre of the lonely room, some seventy or eighty officers of all ranks, from the various regiments in the station. There was to be a meeting held that day at the mess-room, to discuss some local matter, and the majority of those present had been invited to "tiff" previously. No one was in uniform—at least not in military uniform—all wore light shooting-coats and wide-awake hats covered with turbans. The local question—touching the best means of watering the mall, where the residents used to take their evening ride or drive—having been discussed, the party broke up. Some went to the different billiard-rooms to play matches (for money, of course); others retired to private bungalows to play cards, or read while reclining on a couch or a bed, or a mat upon the floor. Every one smoked and sipped some sort of liquid. It was to a room in my friend's bungalow that eleven of the party, inclusive of myself, repaired, to wile away the time until sun-down, by playing whist.

Never did the character of an officer's life in India strike me so forcibly as on that afternoon. There was an air of lassitude and satiety about every one present. The day was hot and muggy, and the atmosphere very oppressive. It was a fatiguing bore to deal the cards, take up the tricks, mark the game, or raise to one's lips the claret cup which Sham had been called upon to brew. Sham was well known to most of the officers of the regiment to which my friend belonged. He had made their acquaintance (to use his own words) when he was on the Governor-General's staff.

The three men who had not cut in at whist, were lounging about, and making ineffectual attempts to keep up a conversation. The shooting coats and the waistcoats were now discarded, and the suspenders, and the shoes, or boots; in short, each person only wore strictly necessary clothing, while the native (coolie), in the verandah was ever and anon loudly called upon to pull the punkah as strongly as possible. That room, that afternoon, presented a perfect picture of cantonment life in India, during the summer season, between the hours of two and half-past five, P.M. The body is too much exhausted to admit of any serious mental exertion beyond that which sheer amusement can afford; and it is by no means uncommon to find your partner or yourself dropping off to sleep when called upon to lead a card, or follow suit. The three men who were sitting (or lying), out, soon yielded to the influence of the punkah, closed their eyes, and got up a snore—each holding between his fingers the cheroot he had been smoking.

Alh, yes! It is very bad to have to endure the frightful heat, to feel one's blood on the broil, even under a punkah, and with doors and windows closed to exclude the hot air of the open day. But what must it be for the men, the privates, and their wives and children? They have no punkahs; though it has been shown that they might have them at a trifling cost. They have no cold water much less iced water, to sip; though they might have it, if the authorities had the good sense (to put humanity entirely out of the question), to be economical of that invaluable commodity in India, British flesh and blood. They, the men of the ranks, and their wives and children, have no spacious apartments (with well fitted doors and windows), to move about in; though there is no reason why they should not have them, for the land costs nothing, and labour and material is literally dirt cheap in the upper provinces of India.

"But, the Royal Infantry Barracks at Umballah is a fine large building?" It may be suggested. I reply: "Not for a regiment one thousand strong." A regiment mustering one thousand bayonets, to say nothing of the numerous women and the more numerous children. In a cold climate it would be ample for their accommodation; but not here, where, in a room occupied by an officer, the thermometer frequently stands at ninety-three degrees and sometimes at one hundred and five degrees. In the matter of ice. The reader must be informed how it is manufactured. During the "cold weather," (as the winter is always called), small earthenware vessels of shallow build, resembling saucers in shape, are filled with water, and placed in an open field, upon a low bed of straw. At dawn of day there is a coating of ice upon each vessel, of about the thickness of a shilling. This is collected by men, women, and children (natives), who receive for each morning's, or hour's work, a sum of money, in cowries, equal to about half of a farthing. When collected, it is carried to an ice-pit, and there stored. The expenses are borne by a subscription, and the amount for each ticket depends entirely on the number of subscribers. In some large stations, an ice ticket for the hot season costs only three pounds. In smaller stations it will cost six pounds. The amount of ice received by each ticket-holder is about four pounds, and is brought away each morning at daylight, in a canvas bag enveloped in a thick blanket, by the ticket-holder's own servant. It is then deposited in a basket made expressly for the purpose. In this basket is placed the wine, beer, water, butter, and fruit. The bag of solid ice is in the centre of all then, and imparts to each an equal coldness. These four pounds of ice, if properly managed, and the air kept out of the basket, will cool an inconceivable quantity of fluids, and will last for twenty-four hours—that is to say, there will be some ice remaining when the fresh bag is

brought in. If a bewildered khansamah, or khitnutghur, in his haste to bring a bottle, leaves the basket uncovered, the inevitable consequence is that the ice melts, and there is an end of it for the day. I have scarcely known a family in which corporal punishment was not inflicted on the servant guilty of such a piece of neglect. But, great as was the privation, it was always cheerfully endured by the society, when the doctors of the various departments indented on them for their shares of ice, respectively. And this occasionally happened, when the hospitals were crowded with cases of fever. Scores and scores of lives were often saved by the application of ice to the head, and the administration of cold drinks.

Ice is not manufactured below Benares. Calcutta and its immediate neighbourhood, revels in the luxury of American ice, which may be purchased for three half-pence per *seci* (two pounds). The American ships, trading to India, take it as ballast, in huge blocks, which by the time it arrives in the River Hooghley become a solid mass.

The sun has gone down, and it is now time to bathe, and dress for our evening drive. The band is playing. We descend from the buggy, languidly; and languidly we walk first to one carriage and then to another, to talk with the ladies who are sitting in them. They, the ladies, wear a very languid air, as though life, in such a climate, were a great burden—and it is, no doubt, a great burden from the middle of April to the first week in October. There is a languid air even about the liveliest tunes that the band plays. Then, we languidly drive to the mess-house, for dinner. The dinner is more a matter of form than anything else. But the wines, which are well iced, are partaken of freely enough—especially the champagne. There is, of course, no intoxication; but as the evening advances the company becomes more jovial, and by the time the dessert is placed on the table, that dreadful feeling of languor has, in a great measure, taken its departure. It is now that the evening commences, and many very pleasant evenings have been spent in that Umballah mess-room, despite the heat. The colonel of the regiment to which my friend belonged was a man of very good sense; and during the hot season he sanctioned his officers wearing, except when on parade, a white twill jacket, of a military cut, with the regimental button; and he had not the slightest objection to a loose neck-tie instead of a tightly-fitting black stock. This matter ought to have been sanctioned by the highest military authority, the commander-in-chief, or rather it ought to have been stated in a general order that such rational attire was approved of, instead of being left to the caprice of a colonel, or brigadier, or general of division. The regiment of royal cavalry, too, were equally fortunate in their colonel. He was also of opinion that the comfort of the

officers under his command was worthy of some consideration, and he could not see the necessity of requiring a gentleman to sit down to dinner in a thick red cloth jacket (padded), and buttoned up to the very chin. But before I left Umballah, the old General altered this, and insisted on “this loose and unsoldierlike attire being instantly abandoned.” He had overlooked it for several months, or, at all events, had expressed no objection; but suddenly the major-general commanding was aroused to observe with great regret that the dress in some regiments was fast becoming subversive, &c., &c., &c. The reason of the major-general’s sudden acuteness of observation was this: he was about to give a ball at his own house, and for some inexplicable cause had not invited any of the officers of her Majesty’s Regiment of Foot. But on the morning of the night on which the ball was to take place he requested his aide-de-camp to write the following note:

“The Major-General commanding the Division desires that the band of H.M.’s — Foot may be in attendance at the Major-General’s house at half-past nine precisely.”

And the band went at half-past nine, for the General had a perfect right to order the men to attend at his house whenever he pleased; but the band went without their musical instruments, for they (as I believe is the case in all regiments) were the private property of the officers for the time being, and, like the regimental plate, the loan thereof for any particular occasion must be regarded as a matter of favour, and not as a matter of right. So the General had no music out of the band: and the officers in the station had no comfort in their dress, until the General left the station for his command at Bombay.

It may possibly be imagined that the General had, in his earlier days, done the State great service as a military commander, and for that, his appointment was the reward. Nothing of the kind. When he left the army, and became unattached, he was only a regimental colonel, and had only been once mentioned by the Duke of Wellington in his despatches, as having gallantly led his regiment into action; for this single mention he was made a brevet major-general and a C.B., while other colonels who had performed precisely the same service, remained unpromoted and undecorated. Sometimes, during his Indian career—not that he was intoxicated by wine, for the General in his dotage was rather abstemious—he would be utterly oblivious to the fact that he *was* in India, and would hold a conversation with some young ensign, who had been one of his dinner party, and who, in haste to get away early to billiards, came up to say good night, after the following fashion:

“Look here, my pretty boy, as you will be

passing Friberg and Pontet's, just look in and tell them—O! how like you are to your dear mother! I can remember her when she was thought, and truly, to be one of the prettiest women in all Europe! Charming eyes—lovely complexion! Well, look in at Friberg and Pontet's."

"Yes, General."

"And tell them to send me a canister of the Duke of Kent's mixture. O! how very like you are to your dear mother, my pretty boy! The last they sent me had scent in it. Tell them I hate scent in snuff."

"Yes, General."

"O! how VERY like you are to your dear mother!"

(The General had never seen the boy's mother in the course of his long and useless life.)

"Yes, General."

"Well, do not forget the snuff."

"O, no, General! Good night!"

"God bless thee, my pretty boy! O! how like you are to your dear mother!"

I do not mean to say that General Sir Doodle Dudley was an average specimen of the General officers sent out by the Horse Guards to command divisions in India. That would be untrue: for some, though very old and inefficient, could see, hear, and understand. But, within the past ten years, some others that I know of have been sent out, to Bengal alone, who were not one whit more efficient than General Sir Doodle Dudley.

The nights being more enjoyable, comparatively, than the days, no wonder that they are rarely given up for sleep by the majority of military men or younger civilians in India. Of course, married men with families must, and do, for the most part, lead regular lives, or, at all events, conform to some fixed domestic rules. But it is not so with the unmarried, who take their rest (sleep) much in the same way that inveterate drunkards take their drink—"little and often." You will see a young officer playing at billiards at half-past two or three in the morning, and at five you will see him on the parade-ground with his company. He has had his sleep and his bath, and, to use his own words, he "feels as fresh as a three-year-old." Between seven and twelve he will also have an hour or so of "the balmy," and then, after tiffin, he will perhaps get a few winks while reading the newspaper or a book, or while sitting on the bench in the billiard-room, "watching the game." Have these young men, it may be asked, nothing to do? Have they no occupation? Yes. They have to keep themselves alive and in good spirits, and that is no easy task either, in the hot weather of the Upper Provinces. Some of them (a few) in the East India Company's Service will take to studying the languages, in the hope that proficiency therein will lead to staff employment. Those, however, who do not happen to

have good interest to back their claims soon find out that the order of the Governor-General in Council touching a knowledge of the Native languages is a mere sham; and that ignorance, clothed with interest, is—so far as advancement in life is concerned—far preferable to a well-stored head and a steady character.

WANTED, A SECRETARY.

I THINK the first effort I made to obtain any important post was in a parochial direction: I went in for assistant vestry clerk of the large and influential parish of Saint Spankus. In obedience to a very promising and inviting advertisement which appeared three times consecutively in the two leading newspapers, I sent in my application, carefully worded and neatly written, sealed, indorsed, and directed, accompanied by numerous and satisfactory testimonials, to the chairman of the vestry, and awaited impatiently the morning appointed for a personal attendance. It came at last, and dressed in what I considered the most judicious and becoming style, I proceeded to the vestry hall. I was twenty years of age, prepossessing in appearance, tolerably well-educated, a good penman, a better accountant, a skilful correspondent, and a person who might have been entrusted with the keys of the cellars of the Bank of England. All these qualities—and many more—my testimonials set forth as only testimonials can, and do; and I considered myself extremely well armed for the contest.

When I arrived at the scene of battle, I found about forty competitors assembled, of all ages, sizes, and appearances. Some were mere lads, far younger than the age specified in the advertisement (between twenty and thirty); some were evidently men near forty, perhaps, with families at home, anxiously waiting to know their fate; others were jaunty youths who lived with their parents, and who did not care much whether their application turned out a success or a failure.

There was one man present whose air of carefully prepared respectability, covering his poverty like a thin transparent veil, particularly attracted my attention. I watched his nervous, careworn, despairing countenance, full, even to my inexperienced eye, of a history of wasted energies, want of self-reliance, and a weak dependence upon friends and expected patrons. I met him several times afterwards, under similar circumstances, always the same, hopeless, helpless creature; applying for everything and getting nothing, a burden upon his friends, and a useless clod upon the earth.

We were all placed in a waiting-room, into which the vestry hall opened; and when the messenger passed in and out, we got brief glimpses of the somewhat noisy and undigni-

fied body of parish senators, who were to decide our fate. Some of us collected in little conversational groups, discussing our different prospects, showing each other the rough drafts of the applications we had sent in, and indulging generally in a good deal of weak, verbal criticism.

Suddenly, our consultations were interrupted by the loud voice of a porter from the vestry-hall door, calling the name of "Bates." This was the first applicant called in—an ordinary looking lad, who had kept aloof from the rest of the company. As soon as he had gone in to be examined, a short young man who stood next to me, whose name I forget, but whom, because of his sharp nose and quick restless eyes, I shall call the Weasel, hastily examined a paper that he held in his hand, and then said reflectively.

"Oh!—oh! Master Bates—I smell a rat!"

I, of course, asked him what supposed discovery had led to this observation.

"Well," said he, "look here. Isn't a man named Bates the chairman of the vestry? Isn't a man named Bates the vestry clerk? Isn't a man named Bates the relieving officer? And are there not several men of the name of Bates upon the vestry?"

I was compelled, looking over the parochial list, to reply in the affirmative.

"Yes," he returned, "and young Bates is safe for the post, mark my words!"

We were called in, one by one, before the vestry: about fifty men, chiefly shopkeepers, sitting at a board covered with green baize and writing materials. Our applications were read, and a few questions put to us, having answered which we were suffered to withdraw.

After a few hours consumed in this way, we had all been examined in our turn, and it was announced to us that three candidates had been selected, from whom one would be elected to fill the post, at one o'clock precisely, on that day fortnight. The names were Bates, the Weasel, and myself.

"I told you so!" said the Weasel, "I can see it all. I shall come on the day appointed, to see the end of the job; but I shan't take any trouble about it, whatever."

So spake the Weasel, and if I had had faith in his words I might have saved myself a deal of unnecessary, unproductive labour. But I was young, fresh, and trusting; and, perhaps, a trifle suspicious that my sharp little friend intended to make herculean efforts, for all his assumed indifference. In an evil moment I procured a list of the vestrymen—with their names and addresses—and went home to arrange an energetic and methodical canvas.

I wrote upwards of three hundred letters; all after a form that I had prepared; and, when I had finished them, I started with a thick pair of boots and a good umbrella to take them round; leaving them where I could

not see the persons required, and obtaining an interview where it was possible.

I canvassed for ten days in the most active and persevering manner. I saw butchers and butchers' wives in little boxes at the end of greasy shops, both in the calm and soapsuds of an afternoon, and in the hurry and bustle of a killing morning, when infuriated bulls were tearing up the backyard, and heavy sheep were running headlong between people's legs. I saw grocers in large busy shops, and introduced my business, as well as I could, amidst the grinding clatter of steam-coffee mills in full operation. I saw bakers on the subject, who came up unwillingly in the cold out of warm bake-houses, with their shirt-sleeves tucked-up, their naked feet in loose slippers, and looking as white as the Pierrot in a pantomime. I went into tallow-chandlers' shops, enduring the combined smell of oil, candles, paint, size, and soap, to obtain an interview with one of the men in power. I went into large upholsterers' warehouses, and after toiling up-stairs and down, in garrets and cellars, and along rooms filled with furniture that I could scarcely thread my way through, found a clerk in authority at last, stuck in a small counting-house, amidst a forest of bedsteads, who kindly informed me that his master was in Paris, and not expected home for six weeks.

Some shops that I went to were in the charge of dirty boys, who, the moment I entered, rang a bell, bringing down the proprietor in the middle of his dinner from an upper story, who did not always receive me very politely, and who cursed the official position that exposed him to such interruptions at such a period of the day. Sometimes, it was a public-house that required a visit, and the landlord was brought out of the cellar in the midst of fining or adulterating the beer, to listen to my views uttered across the sponge-cakes on the counter inside the bottle-entrance. Sometimes it was a livery-stable keeper; and, if he happened not to be in the very neat clean house at the entrance to the yard, I had to seek him amongst plunging horses, and whizzing ostlers.

Then, at private houses, I saw, or tried to see, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and retired gentlemen; some, I caught just as they were going out in the morning, and took a hurried interview upon the doorstep: some, I found at the moment they were coming home hungry to dinner, in no mood to be trifled with by any man, much less by me. In some instances I had long periods of waiting for an interview, in dingy parlours, looking at a piano, an ornamental book upon a round table, and two awful protraits in oil of the master and mistress of the house. Sometimes, I passed about the same period of time in a luxurious dining-room, the brilliant carpet of which, to my horror, bore two muddy footprints of my own boots.

Once, I was an unwilling auditor of a little

domestic squabble, which was occurring in a back-parlour closed in with folding doors; and I don't think I made the impression upon the master of the house, that I should have done, if he had been a little calmer, and not quite so red in the face. Many of my interviews were with old ladies of different ages and appearances, who in their husbands' or brothers' absence, undertook to transact business for them. Numbers whom I saw, belonged to that section of the vestrymen, who seldom or never went near the hall; and others must have been that active, public-spirited fifty before whom I went on the day of the examination; and who although perhaps, they received me more courteously than the rest, had arranged who was to fill the office, weeks and weeks before it was even advertised.

Feeling assured that my exertion had not been thrown away, I went with some degree of confidence to the vestry hall on the day of election. Our waiting-room was dull enough now, for only the Weasel and myself were there; for some reason, Master Bates did not make his appearance. The Weasel still adhered to his opinion about the successful candidate; and a quarter of an hour proved him to be correct. Master Bates was announced as the parochial favourite.

I was a little damped in my ardour, by my ill-success in this first attempt, but I took courage, and did not suffer any advertisements to escape me. I had repeated interviews with a great number of very curious people, engaged, so I presumed, in the getting up of public companies. I found that the amount of cash deposit required to insure my honesty and fidelity varied from five to five hundred pounds. In some instances I was invited, not to say required, to take an interest in the undertaking, and place myself in the desirable position of an equal with the chairman and directors. In one case they wanted a thousand shares placed upon the market—a phrase at that time totally beyond my comprehension; in another they required two or more passable men with good names and addresses to be introduced, to complete the board of directors.

Sometimes, it was a company for supplying opera glasses in any quantity at two pence per night, with the option of purchase at eighteen pence; sometimes, a company for introducing the manly game of skittles in Paris, and throughout continental Europe; sometimes, for working a copper mine in a remote part of Cornwall; sometimes, for constructing a railway, (under government guarantee) whether the inhabitants liked it or not, in the interior of China. Sometimes, it was an inventor, who had got a patent that promised golden harvests, and a little knot of men rallying round him, with quite as much ingenuity, but unfortunately with just as little capital as he; coal mines, iron works, slate quarries, plans for Class

education, life, fire, water and loan offices, and travelling panoramic exhibitions, alike wanted a secretary, who could do something for them beyond the power of man—or such a man as I was—to perform; and, of course, my numerous letters and interviews ended in nothing.

Occasionally, coming out of one door as I was going in at another, or walking up a street as I was walking down, I thought I caught a passing glimpse of the faded respectability and the careworn face of the man I had particularly noticed at the parish contest.

I next became one of a body of about fifty candidates who answered the invitation of a committee of a public charity about to appoint a second secretary. It was called the Society for the Promotion of—something which I forget now; but I do not think I should be far wrong if I said for the Promotion of the comfort of its body of officers. The house was in a leading thoroughfare—a substantial mansion, adorned with an imposing front of four Ionic columns. There was an entrance hall with a stout porter in a large black leathern chair and a most luxurious livery. There was a waiting-room furnished with the thickest of Turkey carpets, the solidest of chairs and tables, neat book-cases filled with large richly-bound books, and portraits of heavy men in the costume of a by-gone time. We were shown into this comfortable apartment, supported by charity, by the stout charity porter, and we took our places on the chairs ranged round the walls, and stared at each other in blank silence. Presently the door opened, and the gorgeous porter came in with a paper in his hand, and read the first name in an impressive manner. It was mine. I followed him up a broad stone staircase, richly carpeted, and across a wide landing-place, ornamented with more pictures, to the board-room—entering which, I found myself in the presence of the governors of the place. They were, as far as I can recollect, without an exception, stout, red-faced, full-blooded men, in white neckcloths and glossy black coats. The charity they administered was the proceeds of a large amount of public benevolence engrafted upon an old bequest of some man who had died in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and whose property had increased in value from year to year to an extent that the bequeather could never have dreamed of.

The room below was comfortable, but the board-room was perfectly luxurious. A warm, rich, full, purple glow fell from the walls, the curtains, and carpets upon the faces of all the committee. They looked as if their charity, as usual, had begun at home, by taking care of every man who was fortunate enough to be upon that board. I went through the usual examination. The handwriting was mine; the testimonials were

mine ; I had never committed forgery ; I was a member of the Church of England ; the right Church for the institution.

I bowed myself out ; and, going down the stairs, I saw standing in the hall, my careworn friend of the parochial contest, looking several shades more faded than ever. I spoke to him kindly, and he asked me to walk with him for a few minutes up the street. I took him to a neighbouring tavern, where I paid for a dinner, of which he seemed in no degree unwilling to partake. He told me that, when he arrived at the institution, and saw upon what a scale of magnificence everything was conducted, his heart failed him, and he felt that his appearance was not sufficiently respectable to carry weight with the directors, even if he had been bold enough to go amongst us in the waiting-room to take his turn. Lingerer undecided in the hall, he got into conversation with an under-porter (not the gorgeous man in livery), who told him, confidentially, that the meeting about the secretaryship was all humbug, and was merely held to give a colourable pretext for electing a young man—the nephew of the vice-president—who had been filling the office on trial for some months past. The porter volunteered this information because he hated the man who was going to get in ; and he said further, that the present proceedings were only taken to throw dust in the eyes of a few members of the board and to appear to comply with certain standing rules of the institution. The experience I had gained during the last few years taught me to believe this, and I went home to await the result of my apparently favourable examination, without the slightest hope or expectation of success. The next day I received a sealed letter appointing another examination in a week. When the time arrived, I went up and found the original fifty candidates reduced to ten ; the man the porter had spoken of, being (of course) one. We were called up separately, as before, and underwent an examination in no respect differing from the last. The next day I received another sealed letter appointing a third examination in a week. I went again mechanically, and found, this time, two candidates besides myself: the vice-president's nephew being still one of us. Another examination—more hurried than the last—took place, and we then went away. Of course the vice-president's nephew got the place.

For a few years I gave up secretaryship hunting, and married Amelia. I shall not describe Amelia ; but merely state that we lived a quiet, happy existence, doing positively nothing. One evening over the dinner-table Amelia spoke as follows :

“Do you know, Edgar, that they've made father chairman of that Steam Burial Company ?”

“I do, Amelia,” I rejoined.

“Well, don't say anything, but he intends to make you the manager.”

“No !” I exclaimed, and the old war-horse again snuffed the battle afar off.

This time I remained perfectly passive. I saw advertisements in the papers, headed “A Manager Wanted,” and referring to the Golgotha Cemetery and Steam Burial Company. I was instructed—I say instructed—to send in a certain application, and I sent it. I have no hesitation in stating this, because the company has long since been wound up. On the day of examination I went down in my father-in-law's brougham (very different from the days when I used to look upon a chairman as a Hindoo does upon Brahma), and I was personally introduced to one or two of the safe directors. I was ushered into a small side office, where I could see the waiting-room through a curtain. There was the usual number of applicants, standing and sitting—just such a group as I had formed one of, many a time. Amongst them was my poor old, shabby, faded friend, looking many degrees more faded, and careworn, and threadbare than ever. I pitied them all, for I had a fellow feeling with them. One by one they were examined and went away ; hoping, or confident, or desponding, as their natures or their necessities prompted.

The directors of the late Golgotha Company certainly deserve praise for one thing—they elected me at a single sitting, and spared the sufferings of those other weary watchers who watched them, and who may be watching others still, for those crumbs of bitter patronage that seldom or never fall to the poor stranger, however worthy, from the fullness of a rich board-room table.

WORDS.

WORDS are lighter than the cloud-foam

Of the restless ocean spray ;

Vainer than the trembling shadow

That the next hour steals away.

By the fall of summer raindrops

Is the air as deeply stir'd ;

And the rose-leaf that we tread on

Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking

With a lightning flash, a word

Bearing endless desolation

On its blighting wings, I heard.

Earth can forge no keener weapon

Dealing surer death and pain,

And the cruel echo answer'd

Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like

O'er a dreary waste of years,

And it only shone the brighter

Look'd at through a mist of tears ;

While a weary wanderer gather'd

Hope and heart on life's dark way,

By its faithful promise shining

Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
 Than the calmest lake, and clear
 As the heavens that gazed upon it,
 With no wave of hope or fear;
 But a storm had swept across it,
 And its deepest depths were stir'd
 Never, never more to slumber,
 Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
 Than the breath of summer air,
 In a listening heart it nestled,
 And it lived for ever there.
 Not the beating of its prison
 Stir'd it ever, night or day:
 Only with the heart's last throbbing
 Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living:
 Serpents with their venomous stings,
 Or bright angels, crowding round us
 With heaven's light upon their wings:
 Every word has its own spirit,
 True or false, that never dies;
 Every word man's lips have utter'd
 Echoes in God's skies.

OVER, UNDER, OR THROUGH?

I AGREE with the schoolmaster. If Britannia rules the waves, certainly she ought to rule them straighter; for of all the evils which flesh is heir to, sea-sickness is one of the worst. Cynical stoics will tell you, that it does you good. Don't believe them. Like several other wonderful specifics, it sometimes kills instead of curing; while, in any case, the discipline undergone is so severe, that life or death is, for the time being, a matter of perfect indifference. Even the cynical stoics themselves, with all their kind advice to others, have searched out a variety of inventions for the warding off of sea-sickness,—they have concocted prophylactic elixirs, and have girded tight their sensitive waists with protective leathern straps; all in vain. Any preservative, if effectual, would make the happy inventor's fortune. Science, physiology, and medical lore, have been obliged to be content with the palliative, during a short passage, of a recumbent position, and forty drops of laudanum taken immediately before starting to cross the Strait.

The packet-service between Dover and Calais is performed by very beautiful boats, as nearly perfect as it is possible to imagine. A fatal wreck of any of these—I am not writing of Dover and Ostend—is not, I believe, on record. They are navigated by able and experienced men, who know to a hair's breadth what may, and what may not, be done in the Channel; and if the weather rose to danger point, no passenger-boat would put out to sea. But the letter-carrying steamers run to and fro with great exactness, and the persons who command and work them well, earn all the pay they receive. They are really heroic in their contempt of

storms and in their devotion to punctuality and public duty. A fair passage is performed in an hour and a-half from harbour to harbour; often it is half an hour longer; occasionally, it is a little less. Folkestone and Boulogne being further apart, the run necessarily occupies a more protracted space of time, but is equally safe and almost as certain. In either case, all things considered, and in spite of the merciless malady, there is much reason to be satisfied with the present mode of transit over the water.

But, still the aforesaid malady is ever present and unyielding when the waves are rough, and it is often the *Atra Cura*, the Black Care, which embitters the prospect of a continental trip. One mode of escaping the enemy has lately been suggested, which undoubtedly would prove effectual, if carried out; it is a question, however, whether this horn of the dilemma would not be more unpleasant and even dangerous than the other. The frying-pan is not a pleasant resting-place, says the proverb, but the fire is a great deal worse.

Now, those who have ever crossed the Thames by means of the Rotherhithe Tunnel—who have gasped for a breath of vital air, and have felt a cold shudder run through them as they heard the drip of the oozing water—those who have been at the bottom of that Cornish mine which runs under the sea, where the men sometimes leave off work in alarm when the stormy tide rattles the rocks overhead—will have had some foretaste of the scheme now entertained of joining England and France by a submarine tunnel. The enterprise, which is serious in every sense of the word, is not an absolute novelty. The first and most remarkable project for crossing the Straits of Dover by a solid road, was started by Mathieu, the mining-engineer, whose plan was presented to the First Consul in eighteen hundred and two. The peace of Amiens had just been concluded. Fox went to Paris, where he was informed of the international plan of junction. He conversed with the First Consul on the subject, and Bonaparte, astonished at the broad views of his guest, said: "Ah! it is one of those great things that you and I might accomplish together."

Mathieu's proposal consisted of a subterranean road formed by two arched roads or ways, built one over the other, describing in their passage a broken straight line whose culminating point was the middle of the Strait, and sloping thence by two inclined planes towards France and England. The lower arch was to serve as a drain for any chance inroad of water, which would be got rid of at the two extremities by means of reservoirs from which it would be pumped. Beneath the upper-arch, was to be made a road lighted by oil-lamps. The most extraordinary circumstance connected with this bold invention was, that it was conceived at

a time when steam had not yet been applied to locomotive purposes, and while railways were still unknown. Even at the present day, and with the knowledge of the great rapidity which locomotion has attained, many persons are alarmed at the idea of having to spend half-an-hour, or an hour, underground: which would be the time required to cross the Channel in a tunnel at its narrowest point. But think of what would have been the length of the subterranean journey proposed by Mathieu in eighteen hundred and two, when the only means of transport known, were carriages drawn by horses! At that rate, the notion was to construct, beneath the bed of the sea, a paved road, like the old ordinary French pavés, which should be worked by diligences and lighted by lamps; the distance (some twenty miles or more) which would now be traversed in half-an-hour, would then have taken four or five hours to accomplish! During that long space of time, what would have been the condition of the lady and gentlemen passengers who complain of the difficulty of breathing in long railway-tunnels like that of Rollebribe, or that of La Nerthe, on the railway between Marseilles and Avignon?

To ventilate his tunnel, Matthieu proposed the establishment of a series of chimneys in the open sea. By machinery similar to that which serves for the unloading of cannon from a ship of the line, he proposed to sink hollow columns, composed of very heavy cast-iron rings, bringing and depositing them section by section, so as to form these chimneys, which should be firmly maintained in their place by their own proper weight, and which were to have their base consolidated by rock-work sunk around their foot. These columns were to serve as points of attack in the excavation of the tunnel, as well as for the supply of atmospheric air. Constructions like these, in the midst of a large expanse of water, might be possible where the depth was shallow, as in a lake where no current existed; but they would become impracticable with great depth of soundings or with an exposure to strong tides and violent tempests.

During the last few months, the project of a submarine tunnel from France to England has been again brought before the public by Monsieur Thomé de Gamond; and what is more, the present Emperor, to whom it has been submitted, regards it both as desirable and practicable. By his order, it has been examined by a commission of civil engineers attached to the government, all men of eminence. This commission, after mature consideration, is of opinion that the plan is practicable, and deserves to be seriously entertained. The members have recommended the government to lay out five hundred thousand francs, or twenty thousand pounds, in making new investigations of the subject, and have also suggested that the English government be applied to, to know

whether it feels disposed to associate itself with this further investigation.

The line adopted by Monsieur Thomé leaves the continent from below Cape Grinez (where stands the lighthouse visible from the English coast) between Boulogne and Calais; it passes beneath a shoal called the bank of Varne, and reaches England at Eastware, between Folkestone and Dover. These two points are attained—in France by a subterranean road nine kilometres long (four kilometres make a French league, or two and a half miles English), starting from Marquise, and taking earth at the neighbouring village Bazinghen, and sloping down towards Cape Grinez, where it reaches the submarine tunnel under a tower open to the sky at top; and, in England, by a tunnel five kilometres and a-half long, starting from Dover, and likewise joining the tunnel in the midst of an open tower, at Eastware. On the French side, the Marquise tunnel would be connected with the Northern Railway by two branch lines to Calais and Boulogne. The line of the tunnel itself describes a concave subterranean curve whose inclines (which never have a slope of five in a thousand) are much more gentle than those of many railways. The total length of the underground road will be forty-seven kilometres, thirty-four of which are beneath the sea. Many travellers who would calmly traverse a tunnel on land, or even the Thames Tunnel, might feel alarmed for their own safety in a submarine tunnel. It is doubtful even, whether the opening train would be very numerously filled, however splendid a déjeuner might be offered by the directors to their guests. But the mishaps which attended the piercing of the Thames Tunnel are much less to be apprehended in the Channel undertaking. Brunel went within four feet of the bed of the Thames; one fine day, the thin stratum gave way and completely flooded him. He was obliged to make an artificial river's-bed by throwing in bags of clay over the leaky spot, to enable him to pump out the water. But, the Channel tunnel will be separated from the sea by a solid roof whose thickness varies from twenty-two to eighty metres (which are considerably longer than yards), and will be protected by a natural shield of rock. Monsieur Thomé has the greater claim to be heard, because he has made a careful geological study of his ground.

The excavation of such a tunnel may be considered as the direction of the gallery of a mine through the bed of the ocean; the inventor of the scheme arrives, consequently, at the obvious method of assimilating his points of attack out at sea to points of attack situated on dry land. For this purpose, he proposes to found in the Channel a series of little rocky islets, which shall rise above high water mark, and on which he will establish buildings and machinery to sink the shafts of the mine into the solid earth.

This bold measure resumes the world-old struggle between sea and land, with the tables turned. After myriads of years of silence and defeat, the land now renews the combat. But this time Mother Earth is not unaided; she has the lord of the creation for her ally, and he brings to bear on her behalf the mighty weapons of intelligence, science, and industry. Our engineer, like other great captains, shifts the seat of war to the enemy's territory. He will carry out, into the open sea, the solid element on which the whole power of man is based; he will tear from the cliffs enormous masses which he will sink at regular distances; their accumulated bulk will form lofty cones; and through these gigantic pedestals the invader will descend deep into the bowels of the earth, and thus will re-establish the original connection—will re-unite the broken chain of continuity—which has been interrupted for ages and ages.

Monsieur Thomé grudges the time which such enormous works take to execute. Indeed, the spirit of the age calls for quick returns and rapid results. We do not follow the example of our ancestors, who began a cathedral in one century to complete it in the next. We build to-day for to-morrow's use; we do not plant, we transplant half-grown trees. Therefore, to hasten the progress of his tunnel, Monsieur Thomé proposes to subdivide the Strait into a series of fourteen little straits by means of these afore-said artificial islets, at some three thousand metres' distance, at most, apart from each other; which reduces the length of each separate excavation to fifteen hundred metres. These islets are to be composed of rock compacted with clay; and, by a fortunate coincidence, nature seems to have held in reserve the materials for the work under the most desirable conditions of proximity, easy access, and economy. On either side, the French and the English coasts abound with innumerable blocks of stone accumulated on their beach, which are exposed at low water and covered at high water, and which it would be easy to carry off in small vessels and cast into the sea at the respective stations.

On these thirteen islets,—an unlucky number, by the way,—planted by human perseverance in the midst of the waters, thirteen mining shafts are to be excavated; at the bottom of each of these, the tunnel is to be simultaneously hollowed out, right and left, attacking the solid earth by eight and twenty gangs of men and at eight and twenty points at once, each of which will, therefore, have only fifteen hundred metres of tunnel to cut. The entire tunnel may thus be finished in six years, it is calculated. The islets may be supposed to offer temporary obstacles or danger to navigation; but they would be visible by day—omitting the case of fogs—and might be lighted by night. Moreover, since, after the completion of the tunnel, the islets would then be unnecessary,

and indeed useless; and since, on the other hand, it would be desirable completely to isolate the tunnel; these monumental cones might be made to disappear by mining them and blowing them up, and so clearing the strait of the impediment. The difficulty is boldly disposed of; but it is not every one who would like to remain in the tunnel at the time when the islets were being blown up.

The engineer, however, questions whether such destruction be necessary, and whether the islets might not be preserved by paying proper attention to their lighting and maintenance. Indeed, one would be almost sorry to lose them. Thirteen brilliant lighthouses shining in the midst of the sea, and peopling the immense solitude of the wide-spread waters, would make a splendid constellation to attest the presence and the power of man. Again, the islets might be utilised for other purposes. A suspension-bridge from France to England has more than once been spoken of, and the islets might serve as excellent piers. In short, opinions seem to be in favour of not blowing up the thirteen islets.

The tunnel itself, is to consist of a cylinder of nine metres clear diameter inside, built solidly of stone. At the bottom—that is, from the side of the cylinder, which is nearest to the earth's centre—an arc is cut off, so as to leave an open tube nine metres broad, and seven metres high. The chord of this arc is the level of the road on which two lines of railway are to be laid. On each side, next to the wall of the tunnel, is to be constructed an elevated pathway for pedestrians, and of course running parallel to the lines of rail. Between the level of the road and the lower wall of the tunnel, there is space for an arched sewer of considerable capacity, to carry off all waters of drainage. As to the internal ventilation, it is assumed to be possible that sufficient aerial currents may spontaneously be established:—perhaps stronger than is desirable. This, it is said, was the impression expressed by the Emperor Napoleon the Third on his first inspection of the project, and that a column of air of considerable force and intensity might be expected to traverse the tunnel. Monsieur Thomé does not pretend to solve the question *à priori*; in any case, ventilation could be effected by mechanical agency, as must be done during the course of the works. The lighting is simply a system of gas-burners.

It has been already stated that the tunnel is to cross beneath the upper surface of the Varne Bank, which is situated near the middle of the Strait. The particular position of this submarine ridge has suggested to Monsieur Thomé a grand idea, which is one of the most picturesque and seductive in his whole project,—the idea of a railway station in the midst of the sea. This station, where the trains might halt beneath the open sky, consists of buildings situated at the bottom of a vast oval tower, the mouth

of which tower is to open on the surface of an artificial island constructed on the summit of the Varne Bank. To this island is to be attached a harbour covered with buildings, which will form a sea-side quay. The upper part of the tower will communicate with the level of the railway by a gentle slope; the goods wagons will thus be able to mount to the quay, where they will be ready for shipment. Query, why could not such goods be just as well shipped at Calais or London? And what is to become of the tunnel if a water-spout, or an extraordinary tide, burst over the top of the tunnel-tower?

Such contingencies are not to be allowed to disturb the pleasing picture of a railway station a hundred feet underground, from which you emerge by an enormous well, to find yourself in the middle of the sea! The engine hurries you on, beneath the ocean; you halt; you have ten minutes grace; there is a refreshment-room, with scalding-hot tea, and pretty girls to pour it out. You mount the staircase; the sea-breeze sharpens your appetite; you descend, to call for mock turtle, sandwiches, and a glass of sherry. The Varne Isle, with its quays and its ports when illuminated by gas at night, will be such a lighthouse as has never yet been seen on the face of the earth or of the sea. It is proposed to call it *L'Etoile du Varne*, or the Star of Varne.

This fairy scene is all very satisfactory in time of peace; but, should war break out between England and France, the submarine tunnel might be inconvenient for our territorial security. Against that eventuality, a provision has been made. To remove any temptation to destroy the great work itself for the sake of interrupting all communication, a series of valves are to be let into submarine chambers at the limits of each of the two countries; so that either State, declaring war, would have the power of inundating the tunnel. It will take only an hour to throw in seventy-five thousand cubic metres of water and to drown the whole, up to the roof. It will require seventy hours to pump the water out again. Good care no doubt will be taken that the key of the drenching apparatus is placed in charge of trusty persons; and that, should Napoleon the Third ever visit Victoria by the submarine line, no Italian regicides will ever be able to gain possession of the Chamber of Valves. The letting in of waters would be even worse than the beginning of strife.

The estimated expense of the whole is really not much; only one hundred and seventy millions of francs. But in an undertaking like the present, one set of figures is really as well worthy of confidence as another. When the thing is done, we shall know how much it has cost; the total of the whole may be named when the bill is sent in, and not before. It would be unreasonable to expect that a secure road under the waves can be had for nothing. The article, from its very nature, must be a costly luxury.

But were I, the writer of this, a civil engineer, and could I catch the ear or the eye of men in authority, I would suggest for their grave consideration, that if the world is beginning to be tired of the slow, sea-sick, but safe passages *OVER* the waters of the Channel from Dover to Calais and from Folkestone to Boulogne—if it hesitates before the awful dangers and difficulties, and the enormous, utterly-incalculable expenses of a more rapid transit *UNDER* the tidal stream, by means of the submarine tunnel which has just been roughly described—and if the said ambitious, progress-loving world is still willing to combine rapidity, safety, and the absence of sea-sickness by the execution of a work which, though less costly and less wasteful of human life to execute than the subaqueous road, would yet leave the mightiest monuments of Egypt far behind in point of magnitude and utility, as it would be in advance of them in time—let the grand problem be boldly solved by the formation of a solid embankment capable of bearing a triple or quadruple road on its summit, *THROUGH* the waves of the Straits of Dover. Let us have an Anglo-Gallic Isthmus.

Is this more impossible, more exaggerated above the proportions of common sense, than the tunnel scheme? I think not, after calm reflection. A Plymouth breakwater or a Cherbourg digue, has only to be constructed of the requisite length, and the thing is done. If a man can make a mile of digue, he can make twenty miles of digue. As to deep water, Algiers will show what has been done in spite of depth; as to the length, breadth, and thickness of a construction, there is the Wall of China to encourage us to out-do the performance of barbarians. Suppose that M. Thomé de Gamond had already built up his thirteen islets to the requisite altitude above the level of the sea, which of the two would then cost the most, both in treasure and in sacrifice of life, at that epoch of the work; to sink the shafts and complete the tunnel, or to connect the islands by a causeway of rock raised far above the reach of the highest tides? Of material there is abundance near at hand, at least on the French side of the undertaking; and any quantity could be made to come by permanent or temporary railways from the interior. Only a few miles from the southern extremity of my isthmus, are the inexhaustible quarries of Ferques.

The embankment scheme saves and spares the very long tunnels on either side by which the coast lines are reached before the subterranean tunnel itself is entered. And when once completed, which mode of passage would be the easiest to work, the cheapest, and the safest? No lighting up to be done by day, no drainage, no ventilation, and scarcely any repairs, would be needed on the international embankment. In point of comfort, security, and sense of satisfaction, is there a choice between the two? Whence is all the oxygen

to come, to feed gaslights, locomotive fires, and human lungs? Would you not involuntarily fear that the tunnel—as ill-natured people say of the Leviathan—was a clever contrivance to drown the greatest possible number of human beings at once? By which, then, would you, my reader, prefer to travel? If the submarine route from Marquise to Dover were finished to-day, would you travel by it for a thousand pounds? An intermediate station, refreshment-room, lighthouse, and quay, on whose convenience and beauty so much stress is laid, would be just as possible in one case as in the other. For the passage of shipping up and down the Channel, at least three wide passages or bridges might be left; say one in the centre, and one within a judicious distance of each coast. It is questionable whether a lofty embankment thus provided with sufficient openings, bridges, breaches, or sea-portals, would prove so dangerous to sailing vessels as M. Thomé's multitudinous islets. The digue might slope upward from each end, so as to leave the central bridge lofty enough for ships to pass under it at high water, as is the case with the Menai bridges.

M. Thomé casts his project on the waters of public opinion with great modesty and diffidence. He candidly owns that he does not hold his own plans to be final, or that nothing better can be suggested; but he wishes to call the attention of the learned and the powerful to the great idea of joining the soil of England and France together by some more sure and solid bond than the flying hither and thither of storm-tossed steamers. It is very probable that he would consent to work out the details of an embankment, if proposed to him, as ably and ingeniously as he has indicated those by which a tunnel is practicable.

In short, I calculate on having a large majority of the votes both of navies, engineers, and tourists, in favour of making a permanent, secure, and substantial way through the waters of the Channel, instead of under them; and I hope that whenever it comes to pass, the government or the public will present myself and family with free tickets for life, in reward for my thus broaching and advocating the infinitely preferable plan of an open-air route.

COO-EE!

MANY years ago, when Australia was little more than a vast sheep-walk, and before the colonists had dreamed of digging gold

"From out the bowels of the sinful earth,"

it was my fate to be lost in the bush; and this is how it happened:

I had recently arrived in what was then termed the new country of Port Phillip, now better known as Victoria; and, unwilling to settle prematurely, was taking a

tour through the pastoral districts. Herein I followed the advice of an old friend, who furnished me with introductory letters to several squatters in various parts of the colony.

Accordingly, one morning, I set out from Hawkswood, a lonely sheep-station, situated under the shadow of Mount Macedon's majestic pile, with the intention of proceeding to Kororook on the banks of the Loddon, a distance of about thirty miles. My instructions were to follow a certain track, or bush-road, until I crossed the ford to which it would conduct me; then to keep along the banks of the river, till I came to the station.

For some time all went pleasantly enough. The track was pretty well defined, the day was fine, and my horse was fresh; so I cantered along with all that exhilarating buoyancy of spirits which is peculiarly attributable to the delicious atmosphere of Australia. The Campaspe and Coliban rivers were passed without difficulty. When, therefore, a few miles farther on, I approached a small creek, I apprehended no danger. But that despised creek was the source of all my subsequent troubles.

Selecting the fording-place, which appeared to be most used, I rode boldly into the stream, which at that point was very wide and shallow. When about half-way through, my horse stooped his head to drink, and I relaxed my grasp of the bridle, that he might do so with greater freedom. Instantly, however, I felt that he was sinking into the soft, black mud, which formed the bed of the creek. I sought to urge him onward; but it was too late. He struggled in vain to extricate himself, and I had barely time to draw my feet from the stirrups, and spring from his back, ere he rolled over on his side, and was swept by the current into an adjoining water-hole of unknown depth.

I had stepped briskly back to the land, and now awaited the result. In the deep water my steed recovered his equilibrium; and, striking out for the farther bank, easily effected a landing. No sooner was he ashore than, to my vexation, I beheld him roll and tumble on the grass, utterly destroying the saddle. He then shook himself heartily, as though glad to be rid of his human incumbrance—to wit, myself; and after these demonstrations, proceeded to crop the grass with the utmost nonchalance.

I waded through the ford as hastily as the yielding nature of the soil would permit, and endeavoured to recapture the truant. But immediately I approached him, he threw up his heels, and bounded off. In vain I sought to coax him; the obstinate brute was deaf to my blandishments; and, at length, after a long and fruitless chase, I gave it up in despair.

As regarded the horse, I judged correctly that he would make his way to the up-

country station, where I had purchased him a few days previously. Horses frequently traverse great distances in Australia, to return to the station on which they have been bred. Indeed, well-authenticated instances are related of some of these animals having been brought seawards from Sydney to Melbourne; yet, by some infallible instinct, finding their way back overland. I had no concern then, for the ultimate loss of my property; but, in the meantime, what should I do? Two-thirds of my journey were already accomplished, and being unacquainted with the country, I knew not where to seek assistance in that locality. I decided, therefore, on proceeding, and—there was no help for it—I must walk.

Now, a ten-mile walk was never more than an unconsidered trifle to me; but unfortunately in chasing my vagrant steed, I had strayed from my path. I felt confident, however, that it lay to the left, and accordingly I shaped my course in that direction. It proved afterwards that, in the excitement of the chase, I had crossed the track, so that I now receded from, instead of approaching it.

The scene of my disaster was just at the end of the open country which I had hitherto traversed, and I was now amongst lofty ranges, densely clothed with encalypti and boxwood, with intervening scrubby gullies, through and across which I now made my way. When previously riding over the Coliban plains I had noticed a lofty mountain, with the designation of which I was, at that time, unacquainted; but I have since learned to call it Mount Alexander. This I had been instructed to leave on my right; not finding the bush-track, I imagined that I was getting amongst the adjoining ranges, and therefore deviated still more to the left.

The heat of the day soon began to tell upon me; and remembering the shortness of the distance I had to travel, I relaxed my speed. I had no thought yet of having lost my way; but the incessant exertion necessary to ascend and descend the steep and rocky hills fatigued me greatly. Soon, a real danger loomed in perspective. I had long observed what I supposed to be a dense vapour hanging over the neighbouring ranges; at length I became conscious that it was smoke; the bush around me was on fire! All the horrors of my situation burst upon my mind, and all the dreadful tales that I had heard, of men burnt to death in the forests, crowded into my remembrance. Anxious to ascertain the full extent of my danger, I climbed a lofty range, and thence gazed out upon a sea of fire, or rather smoke, the dense volumes of which canopied the scene below, and hid the smouldering flames. But in my face blew the wind, hot from contact with the fierce element, and laden with the unmistakable scent of burning timber. My ear, too, caught

a low sullen roar, like the sound of distant breakers, and an accompaniment, which I easily recognised as the crackling of the burning mass.

I turned to look for Mount Alexander, but it was not visible from my point of view. I had no resource but to proceed, and trust to events for deliverance. I bitterly repented my imprudence in not returning to the creek, and following its course till I had struck the bush-track.

I hurried on, in the hope of crossing the limits of the fire before it should reach me; and I was inexpressibly delighted, when shortly afterwards I came to a part of the forest which had been already burnt. The blackened earth yet smoked; here and there, heaps of brushwood smouldered, and many of the trees were still on fire. The flames, leaped from branch to branch; and the huge trunks glowed like red-hot cylinders. Every second, a resounding crash proclaimed the fall of some monarch of the forest; and great care was necessary to avoid the blazing fragments which fell around me. But I felt comparatively safe; for here the greatest enemy was at bay.

I walked a full hour through this monstrous furnace, half blinded and suffocated by the smoke, and my feet so blistered by contact with the hot earth, that I could scarcely support the pain. The skin of my face, moreover, peeled off with the fierce heat, and I perspired to the verge of exhaustion. It was, therefore, with a sensation of intense satisfaction that I at length entered an unburnt space on the slope of the mountain range. It is well known that the slightest obstacle suffices to turn aside the fiery current; and thus it happens that in the very midst of such a scene as I have described, the traveller suddenly comes upon a verdant oasis.

Anxious to reach the valley, the appearance of which seemed to indicate the presence of water—from the want of which I was greatly suffering—I descended rapidly, and was about midway, when my attention was arrested by a repeated and peculiar rustling noise in the tall dry grass through which I was walking. Not perceiving anything I moved on; when just as I was about to step on a withered tuft, a diamond snake glided swiftly out of it, and disappeared amidst the scrub. The rustling was now explained. I was in the midst of a snake-heap! These reptiles fly before the bush-fires, which are fatal to them; and an innumerable quantity, driven from their ordinary haunts, had taken refuge in this undevastated spot. I felt at once that my only chance of safety was in my speed; so, picking up a huge stone that lay close by, I rolled it with all my force down the slope, to alarm my unpleasant neighbours, and closely following its course, ran fleetly and safely to the bottom.

I was disappointed in my hope of obtaining

water ; and now the horrors of thirst were added to my sufferings. Doubts of my path also began to flit across my mind. I could perceive no landmark which might serve as a guide ; and could no longer form any idea of my position. Still, I thought I had not greatly wandered from a direct line ; and could I but strike the Loddon, which I imagined to lie before me, it would be easy to follow its downward course to Kororook.

After a short pause I proceeded, and soon came to another blazing range, over a portion of which the fire had recently passed. Not caring to plunge again amongst the burning timber, I continued my course up a grassy valley which wound around the base of the hill ; and was just congratulating myself on approaching a more open country, when, on turning the corner of a projecting spur, I found myself directly in front of the fire itself. Thrusting my handkerchief into my mouth, I mustered all my speed and made for the black spot on the range, which alone promised safety. Scarcely had I reached it when the flames rushed by with whirlwind speed, cracking and roaring with a fearful sound ; and in less time than it takes to write the occurrence, the whole valley through which I had just passed was enveloped in fire and smoke. Had it not been for the haste with which I had quitted the snake-heap, I should undoubtedly have been overtaken at a place where, having no refuge at hand, I must have fallen a victim to the fire. Kneeling on the hill-side, I fervently thanked Providence for my preservation, and the act soothed my mind ; for I felt after that, that I was not alone, even in that dread wilderness.

Up, and on again, over rocks and ranges, now running the gauntlet between flaming trees, and anon forcing my way through tangled scrub, as the undergrowth is locally termed. I presently lost all traces of the fire, and at length, entered a small plain ; but before this time the conviction had seized me, that I was lost in the bush, and therewith came the horrible idea, that it might possibly be my fate to wander amidst those deserts till I perished of hunger. I had heard of such cases, had been told of unfortunate wretches whose remains had been found in the wild bush ; and so vividly was I impressed with the fear of sharing their dreadful doom, that I pencilled my English address on several of my cards, in order that my friends might be informed of my death.

With what joy then did I survey the plain before me ! Here at least there was hope, for I could see some little distance ahead, whereas, in the heartless country I had left, the prospect was ordinarily limited to a few score yards.

To increase my delight, I had not proceeded far, when I perceived a human being emerge from the ranges, a little in advance of myself ; I attempted to call him, but my parched throat refused to perform the desired office until I had plucked a few gum-leaves,

and chewed them. Thus refreshed, I loudly shouted, Coo-ee ! a cry peculiar I believe to Australia. It is admirably adapted for conveying the voice to a great distance, consisting of two distinct notes : the first, loud, shrill and prolonged : the second, short and sharp.

The stranger turned readily, and waited for me to come up with him. He was short of stature, and his features were nearly indistinguishable, owing to the thick growth of a rough grisly beard, which straggled, unchecked, over his bronzed face. His clothing consisted of the ordinary bush attire : a cabbage-tree hat, a blue serge shirt, and mole-skin trousers, confined and supported, sailor fashion, by a leather belt, from which was suspended a tin cup, or pannikin. Athwart his shoulders he carried his swag, (Anglice blankets,) and this somewhat disappointed me, for it betokened that he also was a stranger in that locality.

On questioning him, I found that such was indeed the case, for he was travelling in search of employment as shepherd. "But," said he, "it ain't very much odds, where I go ; I am as likely to get work at one station as another. So, as I knows a little about this part of the country, I may as well go your way, and perhaps you'll be able to help me to a berth at Kororook."

Rough and rude as the man was, I would not, just then, have exchanged his company for that of the most polished philosopher in Europe, unless the latter had been as good a bushman as I hoped to find in my new acquaintance.

The heat now became oppressive and the vertical rays of the declining sun, shining full in my face, almost blinded me, as we crossed that treeless plain. At the further end a herd of cattle were grazing, and near these my companion led the way ; the appearance of the country, and the presence of the cattle induced him to expect water in that direction. We were jogging on at a fair pace, when suddenly my blue-shirted friend exclaimed : "I think these bullocks have a mind to stick us up. Look !"

I observed a huge beast, apparently the commodore of the herd, stalking slowly, and with a menacing action of the head, towards us, the rest followed en masse. What was to be done ? We were at least a quarter of a mile from the timber ; and before we could possibly reach its shelter, the cattle would overtake us ; when, even if we escaped their horns, we must inevitably be crushed under their hoofs.

"Stand still," said Blueshirt ; "they have not begun galloping yet, and may take us for stumps if we don't move."

I had considerable doubt of the animals' instincts misleading them in this way ; but it was our only chance. Soon, to my relief, the leader ceased to advance, and throwing up his brawny head, seemed to be snuffing the air. He was evidently puzzled, and in his being

so lay our hope. After a few minutes he appeared to have decided on taking no further notice of us; but my companion refused to stir until the beasts were heading in the opposite direction. Then, taking to our heels, we rushed into the covert in hot haste.

I sat down among the trees, faint and weary; hunger and thirst were gaining the mastery over me, and I lost heart at the interminable succession of ranges which now again rose before us. The sun, moreover, was rapidly going down; and no sign of human habitation was anywhere discernible. I refused therefore, to quit the plain, without at least a search for water; so, we kept along the skirts of the timber, and in a few minutes some tufts of high green, reedy grass betokened its presence. Throwing myself on the ground, I drank long and heartily; and never to my apprehension did the best of wine equal the flavour of that delicious draught of water.

And now another sense demanded satisfaction; drawing out our cutty-pipes, blackened by constant use, and a plug of Barrett's twist tobacco, we cut the latter into shavings, and lighting a match, without which the bushman rarely travels, were soon luxuriating.

As the last tiny wreath of smoke floated lazily upward, we buckled our belts tighter, and went on. In the conversation which had taken place over our pipes, my companion acknowledged that he was altogether ignorant of the whereabouts of Kororook, but thought he knew which way to steer for the Loddon. We arranged therefore to ascend the first eminence we came to and endeavour to ascertain our exact position; which as Blueshirt professed to know every big hill in the colony country, seemed feasible. I have since learned somewhat to distrust the accuracy of these very knowing bushmen; the modest sort are oftener correct.

It was some time before we found a hill sufficiently lofty for our purpose; and when we did, how great was my vexation! At no great distance on our right, was an eminence which my companion at once declared to be Mount Alexander; so I had wandered all day in a circle, and was now but a few miles from the point whence I started in the morning.

"There is a creek in the bottom," said the shepherd, after a careful survey of the surrounding country; "but it seems dry now, and whether it's Forrest's or Barker's I can't exactly say, though, to my thinking, that little bit of open country that the sun's shining on out there between the trees, is a part of the Loddon plains. And I somehow fancy that yon big hill is called Tarrengower."

"And what then do you suppose is the distance hence to the Loddon river?"

"About five galloping miles."

"Galloping miles!" I repeated. "What are galloping miles?"

"Why, you see, when one is riding the

way seems shorter; but as we are a-foot, I reckon it ain't less than eight good miles to the Loddon."

Eight miles to the Loddon, and how far afterwards to Kororook I could not guess. My swollen feet and aching limbs seemed to protest against further exertion, and utterly dispirited I sank down on a low ridge of white rocks which crested the range. Little did I imagine that at that moment I was seated on a treasury of untold wealth; but those white rocks were composed of auriferous quartz.

"Is there any station near us?" I asked.

"O yes, plenty. Let me see. Campbell's can't be far from here—not above a mile or two; but I don't know exactly where to look for it. Then there's Barker's station close under Mount Alexander; but I fancy that's pretty nigh as far as the Loddon. Howsomever, if we follow the bed of the creek, down below there, it's bound to guide us to the river, for all the waters hereabouts fall into the Loddon."

Having no better proposition to offer, I assented. We descended the range, and easily tracing the dry channel of the creek, followed its sinuous course for several miles. In some parts, it wound amongst granitic rocks; in others, its shallows were so overgrown with herbage as to be barely distinguishable. Once or twice, it deepened into large water-holes, at which we slaked our thirst. Presently the last red beams of the sun disappeared; and we were enveloped in thick darkness, owing to which, I presume, it was that we crossed the bed of the creek unwittingly, and found ourselves again wandering at random.

Fortunately, before we had quite lost sight of Mount Tarrengower, towards which we were now directing our steps, I had specially noticed the Southern Cross, and recalling to mind our position relatively to the mountain and that constellation, I felt assured that by keeping the left shoulder towards the latter we could not fail to strike the Mount. In vain my companion protested that we were going to all kinds of unmentionable places, for I was now certain that we were in the right line. When, therefore, we arrived at a small stream which he was desirous of following to its confluence with the river, I told him that he might act as he pleased; but that, for my own part, I had no mind to blunder after any more creeks—that I knew I was right, and should go on.

He grumbled awhile at my obstinacy, but ultimately yielded, and now appeared as anxious for my guidance, as I had previously been for his. We did not strike the exact point aimed at; but skirting the mount itself, urged our way through some narrow, rocky ravines, which seamed the contiguous ranges; and, before long, beheld in the distance something which glimmered with a silvery sheen in the clear starlight.

At this sight, without uttering a single word, we both—obeying a common impulse—ran onward to resolve our hopes and fears. Before us lay a broad and silent river, whose currentless surface plainly revealed the depth of its waters. Doubtless this was the Loddon, but to cross it seemed impossible. Anxiously we sought a fording place, but found none. Provided with long sticks, we entered at various parts, cautiously feeling our way onward; but everywhere a deeper channel intervened, through which the flood impetuously rushed, whilst the height and uncertain nature of the opposite banks forbade any attempt to leap across. In this emergency we agreed to separate, each taking a different course. If either found a practicable ford, he was to hail the other.

I had chosen the upward course of the river, and before I had proceeded far, I discovered a tree lying athwart the stream. Summoning the shepherd, we cautiously crawled along the trunk, but conceive our disappointment when we found that it did not reach the opposite bank by several feet! The distance was not so great, but that we might have leaped it, had we been able to obtain firm footing, and a clear space; but branches too feeble to support our weight projected between, whilst beneath us the stream—chafed and fretted by this obstacle to its free progress—ran with a force sufficient to sweep us away, bodily, if by any mischance we failed to reach the shore. I resolved, however, to venture, and carefully raising my body to its full length, paused an instant to steady myself, on the extreme end of a broken limb, and sprang forward. As I did so, the heel of my boot struck against a projecting twig, and I was violently precipitated against the bank. In my fall I instantly clutched the soil, and to this I now clung with a death-like grip, seeking, meanwhile, to raise myself from my perilous position. To my horror, I felt the earth giving way with my weight; already the river seemed to claim me as its sure prey, and I gave myself up for lost. Suddenly a strong arm grasped the collar of my coat, and in a moment I was safe on the turf by the side of the shepherd who, more fortunate or more expert than myself, had landed fairly on the bank.

But now another difficulty beset me. Either in my fall, or when endeavouring to scramble up the bank, I had injured my ankle, and I suffered acute anguish as I limped along. The pain, at length became insupportable. I was unable to move another step; so, borrowing the shepherd's blankets, I bade him go on, and endeavour to obtain assistance.

"No, no," he replied, to my expostulations, "have the blankets and welcome. Many's the night I've slept without any; and I can do so again, specially when it's for a cove in trouble."

Let me observe, in passing, that no dis-

respect was intended to be conveyed by this word, "cove," which, in Australia bush-phrasology, is commonly used as an equivalent for "master."

Finding it vain to argue the point with my pertinacious companion, I gave it up, and rolling myself in the blankets—for in spite of the heat of the day the night was not over warm—I lighted my pipe, buckled my belt yet tighter, and reconciled myself to my not very agreeable position.

Just then, the bark of a dog was borne faintly on the breeze, to our delighted ears:

"Hush!—hark! Yes, it is a dog, sure enough. Now we are all right. Coo-ee!"

All was silent for a moment, and then—"Coo-ee!"—we were answered.

And now Blueshirt set off by himself. For some time I could hear his calls, and those of his invisible respondent. Then they ceased altogether, and I judged that he had arrived at some friendly hut. It proved to be no hut, but a head-station, the very Kororook that I was in search of.

Six years ago, the solitude of those wild regions in which I had all day wandered, was disturbed by hosts of men, armed, not with sword and musket, but with pick and shovel. What sought they there? Gold! Yellow, glittering gold! The wilderness teemed with gold. They found it on the surface of the hills, and beneath the accumulated soil of the valleys. They dived into the bowels of the mountains, and it was there. They shattered the snow-white rocks that capped the ranges, and it was there. Everywhere they wrested from the bosom of mother earth her glittering treasures. Gold, for which the avaricious toil and the brave shed their life-blood; Gold, the idol of the poor and the encumbrance of the wealthy; Gold, the root of evil and the source of unnumbered blessings; was to be had for the mere picking up.

I visited the Victorian gold-fields in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, and identified the scene of my wanderings. I ascended the hill, whence we had descried the lofty peaks of Tarrenhower and Alexander; but the white rocks were no more; the hammer of the quartz-miner had shivered them to atoms, and many thousands of pounds worth of Gold had been extracted from their snowy breasts.

A TRAIN OF ACCIDENTS.

THE most interesting day's travel I ever spent in my life was one that I passed upon the Great Western Railway last Christmas, on my way from Exeter to London. It was too cold for anybody to travel in the deal boxes who could, by any means, afford to pay for superior accommodation; and I made up my mind at once not to take my wife to the play at that festive season, but purchased a first-class ticket for myself instead. Somebody must suffer in these cases, and it has

always appeared to me that the female is intended, in the fitness of things and by the great laws of harmony and order, to be the victim. I assuaged the pain that this necessity cost me, however, by determining that the good soul should bespeak her favourite supper of scolloped oysters, and partake of it with me on my return from the theatre, when, some little talent for description which partial friends allow me to possess, should afford her an equivalent, or nearly so, for her loss of the actual performance.

I sauntered down the platform, taking a cursory glance into the carriages as I passed, and happened to make choice of one which was divided into two compartments. There was a young lady in one of them, and, being married myself, and therefore attached to female society, that circumstance may, perhaps, have weighed with me in my choice. I am naturally of a sentimental disposition, and her youthful appearance, combined with other graces, reminding me of what my dearest Julia used to be like, years and years ago, I was disappointed, not to say annoyed, when two other passengers entered and put a stop to a tête-à-tête which I had anticipated would be agreeable. The first of these intruders was a florid young person, distressingly full of animal spirits, although attired in deep mourning, and resembling altogether in appearance and manner the commercial traveller. The second was an old gentleman, who was pitched into our compartment almost head foremost just as the train was starting, with his white hair standing as erect upon his head as though it had been electrified: a peculiarity, however, which was not owing to the terror of haste, but—as he was kind enough to inform me, when he perceived that I could not take my eyes off it—one that was habitual to it.

"Dear me!" cried the old gentleman, "I have had no time to get a paper; I can't possibly get on without something to read; I must have my mind employed! Have you got a paper?" added he, turning sharply towards me.

"I have a Punch, sir," said I, "of last week, but you must please not to tear it, as I am taking it up to my little boy in town that he may colour the pictures."

"Who wants to tear your paper?" cried the old gentleman, angrily. "Who wants to look at your last week's Punch? I see you have two books, sir," said he, looking at the commercial traveller, "will you lend me one of them?"

"Both, if you like," answered the young man, smiling; "but I am afraid they will not greatly interest you—they only contain samples of goods belonging to the house for which I travel."

The old gentleman looked at the young lady inquisitively.

"And I, sir," said she, in reply to his glance, and with a silvery laugh, "have

nothing to offer you, except this little work on crochet."

With an impatient gesture and a monosyllabic expression the old gentleman pulled the window down and thrust his head out—and that to such a distance that if we had been near a bridge at the moment, it would have been taken off, to a certainty.

I could not help saying so to him; he drew himself in again with considerable rapidity, while his hair, which had been streaming comet-like in the wind, reassumed its perpendicular attitude as readily as the crest of a cockatoo.

"Sir," said he, "you alarm me. I have only just been hearing of a most terrible railway accident upon this very line; to dispel the impression of which, from my mind, was the cause of my anxiety to procure something to read."

"Suppose you tell it us, sir," observed the young lady; "any weight upon the mind is best communicated."

She said this with a nice little sigh, as though she were herself a sufferer from having no loving ear into which to pour her griefs. (Her likeness to dearest Julia, in her best days, was certainly very striking. It seemed to grow upon me.)

"If I tell you my tale," said the old gentleman, "which is a very short one, you must all promise, on your parts, to tell one also."

"Oh, yes," said the young man, cheerfully, as though he thought it would be capital fun.

"Oh, yes," said the young lady, as if there could be no doubt about that matter, surely.

And, "Oh, yes," I chimed in rather remorsefully, because I knew that I had not a story to tell.

"The reason why I was so late in getting into the carriage," commenced the old gentleman, "was an interesting conversation in which I was engaged with the stoker, I am very sorry to say, of this very train. Seeing a knot of persons collected round him, and being naturally curious, I joined them in listening to a graphic account he was giving of an accident which occurred last week at this end of the line, and in which he was, in some sort, an actor. He ran his engine, that is to say, over a respectable gentleman in the neighbourhood of Weston-super-mare—or, as he termed it, super-mayor—and of course killed him. There was nothing remarkable in the circumstances themselves, but the homely expressions and dramatic manner of the narrator were so striking that I cannot get rid of the impression they produced upon me. 'I seed the old gentleman upon the line,' said he, 'walking along, about a mile and a-half a-head, with his hands in his pockets, quite comfortable, and I dare say thinkin' o' nothing like—certainly, not of me, behind him, coming along with a couple of thousand ton at forty mile an hour. So I whistles away merrily. ' 'Good heavens!' cried I, interrupting him, 'do you

tell me that you whistled, when a fellow-creature was placed in circumstances of such imminent peril?' 'I made my engine whistle, I mean,' explained the stoker, apologetically, 'I often speaks of the engine as if it was me, sir. I shrieked, I say, in a manner as was a caution to cats; but not a bit would the old gent either get out of the way or turn his head, by which means I cannot help thinking, ever since, that he was somehow deaf. We reversed, we put our break on, and we turned off our steam, but, bless ye, it was ne'er a morsel of use, for we couldn't have pulled up under a mile, at least, and just as we neared him, the poor old gent turned round and threw up his arms, like this!' 'Gracious, goodness! my good man,' I interrupted, with a shudder, 'do you mean to say that you ran over him?' 'Lor bless ye, sir, why of course we did. We was down upon him in a moment—like one o'clock!'"

The silence which succeeded in our compartment to this awful narration was broken by the young commercial traveller, who observed drily: "Yes, sir; the incident which you have described so graphically, happened to my uncle."

The old gentleman's hair evinced a desire to fly up from the roots: "He was killed, of course?"

"No. The entire train passed over him, merely removing the skin from the tip of his nose. The engine threw him on his back between the rails, into a hollow part of the ballast. If he hadn't been deaf, he would perhaps have gone mad with the noise."

Another silence ensued, until the young man was good-natured enough to supply us with a railway anecdote of a different kind.

"I must premise," he began, and he turned with a bow to the young lady, "that the following little experience is not so complimentary as I could wish to the fair sex; you must please to believe that the females who figure in it are, in my opinion, very exceptional cases. It is seldom, indeed, that any of the softer race are either a discomfort or a terror to our own. I scarcely trust myself to say, for my own part indeed, how very much the reverse of that they have always appeared to me."

The young lady bowed in return, nay even smiled encouragingly. [Her likeness to my dearest Julia in her youth seemed to be not so striking as before.]

"I had been staying over the Sunday at the house of a cousin in Essex, and was returning to town on Monday morning by the Eastern Counties Railway to my place of business. Nothing was further from my thoughts, or more opposed to my regular habits, than the idea of smoking a cigar at that early hour, and least of all was I likely to attempt it in a railway carriage to the possible inconvenience of any lady who might chance to succeed me."

Another bow and another smile—this time I am happy to say rather a sarcastic one—from the young woman. [It was quite astonishing how her likeness to my dearest Julia in her best days, wore off.]

"The atmosphere of the compartment in which I found myself alone was, however, so abominable from the fumes of stale tobacco, that I was compelled, in self-defence, to indulge in a weed. There was little danger of my being disturbed at so early an hour by the entrance of another passenger, and I lit my Havannah with the intention of enjoying it to the end. As a habit smoking is indefensible, I am aware, madam; but, as an occasional relaxation I am not inclined to judge it so harshly. My small portmanteau lay upon the opposite seat, and afforded a pleasant elevation for my heels: I lay back with my railway wrapper around me, and fell into as pleasant a dream as is permitted to bachelors. 'Forest Gate! Forest Gate!' delivered with the peculiar official accent, and accompanied by a rush of cold air, awoke me rudely. There stood two women—ancient women, such as travel with band-boxes and huge umbrellas—glaring on me at the opened door. To leap up and cast my cigar out of the other window was the work of an instant, but of an instant, alas, too late.

"Calls hisself a gentleman, and has been a smoking in our carriage," exclaimed one of these ladies, tartly. The other was speechless, but no one can describe the sniff of disgust with which she treated me. I should have thought that no nose, short of a trunk, could have compassed such a note either in expression or volume.

"How is a respectable female to seat herself in such a pottus (pot-house) as this?" inquired the first speaker.

"My dear madam," said I, with humility, "what occasion is there for such an experiment? All the other carriages are empty, I believe."

"Dear madam yourself, sir," retorted the lady; "don't dear madam me; I suppose a first-class passenger may choose her own first-class carriage to travel in?"

"Ugh!" cried the other, as she followed her friend into my compartment, "we shall be smelt" (she used a stronger word) "we shall be smelt to death."

"As yet it had not struck these wretches to complain of my conduct to the officials; but, presently, with a glance full of hatred and malice, one of the two observed:

"Can't we punish him for this, Susan? . . . Guard, guard!"

"But though she put her head out of the window in a transport at this idea, and gave it pretty good utterance, the whistle luckily sounded at the moment, and from all legal consequences I felt myself to be saved.

"It was very remarkable how, during all this time and afterwards, these two ancient ladies persisted in regarding me as a pas-

sive and almost inanimate object of their scorn and malignity. No man would have ventured to treat a fellow-creature in such a manner. No couple of men could have possibly sat in the same compartment with a third person, abusing and talking at him before his face as these two females did. Even if I had been willing to have made the humblest apologies, and to have explained the circumstances under which I had resorted to tobacco, they would not have listened to a syllable. My wonder is, that they were not afraid of goading me to use violent language, or even to throw them one after the other out of window. It is a subject of wonder to myself that I did not adopt one of the two courses. Having at last exhausted their rhetoric, and after a little whispered conference together, one of them (the Sniffer) as we were nearing Shore-ditch, suddenly seized on my portmanteau, and before I was aware of her fendish object, had copied my direction in full.

"That's right, Susan," chuckled the other; "now we'll put him into the Times: a chokin' and a discomposing ladies, indeed! That'll be the place for such as him."

"Good gracious," thought I, "these wretches will blast my business prospects for life, if they publish the fact of my smoking in a railway carriage at nine o'clock in the morning."

"I was really very much alarmed at this threat, and they observed it.

"Ha, ha, Mister!" (by the bye, they always addressed me as Mister) cried one, waving my purloined address to and fro like a banner in triumph, "will you like to see that in print to-morrow morning?"

"Very much, old lady," replied I, with a little effort; "I should like to see nothing better; the name and direction you have there, are those of my cousin, to whom that portmanteau belongs—he is a well-known solicitor, as, I dare say, you are already aware; and if he don't bring an action against you, and get swingeing damages, my name isn't—Smith of the City."

"We had by this time reached the London platform, and I carried out my baggage in triumph, leaving both my enemies, I flatter myself, in a state of collapse."

When we had done laughing at our commercial friend's adventure, the rest of the compartment expected a railway adventure from me.

"All that I have to tell," said I (for I had a little something to relate when I came to think), "is exceedingly short, and by no means a laughing matter. I was once—never mind how many years ago—at school in the neighbourhood of a certain railway station at a considerable distance from London. I will call the place Swindon, although this line had certainly not reached thither at that far-back period to which I refer. I was at Swindon school, then, at the age of thirteen

or so after certain Christmas holidays. I disliked the place very much, and the more by contrast with the recent festivities of the vacation in London. My heart pined within me for a mother's love, mince-pies, Columbine and the Clown, and juvenile supper-parties. I conceived, therefore, the design of leaving Swindon for the metropolis, and proposed to myself, of course, to go by the train. The difficulty consisted in my having no funds, with the exception of a fourpenny-piece with a hole through it, and some agate marbles, which were, of course, totally inadequate to pay my fare. It, however, suggested itself to me that this obstacle might be surmounted if I could secrete myself under the seat of a first-class carriage, and so travel gratis. The extra weight—thus reasoned my youthful morality—would be, doubtless, of little consequence to the engine, and the room I took up, of still less importance to the company. Conscience being thus evaded, I easily eluded the vigilance of the guard while a train was stopping its ten minutes for refreshments, and ensconced myself in a carriage, the occupants of which—at that present engaged with soup and sandwiches—seemed, by the shawls and cloaks left, to be but few. There was plenty of room for me to lie down, even at full length; and, although it must be confessed that the boards were a little dusty, the mode of conveyance, considering what I paid for it, was not uncomfortable. Presently the genuine proprietors of the carriage resumed their seats; they consisted, as well as I could judge by their voices, of a young man, a young lady, and an old lady; but they spoke very little indeed until they reached Didcot, where the old lady got out, after which, I must say, the other two made up for lost time.

"I thought that horrid old woman would never leave us, dear Mary," was the gentleman's first observation; and "One more, dearest!" just as we got to London was his last.

"The intervening remarks and occurrences I will leave to the imagination of the compartment, considering myself bound in some measure, on account of my clandestine position, to secrecy.

"My own situation during the whole journey was distressing, on account of the terror with which I anticipated detection through any chance toe or heel being driven against me, or through the resistance which my body must needs have offered to a carpet-bag being thrust under the seat; the climax of my anxiety was, of course the ticket platform, lest the guard should turn his lynx eye on my place of concealment; but luckily I remained unobserved, and heard with a sigh of relief my unknown fellow-companions leave the carriage.

"Instead, however, of getting out immediately after them, as I ought to have done, I remained a minute or two, in order to make

myself more secure, and, during that interval, to my extreme horror, two or three persons entered into the compartment, and by the way in which they disposed of themselves and their railway rugs, convinced me that they were going to remain there. I experienced for a few moments, a rotatory motion, such as ensues from a carriage being placed on a turn-table, and, in less than ten minutes from my arrival at Paddington, discovered myself to be flying back to Swindon. It was dark when I arrived at the station, and escaped in safety; darker when I reached my hated school; darkest of all, was the fate that there awaited me, in aggravation of my fruitless expedition. Days passed before I was in a condition to have sat in a railway-carriage with comfort, even if I had had the chance; but years will elapse before I forget that return journey of mine, gratis, under the seat."

We looked towards the young lady for a concluding tale of the train, and that Schere-zade of our compartment, without the least pretence of incapacity or hoarseness, communicated at once the following adventure:—

"Although," she commenced, "I am often compelled to travel without a companion," (the commercial traveller sighed) "yet have I such a dislike to the company of babies and sick folk, that I never make a journey in the ladies' carriage. Only once, however, have I suffered any inconvenience through my unprotected condition, and that exception occurred very lately, and upon this very line. After I had taken my seat one morning at Paddington, in an empty carriage, I was joined, just as the train was moving off, by a strange-looking young man, with remarkably long flowing hair. He was, of course, a little hurried, but he seemed besides to be so disturbed and wild that I was quite alarmed, for fear of his not being in his right mind, nor did his subsequent conduct at all reassure me. Our train was an express, and he inquired eagerly, at once, which was the first station whereat we were advertised to stop. I consulted my Bradshaw and furnished him with the required information. It was Reading. The young man looked at his watch.

"Madam," said he, "I have but half an hour between me and, it may be, ruin. Excuse, therefore, my abruptness. You have, I perceive, a pair of scissors in your workbag. Oblige me, if you please, by cutting off all my hair."

"Sir," said I, "it is impossible."

"Madam," he urged, and a look of severe determination crossed his features; "I am a desperate man. Beware how you refuse me what I ask. Cut my hair off—short, close to the roots—immediately; and here is a newspaper to hold the ambrosial curls."

"I thought he was mad, of course; and believing that it would be dangerous to thwart him, I cut off all his hair to the last lock."

"Now, madam," said he, unlocking a small portmanteau, "you will further oblige me by looking out of window, as I am about to change my clothes."

"Of course I looked out of window for a very considerable time, and when he observed, 'Madam, I need no longer put you to any inconvenience,' I did not recognise the young man in the least.

"Instead of his former rather gay costume, he was attired in black, and wore a grey wig and silver spectacles; he looked like a respectable divine of the Church of England, of about sixty-four years of age; to complete that character, he held a volume of sermons in his hand, which—they appeared so to absorb him—might have been his own.

"I do not wish to threaten you, young lady," he resumed, "and I think, besides, that I can trust your kind face. Will you promise me not to reveal this metamorphosis until your journey's end?"

"I will," said I, "most certainly."

"At Reading, the guard and a person in plain clothes looked into our carriage.

"You have the ticket, my love," said the young man, blandly, and looking to me as though he were my father.

"Never mind, sir; we don't want them," said the official, as he withdrew his companion.

"I shall now leave you, madam," observed my fellow-traveller, as soon as the coast was clear; "by your kind and courageous conduct you have saved my life and, perhaps, even your own."

"In another minute he was gone, and the train was in motion. Not till the next morning did I learn from the Times newspaper that the gentleman on whom I had operated as hair-cutter had committed a forgery to an enormous amount, in London, a few hours before I met him, and that he had been tracked into the express-train from Paddington; but that—although the telegraph had been put in motion and described him accurately—at Reading, when the train was searched, he was nowhere to be found."

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NEARLY LOST ON THE ALPS.

Now that common-place security and accommodations of every description have, league by league, climbed up the Alps, tourists laugh at the idea of any accident occurring on even the most difficult passes. The inexperienced traveller, to be sure, abroad for the first time, and bewildered by novel impressions, converts the sleet-shower that overtook him on the Col de Balme, into a terrific storm; and even astonishes table d'hôtes with his thrilling history of how he was nearly dashed to pieces on the Gemmi, but for the iron grip of his guide. But the chronicles of the faithful Murray contain few records of anything remarkable having happened to anybody, anywhere, at any time, within the last half-century. Hence, the following plain narrative may be interesting as detailing a very narrow escape from death, in the height of the season, under very ordinary circumstances, and on one of the most popular passes of Switzerland. The Great St. Bernard:

Alpine tourists know that the ordinary road from Chamouni to the Convent is by the dull bourg of Martigny, in the Canton de Vallais. It is a wretched place, by all means to be avoided, if possible. Rank vegetation, putrid swamps, and a stagnant, stifling air combine to make it a hotbed of goitre, and idiocy in their worst phases. Hideous, wen-laden heads, on stunted, misshapen bodies mop and gibber at you from filthy doorways; a hopeless lethargy pervades alike the neglected town, the gasping trade, and the spiritless people: there is not one single thing to observe in the day; and at night, when the inundation of the Rhone is subsiding, the musquitoes—"cousins," as they are termed by the country people—come in such swarms, and clouds, and flights, and bite with such inflammatory viciousness, that Venice, or Naples, or Cairo would be a place of refuge by comparison.

I had slept at the comfortable little inn on the Tête Noire, and started at seven in the morning, on Thursday, the tenth of September last, with two chance fellow-travellers, and Venance Favret, a Chamouni guide, to see, if we could reach Orsières—a little town

half-way up the St. Bernard pass—without going down to this wretched Martigny. When we arrived at the top of the Forclaz, the old gendarme, who lives there to stamp passports and sell refreshments, told us that there was a road, but that it was very difficult; and, therefore, as I had a baggage mule with me, we must take another band. The route is not in Murray, and certainly it was troublesome enough to find; but, after a great deal of labour, and getting astray, and retracing our steps, we arrived at Orsières, at the angle where the Val d'Entremont joins the Val de Ferret, at two in the afternoon, in a heavy thunderstorm. My companions were knocked up, and declined coming on any further that day; but I was anxious to reach the Convent. For, Orsières is a dreary little place enough, and the Hôtel des Alpes, although clean and moderate, does not offer many attractions. Small mountain trout are all very well in their way; but I am not one of those travellers who think the mere ten minutes occupied in discussing them compensates for several hours of yawning in a gaunt roughly-furnished salle-à-manger. The eating of whitebait itself would form, in the abstract, a dull enjoyment if limited to that particular thing, rudely served-up in the back room of a third-rate inn. I am bold enough to declare that I don't care about whitebait; that, in fact, I think it an insipid failure; and that little shreds of batter, with lemon juice and cayenne pepper, would go down just as well. But add stewed eels, water souchée, and salmon cutlets, champagne cup, bright eyes, and ducks and green peas; and then, Mr. Hart, or Mr. Quartermaine, if you please, I am your frequent visitor. So with Swiss trout: never be lured away from where you want to go, by its being made a spécialité of attraction, except there are some other inducements to back it up. For the pleasures of the palate are fleeting, but ennui is continuous.

I started from Orsières just as three in the afternoon struck for the second time, according to the custom of many churches in the Vallais, from the storm-worn grey steeple. I had above five hours' good work before me; so, already tolerably tired, I got a mule, and a man to bring it back, whose name was, as closely as I can recollect, Alexis Pelleuchord.

I mention this, for he turned out a right good fellow. Favret was getting his dinner while he rested his baggage-mule, and the other asked to sit down with him for a while: so I went off alone, knowing the road perfectly well, leaving them to come on as they pleased. The storm had passed, but the weather was still very sullen and threatening; and I heard that peculiar moaning noise amongst the mountains, which makes an Alpine traveller get on as fast as he can.

I have crossed the St. Bernard twelve or fourteen times, but I never saw the pass so utterly deserted as it was this day. Just above Orsières, where you make a steep short cut, to avoid the long zigzag of the road, some men were putting up a little wooden cross on the edge of the precipice. It was to mark the scene of a terrible accident, which had happened the week before. Three men—Piedmontese—were going up to the Convent in one of those sideway cars, used on mountain roads. Just at this point the mule shied and backed the car over the edge of the road. The driver jumped off and was saved; but the car, the mule, and passengers went over the precipice, and were alike smashed to pieces: they must have fallen, at a rough estimate, a hundred and fifty feet. After I left these workmen, I did not meet another soul until I got to St. Pierre—the last village up the pass—and there a string of mules, with some guides sitting in their side-saddles, were starting on their way back to Orsières.

It was now five o'clock, and the weather was gradually becoming very bad. I had been thoroughly wet through some time, so the rain did not incommode me so much, but the wind was awful. It flew, shrieking and howling round the angles of the pass, like an icy knife, until it was as much as the mule could do to battle against it—sending the chill clouds, which now came right down the mountains, in whirls of mist around and above me, and blowing flakes of the cold brawling Dräuse quite across the path, which is here just on a level with the torrent. There was nothing like danger of any kind, or anything approaching to it; but the dead loneliness of the place, with its grim lichen-covered boulders, and roaring glacier waters, and freezing atmosphere, and entire absence of every trace of animal life, was altogether so dispiriting in the declining day, that, although every minute was an object, when I got to the Canteen—the last human habitation up the pass,—I pulled up. Tumbling rather than getting, off my mule (which I could not have done properly in any manner, as there was a sack of corn on the crupper), I blundered through the doorway. My teeth chattered so, that I could scarcely ask for a glass of hot brandy and water, and when I got it, my hands were so numb and helpless, I could hardly lift it to my mouth. It must be borne in mind that I was now at

an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet above the level of the sea—twice the height of Snowdon.

“A LA CANTINE,” as a dismal little creaking weather-washed-out board describes it, is supposed by the people who keep it, to be an inn; but remote dwellers in mountains have ever been given to superstitions and hallucinations. Allowing it to be such, for an instant, then all the cabins of the Flégère, the Faulhorn, and the Col de Balme, take the comparative rank of the Hôtel de Louvre in Paris, the Great Western in London, and the Lord Warden at Dover. That ready anonymous authority of compilers of instructive works—“a recent traveller”—might describe it as an irregular-shaped mass of hollow granite, with square apertures pierced at intervals, some glazed to exclude air and admit light—others open to let out smoke and dilute smells. Its stone steps and passage afford such admirable skating-ground; that owing to his smooth shoe-nails, the tourist usually enters head over heels; and, on recovering from the surprise naturally incident to this novel introduction, finds he has pantomimically flip-flapped into the salle-à-manger, which is very like the inside of a large bathing-machine, and fitted up with a window, a shutter, a bench, and a latch. Here you can have blunt knives, and firewood, and salt, and all sorts of similarly nice things, including a very curious wine, which looks and tastes like—and may be for aught I know to the contrary—pickled-cabbage juice.

I found two travellers more, who had determined upon remaining for the night, rather than face the weather. I was, however, resolved upon reaching the Convent that night; and whilst I was finishing my cognac, as the landlord was pleased to call it—but there is no good brandy in Switzerland, even in the best hotels; it is chiefly adulterated rum—my man from Orsières came in, having walked uncommonly well. He told me Favret would not be after us for an hour; so we left word that he was to follow, and once more started on our journey.

It was getting quite dusk as we crossed the wild dreary plain that surrounds the Canteen, but the lightning was playing incessantly—almost without intermission. We had now three hours' work to reach the Convent; the actual road had ceased, and all human life was left behind us. There was nothing on every side but snow-covered peaks, grey débris of granite, and cold rushing waters, swollen and turbulent from the continuous rains. In about twenty minutes we had traversed the level, and arrived at the foot of the spur of Mont Velan, which appears to forbid all further progress; for it is here that the actual climbing the pass commences: hitherto the road from Martigny had never been steeper; to give a familiar instance, than Southampton Street, Strand, London, or the Rue de Courcelles, Paris; that is to say, on the

average ; but then it is continuous—a ceaseless pull against the collar for nearly twenty-four miles. The difficulties encountered here by Napoleon in transporting his artillery, when he crossed the Alps in eighteen hundred, were equal to those in the famous forest of St. Pierre, two or three hours below.

The world appeared to close behind us as we mounted the first ridge ; and the storm redoubled its fury in the gorge—so much so, that, at one time, the mule could scarcely make head against it. It was now about half-past six ; but the lightning continued vivid enough to show us the track clearly enough ; and the water was pouring down so fast from the heights, that we were really walking up small cascades all the way, the route, such as it was, affording the readiest channel. Nothing occurred for an hour, until we reached the dreary dead-house, and the neighbouring refuge—two low stone-huts at the side of the path ; one affording the rudest shelter, and the other forming a depository for the bones of travellers lost, from time to time, upon the pass. These must not be confounded with the actual Morgue, near the Convent, where the bodies are now placed. When the weather is very bad, the servant of the Convent comes down as far as this point in the afternoon, to see if any assistance is needed ; and, if the snow is deep on the pass, then it is that the services of the dogs are most valuable. They scent out the way, and find a track where a false step to the right or the left would be fatal ; the drift making path and precipice all smooth alike. This, after all, is their chief use ; and the monks themselves repudiate the romantic stories told about them.

Beyond this point our troubles commenced. The lightning ceased, and the rain was gradually turning into a cutting sleet. For half an hour or more, we groped our way as well as we could, both being tolerably acquainted with the ground, as I have stated ; but, on arriving at the Pont d'Hudri, which is a mere slab of stone about the size of a Turkish hearth-rug, over a thundering torrent, I did not think it safe to ride any further. So I got off, and we sent the mule on first, which was a good notion ; for her life had been passed in going up and down the pass ; and she knew every hole she had to put her foot into, and every block she had to step over.

We went on—I cannot say in silence, for the roar of the storm and the water combined was almost deafening, but without speaking to one another, until suddenly the mule stopped and turned round, and we found we were upon hard snow. We could only tell this by our feet, for it was now too dark for even the refraction of the white surface.

"What is to be done, now ?" I asked of Pelleuchord.

"Mais, Monsieur, je ne sais pas," was the reply ; "faut retrouver la route." (Really, I

don't know, sir ; we must find out the road again.)

But to go back was out of the question.

Presently the man said,

"We cannot stay here, sir."

"And we can't go on."

"One must stop with the mule, and the other must see if he can reach the Convent. It is not twenty minutes ahead of us."

Either alternative was dreary enough. At last we decided that I should remain with the mule, and Pelleuchord should try if there was a chance of getting some assistance. He crunched over the snow for a few steps, and then his footfall was lost in the noise of the rain and sleet and the torrents.

For the first ten minutes or so, I did not much care. I got to the leeward of the mule, which kept a little of the cutting drift from me, and, sticking my bâton into the snow as firmly as I could, tied the halter round it. But before long I got very cold. I did not dare move ; for I heard rushing water on every side of me—it was even running over the surface of the snow against my feet. And then, as one drearily prolonged minute crept on after another, I thought, "What will become of me, if Pelleuchord should not come back ?"

I have twice in my life known what it is to expect immediate death. I have had the muzzles of three or four loaded guns touching my head at the same time ; and I have been falling, in a ruptured balloon, from a height of several thousand feet ; my state of feeling, in each case, was that of a dead, almost preternatural calm, which I never could account for : but the agony of mind I now endured was too great to portray, apart from what would appear a carefully-built exaggeration. I knew, that with my feet freezing, and ice hanging about my beard and moustaches, on the very edge of the Alpine level of perpetual snow, and entirely unable to move a foot from where I was, this state of things could not last long ; that I should gradually become drowsy, without the power to rouse myself ; and that my body would be found next morning, stark and dead, by the first people who came down from the Convent. Much else that I thought about I do not care here to mention ; but, through all, the most ridiculous and commonplace ideas would keep thrusting themselves, even to the roar of the water accommodating itself, in time, to the words of stupid songs ; and a thought that, with the ice about my face I must have looked like a picture of Christmas I had seen somewhere in an illustrated paper.

I was in this terrible position more than half an hour. Several times I shouted as loud as I could ; but my voice was nothing against the wind that was tearing down from the south-west ; in fact, it was carried away from the Hospice. Once I heard the dogs, and my heart beat as if it would have come through my ribs ; but the bark was not repeated. I had a little brandy with me, and

I finished it off from a flask : and then I got the sack of corn from the mule's back and stood upon it for a little time, to keep my feet out of the water ; but I was too cold to feel any remedy or change. I even thought of a story I had read years and years ago, of some one who, overcome by a snow-storm on a moor in Devonshire, killed his horse, and cut the body open to get into it ; and how both were found frozen next morning ; and I felt in my pouch to see if I had still got my knife there.

Suddenly I heard a distant shout ! I answered it, and it was repeated ; and the next minute I saw a light up the pass before me, rapidly coming down, as it zig-zagged along the different turns ; and, in a few minutes, Pelleuchord was at my side. So great was the revulsion of feeling, and my whole chest fluttered so—I can find no better term—that I could hardly speak ; nor, indeed, do I clearly recollect how I reached the Convent. I only remember that when I did get there, I burst out into a violent, hysterical flood of tears, and found my old friend, M. Meillan, the Clavendier, who receives the guests, embracing me with the most honest delight, as soon as I was recognised.

He dragged me, thawing and dripping as I was, into the visitors' room, where a dozen travellers had just finished supper, amongst whom, to my great joy, I discovered a member of my own club, and another friend, whose pleasant book of adventure is at the present time being reviewed in the papers. Those other ladies and gentlemen who were at the St. Bernard on the tenth of September last year, may remember how I was put into a hot-air room to dry ; how I was unable to touch the supper the good monks provided, from re-action and exhaustion ; and yet how many questions I had to answer.

But they will not be able to describe what my own feelings were, when I found myself in my bedroom ; or how I expressed my gratitude for my great deliverance.

It may be added, that, on recollecting we had told Favret to follow us, Pelleuchord and another guide started off again, and found him—mule, baggage, and all—on the very spot where we had been stopped. The snow was not this year's,—it was the remaider of an avalanche that had killed two poor fellows in the spring ; and Meillan showed me their bodies in the Morgue next morning.

The storm I had encountered was one of the most violent they had experienced for years. That same night, it carried away an entire village, with all its inhabitants, close to the Fort Bard in the valley of Aosta. The road, also, was so destroyed, that the Ivrea diligence could not leave Aosta ; and I passed the spot on foot, two days afterwards, with the friends alluded to above. Thirty bodies were then lying crushed and drowned, in the little church.

I was right about the dog's bark I had heard. Meillan told me it was that of "notre jeune chienne Diane." She was the only one out that night, but did not come down, as Pelleuchord did not want help when he had once got a lantern. I may add, that my excellent friend gave her to me, next morning, as a souvenir of the occurrence : and that she is now at home in England.

A SERMON FOR SEPOYS.

WHILE we are still fighting for the possession of India, benevolent men of various religious denominations are making their arrangements for taming the human tigers in that country by Christian means. Assuming that this well-meant scheme is not an entirely hopeless one, it might, perhaps, not be amiss to preach to the people of India, in the first instance, out of some of their own books—or, in other words, to begin the attempt to purify their minds by referring them to the excellent moral lessons which they may learn from their own Oriental literature. Such lessons exist in the shape of ancient parables, once addressed to the ancestors of the sepoys, and still quite sufficient for the purpose of teaching each man among them his duty towards his neighbour, before he gets on to higher things. Here is a specimen of one of these Oriental apologues. Is there any reason why it should not be turned to account, as a familiar introduction to the first Christian sermon addressed to a pacified native congregation in the city of Delhi ?

In the seventeenth century of the Christian era, the Emperor Shah Jehan—the wise, the bountiful, the builder of the new city of Delhi—saw fit to appoint the pious Vizir, Gazee Ed Din, to the government of all the district of Morodabad.

The period of the Vizir's administration was gratefully acknowledged by the people whom he governed as the period of the most precious blessings they had ever enjoyed. He protected innocence, he honoured learning, he rewarded industry. He was an object for the admiration of all eyes,—a subject for the praise of all tongues. But the grateful people observed, with grief, that the merciful ruler who made them all happy, was himself never seen to smile. His time, in the palace, was passed in mournful solitude. On the few occasions when he appeared in the public walks, his face was gloomy, his gait was slow, his eyes were fixed on the ground. Time passed, and there was no change in him for the better. One morning the whole population was astonished and afflicted by news that he had resigned the reins of government and had gone to justify himself before the emperor at Delhi.

Admitted to the presence of Shah Jehan, the Vizir made his obeisance, and spoke these words:—

"Wise and mighty Ruler, condescend to pardon the humblest of your servants if he presumes to lay at your feet the honours which you have deigned to confer on him in the loveliest country on the earth. The longest life, oh bountiful Master, hardly grants time enough to man to prepare himself for death. Compared with the performance of that first of duties, all other human employments are vain as the feeble toil of an ant on the highway, which the foot of the first traveller crushes to nothing! Permit me, then, to prepare myself for the approach of eternity. Permit me, by the aid of solitude and silence, to familiarise my mind with the sublime mysteries of religion; and to wait reverently for the moment when eternity unveils itself to my eyes, and the last summons calls me to my account before the Judgment Seat."

The Vizir said these words, knelt down, laid his forehead on the earth, and was silent. After a minute of reflection, the emperor answered him in these terms:—

"Faithful servant! Your discourse has filled my mind with perplexity and fear. The apprehensions which you have caused in me are like those felt by a man who finds himself standing, unawares, on the edge of a precipice. Nevertheless, I cannot decide whether the sense of trouble that you have awakened within me is justified by sound reason or not. My days, like yours, however long they may be, are but an instant compared with eternity. But, if I thought as you do; if all men capable of doing good followed your example, who would remain to guide the faithful? Surely the duties of government would then fall to the share of those men only who are brutally careless of the future that awaits them beyond the grave—who are insensible to all feelings which are not connected with their earthly passions and their earthly interests? In that case, should I not be—should you not be—responsible before the Supreme Being for the miseries, without number, which would then be let loose on the world. Ponder that well, Vizir! And while I, on my side, consider the same subject attentively, depart in peace to the abode which I have prepared to receive you, since your arrival in this city. May Heaven direct us both into the way which it is safest and best to take!"

The Vizir withdrew. For three days he remained in his retirement, and received no message from the emperor. At the end of the third day, he sent to the palace to beg for a second audience. The request was immediately granted.

When he again appeared in the presence of his sovereign, his countenance expressed the tranquillity of his mind. He drew a letter from his bosom, kissed it, and presented it to the emperor on his knees. Shah Jehan having given him permission to speak, he expressed himself, thereupon, in these words:—

"Sovereign lord and master! The letter

which you have deigned to take from my hands has been addressed to me by the sage, Abbas, who now stands with me in the light of your presence, and who has lent me the assistance of his wisdom to unravel the scruples and perplexities which have beset my mind. Thanks to the lesson I have learned from him, I can now look back on my past life with pleasure, and contemplate the future with hope. Thanks to the wisdom which I have imbibed from his teaching, I can now conscientiously bow my head before the honours which your bounty showers on me, and can gladly offer myself again to be the shadow of your power in the province of Morodabad.

Shah Jehan, who had listened to the Vizir with amazement and curiosity, directed that the letter should be given to the sage, Abbas, and ordered him to read aloud the words of wisdom that he had written to Gazeed Din. The venerable man stood forth in the midst of the Court, and, obeying the Emperor, read these lines:—

"May the pious and merciful Vizir, to whom the wise generosity of our sovereign lord and master has entrusted the government of a province, enjoy to the end of his days the blessing of perfect health!"

"I was grieved in my inmost heart when I heard that you had deprived the millions of souls who inhabit Morodabad of the advantages which they enjoyed under your authority. Modesty and respect prevented me from combating your scruples of conscience while you were describing them in the presence of the Emperor. I hasten, therefore, to write the words which I could not venture to speak. My purpose is to clear your mind of the doubts which now darken it, by relating to you the history of my own youth. The anxious thoughts which now trouble you, were once the thoughts which troubled me also. May your soul be relieved of the burden that oppresses it, as mine was relieved in the bygone time!"

"My early manhood was passed in studying the science of medicine. I learnt all the secrets of my art, and practised it for the benefit of my species. In time, however, the fearful scenes of suffering and death which perpetually offered themselves to my eyes, so far affected my mind as to make me tremble for my own life. Wherever I went, my grave seemed to be yawning at my feet. The awful necessity of preparing myself for eternity, impressed itself upon my soul, and withdrew my thoughts from every earthly consideration. I resolved to retire from the world, to despise the acquisition of all mortal knowledge, and to devote my remaining days to the severest practices of a purely religious life. In accordance with this idea, I resolved to humble myself by suffering the hardship of voluntary poverty. After much consideration, I came to the conclusion that those who stood in need of my money were the persons

who were least worthy of being benefited by it: and that those who really deserved the exercise of my charity were too modest, or too high-minded, to accept my help. Under the influence of this delusion, I buried in the earth all the treasure that I possessed; and took refuge from human society in the wildest and most inaccessible mountains of my native country. My abode was in the darkest corner of a huge cavern; my drink was the running water; my food consisted of the herbs and fruits that I could gather in the woods. To add to the severe self-restraint which had now become the guiding principle of my life, I frequently passed whole nights in watching—on such occasions, keeping my face turned towards the East, and waiting till the mercy of the Prophet should find me out, and unveil the mysteries of Heaven to my mortal view.

“One morning, after my customary night of watching, exhaustion overpowered me, at the hour of sunrise; and I sank prostrate in spite of myself, on the ground at the entrance of my cave.

“I slept, and a vision appeared to me.

“I was still at the mouth of the cave, and still looking at the rays of the rising sun. Suddenly a dark object passed between me and the morning light. I looked at it attentively, and saw that it was an eagle, descending slowly to the earth. As the bird floated nearer and nearer to the ground, a fox dragged himself painfully out of a thicket near at hand. Observing the animal, as he sank exhausted close by me, I discovered that both his fore legs were broken. While I was looking at him, the eagle touched the earth, laid before the crippled fox a morsel of goat's flesh that he carried in his talons, flapped his huge wings, and, rising again into the air, slowly disappeared from sight.

“On coming to my senses again, I bowed my forehead to the earth, and addressed my thanksgivings to the Prophet for the vision which he had revealed to me. I interpreted it, in this manner. ‘The divine Power,’ I said to myself, ‘accepts the sacrifice that I have made in withdrawing myself from the contaminations of the world; but reveals to me, at the same time, that there is still some taint of mortal doubt clinging to my mind, and rendering the trust which it is my duty to place in the mercy of Heaven less absolute and unconditional than it ought to be. So long as I waste even the smallest portion of my time in the base employment of providing for my own daily wants, so long will my confidence in Providence be imperfect, and my mind be incapable of wholly abstracting itself from earthly cares. This is what the vision is designed to teach me. If the bounty of Heaven condescends to employ an eagle to provide for the wants of a crippled fox, how sure I may feel that the same mercy will extend the same benefits to me! Let me wholly devote myself, then, to the service

of my Creator, and commit the preservation of my life to the means which His wisdom is sure to supply.’

“Strong in this conviction, I searched the woods no more for the herbs and fruits which had hitherto served me for food. I sat at the mouth of my cavern, and waited through the day, and no heavenly messenger appeared to provide for my wants. The night passed; and I was still alone. The new morning came; and my languid eyes could hardly lift themselves to the light, my trembling limbs failed to sustain me when I strove to rise. I lay back against the wall of my cavern, and resigned myself to die.

“The consciousness of my own existence seemed to be just passing from me, when the voice of an invisible being sounded close at my ear. I listened, and heard myself addressed in these words:—

“‘Abbas,’ said the supernatural voice, ‘I am the Angel whose charge it is to search out and register your inmost thoughts. I am sent to you on a mission of reproof. Vain man! do you pretend to be wiser than the wisdom which is revealed to you? The blindness of your vision and the vainglory of your heart have together perverted a lesson which was mercifully intended to teach you the duties that your Creator expects you to perform. Are you crippled like the fox? Has not nature, on the contrary, endowed you with the strength of the eagle? Rise, and bestir yourself! Rise, and let the example of the eagle guide you, henceforth, in the right direction. Go back to the city from which you have fled. Be, for the future, the messenger of health and life to those who groan on the hard bed of sickness. Ill-judging mortal! the virtue that dies in this solitude, lives in the world from which you have withdrawn. Prove your gratitude to your Creator by the good that you do among his helpless and afflicted creatures. There is the way that leads you from earth to Heaven. Rise, Abbas—rise humbly, and take it!’

“An unseen hand lifted me from the ground, an unseen hand guided me back to the city. Humbled, repentant, enlightened at last, I drew my treasure from its hiding place, and employed it in helping the poor. Again I devoted all my energies to the blessed work of healing the sick. Years passed and found me contented and industrious in my vocation. As the infirmities of age approached, I assumed the sacred robe, and comforted the souls of my fellow-creatures, as I had formerly comforted their bodies. Never have I forgotten the lesson that I learnt in my hermitage on the mountain. You see me now, high in the favour of my Sovereign—Know that I have deserved my honours, because I have done good in my generation, among the people over whom he rules.

“Such, oh, pious Vizir, is the story of my youth. May the lesson which enlightened

me, do the same good office for you. I make no pretensions to wisdom: I speak only of such things as I know. Believe me, all wisdom which extends no farther than yourself is unworthy of you. A life sacrificed to subtle speculations is a life wasted. Let the eagle be the object of your emulation as he was of mine. The more gifts you have received, the better use it is expected you will make of them. Although the All-Powerful alone can implant virtue in the human heart, it is still possible for you, as the dreaded representative of authority, to excite to deeds of benevolence, even those who may have no better motive for doing good, than the motive of serving their own interests. With time, you may teach them the knowledge of higher things. Meanwhile, it will matter little to the poor who are succoured, whether it is mere ostentation or genuine charity that relieves them. Spread the example, therefore, of your own benevolence, beyond the circle of those only who are wise and good. Widen the sphere of your usefulness among your fellow-creatures, with every day; and fortify your mind with the blessed conviction that the life you will then lead, will be of all lives the most acceptable in the eyes of the Supreme Being.

“Farewell. May the blessings of a happy people follow you wherever you go. May your name, when you are gathered to your fathers, be found written in the imperishable page—in the Volume of the Book of Life!”

Abbas ceased. As he bowed his head, and folded up the scroll, the emperor beckoned him to the foot of the throne, and thanked the sage for the lesson that he had read to his Sovereign and to all the Court. The next day, the Vizir was sent back to his government at Morodabad. Shah Jehan also caused copies of the letter to be taken, and ordered them to be read to the people in the high places of the city. When that had been done, he further commanded that this inscription should be engraved on the palace gates, in letters of gold, which men could read easily, even from afar off:—

THE LIFE THAT IS MOST ACCEPTABLE TO THE SUPREME BEING, IS THE LIFE THAT IS MOST USEFUL TO THE HUMAN RACE.

Surely not a bad Indian lesson, to begin with, when Betrayers and Assassins are the pupils to be taught?

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

VIII.

THUS far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment, and it is to be hoped, with some certain profit. What Mr. Marvell with such sad disrespect styles the huge Butter-Coloss, together with the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows (for whom, by the way, Mr. Marvell has other unflattering epithets), hath been contemplated in all social aspects. Not cer-

tainly microscopically, and with much high finishing—the figures being washed in, as it were, with broad sepia tinting—very much after the manner of that Mr. Gilray before alluded to.

Take him for all in all, the huge Butter-Coloss is a good fellow. Which nobody can deny. For he's a (and here that profane and roystering chaunt intrudes) good at his knife and fork; good at his bottle. Which nobody can deny! For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny! Good in his connubial relations: a decent father o' family, and the rest of it. A good citizen, upright dealer, cheerful tax-payer: which nobody can deny, either. Heavy enough, in all conscience, on him such fiscal weigh. The landlord of Amsterdam Hotel asseverating that, for his narrow tenement, he is assessed to the tune of, say, one hundred pounds annually. Our huge Butter-Coloss is burdened with the heaviest water-rate of any man living. Those terrible earthworks, that sluicing, those miles of piling, must be paid for handsomely. Blank day for father o' family when he is informed that an extra rate has been struck, and that by reason of certain tempestuous weather off the coast, which has done grievous damage, the burgomaster and councillors are compelled to levy more dyke-money. Even the water that he drinks—and though not too partial to that fluid, he must have some to mix with his schiedam—travels to him from afar off; from Haarlem, being borne along in pipes underground, acquiring an unpleasant brackish savour on the journey. You may see it gushing from taps in the open street; a water-bailiff standing sentry over it, and dispensing it to housewives at so much per pailful. Terrible, too, is his expense in building, should he be filled with enterprise, and bethink him of enlarging his concerns, or should he receive significant hints as to necessity of repairs by any sudden sinking of his back wall. He must perforce rebuild, and all things come down at once,—neighbour's houses being kept from utter collapse by beams artfully disposed. Then must he dig; and, at about two feet from the surface, find his labour eventuate peradventure in an artificial pond. Natural but unpleasant result; for his tenement stands but a few feet from a green and sweet-smelling canal. Still must he dig on. Gentlemen attached to the water interest arrive presently with exhausting pumps and other appliances; and, after them, the gentlemen connected with the pile interest. These are awful beings; awful, too, their implements and machinery; sufficient to give eternal night-mare to a poor father o' family's heart. All the English world knows what were unsuspecting Mr. Briggs' feelings, when that unhappy gentleman, being informed that a slate or so was off his roof, was prevailed on to have the masons in. The masons, as the sad tale has it, were had in while the too

confiding householder slept, and the scene he woke to, need not be described here. At infinite cost must our Dutchman have pile after pile driven down; the horrid sludgy work must go on for weeks, the greedy morass must swallow up its proper complement of Norwegian stakes. How father of family, at either side, may relish such livelong music,—reiterated strokes making their own proper tenements quiver,—may be conceived by such as fill the respectable functions of the character near home. This is certain: that, in most cases, what is done underground, before a single stone is laid, mostly exceeds in cost that of the whole structure itself.

Touching that travelling water which journeys down lazily from Haarlem, and for which fathers of families are charged so heavily: I have a little fact in my memory which may come in very fairly here.

One fresh morning I hear the carillons running riot with those extemporaneous tunes before spoken of; discoursing the Fish'oman of Naples, especially, with the usual disjointed and spasmodic treatment. Oh, should Aufer, most vivacious composer, have been but sojourning hard by, and been woke betimes by this foul massacre of his own Fish'oman, he might have conveniently sat for portrait of the Enraged Musician! Where would his periwig have flown to? But this, by the way, I am given to understand, that this is a day of singular importance: a great day: a glorious day: whereon every man's heart should be glad. No other than the birthday of some royal twig—a twig of the noble Orange tree. I fancy it is connected with the repulsive physiognomy, the terrible nasal development that looks at me from the guilder-pieces. It was, indeed, the natal day of an illustrious personage. Signs of excitement in the streets. Population, mainly the unwashed, hurrying in one direction. Landlord comes in smiling, twisting his little person painfully, and insinuates that it would be as well that I should go forth and see the show. For the Heer should know that it is a great day—a very great day—illustrious personage—the whole garrison under arms; and at this moment actually gathered in the Grand Platz. Such an opportunity for beholding the military resources of the country on a grand scale may not occur again: so I saunter out towards the Grand Platz. Here is great influx of population, mostly gathered in the centre, round the Chassé Testimonial, and devouring greedily with their eyes a most surprising vision. For, lo, the Chassé Testimonial has been made to run, for this festival day only—not wine, nor with milk nor honey, but with real water! There it is running from four little spigots: real, drinkable water, filling up the little basin below. Rejoice and be glad, O ye burghers and wives of burghers! For this is a great day—a wonderful day—on which are playing Les Grands Eaux, or

Great Versailles Waterworks! Crowd hither profusely with your pails; all ye little Dutchwomen, and fill them at free charge at the Chassé Testimonial! See how it trickles from the spigots! and the men of the town standing by, take pipes from their mouths, and gaze with lack lustre eyes at the wonderful dispensation. But, after all, it is only for a short span; so he had best take the goods the gods provide him without a moment's delay. For, coming by that way in the evening, I find that the fount is still there, but the waters are gone. It is truly something to rejoice and make merry at, this noble water distribution. But the schouts are busy clearing the open space, preparatory to the grand military manœuvres now about to take place. The whole garrison to be under arms. The horse, foot, and dragoons, with perhaps the Light Chevaux Marins; with perhaps sham battle, retreat and pursuit, the Chassé Testimonial being the point of attack. Great treat for the amateur in such matters.

They are at hand, the horse, foot, and Chevaux Marins. These must be the Chevaux Marins in front; the ungainly fellows on the plough-horses, who advance with such pride, in their ill-fitting blue garments; but no more in number than some thirty or forty; which surely is but a small complement of that important military arm. Unprepossessing individuals, jolting heavily on their beasts, the ill-made garments jolting also—loosely as they jolt. So they jolt on, and take up position, those wonderful Chevaux Marins, making place for the army (in theatrical phrase), now defiling magnificently—regular supernumeraries, carrying their arms very much after the fashion of the fighting gentlemen of the stage. With a tinge of the militia aspect, suggestive of the cart and of the plough; with a raw potage aspect about the chins and cheek-bones. Shocking tailor's work here also; the loose blue clothing, wherein lodgings might be conveniently let, and so ill-fashioned that you would have thought that some of Nature's journeymen had them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity's shape so abominably.

Horse and foot being now on the ground, and disposed, facing one another, there is a lull and sudden pause. Expectation, clearly, of some one to arrive; the Great Panjandoram of the occasion, whoever he may be. I note the officers of the line especially, as strangely resembling the gentlemen serving in that stage army before alluded to, who appear always in full regimentals in the morning and in private life generally. Smooth faced men, for the most part, these Dutch officers; and, where moustaches are to be seen, they are not trained to graceful twists and wavy lines, like those of our French braves; but have a straggling, ragged growth, as if the proprietor had been unmindful of shaving these last few days. Perhaps

he had. As the army is drawn up, I should say full eighty strong, the stage officers skip out from the ranks with the strangest glissade motion, as though commencing a gallop. Far, very far are such thoughts from the souls of those morne-faced men; they are thinking of the great Panjandoram, and how many flaws he may find in their complement. But he comes not; and meantime, the crowd gathers, and admires, and two gentlemen in evening dress indulging in tobacco of inferior quality, are propelled against me with an inconvenient degree of force. Which leads to mutual excuses.

Says one of the gentlemen in evening garb, displaying his mastery over the English tongue, "This is ver fine sight!"

I politely signify assent. The other gentleman in evening garb intimates by profound shaking of his head that he quite concurs in that view.

"We are great fighting people," said the first gentleman, looking at me mistrustfully, to see how I would take the assertion; "a great fighting people—au fond—at the bottom of all."

"A nation of warriors," I suggest, wishing to help him.

"Quite yes, quite yes!" second gentleman puts in. "Always war—always fight."

First gentleman: "Trouble his neighbours. Like not Dutchmen near them." Both chuckle pleasantly here at the notion of being inconvenient neighbours.

Someway, I have a dim conception that all this will lead to that old hackneyed theme of which I am weary.

Second gentleman, pointing to the clouds with the inferior cigar: "Look to Van Tromp! To Van Speyk. Look at him! Look to Chassé!" (I knew Chassé was coming), "and his great siege." Whole world sees and admires. One word, and he lay town in fire. But he will not—will spare de lives, and surrender itself."

"It was noble and merciful conduct on the part of the late General Chassé," I suggest.

"Quite yes," the two gentlemen in evening garb reply together; which ends the discussion on the military resources of the country.

Hush! atten-shon—and sens-ation; the stage militaires come glissading from the ranks, take up position vis-à-vis to the army, and utter gutturals of command. The great Panjandoram is coming! and the band strikes up feebly. He comes—the great Panjandoram. He is quite of the Pelissier build; rotund, and girthed, and strapped down; with a grey poll, and dyed moustaches. He is received with prodigious respect, and abundant gutturals. His padded chest glistens with stars, and crosses, and bits of ribbon. In what campaign, O great Panjandoram? in what tented field? Out under Chassé, perhaps.

Now for sham battles and military manœuvring. The cavalry arm is set in motion,

and the plough-horses clatter round and round on the paving stones of the little Platz. But at a safe and sober walk. Now—Full speed gutturally Charge! Terrible overwhelming trot; scattering the timorous crowd. Spare the women and children, great warriors! Be brave, but merciful. Now for the army. Wonderful manœuvring! deploying and so forth, within the narrow space. Hard work for the little stage officers, to get round corners, entailing no small measure of skips and dancing movements. Note the cavalry arm. They take delight in backing their horses on unoffending bystanders; which weakness, it may be remarked, is common to all equestrian Jacks-in-Office. Horse policemen, near home, and Prussian mounted gendarmerie, are especially given to this little tyranny.

The great Panjan is led round to inspect persons and accoutrements. I remark he delights in coming privily behind unhappy privates, arranging their loose garments for them, and setting their caps awry over their eyes, to look the more military. He is treated with a certain awful respect by his inferiors, and affects to be a terrible disciplinarian. Finally, he has done with them: and is then, with much heaving, lifted on his beast; a terrible brute, which may have been lent for the occasion by Messrs. Barclay and Co. The whole army then contrives to defile before him; that left wheel movement being still an awful stumbling-block for both arms; the cavalry especially. It comes round in jagged lines, in a sort of ruck or rout, or, indeed, any way that it can be managed. But the army! or that portion of it which may be irreverently styled Beetle-Crushers, or Pousses-Cailloux, as the French have it—it is a terrible thing to see how it goes about compassing the evolution. Flesh and pipe-clay at home could never stand it: especially when thinking of the smooth, unbroken wall of British Grenadiers, coming round solidly, to the music of their heavy tramp. The army here make a handsome half-circle, their officers, skipping frantically, doing Schottische and other measures. This is done many times over; the great Panjandoram, on his Flemish dray, taking it lightly enough. I suppose he knows things cannot be much mended, so he looks on placidly: and, at the end of all, jogs away with an up and down movement. He must ride full seventeen stone, that worthy captain, and someway—looking to the fashion in which he is girthed and buttoned close—I fancy that if that waist-belt of his were to part suddenly, it would have a similar effect to that of taking a hoop off a cask; and he would all fall down in pieces.

But, as has been said many times, Truth is a jewel; and so it must not be concealed here, that these are only the poorer specimens of the fighting men of the country; that there

are choice regiments enough, belonging to the regulars, foot and horse, who are unexceptionable in drill and raiment. Those dancing officers, savouring so suggestively of the foot-lights, may, perhaps, be thought to do well enough for your mere traders at such places as Amsterdam. Such may be the conviction at the Dutch Horse Guards. But we must have another dispensation within the sphere of royal influences—for your people of quality—handsome, resplendent uniforms, for your young counts to show themselves in at court. Guides regiments, royal hussars, and aristocratic corps.

Shift the scene, then, gently to that royal town of the Hague, where the traveller has been set down, newly discharged from the top of the Spoorweg; and, looking curiously about him, walks leisurely towards the city. It was on a bright Sunday evening, and the brightness of all things within that town,—men, women, and houses for background,—can scarcely be conceived. Churches were then pouring out their congregations; streaming them from under old porches. It looked like a scene in a play, with practicable houses by Grieve and Telbin. Every house low, and with a special shape of its own. Some higher, some lower, some white, some red, some gabled, but all bright and lightsome. At which sight the traveller gazes with infinite pleasure; and, taking the first bridge, without knowing whither it will lead him, finds himself of a sudden in a new scene. Harlequin's wand has stricken the earth, and lo! with a Hi! presto! all things are changed to green. Green woods; green sward rolling in undulating green paths and winding waters. No gradual dwindling off of houses to break the change; but the town stops short abruptly. O those green woods of La Haye! Aisles upon aisles of trees, planted thickly; through which may be seen flitting open calèches in files; myriads of men and women, fine ladies and fine gentlemen dressed like Parisians, all to be seen passing and repassing through those tree-aisles.

So, the traveller stood on the banks of the ornamental water, and watched the green wood from afar, and the ceaseless population glittering like a serpent's back. Tradition has it, that at one remote period, those woods stretched away as far as Amsterdam, beautifying the country the whole way. Still the files of population pour out of the town, to lose themselves in that green wood; those beautiful ladies in Parisian bonnets, with officers of the Guards beside them. Other ladies, other bonnets, with other officers, in endless file. Sweet tongues, not discoursing gutturals, but French, most musical. Open calèches again, with gorgeous liveries and matchless horses, and officers of the Guard Royal seated vis-à-vis. More parties on foot, streaming on, to be seen coming down the bright sunlit street, turning a corner, to be engulfed in the green woods. Soft French

everywhere. And those officer cavaliers—how different from those Terpsichoreans of Amsterdam! Exquisitely trimmed moustaches, marvellous waists like French militaires; capacious trousers, all pocket, like French militaires; perhaps stayed and braced like French militaires. Then to follow in the stream, and be drawn into the shady aisles. Everything so cool and fragrant. Hum of voices far and near. And see, but a few steps on, a long, low pavilion, or café in the wood! All in the shade in the heart of the aisles, with little tables and chairs in hundreds, disposed about it; where are seated the men and the women—the Parisian ladies over again,—the officers of the Guard Royal over again,—sipping coffee and cool drinks. The dark green grove is closed in overhead; so the Parisian tints and colours are mellowed away in cool shadows. Then to get lost in the alleys and diverging walks; to meet stray parties wandering at hazard; lovers in pairs; pretty Dutch children dressed Parisianly; and so come out suddenly on the green sward near to the edge of the winding water, just taking a sweep yonder round the corner. To note the royal ducks paddling up to be fed by the biscuit of the stranger. Then, too, let him look back sharply at the low-lying houses, red and white, within a stone's throw; at the white-paved causeways, opening out here and there; at the old black cupolas, rising far and near; the heavy tenements, standing as they stood a couple of centuries back; the old-fashioned look over everything; the chequered motley aspect of everything; to look at all these things, and the wandering man must own it to be the most charming contrast he has as yet encountered. Then to turn back and be suddenly in the town once more. To take turn after turn,—sharp to the right, sharp to the left,—quaint corner, quaint gables; now in a square of low houses, round, with exit through an archway,—now brazen statue, now old fashion, now new fashion; canals, red brick, painted stone, royal palaces, and gay population, mingled and commingled together, making garish and most cheerful spectacle.

Let him, as he strays about, go back in thought, and ponder well how up such a bye-street dwelt note-worthy refugees, famed in politics and letters: how Bayle and other giants have clustered here and given busy work to free presses: how, too, in the days when the States General were of some account and could give the law, high commissioners would be gathered here from divers countries, and billeted up and down in some one or other of those short, red brick tenements, planning treaties and triple alliances for weeks together. It was here, in such a square, that his Excellency Sir William Temple rested, when come on matters of secret negotiation. At the time of the Wil-

liamite descent, messengers flying backward and forward between the Hague and English coast, trusting to a fishing vessel, a cock-boat, to anything. Great associations, wonderful memories, attached to that bright, shining, little city, with its little royal atmosphere, and ever-green woods. O place of sweet waters! O perennial verdure, to be dreamt of hereafter, when buffeting with the rough discomfort and rude ways. Think, in cheerless inns, think again and again of the place of sweet waters, of the sparkling little hotel—Hôtel de la Belle Vue—planted on the edge of the sward, and of the holiday gallants and gay dames; to be seen afar off from the windows, threading their way in and out among the trees! Sang a poet sweetly of other green places:—

“Ye have been fresh and green :
Ye have been filled with flowers ;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.”

More pleasant hours, most grateful diversion!

See how one thing leads on to another; and what a stomach for digression man hath! It was first but a hasty conspectus, as it were of the Dutch father o' family and his ways, which led on to the heavy water-rate, which again brought on the grand review, and great Panjandoram, all round Chassé and his memorial fount; which in its turn involved that flight to La Haye, its green groves and sweet waters; far away from all coarse notions of heavy father o' families and huge Butter-Colosses. To whom, however, we must return anon; he having divers other points about him, noteworthy in a certain degree, and not to be passed over.

Still one word more concerning that La Haye oasis. If, as Doctor Goldsmith remarked, the Dutchman's house is to be likened to a temple dedicated to an ox, so may we liken this La Haye paradise, to fair and flowery Gardens Zoological, wherein abound bears and other rude animals. Saving the bear's skin, which is here cropped close, and made smooth and shining. The La Haye Dutchman looks out at the world through a Frenchman's mask.

GONE AWAY.

I SEE the farm-house red and old,
Above the roof its maples sway;
The hills behind are bleak and cold,
The wind comes up and dies away.
I gaze into each empty room,
And as I gaze a gnawing pain
Is at my heart, at thought of those
Who ne'er will pass the doors again.

And, strolling down the orchard slope
(So wide a likeness grief will crave),
Each dead leaf seems a wither'd hope,
Each mossy hillock looks a grave.

They will not hear me if I call;
They will not see these tears that start;
'Tis autumn—autumn with it all—
And worse than autumn in my heart.

O leaves, so dry, and dead, and sere!
I can recall some happier hours,
When summer's glory linger'd here,
And summer's beauty touch'd the flowers.

Adown the slope a slender shape
Danced lightly, with her flying curls,
And manhood's deeper tones were blent
With the gay laugh of happy girls.

O stolen meetings at the gate!
O lingerings in the open door!
O moonlight rambles long and late!
My heart can scarce believe them o'er.

And yet the silence strange and still,
The air of sadness and decay,
The moss that grows upon the sill,—
Yes, love and hope have gone away!

So like, so like a worn-out heart,
Which the last tenant finds too cold,
And leaves for evermore, as they
Have left this homestead, red and old.

Poor empty house! poor lonely heart!
'Twere well if bravely, side by side,
You waited, till the hand of Time
Each ruin's mossy wreath supplied.

I lean upon the gate, and sigh;
Some bitter tears will force their way,
And then I bid the place good-bye
For many a long and weary day.

I cross the little ice-bound brook—
(In summer 'tis a noisy stream),
Turn round, to take a last fond look,
And all has faded like a dream!

OLD TIMES AND NEW TIMES.

ON New Year's Day, seventeen hundred and eighty-five, Mr. J. Walter, of Printing-house Square, Blackfriars, addressed the public in the first number of a new morning paper as follows:—

“TO THE PUBLIC.—To bring out a newspaper at the present day, when so many others are already established and confirmed in the public opinion, is certainly an arduous undertaking; and no one can be more fully aware of its difficulties than I am. I, nevertheless, entertain very sanguine hopes, that the nature of the plan on which this paper will be conducted will ensure it a moderate share, at least, of public favour; but my pretensions to encouragement, however strong they may appear in my own eyes, must be tried by a tribunal not liable to be blinded by *self-opinion*. To that tribunal I shall now, as I am bound to do, submit these pretensions with deference, and the public shall judge whether they are well or ill-founded.”

Seventy-three years have passed since these pretensions were so modestly put forth, and on the New Year's Day of this present eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, hundreds of thousands of readers eagerly gave the

desired encouragement to the projector as they read that wonderful production of six nights in every week, in every year, *The Times*.

Let us ascend to the source of the wide-flowing and fertilising stream, and turn from the broad waters of number seventy-two thousand two hundred and twenty-eight of the *Times* to glance at the age-hidden source, number one of *The Daily Universal Register*.

This was the title first given to the sheet of four small folio pages, since expanded into the twelve enormous folio pages of the present *Times*. After going over the specialities of the morning papers then in circulation, stating how one made the parliamentary debates, another political essays, a third advertisements, the absorbing feature, Mr. J. Walter proposed to blend in due proportion these and other topics of interest:—

“A newspaper conducted on the true and natural principles of such a publication ought to be the register of the times, and faithful recorder of every species of intelligenc; it ought not to be engrossed by any particular object; but like a well-covered table, it should contain something suited to every palate; observations on the dispositions of our own and foreign courts should be provided for the political reader: debates should be reported for the amusement and information of those who are particularly fond of them; and a due attention should be paid to the interests of trade, which are so greatly promoted by advertisements. A paper that should blend all these advantages has long been expected by the public. Such, it is intended shall be the *Universal Register*, the great objects of which will be to facilitate the commercial intercourse between the different parts of the community, through the channel of advertisements; to record the principal occurrences of the times, and to abridge the account of debates during the sitting of parliament.”

Three years later the newspaper designed to be a register of the times, gave a subordinate and explanatory place to its original title, assumed a more striking and most fortunate name, and became *The Times*.

The above passage is curious, not only because it shows how the future title of the paper was already germinating in the mind of the projector, but also how faithfully the journal has kept to the original design, and with what wonderful expansion in the article of advertisements and the abridgment of parliamentary debates.

Another feature of the embryo *Times*—certainly an essential one in a newspaper that would one day assume so portentous a name—is thus announced by the proprietor: “I propose to bring it out regularly every morning at six o’clock.” “Shrewd” J. Walter, timing your *Daily Universal Register* so as to take possession of the golden hours and make your newspaper *The Times*! But what conflicting interests were to be reconciled by this arrangement? Dignified parliamentary debates and the every-day sales of the great mart of the world; legislation and commerce, of very opposite habits, were

to be equally served. That the publication of debates protracted through the night might not interfere with the timely appearance of advertisements of sales, the discourses of legislators were to be reduced to fair proportions; or, in Mr. J. Walter’s words, “the substance shall be faithfully preserved, but all the uninteresting parts will be omitted.”

Having secured to his advertisers the early appearance of their contributions, the proprietor of the paper pledges himself they shall appear on the desired day. That no disappointment may be occasioned by the “accidents that sometimes happen in the printing business,” he promises to print an additional half-sheet when “the length of the gazette and parliamentary debates shall render it impossible for me to insert all the advertisements promised for the day in one sheet.”

Thus early we have the well-known supplement of *The Times*.

Good grounds to hope for encouragement, doubtless; but, now comes one probably of greater account in the mind of the promoter, a great improvement he had made in his art. *The Daily Universal Register* had this appendix to its title, “Logographically printed by his Majesty’s Patent.” In the same prospectus Mr. J. Walter thus explains this phrase:

“The inconveniences attending the old and tedious method of composing with letters taken up singly first suggested the idea of adopting some more expeditious method. The cementing of several letters together, so that the type of a whole word might be taken up in as short a time as that of a single letter, was the result of much reflection on that subject. The fount, consisting of types of words and not of letters, was to be so arranged as that a compositor should be able to find the former with as much facility as he can the latter. This was a work of inconceivable difficulty. I undertook it, however, and was fortunate enough, after an infinite number of experiments and great labour, to bring it to a happy conclusion. The whole English language is now methodically and systematically arranged at my fount, so that printing can now be performed with greater dispatch and with less expense than according to the mode hitherto in use.”

Logography, we find, enables Mr. J. Walter to sell his paper “over one halfpenny under the price paid for seven out of eight of the morning papers.” Twopence-halfpenny is the price affixed to the first number of the *Daily Universal Register*. There is something remarkably straightforward and simple in the manner in which this economical claim to public support is enforced. Editors living seventy years later, can scarcely approve of such an appeal. It savours too much of the man of business to suit their professional habits. But the Father of *The Times* deserves to be studied even in those points in which he can no longer serve as a model; we subjoin, therefore, his words: “I indulge a hope that the sacrifice I make of the usual profits of printing will be felt by a generous public; and that they will so far favour me with advertisements, as to enable me to defray the

heavy expenses attending the literary departments in the paper, and to make a livelihood for myself and my family. The favour that I now earnestly solicit, I shall diligently labour to preserve, without entertaining a presumptuous wish that I may enjoy it one moment longer than I shall be found to deserve it."

In politics, the Register is to be "of no party." The proprietor trusts, however, "to cool the animosities, stifle the resentments, manage the personal honour, and reconcile the principals of the contending parties." A declaration of editorial policy betraying no aspirations for the distinction afterwards attained by the Thunderer. Yet censure is to be administered when necessary, but "conveyed in language that is suited to the respect due to the public, before whose tribunal the individual is arraigned;" while "nothing shall find a place in the Universal Register which can tend to wound the ear of delicacy or corrupt the heart." As to the advertisements admissible, Mr J. Walter observes, "A newspaper in this particular ought to resemble an inn, where the proprietor is obliged to give his house to the use of all travellers, who are ready to pay for it, and against whose persons there is no legal or moral objection." The miscellaneous articles of intelligence are then enumerated. The Theatres take the lead. Faithful accounts of all remarkable trials at law are promised; particularly those "in which the mercantile world may be most interested." This paragraph, amounting to ten lines, is, by a blunder sometimes incidental to first publications, printed twice over.

Hitherto the proprietor has spoken in the first person; but, he drops into the third at the close:

"Such is the plan that Mr. J. Walter has laid down for the conduct of his paper; he now sends it forth to the world in hopes that it will appear to the public, deserving of their encouragement. For his own part, he will no longer expect their countenance and favour than he shall be found strictly to adhere to the engagements in which he now enters, in this sketch, which he humbly begs leave to lay before them.—
J. WALTER."

A notice follows, remarkable for the way in which contributions are solicited, and the kind of persons appointed to receive them:—Mr. Searle, grocer, fifty-five, Oxford Street; Mr. Thrale, pastrycook, opposite the Admiralty, Mr. Wilson's Library, forty-five, Lombard Street; Mr. Pratts, greengrocer, eighty-four, Wapping; and Mr. Sterney, one hundred and fifty-six, opposite Saint George's Church, Borough. The office in Printing house Square, of course, heads the list. This address of Mr. J. Walter is remarkable for modesty and sense. The pledges which it gives are remarkably prophetic of success.

How did Mr. J. Walter make good his claims to public encouragement in the first number of the Daily Universal Register? No parlia-

mentary debates required insertion on that memorable first of January. These, and the editorial remarks, or leading article, are supplied by the address from which we have quoted; occupying three columns. Foreign intelligence, which in The Times present fills six or eight columns, scarcely takes up one in The Times past; the dispositions of all the courts of Europe are dispatched in less space than a second rate court now requires. It contains, however, a smart thing; the answer made by the King of Prussia to the Commandant of Cleves, who wanted to know how he was to act if the Austrian troops should attempt to pass through his territories. The answer was, "That if the Austrian troops marched towards the Dutchy of Cleves, he should tell them they had mistaken their way; if they persisted, he should make prisoners of them; and, if they resisted, he should kill them." Signed, FREDERICK." The Court News gives the ode for the new year, by the poet-laureat, Paul Whitehead, sung in the council-chamber before their Majesties; who, it appears came up from Windsor on New Year's Eve, and visited the theatre. The examination of a bankrupt is the only law report. There are no police-cases, accidents and offences, or criticisms. One correspondent writes, signing himself Gregory Gazette, whom we suspect was in collusion with the editor, and has no object in writing, but to publish certain observations respecting newspapers and newspaper conductors, which would not have fallen with so good a grace from the proprietor. Gregory Gazette is facetious in a quiet way, and tells us, The Universal Register, it is expected, will be carried on to the satisfaction of an impartial public. Its plan being liberal and comprehensive, all sorts and sizes, denominations and descriptions of men, have nothing to do but to advertise in the Universal Register, and they will immediately hear of something to their advantage. He continues thus:—

"Much has been said in praise of public prints in general. Even rhetoric and eloquence have been pressed into their service. It has been said that the four winds (the initial of which make up the word NEWS) are not so capricious or so liable to change as our public intelligencers. On Monday there is a whisper,—on Tuesday, a rumour,—on Wednesday, a conjecture,—on Thursday, a probable,—on Friday, a positive,—on Saturday, a premature."

Passing over a memorial from the Empress of Russia to her minister at the Hague (which appears to have given an alarm in Amsterdam, so emphatically did her Majesty call the Dutch her friends and allies) and a paragraph on Irish Protection Duties, we proceed to the much vaunted feature of the new paper, the advertisements. Here is a great difference between the new Times, and the old Times. All the advertisements of the first number of the Daily Universal Register would scarcely fill one column of the supplement of to-day's

Times. There are no mysterious and sentimental advertisements; no advertisements for lost objects, individuals, and next of kin. With these exceptions, every class of advertiser is represented. Two deaths are announced; but no marriage or birth. The Theatre Royal in Drury Lane advertises, The Natural Son, and Harlequin Junior; Covent Garden, A new comedy, The Follies of the Day, or Marriage of Figaro, and a new pantomime, called, The Magic Cavern, or Virtue's Triumph. Four ships, two Naucys, the Lively, and the Betsey, advertise to sail for Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Smyrna, and Constantinople, average two hundred tons. Fourteen booksellers' advertisements invite the reading public to patronise Mr. Walter's new improvement in printing, applied to a series of works by eminent authors; first volume: *Watts's Improvement of the Mind*; novels, having the following promising titles: *Modern Times*, or the *Adventures of Gabriel Outcast*, in imitation of *Gil Blas*, by the *Literary Society*; *The Young Widow*, or the *History of Mrs. Ledwich*; the *History of Lord Belford and Miss Sophia Woodley*; *St. Ruthven's Abbey*; *The Woman of Letters*, or *History of Fanny Bolton*; *A Lesson for Lovers*, or *History of Colonel Melville and Lady Richly*; *Adventures of a Cavalier*, by *Daniel Defoe*; a dramatic original, entitled, *The Governess*, or the *Boarding School Dissected*, wherein are exposed in dramatic order, the errors in the present mode of female education, and a method of correcting them, &c., &c.; one religious book, one medical, a commercial treatise, a system of short-hand, *Mrs. Martyr's* new song, sung by that lady, as the page in the new comedy, and other music; a work on the peerage; an illustrated serial on the antiquities of England and Wales; a little item or two in the way of a complete *Fortune Teller*, and sentimental or conversation cards; notice of an injunction against the sale of *Cook's Voyages*, and an apology for the life of *Mrs. Bellamy*, in the same advertisement with *Bell's British Theatre*, in twenty-one volumes. So much for literature and art.

There is a notice of the child of the sun, exhibiting in Picadilly, and of the hundred and sixty-five surprising cures by *Buzalo*, opposite *Somerset House* in the Strand, on persons of the first distinction. The *Moses* of the day advertises gentlemen's great coats at ten shillings and sixpence, and other marvels in the way of dress; one draper appeals to the ladies, and one ironmonger to house-keepers. Coals, plate, and turtle, have each one advertisement. *Mrs. King of Chigwell, Essex*, announces the opening of her school for the tenth of January. Although the only advertiser of the scholastic profession, the good lady thinks it necessary to append a little puff. As she has always been accustomed to watch and improve the opening mind, hopes to give satisfaction to those who intrust her with so important a charge.

One gentleman wishes to engage a travelling companion; one printer offers to conduct a business in his trade; one cook and one footman want places; two houses are to be let, and one set of genteelly furnished lodgings. Thirteen or fourteen sales are advertised, four "by candle." One advertisement is headed, Exemption from Parish Offices, and runs thus: "To be disposed of a certificate, which will discharge the owner thereof from all parish offices, in the parish of Christ-church, Spittal-Fields, in the county of Middlesex." To all the advertisers, the editors address the following notice:—

"We would with pleasure have inserted GRATIS all the advertisements sent to us, had we not received an intimation from the Stamp-office, that the King's duty must be paid for every advertisement that should appear in our first day's paper; we were therefore obliged to leave out all the favours of our advertising friends, who, unapprised of this circumstance, did not send the stamp-duty with each advertisement."

Such, in political information, literary matter, and advertisements, is the first number of the *Daily Universal Register*. On the anniversary of its third year, the Register took the title it now bears, having then reached the nine hundred and fortieth number.

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

"A COURT MARTIAL! Is it possible?" exclaimed my friend, on looking into the general order book, which was put before him on the breakfast table. "Well, I did not think it would come to that."

"I did," said the Major of the regiment, who was sitting opposite to him. "For it strikes me that the chief is never so happy as when he is squabbling with the members of the courts, and publicly reprimanding them for their inconsistency, or whatever else may occur to him. This is the seventh court martial held in this station within the past two months, and, with the exception of one case, the whole of them were unnecessary."

"I was tempted to ask, who was to be tried?"

"Two boys," replied the Major, "who thought proper to quarrel at the mess table, and to make use of a certain little word, not altogether becoming gentlemen, if applied to one another. The Senior Captain, who was the senior officer present, very properly put them under arrest, and sent them to their quarters. Our Colonel, who is, I am very happy to say, extremely particular on this, as well as on every other point that tends to preserve the tone and character of the regiment, wished these lads to receive from a higher authority than himself, a severe reprimand. That authority was the General of the Division; and if the General of the Division had been Sir Joseph Thackwell, an officer of sound judgment, or any commander of Sir Joseph's stamp, all would have been

well. But the Colonel, who has since found out the mistake that he made in not weighing the individual character of Sir Doodle, forwarded the case on to him, through the Brigadier, in the regular way; the young gentlemen meanwhile remaining under arrest. The Colonel, also saw Sir Doodle privately, and pointed out to him, so far as he could make himself understood, that a severe reprimand was all that was required. Sir Doodle however, did not view the matter in this light, and forwarded the proceedings to the Commander-in-Chief, at Simlah. After a fortnight's delay, during which time those two boys have been confined to their respective bungalows, the order has come down for a general court martial, to assemble and try them. This will involve a further imprisonment of some three or four weeks; for the chief is sure to find fault with the courts presiding, and send back the proceedings for revision, and reconsideration, previous to confirming and approving of them."

"And what do you suppose will be the upshot?" I asked.

"That the lads will be released, or ordered to return to their duty," said the Major. "Have you ever witnessed a military court martial?"

"No."

"Then I would advise you to witness this."

On the following day, a frightfully hot day, the thermometer being at ninety-two, I accompanied my friend in his buggy to the mess-room of the regiment, where I beheld some five and twenty officers in full-dress. All these officers were in some way or other connected with the trial; besides these there were present some five and thirty officers in red or blue jackets, but without their swords; these were spectators. It was altogether a very imposing scene; especially when the thirteen members took their seats around the table, the President in the centre, and the Deputy-Judge-Advocate of the division opposite to him; the prisoners standing behind the chair of the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General. The lads were now perfectly reconciled to each other, and as good friends as ever. Indeed, on the morning that followed their use of the one very objectionable little word, mutual apologies and expressions of regret passed between them; and, in so far as the settling of the quarrel between themselves was concerned, it was most judiciously and satisfactorily arranged by their respective friends.

The Court having been duly sworn, and the charges read aloud by the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, the prisoners were called upon to plead. Both of them wished to plead guilty, and said so, in a low tone to the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, who in an equally low tone of voice, said:—

"No, don't do that; say 'Not guilty.'"

"But look here, my dear fellow," said one of the prisoners to the functionary (officer),

who was the prosecutor on the occasion; "what's the use of denying it? We did make two fools of ourselves."

"Yes, what's the use of wasting time?" said the other prisoner.

"If we plead guilty, there's an end of it, and the Court can sentence us at once, and send the papers up to Simlah by to-night's post. I am sick of that cursed bungalow of mine, and want to have a change of air."

"Well, do as you like," said the Deputy-Judge-Advocate. "But my advice is that you plead Not guilty, and then in your defence you can put forth whatever you please in extenuation, and mitigation of the punishment."

"But here we are brought up for calling each other liars, in a moment of passion, and if we say we did not call each other liars, we are liars." "And, what is more, we are liars in cold blood," urged one of the prisoners.

"Will you admit that you were drunk?" said the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General.

"No," they both called out. "We were not strictly sober perhaps. But where is it about being drunk? We didn't see that in the charge."

"Yes, here it is, in the second instance of the second charge, 'having while in a state of intoxication at the mess table of Her Majesty's — Regiment of Foot, on the night &c., &c., &c.'"

"Oh! that's an infamous falsehood, you know. Who said that? Not Captain Stansfield, who put us under arrest? If he swears that, he shall answer for it. Intoxicated! not a bit of it! Screwed, nothing more!" cried the younger officer in a sort of stage whisper. "On my honour, as an officer and a gentleman, nothing more."

"These charges have come down from headquarters, having been prepared in the office of the Judge-Advocate-General."

"Who is he? What's his name?" asked the prisoners.

"Colonel Birch," was the reply.

"Then he shall give up his authority."

"Well, plead Not guilty, and you will have it."

"Very well then, off she goes; 'Not guilty!' Fifty not guilty's, if you like, on that point."

While this little, but interesting debate was pending between the prosecutor and the prisoners, the various members of the Court were holding with each other a little miscellaneous conversation, or otherwise amusing themselves.

Colonel Jackstone, of the native infantry (who was the president of the court martial, in virtue of the seniority of his rank) was talking to Colonel Colverly, of the dragoons, about some extraordinary ailment of his wife which required the constant administration of brandy and soda-water, in order to keep her alive. It was a low, sinking fever, he said, from which she had suffered for the last six or seven years, at intervals of three months; and it

was always worse in the hot weather than at any other season of the year. Captain Bulstrade, of the artillery, was talking to Major Wallchaffe, of the light (Bengal) cavalry, concerning a fly-trap, which he had that morning invented; a gingerbeer, or soda-water bottle, half-filled with soap-suds, and the opening besmeared with honey, or moistened sugar. Captain Dundriffe, was recommending Captain Nolens to buy some beer which a native merchant had recently imported into the station. Lieutenant-Blade, of the dragoons, was playing at odd and even, with his fingers, on honour, with Lieutenant Theston, of the same regiment; and, with a pretence of being ready to take notes of the proceedings of the court martial, each, pen in right hand, was keeping an account of the score. Blade used to boast of being the inventor of this simple game; but there were officers in India who declared that it owed its existence to a late Commander-in-Chief of the forces; and who invented it at school, when he had been shut up in a dark room, (with another boy, as fond of gambling as himself,) as a punishment for card playing, and other games of chance requiring light to see what was going on. Nothing could possibly be simpler than the game, and played as it was, on honour, nothing could be fairer. Blade lost thirty pounds on the first day of the court martial, but won the greater part of it back on the day following. Of course it would not do to play at this game with strangers, or promiscuous acquaintances. Lieutenant Belterton of the regiment, was making use of the pens, ink, and paper, by sketching the President and several others who had somewhat prominent noses; and young Loffer was trying to rival him in this amusement. My own friend was very busy writing; and, from the serious expression on his countenance, you might have fancied he was composing a sermon, or writing a letter of advice to a refractory son, he folded up the paper, and passed it round till at last it reached me. I open it, and read as follows:—"We shall be here till four. Take the buggy and drive up to the bungalow, and tell the khidmutghar to bring down the ice-basket, also Mr. Belterton's ice-basket, with a plentiful supply of soda water from our mess; for they are rather short here, and can't stand a heavy run upon them. Tell him also to bring several bottles of our Madeira, for theirs I do not like, and won't drink. It has not age, and has not travelled sufficiently. Cigars, also. I am literally bathed in perspiration, and so I fancy are most of us at this end of the table, for the punkah is too far distant to admit of our receiving any benefit therefrom. This is an awful business."

In compliance with the request contained in the above note, I left the Court, drove off as rapidly as possible, and communicated my friend's wishes to his servant, who immedi-

ately hastened to fulfil them. By the time I returned to the Court the first witness was under examination. Such a waste of time! Such a trial to the temper of all present! Instead of allowing the Senior Captain to state the facts—and he would have done so in less than three minutes—and then take them down on paper, each question was written on a slip of paper, and submitted to the President, by the Deputy-Judge-Advocate, who showed it to the officers sitting on either side of him, who nodded assent. The question was then read aloud to the witness:—

"Were you present on the night of the tenth of April, at the mess-table of her Majesty's—Regiment of Foot?"

The Captain replied, "I was."

The question and answer were then copied into "the book," and the slip of paper on which the question was originally written was torn up. This occupied, (for the Deputy-Judge-Advocate was not a rapid writer, and was apparently in no particular hurry, being a man of very equable temperament) eight minutes. The second question was put in precisely the same way, the same ceremonies having been gone through. The second question was:—

"Were the prisoners present on that occasion?"

"They were," replied the Captain.

Again the copying process went on, slowly and methodically, and Blade, who was still playing odd and even, called out in a loud voice, to make it appear that he was giving up his mind entirely to the investigation:—

"What was the answer? I did not hear it distinctly; be so good as to request the witness to speak up."

"He said, 'They were,'" returned the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General.

"Oh! 'They were,'" repeated Blade; writing down a mark, signifying that he had just lost four rupees.

Twenty minutes had now elapsed, and the above was all that had been elicited from the first witness, who was seemingly as impatient as most of the members of the Court. The Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, however, had patience enough for all present, and so had Blade, and his adversary at odd and even. My friend having scowled at Blade for putting his question, and thus prolonging the inquiry, that aggravating officer now periodically spoke to the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, who invariably put down his pen to answer him; just as if he could not possibly speak with that instrument in his hand. It was a quarter past two when the examination in chief was concluded. It began at twelve precisely; so that two hours and fifteen minutes had been consumed in taking down the following, and no more:—

"I was present on the night in question, and placed the prisoners under an arrest, for giving each other the lie in an offensive and

ungentlemanlike manner. They were excited seemingly by the wine they had taken ; but I cannot say that they were drunk."

The Court then adjourned for half-an-hour to the mess-room, to take some refreshment. Every one dripping, drenched. Then came the opening the fronts of the thick red cloth coats, and the imbibing of brandy and soda water, iced beer, and other fluids, and sundry violent exclamations, that it was worse than the battle of Sobroan—more trying to the constitution. Every one then sat down to tiffin ; and, having hastily devoured a few morsels, smoked cheroots.

"I say, Blade," said the Senior Captain, "what did you mean by wishing me to speak up? Surely you heard my answer?"

"Mean, my dear fellow? I meant nothing—or if I did, it was only to take a mild rise out of you. However, don't interrupt me just now, for I am thinking over a lot of questions I intend to put to you, when we get back into Court."

"Questions? About what?"

"Drink! That's all I will tell you at present. You don't suppose that I was born the son of a judge of the Queen's Bench for nothing, do you? If so, you are vastly mistaken. Is that your Madeira or ours?"

"Ours."

"Then just spill some into this glass. Ours is not good certainly, but it would not do to say so before the Colonel. Ah!" sighed the lieutenant, after taking a draught; "that is excellent! Yes. Drink is the topic on which I intend to walk into you, practically. And be very careful how you answer, or you will have the Commander-in-Chief down upon you with five-and-twenty notes of admiration at the end of every sentence of his general order; thirty-five notes of interrogation in the same; and every other word in italics, or capitals, in order to impress the matter of his decision firmly on our minds. 'Was the Court raving mad? Witness ought to be tried!!! folly! imbecility! childishness! The veriest schoolboy ought to know better! Deputy-Judge-Advocate ignorant of his duty!!! The President insane!!!! Confirmed, but not approved!!!!'"

"What are you making such a noise about, Blade?" inquired the colonel of his regiment, good-naturedly.

"Nothing, Colonel," said Blade. "No noise. But here is a man who has the audacity, in our own mess-house, to asperse the character of our Madeira." And, taking up the Senior Captain's own bottle, and holding it before the Senior Captain's face, he exclaimed,—looking at the Colonel, "he positively refuses to taste it, even."

"Nonsense," said the cavalry colonel, approaching them with a serious air, and with an empty glass in his hand. "Nonsense! Do you really mean to say that our Madeira is not good—excellent?"

"No, Colonel," said the Senior Captain of the Royal Infantry regiment.

"Taste it, and say what you think of it, Colonel," said Blade, filling the Colonel's glass, which was held up to receive the liquid, with a willingness which imparted some mirth to the beholders. "Taste it. There."

"I have tasted it," said the Colonel, "and pronounce it to be the best I ever drank in my life, and, in my judgment, infinitely superior to that of any other mess."

"So I say," said Blade, filling his glass; "but the misfortune is, he won't believe me."

"Order a fresh bottle of our wine for him, Blade," said the Colonel, "and let him taste the top of it."

"No, thank you, Colonel," said the Senior Captain; "I would rather not. Remember I have to conclude my examination."

"Ah, so you have," said the Colonel, moving away. "But take my word for it, that better Madeira than ours was never grown or bottled."

When the Court resumed its sitting, I observed that some of the members of the Court became drowsy, and dropped off to sleep, opening one eye occasionally, for a second or two; others became fidgety, impetuous, and argumentative. The President inquired if the members of the Court would like to ask the witness any questions. Several responded in the affirmative, and began to write their questions on slips of paper. Blade, however, was the first to throw his slip across the table to the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, who, having read it, handed it across to the President, who showed it to the officers on either side of him, who nodded assent. The question was then handed back to the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, who proceeded to read it aloud.

"You have stated that the prisoners were under the influence of wine, but that they were not drunk. What do you mean?"

"I mean," said the Senior Captain, "that they—"

"Not so quick, please," said the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General. "You mean that? —Yes—I am quite ready."

"I mean," said the witness, "that though they had both been partaking freely of wine, they were not—"

"Freely of wine—don't be in a hurry," said the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General; repeating each word that he took down.

"Mind, he says 'Freely,'" said Blade. "Freely of wine." The word 'freely' is important—very important. Have you got down the word freely?"

"Yes," said the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, having put down his pen to ascertain the fact, and make it known to his interrogator.

"Very well," said Blade. "Then put the rest of the answer down, at your earliest convenience. I am in no particular hurry."

"Well?" said the Deputy-Judge-Advo-

cate-General to the witness—"they were not—not what?"

"Not drunk," said the witness.

"There is nothing about drunkenness in the charges," said the President; "where are the charges?"

"Here, sir," said the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General. "But, please let me write down your remark, before we go any further."

"What remark!" inquired the President.

"That there is nothing about drunkenness in the charges. According to the last general order, His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, on the last court martial held in this station, everything that transpires should be recorded." And the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General then resumed his writing in the slowest and most provoking manner imaginable. Several of the audience walked out of the Court, and went into the room where the refreshments were. I followed them. We remained absent for more than ten minutes; but, when we came back, the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General had not yet written up to the desired point, previous to going on with Blade's question. This, at length accomplished, he looked at the President and said, "Yes, sir?"

"There is nothing about drunkenness, and the prisoners are not charged with it," said the President. "The words, 'while in a state of intoxication,' are to all intents and purposes surplusage."

"There I differ with you, sir," said the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General.

"So do I," said Blade.

"Clear the Court!" cried the President; whereupon the audience, the prisoners, the witnesses—in fact, all save the members of the Court and the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, withdrew, whilst a discussion, which lasted for three-quarters of an hour was carried on. Every member giving his opinion, and most of them speaking at the same time.

When we returned to the Court, after three-quarters of an hour's absence, the senior captain resumed his seat near the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General. We were not informed of what had taken place. A pause of several minutes ensued, when Blade threw across the table another little slip on which was written a long sentence. The Deputy Judge-Advocate-General handed it to the President, who, on reading it, looked a good deal astonished, and shook his head, whereupon Blade, who was evidently bent on mischief, called out, "We are all of that opinion at this end of the table."

The President then handed Blade's written question to the officer who sat next to him on his right, and that officer passed it on to the next, the next to the next, and so on till it had been seen by every member of the Court. Some signified by a nod, some by a shake of the head, others by a shrug of the shoulders what they thought about it; and, as there seemed to be a difference of opinion,

the Court was again cleared in order that the votes for or against might be taken. So once more we were driven into the mess-room to refresh ourselves and laugh over the absurdity of the whole proceeding. After waiting there for about five-and-thirty minutes, the Adjutant announced, in a loud voice, "The Court is open!" and we returned to hear the President say that, as it was now nearly four o'clock, the Court must be adjourned—another absurdity in connection with courts martial. After four o'clock the Court must not sit, even if twenty minutes in excess of that hour would end the proceedings, and render another meeting unnecessary.

The Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General then locked up his papers in a box, placed it under his arm, bowed to the Court, walked off, called for his buggy, and drove home. The members of the Court, the prisoners, and the audience, then dispersed, and retired to their respective bungalows; all very tired, and very glad of some repose. My friend, on taking off his coat, asked me to feel the weight of it out of curiosity. Saturated as it was, it must, including the epaulettes, have weighed some five-and-twenty pounds.

The next day, at eleven, the Court again met. The first thing that was done was to read the proceedings of the previous day. This duty was performed by the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, and, slowly as he read, it was over in twelve minutes, for I timed him. That is to say, it had taken four hours and a-half to get through the real business of twelve minutes, or, giving a very liberal margin, the business of half an hour.

And now another very curious feature of an Indian court martial presented itself. The President asked the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General if he had furnished the prisoners with a copy of the past day's proceedings. The Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General said:—

"No; the prisoners had not asked for a copy."

The President said:—

"That does not signify. Did you tender them a copy?"

"No, sir."

"Then you ought to have done so."

The prisoners here said that they did not want a copy.

The President's answer to this innocent remark was, that whatever they had to say they must reserve till they were called upon for their defence.

Desirous of not provoking the animosity of the President, they bowed, and very respectfully thanked him for the suggestion. Whereupon the President, who was a terrible talker, and passionately fond of allusions to his own career in the army, mentioned a case within his own personal knowledge. It was a case that happened in Canada, and he had reason, he said, to remember it, because he was at the time on the staff of that distin-

gushed officer Sir James Kemp, and heard Sir James remark upon it. The Honourable Ernest Augustus Fitzblossom, a younger son of the Earl of Millflower, was tried for cheating at cards, was found guilty, and sentenced to be cashiered. This sentence was confirmed and approved by the General Commanding-in-Chief, and the Honourable Lieutenant went home. An appeal was made to the Horse Guards, and it came out that no copy of each day's proceedings had been tendered to the prisoner, and upon that ground the whole of the proceedings were declared by his Royal Highness the Duke of York to be null and void. He (the President, did not mean to offer any opinion on that case, but he merely quoted it, and, being on Sir James's staff at the time, he had reason to remember, in order to show that such was the rule.

A Captain in the Bengal Cavalry said he knew of a case which occurred in this country (India) where the very reverse was held. The prisoner—a Lieutenant Burkett of the Bengal Native Infantry—was tried for being drunk whilst on outpost duty. The trial lasted for seventeen days, for no less than thirty-eight witnesses—principally natives—were examined. The Lieutenant, at the close of the case for the prosecution, demanded a copy of the proceedings, in order to assist him in drawing up his defence. His demand was not complied with. He was convicted and dismissed the service. He appealed to the Commander-in-Chief, who ruled that a prisoner had no right whatever to a copy of the proceedings until after his conviction, and therefore he confirmed and approved the sentence, or rather, as he had done that already, he rejected the appeal.

“Did he appeal to the Horse Guards?” asked the President.

“No; he belonged to the Company's service.”

“Well, did he appeal to the Directors? They might have restored him. They have just restored a man Bagin, who was cashiered two years ago for gross fraud and falsehood in several instances.”

“Yes, I know. Bagin was in my regiment. But Bagin has an uncle in the direction, besides a step-father who would have had to support him and his family if his commission had not been restored to him. Burkett had no friends, and very lucky for him.”

“How do you mean?”

“He entered the service of a native prince; and, being a steady fellow and a clever fellow, he made a fortune in the course of nine years, and is now living at home on his fifteen hundred a-year.”

“I know of another case,” said another member of the Court, and he proceeded to detail the particulars. When he had finished, another member told of another case; and so this desultory narration of individual experiences went on for one hour and a-half—the Deputy-Judge-Advocate, with

his tongue protruding, writing away as methodically as possible. What he was writing I do not know; but I fancy he was taking down the “heads” of the various cases that were quoted, in order that his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief might have the satisfaction of examining them. I was told afterwards that we, the audience and the prisoners, ought not to have been allowed to remain in Court during this narration of cases, and the anecdotes which the narrators wove into them; but I need scarcely say I was very glad that our presence had been overlooked; for if I had not seen and heard what took place, I should not certainly have believed, and therefore should not have dreamt of describing it. It was during this conversation that Blade won back from his adversary, at odd and even, the greater portion of the money he had lost on the previous day; not that either Blade or his adversary failed to take a part in the conversation, for both of them wove, now and then, ejaculate, “What an extraordinary case!” “Did you ever!” “No—never!” “It seems impossible!” “Cashiered him?” “Shameful!” “Who could have been the chairman of the Court of Directors?” “A Dissenter, I'll be bound!”

“Well, sir,” said the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General to the President, when he had finished his writing. “What shall we do? Shall we adjourn the Court until a copy of yesterday's proceedings is made, and given to the prisoners?”

“No doubt,” said the President. “That is the only way in which the error can be repaired. But a copy must be delivered to each of them.”

“But had we better not take the opinion of the Court on the subject?” suggested the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General.

“By all means,” conceded the President; “but in that case, the Court must be cleared, while the votes are taken.”

“Clear the Court!” cried the Adjutant, and out we all marched again, into the mess-room, where more cheroots were smoked, and more weak brandy-and-water imbibed.

The third day came, and the Court re-assembled. The Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General read over the entire proceedings, beginning from the very beginning, the swearing of the members, up to the adjournment of the Court, and the reasons for such adjournment. Here another discussion or conversation ensued, as to whether it was necessary to read more than the last day's proceedings. The Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, said he was quite right. The President thought otherwise. All the other members of the Court spoke on the subject, many of them at the same time. Blade and his adversary also gave their opinions, the former for, and the latter opposed to the view taken by the President. As this was a point that must be cleared up, inasmuch as the decision that might be come

to would regulate the future proceedings in this respect, the Court was again "cleared," and we again marched into the room where the refreshments were to be had. In half-an-hour's time we were re-admitted. But it was not until the following day (for members are not allowed, in short they are bound by oath, not to divulge what may be decided when the doors are closed), that we learnt the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General had carried his point, and that a sort of parody of that old nursery story, about "the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig," was the proper way to open the proceedings of each day, during a protracted trial by general court martial!

So curiously is human nature constituted, that I, in common with the rest of the audience, began, after the fifth day to like the business, and to watch its various twistings and turnings with great interest. The mess house, at which the Court was held, became a favourite lounge for almost everybody in the station; and it was curious to hear the bets that were made with reference to the probable "finding," and the sentence. The trial lasted over thirteen days, inclusive of two Sundays, which intervened; and the proceedings were then forwarded to Simlah, where they remained for a fortnight awaiting the decision of the Commander-in-Chief, who, in fulfilment of Blade's prophecy, certainly did put forth "a snorter of a General Order," and as full as it could be of italics, capitals, and notes of exclamation and interrogation. His Excellency "walked into" the President, and recommended him to study some catechism of the Law of Courts' Martial, such a book as children might understand. His Excellency further remarked that the Senior Captain (the principal witness), or any man wearing a sword, ought to be ashamed of admitting that he was unable to define the various stages of intoxication; and that he was astounded to find that the Court in general should have paid so little attention to the admirable reasoning, on this point, of a junior member whose intelligence appeared to have enlisted no sympathy. (This had reference to Blade.) His Excellency went on to say, that he had never himself been drunk in the whole course of his long life, and to that fact he attributed his position; that if the Court had done its duty it would have cashiered the prisoners; that a "severe reprimand which the Court awarded was a mockery which stunk in the nostrils," and that the prisoners were to be released from arrest and return to their duty without receiving it. But the Chief did not end here. He went on to say, that he would maintain the discipline of the British army in the East, in all ranks, or else he would know the reason why. And being, I fancy, in some difficulty as to what to use, in the case (whether marks of admiration or interrogation), he em-

phasised the last word, of this culminating and very relevant sentence thus:

"WHY ?!!!"

It was a matter of grave doubt whether the determination, thus expressed, to uphold discipline in the army, was in any way assisted by such general orders as those fired off from the pen of the ardent Commander-in-Chief: the more especially as such general orders were copied into the newspapers, and were read by (or listened to while others were reading aloud), every non-commissioned officer and private in Upper India, Native and European. Three weeks after the promulgation of the general order just alluded to, a trooper in the dragoons having been talked to seriously by the captain of the troop, for some irregular conduct, thus unburthened himself:—

"You! What do I care for what you say? You are one of those infernal fools, whom the Commander-in-Chief pitched into the other day, for BEING a fool." And, as the peroration of this speech, consisted of the dashing off of the speaker's cap and hurling it into the captain's face, the man was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be transported for life.

If it be inquired by the reader whether the above description of a Court Martial in India is a fair specimen of what usually transpires at these tribunals, I reply emphatically "Yes;" and I make the assertion in this, the last of my papers of WANDERINGS, after having watched the proceedings of no fewer than eighteen Courts Martial during my sojourn in the East Indies.

"A GUDE CONCEIT O' OURSELS."

ON my twenty-second birthday, just five months ago, I gained the object of my highest ambition—the medal of the Academy of Arts of my native town—and on the same day sold a small landscape (with figures) for thirty guineas. I got thirty one-pound notes, and wrapt a shilling in each of them. Now, I said, I am too big for my native town, and the streets are too narrow. Fame has not room to distend her cheeks enough to blow the proper note. I will start to-morrow for London. There, what glories await me; orders from Lords, and commissions from my honoured Sovereign and my adored Prince Consort; invitations to Waldemar Castle and Montresorville Hall all the summer; journeys to the Bank every quarter in my own neat little brougham to invest in the three per cents. I will run no risk by loans or mortgages. And Miss Arabel, see if she will toss her head so high, and stalk away past me as if I were one of her father's clerks! I rather think she will see she has not shown much sense since I met her before the Exhibition opened.

These thoughts passed rapidly through my

mind as I was packing my portmanteau. My mother offered to help me in this operation; but success had altered my sentiments with regard to that antiquated relation so entirely, that I could not admit her to the privilege of touching my clothes. The stockings of the gold medallist had become sacred; the other habiliments of the painter of "Kippel Wood with figures, price thirty guineas," disdained a lower handling than his own, as I locked the portmanteau, put on the direction, and said, "Mother, I am going to toon by the morning train." My mother is Scotch, I am Scotch, and our pronunciation is of the Scotch Scotchest.

"Till the toon?" said the old lady; "what for do you need a train to gang till the toon?"

The provincial person did not know that Toon meant London. I snubbed her in a sharp yet dignified manner, as Michael Angelo might have snubbed his mother if she had been ignorant of something about Rome; and the conversation ended by the amazed old individual bursting into tears, and saying: "Oh, Jamie, if this is the way ye treat yer mither because yer gotten a bit round thing to hing round yer neck, I wish ye had never got the prize!"

Astonishing! She had never parted from me before without kissing me and saying: "Ah! Jamie, y'ere no very bonnie, but y'ere gude, and that's far better." My heart softened in a moment, I would have called her back and kissed her a hundred times, and told her I loved her better than ever; but she was gone. She had hurried into my aunt's, three doors down the lane; and there, family lamentation was held over my sad and unnatural disposition, and many wishes expressed that the prize might turn out to be a mistake, and to have been intended for somebody else. As if anybody else could paint anything worthy of a prize! Ha! ha! I laughed at the idea when it was reported to me at tea, and hugged the purse containing the thirty guineas with closer pertinacity to my breast. The proof of the painting is the price of it, I said, while my aunt sat and gloomed, and my mother looked at me with tears in her eyes. "He's sae changed, Ellen," she said to her scowling sister, "ye wad na ken him for the same laud" (this is the hideous way in which the northern barbarity pronounces "lad"), "he was aye a wee silly wi' his fraits and fancies, either in love wi' ither folk or thinking ither folk in love wi' him, but modest, and simple, and the kindest bairn to his auld mither; and only look at him noo!"

"Deed he's no very pleasant to look at any time," replied Aunty Nell; "for his squint's distressing, and the up-turn o' his nose is far frae engaging, and just at present I decline to look at him ava', for he puffs like a Hieland piper, and growls like a colley dog."

The infatuated pair carried on a conversation on the subject of my character, my personal appearance, my chances of success in the great world, the change come over me since the distribution, all as if I had been an article of furniture; or even with less delicacy, for I should be ashamed to speak so disparagingly (in its presence) of a chest of drawers as they spoke of me.

However, I heeded them not. I went full sail up the river of imagination, and saw myself president of the Royal Academy; proposing the prince's health at the annual dinner, sworn in of the right honourable privy council, and taking my seat at the board accordingly. How long they carried on their libellous discourse: how long I indulged in an agreeable prospect for the future I cannot tell; but at last my mother startled me in the middle of a walk with Lady Edith Maltravers, when I was in the very act of lifting her over a stile. I remember her long light hair got loose, and fell all over my face as I raised her in my arms; my mother interrupted me, I say, while I was whispering some nonsense or other in Lady Edith's ear, by screaming: "Are ye as ungrateful to ither folk as to me? Are ye no goin to say farewell till the President?"

The thought fell upon my heart like "light from the left," and I put my Glengarry bonnet on my head, and walked to the President's house. The President is a little stout man who married a printseller's daughter, and had all his finest pictures engraved by the cleverest artists. His uncle also was provost of the town, and his aunt was wife of the editor of the "Weekly Connoisseur." His genius therefore was universally acknowledged, and Sir Erskine Dawbie threw a new glory upon Scottish Art. He received me kindly. "What I have admired about you, Jamie," he said, "is your great modesty, and your beautiful affection to your mother. Try to overcome your bashfulness. It never did anybody any good. Continue to be kind to the auld woman, and I've no doubt you'll get on." My modesty! and I was conscious of what a striking peacock I had become. My affection to my mother! and the poor old body was weeping over my harshness. I felt as if the President had stung me. The wasp went on; "you have some drawbacks, Jamie, to contend against. You're very awkward in manner; and sometimes rather repulsive in look. You are uncommon little, and no very weel made. Your tongue seems a wee ow'r big for your mouth, and your accent—you'll forgive me for saying so—is perfectly atrocious. Some of these faults you canne correct, but others ye can—particularly the language; and I hope one of your first endeavours, when ye get to London, will be to learn the English tongue."

"But the brush has no accent," I said,

proudly, with my eye fixed on an imaginary picture on the wall of the Royal Academy.

"Deed has it," replied the President; "so you must nae paint Lincoln, or Devon, or any of the counties, but only Grosvenor Square and Park Lane, like Sir Thomas. But in fack ye need ne mind what ye heint, if ye can speak or get folk to speak for ye: for fortunes are made in London mair by the tongue than the paint-pot. Therefore I say again, learn to converse in a Christian-like voice, and no to screech like a reupen owl."

I have a particularly delicate ear, and the President's pronunciation fell on me like the death-cries of a thousand pigs; but I was conscious at the same time that my own was as bad—nay, worse; for the tone was sharper, and the words were more indistinct. And yet, with a perception of this, with a taste for music which would have made me a Paganini, I could not alter a note or a syllable. A house continued to be a "hooss," in spite of all I could do; and the cattle in my landscape were all "coos." Strange that I, who had painted the Kippel Wood, could not avoid calling it the Keeple Wud! While the President spoke, I could have killed him for his insulting unkindness; but on my way home I determined to profit by what he had said. I determined to banish all Scotticism from words and grammar; and, as I stalked past my two relations, who were still in deep sorrow at my behaviour, I made the first use of my undefiled English by telling my aunt I despised her "hantiquated hidears," and my mother that she was a "habsurd old ooman."

I went up the creaky old stairs to make preparations for my departure. A thought struck me just before I left my bedroom that old women must live, whether they were absurd or not, and that hantiquated hidears required support, whereupon I took out my breastful of notes, and left half of them on the table. I then walked majestically through the kitchen, and then the old ladies left off their crying for a moment, and my mother said: "Are ye no goin to say fareweel to yer auld mither?" I was on the point of breaking down. I was just in fact going to kiss her when she unluckily called me by my name. It is a hideous name, and all my indignation was roused. I said, "What demon tempted you to call me that? and above all, what made you marry a man who was marked for infamy by the patronymic of M'Craw? Is Sir Jemmy M'Craw a possible name for the President of the R. A.—? Mother! mother! you have been the ruin of your son!"

I rushed forth into the night with my portmanteau on my back, and my other properties under my arm. Passing up Glenlivet-street, I looked up to the windows of number nine. There was a party going on. I heard the piano, and fancied

for a moment how nice Miss Arabella M'Clarty looked while she scattered her soft touches upon the chords like a shower of rosebuds. The tune was "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad." As I dare say, M'Clavers, the advocate from Edinburgh, was there, glancing at her with his toddy-oozing eyes; and young Scoogle, the surgeon, inspecting her clavicle and sternum with professional admiration; and here was I, outside, loaded with luggage, solitary, unknown, gazing up to the lofty eminence of the first-floor window; for the ground-floor was occupied by the office of "Mr. Simon M'Clarty, Writer." Ha! ha! play on! I shrieked (inaudibly, as people do in books). The time will come when perhaps I may whistle, and perhaps I mayn't; but if I do, you, Miss Arabella M'Clarty, with your fine airs and graces, will come to me at the first note; but, after all, what are you to Lady Edith Maltravers? Go on, and tempt the whistle of M'Clavers, the advocate, or young Scoogle, the surgeon. You snobs! I despise you all! With which magnanimous declaration I took my place for Edinburgh; and, in due time continued my journey by the morning mail-train to London.

The mail-train to London I said, and in all safety and punctuality it reached its destination, but London I never attained. No; though my ticket was paid for the whole way, London I have never seen. Regent Street, Bond Street, the National Gallery, are all to me still undiscovered lands. A great change took place in my mind and fortunes, and this is how it occurred:

I got to Berwick in a pleasant day-dream all the time, only interrupted by the attempted conversation of some brutes in human form who would not leave me to myself. One ruffian, a guano-thoughted savage, who had come down from Doncaster to the Agricultural Show, seeing my easel and other properties stowed away beneath my seat, had the insolence to mistake me for a wandering musician, and asked me to favour the company wi' a play on the poipes. Another scoundrel thought the parcel contained a thimble-rig board, and asked to let him have a touch for the pea. I didn't like to reply; for my hideous Scottish accent glared in the face the farther I receded from my native land, and I felt certain my indignant responses would have been received with laughter. I could have given my life to be gifted for five minutes with a true English pronunciation, that I might have said, "Vulgar wretches, I look down on you with contempt. A gentleman holds no controversy with such disgusting snobs!" But too well I knew, if I had ventured to give utterance to these lofty words, the form they would have taken:—"Vulgar ratches! I luck doon on ye wi' contem. A gentleman does na' have any controversy wi' sich disgustin' snobs!" I was therefore silent, because my tongue could not obey the dictates of my mind. The fear

of my own pronunciation grew upon me with every mile; and, when I reached Paulborough, at which we were allowed a pause of twenty minutes for refreshment, I could not bring myself to ask for bread and butter, from the appalling consciousness that I should have demanded "brid and buther." I stood voiceless at the counter, tired with the journey, and nearly famished; when there appeared at the other side of the range of glasses and plates and bottles and tarts, a woman—no, a lady—no, an angel. Such a face I never saw—such a figure never moved in the dreams of Titian. Young, tall, light-haired, slim-waisted, blue-eyed, sweet-voiced,—dark gown, silk apron, gold necklace, lace jacket. Oh, how my heart went beating, beating; and she leaned across a salver covered with pork pies, and said, "Will you have anything to eat, sir?" "If all the gold in the Bank; if all the pearls in the sea; if all the diamonds in Golconda had been offered me to make an answer, I could not have done it. I stood open-mouthed, open-eyed, open-handed, feet wide apart, hat on the back of my head, and gazed at the celestial vision. What an arm! what shoulders! what a shape! what a chin! what lips!—and I never said a word. "A foreigner, I suppose," she said, with a smile, "poor fellow! I wonder where his organ and white mice are!"

I felt blinded by the sight of so much loveliness. I staggered rather than walked to the carriage I had come in. I took out my things, my trunk, and all my professional baggage, and laid them with a great thud on the platform. "Here I stay till I've spoken to that woman—till I've told her I adore her,—till I've painted her portrait,—till I've married her. I'll take her down with me to the north. We will settle ourselves in a charming cottage on the Tay, within the shadow of the Kippel Wood. I will paint all the morning with Adélisa (I wonder what her name is?) sitting beside me, or reposing on a sofa as my model for "Tired Huntress returning from the Chace." We will walk in the green lanes: we will fish in the flowing stream: we will read in the same book. "Get out o' that will ye," said the policeman, rudely pushing me from the edge of the platform. The passengers are taking their seats. Train's off, gentlemen: Now, sir, where do you wish to go?"

How could I tell the vulgar person where I wished to go? I had no wish to go anywhere. I knew nobody in Paulborough, nor the name of a street, nor the sign of a hotel. I gazed in at the open door of the first class refreshment-room long after the train had disappeared; and, still busy among the salvers, corking bottles, rinsing out glasses, rearranging plates of sandwiches was Adélisa. Ah, how beautiful she was as she coquetishly looked in the glass on the wall behind her, and tossed a stray ringlet into its proper

place, or smoothed down her little apron, or smiled to the inferior maidens, or to the red-faced mistress of the place, who sat at a window in an inner chamber—or to the stout old waiter, or the burly porter; smiles, smiles for all—but not a smile for me! or to the policeman, or to the steady old railway clerk—or,—or—He! perish the sight! crack eyes! break heart! a young man, tall and handsome, comes in from the street door, slips quietly behind the counter, takes her round the waist, chucks her under the chin, and says, "Veal and ham, Sukey, and a glass of cherry bounce."

"Now, sir, do you wish to go anywhere?" said the policeman.

"No," I said in a feeble voice; "I have no wish to go anywhere."

"Well, you mustn't stand here all day," said the man. "Down-train here in forty minutes; Sam, clear away the gentleman's luggage."

Had she knocked him down? Had she drawn herself up like Minerva helmet-headed, spear in hand? Had she cindered him into silence with a glance of preternatural fire? The brute was cutting his veal and ham, and putting little bits of it with his fork into her mouth, and sipping cherry-brandy, and making her sip it too—sip for sip. And I hadn't even asked her to give me a mutton pie, or a piece of bread and butter, or a glass of soda-water for fear of offending her delicate ear with my hyperborean brogue! Why wasn't I born in Suffolk, or Devon, or Yorkshire; where if the language is peculiar, it is still English, and this charming English woman would have recognised me for a countryman, and never have mocked me for my provincial tones.

"Where to sir?" said the porter, who had put all my worldly goods upon a truck.

"Wherever you like," I said, "the nearest change hoose." I knew twenty names for the sort of place I meant; but nothing would make its appearance on my disgusted lips but the basest of Scotch appellations.

"Where, sir?" inquired the ignorant fool.

"Pottus, ouse of hentertainment for man and beast! hinn! 'otel! public!" I cried in a fury of cockney pronunciation.

"Weiry good, sir," said the man, "you'll find hexcellent hale at the Fisherman; also skittles."

One glance I cast into the refreshment-room. She was alone—will I speak? will I take her hand? will I tell her all I feel? I couldn't. I felt assured of not being able to utter a syllable if I once got within the glamour of her look. So I followed the porter with a sigh off the platform, through the office across the street, and behold me in the coffee-room of the Fisherman.

"Brandy-and-water!" I said as I threw myself on a chair. "I will gather courage from the bottle to tell her my love. In forty minutes the Down-train will arrive, and I

shall see her again. Make haste, waiter—and let it be strong." My seat commanded a view of the entrance of the station. Puffing out of it with a cigar in his mouth, and his hat on one side of his head, there came forth the insolent clerk, who had shared his luncheon with — (brutal miscreant, why did he mention her name?) Sukey. To me she was Susan, Susannah, every form of the name but that; and, as I gazed on him, I hated him—hated him for his matchless impudence—his six feet height—his audacious countenance and manly face and beard. "Who is that?" I asked the waiter, when he brought me the tumbler.

"That, sir; that's young Glinders, son of Glinders and Co. the brewers."

"And waiter!" I said in a careless voice, "who is Sukey at the bar? the young lady in the lovely dress—the loveliest creature in England—small waist, fine shoulders, white hands—din ye ken her?"

"They say young Glinders is going to marry Miss Oggit, which her mother keeps the refreshment-room—praps it's her, sir."

Death! she shall be rescued from the hands of Glinders. I will show her my landscape—waiter, more drink!—quick! I will ask her to come out for a walk after the Down-train goes. If once I get her to listen—to understand—aye—but how is that to be done? Don't my frightful Scotch frighten her to death? Will she comprehend what I mean?

We walked in the cool of the evening. The sun still lay in golden touches on the tops of wood and spire—the path led gradually away from the town, and followed the windings of a burn. There were foot-stiles at every field; at every stile I helped her over. I held her hand as she placed her beautiful foot on the top-rail and leapt down to where I stood. Once when to support her better I placed her hand upon my shoulder, Glinders suddenly came up the hedge-row. He gloomed and glowered—with my disengaged hand I struck him, and felled him to the earth—such a blow as Wallace may have bestowed on an English tyrant; as Cuthullin leaping from his cloud-borne car may have administered to Connal of the azure locks. Cold lay Glinders in his woe, grief seized his heart. Fallen art thou, son of the brewer, and compassion fills my soul. Rise, captive of my spear, and leave my Susan to the voice of my praise—

"Waiter, if ye dinna bring me mair drink in one moment o' time, I'll brain ye on the wa—the train will be down in ten minutes."

She blushed a beautiful consent. "Thus ever," I cried, "is sincerity rewarded." I took her home my beautiful, my bride. My mother bent over her—my aunt cried with rapture. I took her forth and said, "come into the garden, Sue," and we listened together to the dry-tongued laurels, pattering talk. This is my home, I said, we can easily add a painting-room at the west. Here I will work all day. Fame, money, friends, will all pour in; and you, seated like a goddess on an emerald throne, shall receive the homage of my heart—"Waiter, there's the whistle o' the Down-train. Mair drink, or ye're a deed man."

I swallowed the brandy and water. I hurried across the street. The London passengers were already in the room. I joined them—a fat man held forth his dirty hand and seized a mutton-pie. She said sixpence, he threw it down again, and said it was an extortion, he never paid more than a fourpenny piece. I stood and looked at her. Our eyes met. She smiled—the quarrel was arranged, I know not how, I only saw her lips curling with divine compassion towards the savage, and I believed, a softer compassion towards myself. When they were all gone, when the room was again empty—I suddenly felt an impulse of ungovernable admiration. I stretched across the counter and seized her hand; I was forcing it to my lips, but upset a large cruet of cherry-brandy and a vast pyramid of tarts. She screamed and struggled. I held her taper fingers, "I canna live without ye," I cried. "Come and marry me this moment, or I'll dee on the floor. I'll see ye to the next Exhibition. Ye sall be Venus in a shell, or Cleopatra with the asp, or Joan of Arc with the sword; and as to Glinders, I'll murder the hail firm!"

The mayor of Paulborough, is the most disgusting looking fellow, I ever saw. He sat frowning and puffing on his chair-of-state, and fined me large suns by way of damage for the breakages, and five shillings for being disorderly, and incapable of taking care of myself.

Next night at a late hour, I tapped at my mother's window. She thought I was a ghost, and went through half the shorter catechism, before I could persuade her I was come back. "Mither," I said, as I swallowed some bread and cheese before going to bed. "I'm no going to leave ye any mair. The English dinna understand us ava. Were o'er modest and bashfu"—and that's the reason we never get on either wi' men or women—but yet modesty's a real merit in learning, and tawlent, and genius, and poetry, and painting, and metaphesics."

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EXPLORED IN TWO LETTERS.

LETTER THE FIRST. FROM MR. READER TO MR. AUTHOR.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sufficiently well-educated, and sufficiently refined in my tastes and habits, to be a member of the large class of persons usually honoured by literary courtesy with the title of the Intelligent Public. In the interests of the order to which I belong, I have a little complaint to make against the managers of our theatres, and a question to put afterwards, which you, as a literary man, will, I have no doubt, be both able and willing to answer.

For some months past, I have been proposing to address you on the subject of these lines. But, on reflection, I thought it best to wait until the Festival Performances in celebration of the marriage of the Princess Royal had especially directed our attention to the English Drama. It was not my good fortune to be present at any of those performances; but I read the criticisms on them in the newspapers with great attention. I found in most of the reviews a patriotic anxiety that our illustrious foreign visitors should derive a favourable impression of the English Drama, followed by a patriotic disapproval of certain imperfections in the representation of the plays, which threatened injury, in a dramatic point of view, to the honour of the nation. I have nothing to say on this point, not having been among the audience in the theatre. But, I have to express some surprise that the critics, while thinking of the dramatic credit of the nation, should have passed over the choice of the plays in silence, and merely have alluded to the manner of their representation.

Supposing any of our foreign visitors to have taken an interest in the matter, I should not be at all surprised to hear that one of them had expressed himself to the other, on the conclusion of the Festival Performances, in the following manner:—

"Illustrious Friend, we have been treated to the play (and our good suppers afterwards) for four nights. Three of those nights have been given to the English, to show us what state their dramatic art is in. One of the

nights I understand. It showed us what this nation can do in the musical department of the drama. We had an opera written by a living Briton, in the present time. Good, so far. Another of those nights, I also understand. We had Shakspeare. It was right to represent the greatest dramatic poet of the world, in the country that gave him birth. But the other night, also devoted to the English Drama, what on earth does it mean? We, as foreigners, having seen Shakspeare, next ask naturally what can Shakspeare's dramatic brethren of the present day do for the theatre of their own time? We have seen the English Drama of the past, what is the English Drama of the present? We ask that; and the answer is a play written seventy or eighty years ago, by a great wit whose jokes, speeches, and debts have become a part of the history of England. What! has there been no man, then, who has written an original English play, since the time of *The Rivals*? If we ask what this nation is doing now in the literature of fiction, will they present to us *Goldsmith*, *Sterne*, *Smollett*, *Fielding*? If we ask for their modern historians, will they raise the ghosts of *Hume* and *Gibbon*? What does it mean? There is living literature of a genuine sort in the English libraries of the present time,—is there no living literature of a genuine sort in the English theatre of the present time also?"

I can quite understand one of our foreign visitors putting these questions; but I cannot at all imagine how we could contrive to give them a creditable and a satisfactory answer. Speaking as one of the English public, I am not only puzzled, as the foreigners might be, but dissatisfied as well. I can get good English poems, histories, biographies, novels, essays, travels, criticisms, all of the present time. Why can I not get good English dramas of the present time as well?

Say, I am a Frenchman, fond of the imaginative literature of my country, well-read in all the best specimens of it,—I mean, best in a literary point of view, for I am not touching moral questions now. When I shut up *Balzac*, *Victor Hugo*, *Dumas*, and *Soulié*, and go to the theatre, what do I find? *Balzac*, *Victor Hugo*, *Dumas*, and *Soulié* again. The men who have been

interesting and amusing me in my arm-chair, interesting and amusing me once more in my stall. The men who can really invent and observe for the reader, inventing and observing for the spectator also. What is the necessary consequence? The literary standard of the stage is raised; and the dramatist by profession must be as clever a man, in his way, as good an inventor, as correct a writer, as the novelist. And what, in my case, follows that consequence? Clearly this: the managers of theatres get as much of my money at night, as the publishers of books get in the day.

Do the managers get as much from me in England? By no manner of means. For they hardly ever condescend to address me. I get up from reading the best works of our best living writers and go to the theatre, here. What do I see? The play that I have seen before in Paris. This may do very well for my servant, who does not understand French, or for my tradesman, who has never had time to go to Paris,—but it is only showing *me* an old figure in a foreign dress, which does not become it like its native costume. But, perhaps, our dramatic entertainment is not a play adapted from the French Drama. Perhaps, it is something English—a Burlesque. Delightful, I have no doubt, to a fast young farmer from the country, or to a convivial lawyer's clerk, who has never read anything but a newspaper in his life. But is it satisfactory to *me*? It is, if I want to go and see the Drama satirised. But I go to enjoy a new play—and I am rewarded by seeing all my favourite ideas and characters in some old play, ridiculed. This, like the adapted drama, is the sort of entertainment I do *not* want.

I read at home David Copperfield, The Newcomes, Jane Eyre, and many more original stories, by many more original authors, that delight me. I go to the theatre, and naturally want original stories by original authors, which will also delight me there. Do I get what I ask for? Yes, if I want to see an old play over again. But, if I want a new play? Why, *then* I must have the French adaptation, or the Burlesque. The publisher can understand that there are people among his customers who possess cultivated tastes, and can cater for them accordingly, when they ask for something new. The manager, in the same case, recognises no difference between me and my servant. My footman goes to see the play-actors, and cares very little what they perform in. If my taste is not his taste, we may part at the theatre door,—he goes in, and I go home. It may be said, Why is my footman's taste not to be provided for? By way of answering that question, I will ask another:—Why is my footman not to have the chance of improving his taste, and making it as good as mine?

The case between the two countries seems

to stand thus, then:—In France, the most eminent literary men of the period write, as a matter of course, for the stage, as well as for the library table; and, in France, the theatre is the luxury of all classes. In England, the most eminent literary men write for the library table alone; and, in England, the theatre is the luxury of the illiterate classes—the house of call where the ignorance of the country assembles in high force, where the intelligence of the country is miserably represented by a minority that is not worth counting. What is the reason of this? Why has our modern stage no modern literature?

There is the question with which I threatened you. To what do you attribute the present shameful dearth of stage literature? To the dearth of good actors?—or, if not to that, to what other cause? Of one thing I am certain, that there is no want of a large and a ready audience for original English plays, possessing genuine dramatic merit, and appealing, as forcibly as our best novels do, to the tastes, the interests, and the sympathies of our own time. You, who have had some experience of society, know as well as I do, that there is in this country a very large class of persons whose minds are stiffened by no Puritanical scruples, whose circumstances in the world are easy, whose time is at their own disposal, who are the very people to make a good audience and a paying audience at a theatre, and who yet, hardly ever darken theatrical doors more than two or three times in a year. You know this; and you know also that the systematic neglect of the theatre in these people, has been forced on them, in the first instance, by the shock inflicted on their good sense by nine-tenths of the so-called new entertainments which are offered to them. I am not speaking now of gorgeous scenic revivals of old plays—for which I have a great respect, because they offer to sensible people the only decent substitute for genuine dramatic novelty to be met with at the present time. I am referring to the “new entertainments” which are, in the vast majority of cases, second-hand entertainments to every man in the theatre who is familiar with the French writers—or insufferably coarse entertainments to every man who has elevated his taste by making himself acquainted with the best modern literature of his own land. Let my servant, let my small tradesman, let the fast young farmers and lawyers' clerks, be all catered for! But surely, if they have their theatre, I, and my large class, ought to have our theatre too? The fast young farmer has his dramatists, just as he has his novelists in the penny journals. We, on our side, have got our great novelists (whose works the fast young farmer does *not* read)—why, I ask again, are we not to have our great dramatists as well?

With high esteem, yours, my dear Sir,
A. READER.

LETTER THE SECOND. FROM MR. AUTHOR TO MR. READER.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thoroughly understand your complaint, and I think I can answer your question. My reply will probably a little astonish you—for I mean to speak the plain truth boldly. The public ought to know the real state of the case, as regards the present position of the English stage towards English Literature, for the public alone can work the needful reform.

You ask, if I attribute the present death of stage literature to the dearth of good actors? I reply to that in the negative. When the good literature comes, the good actors will come also, where they are wanted. In many branches of the theatrical art they are not wanted. We have as good living actors among us now as ever trod the stage. And we should have more if dramatic literature called for more. It is literature that makes the actor—not the actor that makes literature. I could name men to you, now on the stage, whose advance in their profession they owe entirely to the rare opportunities, which the occasional appearance of a genuinely good play has afforded to them, of stepping out—men whose sense of the picturesque and the natural in their art, lay dormant, until the pen of the writer woke it into action. Show me a school of dramatists, and I will show you a school of actors soon afterwards—as surely as the effect follows the cause.

You have spoken of France. I will now speak of France also; for the literary comparison with our neighbours is as applicable to the main point of my letter as it was to the main point of yours.

Suppose me to be a French novelist. If I am a successful man, my work has a certain market value at the publishers. So far my case is the same if I am an English novelist—but there the analogy stops. In France, the manager of the theatre can compete with the publisher for the purchase of any new idea that I have to sell. In France, the market value of my new play is as high, or higher, than the market value of my new novel. If I can work well for the theatre in France, I am just as sure of being able to pay my butcher, my baker, my rent and taxes, as I am when I work well for the publisher. Remember, I am not now writing of French theatres which have assistance from the Government, but of French theatres which depend, as our theatres do, entirely on the public. Any one of those theatres will give me as much, I repeat, for the toil of my brains, on their behalf, as the publisher will give for the toil of my brains on his. Now, so far is this from being the case in England, that it is a fact perfectly well known to every literary man in the country, that, while the remuneration for every other species of literature has enormously increased in the last hundred years,

the remuneration for dramatic writing has steadily decreased, to such a minimum of pecuniary recognition as to make it impossible for a man who lives by the successful use of his pen, as a writer of books, to alter the nature of his literary practice, and live, or nearly live, in comfortable circumstances, by the use of his pen, as a writer of plays. It is time that this fact was generally known, to justify successful living authors for their apparent neglect of one of the highest branches of their Art. I tell you, in plain terms, that I could only write a play for the English stage—a successful play, mind—by consenting to what would be, in my case, and even more so in the cases of my more successful brethren, a serious pecuniary sacrifice.

Let me make the meanness of the remuneration for stage-writing in our day, as compared with what that remuneration was in past times, clear to your mind by one or two examples. Rather more than a hundred years ago, Doctor Johnson wrote a very bad play called *Irene*, which proved a total failure on representation, and which tottered rather than “ran,” for just nine nights, to wretched houses. Excluding his literary copyright of a hundred pounds, the Doctor’s dramatic profit on a play that was a failure—remember that!—amounted to one hundred and ninety-five pounds, being just forty-five pounds more than the remuneration now paid, to my certain knowledge, for many a play within the last five years, which has had a successful run of sixty, and, in some cases, even of a hundred nights!

I can imagine your amazement at reading this—but I can also assure you that any higher rate of remuneration is exceptional. Let me, however, give the managers the benefit of the exception. Sometimes two hundred pounds have been paid, within the last five years, for a play; and, on one or two rare occasions, three hundred. If Shakspeare came to life again, and took *Macbeth* to an English theatre, in this year, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, that is the highest market remuneration he could get for it. You are to understand that this miserable decline in the money-reward held out to dramatic literature is peculiar to our own day. Without going back again so long as a century—without going back farther than the time of George Colman, the younger—I may remind you that the *Comedy of John Bull* brought the author twelve hundred pounds. Since then, six or seven hundred pounds have been paid for a new play; and, later yet, five hundred pounds. We have now got to three hundred pounds, as the exception, and to one hundred and fifty, as the rule. I am speaking, remember, of plays in not less than three acts, which are, or are supposed to be, original—of plays which run from sixty to a hundred nights, and which put their bread (battered thickly on both sides) into the mouths of actors and managers. As to the

remuneration for ordinary translations from the French, I would rather not mention what that is. And, indeed, there is no need I should do so. We are talking of the stage in its present relation to English literature. Suppose I wrote for it, as some of my friends suggest I should; and suppose I could produce one thoroughly original play, with a story of my own sole invention, with characters of my own sole creation, every year. The utmost annual income the English stage would, at present prices, pay me, after exhausting my brains in its service, would be three hundred pounds!

I use the expression "exhausting my brains," advisedly. For a man who produces a new work, every year, which has any real value and completeness as a work of literary Art, does, let him be who he may, for a time, exhaust his brain by the process, and leave it sorely in need of an after-period of absolute repose. Three hundred a-year, therefore, is the utmost that a fertile original author can expect to get by the stage, at present market-rates of remuneration.

Such is now the position of the dramatic writer—a special man, with a special faculty. What is now the position of the dramatic performer, when he happens to be a special man, with a special faculty also? Is his income three hundred a-year! Is his manager's income three hundred a-year? The popular actors of the time when Colman got his twelve hundred pounds would be struck dumb with amazement, if they saw what salaries their successors are getting now. If stage remuneration has decreased sordidly in our time for authorship, it has increased splendidly for actorship. When a manager tells me now that his theatre cannot afford to pay me half or a quarter as much for my idea in the form of a play, as I can get for it in the form of a novel—or as he could have got for it in Colman's time—he really means that he and his actors take a great deal more now from the nightly receipts of the theatres than they ever thought of taking in the time of John Bull. When the actors' profits from the theatre are largely increased, somebody else's profits from the same theatre must be decreased. That somebody else is the dramatic author. There you have the real secret of the mean rate at which the English stage now estimates the assistance of English Literature.

There are persons whose interest it may be to deny this; and who will deny it. It is not a question of assertion or denial, but a question of figures. How much per week did a popular actor get in Colman's time? How much per week does a popular actor get now? The biographies of dead players will answer the first question. And the managers' books, for the past ten or fifteen years, will answer the second. I must not give offence by comparisons between living and dead men—I must not enter into details, because they

would lead me too near to the private affairs of other people. But I tell you again, that the remuneration for good acting has immensely increased in our time, and I am not afraid of having that assertion contradicted by proofs.

I know it may be said that, in quoting Colman's twelve hundred pounds, I have quoted an exceptional instance. Perfectly true. But the admission strengthens my case, for it sets results in this form: in Colman's time, the exceptional price was twelve hundred pounds; in ours it is three hundred. Let us go into particulars, and see whether facts and figures justify the extraordinary disproportion between the reward which theatrical success brought to the author at the beginning of the present century, and the reward which it brings now.

Colman's comedy of John Bull, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in the year eighteen hundred and three. The average receipts taken at the doors during the run of the play, were four hundred and seventy pounds, per night. John Bull ran forty-seven nights. Multiply four hundred and seventy pounds by forty-seven nights, and the gross receipts of the theatre, during the time of John Bull, amount, in round numbers, to twenty-two thousand pounds. A prodigious sum, produced by an exceptional dramatic success. Exceptional remuneration to author, twelve hundred pounds.

Now, for the present time. A remarkably successful play runs one hundred nights at the present day. But we must set against that fact in the author's favour, two facts in the manager's favour. Excepting Drury Lane, all our theatres are smaller than the Covent Garden Theatre of Colman's time; and, in every case, Drury Lane included, our prices of admission are much lower. We will say, therefore, that while an unusually successful modern play runs its hundred nights, the theatre takes at the doors only one hundred and ten pounds per night. Any person conversant with theatrical matters would probably tell you that one hundred and fifty pounds per night would be nearer the average of the money-taken at the doors of all our theatres—large and small—during the run of a particularly successful play. However, we will err on the right side; we will exaggerate the poverty-stricken condition of starving actors and managers in the present day; and we will say that our modern play which is a great "hit," runs one hundred nights to houses which take one hundred and ten pounds per night at the doors. Multiply one hundred and ten pounds by one hundred nights, and the product is eleven thousand pounds. Exactly half of what the theatre got in the time of John Bull. Does the successful author meet with the same justice now, which he met with in Colman's time?—in other words, does he get half of what Colman got, for

bringing to the theatre half what Colman brought? No; for then he would get six hundred pounds as his exceptional remuneration, instead of the miserable half-price of three hundred which is now offered to him.

Here are the results in plain figures:

"1803.—Poor starving theatre gets £22,000. Amazingly successful author gets £1200.

"1858.—Poor starving theatre gets £11,000. Amazingly successful author gets £300.

Where has that missing three hundred pounds got to? It has got into the managers' and actors' pockets.

It is useless to attempt a defence of the present system by telling me that a different plan of remunerating the dramatic author was adopted in former times, and that a different plan is also practised on the French stage. I am not discussing which plan is best, or which plan is worst. I am only dealing with the plain fact, that the present stage-estimate of the author is barbarously low—an estimate which men who had any value for literature, any idea of its importance, any artist-like sympathy with its great difficulties, and its great achievements, would be ashamed to make. I prove that fact by reference to the proceedings of a better past time; and I leave the means of effecting a reform to those who are bound in common honour and common justice to make the reform. It is not my business to re-adjust the commercial machinery of theatres; I don't sit in the treasury, and handle the strings of the money-bags. I say that the present system is a base one towards literature, and that the history of the past, and the experience of the present, prove it to be so. All the reasoning in the world which tries to convince us that a wrong is necessary, will not succeed in proving that wrong to be right.

Having now established the existence of the abuse, it is easy enough to get on to the consequences that have arisen from it. At the present low rate of remuneration, a man of ability wastes his powers if he writes for the stage. There are men still in existence, who occasionally write for it, for the love and honour of their Art. Once, perhaps, in two or three years, one of these devoted men will try single-handed to dissipate the dense dramatic fog that hangs over the stage and the audience. For the brief allotted space of time, the one toiling hand lets in a little light, unthanked by the actors, unaided by the critics, unnoticed by the audience. The time expires—the fog gathers back—the toiling hand disappears. Sometimes it returns once more bravely to the hard, hopeless work: and out of all the hundreds whom it has tried to enlighten, there shall not be one who is grateful enough to know it again.

These exceptional men—too few, too scattered, too personally unimportant in the

republic of letters, to have any strong or lasting influence—are not the professed dramatists of our times. These are not the writers who make so much as a clerk's income out of the stage. The few men of practical ability who now write for the English Theatre, are men of the world, who know that they are throwing away their talents if they take the trouble to invent, for an average remuneration of one hundred and fifty pounds. The well-paid Frenchman supplies them with a story and characters ready made. The Original Adaptation is rattled off in a week: and the dramatic author beats the clerk after all, by getting so much more money for so much less manual exercise in the shape of writing. Below this clever tactician, who foils the theatre with its own weapons, come the rank-and-file of hack-writers, who work still more cheaply, and give still less (I am rejoiced to say) for the money. The stage results of this sort of authorship, as you have said, virtually drive the intelligent classes out of the theatre. Half a century since, the prosperity of the manager's treasury would have suffered in consequence. But the increase of wealth and population, and the railway connection between London and the country, more than supply in quantity what audiences have lost in quality. Not only does the manager lose nothing in the way of profit—he absolutely gains by getting a vast nightly majority into his theatre, whose ignorant insensibility nothing can shock. Let him cast what garbage he pleases before them, the unquestioning mouths of his audience open, and snap at it. I am sorry and ashamed to write in this way of any assemblage of my own countrymen; but a large experience of theatres forces me to confess that I am writing the truth. If you want to find out who the people are who know nothing whatever, even by hearsay, of the progress of the literature of their own time—who have caught no chance vestige of any one of the ideas which are floating about before their very eyes—who are, to all social intents and purposes, as far behind the age they live in, as any people out of a lunatic asylum can be—go to a theatre, and be very careful, in doing so, to pick out the most popular performance of the day. The actors themselves, when they are men of any intelligence, are thoroughly aware of the utter incapacity of the tribunal which is supposed to judge them. Not very long ago, an actor, standing deservedly in the front rank of his profession, happened to play even more admirably than usual in a certain new part. Meeting him soon afterwards, I offered him my mite of praise in all sincerity. "Yes," was his reply. "I know that I act my very best in that part, for I hardly get a hand of applause in it through the whole evening." Such is the condition to which the dearth of good literature has now reduced the audiences of

English theatres—even in the estimation of the men who act before them.

And what is to remedy this? Nothing can remedy it but a change for the better in the audiences. I have good hope that this change is slowly, very slowly, beginning. "When things are at the worst they are sure to mend." I really think that, in dramatic matters, they have been at the worst; and I have therefore some belief that the next turn of Fortune's wheel may be in our favour. In certain theatres, I fancy I notice already symptoms of a slight additional sprinkling of intelligence among the audiences. If I am right, if this sprinkling increases, if the few people who have brains in their heads will express themselves boldly, if those who are fit to lead the opinion of their neighbours will resolutely make the attempt to lead it, instead of indolently wrapping themselves up in their own contempt—then there may be a creditable dramatic future yet in store for the countrymen of Shakspeare. Perhaps we may yet live to see the day when managers will be forced to seek out the writers who are really setting their mark on the literature of the age—when "starvation prices" shall have given place to the fair remuneration of a past period—and when the prompter shall have his share with the publisher in the best work that can be done for him by the best writers of the time.

Meanwhile, there is a large audience of intelligent people, with plenty of money in their pockets, waiting for a theatre to go to. Supposing that such an amazing moral portent should ever appear in the English firmament as a theatrical speculator who can actually claim some slight acquaintance with contemporary literature; and supposing that unparalleled man to be smitten with a sudden desire to ascertain what the circulation actually is of serial publications and successful novels which address the educated classes; I think I may safely predict the consequences that would follow, as soon as our ideal manager had received his information and recovered from his astonishment. London would be startled, one fine morning, by finding a new theatre opened. Names that are now well known on title-pages only, would then appear on play-bills also; and tens of thousands of readers, who now pass the theatre-door with indifference, would be turned into tens of thousands of play-goers also. What a cry of astonishment would be heard thereupon in the remotest fastnesses of old theatrical London! "Merciful Heaven! There is a large public, after all, for well-paid original plays, as well as for well-paid original books. And a man has turned up, at last, of our own managerial order, who has absolutely found it out!"

Although I have by no means exhausted the subject, I have written enough to answer your letter—enough also, I trust, to suggest some little glimmerings of hope, when you

think of the future of the English drama. As for the present, perhaps the best way will be to look at it as little as possible. When any intelligent foreigner innocently questions you on the subject of our modern drama, I think you will take the best way out of the difficulty if you ask him, with all possible politeness, to—wait for an answer.

With true regard, yours, my dear Sir,

A. N. AUTHOR.

A NAUTCH.

A DAZZLING glory of light, radiating through marble halls of marvellous beauty and unknown dimensions. A flow of bewitching music from strange instruments. The light movement of tiny feet; and robes of wondrous beauty. A moving crowd of superbly armed Rajahs and luxurious Nabobs; of wealthy merchants, of great zemindars, of military nobles, of hill chieftains, of lightly-clad Bengalees, and still more lightly-clad dancing girls and musicians. The voice of melody rising above the hum of the motley throng, and the tread of a myriad feet on the marble pavement. The splash of many fountains in the outer courts; the song of many birds; the perfume of gorgeous flowers, clustering in rich profusion from each lofty window and door; the bright moon of an Indian night flashing its rays amongst the orange groves and tamarind topes beyond the ample green lawn. These, and some other pictures floated through my imagination as I sealed the note in which I accepted an invitation to a Nautch on the thirteenth of September, at the princely dwelling of a well-known Calcutta Baboo.

It was a close, stagnant September night. The rains had ceased and the damp steamy ground sent up choking vapours: the south breeze avoided such a hot-house, and the north wind found a much cooler halting-place far away, amongst the hills. The green mouldy crust left on the outer walls of buildings by the late rains was gradually assuming a tawny tinge, and was, in places, crumbling away.

I managed to struggle through the agonies of dressing with the thermometer at ninety-nine and three-quarters under the punkah, and contrived to squeeze the tips of my feverish fingers into a pair of five-rupee gloves from Bodelio's. Every thread of my apparel was wet through before I had reached my buggy at the hotel door: indeed, to make an effort on such a night required the stimulus of a conflagration, a mutiny, or a nautch. Through an ample square with a tank, gardens, and lofty buildings; along narrow, crooked, dimly lit lanes; round ugly corners; amongst bazaars still reeking with the thronging traffic of the day, whence grey-bearded old usurers peered at you from little low stalls, and grim, dangerous Budmashes eyed you askance from suspicious apertures

and through broken half-closed windows between pent-up walls, loop-holed and lofty; through another and a larger square, dotted about with miscellaneous buildings and low straggling trees, I came to a sudden halt before a great gateway belonging to one of the miscellaneous edifices from whose windows light and sound streamed abundantly.

It was the Baboo's house in Waterloo Square. The Nautch was at a roaring pitch within. I alighted at a portico of goodly dimensions before which lay a capacious plot of ground, hybrid of yard and garden, crammed as full as it could well contain with stone figures, marble vases, and plaster groups; more like a statuary's yard in the New Road, London, than anything oriental or festive. The wide stone steps leading under the portico to the obscure door on the right, was equally thronged with dwarf representations in granite of two or three hundred Hindoo deities and sundry British generals. Passing along a narrow passage, strewn with a miscellaneous collection of ancient and modern furniture, I ascended a staircase rejoicing in a new carpet and a brilliant supply of light from lamps which may have been in use in the time of Aladdin.

The scene in the guest rooms was so entirely new to me, so exciting, that some time elapsed before I could observe all that was passing about me. There was an exclusive suite of lofty apartments, lit up by a motley collection of chandeliers, wall-shades, moderators, argands, and brass candlesticks. The amount spent in oil and candles must have been considerable: there was a light of some kind burning from every possible nook, corner, and projection. The walls were literally covered with either lamps or pictures. The latter were as miscellaneous in their character as the former; very respectable works of art were cheek by jowl with a common print from Seven Dials: her most gracious Majesty stood between a Noah's Ark and the Death of Nelson in coarse wood-engraving. A marble group of the Graces stood next to a chipped plaster figure of Napoleon crossing the Alps on a tail-less horse.

Cracked mirrors; couches with faded velvet and gold coverings; chairs, the wood of which was invisible under a coating of dirt; richly carved tables on rickety legs; elephant tusks, elk horns, boars' heads, tiger skins, were as thick in all directions as possible.

And the guests, how motley and how many! A Nautch? Where could the dancing girls exhibit, unless upon the shoulders of the crowd; where could the musicians perform, unless upon one of the decrepit tables? The hosts were as yet invisible; for I had not squeezed through the first room of entry, where, near the summit of the stairs, two boys in flowing robes flung rose-water upon you as you passed.

There was certainly a sprinkling of good-

looking Bengalees; but the majority of the party was made up of fast young merchants, American captains, French supercargoes, Scotch clerks, Shroffs, Bengalee writers, and it was impossible to say who else. I looked in vain for the stately Oriental or the reserved Englishman. I could see no trace of fountains, flowers, or birds. The marble halls were reeking hot; the melody of music was lost in the roar of laughter. Romance, poetry, and harmony, fled scared before the dust and heat of that terrible mob. In forcing my slow way through it towards where the hosts might possibly be, I found myself jammed between the sharply carved edge of a couch and a posse of transatlantic mariners. Anon I was arrested by the oleaginous frame of some redoubtable Baboo, loosely covered by a transparent robe of cobweb muslin. Again I was impelled onward by the sharp points of somebody's oriental slippers. How I prayed for the companionship of the brace of Hindoo youths with the rose-water, from the top of the staircase! How I longed for a breath or two of the breeze that was mocking us from the palm-tops outside! How I regretted having dressed in my best suit of Paramatta cloth! How I wished that I had never heard of a nautch, or that nautches had never been invented!

Within an inner apartment where the crowd was, if possible, greater, there seemed to be some description of music performed. As I forced my way through the crowd, I heard a soft indistinct tinkling, not unlike that of a wire-string instrument; something between a Jew's-harp and a sheep-bell. In the centre of the room, a circle of guests was formed round an elderly grey-headed gentleman of the Baboo species, who was seated cross-legged on the floor, and extorting certain sounds from a curious instrument like a large wooden lade with strings across the bowl. To the ear of a European, this so-called music would, of course, be a mere nuisance; but the Bengalee audience drank in the sounds, as if they proceeded from a Paganini. These sons of Brahma stroked their beards, stroked their oily sides, turned up their eyes, and groaned:

"Wah! wah! Is it not wonderful?"

I must have amused some of the auditors, exceedingly, by my want of taste; for I broke from the throng as quickly as I could, and made for a third room; where the crowd appeared to be less closely packed. A slight clapping of hands, and a low moaning chaunt greeted me as I entered. Here a circle was formed round a dancer. I caught a glimpse of a flowing white robe, of a gay head-dress, and a pair of moving feet. A pair of hands was being clapped, and something meant for a song proceeded from the mouth of the dancer.

Well, here at length, I had found the Nautch:—here was the Nautch Girl. I was not near enough to see if she were young

or beautiful, or richly ornamented with jewels, or displayed pretty ankles; but, by dint of squeezing, and perspiring, and incurring sundry maledictions for my curiosity, I made my slow way to the front rank, and stood face to face with the Nautch-MAN; for such, to my infinite vexation, it proved to be! A man, too, with mustachios and brawny arms, and stout body, and elderly face. I should have much liked to have knocked the effeminate monster down. But I was too exhausted for any such effort, and I stood like the rest of the mob, gazing at him as he wriggled and twisted his body, and shuffled and slid his feet along the floor, with a slow clapping of hands, and a mournful sing-song chant, as if mourning the decease of some near relative.

Wearied of listening to this melancholy cadence, I strolled into a small reception-room furnished in a style of mixed magnificence and dirt. Tawdry velvet couch linings, damask curtains coated thickly with dust, faded silk chair covers, the colours quite undistinguishable; huge cracked mirrors with the gilt rubbed off the richly-carved frames; everything, in fact, denoting luxury on its last legs; splendour in a deep decline. This room was far less crowded with company, and in the midst stood, in lively conversation, our hosts, the great Baboos. They were, of course, delighted to see me, and eagerly inquired if I had heard the concert and seen the dancing. I stammered out something in the affirmative, having a glimmering impression that they alluded to the old gentleman playing on the wooden ladle and the man sliding about the floor. Had I enjoyed myself? Did I know many of the guests? Was it not a fine night for a nautch? Would I step in and see the banquetting-room, where supper was laid for two hundred and fifty persons? These, and many other questions were fired at me in a running salute; so that, fortunately, I had not a chance of replying to them; however, we finished by dragging ourselves to the banquet-room.

Nothing that can be found to the westward of Malta will furnish an idea of my friends' entertainment, as I then beheld it, displayed before myself and some dozen Americans and foreigners; who were making themselves perfectly at home by testing the quality of the drinkables. The place was a long verandah, enclosed with branches of trees and flowers. The tables were piled with masses of incongruous food. Ices, fish, lumps of meat, fruit, cakes, curries, vegetables, soups, preserves—such a collection within the same space was, perhaps, never before seen—certainly not out of India. I gave a vacant nod of approval, and hurried away from the heated room as quickly as my friends the Baboos would allow me. I pleaded fatigue, which was indeed perfectly true; and, resisting all their most pressing invitations to remain to supper, I descended the still crowded stairs.

At the portico I overtook two Germans, who were just stepping into their vehicle, and was in time to hear them agree to drive off to another nautch, reported to be in the suburbs, and in true Bengalee style. Still anxious to behold the genuine article, though disheartened with the hybrid imitation in Waterloo Square, I sprang into my buggy, and drove after the foreigners.

The night was dark as an Indian midnight can be, with a clear sky and myriads of stars above. I saw nothing of our road. On we went at a rattling pace for half-an-hour; when I discerned a bright star-like something before us. My companions pulled up at the star; which had, by that time, taken the appearance of a small dwelling on fire. I soon found myself walking through a narrow doorway, and up a long avenue of bamboos and branches, brilliantly lit up à la Bengalee. At the end of this fine walk was a quaint, old-fashioned house, with wide stone steps, a curiously cut doorway, and an elaborately-worked ceiling to the entrance hall.

The thing seemed at this point most hopeful. There was a crowd of curiously-attired up-country people, and a great light and much noise within, so that my expectation of something really good was once more at summer heat instead of being below zero. A short flight of stairs led me to the chief amusement at once, the dancers; and, this time, they really were nautch girls. I pressed forward to catch a glimpse of their graceful elegant movements; when splash went a shower of dirty liquid into my face, nearly blinding me for some minutes. It proved to be the customary salutation with rose-water, expressed from roses of more than doubtful quality.

As soon as I had recovered my equanimity I again hastened to the front to feast my sight upon the famed nautch girls. Once more, disappointment! Girls they truly were; but dumpy, baggy, rice-faced, unwashed, uncombed, bedizened creatures. Half-a-dozen London May-day ladies with sooty faces, and wrapped up in as many muslin window curtains, with pieces of tinsel stuck about them, would not give my readers a bad idea of these genuine nautch damsels.

There was nearly as much crowding and quite as motley a gathering here, as at the square. The rooms were smaller and more poorly furnished, but there was the same rushing about after nothing in particular, the same heat, the same noisy guests, a duplicate of the old gentleman performing on the wooden spoon, with the host standing amidst a circle of his friends. There was this difference, however, that there was no supper—in fact, no eating whatever; the only refreshment besides the ill-flavoured rose-water, being copious libations of brandy and water served in all sorts of vessels, of course cold.

It was early in the morning when I left; the dumpy nautch girls were still slipping ungracefully about: the dirty rose-water

was still flung in everybody's face; the brandy-pawnee passed freely round; the hot vapours of lights, company, and tobacco-smoke created an unwholesome atmosphere; the lamps were flickering in their sockets; and the house seemed, on the whole, not so much on fire as it had appeared to be when I entered the shining avenue.

BORDER-LAND.

ON a slip of glass I have a small patch of green scum which I fished up, the day before yesterday, from the surface of the mud at the bottom of a shallow pool. The fishing apparatus consisted of an iron ladle, to take, and a wide-mouthed bottle to receive, the entire catch of treasure-trove which was poured into the receptacle ladleful by ladleful. The mud, the green scum, and the water of the pool were all mixed up together into a confused mass of heterogeneous sludge. But, after a few hours' repose in the bottle, I found that its contents occupied exactly the same relative positions as they did in their native puddle. The green scum had again overspread the surface of the mud, forming a creamy coat, interposed between it and the water. And, to-day, a green film is gradually creeping up the inside of the bottle, with an evident tendency to mount. I submit a tiny patch of the ambitious scum to the microscope, and I behold what might be,—if magnified two-hundred-and-twenty diameters,—a bunch of bright grass-green ribbons, or a liberal handful of transparent blades of grass; only the blades are not gathered into a tuft by any root or common starting-point; each ribbon or leaf is isolated, independent, and complete in itself. The bit of scum thus looks like a selling-off bargain, consisting of individual remnants of green satin ribbon all of the same pattern, and of the very same breadth, but of different lengths. Some lie straight, like mown stems of green corn that have fallen to the ground, crossing each other at random; some are elegantly bent into curves. While I am admiring the beauty of their hue and their regularity of form, several of them begin to twitch and stir! My eyes must deceive me; it cannot be that grassy leaves have the faculty of spontaneous motion. I watch again; and there are three or four more of the ribbons jerking themselves sideways, and then turning steadily in one direction like the minute-hand of a clock, while others swing slowly backward and forward, like a pendulum. It is no optical delusion. They really do move.

By slightly shifting the slip of glass, so as to bring a fresh portion of the mysterious patch into the field of view, I light upon several blades that are entirely separated from the rest. Observing one of them fixedly, I clearly make out that, although lying straight like a walking-stick, it has also a progressive motion. One end, which is

roundly blunt, might be considered a tail, like that of a leech; the other end is more pointed, representing a head, and,—yes, I am quite sure of the fact,—the head keeps turning to the right and the left, as if it were feeling its way, like a wandering earthworm whose mother had turned it out of doors above-ground, or were searching for food like a hungry caterpillar. Can it be a worm? It is clearly subdivided into joints. It is undoubtedly some microscopic annelid.

My old friend Henry Baker is at hand,—not in the flesh, but in the calf-skin binding—and in him I find an account of the hair-like insect, of which notice was first taken nearly a hundred years ago by his curious friend, Mr. William Arderon of the city of Norwich. He tells me that its progressive motion differs from that of all animals besides, that it has neither feet, nor fins, nor hairs, but appears perfectly smooth and transparent, with the head bending one way and the tail another; nor is any internal motion, or particularly opaque part to be perceived, which may determine one to suppose it the stomach or other of the intestines; only the body, which is nearly straight, appears composed of such parallel rings as the windpipe of land animals consist of. He describes how a multitude of these little creatures placed themselves, as it were by agreement, in separate companies on the side of the jar containing them, and appeared marching upward in rows; how, when each of these swarms grew weary of its situation and had a mind to change its quarters, each army held on its way without confusion or intermixture, proceeding with great regularity and order, as if under the direction of wise leaders. And he remarks that this amusing incident serves to show that, however mean or contemptible these creatures may appear to us, the Power that created them has not left them destitute of sagacity, to associate together and act unanimously for the benefit of the community. This is what Henry Baker, Fellow of the Royal Society in London, tells me; and I have not the slightest suspicion of his meaning to tell me anything but the truth. My modern guides and instructors inform me that my animated ribbons, my living blades of grass, my hair-like insects, are nothing but a crop of humble plants! That I must call them *Oscillatorias*; that their birth and parentage are still obscure; that they are of great interest to the microscopist, on account both of the extreme simplicity of their structure and of the peculiar animal-like movements which they exhibit; and finally, that I shall render a service to science by clearing up their history. All I have yet been able to discover, is that *Oscillatorias* are themselves cleared up and swallowed whole by sundry infusorial animalcules; and, as the bodies of these latter are transparent, and for the most part colourless, the object so swallowed is

perfectly visible inside, distending its swallower into unwonted forms, for the time, like a stick thrust into an elastic bag too small to hold it without stretching. It is as if some herbivorous whale were to gorge itself with a palm-tree without previous mastication. This is droll to see; but the grand disappointment remains. My interesting insects are only confervoid algae, a tribe of simple plants, gifted with oscillatory motion.

Let us try the results of another day's fishing:

This choice sample of water is selected from the depths of an ancient and overgrown wheelrut, where it has remained stagnant for some time past. The water itself is clear; but that nearest the surface, as seen through the bottle against the light, is slightly tinged with green, as if a camel's-hair pencil containing a drop of green water-colour had just been dipped in it. With a quill cut into the shape of a blunt picktooth, I take a drop from the tinted stratum, and spread it on a slip of glass. And now remark the consequence of my thus disturbing the water with the quill. The green colouring matter descends in little clouds to the bottom of the phial, like so many shoals of little fish alarmed by a stone being thrown into their pond, or like flocks of pigeons making their escape from a hawk. The simile is actually correct, and the simultaneous descent of the clouds is the most remarkable circumstance of the case; for, observe our drop in the microscope, and you perceive a multitude of creatures in motion, swimming hither and thither with great activity. Their form is that of bright green mulberries composed of numerous emerald grains, and enclosed in a colourless, transparent, gelatinous envelope. They rotate on their axis and travel forward at the same time, imitating in a small way the motion of the planets. But although all globular, they are not all exactly alike. Some, look like families of crystallised fruits that had met together in a spherical house of glass, and had then commenced their circling round, in imitation of dancing dervishes. There are small and big mulberries, there are baby whirligigs and giant ones, as well as the associated merry-go-rounds. These organisms, as I will cautiously style them, are *Volvoxes*, aptly so termed, otherwise notorious as globe-animalcules. There is a whole family, *Volvocinæ*, of which the genus *Volvox* can boast of but one species, *V. globator*, which is satisfactorily established. It is often found in great abundance, and, attaining a diameter of one-thirtieth of an inch, it appears to the naked eye as a minute green globe gently moving about in the water. It rolls over and over during its progress with a motion which a moderate magnifying power shows to be caused by the vibration of innumerable cilia or bristles arranged upon the surface of the globe. This self-bowling cricket-ball was

long looked upon as a very formidable aquatic monster; it excited the wonder and admiration of those patriarchal observers *Leenweuhoek* (its first discoverer) and *Spallanzani*. Some *volvocinæ* were said to be furnished with eyes. *Ehrenberg* considers them as monads, and describes them as naked, many-stomached, entrail-less animalcules, furnished with a long trunk and a variety of internal organs. Others style them animals without appreciable internal organisation, and without a mouth. Recent writers, however, cut short our speculations on the animal biography of the whole *Volvox* tribe, by insisting that there can now be no doubt of the vegetable character of that composite structure, that collection of organisms, that rotatory nest of boxes, which was long supposed to be a single animal. In short, we are treading on the border-land of life; and it is not easy, especially at first sight, to perceive the boundary line which separates plants from animals.

The best authorities agree in telling us that, in the present state of science, it would be very difficult, and is perhaps impossible, to lay down any definite line of demarcation between the two kingdoms. Many portions of this border-country have been taken and re-taken several times; their inhabitants having been first considered, on account of their general appearance, to belong to the vegetable kingdom; then, in consequence of some movements being observed in them, being claimed by the zoologists; then, on the ground of their plant-like mode of growth, being transferred back to the botanical side; then, owing to the supposed detection of some new feature in their structure or physiology, being again claimed as members of the animal kingdom; and, lastly, on the discovery of a fallacy in those arguments, being once more laid hold of by the botanical leaders, with whom, for the most part, they now remain safe prisoners. For, the attention which has been given of late years to the study of the humblest forms of vegetation, has led to the knowledge of so many phenomena occurring amongst what must be undoubtedly regarded as plants, which phenomena would formerly have been considered unquestionable marks of animality, that the discovery of the like phenomena among the doubtful beings in question, so far from being any evidence of their animality, really affords proofs to the contrary.

It is not now, as was formerly supposed, the presence, or the absence, of spontaneous motion, by which the animal or vegetable nature of any organism can be tested. The germs of many waterweeds have the power of moving freely for a time, till they adhere to some solid object—a rock, or a ship's bottom—germinate, and become fixed plants; so that the same individual would be an animal at the first stage of its existence, and a plant at the second. These erratic

germs of marine and aquatic algæ may be looked upon as young gentlemen with flourishing prospects; who, under the travelling title of Zoospore, make the grand tour, before finally settling down to vegetate in their country seats. Many are done for at the outset of their rambles. Whence they set forth, and what becomes of numbers of them, nobody knows; they get strayed and are caught up by brigands and sharpers; while others, by pursuing a right and prudent course, eventually make vigorous and ornamental branches of the family tree.

Many of the protophytes, or primitive plants—so called from their extreme simplicity of structure, and not from any actual proof of their preceding others in point of time—appear to alternate between a motile and a still condition. If we want an answer to the question, "What are they—animals or plants?" the mode of nutrition amongst these lowest organisms gives the most probable answer. If they take organic substances into their interior—in short, if they swallow and digest in any way—they must be set down as animals: eating, the lowest propensity of our nature, is the act which first raises a creature above the rank of a vegetable. If they absorb inorganic aliment through their exterior, they may be safely catalogued as vegetable in their constitution. It has been suggested that, if animals, they will absorb oxygen and give out carbonic-acid gas; if vegetables the reverse—they will have the power of liberating oxygen, through the decomposition of carbonic acid, under the influence of sunlight. The distinction is acute, and very likely true; but, in the crowded variety of microscopic creatures which will be found mingled together pell-mell in the same drop of water, it is scarcely possible to separate the sorts and test the gases given out by each.

It seems a paradox that the organisation of many creatures which are undoubtedly animals, should be much less complex than that of many which we must probably decide to consider plants. The first forms of animal life, called protozoa, or primitive animals, and answering to the protophytes among plants—such as the *Amœba* (formerly *Proteus*), the *Actinophrys*, the *Rhizopods* in general, and among them, to specify one genus, the *Arcellas*—all appear to be composed of a living, homogenous, contractile jelly; to which that able microscopist, Dujardin, gave the name of *Sarcode*. The quasi-members which they put forth from, and draw back into, their quasi-body at will, are capable of uniting at their tips, or anywhere else, as completely as one drop of water flows into another. Yet, they eat, after their fashion. Although destitute of a mouth, they engulf, and digest, other primitive animals and plants. They extemporise an efficient stomach out of the whole of their own proper person. They envelop their prey in a fold more complete

than that which the fiercest boa can cast around his victim. Thus, they are as truly predacious as the lion, and as really herbivorous as the cow and the antelope; they are omnivorous, like man himself. Hence we see that a positive and easily-defined distinction between animals and plants consists,—first, in the nature of their aliment; and, secondly, in the method of its introduction. While the protophyte obtains the materials of its nutrition from the air and moisture that surround it, the simplest protozoon is utterly dependent for its support upon organic substances previously elaborated by other organisms. The protophyte imbibes and absorbs liquid and gaseous molecules; the protozoon ingests the solid particles that constitute its food, and subjects them to a regular process of digestion. If, therefore, structural characters are insufficient to distinguish the kingdom to which these simplest of created beings belong, at least they seem to be physiologically separable by the mode and materials of their nutrition. Moreover, animalcules that are green in colour and whose motions are caused by cilia, or vibrating filaments, may be looked upon as protophytes till there is good proof to the contrary; while transparent animalcules, whose movements do not alone consist in the mere vibration of cilia, (such as are performed by *Volvoxes* and the like), but are the changes taking place in a contractile body, may be safely classed as protozoa, since their actions bear a much closer resemblance to those of the higher animals.

Many of these fragments of animated jelly even go so far as to secrete a shell of considerable regularity and beauty. One of the commonest *Arcellas* has a shell like a broad-brimmed hat. Yet they have no integument, or perceptible organs. The naturalists who resolve every living organism to a cell or an aggregate of cells, say that these gelatinous animalcules represent the contents of a cell without the cell-walls. The cell is a purse intended to hold something. Its only use is as a containing and circumscribing wall. But in such specimens as the *Amœba* and the *Actinophrys*, you have the money without the purse.

Eating, then, even among the lowest types, is the characteristic of animality. The *Oscillatorias*, the *Volvoxes*, the *Protococusses*, and even the *Euglenes*, and the rest of the individuals who are accused of being locomotive plants, do not eat, and have no means of eating, that we can discover. They draw their nourishment, as far as we can trace, entirely from water, carbonic-acid, and ammonia, which they absorb through their external surface only, and take in no solid particles of any description.

At the first glance, indeed, motion, either continuous or frequent, seems incompatible with a vegetable nature; this is partly caused by our not being familiar, on land,

with the idea of rootless, free, independent vegetables, swimming loose in their liquid medium. But once let the mind conceive a class of completely unattached plants, and the addition of some power of movement to their other properties becomes less difficult to admit. We have familiar evidence of some degree of motion in plants. The geranium in the cottage window turns its leaves to the light, perseveringly and unflinchingly, in whatever position it may be placed. Several plants and parts of plants, as the sensitive-plant, the fly-catch, the stamens of the berry, and others, shrink when touched. The leaves of that whimsical vegetable, the *Hedysarum gyrans* indulge in unaccountable fits of twitching and turning which strongly resemble the movements of the *Oscillatorias*.

There is a class of microscopic bodies, now marched off to the plant side of the frontier; which, in death, are extremely valuable as test-objects, and are greatly sought after for the beauty of the markings on their silicious shields. In life they are remarkable for the spontaneous motions which caused them to be regarded as true animalcules, and to be long held in the clutches of the zoological party. These are the *Diatomaceæ* generally, and the *Naviculas* and *Bacillarias* in particular. They move, I think, in apparent obedience to a will; but it is extraordinary that the means of their motion have not been discovered, any more than the mode of their nutrition. One savant thinks that he has detected a ciliary action at certain parts of the diatom; another savant, aided by glasses which he says have never been surpassed for clearness and definition, questions whether the discovery be anything beyond optical illusion. He (the latter) has never been able to detect the slightest semblance of a motile organ. For those who wish to judge for themselves, *Naviculas* are easily found in a living state, and their freaks may be observed with a student's microscope of good quality and moderate power.

Beside these puzzles, there are also microscopic animalcules, gifted with vivacious motion, which, in reality, are neither plants nor animals, but are derivatives from one or the other of these. It suffices to follow the development of these pretended living creatures, to be convinced, for good and all, that they are not beings endowed with individual life, and capable of reproducing individuals similar to themselves, but are simply particles detached from the organism which furnished them, still preserving a remnant of vitality, in the same way as happens to vibratile cilia when carefully removed from mucous membranes. They are analogous to the dispersing portions of a large animalcule, such as a *Stentor*, while it is perishing by diffuence.

It is easy to understand the wisdom and the utility of minute vegetables like the *Volvoxes* and *Oscillatorias* being rendered capable of locomotion. As certain animals are fixed to

one spot,—the barnacle on its rock, and the madrepora and coral-insect on its polypidom—with advantage to themselves, because the action of the medium in which they live, the currents and the tides, is continually bringing everything they require to their hand and mouth; so, when the case is reversed, when the medium to be purified is stagnant and currentless, it then must be the purifying agent which moves about, in order to absorb, as materials for its own growth and nutrition, the gases and other insalubrious elements, pervading the whole mass of the motionless waters. Motion in the vegetable itself is also an obvious means of dispersion, analogous to those possessed by higher plants in the downy parachutes, the hooks, and the wings, by which their seeds are carried from place to place. Were microscopic plants motionless, at the same time increasing as rapidly as they do, they would swarm, destroy each other, and rot at one end of a pool or a lake, while the other end might be utterly deprived of their presence. As it is, they are equally distributed throughout the habitats suitable for their reception, and uniformly fulfil their office of fixing noxious elements, of serving for pasture to the multitudes of tiny animals that graze on their substance, and of supplying the first commencement of a stratum of vegetable mould on barren spots.

MARION'S ORCHARD.

The softest turf of English green,
With sloping walks and trees between,
And then a bed of flowers half-seen.

Here, daffodils in early Spring
And violets, their offerings bring,
And sweetest birds their hymns outsing.

The hawthorn hedge but partly hides
The solitude where she abides:
An ancient wall protects two sides.

An ancient wall, with parapet,
And strong, with many a buttress set,
Where lichens spread their work of net.

Oh, what a sight, in May's soft days,
Those trees with blossoms all a-blaze,
And shining in the sun's last rays!

Those prodigals so rich in store,
Scatter their wealth upon the floor,
And whiten what was green before.

Then comes she forth; so calm, so high,
Though light plays in her pale blue eye,
As catching beams from her own sky.

Though solitary, no unrest
Ruffles the peace of that pure breast:
In her own panoply she's drest.

Then sings the nightingale his hymn,
All in that gleaming time so dim,
An echo from the seraphim.

And lo! her voice, as sweet as his,
Echoes again his song of bliss:
What music can compare to this?

When she retreats, a sprite you fear,
Her footsteps you can scarcely hear,
And yet you saw her figure near.

See! she retreats up yonder flight
Of broadest steps—you lose the sight—
And then the mansion streams with light.

In that old grey and silent place,
Is it some spirit loves to trace
The paths it used in life to pace?

It may be so: that form so frail,
The step so light, the cheek so pale,
Will all bear witness to the tale.

Or, is she loved of flesh and blood;
Has loved, and suffer'd, and withstood,
Bearing the fate of womanhood?

Or, is some beating soul the guest,
Or struggling prisoner, of her breast,
As though she'd flee, and be at rest?

To read such sibyl-leaves, forbear!
How shall you scan such powers rare?
You only know that she is fair.

THE APPARITION OF MONSIEUR BODRY.

I.

EXACTLY one hundred years ago, there lived in Paris, in the Rue Saint Martin, a rich silk-merchant named Gombert. He was about sixty years of age, a widower, with an only child, a beautiful girl of nineteen, who was no less admired for her personal attractions than for the handsome fortune which she was likely one day to inherit. Madeleine Gombert was, indeed, the great match of the quarter in which the silk-merchant dwelt, and if she did not marry it was not certainly for want of suitors. A hundred years ago the reign of the Encyclopedists had begun, their doctrines had penetrated far and wide, and religion was going out of fashion; but a stranger accidentally dropping into the church of Saint Merri, on a Sunday morning, would have concluded, from the number of young men who knelt at mass and sat out the sermon, that devotion had—at all events—lost no ground in that quarter of the city. He would, however, have been wrong; the cause of this crowd of devotees arising simply from the fact, that Saint Merri was the parish church of Monsieur Gombert and his daughter, and that to see and, possibly, attract the notice of the beautiful Madeleine, had a great deal more to do with their attendance than the sincerity of their faith, or their admiration for the preacher. Whether Madeleine Gombert were aware, or not, of the sensation which her presence excited I will not pretend to

say: the chances are, that feminine instinct set her right on this point, though it did not influence her conduct. As for Monsieur Gombert, he was as far as possible from putting a right construction on this peculiar demonstration: to doubt was not his habit. He accepted everything literally, and believed religiously in all he saw.

Of course, it was never intended by nature or custom, by Madeleine Gombert or her father, that the possessor of so much beauty and the heiress of so much wealth should go to the grave unwed. Her marriage had, in fact, been a thing decided on, after the usual French mode of that time,—where there was anything to marry for,—while she was yet a child. The business of the silk-merchant of the Rue Saint Martin had thrown him in very close relations with a rich manufacturer of the city of Lyons, of the name of Bodry. As the connection increased, the desire arose on each side to cement it by the union of the two families. Monsieur Bodry had an only son, Monsieur Gombert an only daughter. Could anything be more natural than a compact between two capitalists, the terms of which should be, that Monsieur Bodry's son should marry Monsieur Gombert's daughter?

Although the proposed marriage of Henri Bodry and Madeleine Gombert was an arrangement of ten years' standing between their parents, which needed no consent on the part of the contracting parties, still, with the view of making them acquainted, Monsieur Bodry one fine morning consented to the request of his son, that he might go to Paris to see his betrothed, a few months before he came of age; on which occasion the nuptials were to take place. The young man felt, without doubt, a certain degree of curiosity respecting the person who was destined to be his partner for life; but—if the truth must be told,—he was, though of feeble constitution and uncertain health, extremely fond of pleasure. Then, as now, Paris was the focus of enjoyment, and to have his full swing of the capital before he settled down for good was the thing of all others which the young Lyonnese most ardently desired. Supplied then, with a full purse and the letter of introduction to Monsieur Gombert, which constituted his sole credentials, Henri Bodry set out from his native city, about the latter end of November, in the year seventeen hundred and fifty-seven.

A hundred years ago, the journey from Lyons to Paris was an affair of time. Ordinary travellers usually went by roulage, and consumed nearly twenty days on the road; but the wealthier middle classed aspired to the coche, a lumbering carriage without springs, nearly as heavy and almost as slow as the public wagon, but infinitely more genteel. As the roulier did not comport with the dignity of Henri Bodry, he took the coche. In those days of rare inter-

course between places separated by any great distance, it seldom happened that the traveller, who was going all the way, met with a companion similarly intentioned. For the most part, people descended at intermediate towns, where others supplied their places; but it not infrequently chanced that a dreary blank with no new faces intervened, creating that worst of all sensations a Frenchman can experience, the intolerable ennui of having nobody to talk to.

Henri Bodry's prospect at starting was of the latter cheerless character; for, after passing Trevoux, he found himself the sole occupant of the coche, and this irksome solitude lasted until he reached the ancient city of Mâcon. The coche, as soon as it was dark, put up for the night at the auberge called The Cross of Burgundy, and in a large room, containing four beds, the usual complement at that time, Henri was left to sup and sleep, and make it out how he might until eight o'clock on the following morning, when the vehicle would be once more in motion.

With a long November evening before him, the prospect was not a pleasant one; but, while he was waiting for his promised supper, a stranger entered the apartment, dressed as if for a journey, and carrying a small valise in his hand. He was a young man, apparently about the same age as Bodry, good-looking, and of a cheerful, pleasant countenance. After bestowing a glance on the occupant of the chamber, the stranger looked about him, as if to see which bed was unoccupied, and then took possession of one of them by throwing his cloak, hat, and valise upon it. This act of appropriation performed, he approached the table where Bodry sat, and, without any preamble, asked him if he was travelling, and which way he was going. With the frankness of his age, Henri at once told him his destination, at which the new-comer expressed great satisfaction, he being also bound for Paris, and, as freely as he had inquired, went on to say, that he had come some distance across the country, was very cold and hungry, and if Monsieur had not already eaten his supper, would be most happy in being permitted to share that meal with him. Bodry was delighted to have a companion so agreeable, and acquiesced in the proposal most readily; the supper was soon served, and over a bottle of Moulin à Vent, the wine for which Mâcon is still so famous, the young men rapidly made acquaintance. At twenty years of age, there are no reserves; Bodry entered into his own affairs without the slightest concealment, described his position, stated the object of his journey, and fairly acknowledged, in reply to a laughing question from the other, that he had no great vocation for his impending marriage.

In return for this confession, the stranger

said, his name also was Henri—Henri Blaireau,—the son of an avocat at Bourg-en-Bresse; that he was not over burthened with money, but hoped to acquire it by following his father's profession, after he had studied enough law at the college in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais. As to the law itself, it was not his choice; he would rather have spent a fortune, than be at the trouble of making one,—but what would you have?

The intimacy which thus sprang up between the travellers was not diminished by the time they reached Paris. On the contrary, it had grown into a strong friendship. Their habits and tastes were so closely allied, that what the one proposed, the other was sure to agree to.

Amongst the subjects which engaged them during the latter part of their journey was the question where they should lodge on their arrival in the capital. Bodry knew nothing of Paris, and therefore made no objection to the Quartier Latin when it was proposed by Blaireau; so they went to the Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carnes—an auberge which the latter had heard his father praise, when slightly in his cups, as being the only place in Paris for drinking Vin de Beaune. It was not a fashionable part of the town, but the college was near and the residence of Monsieur Gombert not remote.

Notwithstanding this proximity, it seemed that neither love nor law was meant to be the first consideration with Messieurs Bodry and Blaireau. Together, they saw the Marionettes on the Boulevard du Temple; together they went to dance at the gardens of the Colisée; together they dined at the Moulin de Janelle, the most celebrated of all the extra-mural taverns of Paris; together, they went everywhere, in short, except to the College of Law and the Church of Saint Merri.

One evening, when they were returning home, accident led them through the Rue Saint Martin, and a qualm of conscience came over Bodry when he remembered that he had been already three weeks in the capital without delivering his letter of introduction or making any inquiries after Monsieur Gombert and Mademoiselle Madeleine. A qualm of conscience sometimes arises from a physical cause. Henri Bodry was a little out of sorts, and proposed—like a certain gentleman when he fell sick—to do something extraordinary by way of amendment. When he reached the Ecu d'Argent, however, he felt so much worse that he went directly to bed; in the course of the night he was seized with a violent fever, and, though it in some degree abated on the following morning, he remained very ill. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of Henri Blaireau. He sat by his friend's bedside all night, ministered to all his wants, soothed him by his care and encouraged him by his conversation.

Bodry's discourse turned chiefly on what was uppermost in his mind at the moment of his seizure; and his desire to make the long-neglected visit was increased by a letter which arrived from Lyons, asking him many questions respecting the silk merchant's family. But it was in vain he strove to rise; the fever still held him in thrall; yet, in the perversity of his malady, he persisted in declaring that the visit must immediately be paid. Henri Blaireau urged that Monsieur Gombert was not aware of his being in Paris, with various other arguments, and concluded by saying, that if his friend desired it, he would go to the Rue Saint Martin and explain the circumstances of the case.

This last suggestion operated singularly on the mind of the feverish invalid. Yes! Blaireau should go as he proposed; but he must not say a word about his illness, he must present himself as the real Bodry—keep Blaireau entirely out of sight—and by and by, when he was able to appear in person, they might make merry over the joke and laugh it entirely away. Blaireau combated this proposition at first; but, finding that his objections only increased his friend's nervous irritability, he consented.

His task was not a difficult one, for Monsieur Gombert knew very little of his correspondent's domestic affairs, and nothing personally of his future son-in-law. The worthy silk-merchant embraced his visitor with all the effusion which the approaching connection seemed to warrant, and met with a demonstration no less cordial. It was in Monsieur Gombert's counting-house that the greeting took place, but, the greeting over, the scene was changed to an inner apartment, where Madeleine with her *bonne*, who had nursed her from her cradle, was occupied with her embroidery. A feeling almost akin to envy was Blaireau's first sensation on seeing the beautiful girl to whom Bodry was betrothed, but it lasted only a moment, being quickly superseded by the pleasure he experienced in looking at, and conversing with her. At the end of a couple of hours he found himself head over ears in love. On the other hand, the impression which he appeared to have made on Monsieur Gombert and his daughter, and on the old nurse, who had a voice in everything, was all he could have desired, provided always that he had been Henri Bodry, and not his temporary substitute.

Unwillingly, at last, he rose to take his departure, and lingered as he pressed the hand of Madeleine Gombert, which was not, he fancied, too suddenly withdrawn; neither did the expression of her countenance convey the idea that he would not be welcome when he renewed his visit. All this was consistent enough with the relation in which Henri Bodry stood towards the family Gombert; but, somehow or other,

Blaireau could not divest himself of the notion — which ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred would have entertained — that no small share of the reception accorded to him was a tribute to his own personal qualities.

On his return to the Rue des Carmes, he found Henri Bodry much worse. A physician was sent for; Blaireau was unremitting in his attention, but the fever increased alarmingly, and as evening drew on, he began to fear for his friend's life. At Bodry's request, Blaireau related to him all the particulars of the interview in the Rue Saint Martin, and the subject still engrossed the mind of the sick young man, to the exclusion of every other. Even when conscious of his own danger, he still continued the theme.

"I have often been ill," he said, "but never felt before as I feel now. Should I die, Henri Blaireau, promise me here, that you will still be Henri Bodry. Think what a desolation it would be to Monsieur Gombert and Madeleine to be told of my death! Marry her, for my sake; then, I shall feel that I have done my duty in giving her the husband she expected. No, no, I am not light-headed, I know very well what I say. Unless you promise this, I cannot die content."

Blaireau felt convinced that his friend's mind was wandering, but to keep him quiet, he again promised all that was required. For half-an-hour Bodry remained silent, and his anxious attendant believed he slept; but suddenly he rose up in bed, and a distressing change was apparent; his breathing came short and thick, his voice was faint and low, the hand of death was evidently upon him. Grasping Blaireau's arm convulsively, as if striving to draw him closer, he feebly whispered the word "Remember!" and then fell back dead.

II.

It was ten o'clock at night, and Monsieur Gombert was alone in his counting-house. Everything was silent in the apartment but the ticking of one of those large clocks, white-faced, blue-figured, and highly bedizened with gilding, which we call of the age of Louis Quatorze, though they belong to the time of his great-grandson. That clock had just struck ten, and the last stroke had hardly ceased to vibrate when Monsieur Gombert, who happened to raise his head, became aware of some one who was standing near the door. He had not heard anybody enter, perhaps because he had been absorbed in his accounts, and his astonishment—not unmingled with fear, for he was of a nervous and timid nature—was very great.

"Who is there?" he asked with hesitation. "Is that—you—Jacques?"

Jacques was Monsieur Gombert's confidential clerk; but no Jacques replied, and the silk merchant remained speechless, with his eyes still fixed on the figure which now slowly advanced a few steps, and, as it seemed

to him, without noise. As the figure drew nearer, though the light from his solitary candle was very dim, Monsieur Gombert perceived a pale, hollow face which wore an expression of great anxiety; the eyes were wide open and glittered exceedingly, and a quantity of dark hair streamed wildly. Monsieur Gombert gasped for utterance, but it was denied him. The appearance came nearer still, and then Monsieur Gombert imagined—but doubted, notwithstanding—that he recognised features he had lately seen. This supposition gave him a glimmer of courage.

“My friend,” he said, “what brings you here at this hour?”

“Death!” answered the figure, in a deep, sepulchral voice.

“How! Death! Has any misfortune arrived?”

“The greatest that can happen to man. Henri Bodry died an hour ago. I come to invite you to his funeral?”

“You! you! But you are Henri Bodry!”

“I was—this morning!”

“Ah! Mon Dieu!” exclaimed the merchant, and fell senseless from his stool.

At his outcry and the noise he made in falling, Madeleine and old Petronille, the *bonne*, who were at work in the next room, rushed into the counting-house. They supposed Monsieur Gombert was in a fit, and hastily applied such remedies as they could devise. After a few minutes the silk merchant opened his eyes.

“Where is he?” he said, looking round with horror.

“Who, sir?” asked Madeleine. “What do you mean?”

“Who?” he repeated slowly, again looking round him. “Who? Henry Bodry. He was here this moment.”

“Impossible, sir!” said Petronille. “You were alone when we came, which we did on the instant you called out. There was not the shadow of a person in the room.”

“The shadow!” returned Monsieur Gombert. “Ah, that is it. The shadow. It was no living being.”

“I beseech you, my father,” said Madeleine, “to tell us what is the matter. You look ill and frightened.”

“I have reason to be so,” replied Monsieur Gombert. “I have seen a spirit.”

He then, as collectedly as he could, related what had occurred.

“This is a fancy,” said Madeleine. Monsieur Gombert shook his head.

“A dream,” observed Petronille. “You supped well on that famous goose of Alençon—you had more than one glass of Burgundy, in honour of Monsieur Bodry”—the silk merchant shivered—“over your books after supper, a wrong time, you became sleepy, an indigestion arrived—there!”

Ingenious reasoning, but not satisfactory to Monsieur Gombert.

“I saw him,” he persisted, “as distinctly as I see either of you. It was the face of a dead man. He invited me to his funeral.”

These words and the earnestness with which Monsieur Gombert spoke infected Madeleine and Petronille with some of his own fear: they also looked timidly about them, dreading to behold some hideous apparition.

Mademoiselle Gombert was the first to regain her presence of mind.

“Let somebody be sent at once to ask news of him.”

This suggestion was immediately adopted. Jacques, the confidential clerk, who lived in the house with the rest, was thought the most proper person to employ; and, without being made aware of the motive which had led to his errand, was directed to ask if Monsieur Henri Bodry could come and see Monsieur Gombert directly. In less than half an hour he returned, with a countenance much discomposed.

“Sir,” said he, to Monsieur Gombert, “I bring you very sad tidings. The young gentleman who came here only this morning so full of life and spirits, died about an hour ago!”

Madeleine Gombert was thunderstruck. She could scarcely believe her ears. But it was more than astonishment. There was a pang at her heart. That fine, handsome young man, who had so much interested her!

Monsieur Gombert felt very ill, and went at once to bed. Old Petronille and his daughter kept watch beside him with as many candles burning as there were candlesticks in the house to hold them; and, further to scare away all evil spirits, Madeleine read aloud the *Office des Morts*, Monsieur Gombert joining fervently at the end of every psalm with the anthem “*Heu mihi!*”

So much affected, indeed, was the honest silk-merchant by the sudden death of his correspondent’s son, that he did not get the better of the shock for several days. To attend Henri Bodry’s funeral was entirely out of the question; and the knowledge that it had taken place while he was confined to his room, materially contributed to his recovery.

“Once fairly underground,” thought Monsieur Gombert, “he is not so likely to pay me another visit, unless—unless”—and this doubt harassed him sorely, “unless he is vexed at my not having complied with his wishes.”

As for Madeleine, poor girl, she talked over the sad event with old Petronille: it was the only consolation she could find for the loss of her lover. She also sought comfort in devotion, and instead of going now and then when the day was fine, went regularly morning and evening to mass in the church of Saint Merri.

III.

In the meanwhile Henri Blaireau had paid the last offices to his friend in the Cemetery of the Innocents—at that time the place of burial for half the people of Paris—and had written an account of his untimely death to the elder Bodry at Lyons, informing him that all his son's effects were under seal. These pious duties performed, he directed his thoughts to what concerned himself. But he found the study of the law much more distasteful to him now than it had even been before. In vain he pored over Pandects and delved into Digests; nothing came of it; one object always kept floating between his eyes and the page, which neutralised all his toil; and that object was the smiling face of Madeleine Gombert.

"How unfortunate," he constantly reflected, "that I should have presented myself in the name of another man! She had never seen Henri Bodry—not even friendship subsisted between them; her regret, if she feels any, must all be on my account, and I—unhappy wretch that I am!—I have made myself my own rival! If Monsieur Gombert had accepted the invitation to the funeral, I could then have explained my poor friend's caprice, but to attempt to do so now would expose me to I know not what odious accusations."

This hourly Jeremiad made him, of course, much less of a lawyer and much more of a lover than ever, and it always ended in his throwing aside his books and wandering forth to the Rue Saint Martin.

One rainy evening, weary of pacing up and down the dark, damp street without any reward, he stood up for shelter in the porch of Saint Merri. The vesper service was going on, and, thinking the inside of the church more comfortable than the out, Henri Blaireau pushed open the little baize door and entered. The interior was nearly as obscure as the street he had left, for Saint Merri is a large church, and was very dimly lighted. The congregation, as thin as it generally is at vespers on a raw, foggy, wet winter's evening, seemed to consist of only a few old women, and Henri roamed undisturbed through the aisles, thinking, as usual, of Madeleine Gombert. He had twice crossed the small lateral chapel which stands on the south side of the building without noticing that anyone was there; but the third time he passed, his attention was attracted by a female figure kneeling before an altar dedicated to the Virgin. Something besides curiosity prompted him to stop and gaze. He did more than stop; he drew nearer, placing himself discreetly behind a massive pillar, the better to obtain a view of her face. For some time she remained absorbed in prayer. At length she raised her head, and the lamp above the image of Our Lady shedding its rays full on the worshipper, revealed to him the features of Madeleine Gombert. He uttered an exclamation

of surprise, at which Madeleine looked round in the direction from whence the sound proceeded; but she soon withdrew them, unable, apparently, to penetrate the gloom. Once more she prayed, and Henri felt an almost irresistible longing to cast himself on his knees before the same altar and pray there, too. But the fear of disturbing her made him pause, and while he hesitated she rose. She did not perceive that she was not alone in the chapel, and came up to the spot where he stood. He put out his hand and caught her by the sleeve. She turned quickly, and, lighted by the altar lamp, beheld, close to her, the countenance of the man for the repose of whose soul she had just been praying. The sight was enough to startle the strongest nerves. "Heaven! Monsieur Henri!" she cried. "Save me, Mother of Grace!" and as fast as her feet could carry her she rushed to the chancel door.

To run after her was Henri Blaireau's first impulse, but he had not gone three yards before he tripped over an old woman who was fast asleep (at her prayers) in the aisle, and came down on the pavement with a crash. In the midst of a furious scolding, Blaireau picked himself up as well as he could, and then, remembering for the first time what was due to the proprieties of a church, desisted from further pursuit. To quiet the old woman, whose occupation (besides praying) was the letting of rush-bottomed chairs to the pious, he gave her all the sous he had in his pocket, and then stole away on tip-toe, thinking himself lucky in not having drawn on his head the fulmination of the officiating priest. Once outside, he quickened his steps; but all his haste was vain: he only arrived within sight of Monsieur Gombert's door to see the skirt of Madeleine's garment disappear as the portal was closed.

Could he not find a lodging in the Rue St. Martin,—could he not find a lodging in the very house where Monsieur Gombert dwelt?

He resolved to return next day and see about it. Fortune might be more propitious the next time he encountered the beautiful Madeleine; at all events, he would enjoy the melancholy pleasure—this is the way a lover always puts it—of seeing the object of his affections, even if he were himself unseen.

Mademoiselle Gombert said nothing to her father about her fright in the church of St. Merri, but she made a confidente of Petronille. The old bonne crossed herself on hearing the fearful tale, and asked a great many questions. In what form did the apparition present itself,—did it wear a shroud,—was it very pale,—did it speak,—had it a smell of sulphur? All that Madeleine could say in reply was, that the spirit appeared to her to be dressed in the usual male costume, and looked exactly like Monsieur Henri Bodry.

IV.

THE next morning, in order the better to execute his project unobserved, Henri Blaireau set off to the Rue de la Grande Friperie, where he bought at one of the numerous second-hand shops in that useful quarter, a three-cornered military hat and a long, grey dragoon-cloak, which last, though it had seen at least twenty years' service, was declared by the conscientious merchant who sold it to be better than new. Wrapping himself closely in his dragoon's costume, he then proceeded to the Rue Saint Martin, and carefully reconnoitred Monsieur Gombert's house once more. Daylight enabled him to discover what had been hidden by the darkness of night, the very thing he desired: on one of the door-posts of the open gateway was an écriteau announcing that a garni, or furnished room, was to be let, application to be made to the concierge. It was not on the ground floor, for these were the silk merchant's ware-rooms; neither was it on the first floor (the house had no entresol), for there were located Monsieur Gombert and his family; neither was it on the third floor—but without stopping at every landing-place, let us climb at once to the top of the staircase, open the door of a chamber, familiarly termed a mansard or garret, and there we have the joli appartement, bien meublé, as the concierge poetically described it. What furnished it well, consisted of a truckle bed without hangings, two rickety chairs and a still more rickety table; what made it handsome was, perhaps, the flooring of red tiles which, in spite of their colour, did not make the room look warm. It was, in short, a wretched hole, and Henri Blaireau shivered as he cast his eyes round it, but then he was under the same roof with the maid he loved, and that reconciled him, of course, to its wretchedness. He returned to the Ecu d'Argent, settled his account, and loading an Auvergnat with his own and his deceased friend's trunks—a weight which the strongest mule might well have refused to carry—finally installed himself in his delectable abode.

But there was one obstacle to complete concealment which no precaution could overcome. If there be any particular spot on the face of the globe, where gossip holds its head-quarters, it is in a Paris porter's lodge, and this was equally the fact in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth as it is in the reign of Napoleon the Third. The occupants of the lodge at Monsieur Gombert's were Pierre and Phrosine, an elderly couple, whose surname was Le Pocheux: the former had been for many years a soldier, the latter everything in the menial line, and their marriage has been as much an affaire de convenance as if his father had called himself De Rohan and hers De Montmorency. Gossip was the staple of their intellectual existence, and though there did not appear

to be much food for it in so simple a circumstance as the hiring of a garret at ten livres a quarter, yet the military externals of the new lodger had fixed the attention of Monsieur Pierre, whose scrutiny inclined him to think that the dress and its wearer did not altogether correspond: so much baggage, too, was incompatible with the condition of a person who took up his lodging under the eaves; and, finally, Madame Phrosine had taken particular notice of very white hands, very bright eyes, and a very handsome face, as far as the cocked hat and the cape of the cloak allowed them to be visible.

The greatest ally of Monsieur and Madame Le Pocheux was, naturally, Madame Petronille (they never failed to salute each other with the prefix which I have adopted), and to her they imparted the news of the stranger's arrival, accompanied by their own enlightened commentaries. Gossip is the mother of a great many children, and her eldest-born is Curiosity. The old *bonne* became curious about the mysterious dragoon, and it was not long before her curiosity was shared by Mademoiselle Gombert. To have a peep at him, on the first opportunity, was Petronille's expressed intention.

For the first hour or two after he was established in his new quarters, Henri Blaireau found occupation enough in trying to make it look more habitable; but when this process was at an end, and he found that, stretch his neck as he might from his solitary window (which only overlooked a court-yard), he could see nothing of the apartment in which Mademoiselle Gombert resided, he began to get very impatient of confinement, and yearned to approach her more nearly. But to leave his room in broad daylight would be to court unnecessary observation, so he waited till it was dusk before he issued from his den. Then, wearing the attire on which he counted for disguise, in the event of his meeting Monsieur Gombert, he slowly descended the staircase, lingering at every step as he drew near the first floor. He had arrived at the last turning when he observed some one standing in the doorway of Monsieur Gombert's suite of rooms. There was just light enough for him to see that it was a woman; his heart at once told him who it was,—and clearing the flight at a bound, he stood before her. She did not alter her position, but remained behind the shadow of the door. He was encouraged to speak, and after the ceremonious fashion of his time and nation, took off his hat as he did so; scarcely had he uttered a word, before a violent scream saluted him, the door was slammed in his face, and he heard the cry of "Murder!" vociferated within, in the shrillest of female tones.

He rushed down-stairs; and, the porte cochère being not yet closed, reached the street without detention.

Petronille, for she it was who had been

lying in ambush, continued to exercise her lungs, as she floundered on the parquet, without daring to lift her head, until she brought round her the whole of Monsieur Gombert's household, with the exception of Madeleine, who, more piously disposed than ever, had gone again to vesper service, in the church of Saint Merri.

"But what is the matter, my poor Petronille?" said Monsieur Gombert, as they raised the old woman, and conducted her into an inner room.

"Oh, sir! sir!" replied, with hysterical effort; "I have seen him—I—myself!"

"Seen whom, Petronille?" asked the silk-merchant, tremulously.

"Fresh from the grave, in his winding-sheet,—with eyes like burning charcoal!"

Monsieur Gombert groaned instinctively, and did not repeat his question; Jacques, the clerk, Marie, the cook, and Felicité, the fille-de-chambre, were, however, clamorous to hear all.

"But tell us, Petronille, for the love of Heaven!"

"One, two, three,—as slowly as the clock strikes, I heard him descending the staircase, just as I was holding the door in my hand, after letting out Mademoiselle, when she went to vespers. How can I tell why I wanted to see who might be coming? These things are fate! Suddenly, before I knew what had happened, he stood within a yard of me. I might have touched him. Then I saw his face! The face of the young gentleman from Lyons, who died last week at the Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes. The face of Monsieur Bodry!"

Monsieur Gombert dropped into a chair, unable to utter a word; consternation was depicted on every countenance; and a loud knocking was heard at the outer door.

Everybody (Monsieur Gombert only excepted) screamed again; and Pierre, the concierge, came in, amazed, removing from his head a little skull-cap, made of carpet.

"Monsieur Pierre," shrieked Petronille, "I have seen a ghost!"

"Bah!" replied Pierre, "I've seen five thousand. A ghost and a dead man are much the same thing, I imagine. When one sleeps on the field of battle, one sees plenty of ghosts."

"Ah, but they don't walk, Pierre, those dead people," replied Petronille.

"Very odd, if they did," said Pierre, "when their legs are shot away."

The obstinacy of the old soldier did more to recover Petronille, than even his corporeal presence, and with as much emphasis, but more circumstance, she repeated her adventure. Still Pierre shook his head.

"But Monsieur Gombert," continued the bonne, "has been visited by the same ghost. It is the ghost of a young man! He came to him an hour after his death. And what will you say, when I tell you,—my

duty now compels me to reveal it,—that Mademoiselle Gombert, in her turn, has seen the spirit? No later than yesterday evening it appeared to her in the church of Saint Merri. On that account, she has gone again to-night, to consult Monsieur le Curé."

"What is that you say?" cried Monsieur Gombert. "Oh, my good friend Pierre, run to the church and bid her return instantly! Also, ask Monsieur le Curé to come as soon as the service is over."

The concierge no longer presumed openly to deny what was affirmed on so much higher authority, but he obeyed Monsieur Gombert's orders, and set off at once.

V.

WHEN Henri Blaireau got into the street, he was at a loss what to do next. One set of inclinations prompted him, to go and get some dinner; another set of inclinations,—loftier, nobler, altogether more becoming a lover—led him to follow the route which Mademoiselle Gombert had just taken.

Accordingly, he also bent his footsteps to the church of Saint Merri. Arrived there, he made no pause in the porch, lingered not an instant in the nave, took no heed of priests or old women, but plunging into the south aisle, steered his way softly through the labyrinth of piled-up chairs, till he came to the chapel of the Virgin. What was his delight, as he cautiously peeped from behind the pillar where he had stood the evening before, when, in the same attitude and in front of the same altar, he beheld Mademoiselle Gombert!

Experience had taught him wisdom. His unlucky features, he resolved, should not get him into a scrape again. He advanced, therefore, at a quick step, covered his face with both hands, took advantage of a devotee's privilege by plumping himself on his knees beside Madeleine, and bending down his head, began to pray with great fervour.

Though such an association in worship was not so uncommon as to be remarkable, Mademoiselle Gombert felt a little uncomfortable at the close proximity of the stranger.

"Beate mater," murmured the new supplicant, "et intacta virgo, gloriosa regina mundi, intercede pro nobis ad—" He paused for a moment or two, and then, turning towards Mademoiselle Gombert, substituted for the right word, "Magdalenam;" and, before she could recover from her astonishment, he added:

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle; but in me you behold the person who, last night, unhappily caused you trouble."

Madeleine rose hastily to her feet, and moved from the chapel; but she was overtaken by Henri Blaireau before she had gone many steps.

"Can it be?" she said, faintly. "Do the dead return to this world?"

"Not the dead," said Henri, seizing her hand; "not the dead, but the living."

Madeleine's senses could not resist the fact of a human hand being clasped in hers,—a hand warm as her own. The voice, too, that breathed in her ear had no sepulchral tone.

"If not the dead, who and what are you? The face I saw was that of Henri Bodry."

"Mademoiselle, forgive a deception which was not premeditated,—nay, was almost involuntary. Henri Bodry is, indeed, no more; but I am not Henri Bodry. O, you will pardon me, Mademoiselle Gombert, when you have heard my story."

There was something so persuasive in his manner, that Madeleine was induced to listen. He was not a good common-lawyer, but he was an excellent special pleader. Is it necessary, then, to add that his suit was not unprosperous.

"There is," said a rough but cheery sort of voice close behind them—the voice of Pierre the old concierge, carpet-cap in hand, and on the broad grin—"I don't know what to-do at home, ma'msell'. Madame Petronille has been in fits, and everybody is distracted at having seen a ghost. I'm afraid," he added, turning to Henri, "I'm afraid it was yours, Monsieur."

The stir at Monsieur Gombert's house had scarcely subsided, when Madeleine entered.

"Father!" she cried, running into his arms, "I grieve for your distress—for poor Petronille's—but there is one behind me (do not be alarmed at a mere personal resemblance) who can explain all."

About a quarter-of-an-hour afterwards, the curé of Saint Merri was announced.

Monsieur Gombert went with a smiling air to meet him.

"I don't know," he said, "what you will think of my dilemma. I sent for your spiritual aid; but instead of an exorcism, I think I will, upon the whole, ask you to have the kindness to bestow a blessing!"

CHIP.

SLOW CONVEYANCING.

"THAT is your seal, and you deliver this as your act and deed for the purposes therein mentioned."

Mr. Tapes and I have been going through a little ceremony, and it is he who utters the above oracular suggestion, whilst I diligently erect a small blob of ink in the centre of a seal placed between my Christian and surname, at the foot of a series of very greasy skins of parchment. I am in fact completing the purchase of the shop next door, which I have bought of Jones. Mr. Tapes is in great good humour, shakes me by the hand, wishes me joy of the purchase, and hands me his bill of costs.

This voluminous document is not pleasant reading, but I work away steadily through "attending you," "writing you," "searching

for appearance," and numberless items introduced by the aggravative prefix of "You having" "I having," &c., &c., &c., until I come to the charge for preparing the conveyance itself, a long way down the fourth column: "Drawing draft conveyance, fos. 60, £4."

Good gracious! sixty folios of seventy-two words each: four thousand three hundred and twenty words expended over the transfer from Jones of the poor little barber's shop next door. Stop! "Transmitting draft conveyance to Counsel to settle. Paid him and clerk, £3. 3s. 0d. Engrossing same, fos. 60" (on greasy skins of parchment) "£2. 0s. 0d." and so on.

I cannot avoid recurring to the extraordinary drain upon the English language necessary to the transfer of the barber's shop from the possession of Jones to myself. Four thousand three hundred and twenty words! I become curious to know by what elaborate system of verbosity four thousand three hundred and twenty words can be expended on this simple proceeding, and Mr. Tapes (who continues to be in a genial humour) kindly directs my attention to the "general words" as an example. They are, Mr. Tapes informs me, so very comprehensive: "Together with all and singular houses, outhouses, edifices, buildings, barns, stables, dove houses, yards, gardens, orchards, backsides, commons, common of pasture, common of turbary, trees, woods, underwoods, mounds, fences, ditches, hedges, ways, waters, watercourses, liberties, privileges, easements, profits, commodities, emoluments, hereditaments and appurtenances whatsoever," to the poor unfortunate barber's shop next door, "or to any part thereof by any possibility belonging or in anywise appertaining. Anything to the contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding." I am willing to leave it to the Lord High Chancellor of England to say what possible groves of trees, woods, underwoods; what gardens, orchards, commons, common of turbary (whatever that may be), mounds, ditches, fences, or dove houses," the most lynx-eyed lawyer could discover within the shop, sitting-room, bed-room, and kitchen of Jones's house next door, which I have just purchased.

Carried away out of my usually equitable frame of mind by the perusal of these exasperating documents, I mention the matter (irascibly, I confess) to Tapes. He is down upon me in one moment with the Commentaries of the great Blackstone: "The matter," he says, quoting from the Commentaries aforesaid, "must be legally and orderly set forth; that is, there must be words sufficient to specify the agreement and bind the parties; which sufficiency must be left to the courts of law to determine."

"Hah!" I say, "left to the courts of law to determine."

Then, there is Tapes, proceeding steadily:

—“For it is not absolutely necessary in law to have all the formal parts that are usually drawn out in deeds, so as there be sufficient words to declare clearly and legally the parties’ meaning.”

—“Then, do you mean to tell me, Mr. Tapes,” I ask, “that you found it absolutely necessary to introduce that long story about the trees, and the underwoods, and all that, to say nothing of the supplementary explanation about the house being ‘free and clear, and freely and clearly, and absolutely acquitted, exonerated, released, and for ever discharged, or otherwise by &c. well and sufficiently saved, defended, kept harmless, and indemnified against all estates, titles, troubles, charges, debts, and incumbrances, to be made, executed, occasioned, or suffered, &c., &c., &c.?’ Do you mean to say that you found all this necessary before you could conscientiously tell me that Jones’s house was no longer Jones’s, but mine?”

I waited in considerable wrath for Tapes’s reply. It came, as I expected, out of the Commentaries of the great Blackstone: “But,” so it ran, “as these formal and orderly parts are calculated to convey the meaning in the clearest, distinctest, and most effectual manner, and have been well considered and settled by the wisdom of successive ages, it is prudent not to depart from them without good reason or urgent necessity, and therefore” (Mr. Tapes reads this with considerable unction) “such of them as are appropriate to deeds containing a conveyance of land, shall be mentioned in the usual order.”

Clearly, the great Blackstone, the wisdom of successive ages, and Mr. Tapes, must be right.

There is one thing more, however, which I should wish to mention. Mr. Justice Blackstone informs me in his Commentaries upon the laws of England, that a deed is the most solemn and authentic act that a man can possibly perform with relation to the disposal of his property; and, therefore, a man, he says, shall always be estopped by his own deed, or not permitted to aver or prove anything in contradiction to what he has once so solemnly and deliberately avowed. Now, I would put it candidly to any unprofessional reader who has performed this solemn and authentic act, whether he has been quite clearly in possession of all the involved bearings of the deed at the time of its execution? I would go further even, and ask whether any professional reader could undertake to master the design of a deed of sixty or seventy folios without considerable exertion and within a reasonable time? I am resigned to leave the matter for the present under the shadow of the great upas-tree “Precedent:” praying only that some great legal giant may arise to hew down the pernicious tree, and bare the subject more freely to the light of day.

If any one thinks that such a proceeding would diminish the business profits of Mr. Tapes, I beg to demur to that. I am rather certain that if the expenses of conveyance were lessened, and the intricacies which clog the proof of title were modified, a much brisker conveyancing business would fall to the lot of that gentleman, than he at present enjoys.

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

IX.

At the window of that Grey-headed Nobleman, where I lodge, may be found excellent entertainment. There the contemplative man may have his recreation, perhaps about as well as by walking after Mr. Walton. For every figure that goes by, sets astir a train of thoughts and images concerning the ways of this most curious people. They go by underneath with such noise and clatter—men, women, and children. Nay, for that matter, there are those polished reflectors and bits of looking-glass beside me, to the right and left, which report faithfully all things below, without giving the beholder the trouble of stretching forth his neck. You may see there the figures coming on dioramically; and by-and-by there comes along dioramically, a strange figure, of the undertaker order—in bearing and garb, plainly suggestive of woe.

This gentleman, so connected with the sad profession, is arrayed in a decent suit of black. Beautiful in fit and smooth in texture is his funereal raiment. But what is strange, he hath on his head a tri-cornered cocked hat, from an angle of which floats a long black veil, trained in a festoon down to his heels nearly. The veil floats after him dismally wheresoever he goes. He has, besides, trappings of black silk disposed in plaits, much like an ancient bagwig, hanging about him rearwards. Black stockings, shoes and buckles, finish the man of mourning below. He bears in his hand large sheets of paper unfolded.

The undertaking interest must be petted and encouraged exceedingly. For I meet these gentlemen at every turn and corner, tripping along with light step and unspotted pumps, wrapped up contemplatively in their mortuary business. It must thrive, the mortuary business, the professional portion, that is.

I see him every day tripping up with neckcloth most beautiful and fair to look at,—ringing the bell softly, and handing in his document to the maid-servant, who takes it silently. Who looks at it curiously, too, and with an eager interest: for, in this fashion, is first made known the death of friend or immediate neighbour. I remark that, on such occasions, the usual familiar relations of ladies and gentlemen in the lower ranks of

life are properly suspended. My little Dutchwoman, looks serious, and attempts no conversation, as she does with the gentlemen who bring her bread and milk of a morning. He too,—Intelligencer, as he is called,—is impassive, and has his features composed to a sad smile. Terrible nightmare this must be in a social system, these black spectres coming to your door periodically, stalking up the steps at any hour, festive or otherwise, with their budget. It is Pale Death knocking impartially at the dwellings of the rich and of the poor, fearfully realised. Conceive a dear friend lying sick, and in extremity, perhaps. What anxious hearts and troubled spirits must the news, that the sable intelligencer is coming down the street set on the watch! Will he pass the door?

I see, one day, a defunct borne out to be interred in an ancient church, and it is surprising to count the vast number of these gentlemen that wait on him to the grave. The poor deceased is, as it were, mobbed by them. They crowd about him in every shade of sepulchral costume; cocked hats, cloaks, veils, darkening the air. They are in possession of the poor remains, and rule despotically while their little reign endures; as do their undertaking brethren all the world over. Terrible invasion of the one dark man, whom none has spirit or heart to gainsay: awful scrupulousness of white neckcloth and beadle dignity, cowering utterly the mourning and bereaved.

“O! the vultures! the vultures!” says mine host of the Grey-headed Nobleman between his teeth (he has stolen behind me softly as I take the contemplative man’s recreation); “they scent the dead from afar off, and flock round greedily! See the sleek rascal! how briskly he trips along to his work. O! the vultures!”

“Why so hard on the intelligencers?” I ask. “There must be necessity for them, or they could not be at all.”

“Ah!” says mine host with a Frenchman’s grimace, “you see not what a country this of ours is! We groan under them: we let them fix their talons in us, and yet we bear with them. And why? because of our own wretched pride!”

“How so?” I ask.

My host twisted himself eelwise, as he made answer, “Because we hold it a grand and glorious thing to have the vultures at our funerals. The greater number, the greater state. The more vultures, the more grief. The more intelligencers, the greater man. The neighbours will whisper together and say: See how great this man must have been, having so many vultures!”

I here think within myself of a certain people who are given to such things as mutes, baton-men, feathers, and Flanders horses; and of their neighbours who delight in Wakes, contending with one another who shall be foremost in such

funereal display. Who gather their friends at a groaning board as for a festival, and charter the service of a long train of Keeners, Wailers, and such functionaries, who have small heed if the survivors’ substance be all swallowed up in the profitless display. What will the neighbours say—what will the many-headed Mrs. Grundy say?

Curious enough my host proceeds to tell me that there are Dutch Keeners also, whose name sounds like Hildebekers or Howlers. You pay these gentlemen a certain consideration, and it is to be presumed they will come and howl over the remains with all good will. Working himself into righteous indignation, he anathematises the whole system, root and branches. Poor soul! I suspect he has had to do with them before now, and that they have wrung his withers sorely.

Those who have sojourned in France, and who have been there afflicted with loss of friend or relative, will call to mind the troop of black men in cleanly neckcloths, too, and shining black, who are wont to make invasion of the house at such dreary seasons. They will be mindful how these same black men would come into formal possession of effects, sealing up carefully, opening secret places, ransacking drawers and trunks, appraising all things, with a cruel exactness and endless delays.

So much with respect to defunct Mynheers. There are some other little points concerning him (when in the flesh) which may be worth noting in this place. I am utterly surprised at Mynheer’s not being more of a reading man. Rather, it should be no surprise to one who thinks over the nature of the man and his ways; but still it remains to be accounted for, taking it commercially, how there should be so few book shops in the great towns—the great towns,—for in the smaller you might hunt hopelessly for days, and go night to perishing for want of literary pabulum. But take Amsterdam—a notable place. I do suppose (under correction) there are not a dozen book-stores in the whole city; which number might, under certain circumstances, be taken as amply sufficient for an earnest reading community. But, there is then the quality of these book-stores to be taken into account. Firstly, they are small narrow places, furnished scantily with a few shelves; the whole stock to be taken at say from three to four hundred volumes; these, too, mostly of the ephemeral order, political or religious. Some of the dozen are altogether French, and sell mainly French novels, imported. Some men’s shelves are almost filled with those enticing little volumes, reprints of English works, done at Leipsic, clearly brought there for the English passer-by or sojourner. With these deductions, the native book demand seems to shrink away to very small

compass indeed. So, at least, does it appear on the surface, and to a traveller's superficial view.

There is some light work done in the way of translation, however. Turning over the volumes of an Anglo-Dutch trader, I find on the counter, three fresh hot-pressed volumes, of royalet-octavo size, which I find on examination to be a work of fiction entitled "Kleine Dora." The Proprietor of bookstore informs me finently that it is a work of all others the newest, being the latest effort of the well-known Heer Karl Dickens. Kleine Dora is the Little Dorrit, done into Dutch, with Heaven only knows what jumble and mystification. I find the illustrations to the work reduced to the size of stereoscopic pictures, and gathered some dozen together on a single page, with considerable loss of effect, as may be well conceived—but with this result, that you have the whole trials and adventures of Kleine Dora presented panoramically, and at a single view. On a shelf, too, I find Bleak House, and marvel what they can make of the Lord Chancellor, and the scene in his High Court, "Begludship's pardon," is represented by Dutch words run into one another, and so that point may possibly have been seized; but I tremble when I think of Jo, and the Inkwich, and Tom's All-alone. In what dictionary extant will our poor Dutch Hodman find Inkwich?

To look again a little closer at the social ways of my Dutchman,—what does he, with his misbehaved Mynheers, and Ne'er-do-wells? A serious question to touch at this present time, when the world is all agog of Reformatory notion—Mettray, Silent System, and Mr. Recorder Hill.

Without having gone systematically to the work, or obtaining tabular statements from governors of asylums and such places, or indeed in any manner affecting to do more than graze the subject, it must be granted that Mynheer has some queer notions as to the treatment of his Ne'er-do-wells: to say nothing of the great Dig-in-the-Fields principle, carried out at those penal settlements the world has often heard of; where the land becomes a criminal country, bearing criminal crops and criminal verdure, and sends out criminal wares, and is altogether teeming with genial Botany Bay influences; within a stone's throw, too, were the non-criminal world, from which the innocent Mynheer may look complacently from afar off at the Dismal Swamp, where his brother reclaims bog and polder all day long—and eventually reclaims himself it is to be hoped. This Bog Reformatory, however, the world knows of pretty well. But without touching on such matters as schedule, dietary scale, able-bodied adults, and the like, a few broad facts may be stated here as to Mynheer's gaol discipline generally.

He does not hang his brother upon a tree.

He objects constitutionally to thus dealing capitably with his brother. The dungeon is the panacea. Little crime, little dungeon: greater crime, more dungeon. Dungeon, in a word, quan. suf. He mostly classes his prisoners, per delicta, or offences—which may be proper enough: but unhappily he has no subdivision for the respective ages. Thus, old and young, boy matriculated, and man graduated, are jumbled together to equalise their attainments. This is a fatal system, as all who have thought upon the matter must see at a glance. Further, the public transgressions are visited with confinement, as has been mentioned; but infraction of the prison laws is punished with singular rigour. Solitary confinement is the popular vindication of such infringement; up at Leowarden is a strong place, compassed about with strong walls, where the wicked do penance for their sins. All arrangements seem decent and wholesome, until the stranger is led down into a place that looks like the bear pit in the Zoological Gardens. At one side of the pit are low arched doors like the entrance to Bruin's lodgings, covered up with a thick iron grating, through which may be made out indistinct figures, coiled up in corners, like wild beasts in their dens, seemingly insensible to all things outside. That row of gratings and caged men is a horrible sight—more horrible when it is known that some are kept thus for life. Many more for long terms of years. Those grated arches suggest vault entrances as well as Bruin's den—only, vaults for the living. There results, strange to say, not that insanity or melancholy madness, which is popularly expected; but a certain dull insensibility and unconsciousness. Can such system be wholesome as a warning or terror to those outside; which, indeed, is the aim of all punishment; for how shall evil-doers outside know and have conviction of the horrors of that solitary Bruin's den? Better, perhaps, that old hanging on a tree, or Mr. Philips's nostrum of the high place, to be seen by all the country round, and the gloomy black flag waving over it eternally.

A friend of his, who now writes, was taken over one of these gloomy asylums, by a gentleman of easy manners and fluent address. He might have been an ancient emigré Abbé, his whole air was so gentle; with that dash of the Père Noble, which to the very last cleaves to the Frenchman stricken in years. He was filled with noble thoughts, and descanted fluently on the sad disorganisation of society then prevalent. How men who had once swerved from the straight path, continued to grow worse and worse, until sunk hopelessly in iniquity. He pointed out feelingly how it was these small beginnings made prisons overflow; how, if men could but guard themselves against the approaches of crime all would be well. He shook his head profoundly as he showed

his marked disapproval of the system of confounding together the earlier and latest stages of crime, and was altogether very edifying in his language. 'He showed the prisoners' chapel of ease, and the library, delivering excellent reflections on the works themselves and their authors; and finally, at departure, was proved to be no other than a convict schoolmaster, who had been doing a little in the forgery line. He was the show prisoner of the place—a prize forçat, of whom the establishment was justly proud.

There are many men down in that menagerie pit who may also be taken for show-prisoners; unfortunates who have been in vault beyond the memory of man almost. One, who fired at a certain prince of high degree many, many years since, shall have to look out through the bars of his den to the hour of his death. The keeper that shows you round, will tell the whole story.

As I am turning over this rueful subject, still sitting at the window of the Grey-headed Nobleman, I find it has grown to be dark, and that the shop-windows below are being lighted up. This, during the progress of that funereal and prison reverie. When suddenly the door opens softly, and the Grey-headed Nobleman himself puts his head in, desiring to know if he may come in further. He has come in with a request, that, as the evenings are growing dull and Mynheer may have possibly used up all the sights of the place, perhaps—would it be asking too much?—perhaps Mynheer would come down to their little room, and have a dish of tea. Perhaps it would seem a liberty—only he thought—that is—

By all means. Much indebted for his kind offer. Shall go down to the family circle with all convenient speed. To say nothing of the profit of being privileged with a glimpse into genuine Dutch penetralia. Therefore, I follow as he leads the way down, taking the white off the walls as usual, until we halt on the first landing, at a door. This is where the Grey-headed Nobleman and his family live.

A marvellous little room; with family, furniture, odds and ends, pianoforte, tea-things, china, and Dutch dog crammed in. I stand in the door-way, as one blocked up and incapable of moving further; until the Grey-headed Nobleman himself opens a passage. Wife to Grey-headed Nobleman, mother to ditto, grown up son to ditto, children of ditto, all ages,—governess of ditto, working in corner; female friend to ditto, had in for the dish of tea. But all fitted in together—dove-tailed, like the angular pieces in the puzzle-box. Where I was to be fitted in, was the mystery.

The sensation at the entrance of the

stranger was smothered by the universal introduction of wife, parent, grown-up son, and even of children. The Dutch hound is not introduced, who, for all that, has been making himself known by sustained and menacing growling. While I am being fitted into the puzzle-box, the apparatus for keeping the kettle warm, which is kept on the ground, is well nigh overturned. Then the time passes agreeably enough. A daughter of the house is put forward to break English—having had lessons in that tongue; and, being looked on as a sort of prodigy by her family. But, the daughter of the house is shy, and makes a poor hand of it. I give all due encouragement; but it will not do. I think the family see that it is a failure, and do not push the matter much farther. Then, the long son, who is musical, is fitted in at the piano, and performs indifferently well. He is of good purpose, however, and means his best, which is everything. Then, as a great treat, certain coloured prints, after the Baxter process, are introduced with an extraordinary flourish. A great rarity, that you may not see every day! and observe, many voices impressing the fact noisily. "Ingliss, sair, you will zee. Ingliss, Ingliss!" So I do see. A little mug on the chimney-piece is similarly exhibited as Ingliss; and I can only say—returning thanks—that I am proud to see the British products so much esteemed. Therefore I heartily admire the British mug.

I am presently invited to give my views of the country, which I do elaborately; but not perhaps with the freshness I have done in these notes. I then give some lights on places at home, corroborated strongly by the young man, who has been as far as London, and has seen what he calls Zeidnam. He has brought home prints of Zeidnam, also in the Baxterian manner; which he is good enough to explain for me. Then there is some famous Anisette, which the Grey-headed Nobleman has often said I should taste, and which is now brought out from the depths of an ancient cabinet, and which tastes very rich and oily.

Then another daughter of the house is put to sing, and singeth French and German songs creditably. But, nothing of Dutch produce. And I remark, too, that the young man when he plays, plays only German and French productions, and turns his back on his native music: which very much recalls that French gentility, and French millinery, and chattering of French up at La Haye. Which striving after French pinchbeck, it must be conceded, is not to be found in the Dutch country alone, but is spread very widely through Europe.

So, at a reasonable hour I rise and make my bow to the good-natured family.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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AN IDEA OF MINE.

EMERGING, the other day, into the open street from an exhibition of pictures at the West End of London, I was much impressed by the contrast between the polite bearing of the Fine Arts, and the rudeness of real life. Inside the gallery, all the people in the pictures had pointedly referred to me in every cock of their highly feathered hats, in every wrinkle of their highly slashed doublets, in every stride and straddle of their highly muscular legs. Outside, I did not observe that I exercised any influence on the crowd who were pursuing their business or their pleasure; or that those insensible persons at all altered the expression of their countenances for my sake. Inside, nothing could be done without me. Were a pair of eyes in question, they must smirk at me; were a pair of spurs in question, they must glint at me; were a pair of boots in question, they must stretch themselves out on forms and benches to captivate me. Whereas, it appeared to me, that the eyes and the spurs and the boots that were outside, all had more or less of their own to do, and did it; thereby reducing me to the station of quite an unimportant personage. I had occasion to make the same remark in reference to the Passions. Nothing could exceed the good-breeding with which, inside the gallery, they had entreated me not to disturb myself on their account, and had begged me to observe that they were what the children call, "only in fun." Outside, on the other hand, they were quite obstreperous, and no more cared to preserve a good understanding with me than if I had been one of the sparrows in the gutter. A similar barbarous tendency to reality, to change and movement, and to the knowledge of the Present as a something of interest sprung out of the Past and melting into the Future, was to be noted on every external object: insomuch that the passing from the inside of the gallery to the outside was like the transition from Madame Tussaud's wax-work, or a tawdry fancy ball in the Sleeping Beauty's palace during the hundred years of enchantment, to a windy mountain or the rolling sea. I understood now, what I had never understood before, why there were two sentries at the exhibition-door. These are

not to be regarded as mere privates in the Foot Guards, but as allegorical personages, stationed there with gun and bayonet to keep out Purpose, and to mount guard over the lassitude of the Fine Arts, laid up in the lavender of other ages.

I was so charmed by these discoveries, and particularly the last, that I stepped into my club (the Associated Bores), with the idea of writing an essay, to be entitled *The Praise of Painting*. But, as I am of a discriminatory turn, even in my admiration, I meditated in its stead a little project of reform, which I proceed to submit to the Royal Academy of Arts—of whose co-operation I have no doubt—and to the public.

Devoted as I am to the pictures which it is the pride and privilege of the present age to produce in this land of the free and refuge of the slave, I cannot disguise from myself the fact that I know all the Models. I cannot shut my eyes to the gloomy truth, that my fellow-countrymen and countrywomen are but too well acquainted by sight with every member of that limited profession which sits to painters at so much an hour. I cannot be deaf to the whisper of my conscience that we have had enough of them. I am unable to silence the still small voice which tells me that I am tired to death of that young man with the large chest, and that I would thankfully accept a less symmetrical young man with a smaller chest, or even with a chest in which the stethoscope might detect a weakness. Immaculate as that other young man's legs are, I am sick of his legs. A novelty, even though it were bandy, would be a sweet and soothing relief to me.

My feelings are, I say, the feelings of thousands who suffer with me under the oppression of this nightmare of Models, and I therefore reckon with certainty on the general support in my project for curing the evil. My project is as follows:

1. That the young man with the large chest be promptly taken into custody, and confined in the Tower.

2. That the young man with the immaculate legs be promptly taken into custody, and confined in Greenwich Hospital; and that his legs be there immediately amputated (under chloroform), and decently buried within the precincts of the building.

3. That the young woman with the long eyelashes be sent to the Magdalen until further orders.

4. That every other Model be immediately seized, veiled, and placed in solitary confinement.

5. That the fancy-dress establishment of the Messrs. Nathan in Titchbourne street, Haymarket, be razed to the ground, and the stock in trade seized; and further, that all slashed dresses of the period of Charles the Second, all buff jerkins of the Commonwealth, and all large boots of whatsoever description, found in such stock, be publicly burnt, as old and incorrigible offenders.

6. That the premises of the Messrs. Pratt in Bond street, as being in the occupation of the leaders of the Still-life Model Department, be rigidly searched, and that all the old curiosity shops in Wardour street and elsewhere be likewise rigidly searched, and that all offensively notorious property found therein be brought away. That is to say: all steel-caps and armour of whatsoever description, all large spurs and spur-leathers, all bossy tankards, all knobby drinking glasses, all ancient bottles and jugs, all high-backed chairs, all twisted-legged tables, all carpets, covers, and hangings, all remarkable swords and daggers, all strangely bound old books, and all spinning wheels. (The last-named to be broken on the spot.)

It may be objected by the scrupulous, that the loss of property thus caused would fall heavily on individuals, and would be a greater punishment than could be justified, even by the immense provocation the public has received. My answer is, that my project is based on principles of justice, and that I therefore propose to compensate these persons by paying the fair purchase-price of all the articles seized.

For this purpose (and for another to be presently mentioned), I propose that the government be empowered to raise by the issue of exchequer bills, a sum not exceeding three millions sterling. Inasmuch as it would be necessary to purchase of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, goldsmiths and jewellers of New Bond Street, and likewise of Mr. Hancock, goldsmith and jeweller of the same place, various highly-exasperating tall cups and covers wrought in precious metals, which daily find their way into pictures, to the persecution, terror, and exhaustion of the public, my calculation is, that two millions of the three would be sunk in the payments indispensable to the public relief.

The remaining million to be devoted to the two remaining objects now to be described.

Firstly, to the construction of a large building (if no edifice sufficiently inconvenient and hideous to serve a national purpose be already in existence), in which the seized property shall be deposited in strict seclusion for ever. As the public, after its long and terrible experience of the contents of this

dismal storehouse, will naturally shun it, and as all good parents may confidently be expected to teach their children in awe-stricken whispers to avoid it, it would be superfluous to take precautions against the intrusion of any casual visitors. But, it will be necessary (so touching is the constancy and so enthralling the affection with which painters cling to Models), to make it capital for any professor of the art of painting to be found in the Institution on any pretence whatever; and to render it incumbent on the judges of the land, receiving proof of such offence according to the usual laws of evidence, to sentence the offender to death, without hope of mercy.

The east and west sides of this building to be fitted up, each with its own sleeping rooms, domestic offices, dining-hall, and chapel. The east side to be called The Side of the Male Models; the west side to be called The Side of the Female Models. Every preparation being completed for the reception of these unhappy persons, hither would be brought; from the Tower, the young man with the large chest; from Greenwich Hospital, the young man without the immaculate legs; from the Magdalen, the young woman with the long eyelashes. Hither too, would be brought, all in close custody and heavily veiled, the whole offending family of live Models. Hither, a procession of hearses would convey them in the dead of night; the first hearse containing the aggravating patriarch with the white beard, and the pious grandmother with the venous hands; the last, containing the innocent but misguided child who has long been accustomed to sit on a cruelly knotty bench, and blow bubbles from a pipe. From this place of seclusion and expiation, they should never more be permitted to come forth. And adapting an idea from the eloquent pamphlet of Mr. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS on capital punishment, I would have a gorgeous flag perpetually waving from the apex of the roof, on which should be inscribed, in mediæval characters, THE GRAVE OF THE MODELS.

But, still respecting the eternal principles of justice, I would not confiscate the money-earning opportunities of the socially deceased. This brings me to the last object to which the residue of the capital of three millions should be appropriated. Assuming, say the young man with the large chest, to have been able to earn by that chest two shillings an hour (I take that to be high, but his chest is very large), for six hours a day during six months of the year, that young man's gains, in round numbers, would amount to ninety pounds per annum. I would pay that young man that income, and, though civilly dead, he should retain the power of disposing of his property by will. Neither would I amputate the legs of that other young man, without allowing him, besides, a pension for their loss in the public service.

The rights of the young woman with the eyelashes would be similarly respected. No Model would suffer, except in liberty, by the incalculable addition to the stock of general comfort and happiness. Over and above these great advantages, I would concede to the Models the right of encasing themselves in all the armour, wearing all the fancy dresses, lolling in all the high-backed chairs, putting on the boots of all periods and striding them under, over, or upon, all the twisted-legged tables, and pretending to drink out of all the knobby glasses and bossy tankards, in the collection. As they have seldom done anything else, and, happily for themselves, have seldom been used to do this to any purpose but the display of themselves and the property, I conceive that they would hardly discern a difference between their being under the proposed restraint and being still at large.

This is my project. Whether the withdrawal of the Models would reduce our men of genius, who paint pictures, to the shameful necessity of wresting their great art to the telling of stories and conveying of ideas, is a question upon which I do not feel called to enter. To close with quite another head of remark, I will observe that I may be told that the Act of Parliament necessary for carrying out my purpose, is a sweeping one, and might be opposed. I have considered that, too, and have discovered the remedy. It is (which can be easily done), but to get some continental sovereign to demand it, on a threat of invasion, fire, sword, and extermination; and a spirited Minister will do his utmost to pass it with the greatest alacrity.

MR. PEARSON.

INTERLACHEN, 25th September, 1857.

DEAREST SISTER,

I promised I would tell you faithfully all the events of that great day of my life—I could not bear to think of those things, still less to write about them, till time had somewhat calmed the terrible effect they had upon my whole being; indeed even now I am sure a recurrence to that day will cause me much pain—but I will redeem my promise. I shall relate to you the events just as they occurred, and the manner in which they affected me.

You know how reluctant a consent papa gave to my engagement with Ernest—how long and vehemently he opposed it, forbidding Ernest the house, and using every means in his power to make me forget him. I was forced into all the gaiety of the London season, and then nothing would do but I must accompany papa to the German baths. It was of no avail; I was so very unhappy, that I at last grew seriously ill, and we returned to England. I know my complaint quite puzzled that dear good Dr. Roberts: one

day he half guessed, and I half confessed the cause, and then he had a long conversation with papa, after which papa gave way, and allowed Ernest to visit at our house.

It was a great delight to see Ernest again—to be able to talk to him, to listen to all he had to say about his dearly loved painting. Yet there were a great many things to hinder perfect happiness. Papa and Ernest never got on together, they are so differently constituted—papa, a man of business, and Ernest all for art; and papa never seemed to be able to forgive him for having attracted my love. He was often very taunting and hard to Ernest, hinting that he chiefly cared for me because I was the daughter of a rich man. So half the time I spent with Ernest was occupied in smoothing down matters, and in trying to explain away the sharp things papa had said; for I knew Ernest, with his high spirit, felt all this conduct very deeply, and I was in constant fear, day after day, that Ernest would answer papa in his own language, that there would be a complete rupture between them, and that I should again lose Ernest.

Affairs did not improve—all my attempts to promote a better understanding between papa and Ernest failed entirely, and then I became sensible of a gradual change in Ernest's manner. He would become at times strangely absorbed in thought, breaking suddenly away from the subject of conversation, and appearing irritated even with me when I attempted to arouse him.

There was evidently something pressing on Ernest's mind. I tried hard to discover the cause, whether it was that he dwelt on papa's unkind remarks, or whether pecuniary matters embarrassed him; all my attempts were in vain.

On the second Wednesday in last July, papa came down to breakfast not in the best of humour; he had had a touch of the gout in the night, so by my persuasion he gave up going to town, and I wrote off to Dr. Roberts to ask him, if possible, to call on papa during the day.

You know how irritable the gout always renders papa, and though I always try to make every allowance for him, I was certainly very much hurt by his manner of talking about Ernest, and I begged that he would change the subject. At that moment the servant announced that Ernest had called: I was in hopes that papa had not heard the man, and I whispered to him to say that his master was ill and that I could not see any one; but unfortunately papa did hear what the servant had said, and would insist on Ernest being shown into the room, remarking that he would not have it thrown in his teeth that he had again turned my lover from the door.

Oh, Clara! I could have given worlds if Ernest had not called that day; I felt from papa's irritable condition that a collision was

inevitable. I taxed myself to the utmost to discover some topic interesting to papa—money matters, politics; but no, papa would harp on art, and the beggarly remuneration of second-rate painters. Poor Ernest! I saw, for my sake, how manfully he struggled to govern his temper. How truly I felt for him! And then, most provokingly, John informed me that the Bennett girls had called, and must see me, if it were only for a minute, about an election to the Orphan Asylum of a little girl in whom I was much interested. I was forced with sad forebodings to leave the room. Alas! my five minutes' absence produced a sad result. Ernest, sorely provoked, had answered papa; they had quarrelled, and bitter things had been said on both sides. Papa, I found, had left the room, and there was Ernest pale and trembling—his angry feeling of resentment, long suppressed, had complete mastery of him. I urged every excuse I could think of for papa's conduct, but in vain.

In my despair I cried, "Oh, Ernest, all this will kill me."

"Better die than lead the life I lead," he replied. "Curses on this slow dragging justice! Better be a beggar at once, than tremble at the quibbling chances of law."

Then I found it was a law-suit that had been troubling him all this while, and I complained that he had not before confided to me a subject which was trying him so sadly, but he declared I had sorrow and worry enough at home for my share. At length he talked more calmly, his old countenance came back again, and I left him to seek papa.

Clara, I will let all that conversation with papa pass untold; all I could say, all my entreaties had no weight, and I returned with a heavy heart to Ernest, to tell him he must leave the house—that I would write to him—that I trusted time would lull papa's resentment and anger.

To my surprise I found a stranger in the room with Ernest. Ernest introduced me to this gentleman, it was his solicitor and old friend, Mr. Pearson. He had started off from town post-haste, learning where Ernest was, to tell him that judgment had just been given in his cause—favourable judgment, which made Ernest immensely rich. All this Mr. Pearson told me himself in a very matter-of-fact manner, for he would scarcely suffer Ernest to speak—he was so anxious that Ernest should not over-excite himself with the good news. I recollect thinking it odd that Mr. Pearson, being an old friend, did not show greater elation at the success of the suit. Ernest thought so too, and he expressed some surprise on the point, but Mr. Pearson assured Ernest that he felt truly delighted in congratulating him on his good fortune: he had come from town for that purpose at some inconvenience: he felt also not a little proud at the success which had attended his own professional efforts—how-

ever, he had known so many unfortunate circumstances arising from the shock occasioned by sudden fortune, that he always made it a rule to exercise a strong restraint upon his feelings—to keep himself perfectly calm, and never to allow the mind to lose its due balance. Indeed, we had some ado to get Mr. Pearson into the adjoining library on the plea of luncheon (for of course Ernest wanted to talk to me alone) so urgent was he in his recommendations to Ernest to restrain his exultation.

Mr. Pearson's advice appeared very reasonable and judicious; Ernest's elation of spirits almost terrified me; I did my best to calm him. It was a difficult task—it seemed as if a new nature had been created in him—a nature which had its birth in the morning's quarrel with papa. Or rather, perhaps, that long suppression of strong feeling which he had been forced to exercise when he was too poor to resent insult and injustice, had been suddenly flung away, and natural passion had its sway. He talked so wildly of the power of gold, so scornfully of the world, that my heart ached to hear him. He recalled many an old insult cast upon him—how people who had wronged him would cringe now, people who had dealt very hardly with him in his long, up-struggling artist career; and then it seemed to delight him to tell me he would crowd every fine thing round me that money could procure—all this told with his rich artist fancy in fluent words.

I replied that I had loved him dearly without riches, and that no gold could increase my love.

"True, true," he answered, clasping me tightly; "but gold is the world's blessing on our union—nothing on earth can divide us now."

Mr. Pearson then came in from the library, and said that papa wished to see me directly.

I recollected that Mr. Pearson and papa were acquainted in business. I went into the library with a light heart. "Surely," I thought, "Mr. Pearson has told papa of Ernest's good fortune." Papa was sitting in his easy chair: he seemed buried in thought.

"Dear papa," I cried, "you have heard the good news." He did not appear to listen to me. I knelt beside him, and looked into his face. "You will forgive all, and consent to our marriage now?" I said.

"Ay," he replied, bitterly, without raising his head, "we are equals now, Ernest and myself."

"Both rich!" I exclaimed.

"Beggars, child!" was his reply

I was completely mystified: with much difficulty I drew from papa in painful words that he was ruined. It appeared that Mr. Pearson had mentioned incidentally, in conversation, while they were talking of city matters, that Westby's bank had most unexpectedly stopped payment that morning at eleven o'clock.

I knew that papa was in many ways very closely connected with that establishment.

Papa was as one stunned. I felt this calamity very deeply: scarcely on my own account but on his, for I had begun to hate great riches which had separated me so long from Ernest. Yet I had dear thoughts of all I could now do to comfort papa—to show how sensible I was of his solicitude for my welfare, mistaken though it was; that it was only my love for Ernest, feeling that I was his wife in God's sight, which had caused me to oppose his wishes. Then I told him all about Ernest's fortune, which, to my astonishment, I found Mr. Pearson had omitted to do; but I supposed that papa was too concerned about the bank to allow of his doing so. I tried to my utmost to comfort him, he still leaning forward in his arm-chair, his head buried in his hands. I said I knew that he and Ernest would be friends for my sake, and that we should be all so happy.

He answered me at last, in a thick voice, "There, Fanny, go and tell your lover that I am ruined—bankrupt. Leave me now, I want to collect my thoughts—worse, worse than that."

What "worse" meant, I could not divine, but the way in which the words were uttered made me tremble; and, as I left the room, he called to me "not to let Dr. Roberts see him—the gout was all well—he was too engaged; he must not see Dr. Roberts."

I wanted to confide all this sad affair to Ernest, and I expected to find him in the drawing-room.

Mr. Pearson was alone in the drawing-room.

I asked him if he knew where Ernest was? He answered me evasively, and began immediately to talk in a tone of commiseration about papa's affairs. I considered this impertinent, and expressed my opinion on the point. He begged my pardon, and said that he felt sadly embarrassed, but duty towards his client compelled him to address me on a subject of deep importance; indeed, Ernest had deputed him to do so. I felt greatly surprised that Ernest should have authorised another to communicate with me. I would have sought Ernest, and prayed him to tell me with his own lips whatever I ought to know, but my feet were fixed to the spot, and Mr. Pearson seemed to possess a strange influence over me. He made me sit down, and then, with hideously precise language, lengthened out my agony—I besought him to speak the worst at once, but he would persist in his slow measured tone and long explanations—he told me that our match was to be broken off.

I could not believe what he said. I bade him speak again, and he repeated what he had said with terrible emphasis.

Oh, Clara, you can never understand what I felt! this love of ours which, alone of all things on earth had seemed founded on a

rock, which I had clung to with desperation—I cannot dwell on it, I must hurry on.

I muttered Ernest's words; "nothing on earth can divide us now." "My father may be bankrupt—ruined—but Ernest must be true." I turned indignantly on Mr. Pearson, and told him he spoke falsely.

Mr. Pearson was perfectly unmoved by my angry words; his countenance never changed; he bent his head towards mine; I shuddered as I felt his breath at my ear, and then he whispered one terrible word. I cannot write that word, Clara; a sharp pang shot through my heart: I shrieked, and fell back in my chair. Ernest was at my feet. "Oh! Ernest," I said, "tell me very quickly that this is not true."

He kept his face as much as possible averted from me, and spoke with great difficulty. "Alas, Fanny! Pearson has told us this dreadful secret, this terrible bar to our union!"

I could hear no more. I cried "Ernest! save papa!" There was a horrible vision, swimming before my eyes; papa disgraced irretrievably before the world—dragged from home—tried in a court of justice! I still cried, "Oh, Ernest, in mercy save papa, if you forsake me!" It seems that I fainted; when I recovered, I thought I was addressing Ernest, but it was dear Dr. Roberts who stood beside me.

Dr. Roberts had been such a true friend to me—a father could not have been kinder—that his coming at such a moment seemed a mercy from Heaven. My first impulse was to tell him everything and beg his advice, but then I recollected that papa had said that he must not see Dr. Roberts; and, at that moment, the terrible reason of those words darted into my mind. I knew that papa had been intrusted with the investment of the greater portion of Dr. Roberts's property. I could not utter a word.

Everyone has heard of Dr. Roberts's reputation; few know how truly excellent a man he is. He spoke to me so wisely and kindly, praying I might have strength to support the bitter trial. Oh, Clara! it was so sad! I would gladly have followed his prayer, word by word: but I could only pray silently that this dear friend might, on his own part, be blessed with that strength to bear misfortune which he was invoking on my behalf.

And then he told me about Ernest. Whilst I was insensible, it appeared that Dr. Roberts had called upon papa, in consequence of my note of the morning. The servant told him that I had fainted; he came directly to see me, and gave the necessary directions for my recovery. Mr. Pearson then took him aside, and confessed, with great show of contrition, that he had, with culpable weakness, withheld from Ernest a secret intrusted to his, Pearson's, father, by Ernest's father, Colonel Bradby, who was, as you know, an Indian officer. Ernest had been sent from India for

his education, and had been placed under old Pearson's care. Colonel Bradby died shortly after his son arrived in England. The secret was, that Colonel Bradby had been allowed by her parents to marry a lady in whose family he afterwards discovered there was insanity; that Ernest bore the hereditary taint; that Colonel Bradby had left it as his solemn charge that his son should never marry.

This was the terrible bar to our union! Sad as it was, there was consolation in finding that Ernest was yet true to me; I would be true to him, poor fellow. I declared this solemnly to Dr. Roberts—faithful to the end of life! I might still have his love and sympathy, though from afar off. But why had not Pearson told me this secret himself? It was very strange!

And then Dr. Roberts desired to see papa.

I hesitated what to say. At last I asked, if he had not heard the sad news?

"What news?"

"Westby's bank stopped this morning at eleven!"

"Why, my dear," he replied in amazement, "I got a cheque cashed there at twelve o'clock, and had a five minutes chat with Westby himself."

* * * * *

Ernest has just come into our room; I tried to hide my eyes, but he soon found that I had been crying, and would know the cause. He says he is very angry that I should have upset myself with writing about that saddest day of our courtship. He won't let me write anything more on the subject; but I have already nearly given you the whole account. How extraordinary to think that all the pain we suffered that day should have been the work of that poor insane Pearson, who, with the most terrible cunning, invented such plausible stories, in the terror of which to hide his own malady! Even Dr. Roberts was at first quite deceived by his manner. It seems, poor man, for some days previously his clerks had observed much strangeness in his demeanour. The story he told of Ernest was word for word true of his own family and condition.

I sometimes tell Ernest that we owe our present happiness to the painful distress of that day. I scarcely think we should have been married yet; for Ernest's law-suit really ended, as you are aware, in a judgment against him, had not Dr. Roberts told papa that he would not answer for my life if I had to undergo any more of such wearing trouble and anxiety. So papa made us an allowance, and with what Ernest gets by painting, it is quite as much as we require.

We are so happy. Ernest generally paints in the open air, and I sit near him working, or sketching under his tuition. He has just finished such a lovely landscape; a view from a hill near Interlachen, of the pasture land between the two lakes Thun and Brienz, with the castle of Unspunnen, Manfred's

castle, and the gorge of the Lauterbrunnen valley in the background. We walked to this point of view the day after we arrived at Interlachen—a stormy day, with gleams of bright sunshine. We traversed an ascending path through thick pines which shut out the view till we had attained the summit of the hill; and then broke upon us the wonderful landscape, bright sunshine in the foreground rendering every object and colour in the green pasture level intensely visible; but higher up, concealing the Jungfrau, closing over the Lauterbrunnen gorge, hung a mass of dense black cloud, and from widest point to point of the view, framing the whole scene, sprung a rainbow of vivid hues. This scene could not have been witnessed in all its beauty from any other spot than the one we occupied; and we were alone. The feeling of this impressed us very deeply. Before we left, the lovely rainbow had died away, and the bright sunshine, and the whole landscape was dark with rain. I thought of Ernest's words, "Nothing on earth can divide us now." Amid our great happiness the scene we had witnessed seemed like a solemn but gentle admonition from Heaven of the transitoriness of earthly things. * * * In a few days we start for Italy and Rome.

To Mrs. Anderson, 18, London Street, Sydney.

SHADOWLESS MEN.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO explained the meaning of the history of Peter Schlemihl, the shadowless man, in the preface to a French translation of his tale. The solid body alone casts a shadow. "The science of finance instructs us sufficiently respecting the value of money; the value of a shadow is less generally acknowledged. My thoughtless friend was covetous of money, of which he knew the value, and forgot to think upon solid substance." Chamisso wrote Peter Schlemihl in a Prussian solitude, in which he devoted himself to botany and zoology, and in the year eighteen hundred and thirteen, when the insolidity of the type Frenchman—Bonaparte—was the great fact of the time. Whether conqueror or covetous man, he who forgets the essential for the accessory sells his shadow to the Grey Man. "It was," says Chamisso, "the wish of my friend that the lesson which he had paid for so dearly should be turned to our profit, and his bitter experience calls to us with a loud voice, 'Think on the solid—the substantial!'"

Modern society is alarmed every few years by shadowless men. Families were ruined in eighteen hundred and forty-seven by their speculations, and in eighteen hundred and fifty-seven by their accommodation-bills. They are a constant source of danger for the heads of homes. Ladies closely tied to them are continually having their lives blighted by them. They make many young ladies

governesses. They prey regularly upon the savings of self-denial. Their depredations trouble the first nourishment of infancy, and the last sands of life. The little boy at school hears of them as terrible monsters who have blasted his prospects; the old man feels them stripping his head of his white hairs, and making the grave seem preferable to human deceit. Footpads and highwaymen, burglars and bandits, may be more brutal, but they are not more dangerous, than shadowless men. Those roughs may brain their victims, and take their money, but they leave the wives and the children of their victims, their ships, their houses, and their lands. Shadowless men are so fair, smooth, and flattering in their proceedings, that it may be fancied they leave the brains of their victims untouched. The difference, nevertheless, is less than it looks; for, if they do not dash the brains of their victims out at once with blows, they fill them with the hot coals of grief until they consume with fire. The track of a shadowless man can always be traced by the burning heads he has left on the way. It is indeed frightful to think how they fill churchyards and lunatic asylums.

Hurry to be rich, marks the shadowless man. I know not whether the shadowless man always says to himself beforehand "I will take the fortune, fire the brain, and blast the life of such a one." Probably he pursues his own ends and chances the rest. Poor Richard says, "who dainties love, will beggars prove," but shadowless men contrive to take dainties to themselves, and give the beggary to other people. The precept which presides over their training is the proverb, "To be poor, and appear poor, is the devil all over." The only devils they fear are "poor devils." The Spartan mother of a shadowless man said to him on her death-bed, "Remember, my son, that you were brought up to eat plum-pudding;" and her son has always eaten plum-pudding, and has always been surrounded by a circle of folks who go without. Poor Richard says, "silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," and "fat kitchens make lean wills;" but the progress of science has changed all that. The improved process consists in my putting out the kitchen fires of other people, in a way which pays my own draper's bills, and of extracting from folks who will have to make lean wills, the materials for my own fat kitchen.

I grew up in the district which had the benefit of the operations of the great firm of Bubble, Bill, Dazzlem, Drainem, and Company. Never were there more insolent people, and the more insolent they were, the more they were looked up to. It is quite true; they were spoken of reverentially as if they were superior beings. The reverence was all but universal. Dazzlem especially, the aged founder of the house, was looked upon with admiration and awe. Elderly men pointed him out to their boys, saying: "That man

when a boy, kept a stall and sold penny lanks of thread in the market-place, and now he has branch-houses all round the world." The ox-herd who, in India, made himself a king of kings, was boasted of in Asia, and the soldier

"Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car."

is boasted of in Europe, just as Dazzlem was boasted of in his native county:

No doubt there are exceptions to the rule of reverence. There were men getting up in years who had been better off, who had had dealings with the great firm, and had been unfortunate, who were silent respecting them when sober, but who spoke of them when in drink with fierce invectives. These men, however, were spoken of in the town with contempt as poor creatures, "who never harmed anybody but themselves;" which is, apparently, a sufficient slur in itself. The other decriers or backbiters were old ladies with long pedigrees, long traditions, long memories, long tongues, small lodgings, and small incomes. The ladies of the great firm were, it is true, as insolent and exclusive as their lords, and the old ladies did not spare the stuck-up people.

During years also, when there were strikes and corn-riots in Doem, the radicals and lock-outs mobbed, several times, the town mansions of the great firm. Never shall I forget seeing one of these corn-mobs when I was a little boy. The pale, haggard, ragged men, women, and children, with delirious eyes and voices, photographed themselves upon my brain. The mob shouted forth under the windows the low prices which they were no longer paid for their labour. The Doem journal, however, wrote contemptuously of the mob as tag, rag, and bob-tail; and a man in the mob said it was true they were the refuse of the riches of the great firm, the cinders which had smelted their precious metals. But, these were only specks upon their glory, the dark sides of their silvery clouds.

The Earl of Doemshire always dined with Dazzlem when he passed through Doem. The generals who came to review the troops in the garrison, always dined with Dazzlem. Lieutenants, captains, majors, never crossed his threshold; but he exchanged cards, dinners, and visits with the colonels commanding the regiments. The portrait of Dazzlem was painted by a great portrait painter for the Doem town-hall. Indeed, successively, as the members of the great firm were getting up in years, their portraits were hung for the admiration, as their example was orally described for the imitation, of posterity. It was a maxim with Dazzlem that "the people will have men with handles to their names," and he added to his name both affixes and prefixes. He was Sir Henry Dazzlem, M.P. Dazzlem used to invite dining-out wits to his table; for,

the dining-out wit of the nineteenth century is the successor of the king's or baron's jester of the feudal ages, and enjoys similar privileges. Just after he was knighted he never tired of hearing himself called Sir Henry, and a town wit once called out to him from the bottom of the mahogany table :

"Sir Henry ?"

"Well."

"You have now, Sir Henry, an excellent excuse for being made a baronet."

"What is that?" asked Dazzlem much flattered.

"You are already a knight."

Nobody liked the joke better than Sir Henry Dazzlem, whose imagination was always metamorphosing his knighthood into a baronetcy, and his baronetcy into a barony.

Dazzlem employed many arts to swell his consequence. His scouts brought all distinguished visitors to Doem to call upon him, as if the object of their journey had been to render him homage.

He bore himself as if he were the idol of the Doem shrine, the oracle of the Doem grove. When promising young men took high honours in the Doem university, as a crowning honour they were introduced to Dazzlem. From his equals in the town, he received calls without returning them. After a slight of this sort, he would be at first prodigal of apologies, which became weaker and weaker, until his manner excused himself, and assumed it was all right. Great was his astonishment and resentment, when one or two eccentrically independent persons cut him for not returning their calls. Everything in Doem, indeed, seemed made for the service of Dazzlem; the garrison held the troops who protected him, the college bred his protégés, the harbour was altered to suit his ships, the bank seemed filled with his money, the prison with his poachers, trespassers, and pilferers; the parish church itself appeared to have been built to give an awful importance to his pew.

Joseph Bubble, Esquire, Fellow of the Royal Society, was perhaps the most important partner in the house of Bubble, Bill, Dazzlem, Drainem and Company. The goods in which Mr. Bubble dealt, were legally defined to be "alleged titles of no value." When a scientific analysis was made of the dealings of Bubble, it appeared that he bought nothings, sold nothings, and lent and borrowed upon the security of nothings.

Bubble was not, however, an imaginative man. Hé was only a man who knew how to extract gold from airy nothings, as other men wash it out of mud, or crush it out of quartz. The airy nothings even, were not his own. Solid, sparkling money without a particle more than the legal amount of alloy, was made by him out of schemes rivalling the dreams of oriental fancy. He raised money upon the deposit of the title-deeds of castles in Spain. He sold dear, the shares of mines in El Dorado: he found eager buyers for

building-lots in Utopia. He pledged the ship of fools for a large sum with the Doem Bank. There was published a map in which the Doem ditch figured as a ship canal, and Bubble made money by the canal. His gains by railways were splendid. He gained gold from railways which were to whirl the inhabitants of Doem from suburb to suburb, and from the centre everywhere, subterraneously. The idea of travelling in the bowels of the earth, as if in a premature Hades, drawn by air or fire-engines, delighted many Doemians. However, those who preferred the skies were equally provided with railways running aloft upon arches above the roofs of the houses. The gold of the aerial and of the subterranean party flowed equally into the coffers of Bubble. Direct lines upon maps were, however, his strongest plans; being based upon the mathematical axiom that the straight lines are the shortest. He seemed to have the conjuring art of converting the paper plans of junctions and of termini into bank-notes.

Bubble had a bitter hatred of busy meddling people, who minded everybody's business except their own. When it was discovered whom he meant, it was found that he denounced people who neither bought scrip, nor sold scrip; but who discussed, detected, and described, the game of scrip. Business, in his mind, meant premium snatching. When preparing reports, or answering badgering questions at meetings of stormy shareholders, there was a dogged reserve about Bubble which drove his assailants to despair. When questioned after dinner in the genial candour of private life, he would be as frank as if he were conscious rectitude in person.

"You see the scheme was not worth a rush. It was a thousand to one it did not get its bill. However, I did not trouble myself about that. I did not know who put me on the committees, nor who were the active men, nor anything about it, and I never went near it. A number of shares were allotted to me—two or three hundred is a fair allotment to a director, or a provisional committee man. Of course, the concern was advertised everywhere, until the shares came out at a premium. I knew they would never be so high as at first, so I sold out at once. Be you sure everybody did the same. I gained two or three pounds a share, and there was an end of it. Of course, the concern was as safe and respectable, as any of them could be for returning the deposit after deducting the proper expenses.

"What, safe! not worth a rush and safe!"

"Yes, quite safe."

"What do you mean by safe?"

"I mean as safe as these things generally are."

"How safe is that?"

"Safe to return the deposits, minus the proper expenses."

"The proper expenses?"

"The preliminary expenses."

The friends of Bubble kept their town-houses and their country-houses, drove their carriages, feasted on delicacies, and clad themselves in splendid waistcoats, out of these preliminary expenses, derived from schemes not worth a rush, and yet euphoni-ously described as proper expenses.

"Oh!" continued Bubble, "the best names in Doem were along with mine. All did the same. Of course I knew things would be so well managed that nobody would be responsible. My name may be down for two millions—what of that? who cares?—there's nothing like it. I scarcely knew on how many committees' my name was down. I knew they were all right, and sure to return the deposits, less the small sum for expenses. Of course there could be no disgrace in it, when it included some of the first men in the country. We were all tarred with the same stick."

When Bubble soared to his culminating point, he saw the whole Doem world at his feet. Heroes who had served their fellows, by sacrificing themselves, received but a small and select homage compared with the noisy plaudits and costly testimonials bestowed on Bubble for making a colossal fortune in a few years. He was celebrated by poetry, painting and sculpture. Gracious powers! how ugly his hard, mean, secretive face looks in marble! He was a bad speaker, and had nothing to say; but Demosthenes never obtained more religious silence in public meetings: his hearers believing him to be somehow golden-mouthed, a veritable Chrysostom. They seemed trying to discover the secret of fortune-making in his bad grammar.

The Reverend Doctor Surplice always said grace wherever Bubble fed, and Sir Nathaniel Dointon, the pious baronet, always quoted in Parliament the opinion of his friend—the great capitalist—on the utility of tracts for navvies who could not read.

The caricaturist's shop is sometimes the temple of truth in grotesque. There are epochs in which truth is to be seen nowhere, not even at the bottoms of wells, except in caricatures. This was the case during the Bubble-mania. The caricature of the armorial bearings of the Bubble family was the shadow going before the public reprobation which at last overtook Bubble. I do not know whether the drawing of it was finally brought home to the sparkling wit who rivalled the sparkling wines at the dinner-table of Mr. Bubble; or to the tall, dashing silent lady with observing black eyes, who generally graced the evening parties of Mrs. Bubble. The heraldry in it was too commercial for ordinary appreciation. The Bubble business was symbolised in the Bubble arms by Stock Exchange emblems. The crest was a bull's head; gulls, ducks, and bears covered the quarterings of the shield; and a stag and a doe rampant were the supporters.

Bubble and his friends gave general currency to the word investment. The axiom that the straight line is the shortest did not serve their turn so well, in regard to rail-ways, as did moral truths and truisms, enforcing economy and investment. The savage is the reckless, the civilised is the saving man. The man skating without heed-ing the thaw, is not more sure of falling into the water than the man spending all he earns is sure of falling into want. The Bubble perversion of the frugal axioms, consisted in preaching the duty of investing in their schemes; in trafficking, like many others, in light from Heaven, and using it to lead men astray. The chief end of man, according to the Bubble catechism, is to invest. According to the Bubble philosophy the moral man is the man who invests, and the immoral man is the man who does not invest. The good father is the investing father, and the good husband is the investing husband. And many worthy men were caught by their doctrines, and found soul-ease in applying them. Brave men toiled hard and saved hard, and smelted gold out of their muscles and their brains, which they invested with the Bubble brotherhood. Shrewd men were the dupes of Bubble. He had victims among men far too sagacious to invest their savings in nothings. Prudently investing their savings in Joint Stock Companies which yielded real profits, they became sleeping-partners in concerns with equally real risks. When the risks came into play they found themselves engaged in businesses which they did not understand, and which they found were decidedly hazardous. They were sleeping-partners with hideous nightmares and dreadful awakenings. Many bought shares which they could not sell, and made themselves liable for calls they could not answer. Many sincerely wished they had found investing nothing worse than losing their money, or anything half so agreeable as making ducks and drakes with their savings on the sea. Investing they found was giving a thousand pounds to Bubble, and giving him also the right to threaten them with legal proceedings if they did not send him nine thousand pounds more. They had given him their savings and the power of suing them for what they could not pay. When, too late, the investors sought the advice of men who understood the business in which they were entangled, they were told they had been infatuated individuals.

When the embarrassed heads of families repeated in their domestic circles the opinions of the competent judges, it was well if the model fathers did not hear their nearest and dearest, and their own hearts, calling them "fools." They never knew the end of their liabilities; and when they imagined "they had washed their hands of them," they found the companies could still "burn their fingers." Under their trials, many good and brave men

broke down. It was pitiful to see them at the meeting of the shareholders of insolvent companies, asking, as ruined men, how the money had been lost; and it made the blood boil to hear the friends of the great firm answering nonchalantly from the platform, they were sure they could not say how it had been lost. It was more pitiful still, to listen to the examinations of these ruined men in the Bankruptcy Courts, where they appeared, as their judges declared, from no fault of their own, and only in consequence of (the phrase is finely vague) "the pressure of the times." Many of them gave confused answers out of bewildered heads. "They had grown old," they said, "and their memories were not good." They were not old in years; but, after saving thirty years, they had invested a few thousand pounds: quite recently, they were sure they were solvent, and now they knew they were in debt, and could not pay. Death gave his kindly protection to many of these men. It was then that the most pitiful thing of all was seen: the friends of the ruined families begging the wealthy members of the Bubble fraternity to give alms to prevent the orphans from starving, until they could find ways of supporting themselves.

The capital acquired by the great firm was managed by Mr. Bill. His special department was their banking business. The great company opened accounts with several banks. Hospitable to a fault, the country seat of Mr. Wyndham Bill might have been described as a rural boarding-house for the entertainment of the partners and cashiers, directors and managers, of banking companies. He made things pleasant for them on Sundays and holidays, in the country, and they made things pleasant for him on week-days in town. He could turn any paper he liked into gold. He organised a system of credit all round the globe, which consisted in the transmutation of paper into the precious metals. His paper was always cashed, and sure to be cashed; he stood so well with his bankers. Mr. Wyndham Bill, it was said, boyishly and playfully, could always fly his kites. Mr. Wyndham Bill had an odd fancy for odd sums. His bills were always drawn for odd pounds, odd shillings, and odd pence. They wore the impress of the transactions of keen, calculating men, knowing well how farthings make pounds. Mysterious agents found everywhere for Mr. Bill, mythical persons in business who promised to pay thousands of pounds upon exactly specified days, for goods which never existed. The mysterious agents and the mythical business-men asked nothing for their pains and risks, but a small per-centage upon each pound. Mr. Wyndham Bill preferred to have on his paper the names of firms rather than the names of individuals, as looking more business-like. But, of the persons who accommodated him with thousands of pounds he knew nothing. He believed they had shops, or offices. Respecting, for instance, Kyte and

Papyrus, he could not tell whether Kyte was both Kyte and Papyrus, or Papyrus both Papyrus and Kyte. Phlymsey and Hyde were certainly partners, as could be proved by their marriage certificate.

While Dazzlem gave splendour, and Bubble and Bill buoyancy, to the firm; the ballast, such as it was, Drainem supplied. Everybody who came near Drainem became, somehow or other, his orange, which he squeezed and flung away. When he was a boy at school, having an old and common knife, while another boy had just received a present of a new and rare knife, Drainem effected a barter, giving in exchange for the fine knife, his own bad knife, and an apple, upon a hot thirsty day. Strange stories were told by infatuated individuals, who had become exasperated individuals, respecting Drainem, and silly women with money: to explain how Drainem first became a capitalist. When he first had creditors to a considerable amount, he made a composition with them, and they accepted anything he offered to keep the young man and themselves out of the clutches of the lawyers. In due course of time, he was a member of the finance committee of almost everything in Doem, which had anything to do with finance. He became a candidate for all situations which were highly paid, because they were situations of trust; and Bill, Bubble, and Dazzlem were always ready to be security for him to any amount. When little past the prime of life, he was the mightiest of the mighty in the Doem Bank. For long years the Doem Bank was deemed the very type of financial solidity. The children, when they wished to asseverate anything in Doem, said, "As sure as death," but their elders said, "As sure as the bank." There spread, however, one morning an astounding rumour,— "Mr. Drainem has run away, and taken all the money in the bank with him." The documents he had deposited, it was, however, asserted by his friends, were amply sufficient to make all right; and when the documents were examined by lynx-eyed lawyers, they were discovered to be worthless.

The great company burst. When the accounts of the bank were examined, it was found that all the members of the families of the great firm had overdrawn their accounts to the amount of millions. Moreover, it was found that the law could not lay hold of any of them. They had been much too sharp for that. The dividends of their estates were counted by farthing, in the pound. When the financial statements of the finance committees of Doem were tested by a comparison with effects, the revelations were appalling and distressing. It was at least thought that the insolvents—to use the amiable word employed to describe them—could be expelled by the indignant probity of Doem from the Chamber of Commerce. Insolvency was in itself, by an old rule, expulsion; but the great firm had,

when all-powerful, expunged the old rule long ago.

The frown of public opinion excepted, I do not know of any punishment having ever overtaken any of these men. The Briton is extremely and in many respects justly proud of his criminal jurisprudence; yet it ruins for life the outcast infant who pilfers a trifle, and gives impunity to men who bamboozle frugal families out of their all. Sir Henry Dazzlem had obtained betimes, in return for his votes in Parliament, a colonial appointment; and if I were to write to him, I dare say, I should be obliged to address him as "His Excellency." Three generations of the Bubbles and the Bills enjoy themselves wherever life is made most pleasant in Europe. Mr. Drainem lives in one of the finest hotels in the Champs Elysées at Paris, and the French find him the type of an Anglais, and call him Milor Drainem de Drainem.

I once went, after a few weeks' sojourn in an English sea-side place, over to Paris. Crawling in the sun and the sweet air, I had often remarked at the sea-side place a paralytic gentleman in a black, old-fashioned hat and cloak, which had been worn until they were a yellow brown. A physician told me who he was. "That man is a victim of Bubble, Bill, Dazzlem, Drainem, and Company. That man, sir, is honour itself. I have known him since his boyhood,—and they have made him a beggar,—a paralysed beggar." I left Honour Itself, waiting death impatiently in an English cellar; and the first person I recognised in the Champs Elysées was Dishonour Itself. Drainem and his dames, magnificently attired, spurned the bitumen proudly, and prostrated the passer-by with their looks.

The poor paralytic gentleman was not their worst victim. I knew in his youth Beau Buttons. He was a showy young man, always showily dressed. He was honourable enough as a boy and as a youth, and had decided commercial abilities. But, he was trained to business by the great firm. He rose by his abilities to be manager of a respectable company. He was in this position when I last saw him among the congregation of a popular preacher. I had hoped he would wait near the door for me, but when I got out he had vanished.

The explanation soon appeared in the newspapers. The reports of the Central Criminal Court described a painful scene: the condemnation of a gentleman who had been highly esteemed and blindly trusted, to seven years' transportation. It was Beau Buttons. He had lived ostentatiously, and had speculated, to keep up his style of living, with thousands of pounds not his own. He had not been trained by the great firm without learning some of their arts. He might have concealed and glossed over his dishonour; but he found lying intolerable, and he made a clean breast to the chairman and the committee, and

although they gave him time to escape, and forced upon him the means of escape, after surrendering everything he had, he delivered himself up at the nearest police-office. Poor Beau Buttons! The glitter on his coat was the first sign of his insolvency, but he did a solid thing when he preferred transportation to lying always! Surely, by this last act, he tore back at least a shred of his shadow from the Grey Man.

Upon the whole, it may be said, there are few things in life which are solid and lead to a solid end; but the following maxim of wise men of old, has stood well the tear and wear of many ages: "He who has gold in his box is not rich, but he who has gold in his conscience is rich."

HOW I FELL AMONG MONSTERS.

DURING the time that I was a soap-boiler in Queenhithe, and alderman of my ward in Lower Thames Street, Her Most Gracious Majesty paid a state visit to the City. I was, of course, by virtue of my position in the Corporation, one of the most prominent of the group whose duty it was to receive Her Majesty at the portals of the Guildhall; and I received the honour of knighthood. The empty badge of distinction was thrust upon me without any wish expressed or implied on my part. Consequently, when I was duly created one of the sacred throng, I walked about for several weeks, in a moody, restless, uncomfortable state of mind. If I had been a single man, I should most assuredly have declined the honour; but my wife, as I called her then; my lady, as I call her now, with an amiable weakness (which she shares with a multitude of important people), begged that I would on no account miss the opportunity; and I, therefore, submitted without a murmur. She endeavoured to fortify me in my new position by picturing to me the behaviour of certain other noble martyrs, who had exhibited great fortitude, and patient endurance under a similar infliction. Some there were, who went steadily on in their old round of portrait-painting, or statue-moulding, and still were knights. Some there were, who gave lessons in music, or performed surgical operations in back parlours, and still were knights. Some there were, who were skilful with the builder's rule and trowel, or the chemist's retort and blow-pipe, and still were knights. All this was very cheering, as far as it went; but it did not reconcile me to the absurdity of a real knight sitting in a soap-boiler's counting-house in Queenhithe. I fancied that the very porters in my employment laughed at me when I arrived of a morning; and that my chief clerk looked with pity upon me, and the honours which I wore so uneasily.

I soon made up my mind to a decided course of action, and another week saw my business transferred to a nephew and my chief clerk; my comfortable middle-class, family mansion

at Peckham advertised for sale, and my domestic circle removed to the neighbourhood most adorned by that aristocracy of whom we were suddenly called upon to form a part.

Having supplied ourselves with all the solid necessities of our position, my wife (or my lady, I mean), began to look round, to see what there was of the ornamental that we had omitted; and the first thing that came under this class of requirements was a coat of arms. The order was given to a competent person; and, after the usual family inquiries, and a considerable delay, a highly coloured drawing of our heraldic symbols was forwarded for inspection. I never had much admiration for, or knowledge of heraldry, and my expectations of deriving much satisfaction from the investigations and performances of the learned artist engaged, was very small indeed.

I was, however, scarcely prepared for the combination of monstrosities which were presented to me. There was a shield, which looked like a cauldron; on the left side was the drawing of an unwieldy animal meant for an elephant, leaning with one paw heavily against the shield, and with the other paw directing attention to its face, like a showman exhibiting the great canvas picture outside a booth at a fair. On the other side was an animal compounded of the turkey, the whale, the flying-dragon, the bantam cock, and the mermaid, with a sting coming out of its jaws, looking like a long tobacco-pipe. These were called supporters: the term "supporters" pleased me very much as applied to the elephant, who threatened every moment to overbalance the frail structure, burying the other curious monster in the ruins. On the top of the cauldron, called the crest, were the head of a Hottentot Venus, and a lively boar tripping it gently on the light fantastic paw. In the centre of the shield, or cauldron, were two fat, consequential birds, name unknown, and three small-tooth combs; for the artist said he found out (an excuse no doubt for the enormous charge he made) that our family had been ennobled in the dark ages—dark indeed! However, this last heraldic freak, caused me to question the artist about the meaning of such highly fanciful, not to say humorous hieroglyphics, and I obtained a long account of how I became entitled to each of the supporters, the elephant and the compound animal; the Hottentot Venus and the dancing boar; the two birds and the three small-tooth combs. Notwithstanding the explanation, I had not yet the courage to order the engraving of a seal, before I consulted my lady.

"Well, my dear," that sensible woman observed, "it does seem odd, that we should get such a peculiar coat of arms; but if you look over a Peerage, you will find many things quite as strange, and I have no doubt the artist is quite right."

Acting upon the suggestion of my lady, I

consulted a Peerage, and also one or two books upon heraldry, and I soon found myself studying a peculiar alphabet, mainly consisting of animals and monsters. There were cockatrices, dragons, mermaids, lions, wiverns, griffins, griffins' heads, beavers, otters, effigies of men, crabs, lobsters, crevices, solefish, salmon, dolphins, eels, flies, bees, parrots, doves, pelicans, martlets, cocks, peacocks, ravens, turkeys, owls, phoenixes, hawks, falcons, spread eagles, heads, wings, feathers, legs, cranes, herons, king-fishers, swans, ducks, adders, snails, scorpions, grasshoppers, toads, tortoises, emmets, spiders, moles, hares, conies, greyhounds, dogs, foxes, cats, squirrels, hedgehogs, wolves, wolves' heads, bears, bears' heads, tigers, tigers' heads, lions' heads and paws, unicorns, camels, boars and boars' heads, stags' heads and bucks' heads, bucks, harts, hinds, stags, goats, goats' heads, bulls, whole and in part; elephants, horses, asses, and death's heads and bones. Then there were angels, spheres and stars, suns and suns' rays, moons, crescents, fires and flames, sea, fountains, rocks, mullets, nebulae, rainbows, stones, trees, leaves, escarbuncles, escallop shells, and pickaxes.

Amongst the monsters more rarely used were the nepandis or ape-hog—half ape, half swine; the homocane—half child, half spaniel; the hamya—a compound of a woman, a dragon, a lion, a goat, a dog, and a horse; the dragon-tyger and the dragon-wolf; the lion wyvern or flying-serpent; the winged satyr-fish; the cat-fish; the devil-fish; the ass-bittern; the ram-eagle; the falcon-fish with a hound's ear; and the wonderful pig of the ocean.

The application of these ample and curious materials is worthy of the science. The crests present every conceivable form of animal and monster in every attitude of repose, defiance, meekness, stupidity, pomposity, friskiness, rage, and fear. The supporters are sometimes animals and sometimes men, and the former are generally more intellectual in appearance than the latter. Sometimes it is a striding unicorn talking loudly across the cauldron to a frowning lion. Occasionally it is a conversation between an indignant tiger and a mild-eyed, melancholy pelican. Frequently the supporters are two sturdy angels with fat, solid wings, and short, thick, earthy legs. Sometimes it is a pair of indecent giants with clubs, or a couple of snarling tigers, or a pair of large cats with heads like bank directors and hind-quarters shaved like poodles. Sometimes a brace of respectable master sweeps do duty at the sides, or a couple of frantic eagles dancing a wild toe and heel dance. Then animals of more than doubtful genus point with weak, idiotic smiles to the figures on the shield, which are quite in harmony with the crests and supporters. Moors' heads, ships like sauce tureens, mallets, bellows, horseshoes, salmon standing up like raw recruits, help-

less dancing bears, dignified owls, waltzing lions, marching blackbirds, pot-bellied doves, acrobatic swine, and a mass of inanimate objects the pictorial and symbolical meaning of which it is only given to a pursuivant-at-arms to understand. In the crests, besides animals, there are the dod trick, the army in Bombastes Furioso, the constant arm sticking up like the pigeon leg out of a pie, heads on the point of daggers, men on rocking-horses, fools' heads, venerable bearded faces looking over the edge of the shield like Socrates in a warm bath, and legs kicking out right and left, as if the owner had fallen head-first into the heraldic cauldron.

Looking at the highly refined aristocracy of the nineteenth century, with their art treasures, their pictures, their music, their statues, their love of harmony and grace in dress and furniture, it is marvellous to find them struggling to trace themselves back to a race of men, who could have been nothing but rude, untaught, brutal savages. Still more marvellous is it to find them clinging to a set of uncouth symbols, that were invented to convey ideas to a generation of chine-splitting, head-cracking ruffians, who could neither read nor write.

In deference to my lady, I have followed in the footsteps of my neighbours. The seal to my letters is as large as a raspberry tart. I have had my arms painted on the panels of my carriage; and, when one of the family dies, I shall hang up, outside the mansion, a black-bordered escutcheon, as large as a public-house sign-board. Sometimes I fancy that I see a practical man looking at the unwieldy elephant, the compound monster, the head of the Hottentot Venus, the lively boar, the consequential birds, and the three small-tooth combs, with something like contempt, and I feel inclined to rush out and shake him by the hand, telling him that I agree with his sentiments exactly.

CIVILISATION IN CALIFORNIA.

EIGHT years ago,* we called attention to the fabulous rise of San Francisco. A village of twenty-six huts in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, in eighteen hundred and fifty it was a densely-populated city of some thousands of habitations; though these habitations were but of canvas and chip, it is true, and filled with questionable inmates. But, from eighteen hundred and fifty to eighteen hundred and fifty-five, what a city it became! Rife with murders; mad with gaming, drink, and riot; a city wherein no honest woman was to be seen, and which appalled even the most reckless of the dishonest—wherein the family was unknown, and where the wildest dreams of unconventional bachelorhood found more than realisation; a city teeming with all the vagabonds and ruffians of Europe—all the rowdies and loafers of America; given

up as a prey to every evil passion of mankind, and where lawlessness and crime held equal court. Such was San Francisco in the first days of the gold fever, before fermentation had wrought purification. We can scarcely wonder at the mad excitement that took possession of the world at this wonderful consolidation of those visions of Dorados and Tom Tiddler's Grounds which have always floated, in poetry or sport, before its mind. When even a small boy could pick up in a day fourteen dollars' worth of pure gold from the very mud of the city itself, what marvellous things might not be possible to the sturdy worker on the virgin soil, to the careful miner, and the knowing mineralogist! What a prospect of speedy wealth for the impatient of slow gains! what a sudden vault on the uppermost spoke of Fortune's wheel for those ground under the tire below! what a fascinating way of paying off one's debts for the insolvent scapegrace! of returning honoured and full-handed for the outlawed debtor! All the desires of humanity were concentrated on those Californian riches; and, perhaps, never since the world began was there such a seething mass of passionate emotion and fiery thoughts as might be found burning under the canvas sheds of San Francisco, and on the busy diggings up the stream. No man's life was safe, and every man had to defend his earnings with his life. Revolvers, bowie knives, and cutlasses were as necessary parts of his equipment as shoes and shirts; and murders in the open day, and in the most crowded parts of the city, were far more common than the police charge of "drunk and disorderly" with us, or a wordy war between cabmen and fishwives. The offscourings of humanity meeting together made a tolerably unpalatable social mess; and though almost every nation in the world had its representatives in California, there was very little difference in the degree of rascaldom and ruffianism which they embodied. It was a question of language and personal habits much more than of national virtue or the morality of races.

What is the San Francisco of to-day, compared with the San Francisco of five, or even three, years ago? We are bound to confess, that a more wonderful shaping of society has never been witnessed, nor a more rapid establishment of natural law, order, and stability, out of the extreme of ruffianly licence. Five years ago, as we have said, the city was a gipsy encampment of canvas tents and wooden huts. Now, there are stone churches and hospitals, stately colleges and roomy schools, private houses, mansions, and palaces, banks and warehouses, a custom-house, an exchange, and substantial stores; and wood and canvas have disappeared from all but the more neglected outskirts. Five years ago, the streets were almost impassable in winter, and very nearly as bad in summer; for it was but an exchange between mud into which you sank

* Household Words, No. 14, June 29, 1850.

midleg or dust that took you thigh deep: now, the public ways are properly made, moderately well cared for, and, at least, allow of safe circulation. Following from the build-ings to their inmates, we see just as striking an improvement in the society as in the dwellings of San Francisco. The unlicensed bachelorhood has become modified, if not wholly extinct: its worst features have been softened, its crime has been repressed, and its rowdiness is now brought into decent bounds. Families have begun to settle in the city, and women may now be seen in the streets as safe and respected as anywhere in Europe. This fact alone speaks volumes, both for the greater social order of the place and for the re-acting moral influence which they have introduced; for no society is wholly evil wherein noble and virtuous women live with safety, with respect, and with influence. It is only when they withdraw that men are given over to unreserved iniquity. This better state of things is due, says Mr. Seyd, in a recently published work on California, to the much abused and much misrepresented Vigilance Committee organised in eighteen hundred and fifty-six. Disgusted with the inefficiency—some say with the crimes—of the government; alarmed at the absence of all law, both of prevention or of punishment—in eighteen hundred and fifty-six the inhabitants of San Francisco rose in a mass, organised an army of six thousand men, which was divided into infantry, cavalry, and heavy artillery; took the law and its administration into their own hands; caught and executed some half-dozen proved murderers; enacted severe laws against theft and violence; put down gambling houses; regulated the hours of the drinking saloons; cleared the country of some of the more notorious scoundrels, and placed the other scoundrels under such stringent and uncomfortable social rules that they soon “cleared out” of their own accord; accepted and paid the state debt of three millions of dollars, secretly and illegally contracted by an unscrupulous Governor; deposed him and elected another in his stead, who is now in office; laid in very fact, the foundations, and built up that wonderful fabric, of present San Franciscan society out of the unpromising materials under their hands. The discovery of the gold fields of Australia, and the breaking out of the Russian war, doubtless aided them; for the floating particles of restless vagabondism swam off into those streams, as something newer; and soon the tide of emigration from San Francisco was stronger than that of immigration to it. The Californians were well rid of their guests, though the labour market rose inconveniently, and servants’ wages cost a handsome fortune in themselves. At present, about ten thousand miners annually leave the state enriched; though forty per cent. fewer exist in it than in former years. Many of these have turned farmers,

merchants, graziers, &c., to the unlimited advantage of the state and the community in general.

The effect of home agriculture and home manufacture is becoming distinctly visible in the trade statistics of exports and imports, in the stability of the markets, in the natural balance of supply and demand, and in the comfort and well-being of the people. When the gold fever first broke out, the operations of trade were in a most chaotic state. When men poured by thousands into that little village of twenty-four hours, it can easily be understood that a very short time found them in utter destitution of all the necessaries of life, though in the presence of an amount of bullion that would have bought up half the markets of Europe. The commercial formula was next accomplished, and the demand obtained the supply. But California made men mad. She was the very Circe in the world of trade, and no one who dealt with her in any way whatsoever seemed to preserve his reason. The fabulous rates of interest which the first importers obtained from men drunk with gold and destitute of all else, turned the brains of half the shipping merchants in the world. No one seemed to reflect or to study, to look at what had gone before, or to calculate what remained behind: all were only eager to pour goods into California, and to make an usurer’s fortune on a single venture. The consequence was, that, after paying a dollar for an onion or a potato, a small fortune for a pair of boots, and a ransom for a bottle of lemonade; after literally eating gold in the simplest dinner that could be given to a hungry man, and being obliged to sue like beggars and pay like princes in the stores, the buyers had it all to themselves: the markets were glutted, goods lay rotting in the streets, and men, who had shipped their all, expecting to make hundreds per cent., were eager to sell their stores at the most ridiculous sums, and thought themselves well off if they were able to save a few pence in the pound. The waste and destruction of commodities were frightful. Articles, which at first would have commanded their weight in gold, now lay shrivelling under the sun, perfectly secure from theft, among a population who could not have made use of them at a gift, owing to their being themselves overstocked. It was the most striking though melancholy spectacle to see this waste of property, where so short a time before there had been such urgent need and demand. Boxes, bales of tobacco and all sorts of dry goods were sunk under the dust and the mud of the thoroughfares; and often, to this day, workmen making or repairing the roads, come upon boxes of rotten tobacco, or upon bales of spoiled clothes, which were left to destruction simply because there were neither buyers nor wearers. Take butter alone:—the importation was so excessive in proportion to the consumers, that every one must have eaten three and a

half pounds a day to have prevented it from spoiling: the tobacco in store was sufficient for sixty-five years' consumption; every pair of feet must have worn fifty pairs of shoes; ten times the number of inhabitants that existed must have been continually intoxicated, and every one must have chewed twenty-five pounds of tobacco daily, if butter, boots, spirits, or pigtail were to be kept from destruction. Again, seeing the need for some kind of better lodgment than the canvas and the chip of the first immigrants, speculators sent out iron houses, and bricks for building; and these, notwithstanding the enormous cost of their exportation, soon reduced rents seventy-five per cent., besides paying themselves in six or eight months. Of course the market was glutted with iron-houses and manufactured bricks; and the one, two, and three hundred per cent. of the first importers was soon transformed to a grievous balance on the losing side with the later speculators. House rent is still very dear in San Francisco. A business building, worth twelve thousand dollars, lets at three hundred dollars, or at two-and-a-half per cent. per month, profit; while a "villa" with a garden, in the suburbs, worth four thousand dollars, will let from eighty to a hundred dollars the month. Fire insurance is dear, perhaps owing to past traditions rather than to present experience. But, as San Francisco has been completely burnt down more than once, it can scarcely be wondered at that the insurance companies preserve their traditions; and although the city is now of brick and stone, and therefore liable to no great danger, they still charge according to the risks of the past. As, however, their profits are mounting up beyond all reasonable need, opposition companies are being started, which will soon equalise the matter. Nothing proves the energy and go-aheadness of the Californian population more than one of those numerous fires. While the ashes were still smouldering, the ring of the axe and the blow of the hammer would be heard; and, with the ground hot and scorched beneath their feet, a party of workmen would build up a new street before half the city knew that the old street had been destroyed. The quiet, tame Chinamen, with their pigtails and their rats' meat, and the thick-skulled negro, were as energetic and as clever as any. Being in a free State, the last class excited no animosity, and were more encouraged than in most of the other States of America; the consequence is, a far larger development of intelligence among them than is found in the Slave States, or where they are scouted and scorned. As for the Celestials, they find themselves so well off, that forty thousand at least are now located in California, either about the diggings or in the city.

Many causes may be ascribed for the failure of most of the Californian mining companies in England. In the first place, land was

often bought and claims purchased by the map and by hearsay report alone; (land often rose from three hundred to one thousand per cent. in one day, on the merest rumour of gold); then, companies were formed under managers new to the country and the business alike—perhaps naval or military men, needy diplomats, or still needier younger sons: men whose former habits totally unfitted them for the rough and ready life they had to encounter, and who expected to carry all before them by the magic weight of English blood and gentleman-like breeding; they often carried workmen, under contracts for comparatively small wages, who, of course, abandoned their masters and set up as "placers" for themselves the moment they set foot on shore; frequently no quartz-crushing machines were sent out, or those sent were of no use when dragged lumbering up to the mines; or, as happened in one instance, they were sunk in the Sacramento river. These, added to unbounded extravagance and entire ignorance, were the reasons of the failure of our English companies, and not, as the cry then went out, that the gold was exhausted, and the quartz not worth the labour of crushing. Mr. Seyd asserts, that the quartz veins are abundantly rich, and will yield greatly for many years to come; while a sample of gold-sand, yielding seventeen and two-thirds ounces to the ton of two thousand pounds, is by no means an exaggerated example of the ordinary gold-sand of the mines. Indeed, all the minerals are abundant in this "backbone of America;" and were even her gold to fail her, California has other mineral wealth remaining, which would still keep her foremost in the rank of rich nations. Of the two hundred millions sterling which have been poured into the money market since California and Australia opened their hidden stores, the major part has come from California.

Land is cheap; wages are dear; the climate is delicious; the produce of the farm and garden luxuriant beyond measure; and all that is wanting to California, says Mr. Seyd, are labour and capital. Strange that capital should be wanting in the land of gold! but the ethics of commercial life are beyond the comprehension of the uninitiated; and we only record a fact, which we accept with becoming modesty. Such, however, being the case, it is earnestly asked why all discontented labourers, all striving artisans, all men with families, all hopeless single men, all small capitalists, all strong-armed paupers—above all, why all young ladies of every degree, husbandless and portionless here—do not set out for the Golden City? Work and wages; certain prosperity for the industrious, and certain wealth and saved capital for the careful; more offers in a day than she could read, for every "decent-faced" woman; a climate that would have renovated old Parr at the

last gasp ; a carpet of wild flowers unsurpassed in any country in the world ; and game enough for all the leading shots of Europe—these are Mr. Seyd's chief points in his Californian pleadings, these are the inducements which he holds out to English emigrants of all classes.

Mr. Seyd is, we believe, an American gentleman, and with this part of his book we have nothing to do.

MEAT AND DRINK IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

WHEN William Shakespeare applied to his doctor for some information about eating and drinking, what was he told? Was he dry or moist, a hot body or a cold body, in the doctor's eyes? For men and meats seem in his days, to have been divided into two classes, the hot and the cold ; so that, if they paid any heed to dietetics, the cold men fed warmly, and the hot men ate cold dinners : that is to say, dinners physiologically cold. Witness Tobias Venner, doctor of physic, in the days of Shakespeare and of Bacon, of our glorious old Marlowes, and of a host of men mighty of wit, and fierce in thirst and hunger. When Doctor Venner was born, Spenser was a young man in the north of England, yet unknown to fame. He lived in the days, not only of Shakespeare and Bacon, but also in the days of Milton, and departed this life when John Dryden was upon the verge of thirty. Doctor Venner wrote the *Straight Road to a Long Life*, a work on diet : also a philosophical discourse upon dietetics and the preservation of health ; also upon the nature and use of the springs at Bath ; also upon spring medicines ; also upon a mineral spring in the neighbourhood of Bristol ; also upon the smoking of tobacco. The author writes himself "To. Venner, Doctor of Physicke, at Bathe, in the Spring and Fall, and at other times in the Burrough of North Petherton, neere to the ancient Haven-Towne of Bridgewater in Somersetshire."

To consider everything in order, Dr. To. Venner treats first of the nature and choice of habitable places ; then of the divers kinds of bread ; thirdly, of drinks ; fourthly, of the flesh of beasts and fowls ; fifthly, brethren, of fish ; sixthly, of eggs and milk ; seventhly, of sauces and spices ; eighthly, of eatable fruits, roots, and herbs ; in the ninth place, and finally, of the manner and custom of diet.

Of habitations, wisely says the doctor, that they should be set where there is good air, good water, and good soil. He loves not houses hemmed in among hills, or drenched in the corrupt vapour of standing pools. He loves a subtle, bright, and clear air, temperate, and tolerably moist ; but a dry air, he says, is most agreeable to moist constitutions. He has a prejudice, (probably because he was a moist man,) against what he denounces as "the moist and excrementall blasts of the west wind ;" and would have houses built with

windows looking "as much as may be towards the east, because the sun, in the beginning of the day, arising upon them, doth excellently clarify and purge the air of them, and are all the day after better exposed to the most wholesome blasts of the east wind." Next to the east, the north wind is the one he loves. Dwellers on the hills, are by reason of the good air they get, "witty, nimble, magnanimous and aspiring. The contrary is seen in low and marshy places ; for there, the inhabitants, by reason of the evilness of the air, have gross and earthy spirits, whereof it is that they are for the most part men, grovelling, dull, sluggish, sordid, sensual, plainly irreligious, or perhaps some of them, which is a little worse, religious in show, external honest men, deceitful, malicious, disdainful : " low people in every sense.

He next discusses bread, which was in his time chiefly made of three sorts of grain : wheat, rye and barley. Except in Wales and some of the northern shires of England, no use was made of oats unless in times of scarcity. The wheat bread is best. They who, being in health, use the finest wheat bread are "more curious than judicious." A yeoman-bread, which hath in it the finer part of the bran, is for strong and healthy bodies very convenient. Bread made only of the branny part of the meal, brown bread, used by the poorest sort of people in times of great scarcity, is only fit for dogs. Sometimes the grosser part of the bran is separated by a sieve, and a bread wholesome enough, called one-way-bread, is made with the siftings. Rye bread, cold, heavy, and hard, is "most meet for rustic labourers ;" rye mixed with wheat makes Messeling bread, and that is wholesomer. Dr. Venner next enumerates the seven qualities of good bread. One is that it be well leavened, "howbeit we daily prove that no bread is lighter of digestion, or giveth better nourishment to the body, than our manchet, which is made of fine flour of wheat, having in it no leaven, but a little barn." Those were the early days of yeast. Mind how you eat crust, says Dr. Venner to the men among whom rare Ben Jonson flourished at the Mermaid. Biscuit "is only profitable for the phlegmatic, and for them that have crude and moist stomachs, and that desire to grow lean, because it is a very great dryer ; and therefore let such as are choleric and melancholic beware how they use it. The like may be said of the crust of bread ; for it is also very hardly digested, and breedeth choleric adust and melancholic humours. Wherefore let the utmost and harder part of the crust be chipped away, of which let such as are by nature choleric and melancholic have special care. But it is good for the phlegmatic, and for such as have over moist stomachs, and yet healthy, and desirous to grow lean, to eat crusts after meat, the very superficial and burnt parts of them only chipped away, because they press down the

meat, and strengthen the mouth of the stomach, by drying up the superfluous moisture of it."

Thirdly, of divers kinds of drink. Water, as drink, the worthy doctor summarily rejects, in a chapter not a morsel longer than a sonnet. It may be very suitable for people living in hot countries; but, in England, it is "in no wise agreeable, for it doth very greatly deject the appetite, destroy the natural heat, and overthrow the strength of the stomach; and, consequently, confounding the concoction, is the cause of crudities, fluctuations, and windiness in the body." As many lines as he had given to water, so many pages Doctor Venner gives to wine. Then, he has nearly as much to say of beer, mead, cider, perry, aqua vite. "Many and singular," he says, "are the commodities of wine; for it is of itself the most pleasant liquor of all other." He proceeds presently to a review of the wines used in his day; and points out their qualities. White wine and Rhenish, thin and penetrating, cut and attenuate gross humours; they are good to take in the morning, fasting, and also a little before dinner and supper, but they are hurtful when taken with meat, or at meals. Claret breedeth good humours, and is very good for young men with hot stomachs, but is hurtful for all that are of a cold and moist constitution. To rheumy people, it is of all wines most pernicious, but, verily, it being moderately taken at meals, it is for temperate bodies, so as it be a pure and quick wine, scarcely inferior to any of the regal wines of France. Sack is hot and thin, wherefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body. Falstaff was right in his choice of nectar, for, says Doctor Venner, sack "is most accommodate for old men, for gross men," but as to his halfpenny-worth of bread, Sir John was wrong, for sack, we learn, "is chiefly to be drunken after the eating of meats of gross substance, and such as consist of an excremental moisture, as pork, fish, &c. Sugar retardates the penetrative quality, therefore to the cold stomach sack is better without sugar; but where there is reason to dread the penetrative faculty, sack with sugar is the more acceptable. Malmsey is very hot, and by reason that it is sweet, it nourisheth very much. It is convenient for all cold bodies: but for such as are hot it is greatly hurtful, because it is very easily convertible into red choler. It killeth worms in children, by a certain natural and hidden property, if they drink it fasting. Muscadel is an inferior wine to Malmsey, having the like virtue; Bastard, also of like virtue, is an inferior wine to Muscadel. Canary "is of some termed a sack, with this adjunct sweet, but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from sack in sweetness and pleasantness of taste, but also in colour and consistence, for it is not so white in colour as sack, nor so thin in substance; wherefore it is more nutritive, and less penetrative. It is best

agreeable to cold constitutions and for old bodies, so that they be not too impensively choleric" (as some old bodies are apt to be), "for it is a wine that will quickly inflame; and therefore very hurtful unto hot and choleric bodies, especially if they be young." Tent is a gross, nutritive wine, and is very quickly concocted into blood. Greek wine, which is of a blackish-red colour, is "of a very temperate nature, hotter than claret and sweeter, yet with some pleasing sharpness adjoining. It breedeth very good blood, reviveth the spirits, comforteth the stomach and liver, and exceedingly cheereth and strengtheneth the heart. For aged people, and all such as are naturally of a weak state of body, it is most profitable." Greek wine is only profitable, now-a-days, for any one who has a taste for pitch and tar. All but a very little is extremely resinous. "Wine of Orleans is stronger than any other French wine, and very pleasant withal in taste: it is for goodness scarcely, or not at all, inferior to Muscadel. It is hurtful to the choleric, and such as have weak brains. To a cold constitution, and for cold and weak stomachs, there is not a better wine, if there be so good. It is very hurtful to them that are young."

"There are, also," says the Doctor, "other French wines, which far excel other wines." These were the regal wines of France, Vin de Coussi and Vin d'Hal, "which to the kings and peers of France are in very familiar use. They notably comfort the stomach, help the concoction and distribution of the meats, and offend not the head with vapourous fumes. They are regal wines, indeed, and very convenient for every season, age, and constitution, so they might be had." Red wine is of an austere, sharp taste and astringent quality. The regal wines of France answered to the champagne of to-day, as nearly as the wine of Orleans answered to our Burgundy.

Wine given to children is fire added upon fire. Of wine, says the wise man, it is a precept "that it be not given to youths, as from fourteen years unto twenty-five; for wine is unto them most repugnant; because it doth above measure heat their hasty, hot, and agitating nature, and extimulate them (like mad men) unto enormous and outrageous actions." Another precept is that it should be "very moderately given and that, not too often unto young men, as from twenty-five years of age unto thirty-five, and that it be also of the smaller sorts of wines." Well might you write your Groat's worth of Repentance, you George Green, and you Christopher Marlowe of the mighty line; well might you perish ere repentance came, bibbers of sack at the green age of thirty, dead men before you had reached that period of manhood and constant age, as from thirty-five to fifty, when wine may be more liberally used. Dr. Venner published this book when his age was forty-three; therefore he says

"let such, when they are past forty years of age, begin to make much of the use of wine." As to the mixture of wine with water, that is good for young men, "but for them that are cold by temperature, or well stricken in years, pure wine is in time of health more convenient," and even in case of feverous distemperature, to allay their thirst, they may not put more than four parts of water to one part of wine, "less that the hurts which water is likely to bring to such bodies, should be greater than the commodity of cooling and quenching the thirst." A distinct chapter is given to refutation of a popular belief, that "it is expedient for health to be drunk with wine once or twice a month." The worthy doctor has an honourable love for wine, and scorns those who—though it be once in a lifetime only—use it in debauchery.

The next chapter comprises beer and ale, beer being the name given of old, and still given in the Doctor's native county, to the stronger and the better brew. There were no hops at all in ale. Beer, he says (hear and believe, Allsop and Bass!)—"beer that is too bitter of the hops (as many to save malt are wont to make it), is of a fuming nature and therefore it engendereth rheums and distillations, hurteth the sinews, offendeth the sight, and causeth the head-ache by filling the ventricles of the brain with troublesome vapours; wherefore not only the internal, but also the external senses are very much disturbed and hurted." Such was the decision of the faculty in Shakespeare's time on bitter beer.

We pass over cider and perry, usual drinks where fruits do abound; they are cold in operation, good for the choleric or to be drunk when fasting, but if drunk at meals, they blanch the face and cover the skin with a white spotted deformity. Metheglin is a very strong kind of drink, made of two parts of water and one of honey, boiled together and scummed very clean, and if rosemary, hyssop, thyme, origanum and sage be first well boiled in the water, whereof you make the metheglin, it will be better. Also there should be added afterwards a dash of ginger. This was a drink held to be exceedingly wholesome in the winter for old folks. Mead was metheglin made with twice the quantity of water. Metheglin took three or four months, mead one month to settle. Mead was pronounced profitable to all bodies from the beginning of April to the beginning or middle of September, for the preserving of health, to be taken in an empty stomach. Aqua vitæ distilled from sack, muscadell or other wine with many herbs and spices is good for your families and for neighbours in their necessities. There is not any water in use which can better fortify life, and hinder the coming in of old age than the aforesaid Aqua vitæ. Having discussed in this way bread and wine, we come unto flesh of beasts and fowls.

In the case of meats as in the case of wines

it interests us to read what the men fed upon who produced Faery Queenes, Macbeths, and New Instruments of Philosophy. Let us throw aside the Doctor's theories of cholers, rheums and distillations, only observing that he prefers of moist animals mature to immature meat, "notwithstanding that roasted pigs are of most men greatly desired, and for some certain bodies very profitable," and of dry animals he finds the immature meat preferable by reason of its greater moistness. Wherefore kids and calves are for goodness of meat better than goats and oxen, and the like is to be said of pigeons, fawns, &c. He accounts meat salted for from one to five days as wholesomer than fresh, but meat salted and hung to dry by the fire,—Martinmass beef, for example—he will "leave as only convenient for labouring men and such as have strong stomachs." He leaves a good many indigestible things to be enjoyed as their fit diet by the rustics:—the flesh of elder sheep, bulls' beef, (it "is of a rank and unpleasant taste, of a thick gross and corrupt juice, and of a very hard digestion. I commend it unto poor hard labourers.") Bacon, because "it is of hard digestion and breedeth dust and choleric humours," old peacocks, shad and mackarel which, "quickly induce a loathing noisomeness to the stomach:" for some salt-water fishes, in those days of slow locomotion, were seldom eaten in a really fresh state, except on their own coasts by the coast people: the tougher and larger cuttle-fishes, thornback, "a fish of gross, excremental, and putrid juice, a meat of ill-smell, unpleasant savour, unwholesome nourishment, noisome to the stomach, only fit for hard-labouring men;" also the tench, "unwholesome, and of hard concoction, it is a muddy and excremental fish, unpleasant to the taste, noisome to the stomach, and filleth the body with gross and slimy humours; notwithstanding, it is a meat convenient enough for labouring men." So dainty was the diet proposed to rustical stomachs by the fashionable doctor of the days of Queen Elizabeth and of King James.

Now let us run over a score of notes. The Arabian physicians place kid's flesh above all other, especially the flesh of sucking kid. To Venner subscribes to this, saving the majesty of veal. Veal—a more odoriferous flesh than any other—he declares to be best meat of all, but he prefers kid to lamb. The best mutton is of a year or two old, or thereabout; and if it be of a young wether it is best of all. Veal, "if it be of the age between one and two months, and completely fat, then it is of an excellent temperament and nutriture, and for every season, age, and temperature, exceeding all quadrupedal creatures." Pork is not fit for those who are gross or of weak stomach; bacon is of hard digestion, and a gammon of bacon is the same, but not so good, "for it is of harder digestion, and the best virtue that it hath, is to commend

a cup of wine unto the palate." Brawn is unwholesome; with sucking-pig claret or sack should be taken. Venison is, in the doctor's opinion, of hard digestion, and an ill juice. "It was verily a good invention for amending the noisomeness of venison to drink claret wine plentifully with it." In all respects he prefers mutton, although some, by reason of the scarcity of venison, may otherwise deem. "A little fat cony is, for goodness and wholesomeness of meat, better than a great buck, for although venison be of some greatly estimated and desired, yet, notwithstanding rarity and carity of it, rabbits are of a far more excellent nourishment, and for goodness of meat little inferior to the capon." Hares are dry, hard, and "breed melancholy more than any other flesh; wherefore it is not for goodness of the flesh that hares are so often hunted, but for recreating and exercising of the body: for it maketh a very dry, thick, and melancholic blood." After an assault on goat's flesh, and upon the corrupt stomachs of those foreigners who eat frogs and snails, the doctor comes to the capon, best of fowls, and to the welcome hens, chickens, pullets, cocks, capons. Turkeys, if they had tenderer legs and milder fat, would be scarcely inferior to capon. Peacocks yield a hard, dry meat. They are best eaten in winter after they have hung in a cold place for three or four days. Pigeons inflame and stimulate. They are good, therefore, for old men. They are best roasted, with a stuffing of sour grapes or unripe gooseberries, and then eaten with butter and a little vinegar. The eating of pigeons in time of plague is much commended, because they are thought to make a man safe from infection. They are best to be eaten when they are almost ready to fly, and before their heads be pulled off, let them blood with a knife upon the inner side of the wings, for by that means their vehement heat will be somewhat abated. The older birds are too hot, and must be eschewed. The pheasant's flesh in flavour excels that of all fowl, and for nourishment is of a mean between the capon and the partridge. Next to the pheasant, for goodness of meat, is the partridge, so it be young. It impinguateth the body. The young partridges, says our thoughtful and considerate friend, whose regard for the rustic stomach we have seen already, "the young partridges are the best, for they make a pure and excellent nourishment. They are only hurtful to countrymen, because they breed in them the asthmatic passion, which is a short and painful fetching of breath, by reason whereof they will not be able to undergo their usual labours. Wherefore, when they chance to meet with a covey of young partridges, they were much better to bestow them upon such for whom they are convenient, than to adventure (notwithstanding their strong stomachs) the eating of them, seeing that there is in their flesh, such an hidden and perilous antipathy unto

their bodies." If this be so, benevolence must be at the bottom of the Game Laws.

Quails, says the Doctor, are not so wholesome as they are accounted. Their flesh is held to have a certain kind of force against melancholy, by reason of a great desire that these birds have to feed upon hellebore, which is a purger of melancholy. But their evil nature counteracteth this, and it is likely, that as quails alone, of all living creatures besides man, suffer the falling sickness, the use of them engendereth the cramp, a trembling of the limbs, and falling sickness. "But there are few," the Doctor thinks, "that would fear to incur the aforesaid hurts by eating of them, if they might have them. Indeed the scarcity of them upholdeth their reputation, and the hurts that come by the seldom eating of them are not sensible, but to the curious indagator and observer of things."

Rails are good; old turtle-doves breed naughty blood, but young ones have an excellent property of comforting the brain and quickening the wit. Fat blackbirds are good eating, and thrushes are convenient, especially for the phlegmatic, so are larks. Woodcocks—called rustic partridges by some—are inferior to partridge, snipe is inferior to woodcock. Fieldfares are dry and not commendable; sparrows, roasted, make a dry, choleric, and melancholic nourishment, but being boiled in broth they become wholesome and the broth restorative. Linnets are both for lightness of digestion and goodness of meat better than sparrows. Crane is hard and fibrous, and a lean bustard is no better, but being fat, and kept without meat a day or two before he is killed, he yields a nourishing meat, if baked and well-seasoned with pepper, cloves, and salt. Heron is hard and fishy, but the young heronshaws are with some accounted a very dainty dish. But, says the physician, "I leave them and commend them unto such as are delighted with meats of strange and noisome taste." He condemns also bittern, would have the stork excluded from tables, and declares sea gull to be offensive. Teal, he says, is the best of water-fowl, and radge next unto teal in goodness. He differs from those who repute plover a dainty meat, rates lapwing below plover, commits widgeon and curlew to them that live near to moors, and have no better meat, bids all men of reasonable stomach to beware of moor-hen, and dismisses all ducks, whether tame or wild, as "in no wise commendable; for they chiefly feed upon the very filth and excremental vermin of the earth. The flesh of them is neither for smell or taste commendable; it is fulsome and unacceptable to the stomach, and filleth the body with obscene and naughty humours. They are only convenient for strong and rustic bodies." Stubble geese are of very hard concoction and ingrateful savour, but the young geese, commonly called green geese, are wholesomer, especially if fattened with wholesome grain.

The swan is like the goose but grosser, heavier, and harder of digestion. He yieldeth best nourishment being baked and well-seasoned with pepper, cloves, and salt. It is a strong melancholic meat.

Next follows fish. Much of the prejudice against fish diet that still subsists among the common people may have begun with the men of science in the days of that medical theory of dry and moist, of hot and cold, which causes Dr. Venner to declare the much eating or often use of it unwholesome, "because fish increaseth much gross slimy and superfluous phlegm, which residing and corrupting in the body, causeth difficulty of breathing, the gout, the stone, the leprosy, the scurvy, and other foul and troublesome affects of the skin." Among fish he accounts the sole as of primest note and calls it the sea-capon. The eyes of a salmon are far wholesomer than the eyes of any other fish. Sturgeon is a very acceptable fish, and best welcome at tables. It may be much doubted whether it be not so greatly esteemed for the mere rareness of it. Its fat subverteth the stomach. The halibut is a big fish and of great account. It is not inferior to the sturgeon. John Dory, says the Doctor (shame upon him!), is not very delectable to the palate; it breedeth somewhat a gross and phlegmatic juice. Lampreys are of some greatly esteemed, but very unworthily, for they are partly of the nature of eels. Eels are only a convenient meat for poor, hard labourers. The doctor supposes that their aperient quality has caused oysters to be usually eaten a little before meal, and that with one-way bread. Although their saltish nature excites appetite, they must be eaten with pepper and vinegar, and a cup of good claret or sack drunk presently after them. The carp is of a sweet and exquisite taste, but gives a slimy nourishment. Puffins, whether they be eaten fresh or powdered, are of an odious smell, of a naughty taste, of unwholesome nourishment, and very noisome to the stomach. Yet great drinkers esteem well of the powdered puffin, because it provoketh them to drink.

From the next section of the treatise, that upon eggs and milk, including the products from milk, here is the hint of a breakfast for the age that knew no coffee and no tea. "If any man desire a light, nourishing, and comfortable breakfast, I know none better than a couple of poched eggs, seasoned with a little sauce and a few corns of pepper, also with a drop or two of vinegar if the stomach be weak, and supped off warm, eating therewithal a little bread and butter, and drinking after a good draught of claret wine."

Ben Jonson ate cheese after his meat, and we keep up the custom, not having after dinner, as Ben Jonson had, a reason to give for the cheese that is in us. If the poet was not scholar enough to know upon what faith cheese after meat was

founded, Dr. Venner, his contemporary, was, and so he tells us: "Being thus used, it bringeth two commodities. First, it taketh away satiety and strengtheneth the stomach by shutting up the orifice thereof. Secondly, it preventeth the floating of the meat, which greatly hindereth and disturbeth the concoction, by depressing it into the bottom of the stomach, which is the chief place of digestion." There is made of coagulated milk a kind of junket, called in most places a fresh cheese. This, or other junkets or white meats of like nature must be always at meals first eaten, or at banquets between meals, when the stomach is empty.

Next, the Doctor treats of sauces and spices. Sauces are salt, vinegar, rose vinegar (which is white wine or claret vinegar with red rose leaves steeped in it), eisell, the vinegar of cider; verjuice, which is made of sour grapes, crabs, or unripe apples; oranges, lemons, citrons; olives, eaten with meat to excite appetite; capers, eaten with vinegar and oil or oxymel; pickled buds of young broom, samphire, radishes, oil, honey, sugar, and mixed sauces. Spices are cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, and mace, pepper, ginger, and saffron. The doctor has by accident omitted mustard, upon the relations of which to ox-beef we have heard something from a friend of Titania.

Fruits, roots, and herbs, that serve for meat, and are usually eaten: apples, pears; pear-wards, solid and large, of all sorts of pears the best and wholesomest, yielding the warden-pie; quinces which yield a very delectable cofinate or marmalade; pomegranates, peaches, and apricots, medlars and service-berries, mulberries, figs, dates, plums, damsons, prunes, grapes—which, "boiled in butter and sops of bread added thereto, and sugar also, if they be somewhat sour, are a very pleasant meat;"—raisins, cherries, currants, gooseberries, barberries, raspis or framboise, now called raspberries, strawberries—they may be well eaten with rose, violet, or borage water and sugar—whortleberries; hazel nuts—which "violate the lungs"—filberts, walnuts, chestnuts, pine nuts—the newest and the whitest are the best, they must be eaten with honey or sugar—pistachio or fistic nuts, almonds; mushrooms. "Many fantastical people do greatly delight to eat of the earthly excrescences called mushrooms; whereof some are venomous, and the best of them unwholesome for meat. They are convenient for no season, age, or temperature." Melons, cucumbers, gourds, beans, pease, artichokes, coleworts, carrots and parsnips, turnips and navewes, skirret-roots, potatoes—"some use to eat them being roasted in the embers, sopped in wine, which way is specially good"—iringo-roots, garlic, onion, scallion or chalog, leek, chive, lettuce—"in these days commonly eaten at the beginning of meals"—parsley, sea-parsley, prick-madam, spinage, bleets and orach, beets, herb-mercury, much used among

pot-herbs, mallows, sorrel, good to chew of mornings fasting, in the time of pestilence, and the juice whereof maketh a pleasant sauce for meats,—endive, and chicory, dandelion—good to be used in pottage,—borage and bugloss, burnet—effectual against the plague, and other affects of the heart, the leaves being put into wine, yield unto it an excellent relish in drinking, — cinquefoil, strawberry leaves, violet leaves and flowers, borage and rose blossoms—good as violet flowers in a salad,—gillflowers, marigolds, tansy, wormwood, filipendula, and many more herbs were used in the kitchens of our forefathers two or three centuries ago.

Now, lastly, of the manner of diet. "There is a threefold diet, accurate or precise, vulgar or common, and sub-vulgar." "Don't eat without appetite," says Dr. Venner. "Sauces may be used to correct tendencies of constitution; if used to provoke excess in eating, they beget disease. Meats most desired, although apparently less wholesome, are to be preferred. The use of two competent meals in a day, viz., of dinner and supper, is generally best for them that are within the limits of twenty-five and sixty years, leading a studious or sedentary life. But such as use much exercise," says the physician, "I advise not to be altogether fasting till dinner, but to break their fast with this threefold caution, that they find their stomachs to be clean and empty, that the breakfast be slender, and that of meats of light digestion, and that it be taken about four hours before dinner. The plethoric should not only eschew the use of breakfasts, but also often content themselves with one meal in a day, and that a supper, taken at least three hours before bed-time. But two moderate meals are to be preferred to one that is excessive." "Our usual time for dinner in all places is about eleven of the clock; and for supper, in most places, about six. I do well approve of the distance between meals, and also of the allowance of an hour's space for a meal; but if students that may command the time, and others also that lead a generous life, shall alter the time for refection, as to dine about ten, and to sup about five or six, they shall have my better approbation. This would shorten the long fast in the morning, allow more time for digestion of the dinner, and lessen the chance of nocturnal suffering from vapours that arise out of the meats concocting in the stomach." Children and old men may take three or four meals in a day. When eating, do not cogitate, but chew. If the dinner be larger than ordinary, let the supper be less, or none at all. Fish and flesh do not accord, they ought not, therefore, to be eaten at one meal. "Eschew this evil custom, and relinquish it to belly-gods, who choose to live fettered with gouts, racked with fevers, and tormented with stones."

The bread that we eat with meats, "ought to be double to the flesh, so much and half

so much as of eggs, and threefold unto fish, especially of the moister sort, that the superfluous moisture of it may, by the socity of the bread be attempered." Healthy and strong men should eat more at supper than at dinner, because after supper they may rest from their exertions. Gross and phlegmatic men should make the dinner their chief meal, for fear of a sudden suffocation in sleep. If the stomach be moist, do not begin a meal with drink, but if there be excess of dryness it is well to do so. If there be broths or pottage at table, they are to be preferred before driuk, and always taken instead thereof, at the beginning of a meal. "Let there be no drink taken between dinner and supper, except only a dilutive draught of white or Rhenish wine, of stale beer, or of sack, when the meat is concocted; that will be three or four hours after the meal. This cleans out the stomach, and promotes the passage of the meats concocted through the mesaric veins into the liver."

To the breakfast usual in his day, the Doctor makes his last objection: "The custom of drinking in the mornings fasting a large draught of white wine, of Rhenish wine, or of beer, hath almost with all men so far prevailed, as that they judge it a principal means of preserving health." To the con-velling of this bad custom the Doctor sets himself, but grants that "to drink mornings fasting a draught of muscadell or malmsey, and also to eat toasts of fine manchet bread sopped therein, is no bad breakfast for old folks, I suppose."

FINE SHAVING.

THAT terrible element, decay, lurks in all things earthly. It would be a trite thing in these days to sermonise concerning mortality, taking for text the ravages of moth and worm; how empires crumble and fall away; how great workers are forgotten within a generation; how noble structures, cloud-capped towers, and gorgeous palaces, pyramids and parthenons, are sapped and pulverised; how the pomp, the great view, the show, are but of the hour only, unenduring, evanescent,—such would be but a stale theme for the lay preacher to dwell on. And yet it is hard that Packwood, at least Packwood, should not live!

Why is it to be an eternal dispensation, that the good men do, shall be always interred with their bones? That because they chance to be unsung, unhymned—quia vate carent sacro, as the heathen has it—they shall sleep in Lethe? There have lived braves before Agamemnon; fighting men before Napoleon; thinkers, workers, doers, all suffering from this unequal law, all because fate has not found them a chronicler. Iniquitous dispensation! Weave then a fresh garland of immortelles, and lay them lightly on the grave of Packwood!

Shall we then sing Packwood, whom our fathers delighted to honour, as a doer of miracles in his own line, the work of whose hands came gratefully to their cuticles? And shall we not glorify him, too? Who then was Packwood? What his speciality?

The Mechi-Moses, or Moses-Mechi, of his day, supposing there could be a duality of those distinguished artistes. Mechi for his ware, Moses for his verse. Sweeter than honey flowed the verse of Packwood. His speciality was strops. He sang strops!

Mr. Carlyle has written it down that the end of the last century was a great season for influx of charlatans. Too harsh a term, perhaps, for men who simply commended their own worth, and were their own showmen, as it were. Few care to be their brethren's showman. Packwood was but one of the throng,—fellow to Solomon and others. The world knows of Solomon by this time,—Solomon who introduced to it the famous healing Balm of Gilead. Doctor Solomon had that Israelitish vein of poesy in him, too—for the better wooing of consumers of his balm; whose every word and action was to the same tune and purpose, the showman's tune and purpose. Gilead Hall,—imposing country seat hard by to Liverpool, and all raised, laid out, and planted, on Balm of Gilead,—Gilead Hall was to the same tune. Those famous dinners at Gilead Hall, when sudden wrangle and contention would be heard outside, with sounds of servants struggling to keep out intruder, and with final irruption of intruder, mother of family that is, with armfuls of children, falling prone at his feet and pouring out torrent of blessings on his Gilead's head, for sudden recovery,—all was to that same tune of charlatany or puffery. Not less curious is that history—inédite, or unpublished hitherto—of how he treated certain persons of quality, overturned at his gate. The persons of quality were invited, intreated with all handsomeness, as persons of quality should be, and bidden to sit down and refresh themselves. But they, with questionable taste, declined all hospitality and swore they would have nought but Gilead—Balm of Gilead only. Which, by the way, was a noble compound; formed of fine brandies and costly stimulants. Two flasks of the noble compound are brought in and consumed with infinite relish. Brought in, too, at departure time, is a bill for five guineas, price of two flasks of Gilead; to astonishment, no doubt, and utter disgust of the persons of quality. "But," says Doctor Solomon, by way of moral to his apologue, "had you been satisfied to treat me as a gentleman, you should have had the choicest wines in my cellar, free of charge. But since you have elected to treat me professionally, I shall treat you professionally also. And so the five guineas, if you please."

Of this school came Packwood. But Packwood is perhaps the first who thought of recommending himself by ingenious quips and conceits; and so must be taken to have lighted the way for Messrs. Day and Martin, the Pill and Ointment Panaceist, the Israelitish Tailor, and other modern professors. From him must have come the hint of that famous inferior leg, standing so many years. From him came the suggestion of the metrical traps and pitfalls taking in the unwary reader by promise of intellectual entertainment, and landing him in panegyrics of a Hebrew-cut garment. From him came the acrostics, the riddles, the rebuses,—it is all to be found in Packwood. There is nothing new under the sun! It is all to be found in "Packwood's Whim: The Goldfinch's Nest, or the Way to get Money and to be Happy. Giving a general account of his diverting advertisements, with other useful observations. Reader, when you have perused this book, and assert you were neither excited to cry, laugh, or grin, you must not expect to be ranked among the most favourite customers. By George Packwood. Fungor vice cotis. Horace."—in this Whim, then, of Mr. George Packwood, the curious will find the whole rationale of the thing, set out diligently; it being as though the pill and ointment professor and Hebrew garment-maker should gather together all their quips and verses in a small tract and send them out on the world.

But hearken yet awhile to what is to be found in the Goldfinch's Nest.

First room for an apologue. Once on a time it happened two slaves met together, the one named Common Strop, the other Superior Strop. Common Strop claimed preference of the other, and thus addressed him:—

"Remember Superior, you are but young in the world. I have been useful to sharpen razors as a Common Strop for ages past, and lived in some credit before you came."

"All this is self-praise without foundation," answered Superior; "but I understand the most you could ever do, after all your long experience was to smooth the edge of an instrument after the stone or barber's hone. Many a good razor has been cast aside for want of that merit you now so much boast of; my superiority has already convinced the most credulous into surprise, that my power will remove notches from a razor or common knife, and give a delectable smooth edge to shave the hardest beard, and that to admiration."

The Moral:—Merit meets its own reward on a fair trial.

Further on Mr. George Packwood comes out dramatically, and presents what might have fitted very respectably into a nautical drama of his own day. The tide was just then setting in towards quarter-deck virtues; the British sailor was then taking to the lay-

sermon and impropriety of not assisting females in distress, and at that date Mr. T. P. Cooke was about being thought of.

Jack Ratlin and a friseur or barber are the characters in Mr. Packwood's little piece. Jack, in his own free way, bids the friseur perform his duties, at the same time candidly intimating doubts as to his capacity.

"Sare," the friseur answers with pardonable confidence, "I defy any gentleman of de comb to perform better de business den your très-humble serviteur." (Where note, that about this season also ludicrous Frenchmen were being brought on, to the infinite diversion of the public.)

"Shiver my timbers," Jack says, finding the razor gliding smoothly over his chin; "but this shave is like sailing before the wind in a pleasant gale, mounseer!"

Friseur:—"Ce plaisir you receive belong to de merit of Monsieur Packwood, of Number Sixteen, Gracechurch street, proprietor of this new-invented razor strop. La voilà (presenting it), ma foi."

Jack:—"Avast, you lubber; let me try my knife. May I never cross the line, if it does not take out the notches! Mounseer, are you sure it is not enchanted?"

Friseur (with ingenious turn):—"It's most likely dat you will be enchanté with de excellence comme tout le monde before you, as le noble, le marchand, le docteur, le cutler, le tonseur, &c."

Jack (departing with morality):—"Heave ahead there, mounseer; I must inform you before I set sail, when Bet is cutting her corns, or I am shaving my phyz, we'll think on him whose sails being filled with ingenuity and invention, may insure him a prosperous gale through life."

It is hard to discredit a son of the ocean, and yet the strange power of the strop in taking out notches from a common penknife seems to task human belief a little strongly. Yet, what is to be said in the face of this additional confirmation?

A sceptical bystander, we are told, brought the subject on at the house of a gentleman of distinction; the sceptical bystander adding incautiously:

"I give no credit to such puffing."

But the unbeliever was to go his way converted, "for, lo!" says the gentleman of distinction, "if you have a knife in your pocket, we will prove the effect."

A knife was produced; also two razors in a fearful state of corrosion, having been cast aside some years. After a few passes on the strop, no less than fifteen gentlemen were shaved with the instruments before mentioned. This would seem conclusive on the matter; but, what is this to the testimony of a certain farmer of Bullington, near Andover?

The farmer found one day a case of rusty razors that had been his grandfather's. They

had lain full thirty years under a hole in a hay-loft, till the metal was scarcely discernible, and the blades hacked like a hand-saw. This case would seem to be wholly desperate, and yet, by a proper application of the incomparable razor-strop, the notches became "totally invisible, and they" (query, the notches!) "are now in the possession of the village barber." The chronicler pleasantly adds, that the last-named gentleman always saves one or the other of them to shave Mr. Quiteright, the man-midwife, in cases of particular hurry.

But the farmer of Bullington pales his ineffectual fires beside the hunting gentleman of Kent. This person, who is called Mr. Nimrod (obviously for the peculiar reasons that affected Mr. Quiteright's position), this gentleman of Kent, then, had such a partiality for hunting, that he could scarce spare to have his beard taken off. Now, by the use of the imperial razor strop, he actually shaves himself on horseback, full gallop, without the least fear, loss of time, or hindrance of business!

The case of the Welch gentleman, too, is worthy of mention. He used to piece out his income by playing the fiddle, but unhappily was so puzzled by some of Mr. Haydn's tunes that he was resolved to find a new employment. On the discovery of the superior razor-strop, he takes notches out of scythes, to the astonishment of the farmers, and is making a rapid fortune as a country cutler. Then, adds the Chronicle, rhythmically:—

"His razors cut all things as tinder,
Defy the grinstone, shave a cinder!"

Another of these marvellous feats, well nigh staggering all belief, appeared in the London Chronicle of the seventeenth of May seventeen hundred and ninety-six. In that journal, Fame is personified, and speaks in this fashion. Says she: "The bashfulness of the proprietor prevents him doing justice to himself, when he only speaks of its good effects, such as taking notches out of carving knives, &c." Fame then goes on to mention, that by keeping so much within the bounds of moderation, he (Packwood) has neglected to inform you (the public) of a gentleman, to whom, soon after he had purchased one of the superior razor-strops, the gardener complaining that his rag-stone was insufficient to whet his scythe, the strop was produced, and by giving it two or three touches, he not only found it cut grass with facility, but, strange to relate, he also cut down six elm-trees that stood in his way!" Which prodigy seems at least akin to certain Transatlantic feats; more especially to that marvellous scythe whose very shadow took off the legs of certain unwary bystanders.

Mr. Packwood records that he has more than once been the victim of unfeeling hoaxes, perhaps owing to an undue fastidious-

ness in his dealings. For he has told us that "Packwood's pride is in having customers of respectability. No matter how pressing they are for the goods, even the offer of ready cash on receipt will avail nothing except they are of good fame and character. The publication of a letter addressed to him by one more elevated in the world than the generality of mankind, is a convincing proof of this truth.

"WIMBLEDON COMMON, May 11, 1796.

"J. Abershawe presents his compliments to Mr. Packwood; would be obliged to him to send, as soon as possible, half-a-dozen razor-strops, with a couple of razors, &c. &c.

"To Mr. Packwood, No. 16, Gracechurch Street,
"London."

On the Tuesday following Mr. Packwood went with the order down to Wimbledon in due form, and took other goods with him, that the gentleman might have his choice. He inquired the gentleman's abode, and was informed his station was on the common, but his character not the most respectable. Hundreds were ready to wait upon him on his first coming there, but his behaviour was so abominable as to shock all beholders, and very few of his friends visited him afterwards, except out of curiosity. Mr. Packwood took disgust, and refused to pay the intended visit on account of his ill-fame, and returned home with his goods for the comfort of a more worthy customer. After the expense of his journey, he found to his cost, that J. Abershawe was no other than a daring and most infamous character, gibbeted last summer on Wimbledon Common.

This was a pleasant device, and proves that Mr. Packwood could turn the topics of the day to account, as he before did the tunes of Mr. Haydn. But Packwood was an artist. Who could now-a-days improvise so startling a bit of news as what appeared in the Telegraph of June the first, seventeen hundred and ninety-six?

"ELECTIONEERING INTELLIGENCE!!"

The Quidnunc turns eagerly to see who is the new made knight of the shire, and reads greedily, that—

"George Packwood, we hear, is returned for the County of Strop, with very little opposition!"

But it is when Packwood's muse comes to his aid that his merits shine out most resplendent. He has sung razors and the man with transcendent success; and in a happy vein which those of modern time—who are supposed to have had poets on their staff and have chartered bards—cannot so much as approach. Packwood's muse can shape herself all measures; even to the majestic Miltonian

blank verse, or rather approaching that of the late Mr. Akenside. With what dignity flows on the verse in the following lines:

"In ev'ry effort to enliven, ev'ry effort to attract,
Scrious, powerful, soft'ning soap must be applied;
And the happy lacid lather, fascinatingly fair form'd,
Snow-white sloop, enliv'ning first each dimple,
Sleek or smiling muscle of the pleased enraptured
countenancee,
Convinced, superior, happy, and benign!"

Not less successful is the impromptu of a certain lady, whose name is not given, and which appeared in the Oracle of July the sixth, seventeen hundred and ninety-six:

"EXTEMPORE.

"By a Lady, while drinking tea at the Bush Inn, on Epping Forest.

"While beards do grow,
Thy fame will flow—
Be war or peace,
Beards will increase:
To mow the crop,
Use razor-strop!"

It is unusual to find ladies singing the praises of such articles, or to give up their tea-drinking hours, whether at the Bush or other house of entertainment, to such recreation.

Better than all is that little conceit which came forth about the merry, merry time of Christmas. It breathes a savour of that jocund and inspiring season:

"Under the misseltoe, the maid was led,
Although she said No, she held up her head
To obtain the kiss: yet a sigh was heard.
The reason why,—Tom rubbed her with his beard.
Ah, witless Tom! her anger you might stop,
Use Packwood's razor, whetted on his strop!"

There is a portrait of Packwood now extant, presenting a shrewd, intelligent face, with a singularly benign expression. Packwood is attired in the coat fashionable in his day, with the Sir Joshua collar, and holds in his hand the famous strop. He looks like a man with a purpose written in his face: a man who might have done great things in the diplomatic line, had Fate so cast his lot.

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A SHY SCHEME.

I AM a shy young man, with a limited income. My residence is in the country—my hair is light—my cheeks are rosy—my stature is small—my manners are mild—my name is Koddle.

How it is that professed literary gentlemen contrive to slide as smoothly as they do, out of one topic and into another, without the slightest appearance of any accompanying jerk, is a mystery to me. I want to tack on to the information imparted in my first paragraph, two additional facts: first, that I am anxious to be settled in life; secondly, that I have my eye on a young woman. But there seems, somehow, to be a disrespectful abruptness in mentioning the object of my attachment in that way. It is as if I dragged her into this page by the neck and shoulders, instead of appearing serenely before the public gaze, with my charmer escorted on my arm. Her residence is in the country—her hair is light—her cheeks are rosy—her stature is small—her manners are mild. Except that she has no income at all, and that her name is not Koddle, my young woman is wonderfully like me in everything, extreme shyness included. Under these circumstances, it is perhaps remarkable that I should be so fond of her as I am. I can't account for that. But I can smooth away another little difficulty; I can explain how it is that I have not yet imparted the state of my affections. I don't know how.

"Please, Miss, will you marry me?" Too abrupt. "My other self! plunge your hand into my bosom, extract the throbbing principle within, observe whether it adores you or not, and if appearances are satisfactory, keep it for ever." Pretty, but, perhaps, at the same time incomprehensible to a practical young woman of the present day. Ogling? Will ogling alone do it? Possibly; but I have not the right kind of eyes for that exercise. My organs of ogling are too light in colour, too small in size, and too stiff in their action for the purpose. Perpetual sighing? She might mistake my intentions, and fancy that I was only endeavouring to express to her a wretched state of health. A sudden dart at her in her father's presence, and an affectionate clasping of her round the waist

under her father's astonished eyes? Could that excellent gentleman be depended on to start from his chair, and say, "Scoundrel, what are your intentions?"—and could I make sure of having presence of mind enough to drop on my knees and reply instantly, "Dear sir, they are strictly honourable"? I fear not; it takes so much to get some parents out of their chairs, and so little to upset a lover, like me. Shall I write to her father? Then there is the dreadful embarrassment of the first meeting with her afterwards. Shall I write to the charmer herself? The same embarrassment still lies in wait for me. I can't express it in words, or looks, or sighs, or sudden embraces, or epistolary correspondence. What am I to do? Again the humiliating confession escapes me; again I answer—I don't know.

This is a serious, and, as I am inclined to think, even a sad state of things. Here is my future depending on my doing something—and I can't do it. Even if I could find the courage to make the offer, I should not feel certain of discovering, at the same time, the right words in which to express it. In this matter such awful interests depend upon such shocking trifles. I know a heart-rending case in point. A friend of mine, almost as shy as I am myself, armed himself with the resolution which I do not possess, watched his opportunity, and started with his offer of marriage to the object of his affection. It was in the winter time, and he had a cold. He advanced about six words into the preparatory sentence; the lady was listening with modest, yet encouraging, attention—he got to the seventh word, and felt a sudden titillation in the upper part of his nose—he pronounced the eighth word, and—burst irrepressibly into a shrill, raging, screaming Sneeze! The lady (who can blame her?) after a noble effort to preserve her self-control, fell back in the chair in convulsions of laughter. An offer is an essentially serious thing; who could proceed with it under those circumstances? Not my friend, at any rate. He tried to begin again, two or three days afterwards. At his first look of unutterable love, at his first approach to the tender topic, he saw the lady's face get red, and the lady's lips desperately compress themselves. The horrid explosion of the sneeze

was firing itself off again in her memory—she was shaking all over with suppressed laughter. He tried a third time; the same result followed: and then he gave it up. They have not met since; they never will meet. They were made for each other by nature; they were sweetly and suitably matched in age, fortune, social position, and mutual tastes. And what has rudely torn them asunder for ever?—a Sneeze! I write this with the tears in my eyes, and do not envy the feelings of any man or woman who can laugh at it.

To return to my own case. It is very hard, I think, that no provision is made for bashful men like me, who want to declare the state of their affections, who are not accustomed to female society, and who are habitually startled and confused, even on ordinary occasions, whenever they hear the sound of their own voices. There are people ready to assist us in every other emergency of our lives; but in the greatest difficulty of all, we are inhumanly left to help ourselves. There have been one or two rare occasions, on which one or two unparalleled women have nobly stepped forward and relieved us of our humiliating position as speechless suitors, by taking all the embarrassment of making the offer on their own shoulders. I know an instance of this, and I feel bound to relate it, as a soothing and cheerful contrast to the harrowing anecdote which I have just told. Our curate where I live, has been all his life a martyr to shyness; and, but for the admirably decided conduct of his wife under trying circumstances, I happen to know that he would never have been the father of the ten sweet children who now enliven and adorn his existence. He was just in my miserable position, when he was kindly invited to tea (and muffins) one evening, by his charmer's agreeable mother. At the head of the table sat this estimable woman, in a new cap. At the foot of the table, sat her accomplished daughter, in a new gown. Between them sat my friend the curate, looking in speechless confusion at a plate of muffins placed exactly opposite to him. No other visitor marred the harmony of the domestic scene. They had a cup of tea all round, and a plate of muffins—and my friend never spoke. They had a second cup of tea, stronger than the first, and a second plate of muffins more richly buttered. Even this encouragement failed to loosen the curate's tongue. At the third cup, and pending the arrival of the third plate of muffins, the expressive eyes of the daughter rested significantly on the countenance of her maternal parent. "Mamma," she said, with a kind of silvery calmness. "Mamma, shall I have him?" "My dear," replied the indulgent lady, "Have I ever thwarted you in any of your little caprices? Please yourself, love; please yourself." The third plate of muffins came in. It was set down in solemn silence. The mother took a bit encouragingly; the

curate took a bit confusedly; the daughter took a bit meditatively. "I think," she said after a moment of charming reverie, "I think, Mamma, I will have him." She turned and looked critically at the curate; waited till he had, with great difficulty, disposed of a mouthful of muffin; and then held out her hand, with fascinating frankness. "There!" she said, "don't let us make a fuss about it. There is my hand!" Six weeks afterwards he was married, and has been the happiest man in existence ever since.

Such a case as this is, unfortunately, an exceptional one. It has been most hastily and most unwarrantably established as a social principle, that all men are audacious and enterprising in their love affairs, because they are men; and on these manifestly false grounds, the conclusion has been adopted that it is invariably the business of the man to make the offer. Dear, dear me! are we all Don Juans? Is there no such being in existence as a bashful man? On the other hand, are all young women naturally struck speechless with confusion at the mention of marriage? Do they all fall into such convulsions of modesty at the first prospect of assuming bridal responsibilities, as really to lose the admirable self-possession which is one of the most charming attributes of the sex in every other circumstance of life? My own observation of the appearance and behaviour of brides and bridegrooms, under the trying ordeal of the wedding-day, inclines me to believe that the loss of self-possession is almost invariably on the man's side. It is my firm opinion (supposing my mind to be robust enough to support a firm opinion about anything) that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the offer of marriage would be much more quickly, sensibly, and irresistibly made if it came from the lady instead of the gentleman; and I would respectfully invite any man who disagrees with me to compare the behaviour of the bride with the behaviour of the bridegroom the next time he goes to a wedding. The wisdom of the ancients seems to have sanctioned some such salutary change of custom as that which I propose, at the period of Leap-year. But the practice has fallen into disuse; and the modest men of the community have suffered unspeakably in consequence.

If I only had the courage, I would suggest to some of those public-spirited ladies who are so nobly trying to take away from the men everything they have got, and to give it all to the women, that they might make out a very strong case against the male population, if they accused my grasping sex of monopolising the right of making offers. The first offer in the world was made, in that matter of the apple, by Eve, who was not bashful, to Adam, who was. Why have Eve's daughters (I would ask, if I were one of the public-spirited ladies) allowed the

privilege exercised by their first mother to slip through their fingers in this disgraceful manner? What is the use of talking of the equality of the sexes as long as one sex perpetually exercises the right of putting the question, and leaves to the other sex only the inferior and secondary privilege of giving the answer? Let it be understood, for the future, that the men are to take their turn of waiting until they are spoken to. Let every other year be considered, for matrimonial purposes, a Leap Year, and give the unhappy bashful bachelor a good twelvemonth's chance of getting an offer. It may be objected, I know, that, even in the event of this wholesome reform in our manners being carried out, I could scarcely hope to be personally a gainer by it, seeing that my young woman is, according to my own confession, as retiring in her habits as I am myself. I can only answer to this, that I have noticed, on the few occasions when I have had opportunities of exercising my observation, a great difference to exist between the shyness of a woman and the shyness of a man. To refer to my own case, I have remarked that my charmer's shyness differs from mine in being manageable, graceful, and, more than that, in being capable of suppressing itself and of assuming a disguise of the most amazing coolness and self-possession on certain trying occasions. I have heard the object of my affections condemned by ignorant strangers as a young woman of unpleasantly audacious manners, at the very time when my intimate familiarity with her character assured me that she was secretly suffering all the miseries of extreme confusion and self-distrust. Whenever I see her make up a bold face, by drawing her hair off her forehead, and showing the lovely roots all round; whenever I hear her talking with extraordinary perseverance, and laughing with extraordinary readiness; whenever I see her gown particularly large in pattern, and her ribbands dazzlingly bright in colour—then, I feel certain that she is privately quaking with all the most indescribable and most unreasonable terrors of shyness. Knowing this, I should not be at all apprehensive of a long period of silence elapsing, if a reform in our social laws authorised my charmer to help me out by making my offer for me. She would do it, I know, with an appearance of extraordinary indifference and gaiety—with her utmost fluency of utterance, with her most mellifluously easy laughter—in her gown of the largest pattern, in her ribbands of the fiercest brightness—with her poor heart thumping the whole time as if it would burst, and with every nerve in her body trembling all over from head to foot. My experience has not been a large one—but that is my humble idea of the real nature of a woman's shyness.

However, it is useless to speculate on what might happen if the oppressive laws of

courtship were relaxed—for no such welcome event is likely to take place. It will be more to the purpose, perhaps, if I venture on introducing a little practical suggestion of my own, which struck me while I was meditating on my unhappy position, which involves no sweeping change in the manners and customs of the age, and which, so far as I know, has never made its appearance in print before.

I am informed, by persons of experience in the world of letters (about which I myself know nothing), that the ladies of the present century have burst into every department of literature, have carried off the accumulated raw material from under the men's noses, and have manufactured it to an enormous and unheard-of extent for the public benefit. I am told that out of every twelve poems or novels that are written, nine at least are by ladies; that they write histories, in six or eight volumes, with great ease and satisfaction to themselves, while the men can only compass the same achievements with extreme difficulty, in one or two volumes; and that they are perpetually producing books of Travel, which are all about themselves and their own sensations, without the slavish fear of that possible imputation of self-conceit which so often lurks in the more timid bosom of man. I am particularly rejoiced to hear of this, because my suggestion involves nothing less than the writing of one gigantic book by all the ladies of Great Britain put together. What I propose is a Hand Book of Courtship, written by all British Wives, and edited, with notes, by all British Daughters.

The magnitude of my own idea absolutely takes away my breath—and yet, the execution of it is so unimaginably easy that the Hand Book might be ready for publication in six months' time. I propose that every Married Lady in the country shall write down the exact words (for surely her affectionate heart must remember them?) which her husband used when he made his offer to her; and that she shall then add to the interesting report of the offer, illustrative particulars of the circumstances under which it was made, and of the accompanying actions (if any) by which the speaker emphasised the all-important words as they fell from his lips. I would have the Returns, thus prepared, collected as the Income Tax Papers are, with the most extreme care and the most honourable secrecy. They should be afterwards shuffled together in baskets, and distributed, one by one, just as they happened to turn up, among the Unmarried Ladies of the country, with the following brief formula of two questions attached: First. Would the form of offer presented here-with, have proved to be a satisfactory one, in your case? And, if not, will you state in what particulars you think it might be improved? Second. Would the accompanying actions by which

the offer was pressed on the kind attention of the individual addressed, have specially inclined you to favour it with a suitable reply? And, if not, what improvements, in the way of addition or suppression, would you be disposed, in the strictest confidence, to suggest? When the necessary answers to these questions had been given, I would have the Papers again collected, on the same Income Tax principle; and would immediately set the printers at work. The Married Ladies' Returns should form the text, and the Unmarried Ladies' Returns should be added in the form of notes. No names or addresses should appear anywhere. The book should be bound in virgin white, with orange-flower decorations on the back. It should be printed in rose-coloured ink, and it should be issued to the world from a publishing-house established for the purpose in Doctors' Commons.

What an inestimable bachelor's Manual this would be! What a circulation it would have among all classes! What a delightful sense of confidence it would awaken in the mind of the diffident male reader! How could any man go wrong, with the Hand Book to refer to, before he committed himself to a positive course of action? If I had such a book within my reach at this moment, I might look out, and learn, the form of offer which I felt to be most suitable in my own case; might discover and correct its little human imperfections, by reference to the critical notes appended to it; and might become a happy accepted man (if I could depend upon my memory) by to-morrow at latest. How many other men might enjoy the same benefit, if the practical results of the experience of others were thus placed at their disposal—how many extra marriages might be solemnised in the course of the first year after the publication of the Hand Book—I cannot presume to say. I can only point to the serious necessity that there is for bringing out the great work that I have proposed—I can only implore the ladies to undertake it, in consideration of the literary honour and glory which it would confer upon the whole sex.

In the meantime, here I am, shyly hovering round my fate, and helplessly ignorant how to rush in and close with it, at once and for ever. If I could feel sure that the Bachelor's Manual was likely to be soon produced, I might, perhaps, manage to wait for it. But, in the absence of any positive information on this subject, I feel that I must make up my mind to do something desperate immediately. A spoken explanation of my feelings—unless I could manage to catch my young woman in the dark—being, in my case, manifestly out of the question, I suppose I must bashfully resign myself, after all, to the alternative of writing. In the event of my mustering courage enough to compose the letter, and to send it off when done, the

question is, How had I better behave myself, when the inevitable embarrassment of the first meeting with her comes afterwards? Shall I begin with words, or begin with actions? Or, to be plainer still, which shall I address first, her waist or her mind? Will any charitable married lady kindly consider my especial weakness of disposition, and send me privately one word of advice as to which of these two delicate alternatives it will be safest for me to adopt?

INDIAN HILL STATIONS.

It is impossible to rate the importance of hill stations at too high a value. If India is to be preserved, it must owe its security from future mutinies and revolts, no less than from foreign invasion, to the presence of an European force adequate to the control of a swarming population and of doubtful auxiliaries. But to keep European soldiers in health and strength under an Indian sun, is no easy matter.

There is no one, in time of peace or inaction, so helpless as the soldier, and especially the English soldier. The same men who, during an Indian summer campaign, can march their twenty or five-and-twenty miles in a day—no light task with accoutrements and arms to carry—who bear sun, hunger, thirst, and fatigue with absolute gaiety of spirit, contrive, in quiet times, to be constantly ailing, and show as much ingenuity in seeking mischief as others in avoiding it. Nobody who has seen much of the private soldier can fail to be aware of the difficulty with which the medical officers can keep up the health of a regiment, even at such foreign stations as the residents consider healthy. No schoolboys were ever half so reckless as the brave fellows whom the prospect of a fight will, at any moment, turn into men of iron; proof against sickness and weariness. But, when there is nothing to do, more exciting than platoon drill or bayonet exercise, the tables are turned, and Tom and Dick seek out, as from sheer wantonness, whatever pursuit is most likely to bring them to the hospital and the cemetery. If fever exist in the neighbourhood, the garrison always suffers first and most of all. Ophthalmia, too, is certain to select its most favourite victims from among the troops. As for cholera, in India that disease is more unaccountably capricious, and less bounded by any known laws, than in Europe; still, imprudence can produce its effect, though care and vigilance are sometimes baffled. Fruit is temptingly cheap, and the soldier not only feasts on it, but often eats it half ripe. Wet feet, the sun, malaria from swamps and undrained native towns, the use of coarse native arrack, and other injurious drinks, are the causes of very much of the mortality that prevails. It is not usual to march in the heat of the day, when this

can be avoided, and a prudent commander usually fixes the hour for morning parade as soon after dawn as possible. But there are colonels who seem to take a pride in setting climates, and the sane precautions some climates necessitate, quite at nought, and who insist on drilling and exercising their regiments—tight-buttoned, stocked, shakoed, and in heavy marching order—beneath a sweltering vertical sun, under which the very barrels of the firelocks grow hot. It is hard to blame the carelessness of a poor fellow who when dismissed, half dead with heat and choked with thirst, from one of these exhibitions of military stoicism, cools his throat with three-part ripe grapes or a cluster of oranges, even though cholera clutches him within an hour; whether colonels are rational or not, soldiers will be imprudent; and it is a wise precaution to guard them as much as possible from the effects of a rashness which we cannot absolutely prevent.

It must be taken as a rule that no man of European stock and birth can long live in India, labour in India, and not be the worse for it. It is one thing to be a gentleman there, to have plenty of servants at one's bidding, a palki to travel in, an Arab horse to gallop at dawn, a buggy to drive in the evening, iced or nitre-chilled water, cool rooms, and a pukah always going. It is one thing to have all these advantages, and another to dwell in barracks or lines, cleaning belts, polishing gunlocks, mounting guard, or dabbling in pipeclay. The morale of an army may remain perfect, but its stamina cannot. Private soldiers die fast, are invalidated fast, and are sometimes doing duty when they ought to be in hospital. A regiment stationed in the plains requires to be frequently renewed; and, to say nothing of the holocaust of valuable lives sacrificed to sun and swamp, this renewal is only to be effected at an enormous expense. A British soldier is a very costly importation. It has been computed that above a hundred pounds are expended on every recruit enlisted in England by the time when, fit for duty, he joins his battalion in Hindostan. Nor, as the recruiting sergeants know well, are recruits always to be procured as fast as they are needed. There is not always the same spur to voluntary enlistment that now exists. Indignation, horror, a manly English wish to punish wrong-doing and help our struggling fellow countrymen, these motives are now doing what a ten or a twenty pound bounty, real or nominal, could never have done. But recruits will not always be as plentiful, unless the service be rendered more attractive than at present.

To economise, therefore, the lives and vigour of the European army in India will become a proceeding of vital necessity, and for this purpose nothing equals the efficacy of hill stations. There were no hill stations in Clive's time. When the greater

part of India was conquered, the English conquerors were compelled to dwell in the hot plains, amid swampy fields and decaying vegetation. The mortality among the troops was frightful, and the expense and difficulty of keeping up a strong European force were supposed to render such a step hopeless. It was not until after the fall of Tippoo Sahib that attention began to be directed to the mountains of western India, and that it was discovered that the Peninsula contained climates varying from each other as much as the temperature of Guinea varies from that of the Tyrolese Alps. At last, however, sanatory establishments were formed in lofty situations—among the Western Ghauts, the South Ghauts, and, later still, the Himalayas. Other mountain ranges were also selected for the same purpose, and the benefits of the hill stations were soon acknowledged. Mortality has been greatly diminished by the practice of sending the convalescent to recruit their health in mountain air, and among natural productions which offer some faint similarity to those of home. Not a few soldiers are now doing their duty gallantly at Delhi and Lucknow, who, but for the benefit of hill air during convalescence, would have perished in the plains long ago; or, at best, would have come home to England living skeletons, to be laid, after a few months, in the burying-ground of Fort Pitt.

Since the mutiny has rendered it clear, even to the most bigoted partisan of the old system, that sepoj supremacy must cease, and a dominant force of Europeans be permanently kept on foot in India, the value of the hill stations may be much enhanced by making them not only refuges for the sick, but quarters for a large part of the army. Most of these stations are beyond the ordinary range of cholera, which in no country ascends to very great heights. Fevers, too, are rare there. The nurseries of fever are swampy jungles and paddyfields; and the hill stations are surrounded by neither. The air, light and bracing, prevents lassitude, and makes exertion agreeable. Of course, no one could propose that all the British troops in India shall be quartered exclusively among the mountains, the plains being left denuded of military protection. Nor should the care of the hotter and less healthy portions of India be left to such a force of native troops as it may be necessary to maintain for police duties of various kinds. A glance at the map will show the impracticability of such a scheme. There will always be great cities—hot-beds of fanaticism—to keep in awe, savage tribes to bridle, native courts and native robber-armies to watch and check. Much of this duty must be performed or facilitated by the presence of strong bodies of Europeans; therefore our countrymen must face, as before, sunstroke, fever, and cholera, beside muddy rivers and amid reeking vegetation. But

they need not *all* be stationed in spots exposed to such destructive influences. India will soon be intersected by a system of railways; and every mile of iron rails thus laid down will remove a stumbling-block. To keep a number of regiments in the healthy mountain quarters, and, in case of outbreak or invasion, to send down reinforcements by road, railroad, and steamers of light draught, is a plan practicable enough. Each regiment could then take its spell in cantonments in the hot and insalubrious districts, and return, after a moderate period, to the invigorating climate of the hills. A great saving of life, with corresponding benefit to the efficiency of corps, would result from the change.

All India is not, it is true, equally well provided with hill stations, the deficiency being greatest on the eastern side of the peninsula. But the north-west provinces—Upper Bengal, Oude, Behar, and other adjacent districts—have the Himalayas at no great distance; and many new situations might be selected for sanatories not inferior to Nynee Tal, to Simla, Umballah, Almorah, Mahalabuleshwar, and other of the more famous stations of Northern and Central India. Unluckily, the chief hill stations have a bad name—not, I am sorry to say, entirely undeserved—for gambling, intrigue, and dissipation of every sort. Half the scandal in India may be traced to these places; and court-martial after court-martial has taken place, consequent on the high play, quarrels, and duelling, of officers who had invariably been steady when with their regiments. But much of this, after all, is the natural result of idleness, whenever many people with too much time on their hands are brought together. And it is but fair to say that a healthier moral tone is springing up in India.

Simla, in a very cool situation, the favourite resort of governors-general, is a cheerful place enough, with its clubs, its races, balls, and other amusements. It is one of the few places in India that offer some faint resemblance to a watering-place in Europe. Almorah, built on a slope of the Himalayas, near the Goorkha frontier, is conveniently situated as regards access, not only from Delhi, but from Oude. In point of scenery the place has few attractions, but an elevation of five thousand four hundred feet is not to be despised; and accordingly there are abundance of healthy mountain breezes, cooled to a most grateful temperature by the glaciers of what the Hindoos call the eternal hills. In winter there is actual cold; but in summer a little shade would be acceptable; for, though the nights are so chilly as to make blankets and thick counterpanes necessary, the sun is strong by day. Indeed, that is the worst of India, as of all countries in southern latitudes. Climb as high as you will, ascend till your feet are actually in the snow, and yet, when old Aftab shines down on you

from the sky, you must own his power. But Almorah is much resorted to, and, bleak as the country is, it gladdens the eye long used to rice or jowaree fields and baobab trees, to recognise the humble blackberry and bilberry of Europe among the low bushes, and to see the wood-strawberry, the cranberry, and wild-raspberry, nestling among the slim birch-trees.

In the Madras Presidency, the greatest and most famous sanatorium is that of Ootacamund, built on the Nilgherry, or Blue Mountains, among the south-west Ghauts, and at no great distance from the sea. All along the ranges of the Ghauts,—that run along the western coast of India, making, as it were, a steep wall between the flat coast and the high Deccan table-land,—there are hill stations built for medical purposes; but many admirable spots have been hitherto neglected. Ootacamund, in the extreme south, is the most attractive of all, and has a small European population permanently resident there, who are attached to the place on account of what is called its "English" climate by some: its "Swiss" climate, by others. There is much truth in these laudations. If one were taken blindfolded up to Ootacamund, one might easily believe one's self in some charming tract of Welsh scenery when the bandage was removed. The Dodabetta Peak, soaring almost nine thousand feet above the sea-level, and crested with snow; the lake, around which English ladies are driving in English pony-carriages; the English-looking cottages and villas dotted about; the trees, fruits, and flowers; seem to complete the illusion. Many of the hill stations are ugly and bare; you put up with privations and the sight of barren rocks, merely to get away from your old enemy, the sun; but Ootacamund is pretty and cheerful. There are seldom fewer than a thousand Europeans there. You can see there, what you seldom see on the plains: English children running and laughing merrily, playing at English games, with something like English colour in their cheeks. Ladies ride, and drive, and walk, almost as freely as in Europe. It is not necessary to snatch one's exercise at dawn; and there are few days when a punkah is really needed. The secret of all this delightful contrast to the general climate of India is, that the station of Ootacamund is seven thousand feet above the sea-level—about on a par with the Grands Mulets, at Chamounix. The hills and level table-lands are covered with a short, sweet grass, mixed with heath, and thyme, and Alpine gentian, which affords the best possible pasturage for the sheep and cattle of the Todahs, the aboriginal possessors of the country. The only wild trees are the birch, the hazel, and the ash, and fir; but there are pear and plum orchards that would do credit to Devonshire; and in the proper season, one

may behold a sea of white and pinkish blossoms on the apple and cherry-trees, whose ancestors grew in English soil. All European vegetables thrive in the gardens, where the frost nips the almond and orange-trees to death; and no grain, except millet, is grown that does not belong to Europe. Wheat, barley, peas, and potatoes are most common. The inhabitants have their balls and races, though the place is less gay than Simla, and high play is not usual. Some years ago, English foxhounds were kept here. The climate is less affected by the monsoons than might be supposed; and neither droughts nor heavy rains are common; but frost is usual during the winter nights; and a visitor is surprised how enjoyable port-wine, a blazing fire, and woollen clothing, can be, even in India. Walks and rides abound; and it is curious to notice the wood-strawberries among the tufted rocks, the little violets peeping from the long grass, the rivulets full of trout,—all sorts of familiar objects that tell a tale of home.

The Todahs, or aboriginal herdsmen, are a fine tribe, well-grown, well-favoured, and of a noble bearing. Without any savage arrogance, they are totally free from the crouching servility of Hindoos; but they are frank and bold. They seem all well-off, being rich in cattle and pastures, for they are Mandah Wallahs, or herdsmen, almost to a man, and raise scarcely enough grain for their own use. They receive an annual payment from government, as rent for their lands which we occupy, and are charged with no tribute or tax. They look with great scorn on the Hindoos, in spite of the bond of religion, and respect the Topee Wallahs, or wearers of hats, as they call us. Ootacamund is a capital head-quarters for sportsmen. The hills abound with deer of several kinds, elks, bears, and wild sheep, and ibexes. There are partridges, bustards, and other feathered game; by descending the hills into the forest region beneath, the hunter is sure of large game of every sort, from the buffalo to the tiger.

But the Ootacamund climate, delightful as it is, has its share of dangers. Many who have been languid and sickly, but not actually ill in the plains, are seized with liver complaints after a month or two at Ootacamund. The reason of this is said to be, that the keen exhilarating air provokes a voracious appetite, with which the stamina of a debilitated frame cannot keep pace. Still, no one who has not simmered for years with a thermometer ranging from seventy to one hundred degrees in the shade, can understand the luxury of a first arrival at Ootacamund, where the range of the mercury is from twenty-five up to sixty-nine degrees, and the mean annual temperature fifty-six of Fahrenheit. For ladies and children, the climate is invaluable. But even on the Neilgherries the Indian sun is not always to be braved with impunity. It is a common

remark that sepoys and Hindoo or Madras servants "grow white" at Ootacamund; and their complexions certainly do become a shade or two paler after a long stay. But yet I have known a black bearer, born at Madras, fall down like an ox beneath the pole-axe from a sunstroke at Ootacamund, in summer, when the thermometer indicated no unusual heat. This, however, is one of the worst features of almost every southern country—even of Spain—that you are never quite safe, even from a winter sun. In India old Aftab will rule everything and everybody, and one is never quite secure from his power, even at Ootacamund.

DEBT.

If debt had no other attractions to recommend it, it would always be welcome to a certain class of people, because of the importance that it gives a man, and the interest that it causes others to take in his welfare. By debt, of course I do not mean that miserable blot upon our social system—that beggarly degree of involvement which is akin to pauperism,—that wretched existence made up of small loans, obtained with difficulty, even when scrupulously refunded,—that debt for whose victims the black jaws of a Mammon prison are always gaping with hungry voracity. The debt I speak of is that of the large operator—the merchant-prince, whose dainty paupered palate revolts at capital proffered with blind confidence, if it is at a fraction above the market price; whose courage and enterprise give a sublimity even to bankruptcy. The debt I speak of is that of the dweller in marble palaces—the dignified receiver of the unsolicited offerings of usury and trade, the patron of art, of literature, and the drama, the noble scion of a noble house, whose mission it has been to raise insolvency from the dirt and mire of the squalid streets, and place it in a fitting temple where men will fall down and worship it. Oh! thou poor blind reader of the book of human nature—thou abject wretch—thou miserable starveling—thou nervous, timid, hungry applicant for half-a-crown: is that a coat in which to effect a loan? is that a hat to inspire confidence in the breast of a friend or a capitalist? For mercy's sake, go either to the far west, and take a lesson from Tattersall's, the Clubs, Hyde Park, or the grand Opera house; or direct thy steps City-wards, and watch the frequenters of banks and discount-houses, the Stock Exchange, and places where merchants most do congregate, and tell me if thou seest any man as abject in appearance as thou art (even when, in reality, a greater beggar), except a few poor city pensioners, and humble, meek, and plodding clerks, who have worn themselves out in a thankless, hopeless servitude for bankrupt masters. Hast thou no friend amongst all the thriving throng, who, instead

of stopping this pressing need with a few fleeting shillings, will teach thee a little of his wisdom, so that thou mayst in time reach a position similar to that which he occupies? Far better will it be for thee to get a few grains of that knowledge which is power, rather than a few grains of that patronage, assistance, or charity, which power is able to give.

The moment that a man becomes largely in debt, he blossoms out into a respectable and responsible member of society. It is not, as many suppose, that he has earned this character before he became entrusted with the property of others. A very little ability, a certain degree of boldness and assurance, a taking exterior, and a willingness to contract to pay the market rate of interest and a little more, will place him in possession of capital beyond the dreams of avarice. Once master of the position, he is invested with all the qualities and virtues that inspire admiration, confidence, and respect. If he wants raw produce, he has merely to hold up his finger, and a dozen ships are loaded for him in the ports of the world. If he wants the fabricated article, he has merely to breathe a wish, and mountainous waggons hasten to unload their heavy treasures at his gate. If he covets that precious metal (or its representatives) which divines call filthy lucre, and economists circulating medium, he has but to send in his card to any banker, and have a sack of it shovelled to him as if it was dirt. These are the gross and material advantages of being in debt—serving as the basis for a superstructure of higher things.

First, there is the immense advance in social position. What doors are closed to the large and noble debtor? What dinner parties would be considered perfect without him? How many needy men are anxious to sit near him at the table, in the hope of learning something useful to guide them in the path which he has seemingly followed with such distinguished success? Who would think of a public meeting without the gigantic debtor in the chair? If a trustee is wanted for a charitable fund, who so fit and proper to be appointed as the leviathan debtor?

If a public company or a joint-stock enterprise is flagging for various reasons, what is wanted to put it firmly and flourishingly upon its legs?—The chairmanship of the enterprising debtor! Did any wild scheme ever commend itself to popular notice, or endeavour to strike root, without sending one of its earliest prospectuses to the energetic and prosperous debtor?—Never!

Is a cellar of choice wine—a rare work of art—a palatial mansion standing upon one of the finest sites in the Metropolis—advertised for sale without an eye to the daring debtor?—I am afraid not. If a seat in Parliament is vacant, who so fit a man to fill it as the active, practical debtor? As to minor offices—common-councillorships, churchwarden-

ships, directorships, &c., &c., how many of those are humbly and diffidently proffered to the massive debtor? Would he like to enter into a more tender and interesting engagement, how many high and delicate ladies are waiting the commands of their parents, to be sold like cattle to the all-conquering debtor?

Then there is the almost affectionate interest taken in nearly everything that happens to the pampered debtor. If he falls ill, what crowds of people—chiefly creditors—are day after day anxiously consulting his physician, and inquiring after his health. If he meets with an accident, what a number of persons—chiefly creditors—come hurriedly forward with pressing kindness to know if it is likely to be fatal. Many of these kind creatures—chiefly creditors—even go the length of insuring the life of the important debtor for a considerable sum, so strongly does their interest in him develop itself. If the mammoth debtor goes upon a continental tour for a lengthened period, how many persons—chiefly creditors—are waiting anxiously to give him a joyous welcome back. If his house, or warehouse, is accidentally burned down, what a number of persons—chiefly creditors—are at once upon the spot to render assistance, and ascertain, if possible, what insurances there are—what amounts, and in what offices.

If the bloated debtor by any chance becomes a defendant in a lawsuit, what a number of persons—chiefly creditors—wish themselves on the jury to try the cause. If it happens to be a Chancery suit, how they watch for every manifestation and decision, as if the spoiled debtor was their only child, going up for some momentous examination. If he ever gets in a position to require heavy bail, the difficulty is not so much in procuring one satisfactory surety, as in picking from the number offering their services and their bonds. If by any possible combination of circumstances a Titanic debtor could be accused of robbery, or even murder, what a number of trusting individuals—chiefly creditors—with a faith quite touching in its constancy, would believe in his innocence to the very last. When the farce is over and the curtain dropped; when the giant debtor has ceased to borrow or to lend; when the springs that moved him are found to be an inextricable web of confusion, the guide to which is lost; although the whole glittering fabric of apparent prosperity melts like an icicle in the sun, and many persons—chiefly creditors—find that they have been gilding a gingerbread king, still the semblance of wealth, and the confidence that it excites, will cling to him to the last, as he makes a triumphal entry into the grave.

Seeing that no particular or extraordinary talent is required for debt; seeing that one man is as well adapted for it as another; I am surprised more persons do not adopt this very easy and agreeable mode of getting a living. The ice once broken, every succeeding

step is easier than the last. Increase the amount to be borrowed, and the power of borrowing increases in an equal ratio. Under certain conditions, you shall find more difficulty in procuring half-a-crown than fifty thousand pounds; although the security offered in both cases may bear an equal value in relation to the loan required; but having obtained possession of one fifty thousand pounds, you may command a second and a third with ever-increasing ease, rolling your borrowed capital over and over like a ball of snow, and causing more loans to stick to it wherever it moves. Bear in mind, that in the great world of debt, the small debtor is governed by his creditor; the large creditor is governed by his debtor. Large creditors are quiet and tractable, like dancing elephants; small creditors are spiteful and uncertain, like wasps—wasps with a sting.

WINE, NO MYSTERY.

THIS is the age of revelations. Every mystery, whether of science or of manufacture, which we used to believe could only be obtained by special grace and gift of insight, is now thrown open to the world. The Isis of the manufactories is uncovering not her feet alone but her hands and her head, and soon there will be no such things as trade secrets. Before the appearance of certain articles in the eleventh and twelfth volumes of Household Words, which described the composition and manufacture of French wines, I had always held this wine-making to be, of all secret and exoteric manufactures extant, the chief and head. Its mysteries were second only to the Eleusinian: mysteries to which none but the choicest of the few could be admitted. Professor Mulder has also entered the gaps in the thick cellar walls which we broke through; and now any one who will, may learn as much about vines and wines as the craftiest "doctor" in the world.

No plant is more dependent on external circumstances than the vine, and in none is there more variety. When Chaptal was Minister of the Interior, he planted in the Luxembourg gardens one thousand four hundred varieties of vine grown in France alone; and the same law holds good wherever the plant is found. Light, heat, and the fertilisation of the soil affect the vine more perhaps than any other plant, all-powerful as they necessarily are in the growth and development of the vegetable world. The chemical and illuminating rays ripen and sweeten better, though later, than the calorific; thus, white grapes are the sweetest, owing to the easier passage of light through their skins, by which a larger formation of sugar is obtained: while the purple grape absorbs the most heat, and does not in general come out so fine-flavoured or so delicate as the white. As for fertilisation, our Professor repudiates all organic substances which putrefy quickly,

holding only to the leaves and cuttings of the vine which contain a large per-centage of the alkali so needful to the plant, and to inodorous substances of slow decomposition, such as wood, horn, and bone black, "which conduce very much to its fragrance." But inorganic manures, and especially alkali, are of primary importance; for, as all wines contain cream of tartar (tartaric acid and potash), their quality is greatly determined by the amount of potash in the ground, this being the vineyard's "staff of life." Varieties of soil, though exerting a marked influence on the kind of wine produced, do not by this diversity necessarily exert a deteriorating influence. "Wine of very good quality, but of dissimilar bouquet, may be obtained from very different soils. The best Burgundy comes from a clayey lime soil; Champagne from a more thorough lime soil; Hermitage from a granite; and Châteauneuf from a sandy soil. A slaty soil produces Vin de la Gaude; a sandy one Grâves and Médoc; and a slaty one the wine of Lamalgue, near Toulon."

Quantity and quality of grape juice are strangely divorced in the vineyard. Some seasons which have produced the largest quantity of wine have also produced the worst kinds; in others, when the supply has been scanty, the quality has been supreme. In the south of France, where the grapes are allowed to grow sometimes to the height of six and a half feet from the ground, the quantity of juice obtained is much greater than from the short vines of the same district: but the wine is infinitely inferior, forming in fact the base of that vile adulteration, the "piquette" of the guinguettes outside the barriers. The advantage of the short vine-stalk, as well as of the practice of stripping off the leaves common in France, is to allow the radiation from the heated earth during night to continue the process of ripening without check or delay. In Italy, where the sun is hotter, the vines are festooned in high and leafy arbours,—the grapes being, there, protected from excess of heat and light.

Another reason for diversity of quality is diversity of kind. To mix together several kinds of grape would spoil the vintage; so would the admission of decayed, unripe, or spoiled bunches into the fermenting vat; so would the mingling of white or purple grapes together—in part because the purple ripen ten or twelve days earlier than the white, so that their union would be an anachronism which every well-educated palate would repudiate. Care also should be taken to fill the vat at once, so that fermentation should be carried throughout the whole mass at the same moment. If there be not enough for this, well-washed river sand or clay may be used as a succedaneum.

The finest wines are made of the same kind of grape, scrupulously separated from every decayed, unripe, or spoiled cluster. Le pineau noir or noirien makes the best Burgundy,

while le gamay yields a more abundant but an inferior kind. These are red wines. For white, le pineau gris, le gamay blanc, and le fermint make the most esteemed kinds. From le fermint comes the Hungarian Tokay. But wines change their reputations. Thus, Orleans was once far more prized than Burgundy; but the see-saw of the vineyard has now exalted Burgundy far above Orleans. So with others of like chameleon condition. Claret is a mere mixture of several kinds of wine.

The chemical components of grape juice are grape and fruit sugars, gelatinous matter or pectin, gum, fat, wax, vegetable albumen and vegetable gluten, tartaric acid, both free and combined with potash as cream of tartar, partly also combined with lime. In some analyses have been found racemic acid, malic acid, partly free and partly combined with lime, tartarate of potash and alumina; further, oxide of iron and oxide of manganese, sulphate of potash, common salt, phosphate of lime, magnesia, and silicic acid. The skins, stones, and stalks all yield tannic acid; which tannic acid, turning brown by exposure to the atmosphere—becoming, in fact, that Cinderella of the chemists known as apothema—gives its brown hue to (unadulterated) white wine. For there is no such thing as a purely colourless wine: even the celebrated *Vino cebedino*, called colourless, is a pale yellow. This is the reason, too, why raisins are all uniformly dark-skinned, whether they be of purple or white grapes; the tannic acid in their skins turning brown by exposure to the air in the process of drying. The purple grape has, besides this tannic acid, a colouring matter of its own, which is, properly, a distinct blue, but by the action of acids is converted into a deep red or purple. In unripe grapes saturated with acids it is a bright red, as we all have seen; and young wine is always brighter and more brilliant than that which has matured. As the grape ripens, so does the skin, or rather the colouring matter, become more purple or blue. The less acid the darker the skin, till over-ripe purple grapes become positively black. But even this deep colour gradually changes by age as well as by exposure, and the bright red of the young wine—due partly to an excess of phosphoric acid—by degrees sobers and mellows into the "tawny port" so dear to connoisseurs: that is, the tannic acid is converted into apothema, and with the acid goes the ruby-like colour. In the best Burgundy and coloured Champagne the skins remain in the liquid from two to three days, this is to colour them; in *Médoc* six days; eight days in the French wines of the south; and fourteen in the dark astringent *vin ordinaire* of the *tables d'hôte*. To clear white wines, also to make them lighter if too dark, albumen and isinglass are used. This is the mode by which white port wine is obtained. In Spain they use powdered marble

for the purpose; in other countries gypsum and sand; also filling up any deficiency in the casks with clay and sand. In warm climates neither albumen nor isinglass is used, as these, being animal substances, would decompose too readily; as, indeed, they do in colder climates when used in excess. Powdered gum-arabic is substituted; dried blood, milk and cream are also used, as well as lime. Lime seems to be the best for the purpose, making the wine sweeter and less astringent, and giving it the appearance of age. If used in excess, it turns the wine brown. Speaking of albumen, one reason why Burgundy is a bad keeping wine is owing to the free use of albumen and isinglass. Containing but little tannic acid in the beginning, these animal substances readily decompose, and the cask "goes to the bad" after a very short time.

Tokay is made from grapes which have almost dried on the vines; and all the so-called *Vin sec* assumes to be made under the like conditions. *Vin de paille* is from grapes dried on straw, and *Vin cotti* from boiled juice. All these processes have the same object—namely, the evaporation of the watery particles in the grape, thus leaving only a rich, pure, alcoholic juice. We say alcoholic, though, perhaps, we ought to have said saccharine; but they are almost synonymous terms; for the more sugar there is in the grape, the more alcohol there will be in the wine. One hundred and ninety-eight of sugar gives ninety-two of alcohol; thus, if our strong ports give sixteen per cent. of alcohol, the grape must have had thirty-four per cent. of sugar; which, if not impossible, seeing that it is affirmed that even forty per cent. of solid particles of sugar may be obtained from ripe grapes, is, at least, an unusual average. French and German grapes give from seven to fifteen per cent., but the usual figures range from thirteen to thirty. In Holland it is only from ten to twelve. Grape sugar is obtained by boiling the juice with chalk to saturate the free acids, then filtering the liquid and washing the precipitate. The liquid is then mixed with albumen, boiled, filtered, and evaporated, when the crystals of sugar are deposited.

White wax is got from the skins by boiling them in alcohol, while the stones yield four and two-thirds per cent. of tannic acid and oil. Thus there is most fat in those wines in which the stones have been pressed. The stalks, as has been said, contain also tannic acid; but care should be taken to use only those which are ripe and of that rich golden brown which is so beautiful in a vineyard; hard and green stalks would ruin the wine. For too large a proportion of acids of any kind hinders the wine from ripening and keeping, as may be seen in the Rhine wines generally, and in the acid *vins ordinaires* of France and Italy.

When the grapes have ripened badly, but

when, perhaps, the yield has been great, and the wines are deficient in sugar, then cane or beet-root sugar is added or potato syrup, glucose; which additions can be detected by no chemical tests known. The aroma is not so fine in wines which have been thus sweetened, but no other change takes place. Raisins are used for the inferior German wines; but, as raisins are simply grapes from which the water has been evaporated, this can hardly be looked on as an adulteration when compared with the chemical messes—the butyric ether, the oxide of amyl, and other sweet-smelling falsehoods which pretend to make good wine for the public out of syrup, alcohol, and water. Sugar is also added to obtain a stronger wine from good grape juice; for, as we have said before, alcohol is in proportion to sweetness; and thus wines are made to imitate port, which are not of the genuine Oporto grape. Chalk is added in such cases to correct over-acidity. In two or three days after expression fermentation begins; this fermentation being due to the sugar—sugar setting up fermentation in opposition to putrefaction. The whole mass must be kept well stirred up; kept, too, in an even temperature, and rather warm than chilled. It used to be the custom in France—even now it may not be wholly disused—for a naked man to go into the vats to stir up the juice and to aid in the fermentation by the heat of his body; but many died in the process, owing to the carbonic acid gas evolved. After the first fermentation is over, when the sediment has been deposited and the liquid drawn off, a milder action is kept up for some months, increasing in spring when the wines are said “to blossom,” and being continually drawn off, leaving the sediment at the bottom. It being found in some breweries—notably in those for Bavarian beer—that a free supply of air increased the action of fermentation, Liebig recommended that openings similar to those employed in the brewing vats should be made in the wine vats. Prince Metternich gave six casks of Johannisberg, each cask containing one thousand two hundred bottles, for the experiment to be fairly tried. This was in eighteen hundred and forty-six. The result was doubtful—unsatisfactory in the white wine, but in the red answering better. It was found that the white wine lost some of its aroma, and that the surplusage of air caused acidity; as, indeed, any one may prove for himself who leaves his wine-bottles unstoppered for a couple of days. Schubert attacked Liebig savagely on the question, and the chemical world was in a state of fermentation itself on the question. The experiment has not been tried again. Another matter of the same process agitates it to this hour—namely, whether fermentation be due to a purely chemical or a vegetable agent. Some affirm that ferment is the lowest form of vegetable life—the link binding the in-

ganic and organic worlds together; others, that it is simply chemical, and has nothing whatever to do with life in any of its forms. Who can decide? Be it as it will, it is a most powerful agent, the great eliminator of impurities and arrester of decay. All owing to the varied qualities of sugar. Nay, if meal, gluten or ferment in an advanced state of decomposition be put into sugar and water—one part of the former and four of the latter—putrefaction is arrested, and the liquid becomes of a most pleasant odour; if distilled, resembling alcohol. We all understand the antiseptic qualities of sugar in our jams and jellies; and alcohol, the product of sugar, is the known preservative of everything. The ancients used honey as their antiseptic.

Wine is sometimes sulphurised as a preservative, and often so excessively as quite to taint it. The sulphur is burnt in the casks and bottles, and then the wine is poured in. If, by chance, the sulphur is arsenical, then a slight dose of arsenic is administered to the public, far too innocent to understand whence comes the side-wind which blows them illness and disease. Cloves, cinnamon, lavender, thyme, and other aromatic substances are used to weaken the influence of the sulphur, and the combination gives a peculiar taste and odour. They are burnt in the casks together with the strips of linen dipped in sulphur, and the whole horrible medley of taste and smell passes for “bouquet” by the multitude, who believe what their wine-merchants tell them, and praise according to price. In France, one-thousandth part of pulverised mustard-seed is put in to prevent any after-fermentation; but the greatest secret seems to be to preserve the wine from any contact with the outside air. Some Malaga wine, which had been buried during the Great Fire of London—that is to say, in sixteen hundred and sixty-six—was dug up twenty years ago, and, though nearly two hundred years old, was found perfectly good, well-flavoured, and full-bodied. Exclusion of air alone would not have preserved it; sweet and alcoholic, it bore in itself the elements of longevity; had it been poor in sugar and rich in acids, it would have been dug up a vinous skeleton. Wine kept in wood loses much of its water by evaporation; the same may be said of that kept in leather and skins. By this diminution of water the alcohol remaining is concentrated and strengthened; but only originally strong wines can be so treated. With weak and acid wines, the very concentration increases the formation of tartaric acid, and that, without the proper counterbalance of alcohol, spoils all. This evaporation does not go on in glass bottles, and Saint Vincent therefore recommended that all bottles should be secured by bladders, not corks, so that evaporation might be carried on in them. His advice has not been followed.

Oaken casks affect the wines which are kept in them. They affect them chemically; also in colour. This last is by means of the quercitron or yellow colouring matter in the wood. They are not all alike. For instance, the Dantzic and Stettin oak did not affect the white wines of La Gironde much, when kept in cask, but a little of the querciu dissolved gave them a pleasant flavour. The same wines treated with Memel, Lubeck, and Riga oaks were rendered strong and astringent. American oaks, on the contrary, have a very slight influence when powdered, but a strong one when in block, hence are improper for wine casks; and Bosnian oak, from the Adriatic, colours the wine almost black. The French oak from Angoumois is less injurious, but still gives too much tannic acid, and therefore is an improper wood for wine casks. These remarks hold good only for white wines. The red, containing already so much tannic acid, are less injured by the addition of a little more. Burgundy is now kept in troughs, or reservoirs, coated with Roman cement, and covered with a wooden lid; and the mode appears to answer very well.

"Corked wines" are diseased wines. Mould has formed either on the cask or the cork, which gives them the flavour which every one knows to his cost when dining at tables where the host is curious as to his wine and ignorant of its real value. Another disease—of young wines this—is caused by the decomposition of the tartar which they deposit; this is when wine casks are said to "turn;" rosy wines breed a vegetable mucus. But of all wines the Greek are the worst and most easily spoiled. From the immense quantities of pitch and gypsum which are used to keep them they are known to the trade by the not very inviting name of "pitch wines." Effervescing wines also keep badly, owing to their being saturated with carbonic acid; and all acid wines are fugitive; though harsh wines have the most bouquet, and to many people would seem to have most of the vineyard in them.

But, oh! that treacherous bouquet! How little thinks the connoisseur who holds his tawny port up to the light, passing it lovingly below his nostrils before that first blissful sip; how little he dreams that the tawny hue has been got by unpleasant clearing matters, and that the bouquet is nothing but a few drops of acetic ether, or perhaps a dash of butyric ether which gives it that rich pine-apple or fruity smell we all know of. Caprylic acid is another counterfeit of pine-apple, capriol ether combines the fragrance of the melon and the golden rennet in one. These last two ethers come from fermented beet-root juice. Then there is pelargonion ether, largely met with in Irish whiskey; capric ether, found in the fusel oil of potatoes; butyl alcohol, again from beet-root; hydrated oxide of amyl from beet-root, also from sugar; and a liquid as yet chemically nameless, sold

in England under the trade baptism of "grape or cognac oil;" with many others too numerous and technical to mention. Now, all these are to be found in wines; but only in wines of superior quality. Poor, thin, and ill-made wines know them not; but poor, thin, and ill-made wines are doctored to factitious strength and likeness; and the oxides and the oils, the ethers and the essences, which should have been in the pure grape alone, are distilled in some indoriferous laboratory out of some unenticing material; by which the wine-doctor is benefited, science enlarged, the public imposed on, and the wine-drinker drugged to an extent undreamt-of in the whole circle of Dionysiacs. Besides these, more agreeable aids to flavour and odour are employed. Rose-leaves, lime and elder flowers, meadow-sweet, the peel of quince pears, the blossoms of wild vines, sage-leaves, and the ferment oil of the century, all these are used to improve the bouquet of wines. Violet roots and the roots of the Florentine iris give the bouquet of Bordeaux to inferior wines; and fallen vine-blossoms, the juice of golden rennets and other apples, the leaves of the quercus robur and millefoil may also be added to the list. We are fast approaching a period when no chemical tests as yet known will be able to distinguish pure unadulterated wines from those doctored by cleverly selected drugs. The natural chemical components of wine, it will be impossible to determine whether they were given out by the grape itself, or the product of other fruits and vegetables added in the manufacturing. Hitherto, the adulterations have been gross and clumsy; logwood for colouring matter, a wild per-centage of alcohol, gooseberry wine for champagne, and raisin wine for everything, being the bases of the English wine market. But now more subtle chemical agents are brought into play; and until science has organised a detective police in proportion to her evil-doers, we, the poor wine-bibbing public, will be in a sad plight; drugged and poisoned by every wine-bottle in our bins, duped and cheated by our merchant and his House in Bordeaux, the unresisting prey of the doctor and the manufacturing chemist, melancholy spectacles of the potency of a name and the ignorance of the uninitiated. Henceforth let no one boast of his fruity port, of his tawny, or his full-bodied. Those small strongly-smelling bottles on the dusty shelves of an analytical chemist's laboratory will rise up in judgment against him, and butyric ether, acetic acid, and that deadly cognac oil will stand out against the light, accusing witnesses of his simplicity and ignorance. Henceforth the mystery of wine-making is at an end; but wine itself has become a myth, a shadow, a very Eurydice of life. There is no such thing, we verily believe, as honest grape-juice wine remaining—nothing but a vile

compound of poisonous drugs and impurely obtained alcohol; and all our beautiful Anacronautics are merely fables like the rest, for wine hath died out from the world, and the laboratory is now the vineyard.

LITTLE CONSTANCY'S BIRTHDAY.

I LOOK back to a time, some five-and-twenty years ago, when there came great storms and tempests — the most terrible that old people then alive recollected. I think how, for weeks together, it blew great gusts in the Channel—how with every mail came news of bursting dams, of rivers swelling up suddenly, of great trees uprooted, of houses blown down, and their timbers found many fields away; of poor souls overtaken by the waters, and never heard of more: in short, of one cruel chapter of misfortune. Captains from foreign countries, making English ports with infinite risk and hardship, brought tidings that off the Dutch coast the people were up night and day, watching their dykes, and that the great French rivers had come down roaring from their mountains, sweeping the whole country quite clear. Many ships, homeward bound, and within sight of land, went down miserably with all hands, as the wreck chart of that year can testify, the coast being littered for many weeks with planks, shattered casks, and staved seamen's chests. I think over these things, and of the misery and wailing they brought with them, and they grow into a rough inclement background for this one passage in my life.

It fell out unhappily that at this particular season, of all seasons in the year, I had to cross the seas; and of all seas in the world, the great Bay of Biscay. A failing house in Spain, long mismanagement, with other reasons, at this date of little moment, made it of absolute necessity that I should set forth with all speed upon this errand. Curiously enough, though there were then signs and tokens of coming storms, I did not so much mind going to sea for a long voyage. But there was another reason which would have made me buy off that journey at any cost, had that been possible. I had just been married—barely three weeks before—to my own cousin, Constance; as sweet a little dame as ever stood lightly upon this earth. A brown-haired, bright-eyed, blooming, and most bewitching little dame. Little Constance she was to me, by which hangs a pretty history, of stern and cruel relations, of secret engagement, of journeying to the Indies and long absence, of letters miscarrying, of her being wearily importuned to give up this exile who had now given her up, and choose from a band of willing worshippers, all ardently beseeching her. Which pretty history finishes off with her holding out to the very last, like a brave Little Constance as she was;

and with the good ship *Dear Delight*, having some one long-expected on board, being signalled off the Downs—with joining of hands and happy wind-up, and with many more things besides, usually of small interest to any, beyond the parties themselves. This, however, was why she was called my Little Constance, and made it seem hard that we should be so soon put asunder again.

It was of no use repining, for to stay, as I have said, was only the next door to ruin. So I made ready for the voyage with sham spirits for poor Little Constance's sake, finding proper comfort in the well-worn saw introduced on such occasions. And upon the fourteenth day of December, at two in the morning, I went on board of that magnificent fast-sailing line of packet ship, *Albatross*, fifteen hundred tons burden, standing *A 1* at Lloyd's, and then lying off Gravesend.

As to the voyage out, and its incidents, I will say nothing beyond this; that if the sailing of that magnificent first-class line of packet ship had been purposely delayed with the view of meeting those great gales before mentioned, it could not have been more nicely contrived; for, within twenty hours after losing sight of land, the waves began to swell, and the wind to blow from the south. For seven days and seven nights we lay in a trough, as it were, enduring a weary round of staving in of bulwarks, and washing of men overboard; of lashing to the masts, and of other miserable shipwreck incidents. I did not dream, when taken in early youth to hear a famous nautical performer chaunt, "How we lay, on that day, in the Bay of Biscay, O!" that I should myself come one day to realise the horrors of that mariner's situation. On the morning of the eighth day we got sight of the Spanish coast, and within six hours the magnificent fast-sailing line of packet ship was towed in, an inglorious show, with two masts cut away, and all hands at the pumps to keep her from foundering.

As soon as I had gathered a little strength after the hardships of the voyage, I turned to righting the affairs of our house, which were even in worse condition than they had been described. There was a curious feebleness over me, which I could not at all account for; but I put my shoulder to the work, and soon got things into shape; and then began to think of setting out on my journey home; but not by way of the ocean, as may be well conceived. Of such rough travelling I had had more than sufficient, and even then no vessel durst put out to sea; therefore, I made up my mind to take the road across the mountains, down through the French country, and in this manner get back to home and Little Constance. Therefore, though I felt at times a sort of feverish ague closing its fingers on me, together with a heavy sickness about my heart, I was ready by the third evening to set out. I travelled all through that night, and the best portion

of the next day, thinking how five days more would find me at-home, with ample time to spare, before the coming of little Constance's birthday, the last day in the year. Struggling hard to put away from me those closing, creeping fingers; when towards nightfall, my head began to swim round, and the fingers to take fast hold, and I felt that I must give in at last. Now, at a lonely posting village, called Laon or Lacon, or some such name, just past the French frontier, the bitter truth was at last forced upon me, that I could go no farther; so I was helped up into the lonely inn of the lonely place, through a little crowd of rude, heavy peasants, up into a cold dismal cell, with a brick floor. Through a dewy film, fast gathering on my eyes, was visible the landlord's full-moon face, gloating, ogre-like, over the prey dropped at his door. The ogre would feast upon me yet, and worse than all, keep me there in duress for ages. More wretched than ever I had felt before in my life, I gave myself up unresisting to the gripe of the ague fingers, and was soon wandering, lost in the hot clouds of fever-land. That first night in the lonely inn was a night of terrors and horrid shapes, familiars of intermittent fever just then beginning its work. I was drowning—beaten under—swallowed up in great green waves, over and over again. There was the old roar of waters in my ears, and I would wake up gasping, only to find myself tossing in those other fiery, linen waves. At the dead of the night, even as the poor soldier in the song, "A sweet vision I saw, And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again." Not thrice only, but many times, were those boiling waters parted, and a bright green spot, where the sun was shining, and Little Constance walking—looking out anxiously for one, under pledge to return home by her birthday, displayed to my poor eyes. Struggling, panting to reach that spot, which looked like Paradise, I would be drawn back again, and would waken up with a cry of despair.

When daylight broke, it showed me a crowd of stupid, staring faces;—the great saucer-eyed landlord, an ogre by daylight; his wife, saucer-eyed too; and a creature white-aproned, with a basin and towel, whose office I divined instinctively. I motioned him away distractedly, adjuring him with wild gestures to begone. I would not be quacked to death, I shrieked, by their barber-surgeons. The round, stupid faces looked on one another, the negro lips muttered some jargon, and I heard the sabots clatter as they closed in round me. The wretch with the bowl had something glittering between his teeth, plainly bent upon his bloody work. He was advancing on me, and all hope seemed gone, when the sabots shuffled and scraped once more, and the heavy, lumbering figures opened a passage for some one to

approach. A figure in black, an angel from Heaven, it seemed to me, glided up softly to the bedside, took my hot hand in his, and spoke words in a low voice that filled me with comfort. Most sweet and soothing apparition was it, the gentle ecclesiastic of the village, who had heard of the stranger that lay sick up at the inn. I pointed feebly to the man with the bowl and instrument, who I felt was still thirsting for blood. I was understood, and a few words sent the staring crowd clattering and shuffling from the room, down the sanded stairs, into the street.

A dark-robed being remained, whom I watched curiously for hours after, moving softly round the room, and bending over something on the fire. It at once took possession of me that this must be a leech: one of the mysterious men read of in old books, who dealt in specifics, and electuaries, and healing draughts. Perhaps he had about him an elixir of strange potency; and, when the dark-robed figure bending down low over the fire, took something off and drew near to the bed with a glass goblet filled with a portion, I looked anxiously to see him take from his breast that red purse containing an amulet, which was to be steeped many minutes in the efficacious draught. Thence came deep sleep, and sudden awakening, late at night, together with a sense of refreshment, and weary load removed.

Within four days from that date I was getting up well-nigh restored; being brought through by the kind thought and skill of my village curé. He had a good knowledge of simples, that gentle priest, which served him quite as well as the hakim's purse and amulet; and, better still, had kept the door fast against the accredited practitioner, who had come, importunately, many times over. I was so restored, indeed, that we came to talking of my setting out within a day or so. Very pleasant was it to think of those great fever-waves, now wholly subsided; and of the smooth table-land where Little Constance had been seen to walk; and of that dear birthday to which I had been looking,—now at last attainable, and within certain hope. Pleasant, too, even that laying out the route speculatively, with the good curé's help. How I was to post it expeditiously to Toulouse; how I was to lie there one night, and then take the heavy diligence straight up to Paris; which, it was certain, had once more commenced its runnings, the roads having been hastily got into repair. From Toulouse to Paris, then, in a heavy diligence; on from Paris in a heavy diligence again; Calais then; Dover then—Ship hotel; the Lightning, four-horse coach; London; Little Constance and birthday fireside. Thus we laid it out; when, suddenly, for the first time, I bethought me of a certain leather pocket-book, securely

fastened up in one of those courier bags travellers carry. It was gone. It was not in the outside pocket under the flap, nor in the inside pocket; nor in great-coat, nor in any place of security that I possessed. I was agast. On that leathern case, hung all the elements of the vista I had contemplated,—heavy diligence, Ship hotel, fast Lightning coach, and Little Constancy herself. With trembling fingers I rushed to my keys, and delved down distractedly in the undermost layers of my valise, turning all out in a great heap upon the floor. It was of no avail; the leathern pocket-book was gone utterly: stolen, most likely, by those stupid, staring boors, that crowded round when I was helped in, faint, and nearly unconscious. To this opinion the good curé would by no means incline; holding that, though stupid, heavy natures, the men of those parts were true and honest, full of a pastoral simplicity; that you might leave a purse upon the highway, and not have it taken up; that, in short, it was far more likely I had dropped it on the mountains. The cruel mischance, to whatever cause owing, had dashed down all my hopes and pleasant dreaming, levelling them pitilessly like so many card-houses. I was to be bound to this wretched place for another week at least, having to wait advices from Paris, with a fresh supply of money.

I suppose that, at a rough estimate, that posting-village might include some ten or twelve cottages, disposed impartially, so as to form a street. The inn, which was at the sign of the Golden Monkey, was the post-house—or, perhaps the post-house was the inn. For the post element had entered into being long before the entertaining business. Beyond the little street, the village dispersed itself, and broke up into scattered farm-houses, speckling over the valley at long intervals. But everything had a bleared and stripped aspect; for, at the back, rose the mountains of a blue shivering tint, down which swept eternally cutting blasts, the line of whose action lay through our street longitudinally, so that all objects in its walk were being stripped and blighted ceaselessly. From these causes the Golden Monkey himself—once rampant over the door—had long since become a mere tabula rasa, or plain void, every inch of his gold and brilliance being scraped from him by the rough mountain powers. So, too, had been dealt with the walls whereon the Golden Monkey had leant him, exhibiting patches and bare places, like the back of an outlawed dog. So, too, the farm-house roofs had been dealt with, which were always having new tiles set in to replace old ones borne through the air to adjoining parishes. So, too, the boors' faces had been dealt with—men, women, and children boors being peeled and charred by this same mountain blast. It made me collapse when I would first go forth into the

street, piercing me through, like a sharp sword. Such of the trees, as had escaped blowing to the ground long since, had the same blasted look. Altogether, considering that it had pretty much this aspect all through, summer and winter—the blue mountains keeping off the sun in summer, and proving good nurseries for sharp gusts and drenching rains in winter—it was about as comfortless a spot as a miserable soul could desire for itself. There was not in the wide world a valley so bleak. I chafed sorely during the days I waited for the letters; keeping upon one eternal beat, between the Golden Monkey and another building, the post for letters, Gendarmerie and Douane, all in one. For the high offices of police-director, chief of the customs, and postmaster-general of the district, are here all heaped upon the shoulders of one little old man—Barbou, by name—Monsieur le Chef, Monsieur le Directeur de la Chambre de Commerce, and the rest of it. Barbou was a little old man, with twinkling carbuncle eyes, nut-cracker nose and chin; always to be seen in a little black skull-cap, and ancient flowered dressing-gown; which, as Barbou loved to set forth wearily, had been in Egypt, Spain, Russia, and other countries, in service of the Grand Army, and of the Grand Man. He had served—my faith, yes!—had served, and seen some bloody fields, had Barbou; witness that of Friedland, where his shako had been bored through with a musket-ball. Grand cross, Legion of Honour, from the hand of the Grand Man himself! Did I note anything remarkable about his face? A likeness, say, to any personage, eh? Well, he was often held to resemble, marvellously, one of the Grand Man's family. Once—and here Monsieur Barbou's voice would fall into a sort of huskiness,—once had the Grand Man, when coming down the ranks, in the redingote and cocked-hat, stopped full before him, frowning hard, and taking many pinches of snuff. The Grand Homme did not wish any one to be like him. People now alive had often spoken of him in connection with his Majesty the King of Westphalia. Eh? Well, well! those days were all gone by for him.

This history was usually being rehearsed when the form of looking through some half-dozen or so old yellow letters—that have lain there dozens of years—was being proceeded with. I came upon the beat once, twice, and three times in the day: indeed, as often as I hear the sound of car or cart-wheel; each time feeling certain that there could be no letters; that if there were, it would be in suspension of all physical laws; and yet I went upon that beat perseveringly and insanelly, finding in it a sort of relief and alleviation. There came the same little drama every time—the black skull-cap and flowery dressing-gown, as before; the episode from the great wars, as before; likeness and cast of features, as before; Grand Homme, as

before. Then the old inquiry and old visiting of a decayed pigeon-hole, and bringing out of the faded yellow bundle ; careful deciphering of the inscriptions seriatim, with gathering of them up again, and regrets that Monsieur's packet had not arrived. Would come by next mail, he was sure. Which tedious little act was played out with such shuffling, and bows, and smiles, that I could not but take my part in it patiently, and minister to the old Brave's weakness. For who was there in that place beyond myself to come to the Bureau and ask for expected letters ?

Six, seven, and eight days, and no Paris despatch. I began to grow desperate. I was eating my heart up, and dashing myself against the bars of an iron cage, pining for deliverance. I began to loathe every man, woman, and child, and twig, about the place. It was now grown quite a blank solitude; for even my good curé had left, and was gone one of his rounds. Of nights, strange and horrible roarings could be heard up the mountains, results of sharp blasts sweeping across hollows, which might have been taken for goblins playing at ghostly nine-pins. I might as well have been upon a desert island, like Crusoe and other shipwrecked men, and was gloomily figuring to myself how I, too, might set up a post, with the date of my coming marked, and set to at once notching it with a penknife for the days. There were signs, also, that, up the blue mountains, more terrible storms were gathering, and indistinct rumour had reached the village of a river having swelled up suddenly many miles away, and of consequent wreck and desolation.

One Sunday evening, when I was leaning on my hands looking out at the cold blueness over the mountains, and thinking it was like enough that I should go melancholy mad, there suddenly appeared at the door a little man, in a blue frock and brass-bound sabots, and a red comforter about his neck. He stood staring in the door-way, rolling his eye stupidly, much as all his brethren had the habit of doing, but without attempting to speak.

"Well!" said I, turning away gloomily from the cold blue, "well, friend, what is it?"

He was Jacquot, he said.

Well, what could be done for Jacquot ?

"Nothing. Only he had come down from Barbou's, who had called him in as he was passing, and given him a sou, and bade him run quickly, tell the Monsieur who was staying at the Golden Monkey—"tell him," said the little man, beginning to count on his fingers, "firstly, that a packet had just arrived, and that —"

I started up—it had come at last—"Where! when!" I said, "quick—give it me!"

"And," said Jacquot, still at his fingers, "secondly, I was to tell Monsieur—" I must at this moment have sprung at Jacquot;

for that little man took from his breast a small parcel, and disappeared instantly.

I opened it with trembling fingers, by the light of the fire, and out of the cover there dropped two letters; one with the Paris post-mark—plainly from the banker there with supplies; the other English, but not from Little Constancy. Most curious this; for write, write, had been our last words, solemnly covenanted and sworn. Not from Little Constancy, but from my English man of business, and dated two days before:

"Dear Sir," said the letter, "Not having received advice of my last communication, I feel I should be wanting in duty if I did not urge your immediate return. I will not conceal from you that the physician pronounces Mrs. Sherburne's case to be almost hopeless. At twelve o'clock this day there was a slight change for the better; but such fluctuations, as I am advised, are but imperfect indices of restoration. Your presence would be of much profit, as much I fear of Mrs. Sherburne's illness must be set down to an untrue rumour of the ship's being lost. Direct to Paris. Care of Messrs. Fauchon & Cic. Trusting that by this time you will be so far on your road home. Remain, dear sir, yours, &c."

A cruel, crushing, undreamt of blow for the lonely traveller bending over the fire in the bleak inn,—not too bleak, however,—fittest place for him and in excellent keeping. My heart seemed to have withered up suddenly. I felt a craving to go forth to get lost in that cold blue mist up the mountains, and be never heard of more. For my pearl of great price, my Little Constancy, was gone,—taken from me.

No! not yet, thank Heaven! and my eyes fell upon that other letter lying across the fender. Money could do much: speed could do much: stern will and action could do much to shorten the road. Action, then, with desperate purpose. That reasonable packet would bear me over mountains, and river, and ocean, and hundred obstacles. With which war-cry, as it were, of Action!—Action! ringing in my ears, I was in an instant hurrying down to Barbou's. I told him my case in a few hasty words. He entered into it at once, like a true soldier of the empire. All his old tricks, his bows and shrugs, his flowered dressing-gown, he put from him in an instant. He, too, had the war-cry—Action!

"No time to lose," said he, "I am proud to help a bold man and brave husband. Give me two minutes to think, without a word."

During those two minutes he looked into a little book many times, and wrote certain figures; then, tapping his forehead, said, "Je le tiens. I have it. Listen!"

If we can meet the great diligence which passes by Bourdeaux at three o'clock in the morning, all is saved. Forty miles before midnight, will do it. One hour for sleep, if you can, and two hours more in the malleposte; but it must be headlong speed—ventre

à terre the whole way. Had I made up my mind to that?

"To anything," I said, "but that first fifty miles, how shall I cover *them*?"

"Have no fears," said M. Barbou, "you know Jacquot? Well, Jacquot's father has a fleet mare that will run till she drops—a noble beast, also a light market-cart. Jacquot's father will let you have his market-cart, and drive you himself, if I ask it. He will land you at Saint Marsan before midnight, I lay my life on it."

Within ten minutes from that time the fleet mare and light cart were at the door of the Golden Monkey, and I was shaking M. Barbou by the hand. The boors were standing about, staring stupidly, as only came natural to them. Then, with hearty bon voyage, chorussed by Monsieur Barbou, the landlord, and little Jacquot, and with one last stare of bewilderment from the boors, the fast mare was given her head, and shot away clear of the little street like a flash of fire.

It might have been then close upon six o'clock of the darkest night I had known there; and, as the last light from the village disappeared in the distance, the fleet mare turned sharply aside from the high road and became lost in rough, unpaved, country cross-roads, which Jacquot's father knew by heart. He had no words to throw away. Gradually the fleet mare warmed to the work, and seemed at last to fly rather than run; taking us at one even pace up steep hills and down steep hills; along clay roads and lanes where roads had never been; down gullies, across trenches and rushing brooks; through mist and fog. Only at times, when sweeping round a corner, the fleet mare and light cart would reel, unsteadily, soon, however, to right themselves again. By-and-by, on the other side of a thick wood, I caught sounds of low roarings, as from wild beasts. "Inundation," said Jacquot's father curtly, turning the fleet mare's head towards the right; of which disaster we presently met further tokens in the shape of a great flood crossing the road, causing the mare to stop short, rearing on her haunches. But Jacquot's father, with wild yells and imprecations, fell to lashing the fleet mare's flanks, bending over and working at the head-reins like one possessed, and so forced her, kicking and splashing through the great flood. Once, also, the light cart was tilted up on a big stone, and was toppling over, when Jacquot's father sprang across me, and the next instant was hanging at the mare's head.

At last, towards a quarter past eleven, after five hours or so of this headlong speed, Jacquot's father pointed with his whip to a dim light upon a hill. I began to find my heart lightening wonderfully. British home and Little Constancy did not seem hopeless after all; for yonder is Saint Marsan, that other posting village which the fleet mare was bound to reach before midnight.

The fleet mare had done her task; and by this time, no doubt, the malle-poste was drawn up at the door, waiting to change horses, and bear me forward. Suddenly a voice called to us out of the darkness, seeking to know if we are going on beyond the village, for that the river had swelled up the night before, burst its banks, doing grievous damage, and carrying away the new bridge, scarcely leaving a pier standing, so that we had only to turn back by the way we came. Another crushing blow. If it had been some unholy errand, I might have taken these as so many signs that Heaven was against me and my work.

"What are you about?" I said, catching desperately at the reins, for the stupid boor was already turning his beast about. "Drive forward."

"But the bridge?"

En avant! Within ten minutes more the hoofs of the fleet mare began to clatter on the pavement, and we were in the little posting town. But all in darkness except at the lower end, where there were torches moving about, and where all the inhabitants seemed to have collected. There were round us in an instant excited men, all talking together, with the torches flaring in the eyes of the fleet mare, and making her rear and plunge. Were the engineers come at last? When were they coming? There was not so much danger now, for the flood was beginning to fall. That giving way of the bridges, had saved them.

"But the malle-poste?" I asked.

"Just arrived, but could go no further that night. To-morrow evening, when the boats were got up, and the bridge repaired, just temporarily—perhaps to-morrow night I might be set across."

"Was there no drive round? No other bridge up or down?—no matter how much out of the way."

"Yes, there was the wooden bridge some eight miles higher, but Monsieur must see what little chance it has when the great Saint Marsan bridge, quite new, and built of stone at enormous cost, had given way."

"No boat?"

"No boat: all dashed to pieces in the flood, it had come so suddenly."

It was all over then. It was no use struggling with Destiny; and with a sort of heart-sick resolve of doing something—no matter what—I jumped to the ground, and made my way through the crowd and flaring torches to the river's edge. It went roaring by, a white, swollen sheet of foam; a great broad river utterly impassable. I could see the jagged masonry where the new bridge had been rent away. It was utterly hopeless, and I turned back from the edge filled with despair, not caring what might become of me. I suppose as much could be gathered from my face; for they made way for me respectfully, and whispered together.

Perhaps Jacquot's father had unfolded to them my little history, and the object of my journey; for I had remarked him earnest in conversation with certain of the crowd, gesticulating in a manner foreign to his nature, and pointing to the road behind, now across the river. At all events, an old man in a blouse made his way to me, and, touching his hat, asked if Monsieur was resolved to go forward that night, at all hazards. In the face of all risks, I said, nervously—why did he ask? Simply because, some six miles or so off, there was a ferry—used to be, that is, for it had been given up since the new bridge—with a boat drawn up under a shed. It had escaped, most likely. There the river was narrower, and for a good sack of money old Clou the ferryman might take me across.

From behind the torches voices of encouragement. "Aye! the very thing! Old Clou will take Monsieur, but he must have gold; and the Tigresse—Monsieur must not mind them if they swear and spit at him at first—let him clink the gold toujours! Let Monsieur be sure to take a couple of shovels!"

"Did he know the way?"

Jacquot's father did; confessing, with a stupid bewilderment, that thought of Clou had never entered his head.

"Come along," he said, in his droning tone. A short respite at the inn for administering to the fleet mare a certain mash compounded by Jacquot's father's own hand; and we were off. Drawing new life and vigour from the cunning mash, the fleet mare started afresh by a flank road overhanging the river's side the whole way. All along that road we could hear the stream surging and roaring below, striving, as it were, with the fleet mare who should reach the ferry-house first; through a thick jungle most of the way; through mud and stones, knee-deep, the whole way; through sluices where the road had given and been washed down into the river, where a scoop had been bitten out as it were, where Jacquot's father had to get down and carefully lead round the fleet mare; through places where the bank had fallen in a great heap and completely stopped the road, forcing us to work wearily with the two shovels so thoughtfully supplied to us. At length the road began to slope steadily to the river's edge, the trees to crowd more thickly, and the fleet mare to slacken her pace, when, through a dense net-work of branches—a crowded tree-rigging, as it were—stood out the shape of a heavy log-tower, quite square, and hanging over to one side, with a strange tumble-down effect. Light, air, and the view of heaven were shut out by the choking tangle of trees and rank vegetation that wound round and round again that log-house; while, within reach of our hand, we could hear the flood tumbling by, like an avalanche.

Jacquot's father got down and got through the branches to the door with much toil. It had been painted red, and still preserved a dull, smurched tint of that colour. Many of the logs gaped, and the huge upper storeys hung over the lower like scowling eyebrows. It overhung the river a little, on a sort of stone pier; and, at one side, was a decayed shed, with the roof stripped off; where, no doubt, lay the ferry-boat. Altogether, a stagnant, unwholesome, heart-crushing place.

Jacquot's father took a heavy stone and banged at the door, long and loud; but without any avail. I took up another stone and hammered with him; then, stepping back, looked up through the tree-rigging at the house. A flash of light came suddenly through a high chink, and there were sounds of bolts undoing. Said a voice high up—and a voice of snarling, miawling tone, such as comes from a cat gathered up in a corner with arched back and flashing eyes—"Get away!" Get you gone, robbers! I have boiling water here, and boiling pitch, of which you shall have mouthfuls, if you are not gone in two seconds."

"It is the Tigresse," said Jacquot's father, in a low voice, "let us go, as she bids us."

"Are you gone?" croaked another voice, in a feeble cackle, from behind the first. "We have guns up here, we have—Ki-ki!—and the pitch! by the lord! and the dog, Ki-Ki! At them! tear them! down to them, sweet fellow!"

Then came a deep, solemn growl, and sounds of tramping down steps. They were coming, it was plain.

"Speak to them, Monsieur, quickly," said Jacquot's father, trembling.

"We are travellers," I said, in a loud voice, "and wish to be taken across the river."

First voice hooted devilishly—it was laughter.

"Ki-Ki, Clou! let him down, sweet soul!"

"But you shall have money—gold."

"Gold? Then, stop! Ki-Ki! Hold him! The monsieur will pay."

The bolt suddenly shot back, and a great white dog, shaggy as a mountain pony, and with two red-hot coals for eyes, bounded out with a spring like a flash of light. Behind him, with another spring, came a strange white-haired object, which, casting a horn-lantern behind it, flew at the throat of the white dog, and, winding its arms round it, threw it over, and finally dragged it in again. Then taking up her lantern—for it looked most like a woman having an old blue blanket round her—she stood in the doorway confronting us. "Now," she said, "what of that gold?"

She was a horrid apparition. No teeth; no skin, only creased leather; no arms, only fleshless bones. On her head, an old fur cap. "Now," she said again, "what about the gold?"

I chinked it musically in its purse.

"Come in," she said, "and speak to Clou."

A ladder, and another horrid object at the top, holding a light—a horrid object, with nose and chin sharply crooked, like a parrot's bill, and one eye beaten in; dwarfish too in figure, and full of an elfish activity. This was the Old Wolf.

"Why do you let them in, Ki-ki?" he said, dancing at the top of the ladder. "They can't come up; you know they can't. I won't let them up. I won't."

"Stand away, Clou, or be brained with this key. I spit at you."

"Ahr-rr-r! Would you, Tigresse? I'll claw your heart out."

"Cr-r-r-r! You one-eyed imp, where's your throat?" she said, now at the top of the ladder, and pushing him back. "Here is a monsieur come with gold, and are we not to take him in?"

By the light of the lantern she was leering horribly. For a moment I turned to go down and leave the spot; but I thought of the end and object of my journey, and stayed.

The Old Wolf was growling to himself in a corner. We were still at the top of the ladder.

"Will you take them over?" said the Tigresse.

"No, no," snarled the Wolf. "Let them go. Ahr-r-r!"

The Tigresse bounded at him, and I saw her long claws scraping his throat. He gnawed and shrieked, then got free, and grovelled.

"There!" said the Tigresse, putting back her grizzled hair, "you will get as much every minute if you cross me. Open the window, and look out at the river."

He did as he was bidden, cursing her; and we saw the black river below rushing on in a desperate race.

"Good," said the Tigresse, "it is slackening, we will take you over in an hour's time. Wait in here, there is a fire."

"Hoo hoo," whined the Old Wolf, crawling on all fours to the door. "Not in here; not as yet: you know why, don't you?"

"Pig-brained! not done of that yet! Let me see." She entered with the lantern, snatching up a cloth, and we heard sounds of rubbing. "Now come in; sit by the fire, and don't heed dotard Clou—the Old Wolf, they call him. Why, he has no teeth."

"But I can draw blood for all that," he said with a grin.

She gave a glare from her cat's eyes, and screaming to him, "Go out! You shan't stay to chatter here!" dragged him away.

There was a rude stool—the only seat in the place—against the wall, which I drew over to the fire, and then sat down. There were a few logs in the corner, which

I took and threw on the fire. Jacquot's father, however, would not come near it; but kept roaming round the room like a panther in his den, muttering to himself uneasily concerning his mare. How she would break loose and be lost in the forest, or else be carried away by robbers; all in a sort of whining grumble, common, as I have before noted, to the boors of his own region. So at last I told him he might go down and look after her himself. He departed hastily, leaving me alone over the fire. No sign of the Old Wolf or the Tigresse, whom I heard at odd intervals wrangling shrilly.

I was very weary and tired, and kept stirring the logs and looking about the room to keep myself awake. The log-room itself might have been the upper chamber of an old wooden light-house; for the sides slanted in straight up to the roof, or to the black void which might be the roof, gallery, lantern, anything. The sides were plain undressed logs of an old red wood, bolted together very rudely, like the interior of an old Dutch windmill, its axle of melancholy creak at rest for the night, up in the bleak void. Two or three cabin windows, high up and beyond reach, cut in the log walls with heavy outside shutters slapped to at every gust. A great seaman's chest with a large lid stood in the corner. Logs of wood were heaped up all about. Logs for the fire by themselves, in a high black heap in another corner. An open trap in the floor, through which we had come up into the room, with two blocks and pulleys fixed high up in the wall.

Eyes beginning to grow heavy: fire beginning to burn up with a gentle glow, terribly provocative of sleep, at the same time jerking strange shadows in spasms on the red walls of the old Dutch mill—of the Ferry-house, I mean—Grindoff the miller, and his Men. Eye-lids drooping wearily, for, "When the wind blows, Then the mill goes, and our hearts are all blythe and merry," and Grindoff the miller, the Old Wolf—I mean Royal Adelphi Theatre—and his Men, filing across; each with a white sack on his back, over the bridge, up the slope, up the ladder into the mill, all into the mill,—“when the wind blows!” with Count Frederick, Friederich Friburg in green Hussar jacket and Hessians, who has lost his way, and the funny serving man, who has lost his way, too; both now nodding drowsily over the fire in the mill. Now, supposing that person Grindoff, the miller; what can he have those little bulk-heads and hooks for? To swing up his sacks when the mill goes! To swing up Count Friederich and the funny serving man, coming on them from behind as they sleep. Soft music. What if he, Grindoff, should come up the trap in listen-shoes, and should steal behind me as I sleep, and take something from beneath his miller's frock, and suddenly dispatch me; then lift

the trap. Or, if he set his mill agoing to its own melancholy creaking music, and thrust it—the body—behind the mill-stones to be ground up and crunched. Horrible!

Eye-lids drooping yet more wearily; logs glowing fiercely; forked shadows leaping spasmodically as before. Setting aside Grindoff for a moment, I inclined to believe that the wicked old parents of the Fatal Curiosity must have lived here up in this grim Dutch mill.

Looking out from the rude cabin windows it seems to me that it has suddenly grown to be the evening of a long day's travel, and that afar off at the head of the pass I can see the two figures toiling along. The young man looks back: he has on a scarlet foraging cap with a blue military cloak.

"Courage, friend," he calls to the grey sergeant, lagging a little behind him; "we shall soon be home;" and he sings—

Home to the mountain chalet,
By the river, on the river;
Where golden-haired Mary is spinning,
Where golden-haired Mary is singing,
By the river, on the river.

And as they both turn round a rock, the darkness of evening seems to gather fast, and the lines and colouring of the great *Salvator* crags quiver unsteadily; fading off eventually into the red logs of the old *Ferry-house*, with the fire flickering up as before, the forked shapes dancing galvanically as before, and I myself sitting before the fire with my head sunk down upon my chest.

It was curious how I had come by that notion of the young man and the grey sergeant. Most likely it was *Barbou* and his wars of the empire which had first set it a-going, bringing with it floating notions of the old guard and grand army, and furlough: all jumbled together during that long night's travel. But the young man in the scarlet foraging cap, chanting with such light heart of his golden-haired *Marie*, far away in some sunny country where are no rough blasts and horrid gorges. Whence had I gotten him? Somewhere on the road; perhaps a stage or so from *Moulines*, and they were the sweetest notes I ever heard. The Reverend *Tristram Sterne* looking from his chaise windows, said so once. Sentimental journey that is—dozing again for a certainty—I should keep awake. He might have been journeying home from the great wars in *Algeria*, having run many risks and passed through every hardship: he might have come across the sea, struggling with terrible storms and tempest, striving to get home with all speed to that green spot where *Little Constance*, long expecting and sitting up of nights, would be waiting wearily. Bound up solemnly to be back against a great festival day; and so from the high cabin window I look out for him again and for the grey sergeant. Making him out at length, still

speeding on, but without the grey sergeant, who will come later. Still he sings—

Home to the mountain chalet,
By the river, on the river, &c.

And then he turns aside into a path through a thick jungle, seemingly along a river-bank, for I can catch the roar of waters hard by; altogether I should know something of that way—a tree here and rock there, having something familiar in the look. I must have come by that road once, and that, not long since, which becomes positive. Certainly, as the road widens apace, and the jungle thickens, and the roar comes nearer, a little to one side comes into view a dark mass. The old log *Ferry-house*, it must be, where he halts and knocks, for he is very weary, and would fain rest until the grey sergeant should come up. The door closes behind him and I see him no more.

No more, that is, until looking round the log-cabin, at the heap in the corner, at the great sea-chest, and at those curious blocks and pulleys up high, and at the trap (or what looks like a trap) opening just under them, I begin to speculate what they can have done with him. Blocks, pulleys, and trap-opening in conjunction. Suggestive of cruel extremity for the young soldier, alone, and the prey of *Clou* and the *Tigresse*. If, now, there was a rope reefed through the pulley, and the trap lifted, then it might be swung down lightly to the river below, and so be swept away, and never heard of more; and the spoils—the *Algerian* money won by hard fighting, the scarlet foraging-cap, the blue cloak with its fur,—they might have been put by hastily, and be lying, at this instant, in the great sea-chest.

Either the door slammed or a log fell from the fire, for I started suddenly, and the red walls of the log-cabin were again quivering indistinctly under spasmodic light that came down the fire as before, settling down in steady shape and substance. Block and pulleys as before, trap as before, cabin-windows as before, great sea-chest — No, the great sea-chest is not as before; for, as I can make it out in its dark corner, the lid is raised, and there is a dark and dwarfish figure stooping over and half buried in it. *Clou* it must be; for I could hear him muttering strange oaths, his head being still deep in the chest. Presently there was a step behind me and the *Tigresse* came creeping over the floor, lifting her feet stealthily, like a cat. Coming behind him she took hold of his collar with her claws, drew him back out of the chest. Then their two horrid faces came close together, lit up by sudden flashes of the fire, leering distrustfully at me. Then they whispered and snarled, and showed their teeth at one another, and the *Tigresse* took from under her arm something rolled up, which they spread out between them—something that looked like a large blue cloak of many folds, bordered

with fur. This was laid down carefully in the sea-chest, and they both crept away to the door.

I rubbed my eyes. What can this mean? I must have been dreaming. Something whispered it was plainly time to be gone from that place, for I seemed to be standing within the shadow of some unholy deed. Had I been dreaming, and had that groping of Clou and the Tigresse, deep in the sea-chest, been nothing more than so much ghostly dozing set afloat by objects about me? Likely enough; and yet something terribly real in that spreading out by the Tigresse of what looked so like a blue cloak of many folds, bordered with fur! It did not look like a dream; it were best surely to be gone. The wind was going down, and I could hear the sharp neighing of the fleet mare below, as she was being walked about to keep her from being chilled. One look into the great sea-chest would resolve all doubts. I rose from the rude stool and lifted the lid softly. I could see nothing, that corner was so dark; but exploring it cautiously with my hands, it appeared to be filled up with old sacks. Miller and his men over again. Turning up the sacks hurriedly, and delving to the very bottom, my fingers came upon a bundle that felt like soft cloth. Unrolling it with feverish haste, and holding it to the fire-light, it proved to be indeed a blue cloak, richly bordered with fur, and a bright scarlet foraging-cap wrapped up among its folds!

The Tigresse was standing over me as I leant towards the fire.

"Ah!" she shrieked, "you are spying on us! Here, Clou, Clou—quick! Come up quick!"

I heard him stumbling on the ladder-steps, and rushed to the door. But she kept clawing before me, with one hand behind, whining all the while with rage.

"So you would look into the chest—look into the chest! Yine! yine! Quick, Clou!"

"What is it, sweet Tigresse?" said he, his horrid head now on a level with the door.

"He has been at our chest. Yine!" she snarled, "He must not go!"

"No, no?" said Clou, crawling round me on the floor. He had drawn something out of his breast—something that glittered.

With a spring I was at the cabin-window, and threw it open, about to call to Jacquot's father, when suddenly there came from below a steady voice, calling. They stopped and listened.

"What is it, Tigresse?" said Clou, putting back what had been glittering.

"Good people," the voice said; "good people, have you seen anyone go by this night? A young man, that is?"

"Ah-r-r-r!" muttered Clou.

"Go down to him, Clou," the Tigresse said, in a low voice. "Send him away. Let the dog upon him if he does not go."

"Aye!" said Clou, going down the ladder. "Wait, he shall help you to take care of him yonder. Hop-hop! come up, beauty! come up, sweet child!"

And the white brute came scrambling up the ladder.

"Now, stir or speak," said the Tigresse, catching him round the throat, "and the sweet one shall lap up your blood—she is thirsty to-night."

"Good people," the voice came again, "don't keep an old soldier waiting."

"He is gone," said Clou, coming up the ladder again; "gone on to the town, where he will find his friend, no doubt, and what shall we do with him—?"

"Mordieu! what do we wait for?" said another figure, climbing the ladder behind him—Jacquot's father.

"The flood is gone down a good bit, and the wind does not blow—why do we not cross, I say?"

They looked at us a moment, then the Tigresse whispered Clou a moment.

"There is sense in that," he said at length.

"Why should we not go? Let us take the gentlemen across at once."

They descended, we following. I did not know what to think; but, at all events, was glad to be free from that horrid place.

We came out into the open air upon a sort of little stage or pier. An old rusty chain ran across, by which we were to be drawn over.

"It is very old," said Clou, looking at it, "and it cracks;" here he grinned. "Pay the Tigresse now, before we go."

It was a broad flat-bottomed boat, very crazy and decayed. We got the fleet mare on board with difficulty, and set off, leaving the Tigresse on the pier looking after us.

Though the waters had gone down considerably, it was still a desperate task to get the boat across. We had all to hold on and work at the chain, while the boat reeled and swung round, and was every instant on the point of being carried away. But we got across at last, and were set on shore safely at the other side.

We were settled in the light cart once more, and the fleet mare bounded away full of life and spirit. Just then we saw the day breaking through the trees, and, looking back, there was Clou coddled up under a tree, waiting till the river should have sunk enough for his own simple strength.

What was the mystery of that night, I never could resolve. I looked afterwards through French newspapers, with hope of lighting on something that would clear it up, but unprofitably. Perhaps there was nothing in it after all. Perhaps I had fallen off into dreaming after discovery of that cloak and cap, and so had furnished key-notes for my weary brain to run riot on.

However that may be, I have now only

this to tell;—that I made the rest of my journey in all speed and safety, and was soon in London streets, with London flashing by, driving on to my own home, where Little Constancy was sitting up nearly restored, waiting with certain hope and confidence for my return upon her birthday.

ABOARD THE JAPAN, WHALER.

EARLY one morning, in the Eastern seas, when I was a youngster, we sighted a shoal of whales, at some little distance. Instantly the boats were lowered; and, as usual, an animating chase commenced. I was in the mate's boat. After a half-hour's pull, the mate contrived to strike one of the whales, and make us fast. But the huge monster no sooner felt the barbed iron in his back, than off he went at a speed of not less than twenty miles an hour, dragging the boat after him. In a very short time we all but lost sight of our ship, and of the other boats that had accompanied us; the former appearing on the distant horizon like a fluttering bird on the wing, while the latter, if seen at all, were only discernible by a knowledge of their last position. It was no unusual thing to be separated for many miles from our ship; but, in the present case, several circumstances caused the occurrence to be anything but desirable. It was intensely hot; and the sun's burning rays shone fiercely upon us, producing, with the feverish excitement of the chase, a degree of thirst which could not be easily quenched, if a short allowance of water had to be our fate for even a limited period. Moreover, we were in a latitude where the fierce wind as suddenly arises as it as suddenly subsides into an intolerable calm. Consequently, to be far away from the ship, and, at the same time, some hundred leagues distant from land, was no agreeable position; and so we began to think, after vainly endeavouring, during another half-hour, to lance our determined foe. At length the mate decided upon hoisting a whiff (which is a flag tied up lengthways, in a long strip) at the boat's stern, as a signal to the other boats, trusting that they might, in the pursuit which we knew they would maintain, soon get sight of us; particularly as we observed that the whale to which we were fast was taking a circuitous direction.

As it was too good a prize to relinquish without some strenuous effort, we still held on, and soon had the satisfaction of perceiving the speed of the whale slacken. By this time some twenty or thirty whales were around us, attended by a number of sharks and others of the finny tribe. Presently the whole "school" came to a standstill, and the mate, thinking it a good opportunity for lancing, gave the order for hauling the boat close alongside.

"Now, lads," said he, "run her up close, and let me have a chance at him." But, even as the words were upon his lips, another whale that was just a-head of us, and very close, too, lifted his enormous tail, "That fellow," said our officer, again, "seems to say, I'll smash you, my boys, if you venture to come here;" and, lo! barely had he said it, when another of the monsters suddenly rose right under the boat, lifting it slightly, and making a complete hole in its side and bottom as he passed instantly away from us to leeward, apparently not at all sensible of what he had done. The moment we felt the boat lift, the cause was understood; and our oars, which had been apeak, were, with lightning speed, thrown into an horizontal position, and lashed with the life-lines. (When a boat fastens to a whale—that is, strikes one with the harpoon, and holds on by the line—the oars are immediately thrown a-peak, namely, placed at an angle of about thirty degrees from the horizontal position. The moment a boat runs alongside the whale, and touches her, then the oars are placed horizontally, in readiness for use, or against danger. By this means, though the boat instantly filled, we kept her from entirely sinking,—the oars serving as a raft. Our position, however, was very far from comfortable, for we soon found ourselves, seated as we were on the thwarts, up to our waists in the water, with several sharks around, ready to attack us. The whales, also, remained close to us, and we could not tell when a second blow from a companion of the last one might ensure us complete destruction. Our first movement was to draw our long knives to defend ourselves from the rapacious monsters alongside; who with swift yet silent motion, glided, now away, now back, eager for their prey.

Thus we sat, alone upon the ocean, a hot burning sun glaring on our heads, and the calm sea, undisturbed by aught save the movements of the huge monsters around us. Life and Death were rarely more strongly presented before us than then. Death stared us full in the face, and we had ample leisure to contemplate his aspect. To us, Life seemed but as a possibility, not a reality: Death, almost certain. No power of our own could save us. To remain in our present position long, would be morally impossible. With three-fourths of our bodies in the water, and the other part exposed to the fierce heat of a tropical sun darting full upon the brain, fever and insanity must speedily set in. In vain we cast our eyes towards that quarter of the horizon, where, as we conceived, we had left the boats, and, also, where our ship was last seen. All points of the compass, and all quarters of the wide world were alike, with a sun in the zenith, and our elevation above the surface of the sea not more than eighteen inches. The boundary

of our horizon was not above a mile distant ; and it would, indeed, be a great chance if any vessel could see us. Our only hope rested in the whole school of whales keeping near us ; for then, both ship and boats would make for them, and, consequently, observe us.

A half-hour passed away, and still no signs of help arrived. What were my ship-mates' thoughts, I know not ; mine, I must confess, were becoming more sombre than was usual with me ; although, boy-like, hope and a natural flow of lively spirits kept the blood warm within. Once, a hungry shark, fancying probably that he had an easy prey, came full towards us, and I could see his long white belly, while, turning close to where I was seated, he prepared himself for a sumptuous repast ; but in this he was disappointed, for we, making a noise with our oars, it frightened him, and away he went.

Another half-hour passed, and we were still in the same plight ; and, although I cannot say that anything like fear operated upon our minds—for sailors, generally, and whalers, especially, are proverbial for their disregard of that feeling, no matter how great the danger—yet there was a certain undefinable sensation creeping over us. The mate tried, occasionally, to infuse some cheerfulness among us, though it was plainly evident he himself did not possess a large share of it to spare.

"Well, lads," he said, "we've got too much of a cold bath now to be agreeable ; but it might 'ave been worse, and 'fore long we shall see the old barky bowling down, to pick us up ; even if the other boats a'n't soon here."

"More like the last than the first, sir," said Jim Bant, the bowman. "I see no chance of the ship getting here in a blazing hot calm as this. Now, if we'd but a capful of wind to help her, 'twould be different."

"Well, Jim," chimed in the man who was next him, "if the ship don't come, the boats will. They'll never turn tail and give up chace, after seeing us run from 'em out of sight."

Said I, "how can they see us, or know where to look for us, if we cannot see them ?"

"As for that, youngster," said the man who had last spoken, "it's easy enough done, if they've only the savvy (sense) to go about it. Why, here, right away on our starboard quarter is the sleek (wake) of the whale which will tell 'em the way to shape a course towards us."

"To be sure," said the mate ; "there's no fear, lads, but what we'll be picked up afore long. And see," he added, suddenly springing on the head-sheets of the boat and glancing around, "all right, my boys ! I can make the ship out, coming down towards us, with some wind in her sails.

Look ! there away on our starboard bow !"

Instantly we all rose to our feet, standing as tenderly as we could upon the few remaining bottom boards that had not been destroyed. In a moment we saw the Japan standing towards us, bringing with her a smart breeze, the harbinger of which was already denoted in some faint catspaws upon the surface of the water near us. The mate took off his hat, and waved it on high, while the rest of us shouted aloud ; although, a little reflection would have told us, that doing so was vain at the distance we were off, and being, moreover, to leeward. To our surprise, however, an answering shout was given ; from an opposite quarter. Turning round towards the stern, we beheld to our great joy the third mate's boat not far off, pulling as lustily as four stout arms and friendly hearts could pull. As our comrades approached, the noise made by their oars, and our united voices, disturbed the monsters who, without delay, started off to windward, passing right across the Japan's bows. In a few minutes more, we were released from our perilous position, and, forgetting everything but that we were safe, soon set to work in clearing the wreck of our own boat. The Japan immediately made sail to windward ; but the whales had escaped, and we saw them no more.

A few mornings after this, we rose a shoal of whales on our lee bow, about four miles off. As there was a nice breeze blowing, the moment we had lowered boats, we hoisted sail ; and, throwing our oars apeak, ran merrily down towards the prize, looking out a-head to watch for them. The breeze freshened up, and we were going about seven knots an hour ; when, suddenly, a whale struck, or rather grazed past, on our weather quarter, instantly capsizing the boat before we had time to let go the sheet of the sail. As soon as we recovered ourselves, we swam round the boat and tried to right her. After some time and much labour—a labour which may be conceived when bearing in mind that it was undertaken by men obliged to hold themselves afloat in the water—we got her on an even keel, only to see her again capsize, the instant the wind caught the belly of her sail, as the sheet was still fast, none of us being able to let it go. Another effort was then made, and again the same mishap. No sooner was the boat righted than the wind filling her sail, and she each time being half full of water, it canted her over. At last one of us managed to get at his knife, and cut the sheet, which enabled us to right the boat immediately, though with the loss of all the loose gear, such as irons, lances, &c., that was in her.

The other boats seeing our mishap had hastened towards us, and two speedily came to our relief ; but as we were not stove, and

the whales were not far off, it was determined to try and pull up to them. Accordingly, while a couple of hands baled out the boat, and another unshipped the mast, the rest of us gave way with a will, and soon had the satisfaction of joining our mates, who had preceded us, and who were already engaged. Between the whole of us we succeeded in getting three of the whales, our boat capturing one of them.

Another time, while in the Japan, we saw a whale on our lee quarter; and immediately Down boats to give chase! The mate's boat, to which I belonged, happened to be nearest the monster, when he peaked flukes (went down), and for a time we were at a loss. We all lay on our oars for about twenty minutes; but, as there were four boats out, they were ordered to spread, and take a station about a mile from the other, all heading different ways. In about three-quarters of an hour, the whale, to our great surprise, came up: for it is usual for all large whales to stop down from an hour to an hour and a half. However, as we were the nearest to him, we pulled up and managed to put in an iron. Directly he felt it, no time was given for throwing a second harpoon; for, he instantly sounded again, taking out about thirty fathom of line. He then began to run, under water, at the rate of at least twelve miles an hour; towing us, somewhat dangerously, after him. The other boats were pulling up in our wake, and the ship being at first about a mile to windward of us, away we went, speedily passing the ship, and leaving the boats far away behind. On, and on, and on, did the monster carry us after him, still keeping up his speed, until, in a very short time, we had not only lost sight of the boats, but had sunk the vessel to her top-gallant sails.

The previous day had been a rough one, it having blown rather strongly during the whole of it. This caused an unpleasant swell to disturb the otherwise nearly calm ocean. Consequently, as we rushed through the water it appeared as if the boat was actually cutting the long seas in twain; every now and then taking over her bows enough sea to swamp her, had not baling been vigorously brought into play. Vainly did we try to haul up, even but a fourth of our line; no: on the huge monster madly flew, making us follow him with a velocity, that only custom could have caused us to stand up against. Presently, and without warning, he turned sharp round, as if he were coming to the boat and we rejoiced for the moment in the idea that we should now be enabled to put in another iron, and lance him before he again made off. But in this we were mistaken; for no sooner had he fairly turned towards us,

than he at once made straight off to the ship at his former speed. The people on board, seeing us coming down to leeward, made a signal to the other boats to lay-to for our arrival. But, all that we could do was to see and be seen, for like a shot from a gun we passed them. When within a mile of the ship, and while we were thinking there would be a good chance of capturing him now, he again suddenly turned, and went off to windward as fast as ever. The other boats, seeing no chance of keeping up with us, went on board, and sail was immediately made on the ship to thrash her up to windward after us.

It was about nine A.M. when we had made fast to him, and he kept us running thus, ten or twelve miles to windward, and then to leeward, until sunset. It is the custom in the Southern Fishery, when once fast to a whale, never to let go unless imperatively obliged. In the afternoon, he eased a little, for a few moments, and allowed us to come up within a distance that enabled us to throw two lances; but we were too far off to cause either of them to do him any injury, nor was he, apparently, in the least degree weakened. The boatsteerer, a great powerful man, then went forward in the bow of the boat, and with a large Spade tried to cut the whale as he went down; but he could only manage to clip him in three or four places, without at all lessening the power of his flukes.

A little after sunset, however, the mate, finding it useless to attempt any longer battling with so eccentric an animal, and perceiving some indications of a gale, gave orders to cut the line, though we were all desirous of remaining with him. Accordingly we hauled up as close as the whale would allow us, and cut. It was then found that he had been fastened to, several times before, and this we ascertained by seeing the wounds in his back, which proved that more than one harpoon had previously entered him. Those who were our greatest whaling oracles on board, immediately explained the reason of his having given us such a chase; "for," said they, "he was a wide-awake chap, that. He knew before what it was to have the iron in his back, so he took care to keep as clear as he could this time."

After we had cut ourselves from the whale, we could perceive that he lay upon the top of the water like a log of wood, and apparently quite exhausted. But, as night had begun to set in, we thought it advisable to return to the ship instead of making fast again. And it was well we did return; for, hardly had we, by means of the signal lights hoisted for the purpose, got on board, than it came on a strong breeze which freshened to a gale, and blew great guns three days.

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AWFUL WARNING TO BACHELORS.

In the last week's number of this journal (to which I have grave objections, but which I read regularly for the purpose of exercising my critical ability as a finder of faults), there appeared an extremely absurd confession of weakness, called, "A Shy Scheme." The writer of the confession, not satisfied with exposing himself to public contempt, in the character of a Shy Young Man, was so obliging as to enter into details on the subject of his manners, his place of residence, and his personal appearance. I am about to give this feeble visionary a word of advice, and I am not at all afraid of being quite as particular as he has been, in describing myself at the outset. If my memory serves me, the Shy Young Man informed us all that his residence was in the country, that his hair was light, that his cheeks were rosy, that his stature was small, that his manners were mild, and that his name was Koddle. In reply, I have no hesitation in avowing that my residence is in London, that my hair is dark, that my cheeks are swarthy, that my stature is gigantic, that my manners are surly, and that my name is Grnmp. I have further to add, in opposition to the Shy Young Man, that I have the strongest possible antipathy to being settled in life; and that, if I thought either of my eyes were capable of fixing itself on a young woman, I would shut that eye up, by an effort of will, henceforth and for ever. I don't say this is good writing; but I call it straightforward common sense. If any man is bold enough to contradict me, I should like to meet him outside the office of this journal, at an hour of the morning when the street is tolerably empty, and the policeman happens to be at the opposite extremity of his beat.

How do I propose to enlighten and fortify the Shy Young Man? I intend to teach him the results of my own experience. If he has one grain of sense in his whole composition, he may profit by the lesson, and may step out of the absurd situation in which he has now placed himself. I have not the slightest feeling of friendship for this imbecile person. It is merely a little whim of mine to try if I cannot separate him from his young

woman. I see his young woman in my mind's eye, even from his miserable description of her. Complexion of the colour of cold boiled veal, white eyelashes, watery eyes, red hands with black mittens on them, raw elbows, sickly smile,—form plump and shapeless,—kicks her gown when she walks,—stiff in the back-bone when she sits down, and embarrassed by her own legs when she gets up. I know the sort of girl, and I detest her. If I can make her sweetheart look at her with my unprejudiced eyes, I shall have accomplished my object to my own entire satisfaction. This is, perhaps, not a gallant way of expressing myself. Never mind that. There is plenty of gallant writing at the present time, for those who want to be flattered. Let the women take a little rudeness now, by way of a change.

Would anybody think that I was once a lady's man? I was,—and, what is more, I was once in love, was once anxious to be settled in life, was once on the point of making an offer. I had settled how to do it, when to do it, where to do it. Not the slightest doubt of success crossed my mind. I believed then, as I believe now, that any man may win any woman, at any time, and under any circumstances. If I had been rejected the first time, I would have proposed again. If I had been rejected a second time, I would have proposed again. If I had been rejected a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth time, I would have proposed again and again and again and again,—and I should have ended by carrying my point. I knew that, and yet, at the eleventh hour, I shrank from making my offer. What altered my resolution? A book. Yes, that very Bachelor's Manual, which the Shy Young Man is so anxious to lay his hand on, was the awful warning that stopped me, in the nick of time, from the insanity of investing myself in a matrimonial speculation. I tell Mr. Koddle that the sort of book he wants has been in existence for years; and I ask his best attention to a narrative of the effect which that publication had upon my mind, when I was young enough and weak enough to allow myself to fall in love.

It was on a Monday morning that I first said to myself (while shaving), "I'll make that woman promise to marry me on Wednes-

day next, at from half-past one to a quarter to two p.m." Later in the day, a friend came to see me. He remarked the more than usual radiant and agreeable expression of my countenance.

"You look as if you were going out courting," said he.

"I think of putting my foot in it, for the first time, on Wednesday next," said I.

"Would you object to my making you a little present?" said he.

"No, I shouldn't," said I.

He took his leave. An hour afterwards, a very small, very thin, very square, parcel arrived for me. I opened it, and found a book inside, called *The Etiquette of Courtship and Matrimony*. I read the book on the spot. The effect of it was, first, to fill me with feelings of the deepest gratitude towards the friend who had sent it to me as a joke; and, secondly, to inspire me with such a horror of Courtship and Matrimony, that I instantly gave up all idea of making my proposed offer, and resolved to consult my own convenience, by preserving a bachelor's freedom to the end of my days.

To state the proposition, generally, at the outset, I assert that the whole end and object of the *Etiquette of Courtship and Matrimony* is to insult, persecute, and degrade the bridegroom. I first became satisfied of this disgraceful fact at page thirty-six of the *Hand Book or Manual*. In the earlier part of the volume it was assumed that I had fallen in love, had made my offer, and had been accepted by my young woman and her family. *Etiquette* is hard on my heels all through those preliminary processes, and finally runs me down as soon as I appear in the character of an engaged man. My behaviour in my future wife's company is of the last importance—and there *Etiquette* has me, and never lets me go again. "In private," says the *Manual*, "the slightest approach to familiarity must be avoided, as it will always be resented by a woman who deserves to be a wife." So! I may be brimming over with affection—I may even have put on a soft waistcoat expressly for the purpose—but I am never to clasp my future wife with rapture to my bosom—I am never to print upon her soft cheek a momentary impression of the pattern of my upper shirt-stud! She is to keep me at arm's length, in private as well as in public—and I am actually expected to believe, all the time, that she is devotedly attached to me! First insult.

A little further on (page thirty-eight) the family have their fling at me. I "must not presume to take my stand, thus prematurely, as a member of the family, nor affect that exceeding intimacy which leads," et cetera. Thus, the father, mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, all keep me at arm's length as well as the bride. Second insult.

First persecution. During my engagement,

I am to be "very particular, and even punctilious, in my dress. My visits, which, for the most part, we may presume will occur in the evening, should be made invariably in evening dress." Indeed? I have been at my office all day—I have dined at my lonely chop-house. I fly, at the risk of indigestion, with my "follow-chop" and my love contending for the uppermost place in my bosom, to the door of my charmer. I suddenly stop with my hand on the knocker, remember that I have a pair of grey trousers on, and turn away again to case my legs in black kerseymere, to change my coloured shirt, to make pomatum pills and rub them into my hair, to put fresh scent on my handkerchief and a flower in my dress-coat, to send for a cab, and to drive up, at last, to my young woman's door, as if she had asked me to a party. When I get in, does she slip into the back dining-room and privately reward me for my black kerseymere, my pomatum pills, and my scented handkerchief? Not she! She receives me, in the drawing-room, at arm's length; and her family receive me at arm's length, also. And what does *Etiquette* expect of me, under those circumstances, for the rest of the evening? Here it is at page forty-three. I "must never be out of spirits but when my fair one is sad—never animated but when she is cheerful; her slightest wish must be my law, her most trifling fancy the guiding-star of my conduct. In coming to her, I must show no appreciation of time, distance, or fatigue"—By Jupiter! if this does not disclose the existence of an organised plan for the harassing of bridegrooms, I should like to know what does? I put it to the women themselves: Are you any of you really worth all that? You know you're not! What would you privately think of a man who was afraid to come and see you of an evening in grey trousers, and who tried to conceal from you that his poor corns ached a little after a long walk? You would privately think him a fool. And so do I, publicly.

Second persecution—in case the wretched bridegroom has survived the first. As the wedding-day approaches, I "must come out of the bright halo of my happiness" (happiness!) "into the cold, grey, actual daylight of the world of business." I must "burn all my bachelor letters"—(why I should like to know?) "and part with, it may be, some few of my bachelor connections"—(does this mean "some few" of my relations, my blood relations who adore the very ground I tread on?) and I must, finally, "bid a long farewell to all bachelor friends!"—"Did you say all? O, hell-kite!—all?" Yes, there it is in print, at page sixty-two. My affectionate tendencies, my grey trousers, my comfortable shooting-jacket, my appreciation of time, distance, or fatigue, my bachelor letters, my few connections, my bachelor friends—all must disappear before this devouring Moloch

in petticoats. Nothing is left me—nothing but my evening costume and the prospect of being married!

After the insults and persecutions, minor troubles envelope me previous to the commencement of the wedding-day degradations. All the responsibility of getting Moloch's wedding-ring is thrown on me. It must not be too thin, or Moloch, in course of years, will wear it out; it must not be too large, or Moloch's finger will let it drop off. If I am self-distrustful (and how can I be otherwise, after the severe discipline to which I have submitted during the courtship?), I must get at Moloch's size through the intervention of Moloch's sister; and when I have purchased the ring, I must be very careful to keep it in the left-hand corner of my right-hand waistcoat-pocket, to be ready at a moment's notice for the clerk when he asks me for it. Having grappled with all these difficulties, my next piece of work is to get my bridegroomsmen. I must be very particular in selecting them. They must be limited in number to the number of the bridesmaids, one for each. They must be young and unmarried, they should be handsome, they cannot fail to be good-humoured, they ought to be well dressed, their apparel should be light and elegant, they should wear dress coats. The bride sends white gloves, wrapped in white paper and tied with white ribbon, to each of the bridesmaids; and I must do the same to each of the bridegroomsmen. My own costume is to be "a blue coat, light grey trousers, white satin or silk waistcoat, ornamental tie, and white (not primrose-coloured) gloves." Pleasant! Having insulted and persecuted me all through the courtship, Etiquette, on my wedding morning, strips me even of my evening costume, clothes me in an ornamental tie and a white satin waistcoat, and produces me maliciously before the public eye in the character of an outrageous snob.

We now come to the Bridegroom's First Degradation. It is the morning of the marriage; and the wedding-party is setting out for the church. Here is Etiquette's order of the carriages:

"In the first carriage, the principal bridesmaid and bridegroomsmen.

"In the second carriage, the second bridesmaid and the bridegroom's mother.

"Other carriages, with bridesmaids and friends, the carriages of the bridesmaids taking precedence.

"In the last carriage the bride and her father."

Where is the Bridegroom in the programme? Nowhere. Not even a hackney-coach provided for him! How does he get to church? Does he run, in his ornamental tie and white satin waistcoat, behind one of the carriages? Or has he a seat on the box? Or does he walk, accompanied by two policemen, to prevent him from taking the only sensible course left,—in other words, from

running away? We hear nothing of him till it is time for him to undergo his Second Degradation; and then we find him waiting in the vestry, "where he must take care to have arrived some time previously to the hour appointed." Observe the artfulness with which this second degradation is managed! If the bridegroom only arrived at the church door five minutes before the appointed hour, he would appear in the estimable character of a rigidly punctual man, who knew the value of time (especially when you have an ornamental tie, and a white satin waistcoat to put on), and who was determined not to waste the precious moments on his wedding-morning. But Etiquette insists on making a contemptible fool of him all through. The beadle, the clerk, the pew-opener, and the general public must all see him "kicking his heels" to no earthly purpose, some time before the hour when he, and the beadle, and the clerk, and the pew-opener all know that he is wanted. Consider the bride dashing up to the church-door with her train of carriages; then, look at the forlorn snob in light grey trousers, humbled by insult and wasted by persecution, who has been dancing attendance "some time previously to the hour appointed," in a lonely vestry; and then say if Etiquette does not punish the lords of creation severely for the offence of getting married!

But the offence is committed—the marriage has been perpetrated—the wedding-party returns to breakfast; the bridegroom, this time, having a place in the first carriage, because the Law has made a man of him at last, in spite of the bride and her family. But the persecutions are not over yet. They assume a small, spiteful, social character, in terror of the aforesaid Law. The breakfast is eaten. Drink, the last refuge of the wretched, partially revives the unhappy man who has been kicking his heels in the vestry. He begins to lose the galling sense of his white satin waistcoat; he forgets that he is personally disfigured for the occasion by an ornamental tie. At that first moment of comfort, vindictive Etiquette goads him on to his legs, and insists, no matter whether he can do it or not, on his making a speech. He has hardly had time to break down, and resume his chair before Etiquette sends the bride out of the room to put on her travelling dress. The door has hardly closed on her, when a fiend (assuming the form of a bachelor friend) attacks him with "a short address" (see page seventy-nine), to which he is "expected to respond." Give him time to show his light grey trousers once more to the company, above the horizon of the table-cloth—give him time to break down again—and the bride re-appears, ready for the journey. This is the last chance the family have, for some time to come, of making the bridegroom uncomfortable; and Etiquette

shows them how to take the meanest possible advantage of it :

"The young bride, divested of her bridal attire, and quietly costumed for the journey, now bids farewell to her bridesmaids and lady friends. Some natural tears spring to her gentle eyes as she takes a last look at the home she is now leaving. The servants venture to crowd to her with their humble though heartfelt congratulations; and, finally, melting, she falls weeping on her mother's bosom. A short cough is heard, as of some one summoning up resolution. It is her father. He dare not trust his voice; but holds out his hand, gives her one kiss, and then leads her, half turning back, down the stairs and through the hall, to the door, where he delivers her to her husband; who hands her quickly to the carriage, leaps in lightly after her, waves his hand to the party, who appear crowding to the windows, half smiles to the throng about the door, then gives the word, and they are off, and started on the voyage of life!"

There are some parts of this final programme of persecution to which I have no objection. I rather like the idea of the father being obliged to express parental grief by the same means which he would employ to express bronchitis—a short cough. I am also gratified to find that Etiquette involves him in the serious gymnastic difficulty of taking his daughter down-stairs, and of "half turning back" at the same time. But here all sentiments of approval, on my part, end. From the foregoing passage I draw the inference—as every one else must—that the bridegroom is kept waiting at the street-door for the bride, just as a begging-letter impostor is kept waiting at the street-door for an answer. And, when she does come down, what does the triply degraded man find to reward him for waiting? Part of a woman only; the rest having melted on the mother's bosom. Part of a woman, I say again, with a red nose, and cheeks bedabbled with tears. And what am I, the bridegroom, expected to do under these circumstances? To hand what the mother's bosom and the father's short cough have left me, "quickly into the carriage," and to "leap in lightly" after it. Lightly? After what I have gone through, there must be a considerable spring in my light grey trousers to enable me to do that.

I pursue the subject no further. The new Divorce Court occupies the ground beyond me; and I make it a rule never to interfere with the vested interests of others. I have followed a Man, by the lurid light of Etiquette, from his Courtship to his Marriage; and there I leave him with emotions of sympathy for which the English language affords me no adequate means of expression. I defy British families (being a bachelor, I am not the least afraid of them) to point out in any other mortal affair which a man can go through, such an existing system of social persecution against the individual as that which is attached to the business of courting and marrying when a man undertakes it in this country. There is the book with the code of inhuman laws

against the unoffending bridegroom, for every one to refer to. Let the Shy Young Man get it, and properly test my accuracy of quotation; and then let him say whether he is still prepared to keep his eye on his young woman, after he knows the penalties which attach to letting it rove in that dangerous direction. No such Awful Warning to Bachelors has been published in my time as the small volume on the Etiquette of Courtship and Matrimony, which I now close with a shudder henceforth and for ever.

GERMINATION.

GERMINATION, or sprouting, is the first sign of life given by a grain or seed. The phases of life in a plant form a continued circle, beginning with the newly-sown seed, and running round until the plant continuing its species, produces seeds like what it was itself. In the seed a plant is, in its rudimentary state, because the seed contains the embryo which is the future plant. And, in this condition the life of the plant is suspended, and the seed may remain for a long period, even more than a century—without sprouting, if it is deprived of the elements necessary for germination. Corn, after having been preserved for more than a hundred years and then sown, has grown immediately and yielded abundantly. Hume is said to have made grains of rye germinate which had been kept a hundred and forty years. And at Metz, in seventeen hundred and seven, great quantities of wheat were grown from grain which had been preserved in fifteen hundred and seventy, or a hundred and thirty-seven years before by the Duke d'Epemon. It had been piled in immense heaps, covered by a coating four inches thick of quick-lime, and slightly watered by a watering-can. The grain at the top had sprouted and then died, forming thus another coating for the exclusion of the air. There are only a few exceptions to this great law of germination, consisting of seeds like the acorn of the oak, which, if not sown immediately, will perish.

Every seed, whether twice as large as a man's head, or as small as the finest dust, is divided into two parts. The first is the embryo or young plant, and the second is the covering or skin, which, however, sometimes exists before the embryo, and is only a portion of the ovary or seed-vessel. In most plants the seeds have two skins, which are called testa or teguments, and protect the embryo from external injury. The seed-coverings generally differ in appearance, the outer one being thicker and darker than the inner one. They are both, moreover, very distinct and visible, as may be seen by peeling off the skin of almost any seed, and especially the horse-chesnut. The colour of seed-coverings is almost always dark; but there are plants—especially in the leguminous family—

which are remarkable for the bright shining, pink, red, and silvery grey skins of their seeds: moreover, cultivation has great influence upon their colour.

It has been said, that there are seeds which have no skins whatever. As yet the only seed known to have no covering is that of the ivy-leaved Veronica, or Germander Speedwell.

Between the skin and the young plant there nearly always exists a yellowish, or greenish, greyish or brownish substance, which forms the future nutriment of the plant. This substance is called the perisperme or albumen. The word Perisperme was introduced into France by Jussieu, and Grätner introduced into England and Germany the word Albumen, on account of the supposed resemblance of this tissue to the albumen or white of an egg. There are three sorts of perispermes—the farinaceous, the oily, and the horny. In seeds like corn and rice, the perisperme is farinaceous; being composed of very small grains of fecula, and containing a small proportion of sugar, azote, and oil. In seeds like the ricin and poppy the perisperme is oily, containing no fecula, but albuminous matter and oil in water. In seeds like the coffee and the date, the perisperme is horny, being composed of hard cells, containing only a little sugar and albumen.

In a few plants, like the Nenuphar or Indian water-lily, there are two perispermes, placed one above the other.

When the skin of a seed is torn off, the peculiarities of the embryo are seen. If the seed divides naturally into two parts or lobes, the plant will have two primordial leaves; and, if the seed remains whole, the plant will have only one primordial leaf. The lobes of the seed are called Cotyledons, all flowering plants being classified according to the number of their cotyledons; and four-fifths of the vegetable kingdom having two cotyledons. The plants having only one seed-lobe are called Monocotyledons, and the plants having two seed-lobes are called Dicotyledons. A seed with one lobe looks as if one of its cotyledons had been taken off, and, instead of spreading out like a leaf, takes the form of a sheath or a top.

There are plants which have more than two cotyledons; the seeds of some pine trees have twelve; and the flowerless plants have none at all.

The embryo itself is between the seed-lobes, and is the future plant in miniature. Linnæus called it the corculum or little heart. It is almost always white in colour, the only known exceptions to this rule being the embryos of the Mistletoe, the Theobroma, and the turpentine pistachia-nut tree. The embryo is divided into two parts, one called the germule or plumule, growing upwards and becoming the stem and leaves; the other called the radicle, growing downwards and

becoming the root. These different parts are distinctly visible in the common bean.

In many seeds the cotyledons and perisperme are very small, and the little heart is very large; and in others the lobes and perisperme are very large and the embryo is very small. In the vegetable ivory, a seed about the size of an orange which is as hard and white as ivory, the embryo only occupies a space about the size of a pea, all the rest being taken up by the seed-lobes and perisperme. When the embryo is very large there often is no perisperme, and the little heart contains the substances necessary for its own nutriment. Sometimes the embryo contains fecula as in the French bean, but it is generally accompanied by another substance called legumen, which forms little hard granules, and is coloured blue by the application of azote.

All the substances contained in the different kinds of perisperme are to be found in the embryos. In some embryos there is a great quantity of vegetable albumen, and in others there is a great deal of oily matter, especially in such plants as the cruciferes or cross-flower bearers, and the composeses or dahlias. The embryos containing large quantities of oil, like the Colza, have generally a very thin skin.

Three simultaneous conditions are necessary for a plant to germinate; humidity, heat, and oxygenised air.

Humidity is necessary because it swells the grain and causes it to break through the skin; sometimes, however, only just enough to allow the embryo to come out. Water brings different gases to the young plant, which are necessary for its existence, and especially oxygen. Water also dissolves the substances contained in the cells and conveys them to nourish the little plant.

Nature has arranged that plants growing even in the burning desert shall be provided with enough of water for the germination of their seeds; and one of the most remarkable instances of this fact is furnished by the *Anastatica Hierochuntica*, or rose of Jericho, which grows in the arid wastes of Egypt, Palestine, and Barbary; upon the roofs of houses and among rubbish in Syria; and in the sandy deserts of Arabia. This little plant, scarcely six inches high, after the flowering season loses its leaves, and dries up into the form of a ball. In this condition it is uprooted by the winds, and is carried, blown, or tossed across the desert into the sea. When the little plant feels the contact of the water, it unfolds itself, expands its branches, and expels its seeds from their seed-vessels. The seeds, after having become thoroughly saturated with sea water, are carried by the tide and laid upon the seashore. From the seashore the seeds are blown back again into the desert, where, sprouting roots and leaves, they grow into fruitful plants, which will in their turns, like

their ancestors, be whirled into the sea. These regular periodic processes of the life-circle of this wea rose struck the simple imaginations of the men of old with superstitious awe, and they invested it with miraculous virtues.

There are also seeds which contain enough of humidity in themselves for germination. Potatoes require only to be planted to sprout, and hyacinth and tulip bulbs grow everywhere, when set in a little moss. Moreover, there is another, although extremely rare instance of this fact. The mango-trees, which grow in very damp and marshy soil upon the tropical sea-shores, bear their seeds at the tips of their branches. These seeds do not fall when ripe, but sprout out their radicles or roots three or four feet long from the parent tree, until they reach the ground. They then plant themselves in the soil, and produce leaves, flowers, and fruit, and each plant multiplying in turn in this way, the progeny of a single tree will sometimes spread themselves, until in time they are found covering an area of more than sixty miles.

Not the least important element in germination is the temperature to which the plant is subjected. Of course, the amount of heat requisite varies according to the plant and the climate, but germination cannot take place at zero centigrade, and rarely does so under three or four degrees above zero. In the hot countries, plants cannot germinate under seven or eight degrees, the usual temperature being eighteen or twenty; but the temperature of germination rarely goes more than forty degrees above zero. The palm-trees sprout at a very high temperature, but if it were much above forty degrees, the seed would be spoilt. Corn, kept in granaries through which pass continual currents of hot air, is never injured by germination.

Oxygenised air plays perhaps the most important part in the sprouting of the little heart. If a seed is placed at the bottom of unoxxygenised air, or in azotic gas, it will not sprout; and if the soil is too compact for the free admission of air, the young plant dies. There is twenty-one per cent. of oxygen in pure air, and if, after allowing a grain to germinate for a certain time under a bell, the air is analysed, it will be found to have lost six per cent. of oxygen, and to have gained a large proportion of carbonic acid gas. M. Bousingault tried the experiment of weighing a dry farinaceous seed, and after letting it sprout for a short time, drying it to the same degree as before, and reweighing it, and he found that it had lost a considerable amount of weight by the evaporation of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbonic acid gas. It had not lost any azote, because azote was necessary for its growth, but it had lost its fecula and oily matter. When corn germinates, the fecula softens, and becoming

milky, passes into the embryo. Theodore Saussure made experiments upon fecula, and found, that if when wet it is placed in contact with the air, it absorbs oxygen, forming a sugary mass, and exhaling carbonic acid gas. This phenomenon is produced in making malt from barley, and brandy out of grain. Darkness is favourable to this transformation, as well as the germination of plants, because there is a great exhalation of heat and carbonic acid gas in the process. It is entirely unknown what becomes of the gluten and oily substances in plants like the maize.

As the seed germinates, the perisperme and cotyledons gradually change their appearance, becoming absorbed by the young plant. The prolongation of the little root is always the first sign of growth. And from their first moment of existence, the roots grow downwards and the stalks upwards. If the seed sown is that of a monocotyledon or one-lobed plant, like the wheat and the palms, the root immediately spreads out in all directions, and the seed-lobe appears above the soil, wearing the appearance of a thin green leaf, and forming a cylindrical tube around the stem. But, if the seed is that of a dicotyledon or two-lobed plant, like the oak and the bean, the root shoots down into the earth perpendicularly, and the seed-lobes either remain underground and perish, or appear above, forming the two first leaves.

The point of junction between the root and the stem is commonly called the collar, but Lamarec strikingly called it the vital point, because a plant may be cut above it, or cut beneath it, without being killed, whilst cutting the vital point instantly deprives the plant of life.

Such is the tenacity of a sprouting plant to the vertical position, that if obstacles, such as stones, are placed in the way either of the root or of the stalk, they climb over them and then take their natural direction. And if a seed is planted upside downwards, the root, after growing a short time upwards, bends round gradually straight into the earth; and the stem, after sprouting for a while downwards, curves gently upwards until it has freed itself entirely from the soil.

It has been alleged that the stalk of a plant is attracted towards the light, because plants kept in a room always bend in the direction of the window. But Duhamel tried the experiment of placing a seed in a dark tube, closed at the top, and only admitting light at the bottom by means of a mirror, and the stem was not attracted downwards, showing that light is not the first or principal agent of attraction.

It has been likewise said, that roots are attracted towards humidity and the soil, and fly from the light; but the experiments, which have been made upon the subject of humidity, have not as yet been deemed decisive.

Knight, Dutrochet, and Duchartres, all tried the experiment of planting seeds in flower-pots, covered with the finest net-work of wire and turned upside downwards, and came to the conclusion, that roots will bend in any direction to escape the light. Dr. Gardner, of New York, studied the effects of the sun's rays upon roots, and ascertained, that if a young and flexible plant is placed in the shade with its roots growing vertically, they will continue to grow vertically until they are subjected to the action of the sun's rays, when the roots grow sideways away from them, and only return to their natural position when replaced in the shade. This experiment is easily verified by placing seeds in a square glass-box, full of oxygenised water. After the seeds have germinated, the roots may be made to grow in any direction by subjecting the opposite side of the glass-box to the influence of an extraordinary light.

There are only four known exceptions to this great law: the two varieties of *Mirabilis* or *Marvel* of Peru, and the onion, and the garlic, which naturally direct their roots towards the light.

An opinion, which has long been entertained, is, that roots have a tendency to grow in the direction of good soil. But, recent experiments have proved, in regard to certain plants, at any rate, that plants placed in bad earth, even pure sand, go along the side of veins of good earth, without deviating in the least from their natural direction.

The Germans call the tendency of plants, to grow straight up and down, *Polarity*. Knight, as long ago as eighteen hundred and six, discovered that this tendency was a fact of gravitation. Knight first experimented upon seeds sown in barrels, which were kept constantly in motion. But now-a-days the same result is obtained by placing seeds in earth half a yard deep, on a wheel, which is kept turning at the rate of a hundred and fifty turns a minute, and damped by means of continual drippings of water. As long as the wheel turns unerringly, the plants grow with their stems directed towards the centre, and the roots flying from the centre. But if the rotation stops in the smallest degree at the top of the wheel, the contrary effect is produced, the roots growing towards the centre, and the stalks and leaves from the centre.

A very important influence over the growth of plants is exercised by rays of light of different colours. It is somewhat difficult to subject plants to their action, because red glass alone retains the proper amount of heat and light. M. Payer, however, was employed by the French Academy of Sciences to test the action of the solar spectrum upon plants. He chose a much spread out spectrum composed of six colours,—violet, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. Having experimented upon several plants, M. Payer found that the stalks of plants always lean most

towards the violent ray, which is the most intense, and has the strongest power of attraction, and next after the violet to the blue, the green, the yellow, and the orange, leaning least of all to the red.

SURREY'S GERALDINE.

ALTHOUGH upwards of forty years have elapsed since Doctor George Frederick Nott published two big quartos for the express purpose of breaking that delicate butterfly upon the wheel, the charming love-story of the noble Surrey and the fair Geraldine, everybody still believes implicitly in it. Nobody cares one jot for the portentous discharge of that huge double-barrelled blunderbuss of criticism at—what? Literally at nothing more substantial than a beautiful little bubble blown by Fancy, more than three centuries ago—a bubble of the imagination, radiant with all the colours of the prism, and full of wonders as a wizard's crystal—still happily floating down to us unharmed upon the zephyrs of dreamland.

Admitting everything that Doctor Nott has written on the subject to be perfectly incontrovertible; acknowledging the reasonableness of his premises and the stubbornness of his facts; allowing him to have logically proved the whole legendary tale to be an impossibility, yet are we doggedly credulous.

Acknowledge any one among these historical infidels, Herr Niebuhr, or Doctor Nott, or Monsieur Thierry, to have satisfactorily proved his case, and we shall next assuredly have the Wonders of the World bowled down by still burlier tomes (folios possibly). Admit Geraldine to have absolutely melted into thin air under the scrutiny of Doctor Nott's analytical microscope, and we shall have Fair Rosamond herself banished from the heart of her labyrinth at Godstow. Nothing will be heard of Canute rebuking his flatterers on the sea-shore; any more than of Dionysius rebuking his courtiers by causing Damocles, to carouse for one evening with only a hair's breadth 'twixt life and death. Sweeping aside from the past as worthless little historical atoms such as these, is shredding ruthlessly from the tree of knowledge the umbrageous verdure, the rosy flowers and the yellowing fruit, to leave nothing beneath them but the dry and sapless branches.

A delightful vagabond, one Thomas Nash, was the first to tell the history of Surrey's Geraldine. Nash is, among our prose writers, what Elkanah Settle was among our poets—the very bathos incarnate. He is generally mentioned as the notorious Nash. His book was published in fifteen hundred and ninety-four, under the title of *The Life of Jack Wilton*, otherwise designated *The Unfortunate Traveller*. Jack Wilton was nothing better than a tapster in the reign of King Henry the Eighth: a roving blade who,

accidentally, on his journey homewards from the wars—where he had been valiantly drawing corks in the sutler's camp for the officers, and beer for the roystering troopers, getting his head cracked occasionally, as he, doubtless, often very richly merited, by the boosing men-at-arms—this same tapster, during his journey homeward from the wars, falls in, by the likeliest chance imaginable, with no less probable a personage, than Henry the haughty, and courtly Earl of Surrey, then, though still merely in the vernal flower of his age, the boast and paragon of British chivalry. These two extremely congenial associates—earl and tapster—immediately begin comparing notes companionably. Surrey the Earl, without any more ado, pouring into the ear of Wilton the Tapster the whole of the tender mystery of his refined and idealised passion for the Lady Geraldine; ultimately (so probable this!) inducing his sympathetic hearer, Jack, to return with him to Florence, and there, as his right trusty friend, to share with him, in the lists, the glories and the perils of knight-errantry.

Everything here is so clearly within the range of probability that, while we muse over the pages of the Unfortunate Traveller, we can readily fancy Doctor Nott, peering at us over the rim of one of his portentous quartos and chuckling audibly. Yet, Thomas Nash the Notorious, somehow, like the Anciente Mariner, “holds us with his glittering eye,” and “hath his will,” to the very end, triumphantly. The hook is so delectably baited that we swallow it bodily, barb, silk, and tinsel, down to the minutest tip of the last hackle-feather. Others have taken it in quite as greedily. Scarcely had four years elapsed after the appearance of Jack Wilton's astounding Autobiography, when Michael Drayton reproduced the whole narrative in a versified section of his renowned Historical Epistles.

Nearly a century afterwards, namely, in sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, we see the bubble rise again upon the surface of a sluggish stream; the then authoritative Lives of our English Poets, penned by the dull and doubtless excellent William Winstanley. Subsequently came Anthony à Wood, presenting bodily to the world of letters Jack Wilton Redivivus. Then in due course appeared Theophilus Cibber, eager to fix his subjects like so many entomological specimens in the dusty museum of his Biographies. Jack sprawls there upon one of the mouldy pages, like a mildewed gadfly with the bloom eaten off, his wings and the colours tarnished. Finally, trips upon the scene in his red-heeled shoes and his powdered peruke, the Right Honourable Horatio, Earl of Orford, better known to us all, as Horace Walpole, bearing tenderly in his hand from his own patrician workshop up-stairs, down into his luxurious and fantastic library at Strawberry Hill, his last fastidious compilation, radiant with gilding and smelling

sweetly of fresh morocco, the twin volumes of his Royal and Noble Authors. Wherein of course Earl Surrey appears conspicuously; and yet, more, wherein the Lady Geraldine herself is really, for the first time identified. No marvel surely after this, that a ripe critic like Thomas Warton, should have ultimately accepted entire, that exquisite narrative, of which we have here minutely given, what may be called its literary genesis. It is pleasant enough—before we are startled by the ghostly spectres of Boyce shivering in his blanket, Otway strangling over his crust, Savage dying miserably in a debtor's prison down at Bristol, Butler breathing his last in abject penury, and being huddled into the dust under the shadow of Saint Paul's Church, Covent Garden there lying obscurely to this day, without epitaph or even gravestone—to feast our eyes upon the gorgeous pageant presented to the imagination by the short but memorable lifetime of one of the noblest illustrators of our national literature. Leave we modestly to Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster king-at-arms, or to his resplendent compeers, the amiable Rouge Dragon, and the benignant Garter, and the courteous Clarencieux, to sound upon emblazoned tabards stiff with gold embroidery, to sound in appropriate tones upon their heraldic trumpets of silver, the pomp, and the pride, and the glory of that ancient lineage. Enough for us, if we here but very briefly mention; that Henry, Earl of Surrey and Nursling of the Muses, as they were wont in those old days to designate him, was eldest born of Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, by Elizabeth Stafford his second Duchess, daughter of Edward, Duke of Buckingham.

Glimpses of the princeling are caught here and there, through the loop-holes of our native history. At the mature age of nine, we observe him, nimble of foot, at the Court of Henry the Eighth, attendant as cupbearer upon the Royal voluptuary. Already, while dangling thus in his very infancy at the heels of his sovereign, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, had won his way to the boy-friendship with Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond—ultimately, Surrey's brother-in-law. Be it yet more distinctly notified—with a sigh aside for the Fair Geraldine—in his fifteenth winter, on the thirteenth of February, fifteen hundred and thirty-two, Surrey was formally contracted in marriage to the lady who, in fact, but three summers afterwards became his wife; the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John Earl of Oxford; and, in the fulness of time, mother of our boy-earl's five blooming children.

Surrey, from this starting-point, greets us at uncertain intervals more and more vividly as time advances.

It is, however, neither upon any phase of his domestic history, nor even about the conspicuous share taken by him in our

national annals upon the battle-field, that we are here desirous of expatiating. Amusing though it would prove to trace the relations in which he stood on the one hand towards the renowned physician Hadrian Junius, a demi-semi-classic personage retained in the earl's household at an annual stipend of fifty angels; and, on the other, to the once famous poet Churchyard, then a curly-pated urchin of ten, who owed to this princely patron the material luxury of a refined home, and the intellectual luxury of a yet more refined education. Churchyard, indeed, strove afterwards to repay his patron's generosity by gratefully commemorating it in a volume with the name of which the readers of Household Words have been otherwise long familiarised—CHIPS—a poetical miscellany in which Earl Surrey's character is graciously and glowingly portrayed.

To professed chroniclers may be fittingly left the alluring task of recounting how our noble soldier acquitted himself when, donning the buff jerkin and shirt of mail, he volunteered his services in the army conducted against the French by Sir John Wallop—name of evil omen to their adversaries! And, continuing uninterrupted before Montreuil and Boulogne, a career illustrated by many brilliant successes, and darkened by one deplorable disaster, besides being twice threatened with an abrupt termination;—here by a cannon-ball, there by the stroke of a swordsman. We also pass over Surrey's career from the sudden termination of his successive appointments as marshal, as king's lieutenant, and as captain-general of his Majesty's forces in France, downward to his final imprisonment in Windsor Castle, to his hurried removal thence to the Tower of London, to his infamous trial and execution while yet in the flower of his age; within one week of the death of the master-murderer Henry the Eighth on the twenty-eighth of January fifteen hundred and forty-seven.

A happier view than any yet obtained of Surrey, prior to the record of those dreadful death scenes, may be caught among the fluttering leaves of the young earl's poetry. It is, like one of those delectable peeps caught—here of Benedick, there of Beatrice—in the woodbine coverture of Leonato's orchard in Much Ado about Nothing. Yonder among the clustered leaves of these blooming and delicious verses, it is as if we watched again the two lovers stealing in turn,—

"into the pleached bower
Where honeysuckles ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;"

but, so covertly is the Lady Geraldine hid away in her fairy-bower, that but once only does her name appear in the text of Surrey's verses, which are yet the sole guarantee for that name being still held in the world's remembrance. Upon the traditionary records already enumerated are

built up the incidents of a tale, the veracity of which we have here avowed ourselves to be obdurately bent upon believing. It matters nothing that contemporary authorities prove, however inferentially, quite beyond the possibility of denial, that the earl never at any time extended his continental wanderings as far as Italy—where the majority of these legendary incidents are said to have transpired. Has not Thomas Gray, dreamer of dreams, and, therefore, surely a most authoritative witness, observed succinctly, in a footnote to his Progress of Poesy: "The Earl of Surrey travelled in Italy, and formed his taste there?" Consequently, admitting this weighty assertion of a fictionist like Mr. Gray to be perfectly conclusive—we may readily accept as probable the statement that, in Italy, not only did Surrey form his taste (which Mr. Hallam has remarked, is even more striking than his genius), but that there, also, he signally vindicated it, by maintaining with sword and lance, the matchless beauty and excellence of the Fair Geraldine.

It is vexatious enough, no doubt, to find ourselves obstructed in our laudable endeavour to arrive at this satisfactory conclusion by the stubborn fact that Geraldine was no more than seven in the year fifteen hundred and thirty-six, in which the earl is declared by that honest romancer Nash, and his two credulous followers, to have gone upon no sleeveless errand to the ducal court of Florence. Meaning the time, when in a rapturous fit of knight-errantry, he tied the sleeve of the pretty chit to the crest of his helmet, and drove at a gallop through the dust and blood of the Tuscan tournaments.

A Platonic passion we will suppose it to have been (like that cherished of old by Petrarch for Laura,—first seen and loved by him, when a tender damsel of thirteen); because we must candidly admit the existence of a wife and five inopportune offspring; who, after Lord Surrey's premature demise, were handed over for educational purposes to Fox the martyrologist, described by his historian as, with thin countenance and hollow eyes, "looking after the ghastly manner of dying men." Our solace for those five little witnesses against the Lady Geraldine, is the circumstance that their widowed mother, surviving her lord for many years, married a commoner of Suffolk, one Thomas Steyning of Woodford, Esquire.

The Lady Geraldine was a descendant of the renowned house of the Geraledi of Florence—a family said to have originally migrated to England in the reign of Alfred the Great. Geraldine or, more strictly speaking, the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald was the daughter of the ninth Earl of Kildare, called according to his haughty ancestral patronymic Gerald Fitzgerald. The identity of the Lady Elizabeth and the Fair Geraldine, was first demonstrated by Horace Walpole. Not-

withstanding the splendid blazonries on their escutcheon, the Fitzgeralds appear to have sometimes modestly abbreviated that euphonious designation into simply—Garret: in Surrey's instance the noblest and the loftiest Garret with which the name of Poet was ever yet associated. It was at Hunsdon House in Hertfordshire—a palace, according to Chauncey's history of that county, built by Henry the Eighth for the education of his children—that the supposed lovers first encountered each other. Then came all the witching embellishments of the beautiful love-legend. Surrey's chivalrous expedition to the Court of Tuscany. The meeds of praise won, and the deeds of daring done by him in the presence of Paschal de Medici, the then reigning Grand Duke of Florence. Above all, the memorable interview at Cologne between the Earl of Surrey and the redoubtable magician, Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim. Unfortunately, chronology here again inopportunately interposes with an impertinent reminder that we are literally counting without our host—without the host of Surrey at that famous interview. Cornelius Agrippa being then yet unborn, and the record of the incident being therefore altogether apocryphal. If, however, incredulity be anywhere expressed as to the reality of the feats of arms achieved by Surrey's lance at Florence, may we not point triumphantly to the antique shield still preserved at Arundel Castle, the Grand Duke's gerudon to the knightly champion of Geraldine? A testimony quite as conclusive in its way as that afforded by certain gigantic ribs of a monstrous dun cow once upon a time slaughtered by the lordly giant Guy, Earl of Warwick—ribs scattered broadcast over the western counties of England—as if Guy had exploded his fore-footed enemy precisely as the bear was destroyed with flint and steel by Baron Munchausen.

Enscensing ourselves behind the impregnable shield supplied by Dr. Nott, we have sat down resolutely to the record of this charming love-story, unassailably embattled. How runs the tale as told by the sorrowful poet himself, in the four tenderest lines of the famous Sonnet?—

“Hunsdon did first present her to mine eye:
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.”

Here, indeed, we have in few words the quintessence of the joys and woes of the refined affection, twining together, as it were, in a true lover's knot the sympathetic heart-strings of the Lord Surrey and the Lady Fitzgerald. At Hunsdon Palace—mutually startled into love-at-first-sight. Surrey, then a stripling gallant, going thither on a ceremonious visit, in company with the half-royal Duke of Richmond; Geraldine, then a graceful slip of a girl, blooming

radiantly in the train of the Princess Royal, afterwards Mary of the blood-red reputation.

At the Palace of Hampton Court—the tender passion first awakening in Surrey's breast to his own consciousness. This delectable casualty, moreover, is presumed to have occurred upon the occasion of one of those gorgeous and courtly entertainments with which Henry the Eighth delighted to demonstrate his taste as a robustuous Sardapalpus. Was it not here, during the dance in that old hall, to the sound of giter and sackbut, that the love-smitten earl had his sensibility first tortured by the coquettish damsel, whose rejection of his hand for the cotillon he himself has so quaintly and poignantly celebrated under the fable of a “tiff” between a wolf and a lion? Himself, as the Lord of the Forest, prancing gallantly towards one whom, quoth he,—

“I might perceive a wolf as white as whalèsbone;
A fairer beast of fresher hue, beheld I never none!”

and from whom, to his amazement, he receives only a slight, driving him nearly to distraction. Saith Madam Wolf to Monsieur Leo, with a flirt of her fan, we may presume, and a toss of her tinkling head-gear:—

“Do way! I let thee weet, thou shalt not play with me;
Go range about, where thou mayst find some meeter fere for thee.”

Whereto, no marvel it is forthwith added, in regard to the other personage,—obviously a very fine fellow in the mane!—

“With that he beat his tail, his eyes began to flame;
I might perceive his noble heart much movèd by the same.”

At the Palace of Windsor Castle comes not long afterwards their first lengthened and compulsory estrangement. There, moreover, Surrey often directed his wistful gaze towards the maiden's tower; his lady-love sauntering there the while upon the leads, looking down into the broad green tennis-court below,—her young earl-lover, stripped to his white sleeves, among the players, missing the ball as he glanced aside at the witcheries of her fluttering raiment.

Afterwards, on the premature demise of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Richmond, the separation of the forlorn lovers became more absolute; but, it must be confessed, more picturesque. Then it was that Surrey, partly at the instigation of his mistress, partly to assuage his own secret anguish, set forth upon his far-famed series of knight-errant exploits to maintain in the lists the pre-eminence of his beloved Geraldine at the point of his spear, in her own fair birth-place of Florence. It being related of him, moreover, as already intimated cursorily, that when wending his way thither, accompanied by a splendid retinue, he tarried awhile in the metropolis of the Germanic

empire, for the purpose of stealthily consulting the world-famous necromancer Cornelius Agrippa. Nay, has not their interview been solemnly commemorated in the Lay of the Last Minstrel?

"Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light."

A ghostly mirror shone shadowing forth to the ravished eyes of Surrey—as he stood there spell-bound in a magic litter—the exquisite form of his Geraldine, clothed in her virginal night robe, extended languidly upon her couch, conning with looks of love the characters pencilled on one of his own treasured manuscripts. An incident appropriately recounted in harmonious numbers:

"Where rung thy harp, unrivalled long,
Fitztraver of the silver-song;"

thanks to whom, happily, we have it now recorded in kindred verse:

"The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his the soul exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry."

Insomuch, that upon his arrival ultimately in the capital of Tuscany, after issuing a haughty challenge there to the knights of the whole known world—Christian, Jew, Turk, Saracen, or Cannibal (fancy a knightly Cannibal fighting with an eye to the tenderest pickings afterwards!)—the Earl of Surrey carried off the prize invariably from all competitors; that prize the glory of his lady-love's supremacy in beauty and in excellence. Prior to these superb contests in her honour, Surrey received from the princely hand of Paschal de Medici the bossy shield yet hanging in the armoury at Arundel Castle, dented with heroic blows repelled, and repaid with interest by their recipient, in homage to the manifold graces of the Lady Geraldine. The same indubitable shield, from under the sheltering shadow of which we look back believing through the dim perspective of the past to that far-off legendary love-tale, which is yet, in another sense, very near to us indeed, being in simple truth among the most tenderly cherished of all our historico-literary remembrances.

The latest glimpse of Geraldine—fair in complexion, her eyes of a light colour, her tresses golden and luxuriant—is unexpectedly afforded, long after Surrey's demise, as Lady Brown, in white satin, at Queen Mary's coronation. Geraldine having in the meantime espoused one Sir Anthony Brown—degenerating positively into plain Betsy Brown—the skirts of her white satin petticoat flitting

past us through an incidental memorandum in the twenty-eighth appendix to the Cotton Manuscripts.

TWO DARK DAYS.

I.

If the dread day that calls thee hence,
Through a red mist of fear should loom,
(Closing in deadliest night and gloom,
Long hours of aching dumb suspense)
And leave me to my lonely doom.

I think, beloved, I could see
In thy dear eyes the loving light
Glaze into vacancy and night,
And still say, "God is good to me,
And all that he decrees is right."

That watching thy slow struggling breath,
And answering each perplexèd sign,
I still could pray thy prayer and mine,
And tell thee, dear, though this was death,
That God was love, and love divin.

Could hold thee in my arms, and lay
Upon my heart thy weary head;
And meet thy last smile ere it fled;
Then hear, as in a dream, one say,
"Now all is over,—she is dead."

Could smooth thy garments with fond care,
And cross thy hands upon thy breast,
And kiss thine eyelids down to rest,
And yet say no word of despair,
But, through my sobbing, it is best.

Could stifle down the gnawing pain,
And say, "We still divide our life,
She has the rest, and I the strife,
And mine the loss, and hers the gain:
My ill with bliss for her is rife."

Then turn, and the old duties take,—
Alone now,—yet with earnest will
Gathering sweet sacred traces still
To help me on, and, for thy sake,
My heart and life and soul to fill.

I think I could check vain weak tears,
And toil,—although the world's great space
Held nothing but one vacant place,
And see the dark and weary years
Lit only by a vanished grace.

And sometimes, when the day was o'er,
Call up the tender past again:
Its painful joy, its happy pain,
And live it over yet once more,
And say, "but few more years remain."

And then, when I had striven my best,
And all around would softly say,
"See how Time makes all grief decay,"
To lie down thankfully to rest,
And seek thee in eternal day.

II.

But if the day should ever rise—
It could not and it cannot be—
Yet, if the sun should ever see,
Looking upon us from his skies,
A day that took thy heart from me;

If loving thee still more and more,
And still so willing to be blind,
I should the bitter knowledge find,
That Time had eaten out the core
Of love, and left the empty rind ;

If the poor lifeless words, at last,
The soul gone, that was once so sweet,
Should cease my eager heart to cheat,
And crumble back into the past ;
And show the whole a vain deceit ;

If I should see thee turn away,
And know that prayer, and time, and pain,
Could no more thy lost love regain,
Than bid the hours of dying day
Gleam in their mid-day noon again ;

If I should loose thy hand, and know
That henceforth we must dwell apart,
Since I had seen thy love depart,
And only count the hours flow
By the dull throbbing of my heart ;

If I should gaze and gaze in vain
Into thy eyes so deep and clear,
And read the truth of all my fear—
Half-mixed with pity for my pain,
And sorrow for the vanished year ;

If not to grieve thee overmuch,
I strove to counterfeit disdain,
And weave me a new life again,
Which thy life could not mar, or touch,
And so smile down my bitter pain ;

The ghost of my dead Past would rise
And mock me, and I could not dare
Look to a future of despair,
Or even to the eternal skies,
For I should still be lonely there ;

All Truth, all Honour, then would seem
Vain clouds, which the first wind blew by ;
All Trust, a folly doomed to die ;
All Life, a useless empty dream ;
All Love,—since thine had failed—a lie ;

But see, thy tender smile has cast
My fear away : this thought of mine
Is treason to my Love and thine ;
For Love is Life, and Death at last
Crowns it eternal and divine !

BLOWN AWAY !

THE manner in which capital punishments are inflicted, is almost as varied as the manners and customs of the various nations of the globe. In England criminals are hanged, in France they are guillotined, in Spain they are garrotted, in Italy and Austria they are shot or beheaded, in Russia they are broken on the wheel, in Turkey they are bow-stringed, in China they are disposed of in many ways, amongst the American Indians they are tomahawked, and in certain remote lands they are said to be sometimes baked and eaten ! but in no country, save India, has the punishment of death from the cannon's mouth ever been carried into effect. It is one of the

institutions of Hindustan ; and, like most others of the land, is barbarous and horrible.

Until the middle of last year, this extreme penalty was regarded rather as a tradition than a fact, although men with white beards sometimes alluded to it as one of the spectacles, which they had witnessed in their younger days. The massacres of May and June, however, at length restored this terrible Nemesian instrument of punishment, and it soon became familiar over the length and breadth of India. As far as the shortening of physical agony is concerned, to be blown away from the cannon's mouth must be regarded as one of the easiest methods of passing into eternity. Pain can have no duration ; and as the criminals who meet their death in this form are mostly indifferent to their fate, its abolition even upon grounds opposed to humanity might be safely recommended. To men of keen sensibilities the few minutes preceding the execution must appear like cycles of torture ; but to brutes—like the savages of Cawnpore and Delhi—they can have few terrors.

I had for a long time believed that Bombay would have been spared the horrors of such a spectacle ; but about noon on the fifteenth of October, it became known in the Government offices, that there would be a military execution that evening, and long before four o'clock the following Garrison Order was in circulation all over the island :—

The troops in garrison will parade this afternoon on the general parade ground, when the sentence of a general court-martial will be explained and carried into effect.

The parade to be formed by a quarter before five o'clock.
Markers to be on ground at half-past four o'clock.

Extract from the proceedings of a European general court-martial.

At a European general court-martial, assembled at Fort George, Bombay, on Tuesday the 13th day of October, 1857, under the provisions of Act No. 8 of the Legislative Council of India, drill havildar Syed Hoossein, of the Marine Battalion N. I., and private Mungul Guddra, of the 10th Regiment N. I., were tried on the following charge :—

For having, on or about the night of the 3rd October, 1857, attended a seditious meeting held in a house in part of the town of Bombay, called Sonapore, and at that meeting, they, the said drill havildar Syed Hoossein and private Mungul Guddra, made use of highly mutinous and seditious language, evincing a traitorous disposition towards the Government, tending to promote rebellion against the State, and to subvert the authority of the British Government.

The above being in breach of the Articles of War.

By order of Brigadier J. M. SHORT,
Commanding the garrison of Bombay.

(Signed) M. BATTYE, Captain,
Fort-Adjutant.

Bombay, 15th October, 1857.

Upon which charge, the Court came to the following decision :—

FINDING.—The Court, from the evidence before it, finds the prisoners, drill havildar Syed Hoossein and private Mungul Guddra, guilty of the charge preferred against them.

REVISED SENTENCE.—The Court having found the prisoners guilty as above specified, and which being in breach of the Articles of War, and taking into consideration their general character, sentences them, drill havildar Syed Hoossein, of the Marine Battalion N. I., and private Mungul Guddra, of No. 8 Company, 10th Regiment N. I., to suffer death by being blown away from the muzzle of a cannon.

(Signed) J. RAINES, Major,

H.M. 95th Regiment, and President of the Court-Martial.

(Signed) R. R. HATHWAY, Captain,
Officiating Judge-Advocate.

APPROVED AND CONFIRMED.—The sentence to be carried out this afternoon, in the presence of the troops in garrison.

(Signed) J. M. SHORT, Brigadier,
Commanding the Garrison.

Bombay, 15th October, 1857.

I was on the parade ground long before the appointed hour to witness the terrible scene.

While the troops were assembling, ample space was afforded to the spectators for observation and reflection; and perhaps never did the eye of man rest on such a magnificent picture. The sea, far as the eye could reach, lay calm and still as an inland sea which had never felt the ebb and flow of tides. The distant Ghauts and the adjacent hills were tinted with dyes of gold and purple. The island of Bombay itself seemed submerged in depths of yellow radiance; it lay, in fact, like a speck of darkness, in a sea of amber, so rich and mellow was the sunset's glory. The far-off hills seemed robed in purple, and on every side the landscape was one of repose and beauty. The gentle waves of the Arabian sea, as they rolled in broken murmurs on the yellow sands—the lofty palms, as they swayed to and fro, breathing a music all their own, and the hum of a city, numbering upwards of seven hundred and fifty thousand souls, raised thoughts in the human heart wonderfully at variance with the awful scene about to be enacted.

About half-past four o'clock, the military began to arrive. Gun after gun made its appearance, and took up the position assigned to it. Out of every gateway from the fort, Europeans and natives were pouring on to the esplanade in hundreds, and from the native town every alley, street, and lane were disgorging their thousands. All seemed anxious to behold two traitor Sepoys blown into dark eternity. Their crime was known, and the stern and compressed lips of every European present told how well they deserved their doom. The manner in which they had been detected in their nefarious designs, was subtle and complete, and reflected much credit upon the deputy-commissioner of police and his assistants. Three

times had a merciful Providence defeated the plots of the mutineers by the timely arrival of European troops from remote colonies; and while the fourth plot was being brought to maturity, the two criminals were seized. The times demanded that a terrible example should be made, and the doom of the men was speedy.

Before five o'clock, the whole of the troops in the garrison had taken up their position on the esplanade. As the parade was formed, it occupied three sides of a square. In the centre of what may be called the base line were the Artillery, with five hundred sailors of the Honourable Company's Navy on their left, and about the same number of her Majesty's Ninety-fifth Regiment on their right. The right and left sides of the square were composed of the Sepoy regiments of the garrison, against which were placed six guns, three on either side, loaded, levelled, and laid; the artillery-men having their matches lighted, ready to blow the three native regiments to pieces, had a finger but been raised. Between the six guns were placed, at right angles to the basement of the square, the two guns to which the prisoners were to be fastened. The gunners were all men of the Royal Artillery, and the position of each seemed gauged to a hair's breadth. It was evident that they were new to the work; but their quiet and composed manner showed that they were quite prepared. Immediately behind the two guns, the guard, with the two prisoners in the centre, was stationed.

As the hour of five struck, the stillness became awful; every feeling and faculty was strung to its utmost tension, and the beating of hearts became audible. The spectacle was one of quiet horror; there being none of that excitement which is to be met with at a public execution in any other part of the world. The natives of India are not a demonstrative race, and they looked on with an appearance of stolid indifference. The handful of stern and determined Europeans had, moreover, over-awed them, and there was but one feeling predominant—fear. Amongst all the assembled thousands a murmur could not even be heard—a whisper would almost have broken the stillness. The officers rode along the lines resolved and silent. So noiseless was their motion, that even the clank of their horses' bits and the clank of their sabres jarred upon the ear. While the clock was yet striking, the Brigadier commanding the garrison rode in front of the two executive guns, and it seemed for a moment as if all sound had died away.

The sentence of the court-martial was then read to the prisoners in the Hindustani language, after which they were ordered to prepare for death. They were stripped of their regimental jackets, and marched between files of their European guard to the muzzles of the two guns. The drill havildar, one of the two, was a noble-looking man in

the noon of manhood; tall and stately. His mien was erect and dignified until the men of the Royal Artillery laid hands on him. Then he seemed to feel that his hour had come: a shudder shook his frame, his jaw fell, and his ivory-white teeth were disclosed. While the two men were being bound not a syllable was uttered by the assembled crowd, but a rattling of steel along the line gave notice that the Enfield rifle was being prepared for action. At the word "prime"—and when the ominous click of the lock fell upon the ear, the Tenth Native Infantry visibly shook. It was evident that they did not know but that next moment the rifles might be brought to shoulder, and levelled against their front.

Simultaneously with the loading of the Infantry, the guns to the right and left of the criminals were turned straight upon the native regiments. They were loaded to the muzzle with canister and grape, and the gunners stood by the touch-holes with their matches lighted. On the ramparts of the fort four sixty-eight pounders were also laid and ready.

By this time the prisoners were secured to the two guns. There was a moment's pause, which was broken by Captain Bolton, of the Royal Artillery, calling out, with a loud voice, "Let all retire from the two guns except the two men with the port-fires: at the word 'Fire,' apply the match." There was probably a pause of two seconds' duration; then the word "Ready!" was given by Captain Bolton. The gunners took but a moment to blow up their matches, but it seemed a long, long time. The two prisoners and the two artillerymen stood out in bold relief, immovable as statues. The awful stillness was at length broken. The word "Fire!" rang out clear as a clarion-note from the lips of Capt. Bolton. Next moment, the earth shook as if a volcano had opened at our feet. The guns were enveloped in thick clouds of smoke, through the white wreaths of which little particles of a crimson colour were falling, thick as snow-flakes. The particles were the prisoners blown into atoms.

When the smoke cleared, a score or two of half-naked men, each with a broom and a small basket, were scattered over the plain. They were the sweepers, picking up the fragments for interment, and robbing the crows of their morning repast. As the sun dipped in a sea of gold the artillery limbered up, the military marched to their lines, and the crowd dispersed.

Those who witnessed the impressive scene will never forget it. The Europeans were scarcely one to a thousand—in fact, they could hardly be seen amongst the myriads of Asiatics; but all appeared as cool and confident as if they had been at a review in Hyde Park. And yet there was scarcely a man present who had not been sleeping with a loaded revolver in his bedchamber for

months, or who would have expressed the least surprise if his slumber had been broken any night by the rattle of musketry, and the roar of artillery. So long had we all been sojourning in the valley of the shadow of death!

As distance lends enchantment to the view, it is possible that the spectacle I have endeavoured to describe may be denounced by a class of Englishmen, as cruel and inhuman; but they ought, before condemning, to pause and reflect on the enormity of the crime, which the men who were executed had projected. They had planned the destruction of every European—man, woman, and child—on the island of Bombay.

As soon, however, as the present crisis has passed, when the mutiny shall be over, and order quite restored, I, for one, would recommend the abolition of this punishment. India has become so familiarised to the spectacle, that it excites little or no dread. The gallows, or Demarara has far greater terrors for the miscreants of Cawnpore and Delhi, than whole parks of artillery. They sneak like dogs to the gallows to be hanged; but they march like soldiers to the cannon's mouth to be blown away!

A PACKET-SHIP'S COMPANY.

WE had been a fortnight on board the mail packet on our way home from the West Coast of Africa, and had exhausted nearly every possible amusement it provided under those circumstances and within those limits. We had on board the usual complement of strange-looking captains and traders from the river Bonny, and, after passing Accra, had watched the canoes come off through the surf at Cape Coast Castle, and landed and walked up to the governor's house at Sierra Leone. We had played at whist and the game of the race at all unoccupied times, and had displayed our various vocal powers and musical acquirements,—which, I must confess, were not of a nature to have enlivened any circle,—and as we were homeward bound we had no newspapers and very few books.

The passengers consisted mainly of officers going home on sick leave; one of whom—whose father held a civil appointment of importance on the Gold Coast—was accompanied by his sister. Then there were five or six bronzed captains, and copper-coloured merchants of gold dust and ivory, so that altogether our number mounted to fourteen. We were by no means a lively company, and as I have said before, at the expiration of a fortnight we seemed to have exhausted all our amusements and consequently to have annihilated every possible subject of mutual interest.

Under these circumstances we had for two or three evenings running, sat on the quarter-deck beneath an awning, looking listlessly from one to the other, watching young Wilson

of the Gold Coast Corps, who was going home on sick leave; envying him his power of unlimited sleep; or lazily following with our eyes the one-armed captain who paced the deck in an uneasy, restless manner from morning to night. He had not been home for fourteen years, and had now left his ship, a stationary merchant vessel, up the river Bonny, to "have a look at the old country."

A more uncomfortable, unsatisfactory companion it would be impossible to imagine; and young Wilson, who shared a double cabin with him, was loud in his complaints, and pathetic in his appeals for sympathy.

"Sleep," said Wilson, "I can't sleep—that fellow won't let me sleep; and it's all very well to talk, but you can't get any sleep worth having, in the day-time. You know his berth is fixed just over mine, and no sooner have I turned in, and fallen into a doze than—rat-tat-tat-tat—goes the iron hook fastened to the stump of his arm.

"The first night I thought he wanted something, so I called out, 'What's the matter, skipper?' but he only growled at me in reply. And I declare that every hour of every night since then, or whenever he thinks I am asleep, rat-tat-tat-tat comes that hook on the frame of the berth just above my head. I don't bear it meekly, I assure you, and I have used more bad language to that man than I ever used before in my life. But, upon my honour, I believe he would rather hear me swear at him than say nothing at all; for he'll often give a kind of a sighing groan after it, as though some one had lifted a heavy weight from his chest."

"You may depend upon it he has got a bad conscience," said our one lady. By the bye she was treated with as much deference as if she had been Queen of England; and she was a queen in her own small way, and not a bad queen either,—Queen of Beauty—Wilson said, and one or two more who were inclined to be spooney.

So of course when she suggested "conscience" we all echoed the "depend upon it," and every one offered laughingly a possible explanation of the cause. And thus we fell into a talk about this same conscience and its torments, and began to tell stories illustrative of it. Most of them were, I must confess, neither very amusing nor very instructive; and pretty Miss Graham began to yawn, and her brother Captain Graham had followed the example of young Wilson and was fast asleep.

Then, after two old sea-captains had spun a long yarn there was a pause, which Miss Graham broke by exclaiming:

"Oh, Mr. Barkum, you have been to all kinds of places, seen such queer things, do tell us a true story."

The Mr. Barkum thus addressed—a jolly old trader—replied with a grin:—

"What shall I tell you, miss?"

"I don't know. As we are on the sea, tell

us a story of shipwreck—but not a melancholy one."

"Never told one in my life, miss!"

"But you have been shipwrecked, have you not?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Barkum, "sure-ly yes miss, sure-ly. Why I was shipwrecked here," with a broad wave of the arm which included the whole Atlantic.

"You don't say so, Mr. Barkum. Do tell us all about it. What did you do?"

"Well," said that gentleman, "we was tossed here and we was tossed there for three days and three nights, and then we took to the boats. And after we took to the boats we was tossed here and we was tossed there for three days and three nights more;—and wery cold and wery wet we were. Then the victuals fell short; and for three days and three nights we had nothin' to eat nor nothin' to driuk, and wery hungry and wery thirsty we were."

Here Mr. Barkum made a long pause.

Miss Graham said:—

"And was there no vessel to pick you up, Mr. Barkum? How did you manage?"

"Well miss. We burnt priming and made a fire in the dripping pan that the black cook would not have believed. Then we cast lots, and the lot fell on the steward; so we stewed—"

"Good Heaven, Mr. Barkum!"

"Yes, miss, we did, indeed. We stewed his boots—Wellingtons. The tops was the tenderest. Then we cast lots again, and the lot fell on the black cook; so we stewed his pumps; but they was uneatable, though the soup kept us alive, ten days. After that we cast lots again and the lot fell on the captain, and we stewed his water-boots; but they was tremendous tough, sure-ly."

At this point Mr. Barkum was interrupted by a general shout of remonstrance.

"Well," says he, "when a lady tells a man she wants a story of a shipwreck, what's he to do? I told the very best I could." And with another grin Mr. Barkum, who seemed not so much to have told his story as to have had it jerked out of him, leant back and looked round him, apparently well satisfied with the effect he had produced.

"Humph!" was uttered in a hoarse growl behind him, at which we all started—for it came from no other than the "silent man;"—an old sea-captain, who had been picked up nobody knew where or how, and who had not uttered a syllable since he had been on board. He would stand all day long looking over the stern of the vessel, gloomy and intent,—giving no answer to whomsoever addressed him. But now he stooped over Miss Graham and laying one rough hand on her shoulder while with the other he pointed out beyond the stern of the vessel:

"She'll do it," he said in a hoarse whisper, "she'll do it—she's bound to do it."

And he walked rather unsteadily to his old position.

"He's been at our grog-bottles; that's what's opened his lips. He never has any of his own, and you saw him come up from the saloon," said Captain Graham shaking himself out of a doze.

But his sister was all astonishment. "Who is she, and what is she bound to do? It can't be this ship, for he pointed out to sea."

"Never mind miss," said Mr. Minchin—a lean yellow-faced man, who looked like an American, though he called himself English. "Perhaps he's got somebody after him; who knows?" and he winked mysteriously not so much at any one person as at the whole ship's crew. "Though when I'm after a man myself I take good care he shan't know much about it."

"You after a man, Mr. Minchin? why, what do you go after him for?"

"Well ma'am, for various reasons; sometimes for one thing and sometimes for another. Now, there was the captain of the Golden Fleece. I followed that man four years, and I'll tell you how it happened."

"The Golden Fleece was bound from California to Liverpool, and, besides a very valuable cargo of furs and such like, she had on board a quarter of a million in gold-dust and nuggets. Pretty pickings among that, I can tell you,—and so thought the Captain—Jones, his name was. Now, I dare say, Captain Jones didn't like the risks of a voyage home; so after he had been at sea ten days, he ran the Golden Fleece on a rock about a mile from the shore, and then he and the crew took to the boats. Well, of course he wrote home to the owners how the Golden Fleece was wrecked off the coast of California, and how he and the crew only just escaped with their lives. And of course, the owners didn't like it; nor the underwriters didn't like it; for they were let in for a quarter of a million besides the worth of the vessel, and the fifty thousand pound sterling that the cargo was valued at; and that's no joke.

"So after a few months they sends for me. 'Mr. Minchin,' says they, 'this is a very lame story!'

"It is," says I, 'very lame.'

"Captain Jones don't come home," says they.

"No," says I, 'nor I don't suppose he's very likely to come home.'

"Mr. Minchin, will you go out and see after the Golden Fleece?"

"I will," says I.

"And will you," says they, 'learn something about Captain Jones? Never mind the time, and never mind the expense, but don't come back to England without Captain Jones.'

"If Captain Jones is to be found," says I; 'I'll find him, dead or alive.'

"Well, ma'am, of course this was not the first time by many that I'd been on some such

errand; and for one cause or another I've been sent out from Lloyd's, to places all over the world almost, where vessels have been wrecked.

"But not to weary you, ma'am, and the company, with an account of the voyage and adventures,—and indeed we had none of the latter, except that in crossing the isthmus of Panama, which was not so quiet then as it is now, we wiped out a small party of Indians—"

"Wiped them out, Mr. Minchin?"

"Well, miss, if we hadn't wiped them out, they'd have wiped us out: I'll tell you the whole story some day. But to go back to the Golden Fleece. I went along the coast—and I found her. There she was, just in as good condition as on the day when the crew deserted her. I went on board at low water, and found that Captain Jones had run her on a sharp-pointed rock, which fitted into her just like a wedge; the water couldn't get in, and she couldn't get off or be got off without considerable trouble. I went over her and found the cargo all right enough; nothing touched there, and very little damaged. But all the gold was gone, ma'am, which I had expected from the first. Well, I first of all got out the cargo, and sent that home, and then, did the best I could about the ship.

"After that, thinks I to myself, 'Now, Captain Jones, it's your turn; and a pretty stiff turn it'll be for you, or my name ain't Minchin.' I wasn't in no manner of hurry you must remember—for I knew he couldn't spend the money, and I knew he daren't invest it, or make much stir about it in any way. So my object was to find him, and to find him quietly, and make him give it up.

"Well! You'll, maybe, hardly believe it, but it was three years before I could come upon that man's track. I did come upon it at last, though, and I was pretty sure I had found him in a Mr. Weeks, settled in Canada. Naturally, business took me to the place where Mr. Weeks lived, and I soon picked up acquaintance with him.

"He was Captain Jones. I found out that; and before long I was more sure than ever that he had neither spent the money nor invested it; but where he'd got it I couldn't tell.

"After a time Mr. Weeks and I got to be very great friends, and at the end of six months Mr. Weeks began to talk of how he should like to go into business—something in the commercial line—as he had a small capital to invest. 'Very small!' thinks I to myself. 'Only a quarter of a million!' However, I said that was just what I was looking out for, too, and so to make a long story short, we agreed to enter into partnership, and by my advice we were to go first to Liverpool, and make arrangements with different firms there.

"I must confess, that voyage home did seem rather a long one; but it was over at last, and Mr. Weeks and I, were walking along the streets of Liverpool. So I put one hand to my belt, where I had pistols—and he knew it, and carried pistols himself,—and the other I laid on his shoulder.

"Now Captain Jones, of the Golden Fleece," says I, "I've been after you this four years, and I've got you safe home at last." Ma'am, if you'll believe it, that man never said a word, but just fixed his eyes on me and staggered against the wall. Now, I didn't want to give him into custody if I could help it; for I knew that those who employed me would a good deal rather let him go free and they have their gold, than see him transported, and carry with him the secret of where it was hidden.

"So I told him that he might let me know next morning whether I should hand him over to a police-constable, or whether he'd tell me where he'd got the gold.

"He never spoke a word. So I led him to an inn, and locked myself in a room with him till the next morning."

"Were you not afraid he'd shoot you, Mr. Minchin?"

"No, I wasn't afraid he'd shoot me, but I was terribly afraid he'd shoot himself. However, I kept a sharp eye on him, and as he saw he'd no chance of getting off anyhow, he just made a clean breast of it. So the end was, that we got back nearly the whole of the gold-dust, which he'd buried soon after landing from the wreck. I knew all along that he hadn't got it with him. And they that employed me made me a present of a thousand pounds over and above what had been agreed on for that job."

"Well," said young Wilson, who looked wide awake, "you're a queer fish. May I ask if you're after anybody, now?"

"May be I am, and may be I am not. But, I suppose, you don't think I am after you?"

"Why, no. I am pretty sure of that, any how. But I wish you were after that one-armed fellow?"

"Keep your mind easy, Mr. Wilson. He'll put his own head into the halter, if there's one made for him; and I do know that there's friends a-waiting for him in England, who'll be very glad to see him home again."

"There, now, I knew there was something! Now, Minchin, do tell us what it is; there's a good fellow."

"Not I, Mr. Wilson. No, ma'am, nor I don't tell you neither: nor we don't have no secret about the matter."

And Mr. Minchin kept his word. So, who the one-armed captain was, or what he had done, we could not find out until we reached Plymouth. Every one avoided him instinctively, our own captain setting the example; and all the latter part of the

voyage young Wilson slept on deck, rather than share the same cabin with him. But it was only when, in answer to our signals, two police officers came off to our vessel in the river and arrested this man, that we heard the story of the slow cruel torture, the barbarous murder, committed by him on board his ship in the river Bonny, twelve years before.

The "Silent Man," after he had once spoken, was no longer inaccessible. We used to join him in his watch at the stern of the vessel, and say:

"Well, sir, will she do it?"

His invariable answer, pointing backward over the sea, was

"She'll do it; she's bound to do it, and she'll do it."

As we entered Plymouth Harbour he once more sought Miss Graham, put his hand on her shoulder, and, pointing in the invariable direction said,

"She's done it. She was bound to do it, and she's done it."

I have no clear idea to this day, who "she" was, or what she was bound to do, or what she did, or how or when or why she did it, or what would have happened to her or to you or to me if she had not done it.

FINNISH MYTHOLOGY.

If any one, a hundred years ago had uttered the famous nautical expression, "tip us your *Finn*," with the intention of facetiously extracting some knowledge as to the nature or creed of that race of Finns that once was largely spread over the globe, and now nestles in the north-east of Europe, he would have made a most unreasonable request. It is true that Michael Agricola (afterwards Bishop of Abo), who, in fifteen hundred and fifty-one, published a Finnish version of the Psalms of David, prefaced the same with some indifferent verses, still extant; in which while he bewailed the blindness of his heathenish countrymen, he gave a list of their false gods. But his lines are only fifty-two in number, and not only is his information necessarily scanty, but it is very unsatisfactory as far as it goes. A collection of the Runes, or ancient poems of the Finns, made by Professor H. G. Porthan, of Abo, who died in eighteen hundred and four, was the first production showing anything like a complete knowledge of Finnish mythology, and was followed by two learned works on the subject, written respectively by C. E. Lenqvist, and C. Ganander. However, Rune-gathering has progressed greatly since the commencement of the present century: in eighteen hundred and thirty-five, a collection of the Epic poems of the ancient Finns was published by Dr. Lönnrot, under the title of the *Kalewala*; and, at present, the great authority in this branch of learning, is Matthias Alexander Castrén, a native of Fin-

land, who devoted a short but active life to the study of the language and literature of his country. The result of Castrèn's mythological researches are comprised in a series of lectures, originally delivered in the Swedish language, and since translated into German by A. Schiefner, another ardent student of Finnish antiquities, who has likewise favoured the world with a German translation of the *Kalewala*.

As, however, in spite of these helps, we venture to suspect that the Finnish mythology will be entirely new to many of our readers, and as, moreover, this same mythology is exceedingly curious, we deem it not inexpedient to construct a Finnish Pantheon, of small dimensions, but, we trust, by no means incomplete. Nevertheless, we would premise that this article merely takes cognisance of the gods of the ancient Finns, as distinguished from the demons and the heroes.

For him who would saunter easily along the not very familiar path of Finnish mythology, and scratch himself as little as possible against the erudite thorns that menace him from the wayside; the best method is, to assume at once, that the principal celestial deity,—the Zeus or Odin of the system—is named Ukko. The student may be told that Ukko, properly speaking, is no deity at all, but merely an epithet answering to the Cockney "Old un;" and, on that account, considered a title of respect by Finns of good breeding. In confirmation of this opinion he may also learn, that when a Finnish Chesterfield meets a bear—an animal that is considered to have extraordinary claims on human politeness—it is the etiquette to address him as, "My old un, my bird, my beauty, my golden one." Jumala, he may be informed, is the original deity of the upper regions, flattered, like the bear, by the appellation Ukko. But there is a formidable opinion on the other side, to the effect that Jumala never denoted any particular god, but merely implies deity in general, so that every one of the gods may be called a Jumala in his turn, without impropriety. In the opinion of Matthias Castrèn, Jumala originally denoted the sky, which was first revered by the rudest Finns, without any notion of personality; then it came to signify the divine inhabitant of the sky, as the most primitive form of nature-worship was abandoned; and lastly, it was sublimed into that merely abstract sense, which expresses no distinctive character. To heaven itself was given the name *taivas*, and *taivahan ukko* (the old man of the sky), took the place of Jumala in the second signification.

However, let the controversy respecting the superior antiquity of Jumala and Ukko be settled as it may, certain it is, that in the classic age of Finnish Mythology, the celestial chief is called by the latter appellation. Therefore we say, let the easy-going student

stick to Ukko, and banish Jumala from his mind, as a very perplexing personage, who assists controversialists to raise as many clouds as he is reported to govern.

We fix our thoughts then on Ukko, the supreme ruler of the Finnish sky, whose attributes are not a little remarkable. His stockings are blue, his shoes are of various colours, and his shirt darts forth sparks of flame. The lightning is his sword, and he is in the habit of shooting copper arrows from the rainbow. His station is the centre of the firmament, which, by some ingenious process hard to conceive, he carries on his shoulders; but he is by no means so firmly fixed in one position, that, when the sun and moon happen to be lost (as was once actually the case) he cannot roam about the horizon to look for them.

Over the domestic relations of Ukko a veil is thrown, which is the more singular as the Finnish deities were generally supposed to be substantial householders, with wives and families. It is whispered, indeed that Ukko has a wife, named Rauni; and Agricola, in his list of deities, makes the remark, that when Rauni thundered, Ukko thundered too. There, however, information seems to stop; and as this thundering on both sides does not seem to denote any high degree of domestic felicity, we may assume that Ukko's marriage was not altogether a happy one; and that therefore the Finns, from motives of delicacy, alluded to it as little as possible.

As ruler of the sky, Ukko necessarily directs all the meteorological phenomena. Clouds, rain, snow, hail, lightning, and thunder come under his special jurisdiction; and, strange to say, the Finnish mind considers thunder as so completely distinct from lightning, that while the former is regarded with the most abject terror, the latter is treated with comparative levity. Thus, a man may pray that Ukko will disperse his enemies with lightning, or even lend him a fire-flash, but no one dreams of praying for thunder. Nor is this distinction confined to the old Runes; a particular dread of thunder is common in various parts of Finland, even at the present day.

So immediately are clouds and sunshine connected with the fertility of the earth, that the recognition of Ukko as an agricultural deity is no more than natural. In the sowing season the old Finns used to honour him with an especial festival, at which his health was the standing-toast. However, so great is the power of Ukko, that his aid may be supplicated even in cases that have no immediate reference to his high office as ruler of the sky. Thus, he has been asked to stop blood in the case of a cut foot, to keep a bear from devouring sheep, and to supply the devotee with a good pair of shoes for travelling in the snow.

Nevertheless, mighty as Ukko may be, we

must not infer that the other deities of the Finnish mythology live under a despotism. Indeed, it is a peculiarity of the system that, far from the minor gods being dependent on their supreme chief, each of them is potent in his own limited region, to an extent not contemplated in the mythologies of Greece and Rome. Päivä, god of the sun; Kuu, god of the moon; Otava, god of the Great Bear; and Tähti, god of the polar star, all go their own way, caring as little for Ukko as if he did not exist at all. It may be observed that the names here given signify as well the luminaries themselves as the deities that preside over them; or, more strictly speaking, signify the same objects, as contemplated from two different points of view. Here, as in the case of Jumala, we find a transition from the worship of the natural object as it is, to the worship of the same object personified. Such transitions are common in the history of all mythologies. People begin by adoring the moon; then they worship the man in the moon.

An amusing story about a wooing expedition, in which the sun, moon, and polar star were suitors, is told by the Finns and the Esthonians, who both belong to the same race. The object of the suit was a lovely maiden, hatched from a goose's egg (as Helen from a swan's), and she gave the preference to the least conspicuous luminary. To the moon (who, as with the Germans, is masculine) she objected that there was nothing stable in his appearance, inasmuch as his face was sometimes narrow and sometimes broad. Moreover, he had a bad habit of roving about all night, and remaining idle at home all day, which habit was highly detrimental to the true interests of a household. The objection to the sun (who is masculine likewise, as with the Greeks, but not the Germans) was less rational, inasmuch as it referred to him as the cause not only of heat in summer, but also of cold in winter, and of all the variations of the weather. The polar star she accepted, because he always came home punctually, and, when there, looked very dignified on the shoulders of the Great Bear, and the back of the Pleiades—which is somewhat difficult astronomy.

We are not to suppose that, in consequence of this failure, the sun and moon pass their lives in single blessedness. On the contrary, every one of the celestial luminaries—Great Bear and all—is a paterfamilias, at the head of a very grand establishment, the chief ornament of which is a lovely daughter, greatly skilled in the art of weaving. The sun, moreover, rejoices in two male olive-branches. One of these, the god of fire, is named Panu; the other seems to be without a name, being simply called Päivän-poika (the son of the sun). The latter figures advantageously in a story of Wainämöinen, the great hero of Finnish epic. Having caught a fish that has dieted itself on sparks fallen

from heaven, Wainämöinen is afraid to touch it with his bare fingers, when Päivän-poika makes his appearance, and says that he is ready to cut it up, if he can borrow the knife belonging to his father, the sun. No sooner are these words uttered than a knife with a golden handle and silver blade starts from the clouds, and Päivän-poika does his work handsomely. All the celestial deities, it may be observed, are of a benignant nature. Indeed, Päivätär and Kuutar, the daughters respectively of the sun and moon, have been petitioned for small loans of gold and silver; and, on one occasion, have been known to bestow on an indigent damsel, the handsome present of six golden girdles, and seven blue gowns, to say nothing of trinkets.

The water as well as the sky was an object of religious adoration to the ancient Finns. At the head of the aquatic deities stands Ahti, originally, no doubt, the water itself, but afterwards the god of waters, who is represented as a venerable old man, with a beard of grass, and a garment of sea-foam. His wealth is considered enormous, and he has a somewhat unamiable character for rapacity, though his heart is not altogether inaccessible to kindly feeling. The story is told of a shepherd-boy who, having let his knife fall into a river, cried so loud that Ahti came to the brink to see what was the matter, and, on being informed of the loss, dived into the water whence he presently re-appeared with a knife of gold. The boy innocently declared that this was not the lost article, and likewise disclaimed the ownership of a silver knife that was afterwards offered in a similar manner. Touched by so much honesty, Ahti not only took a third dip, and brought up the proper knife, but liberally made the boy a present of the other two. Generally, however, the wealth of Ahti was thought to consist rather in abundance of fish than in precious metals.

Wellamo, a stern but benevolent personage, attired in a reedy foamy costume, is the wife of Ahti, and there are several minor deities of the water, who are regarded sometimes as the children, sometimes as the subjects, of this happy pair. Of these the most remarkable is Pikku mies (the little man), who, though no taller than one's thumb, is remarkable for his strength, and wears a cap, boots, gloves, and girdle, all of copper, with a copper hatchet stuck in the last, these articles being sometimes varied by stone shoes and a helmet hewn out of the rock. On one occasion he beneficently used his strength to cut down a huge oak that, to the great inconvenience of mankind, interrupted the light of the sun with its branches, and thus occasioned a general darkness. When he first rose from the surface of the sea, his diminutive stature inspired little confidence; but he gradually grew so tall, that, while his feet trod the ground, his head penetrated the

clouds. Three blows of the copper hatchet sufficed to bring down the tree, which had completely defied the strength of the strongest mortal. Far less reputable is the character of Turso, a mischievous water-deity, whose malignity, it may be supposed, is greater than his power, for when he once raised a storm for the purpose of upsetting a boat that carried the hero Wäinämöinen, that great man, observing him at the boat-side, pulled him out of the water by his two ugly ears, and would not let him go till he had solemnly promised never to show himself again.

The earth, bountiful to the children of the South, is niggardly to the Finns, and consequently the Finns show it but slight veneration. There is, indeed, a certain Maan Emo, or earth mother, a clever Pellervoinen, or son of the fields, who, at a short notice, can cover a barren soil with vegetation, and, according to Agricola, each species of corn had its presiding deity; but the records of these personages are so meagre, that they scarcely become personified at all.

One class of terrestrial deities stands, however, far above the rest; namely, the deities of the forest, whose superior rank may be attributed to the fact that, among the Finns hunting was a more important occupation than agriculture. Their chief is Tapio, who is represented as an old man with a dark brown beard, a hat woven from the needle-shaped leaves of the fir-tree, and a raiment of moss. Tapio has a wife, named Miellikki, who, as well as himself, is treated with great respect, but whose personal appearance seems to have varied with the luck of the hunter. When the chase turns out well, she is described as a lovely benignant-looking lady, with golden ornaments on her head, hands, and fingers, pearls in her eye-brows, blue stockings on her feet, and red shoe-strings. On the other hand, if the hunter is unfortunate, Miellikki is regarded as a hideous being, with ornaments fashioned of twigs, ragged clothes, and shoes made of grass. Nor do these opposite descriptions merely represent the temper of the devotee. It is firmly believed that when she is kindly disposed she puts on her handsome face and best accoutrements, and that she becomes ugly and shabby when she means to be malicious. On the same principle, Tapiola, the palace of the forest deities, is a stately or a mean abode according to the temporary disposition of the inhabitants. In the store-room of this palace, abundant treasures, including a vast quantity of honey, are safely locked up, the key being constantly suspended at the side of the housewifely Miellikki. However, the wealth of the Tapiola deities mainly consists of the beasts of the forest and the field, which from their great number require the attention not only of Tapio and his wife, but also of a mob of sons, daughters, and servants, who are all comprised together under the common

name of Tapion kansa, or Tapio people. For the most part the minor deities, subject to the great chief and his wife, are of the softer sex, though Tapio has a son named Nyyrikki, who is described as a stately personage, and is especially entreated to cut notches in the trees, and thus prevent the hunter from losing his way in the forest. He is also requested to build bridges over marshy spots, that cattle may cross them in safety.

It will be observed, that the woodland deities are important to the grazier as well as to the hunter, tame cattle as well as wild beasts being placed under their superintendance. Tellervo, a useful personage who looks after her mistress's private stock of cattle, also protects the herds belonging to mortal owners—nay, she has been requested to make cows look like ugly fishes, that the wild animals of the forest may not devour them. A daughter of Tapio's, named Tuulikki, who assists the hunters in obtaining their prey, and the handmaiden of the forest (Metsän piika), who has no proper name at all, and who is in the habit of waking her mistress, Miellikki, with a remarkably sweet flute, that the prayer of the worshipper may be heard, maintain the general character of the woodland deities for benignity; but it must not be supposed that the evil of the forest is confined to the occasional sulkiness of Miellikki. There is a horrible fiend of the woods, named Hiisi, who sends all sorts of plagues and maladies to mankind, and whose nature is so generally recognised, that a Finn will tell a person to go to Hiisi, where an Englishman would bid him go to the d—. Moreover Hiisi is not only bad, but also strong and clever, while all that belongs to him is of first-rate quality. The sinews of his elk make the very best bow-strings, a harp cannot be better strung than with the hairs from his wild horse; his dogs and cats emulate their master in ferocity. On the homœopathic principle Hiisi has, indeed, been sometimes invoked to cure disorders, and the hereditary wickedness of his little son and his daughter is so far useful, that they are occasionally implored to do mischief to enemies; however, so bad is the character of Hiisi and all his connections, that his special residence in the forest is almost overlooked, and he is treated as a symbol of evil in general, as the Eblis or the Ahirman of the system.

The Finns believed in what is called a "future state," and connected with this belief was a whole system of subterranean deities. There is reason to suppose that, according to the older theories on this subject, the deceased carried on a shadowy sort of life in his grave, and in this situation he would probably be the subject of Kalma, the goddess of tombs, an awful personage, whose daughter supplies serpents with their venom. But Kalma is as obscure as she is terrible, and we therefore gladly quit her for the representative of the

more modern theory, that the souls of the departed are all collected together in a subterranean place, called Tuonela. The ruler of this limbo is Tuoni (with whom Kalma is sometimes confounded); and so securely is he fortified against intrusion, that the adventurer who would visit Tuonela must cross nine seas and a-half, and then complete his journey by the passage of a river.

Tuonela, subterranean though it be, is not so very dissimilar to the earth. The sun shines upon it, rivers water it, forests—not to the exclusion of meadow-lands—grow upon its soil, and it is blessed with an ample live-stock of bears, wolves, snakes, and the like; but though the land is not barren, all that it nurtures or produces is of a bad sort. The forests are dark beyond the earthly standard; the water is black; and the corn-fields yield a crop that arms with teeth a most unpleasant animal, called the Tuoni-worm (Tuonen Toukka). However, the stream which must be crossed in order to visit Tuonela, and which is called the Tuonela river par excellence, is endowed with a sanctity similar to that of the infernal Styx in the Greek mythology, inasmuch as an oath by its cataract is binding on the most potent beings.

Though Tuoni is the god of death, he is not supposed to be its cause. People must be dead already before he has anything to do with them; and when they reach his domain, he carefully watches over them, while his wife, nicknamed the "good hostess" (hyvä emäntä), hospitably entertains them with frogs and snakes.

The family of Tuoni is generally repulsive. He himself is an old man, with only three fingers, and a hat that hangs over his shoulders; his wife is notorious for hooked fingers and a distorted chin; his son, sometimes called the "red-cheeked" (punaposki), from his sanguinary propensities, has claws of iron. Then, as for the daughters of the family, they are a sadly disreputable lot. Loviatar, the worst of them all, is not only blind, hideous, and black as well in soul as in complexion, but she is the mother of nine children, who are a greater nuisance than herself. Kipu-tyttö, who has nothing to do with the dead department, keeps diseases in a hollow rock, much as Æolus preserved his winds, and when they contrive to escape, tormenting mortals wherever they go, she is sometimes requested to lock them up again. The lady, who is simply called the daughter of Tuoni, or Manala (another name of Tuoni), and who, we may presume, is the eldest of the family, is very ugly and very ill-tempered, but she has been known to perform an act of kindness, and is, therefore honourably distinguished from the rest.

However, the main population of Tuonela consists of mortals, who have terminated their earthly career, and now form a vast

subterranean mob. Their existence is far from idle, the old being provided with staves, the young, with swords, and the middle-aged with spears, as if for active service. The character of excessive watchfulness, and excessive severity is common to them all, so that, according to the Finnish creed a man no sooner dies, than he becomes crabbed and disagreeable; and he who loses his life, is sure to lose his temper also.

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

X.

IF an inquirer into the faces and ways of men be a true wanderer—a philosophic vagabond, as Doctor Goldsmith has it—and will see for himself, feel for himself, and work for himself; if he be man enough to leave his portmanteau behind at head-quarters, and take with him broad felt hat, wallet and umbrella; if he have resolution to trudge it for only a few days, looking well to the right and left as he goes, sketching in a figure, a sheeling, or a wind-mill—if he have that gift—halting at wayside cabaret for a stoup of wine, when weary; prodigious will be the profit and entertainment that wandering man will draw from his labours. His days will go by lightly, relished with an infinite zest, and his nights will be given to sweet and weary slumbers. He will find a strong sense of enjoyment in his life. He will have no moments of dulness or stagnation. He will look abroad through nature with the late Doctor Aken-side, not exactly to the range of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres (which, after all are dreamy things, but sapless to the last degree) but to picturesque aborigines, and handsome costumes, and bits of landscape. Good Isaac Walton, the angler, had it that his was the contemplative man's recreation; but I take it, with all deference to Piscator and Venator and the other gentlemen, that this trudging through a country is the true sport for a thoughtful man, and hath the best value in it.

Let over-worked Jurisconsultus, whose eyes are bleared and whose head aches with exploring that great white country, known, painfully, as abstract of title, conveyance, and pleas; let poor, wan Jurisconsultus lock his chambers behind him, and turn that awful blue bag of his into a wallet, and then go out and walk. Let him abstract himself—if he must have that entertainment—and convey to himself in fee (mentally, that is), the pleasant homesteads he will go by. Let him put that terrible leading case far from his thoughts—let him leave it under lock and key in those chambers, to greet him on his return. Let him flee far from railways and forego that use of Coke, as well as that awful folio on the shelves. So he will return, after a month's wandering, rubicund and light-hearted,—inclined rather to look at the lead-

ing case, jocularly, and with a certain irreverence.

All ye men of law—now wasting away slowly over midnight studies—take this counsel home with you, offered by one of your own brethren. Become walking-men, walleted, unencumbered men, for a brief season in the year, and it will be the better for you!

It is morning,—and the sun, with ruddy orb ascending, does not exactly fire the horizon, but has been grilling that boundary of vision with a steady, remorseless purpose. It is scarcely an encouraging walking-day, but the wandering man, while lying awake the night previous, has formed a purpose,—that he will go forth at early dawn and see what the face of the land is like.

So he goes out, first, at a good round pace to get free of the city, passing by those early morning workers and operations—those lusty women beating mats—those milk-deliverers—those scrupulous artisans getting their boots cleaned at their own doors. Such working aspect hath every busy city at this hour. But gradually houses begin to thin off, and a few stunted trees and patches of grass come into view. Under a stunted tree the wandering man calls a halt, for the purpose of knowing his own mind and which road he shall follow.

A hard question to resolve, as he stands below the stunted tree. For, like an ill-constructed tale whose catastrophe is visible from the very beginning, the country stretches off far and wide, opening out flatly, and disclosing itself with unreserved confidence; but with scarcely a landmark visible beyond certain faint outlines which he knows will turn out to be windmills. Windmills will be his portion for that day, he has a shrewd suspicion. Suppose he go forward in the direction of the open country, that is to say, in no particular direction, but promiscuously?

Striking off then vigorously towards this point, the wandering man is brought out, in the course of time, upon a hard road. The hard road stretches away in front like a thread—straight as a whip—until it touches a point; and then, by the accepted laws of perspective, seems to go no further. The hard road stretches away behind, like another straight whip, and grows to a point there. This being the prospect, the walking man is clearly thrown in upon himself, and, for the readiest entertainment, is driven back upon the hard road itself. He discovers, with interest, that the hard road has, in a manner a certain duality;—one portion being heavy, out-speaking paving-stones, the other grateful mould of Rotten Row quality,—plenty for the behoof and hoof of equestrians (execrable attempt this, but it forced itself unguardedly on the wandering man as he struggled with the monotony of the hard road.)

A clatter as of riders—some miles of the road

done by this time—the hollow thump of heavy steeds. Three Dutchmen, on monster dray-horses, go by, jogging up and down ponderously, like enough to break the back of any horse of English quality. They must ride fifteen stone a-piece, or thereabouts, and are flogging their beasts over the Rotten Row mould unmercifully. It results, at times, that riders are huddled in suddenly on one another, which once goes near to unhorsing of the off equestrian. Behind whom run two dogs of Dutch breed—the true, thickset, double-nosed creatures, who have slipped into our own land, and do good service for sporting uses. They look at the wandering man hungrily, as though they would relish a good bite out of his calf.

More miles of the hard road. A little break in the shape of a bridge and canal crossing; the bridge steep as the Rialto. Then hard road as before. But there is something coming; so be of good heart, wandering man. Here are trees, and a house or so, and, on the right, a gateway.

Nothing short of a château belonging to a person of quality. The château has a handsome gateway, and twisted iron gates of the old pattern. It has abundance of trees about it—that is to say, top-knots and bunches of verdure fastened on little sticks. It seems to be a good house, with plenty of sleeping accommodation in the slates; and, yet, taking it all in all, the wandering man—who is peering through the twisted iron of the gates—thinks it must be highly insalubrious, for it rises out of ornamental water: green ornamental water that is eminently stagnant. That fluid has been asleep this many a day. From the iron gates an avenue leads up, and a little bridge leads across, and, just in front of the hall-door, the earth slopes down to the water with a little piece of decoration like the front of a French pendule—two nymphs in marble (lead, perhaps, whitened) reposing on a centre-piece. Only the nymphs' persons, being laved ceaselessly by stagnation, are green and smirched. There is a decayed summer-house, or kiosk, at one side; to which the person of quality and friends of quality might have retired of evenings for a quiet schnaps, only the decayed kiosk rises out of slime also. Strange taste this—seemingly universal—the wandering man having noted that every residence of pretension he drew near was given, more or less, to this green element. No doubt it is held to be Corinthian or aristocratic thin this ornamental water; taking the place of deer-park or other addition upon which people near home might plume themselves. But there were no signs of life about the person of quality's residence: no figures walking, no heads at the windows. Certain symptoms of desertion, rather;—weeds, uncut grass, lack of paint, and a broken pane here and there. More curious still, the wandering man met many such tenements during that day's travel; to say nothing of other days' travel: and they

had mostly the same deserted, uncared-for aspect. He was tempted often to put the question:—had they gotten into Dutch chancery, and the lord high functionary taken them into his legal keeping?

Hard road again. More trudging. More Rotten Row. More canals crossing. More Rialto bridging. The country, however, now begins to crowd a little. A house or two, a figure or two, a cart or two—the cart like Messrs. Pickford's light conveyances, only of varnished oak, and poleless; an extremity in front like a cow's horn, under the driver's foot, supplying the want of a pole. On the right, in the centre of a field, is a miniature wind-mill, about ten feet high, that may be turned on a swivel to catch the breeze, and doing its work bravely. There is a miniature miller, too, standing on the little gallery, leaning on his elbows, doing brain-work, perhaps. He will come some morning and find his miniature mill levelled; or, perhaps, removed to the adjoining parish; some fierce storm having been at work the night before.

Weary of the hard road, the wandering man will now take this canal that crosses it, and he follows the canal with strong purpose, until he meets another canal running into the first. By this time it is noonday, and the sun is strong and high in the heavens. He meets light skiffs, now and again, well filled with vegetables and market produce; being drawn through the water swiftly by a rope over the shoulders of a labouring man or woman. He meets tawny maidens and whooping urchins; and, finally, he sees the trees thickening apace, and something like a village a-head. A hamlet, on the banks of a canal: a lock village, as it were.

Some twenty or thirty cottages are collected here, smart and bright, with a house of entertainment in the centre. The road paved here with red stones, brushed very clean. A red house here, to lend warmth and colouring to the view; and, hard by to the house of entertainment, a range of shedding, open at each end, clearly for the comfort of travellers. As he looks and looks, a little donkey-chaise with two ladies, one of whom drives, jogs up and turns in under the shedding; a Dutch ostler comes out with a pail and refreshes the donkey; the driving female getting down to stamp and stretch her limbs; the donkey invigorated, she mounts again and drives off again through the other end of the shed.

The wandering man looks in at the open door of a cottage, and marvels at the brightness and tidiness. Smooth red tiling for floor, flowers in the window in bright polished pots, brass knobs projecting, reflecting the fire, shining pewter, shining tables, shining everything; shining housewife, too, who might have been burnishing her cheeks that same morning, like one of the knobs.

The wandering man is athirst, and will have something at the house of entertain-

ment; so a chair is set for him at the door, and liquor brought out, with a sort of light crusty bread that eats much like baby-rusks. While so refreshing himself, he hears splashing sounds, and finds that there is a handsome canal-boat, or treikschuit, coming by; its yellow timbers having a graceful bend and shining with varnish. There is a wooden bridge to be lifted, and so the treikschuit has to tarry a while, and it enters suddenly into the soul of the wandering man to try, for change sake, that mode of travel.

He is aboard in a trice. Down at the stern, where the man steers, there is room for some three or four stools to squeeze themselves in, and the gentleman at the gang-board proffers an arm lazily, without taking the pipe from his mouth, to help the stranger in. Another passenger is there already; so there is no lack of company.

Most grateful fashion this of travelling per treikschuit. The wandering man lounges back Easternwise, and sees the banks and trees and villages and figures glide by at an easy pace. No weary waiting at locks for filling and emptying. No more impediment than a light bridge spanning the water, the keeper whereof sees the boat coming from afar off, and swings it up without an instant's tarrying. Sometimes a broad sail is spread and the speed grows apace. Oftentimes of a cool Sunday or holiday evening, the wandering man, standing on the bank, has seen float by these pleasant craft, the little nook at the stern well filled with a jocund party, gay parasols and bright ribbons catching the sun's rays, and city exquisites playing the cavalier. Nothing special at the prow, but Pleasure, beyond question, at the helm. 'Twiixt Delft and Schiedam, and again 'twiixt this place of strong waters and Rotterdam do they chiefly abound. Delftians and Schiedamites are wonderfully addicted to this barging it on canals. At times, the wandering man would see a railway-crossing at a dead level, the bridge seeming to him to lie upon the water; which would appear to be a certain obstacle—an impediment irremovable. But, lo! a bare touch, and the light bridge flies round easily on a pivot, and the road is clear. Some ingenious art of balancing must have attained to perfection here, no doubt, worthy of study at home. Sometimes where canal traffic is abundant, and this frequent pivoting would come to be troublesome, the bridge is kept poised some few feet above the water, to let boats go underneath, and drops down at a touch when a train is at hand. These little secrets would seem [to save a world of trouble and heaving and winching, which, after all, would come ungratefully to our Dutchman.

By-and-by another hamlet draws near, with a little clump of trees and flying bridge over again. The flying bridges produce the hamlets, which sprout up, mushroom-like, about them. The bridge-keeper, one may

take it, is the chief dignitary of the place, to be looked up to by his neighbours with a certain awful respect, only due to so important an officer. But here, the wandering man finds that he is drawing near to a little pier built on piles from the canal bank; where, too, there is a little low red house, very trim and daintily kept, at the edge of the wooden pier. Halt here. The barge is securely fastened alongside, while schipper goes ashore with his papers. Appears suddenly at the door of the low red house, a little squat man, round as a ball, with a cap of authority on his head. The chief officer of customs—no other, indeed! With his hands behind him, in the Buonaparte manner, the chief officer waits in his own doorway—under his own fig-tree, as it were—to receive the schipper and his papers. These are presented humbly and with the respect due to a great authority. The great authority is now seen to move down cautiously (as though he were brittle) to the boat—for the search. There is to be a search through the cargo. So a cover is lifted here and there, and the brittle man steps aboard, and peers in cautiously; which he does not do to any extensive degree, his physical shape rendering it, no doubt, highly painful to him. Finally, all being satisfactory and in rule, the papers are handed back countersigned, the authority, round as a ball, rolls into his little red house again, shuts the door behind him, and the treikschuit, cast off, goes now on her way again.

So that day went by. Bridges, hamlets, clumps, and officials, coming now and again. It seemed to the wandering man as if he were, in a small way, going down the Mississippi or some other great American river, and coming periodically to settlements and block-houses. On the whole, however, some of the sensations are very new to him. The fellow passenger aboard did not apparently ask to go beyond his pipe, for, though appealed to, for instance, as to probable dampness or cloudiness of the atmosphere, he declined to commit himself to any opinion further than what might be drawn from short swinish grunts. He was not a profitable voyager, that fellow passenger. His pipe finally became choked beyond possibility of mending, to the secret gratification of the wandering man.

So that day went by. Presently there was reached a small town, beyond which the treikschuit did not go; so there the wandering man was set on shore, wallet and all, just as grey evening set in. Only it was a lonely, deserted spot, and there was good three-quarters of a mile walk before him to the town. That piece of trudging shall end the day's labours. A good inn next, good refec-tion—after the manner of the country—good

liquor, and a wholesome cigar; these small matters will go far to restore the wandering man temporarily.

It is wonderful how this same parcou-ring of a country of a fine summer-day lightens the heart. He who comes out freighted with his load of troubles, as most men do, will find himself dropping them, one by one at every milestone; until, at the end of his day's march, he will find his spirits buoyant as a school-boy's. Likely enough, if he be not strong of purpose, he will discover them next day or so, all waiting for him in a heap, and so bring back his heaviness. Still it is a famous nostrum worth an ocean of physic, specially to be commended to poor, worn Jurisconsultus, before mentioned, and to poor, over-worked officials on short furlough. But to ministerial House of Commons men most of all: to overworked parliamentary drudges, that trudging will turn their sallow cheeks to the likeness of a pair of apples.

Certainly there is not Down Amongst the Dutchmen the best entertainment of the walking order. It is good there for a short spell or so—for a couple of day's march at most. But, setting aside that beaten track over the Swiss mountains, which every walking man thinks to be the proper country for his calling, and where, in truth, there is an over satiety of mountain-climbing, Jung-frau's glaciers, and such things, setting aside this well-trod region,—let him try a land lying conveniently to him, and that is the "Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease;"—France. Let him break ground 'twixt Bourdeaux and Bayonne, and range the Landes. Let him trudge from old Roman town to old Roman town; let him bend off to the Spanish frontier and note where the races begin to blend,—roaming leisurely from village to village and city to city—staying a short or long time as the humour takes him. In that country will be found abundant profit and recreation. Or suppose he take heart and strike across the border into the Spanish country, working his way among the posadas and contrabandists as he may have read of in the novels. Much entertainment in this, too, but more resolution and courage.

The sum of the whole is this: walk and be happy! walk and be healthy. The best of all ways to lengthen our days, is not as Mr. Thomas Moore has it, "To steal a few hours from night, my love;" but with leave, be it spoken, to walk steadily and with a purpose. The wandering man knows of certain ancients, far gone in years, who have staved off infirmities and dissolution by earnest walking,—hale fellows close upon eighty and ninety, but brisk as boys. With which wholesome moral let this chronicle of a day's pilgrimage end.

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USE AND ABUSE OF THE DEAD.

ONE does not forget in a month or two the scandalous details recently made public as to the manner in which masters of workhouses and petty undertakers may, by the disregard of honesty, decency, and common human feeling, increase the supply to the London hospitals of subjects for dissection. The time has not gone by for a discussion of this subject; it never can go by until there shall have been made those further changes in our law which will not only secure the feelings of the poor from outrage, but at the same time will consult to the utmost degree possible or right in England, the interests of a science upon which all who live have to depend for aid in some hour of affliction. It is not so difficult as may at first sight appear to consult alike the national feelings of humanity and the interests of science upon the question that arises out of the imperative necessity that human anatomy should be studied diligently by our surgeons and physicians. As the law now stands, "that is received with the left hand which is reached with the right," and a straight intent makes a wry deed. Nevertheless all praise is due to the Anatomy Act, for though it has left open a door for sordid and inhuman fraud, it shut the door and barred it most effectually against many crimes.

Let us show how the case stands by help of a brief retrospect. Thirty years ago the anatomist in this country was in a position hardly better than that of the bold man who first disdained to study the construction of man's body from dogs, and who, stealing his subjects from the gallows, kept them concealed in his bed, while he dissected them in spite of the denunciations of the Church against impiety that hacked into the divine image with a scalpel. It was impious to dissect the dead for the well-being of society; it was heroic to cut down the living images and temples of the Deity for the pampering of pride in an earthly king, and for the spreading of wretchedness among his subjects. Vesalius first boldly taught that the man who would heal afflictions of the body, must know the construction of the body upon which he is to operate, and that the dead may be made a blessing to the living

when they are made to reveal to surgeons and physicians those exquisite secrets of the wisdom of the Great Artificer which all flesh holds contained within itself. To the glory of God and to the well-being of man even this earthly body, when the soul has passed from it, may serve. Vesalius knew that, and taught it to his brethren.

Thirty years ago, in England, it is hardly exaggeration to say, that there no more existed honest means of studying the Divine handiwork in our own frame than in the days of Vesalius, three hundred years ago. The necessity of dissection was indeed admitted, but the power to dissect, except by encouragement of desecration, was denied. Churchyards were robbed, sick chambers were robbed; the high price that anatomists were compelled to pay for means of study tempted wretched men to commit murder. But still it was necessary for all students of surgery who desired an ample course of study to repair to Paris. In those days the calling of the resurrectionist was followed as an independent business by men who took pride in it, scorned the clumsiness of amateurs, and even resented all intrusion on the churchyards over which they had established claims. The professional resurrectionist chose for himself a well-filled city graveyard, and then worked it, with a miner's industry, in the most systematic manner. The vast majority of the bodies taken in this way were those of paupers, who, being buried near the surface, were accessible, and upon whose undistinguished graves a skilful robbery could be made with little or no chance of detection. The practice was to remove carefully the soil at the head of the grave and expose one end of the coffin, open that, and with an instrument contrived for the purpose, draw out the body by the head. The coffin was then closed again, and the grave also closed again, so neatly that no sign of its desecration could be easily perceived. The value to the resurrectionists of each body so stolen was ten, twelve, and, sometimes even fifteen pounds. Then, the night scenes in a well-filled pauper graveyard were horrible to think about. Rival gangs of resurrectionists would meet sometimes and fight. Vanquished plunderers, envious of the rich mine worked by some rival

company, would enter the ground secretly, rob a grave, and leave it exposed, to awaken horror in the parish. Thus they begot night-watches, and spoilt the market of their enemies. Again, the dead were stolen sometimes from their beds, out of the chambers of death, and this was the only manner of desecration by which the poor were not the chief sufferers. The window of the darkened chamber being usually left a little way open, and watchers by the corpse not being customary in houses of the rich, thieves entering by the window laid their hands on the unburied.

In those days, too, if anybody was found drowned in a canal and brought to shore, it was a common thing for some ruffian to affect loud grief, to claim the corpse as that of a dear wife or daughter, and cause it to be carried to the lodging, out of which it presently departed in a sack to be exchanged for nine or ten pieces of gold. The body was thus in every sense disposed of. After a few days under the hands of the dissector all trace of its identity had vanished. Here was, for society, the most terrible fact of all. When the value of a dead body was great, when towns were full of unconsidered friendless men whom nobody would miss, and whose muscles and bones were as valuable as those of kings, the last hindrance to crime in the minds of those who feared only the vengeance of the law was removed, for the perplexing question, how to destroy the evidence of crime remaining in the body of the victim, was removed entirely, and the price of blood was paid by the same hand that destroyed the evidence of guilt.

For some time murder had been one source—of course a comparatively small source, still a source—of supply to the dissecting-rooms, and had not been suspected by the surgeons, though there were some few of them whom the habit of receiving into schools of anatomy subjects for the use of pupils without any close inquiry into the manner of obtaining them, led to a degree of negligence unquestionably criminal. The truth first flashed upon the country at Edinburgh. A half-witted man, friendless, but well known to sight in Edinburgh streets, was no more seen. Edinburgh is not so large a town but that a man well known by sight can be missed, and his disappearance talked about. Some question arose as to the disappearance of Daft Jamie, into the midst of which a medical student brought the news that he had seen him on a certain day and at a certain time laid out in a certain dissecting-room. Nearly about the same time he was known to have been in the street alive and hale as usual. Clamour arose. The house of Dr. Knox (to whom the dissecting-room in question belonged) was stormed by the populace, and the doctor was mobbed.

The trial of William Burke, whose name has added a word to the English language,

took place at Edinburgh, on the day before Christmas Day in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-eight. He was tried for three murders, Hare being evidence against him, and confessed, after conviction, that within a few months he and Hare had committed sixteen murders, selling the body in each case to Dr. Knox in Surgeon's Square. When trafficking, they represented to the Doctor, to avert suspicion, that they had purchased these bodies, of relations of the dead in different parts of the town. No suspicion seemed to have been excited. Hare kept a lodging-house, and tried lodgers with drink. If they would drink till they lay powerless on the floor, they were then suffocated—one man holding the mouth, nose, and chin, the other holding the whole body down and pressing on the breast. It was only at the previous Christmas that Hare, having joined with Burke to sell the body of a lodger who had died in his debt, first learned with how little inquiries dead bodies were taken, and how well they were paid for. A twelvemonth contained everything; the temptation, the multitude of murders, the conviction, and the sentence to be hanged.

In eighteen hundred and thirty-one, a similar career of murder was cut short in London by the detection of Bishop and Williams. They were professed body-snatchers. Bishop had followed the business for twelve years, and had sold, he said, from five hundred to a thousand bodies; but he confessed to only three murders: that of a boy, which led to his detection, that of a wretched woman whom he found sitting desolate with a child in her arms on the step of a door near Shoreditch church, and that of a poor boy, whom he and Williams found sleeping in the pig-market in Smithfield. As professed resurrection-men, their appearance with a body at a London hospital tended more to deaden than excite suspicion of foul play; but Mr. Partridge, then demonstrator, now professor, of anatomy at King's College, when the body of one of their victims was brought to the dissecting-room of that medical school, perceived a double reason for suspicion. The body was recently dead, the rigidity of death was upon it, the limbs were doubled and had not been laid out; and, at the same time, one of the men, by whom it was brought, volunteered an obvious falsehood, in saying that it had been taken "in the regular way"—meaning, from a grave. The police were sent for; and, to detain the suspected men, until they came, Mr. Partridge produced a fifty pound note for their payment, and asked for change. They offered to go for change, but the anatomist preferred going himself, and bidding them await his return, went out to hasten the arrival of the officers of justice. There was a very bare case for suspicion. Had the men said, that the boy was found drowned (for indeed he had been suffocated in a well), it might have been supposed that he was

obtained by a trick common among body-snatchers, and no more question might have been asked. Suspicion was increased also in the mind of the police inspector by the fact that a youth—though as it proved another youth—was just then advertised as missing. The three men, much to their consternation, were accordingly arrested, and two of them, being proved murderers, were hanged. They themselves were sent afterwards to King's College for dissection, and the skeleton of Bishop stands in the museum there, holding a bit of his own skin, on which an indignant tanner had begged leave to exercise his art.

This new discovery of the iniquities of Bishop, following upon the revelations in the case of Burke, caused an end to be put to the existing state of things. Pending a parliamentary inquiry, public opinion, and opinion also among the members of an honourable profession, set its face against the resurrectionist in every form. It became more difficult than ever for the surgeon in this country to study his profession.

It was thought that subjects might be brought from France, and an attempt was made to begin their importation; but the smugglers seized their opportunity at the same time, and caused them to arrive with rolls of lace in their dead mouths. The desecration was intolerable, and that source of supply was abandoned. Physicians, zealous for their art, left their own bodies to dissecting-rooms. An eminent Anatomist was called upon by a professional friend who said to him, "Do you know Doctor—— (we will say Doctor Smith) has left his body to you."

"Is he dead?"

"No; but he will be in a day or two, and he wants very much to see you."

The Anatomist went, and found the old physician lying in his window with the evening sun shining upon a thin face.

"I am glad you have come," he said, "I want you to hear this clause in my will." He pulled the will from beneath his pillow, and read the bequest of himself to the scalpel.

"But, my dear sir," it was urged, "does not this distress your wife? You are not called upon to sacrifice the feelings of those who are dear to you——"

"Enough, enough. That is all settled. I have one request to make. I am dying of some affection of the lungs, which I attribute to the irritation from a rib I broke some years ago. I wish you would remember to look and see whether I am right on that point. Also, one thing more. I am a bit of a phrenologist, and I should like to have a cast taken of my head before I die. Could you get that done for me?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"When?"

"This is Monday. Shall I send on Wednesday?"

"No; Wednesday may be too late. Send to-morrow."

The physician died, and the anatomist thought that his last wishes might be sufficiently respected without more outrage to the distracted feelings of his wife, if there were a simple post-mortem examination into the causes of death.

To this same Anatomist, there was made known, in a very remarkable way, the extent of the wretchedness of a poor creature who wrote to him at the Hospital with which he was connected, signing herself "Caroline W.," and telling him that she was an unfortunate woman weary of life, and eager to lay her burden down if she could quit the world able to pay the few pounds that she owed to creditors. For these reasons, she wished to sell her body. She was of such an age—so tall, so stout—of fair complexion; and she might be seen on the Strand side of Temple Bar at a certain hour on a certain day. If he would buy her for dissection she did not want any money for herself: only his word of honour that he would pay those who might bring her body to his rooms. If he did not accept her offer, she would find somebody who would. The opinion of the police-inspector of the district was taken on the letter. Was it a bad jest? The inspector declared his belief that it was terribly earnest, and undertook to do what he considered best. He appeared at the appointed place of meeting, and scared the wretched soul away. No more was heard of her.

The disclosures made before a parliamentary committee, led to the establishment of the "Act for regulating schools of Anatomy," commonly called the Anatomy Act, now in force. By that act, nobody can practice anatomy without a license from the Secretary of State, who appoints also inspectors of schools of anatomy. It is the duty of the inspectors to make quarterly returns of all subjects removed for anatomical examination, and to visit, at discretion, all dissecting rooms. By this act, any person, not an undertaker holding it for purpose of interment, who has lawful keeping of the body of a deceased person may permit anatomical examination of it, if no known relative objects, and if the deceased have not in the last illness expressed objection. In no case can a body be removed for such examination within forty-eight hours after decease, or without a certificate from the inspector of anatomy, which can be obtained only in return for a satisfactory medical certificate of the cause of death. No teacher of anatomy shall receive any body for examination with which the certificate of the inspector is not brought, and that certificate he shall send back to the inspector of anatomy together with a full return of various particulars. Contravention of these rules is punished with three months' imprisonment or with a fine of fifty pounds.

These regulations have entirely put an end

to the old forms of body-snatching, have made murder for dissection quite impossible, and have so far tended to supply the anatomist with better means of study, that the price of a subject to the student in this country is now four pounds, instead of ten. The Act, however, does not put an end to the villainous jobbing in corpses which is still within the power of an undertaker who can get the master of a workhouse to assist his views.

The undertakers combine to extort money from the hospitals under the name of burial fees, which they raise from time to time; and the raising of which, hospitals resist as well as they can. Though the Anatomy Act specially forbids undertakers charged with the burial of a body to exercise any influence that shall concern the anatomist, he, nevertheless contrives, whenever the master of a workhouse will assist in procuring for each body surreptitiously obtained the necessary documents, to play the part of body-snatcher.

Most of our readers will remember the details made public at the late trial of the master of the Newington workhouse, for supplying bodies of the poor to Guy's Hospital in an illegal manner; the undertaker, who was chief offender, being released from prosecution on condition that he would bear witness against his accomplice. The undertaker said, that he could go to the dead-house when he pleased. He was in the habit of taking the bodies of paupers who had died out of the workhouse into this dead-house. The relieving-officer authorised him to do this. He also used to bring the remains of the dissected paupers from the hospital to be buried. In these cases the hospital paid the expense of the funeral. Three pounds ten shillings was paid by the hospital for each case. The parish only paid him five shillings and sixpence. For all the cases where the substitution took place, he was paid both by the parish and the hospital. He received two payments by this means for the burial of the same body. He was not aware that he had no right to do this. The amount allowed by the parish for the burial of the paupers would be utterly insufficient, if it were not for the additional sum received from the hospital for the unclaimed bodies.

That last statement is true, and no sane man can doubt that the low payment was made with the tacit understanding that there were valuable perquisites of fraud and extortion connected with the undertaker's office. The treasurer of Guy's Hospital testified that he had paid the master of the workhouse nearly twenty pounds in one year, twenty-seven in another, "as a gratuity for the trouble he had in obtaining the necessary certificates relating to the bodies that were sent to the hospital for dissection." It was proved that at that particular workhouse twelve or fourteen times in a year, friends of a deceased

pauper were allowed to see the body in its coffin, and then sent as mourners to the churchyard in the train of a dissected body, carried to the grave in place of that which they had seen. The most sacred feelings were thus made the subject of a secret mockery, sordid and infamous.

That is the present blot upon the working of the Anatomy Act. Room is left for the atrocious jugglery of undertakers, and for the dishonesty of workhouse masters, by the clause which makes it simply permissive in those who have the custody of an unclaimed body, to give it for dissection. Beadledom does as it pleases. One board incites to imaginary claims, and throws every obstacle in the way of the anatomist, another favours this hospital or that; and to procure anything like an equitable distribution of the subjects for dissection needs all the tact—for it is beyond the legal powers—of the inspector of anatomy.

The remedy for this is not the adoption of the French system, under which every person dying in a hospital by so doing bequeaths his body to the furtherance of knowledge. In this country let no man alive or dead be denied bodily freedom. Let there, however, be not simply an option left to the discretion of the beadles and the undertakers, but a plain and fixed rule, that if any man die without having expressed a wish to be dissected after death rather by worms than by his student brethren; rather to rot than be spiritualised into knowledge that shall dry hereafter many a tear, ease many a pain; if any man die without having testified a desire that his body should be useless rather than useful to society when he is gone, then let society have the benefit of the doubt. But, if there be living one dear friend, no matter of what condition, to whom the touch of the anatomist upon his dead body would be a cause of grief, then let the grief be sacred, and let the natural feeling or the prejudice be revered.

Let it then be an ordinance, not a permission, that the unclaimed dead shall supply the needs of science and humanity, whenever the body is not that of one who, in life, prohibited its use for such a purpose. By this form of enactment, no feeling is outraged, and all mockery is swept away. The whole swarm of undertakers, who now traffic in the bodies of the poor, could be swept aside. All bodies free to the dissector should be carried with becoming reverence and delicate respect, into one building, whence they could be distributed impartially by the inspector of anatomy to the several medical schools according to their needs. To the same place they could be returned for burial; and thence they could be carried to the grave under the superintendence of an undertaker, paid only by a defined salary, and compelled to confine himself to the business of his office. Irregularity, and irreverence,

would under such a system meet with easy and immediate exposure—they cannot, in such awful association, be too vigilantly exposed, or too heavily punished—and there would be an end for ever of all selling of the dead. The cost of dissection to a student would be simply the cost of removal and burial. Now, it is at least twice as much; and exact anatomical knowledge being costly to obtain, it is, perhaps, acquired only by tens, when there is sore need that thousands should possess it.

CALMUCK.

THE last summer's exhibition of the Royal Academy contained many wonders, quite apart from the gratifying display of wonderfully good pictures, by which different classes of the community were obviously impressed. But the wonder of wonders shared by all habitués whatsoever who glanced round the walls or hastily turned over their catalogues on entering the building, was the discovery that my friend Mildmay Strong had not exhibited at all.

For Mildmay is a great painter, and prolific withal. Whatever he chooses to paint is honourably exhibited. Whatever he exhibits is profitably sold; and it is pretty well known that, if he cares greatly for a single thing on earth apart from painting pictures, it is selling them. He is not dead, that is tolerably certain, or we should have heard of it. The world is far too much interested in his existence to allow him the privilege of a noiseless decease. Ill he is as little likely to be as any human being I know of. For Mildmay is a prudent Hercules, who measures his lions before tackling them, and who, if engaged on any scavenger business in the Augean stable line, takes care to provide plenty of chloride of lime. Laziness, in his case, is out of the question. My friend Strong would sit up painting all night, but for one objection. It would not leave him in a fit state to recommence painting at his usual early hour on the following morning.

Has Mildmay taken offence at some ill-treatment from that desperate gang of malefactors, the hanging committee, and has cut the Royal Academy in dudgeon?

By no means. Mildmay is remarkably fond of his nose. When you detect him in the act of cutting off that feature, to gratify a vindictive feeling towards his face, I will thank you to inform me of it. The ruffians in question, no doubt from interested motives, behave as a rule, rather well to Mildmay than otherwise. Indeed, considering what a very corrupt and iniquitous institution the Royal Academy is, as a hundred indignant critics and a thousand exasperated artists will assure you, its members appear to yield to public opinion, in the recognition of young merit, with a magnanimity that is rather

surprising; and which other governing bodies would do well to imitate. They hate Mildmay Strong, if you like, as one of a turbulent and firebrand race of young painters, who have come to disturb them in the placid enjoyment of their easy old tie-wig traditions of art; as cordially and as naturally as Wouter Van Twillen and his peaceful fellow burghers of the New Netherlands must have detested those restless invading hordes of Yankees, with their outlandish practices of asking questions and planning improvements. But the R.A.s hang my friend's pictures on the line for all that, and seldom in unfavourable situations.

The fact is (for, of course, I have been in the secret all along, and it is high time to make it public) Mildmay Strong is in Mexico. The circumstances are these: A few months ago, Mildmay got hold of Mr. Prescott's picturesque history of the Conquest of Mexico, which he read with an eye to subjects for painting. The latter remark, by those who know my friend, will be considered superfluous, it being notorious that he never reads, looks at, or thinks of anything whatsoever, except with an eye in that direction. Between ourselves, I believe that a certain beautiful young lady of my acquaintance owes her present engagement quite as much to the turn of her elbow, the colour of her hair, or to other external graces valuable for model purposes, as to any quality of her head or heart. However, to the Prescott question.

Mildmay liked the Conquest of Mexico, and was struck by some passage in it having reference to the loves of Cortez and that semi-mythical, wholly beautiful, Aztec girl, whom the grim conqueror is supposed to have converted from patriotism to Christianity. Mildmay saw a picture. The lithe, graceful, bronze-limbed warriors of Montezuma, with their fairy-like feather costumes, cotton breast-plates, rich golden ornaments, and obsidian weapons, contrasted with the sombre, velvet-draped, iron-bound, black-bearded Spaniards, the whole seen under the rarefied atmosphere of the wonderful tableland, whereon the mysterious old Aztec Venice stretched out its countless lakes and floating gardens. All this was suggestive to our friend of fresh fields and pastures new. He weighed the matter carefully in his mind, made a few ugly, unintelligible sketches, approved of them, provided for the comfortable subsistence of his mother and four sisters for the space of a year and a half, paid his landlord, invited all his bachelor friends to a jolly supper; and, drinking to all our healths in the only glass of wine I ever saw him put his lips to, informed us that he intended starting for Liverpool on the following morning, en route for Vera Cruz.

To those ignorant of what is required of, and in return what is awarded to, a great

painter in the present day, my friend's resolution will appear extravagant, and strangely at variance with the character of prudence and economy I have ascribed to him. To travel several thousand miles, at a great expense, in search of materials for a single picture, would seem a wild speculation, indeed. But consider, what a picture it will be when it comes home! It will be worth a thousand pounds, to begin with; whereas the artist's expenses during its progress will not have exceeded three or four hundred. Moreover, every sketch he may have made in the mean time, every blade of cactus or prickly pear sprouting up through the hot sands of the Tierra Caliente; every Jalapeña peasant girl with her scarlet petticoat and Chinese-cripple satin shoes; every silver-buttoned, slashed-trousered, sheepskin-saddled ranchero, every ponchoed Indian, every Zambo, pulque merchant, water-carrier, priest, beggar, or hidalgo he may transfer to canvas or paper in that glowing land of a score of races, a thousand fashions, and a myriad colours, will be a mine of wealth to him. Mildmay Strong is much more certain of coming home a rich man than the most adventurous gold-hunter that ever started for the diggings.

If Mildmay were to decide to-day on the subject and treatment of a picture illustrating the Arctic adventures of Sir John Ross, we should find him to-morrow cheapening furs at the Hudson's Bay warehouse, and laying in a stock of the wholesomest preserved meats at Fortnum and Mason's. On the following day, by inquiring at his lodgings, we should learn that his next address would be, Number One, the North Pole.

It is by steady adherence to this system of going directly to nature for all his subjects, that Mildmay Strong, at the age of twenty-eight, has been enabled to dictate hanging terms to the Royal Academy, and to travel to Mexico like a prince, in the mere pursuit of his calling. But I remember the time when Mildmay could not afford Mexico: Mounmouthshire even would have been beyond his reach. He was fain, at that period, to content himself with the humble pictorial resources of Grayling, near Seven Oaks; an obscure village on the road to nowhere, which might have remained undiscovered to this day, but for the adventurous spirit of a no less enterprising Columbus than Mildmay Strong himself. It happened in this wise:

Mildmay had spent some days, and even a few shillings, in search of a Forest of Arden, within a convenient distance from the metropolis. He was then about to commence his famous picture from *As You Like It*. Of course, a real Forest of Arden was indispensable. Mildmay wrote to us to say that, after much fruitless wandering, he had found the desideratum in the shape of a bit of primitive-looking wood behind Grayling, where he had already taken up his quarters, and where

he invited us to join him as soon as we pleased.

By "us" I allude to a band of some half-dozen unweaned Raphaels, to which I had the honour of belonging (would I had never since known worse company!) who possessed, at least, the common merits of implicit faith in Mildmay Strong, our acknowledged leader, and prophetic conviction that he would speedily become the great man the world has since acknowledged him. We had all artistic schemes of our own in abundance; but felt a much stronger interest in the progress of the *As-You-Like-It* picture, than in that of any of our own conceptions. It had been agreed that, wherever Mildmay should decide on pitching his tent for the autumn, we should follow him in a body, and take for ourselves such paint-pot luck as the neighbouring scenery might offer. There was much sincere hero-worship in this; but, certainly, an equal amount of self-interest. The fact was, we were none of us strong enough to draw a line or mix a tint without Mildmay's advice and countenance.

We took Grayling by storm on the following day. Rather a formidable invading party we were, and, I am bound to admit, were by no means favourably received by the inhabitants, at first: especially by the boy and dog branches of the population. The latter received us angrily: the former ironically: for we wore queer hats and such beards as we could grow at that early period of life. But we had been accustomed to the more trying ordeal of the London streets. So we ran the gauntlet of the village bravely, till we reached our leader's residence.

This, to our intense disgust, turned out to be the most inconvenient looking, out-of-the-way, tumble-down cottage in the neighbourhood. We blushed for our chieftain's quarters. We knocked at the humiliating door, which was opened by the red-armed, gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling country wench, who laughed us to scorn in our very teeth. The only answer to our inquiries was by pointing to a step-ladder leading to a hole in the kitchen ceiling. Having performed this, she buried her face in a jack-towel, and gave way to convulsions.

We ascended the step-ladder with considerable risk, and with utter confiscation of anything like dignity, and discovered Mildmay Strong—

In an absolute cock-loft! A room that boasted about half-a-knee's depth of wall, with a wholly disproportionate quantity of roof, in the gloomy heights of which the top of an uncurtained bed was scarcely visible. A worse room for a painter could not be imagined. It was lighted by a single window with lozenge panes.

Absolutely on the floor; crammed almost against the glass; squatting on the floor, Turk-fashion, sat our hero, our idol, with a canvas on his knees, painting, with a serene

countenance, notwithstanding the difficulty he obviously experienced in keeping his nose out of the palette.

He jumped up to receive us, avoiding collision with the roof, as it seemed to me, with the skill of a practised acrobat. The first feeling to be expressed on either side, was delight at meeting again under any circumstances. I then proceeded to take my friend to task severely for his injudicious choice of a residence.

"Are you mad, Mildmay?" I asked. I was always the spokesman of the brotherhood, just as Strong was the great workman. We have since sustained our original characters pretty constantly, I doing little but talk, he sticking faithfully to work. The relative results may be imagined.

The ill-lodged chieftain, having indicated how his visitors might best accommodate themselves on bed, boxes, &c., looked at me with a quiet twinkle that was peculiar to him, and answered:

"No. I think not. Why?"

"Why? I never saw such an abominable dog-hole in my life. You'll break your neck down that step-ladder."

Mildmay chuckled.

"Oh, no, Charley, I think not. I am generally pretty careful of my neck."

"But you can't paint here without lying on the floor."

"And suppose I couldn't do it without standing on my head, Charley. If I saw the absolute necessity——"

"Absolute necessity be hanged! Really Strong, you push your economy too far. Where is the saving in a shilling or two a-week, when you must lose half the daylight; cramp and cripple yourself; perhaps catch your death of cold?"

"You are under a mistake, Charley. This place is the very reverse of economical. I might have had a couple of high rooms in the best part of the village for the money I pay for it."

"Then, in the Something's name, what earthly motive——?"

I was here interrupted by another of our party, Little Mack, as we used to call him. He is called Little Mack, still, by a select few; but, to the world at large, he is McCorquodale, A. R. A., the fearless and original landscape painter. Little Mack seldom opened his mouth except to say something short, rude, and sensible: generally in contradiction of the last speaker. When we spoke sensibly, Mack was content to listen and learn.

"Now, look here, Charley," said Mack, angrily, roughing up his flossy hair into an aggressive crest, "none of your infernal nonsense. I never knew Mild do anything without a good motive yet."

"Thank you, Mack," said Mild, with an approving smile. "I generally try to have

one. But I'll put Charley out of his suspense. Who let you in?"

"A fearful Caliban," I answered, "with a turnip head and beef arms."

"Good. Turnip-head is an inadequate phrase; but you are right as to the arms. Did you observe her grin?"

"I should think so. She grinned hard enough."

"Then, don't you perceive my motive now?"

"Really, Strong, I don't."

"That girl is my motive."

"Mildmay Strong, I am surprised at you!"

"I'd give anything to be near that girl for a month. There is not such a pair of elbows in the kingdom; letting alone the ankles. She doesn't like me as yet; but, by the time I've plied her with a few small presents and delicate attentions—you understand, now?"

I did, thoroughly, and laughed heartily, as the truth dawned upon me.

"You incorrigible deceiver! And you mean to use all the artful and insidious wiles you are master of, to induce that unsuspecting child of nature to——"

"To sit for Audrey, sir. She's booked. Nothing can save her. I've determined on the conquest."

The explanation was received with a loud shout of approval, and the cock-loft was at once forgiven.

We pitied the unfortunate victim. We knew there was no escape when the terrible Mildmay had spread his nets to win her for his model.

We filled our pipes at our host's tobacco-jar, which he kept stocked only for the use of his friends—and turned out bodily into the village, where we found no difficulty in securing such extra frugal accommodation as our troop required. In our selection of quarters we were generally biassed, under Mildmay's direction, by the propinquity of some picturesque object, pump, well, tree, cowhouse, or pigsty considered suited to our respective bents.

The picture made silent but rapid progress. I say "the picture," for the rank and file of us, when not engaged as models for our leader (in which capacity we always felt it an honour to officiate) occupied ourselves in the most desultory course of sketching. The wood was soon painted in, and a marvellous piece of cool green autumnal truth it was. All was ready for the figures. Two friends who had respectively agreed to stand for the faces of Jaques and Sir Oliver Martext, had not been able to join us. I had been fixed upon for Touchstone, avowedly in right of a reputation I possessed as wag, or humorist; but not improbably, because Mildmay knew in his heart that I had the external points of a fool about me. I could be had in London at any time. The great object was to secure the Audrey before holiday

funds and holiday weather should be exhausted.

Long before the back-ground was finished, Audrey was wooed and won. The parents' consent had been obtained, and she was to be Mildmay's; for two hours a-day, by arrangement, but for as much longer as he chose to make the séance, in reality. By dint of sheer good humour and imperceptible kindnesses, the arch-Machiavel had succeeded in making himself the idol of the little family. Audrey's father and mother swore, by their lodger, and vaunted him loudly in neighbouring market towns as the phoenix of single gentlemen, and the paragon of scholars. Audrey herself would have gone through fire and water to do him honourable service. At any rate, she went through the scarcely less trying ordeal of standing daily, as long as he pleased, in a most uncomfortable attitude. Mildmay had long since descended from his garret, and was allowed the inestimable privilege of painting in the parlour where the light was excellent.

I have since ascertained that Strong, amongst other good offices to the family had, by the exercise of a little sensible diplomacy, reconciled the parents to their daughter's marriage with a certain wandering swain, which they had previously opposed. Audrey's gratitude was boundless, for she was fond of the absent one. That of her parents was scarcely less, at finding themselves put in a good humour with what had previously been a sore trouble to them. Audrey's papa, a stalwart Ecotian, bound up with brickmaking interests, was accustomed to walk round Mildmay in boots that appeared to have been fashioned with his own hands out of the raw material of his profession, and, touching our friend tenderly on the forehead, as if afraid of chipping the shell, would say, "I wish I had all the stuff that's in that there." This was his highest compliment. A great many clever people have echoed the unsophisticated wish of Audrey's papa in much better grammar.

We all liked Audrey. She turned out very obliging, very docile, and by no means such a fool as some of the superficial among us had at first deemed her. We delighted in playing off innocent jokes upon her. The favourite pleasantry was calling her "Calmuck."

Little Mack, who was something of an ethnologist, had dubbed her Calmuck at the outset, on the simple grounds that her long piggish eyes, and flat countenance, bore some resemblance to the Tartar type of physiognomy. The joke was a small one, and might have soon fallen through, but for the amusing fact, that the girl's friends adopted the name among themselves as a jocular term of endearment, without the slightest idea of its meaning. Audrey's papa and mamma spoke of her as our Calmuck, with a naïve gravity which delighted us to hear. The joke spread to the

village, and was well received. The fact is, after a brief probation of contemptuous mistrust, we had become popular. We were noted sharp chaps, knowing ones, and the like; and were supposed to be "up to" an unearthly amount of knowledge, in various directions. Every saying emanating from us was assumed to convey a subtle meaning, and to be worthy the honours of quotation. So the name of Calmuck stuck to Audrey as a good thing, capable of humorous, if obscure, interpretation; but, on the whole, complimentary.

Calmuck's portrait was finished, and we went to London. I believe we were universally regretted by our honest clodhopping acquaintances. If they regretted us half as much as we regretted them, they must speak of us affectionately to the present day.

The picture was finished, and sent to the next year's exhibition. It at once established Mildmay Strong's reputation. It was purchased by one of the most discerning art-patrons of the day, and was praised by the best critics. At the end of the exhibition, Mildmay found himself inundated with commissions, and a rich man in no distant perspective.

Mildmay was unchanged in manners and habits. We, his true believers, were in the seventh heaven of ecstasy and exultation.

When the purchaser sent for his picture he was informed that Mr. Stroug wanted it for a few days to make some slight alterations. Mildmay, in fact, was dissatisfied with the figure of Audrey, and determined to repaint it.

"Don't be a fool, Strong," I advised, "You'll make a mess of it, and lose the splendid chance that's open to you."

"You shut your mouth, Charley," said Little Mack, in his usual polite manner, and making a perfect cockatoo of himself with his irritable hair. "Paint a picture like it yourself, and then talk! If Mild says the Audrey's bad, it must be bad. You let him go down to Grayling and paint Calmuck over again."

Going down to Grayling was out of the question. Mild's time was now valuable. He sent for Calmuck; proposing to pay her travelling expenses, and a handsome scale of salary while he should require her services; offering her, moreover, honourable asylum and protection with the family of his excellent landlady.

Calmuck arrived with a goodly number of bandboxes. We were all glad to see her, and she seemed glad to see us. She was more subdued in her manner and less awkward than formerly. Mack said that Calmuck was going to turn out handsome, and what a dreadful sell that would be!

Calmuck—who was scrupulously honest and had no idea of earning her money too easily—was for beginning to sit immediately on her arrival. Strong told her there

was no hurry, and she had better rest for a day or two, and see the sights. Calmuck was accordingly handed over to one of Mrs. Thompson's daughters to be amused with London, generally.

The day or two elapsed, and again Mildmay said there was no hurry. Calmuck and Miss Thompson saw more sights, and went on seeing sights till there were no more sights to be seen. Still Mildmay said there was no hurry, and the unwilling Calmuck continued to eat the bread of idleness.

The fact was, the painter's hand was filled with a new picture—an Eastern subject—which he determined to finish in time to compete for the prize at one of the great provincial exhibitions, which opened in the winter.

At length, the purchaser of *As You Like It* became impatient. Strong was reluctantly compelled to dismount from his new hobby, and Calmuck's services were at last called into requisition. She sat for four hours one day with her old patience and docility. On the second day, she entered the painting-room with a troubled countenance, and said she was very sorry, but she must go home immediately.

"Home! nonsense, Calmuck. I can't spare you. I shall want you for a week more."

Calmuck persisted in her extreme sorrow and inflexible determination. Home, she must go, and on that day.

Strong was almost angry.

"This is really too bad, Calmuck. You ought to have told me. Besides, what on earth can your father and mother want with you so particularly?"

Calmuck blushed up to the roots of her hair, and played nervously with her apron as she faltered out,

"If you please, it is not my father and mother."

"Who, then?"

Calmuck hung down her head, and made answer in a scarcely audible voice:

"My husband!"

"Your what?"

"Yes, sir; if you please, two months after you left Grayling, Tom came home from sea; and, if you please, we got married."

"Then why the deuce didn't you say so before?"

"If you please, sir, I didn't like; the fact is, sir, Tom is—— It's his only fault, now; for he has turned quite steady and saving; but——"

"Well?"

"He's of a jealous disposition, and though I told him it was a very poor return for your kindness in bringing father and mother round to consent; he wouldn't have it, and, if you please, he is jealous of you, sir."

Mr. Strong whistled.

"He said, he had no notion of young men coming to live in the house and painting

my picture, and calling me names. As if there was any harm in Calmuck! Well, sir, mother writes to say, his ship is coming home in a day or two—earlier than was expected—and, if it was known I was staying with you, he could never be brought to understand what for; but, being very strong and uncommon violent——"

"Calmuck," said Mildmay, with some severity, "this was unfair of you. You ought not to have placed me in that disagreeable position. This was a want of candour that lessens my good opinion of you."

The poor girl burst into an agony of tears.

"Oh, Mr. Strong, please don't say that, sir. You, of all people. I couldn't resist it. We are so poor. What you offered was so handsome. I thought it would be a little something for us to begin housekeeping with, and neither of you would be a bit the wiser."

"Well, well, Calmuck, it can't be helped," said the artist in a kinder tone, yet biting his lip with vexation. "Pack up your things."

In half an hour Calmuck and her boxes were whirling away in a cart towards the London Bridge Railway Station.

And now occurs the only real wonder in this most unpretending of histories. Mildmay Strong—whom we had all believed a model of courage, physical, as well as moral, suddenly astounded us by appearing in the character of an arrant coward. He was haunted by visionary fears of an indignant sea-faring man, of colossal stature and blood-thirsty intentions. He gave strict orders to be denied to all strangers whatsoever. He never went out unless absolutely compelled; and when he did so, it was with as many timid precautions as could be taken by the most nervous old lady living down a dark lane with a garrotte reputation. He would send servants before him to see that the coast was clear, and would rush precipitately into cabs or down entries at the most distant sight of a suspicious personage. At first, we were amused at his fears, and used to enter his room with terrible descriptions of piratical-looking ruffians whom we had seen lurking round the corner, armed with the deadliest weapons. Some of us would give angry plebeian single knocks at the front door; and, on its being opened, would counterfeit a rough, weather-beaten voice, and ask if a party of the name of Strong lived there. But these jokes were evidently not to our friend's taste. They gave him serious uneasiness. At length, he carried his pusillanimity to such a pitch that we began to be positively ashamed of our former idol.

"I tell you what Mild," said Mack, the landscape-painter, one day, who, being considerably below the middle height, was naturally of an aggressive and warlike disposition, "You're not the man I took you

for, and I've a good mind to cut your acquaintance."

"Good Heavens! Mack. What for?"

"Why, I hate a coward: and there you have it."

I never saw such a picture of wild-glaring, dumfounded astonishment as Mildmay Strong looked when the offensive word was uttered.

"A coward! I! Is it possible! Charley—Fred—do you think me a coward?"

"It looks certainly very like it, Strong," I admitted, reluctantly.

"Didn't you see me polish off a navvy at Grayling for being rude to this very Calmuck?"

We had certainly witnessed the encounter alluded to, in which our friend had obtained a glorious victory against fearful odds.

"Where would you have been, Fred Barclay, that night coming home from the Academy, if I hadn't come up in time to help you to settle those three fellows behind Westminster Abbey?"

Fred admitted that Westminster Hospital would most likely have been his next address, in the absence of Mildmay's timely assistance.

"Then what do you mean by calling me a coward?"

"Why, you are afraid of that sailor fellow," said the inexorable Mack.

"I am not afraid, single-handed, of any man on land or sea," Strong protested, glowing with indignation. "Bless me! I thought at least you fellows would have understood me."

We certainly didn't look as if we did.

"Why, you blockheads, can't you see? Haven't I my Eastern picture to finish in time?"

"What of that?"

"Won't those Asiatic plants I've brought for the garden be dead in a fortnight?"

"Well?"

"Well!"—Mildmay was terribly excited and spoke rapidly—"Suppose I was to meet this sailor fellow, as Mack calls him—a big, horny-fisted customer from Honduras, with a face no doubt as hard as mahogany and a good deal browner. He might bung up my eyes, and blind me; or if I was to hit him a straight-forward right-hander in the face, I might dislocate the meta-carpophalangeal articulations of the fingers, and not be able to hold a brush for a month. Let him wait till I have packed off my picture, and I'll meet him or any man in the navy or merchant-service—ay, or any two of you that dare to call me a coward again!"

Dear old Mildmay! Always faithful to his one goddess, Art; for whom no sacrifice could be too great. Brave enough, even, to become a coward for her sake. Well has she rewarded him!

This is the story of Calmuck. There is not

much matter in it; but it is entitled to the apology claimed by Ben Jonson for his imperfect rhymes—it is thoroughly true.

CHINESE CHARMS.

THE admiral of the British fleet, previous to the bombardment of the city of Canton, announced his determination to discountenance and prevent all looting or plundering, both as demoralising and as subversive of the discipline that is essentially necessary to success. Yet, with becoming deference to the humane intentions of this general order, seamen, soldiers, and officers of both services will loot, and most probably the highest functionary on the spot, down to the lowest camp-follower, did loot. Were there not so many ten-thousand dollars, and so many bars of silver, carried off in triumph (as prize) for her Majesty's coffers? Be this as it may, our countrymen on the spot without doubt managed to pocket a variety of little curiosities, many of which must be explained to them under the ambiguous heading given above of Chinese Charms; for, in all probability, up to this hour they are ignorant what those valuable knick-knacks really are.

It was shown in a former number,* that there are official astrologers, appointed by the court of Peking, to divine as to the fit times for marriage, shaving, bathing, or starting on a journey, &c., and to notify them in each year's imperial almanac.

It is not surprising, then, that with such august encouragement given to soothsaying, there should be found in China myriads of men and women adopting this as their profession, who are paid by the people for their advice as to the daily routine of life, the result of business speculations, the success of medical prescriptions, and so forth. And, of course, it will follow that the Chinese public of all classes put trust in auguries, and place an enormous value on magical spells and charms. This credulity of the populace is not connected with one special form of religion more than with another; for, from direct contact with the people, it will be found that Taoism, a native religion of China, and Buddhism, a foreign intruder into China, both have contributed their share to pamper that passion for mystery, and that belief in invisible powers, by which the ignorant seek to explain inexplicable phenomena, and to frame excuses or to seek consolations for their individual misfortunes.

But the tangible charms, which, we presume, among other Canton prizes have fallen into the hands of our brave countrymen, may probably be arranged under two classes,—the precatory, and the deprecatory. Of these, the latter is the more popular. They include every variety of magical invention for warding off sickness, disease, calamity, fire, and demoniacal possessions. We can select

* Household Words, Volume X., page 203.

only a few, substituting English names for Chinese, with a word or two in explanation.

"The cash-sword" is made of a large number of old copper coins, strung together in the shape of a rude sword, and kept straight by a piece of iron running through the whole length. It is supposed to have great effect in frightening away ghosts and evil spirits, and in hastening the recovery of sick people. It may be found chiefly in houses where persons have suffered violent deaths or have committed suicide; and notunfrequently it is hung up by the bed-side of inner-rooms. As the copper coins may have been cast under the reigns of different monarchs, it is imagined that the presence of the several sovereigns will afford a guarantee against misfortune of any kind.

"An old brass mirror" may often be observed in the chief apartments of rich people; standing there for the purpose of enticing away foul and malignant demons. The notion prevails that it has the virtue of healing any one who may have become mad at the sight of a fiend. The demoniac has only to look at himself in the brazen mirror, and he is immediately cured.

There is also "the Han jade-stone." Of this the story goes that, under the Han dynasty (that is, about the opening of the present era), when a wealthy person died, each of his mourning friends dropped "a jade-stone" into his coffin; and, at this date, should any one be fortunate enough to obtain one of these rare buried jades, he may consider himself secure from the power of devils and the fury of fire.

"The jade-stone seal" is something analogous; but is used principally as a guard against sudden fright. Very frequently it is worn by infants as frontlets or armlets, to show if the child be well or ill; the former being indicated by the clean appearance of the stone, the latter by a dark shade. Short, pithy sentences are sometimes cut upon them.

There is also "a peach charm." On the first of the new year, a sprig of peach blossoms is stuck up over the door of the house, saying to the vile spirits that roam about creation, "Hitherto shall ye come, but no further." Yet, one of their own poets has said:—"If your own thoughts be free from impurity, of what need is this peach-charm?"

"The tiger's claw," real, artificial, or pictorial, is another common charm against sudden starts and frights.

"A three-cornered spell" is a paper with magical letters fancifully written upon it, folded in a triangular shape, and sewed on people's dresses, to ward off sickness and spirits. Every temple has a good supply of this cheap article, and there is a great run upon it. The paper generally is yellow; the writing is of red ink, and, to add due importance to the fragment, it is stamped with the temple-seal. Many are used as cures for the sick, by being burnt and having the ashes

thrown into a medical liquid, which compound draught is quaffed by the patient.

It has been said above, that they have also appendages of a felicitous or hopeful class. Such is "the Hundred-family Lock." A father has a son and heir born to him, and his best wish for his offspring is, that he may enjoy a long and a happy life. So, he goes the round of his personal friends,—to obtain from one hundred separate individuals, each three or four small copper coins, called cash. With this collection he purchases a neat lock, which he hangs round his child's neck, for the purpose of locking him to life; and it is presumed that these one hundred contributors will stand security for the child's reaching a good old age. There is the "neck-ring lock," likewise used for the same object, both by grown women and children.

Gourds made of copper, or of the wood of those people's coffins who have attained old age, are worn as charms for longevity,—the former are slung round the neck, the latter round the wrist. This fancy is traced to the tradition that, in ancient days, gourd-bottles were carried by old men on their backs.

In Chinese houses, in collections of old furniture, in their carvings, and in their pictures, the peach figures very prominently. It is another charm for long life, called "Longevity peach."

A fabulous animal, which goes by the name Ke-lin, is believed to have appeared at the birth of Confucius, and other sages. The body resembles that of the deer, the tail that of the ox, and it has only one horn; but its nature is said to be tame and kind. An image of this fabulous creature, or its picture, is worn by children as a bespeaking of great and good luck. Often a figure or painting of this unicorn is met with presenting a child. This form is particularly respected by married people who wish, or expect, to be blessed with clever children.

Phylacteries are in common use with the more religious orders. These consist chiefly of tiny girdle books, and slips of paper which are stitched up in different parts of the dress, or slung on the belt, or pasted on the walls and doors. They seem to contain Sanscrit or Thibetan words, much in use in Buddhist writings. Besides these talismans in writing, there are different forms of the three characters which the Chinese use to represent the grand total of good luck; Fuh, family increase; Luh, official emolument; Show, long life; to carry either or all of these about the person, or to have them in the house in pictures and wall-scrolls, is considered remarkably lucky, and predicative of certain felicity.

Such superstitious and romantic notions have their counterpart in the absurd and grotesque fancies that still lurk among the people of Great Britain; for example, the finding and nailing up of a horse shoe, &c. And, as to the practice of divination in

China by the Fung-shuy, or wind and water doctors, their functions differ little from those of the witches and wizards who, to this day, are not without influence in the ruder districts of our country, and whose supernatural knowledge of events is firmly believed in by a considerable portion of the agricultural population.

AMONG THE TOMBS.

BEING employed professionally in the churchyard of Bedlington, the other day I perceived these words written over a gentleman's grave:

"Poems and epitaphs are but stuff,
Here lies Robert Barras, and that's enough."

And I think it right that so sweeping a statement, which has so long enjoyed the advantage of stone, should be at once contradicted in stereotype. As to poems, indeed, I have no quarrel with Mr. Robert Barras upon that matter; but as a stone-cutter (though journeyman) and a sculptor of tombs (though itinerant), I think I may be allowed a word or two upon the second subject.

What opportunities had Mr. Robert Barras, while upon earth, instead of earth being upon him, to enable him to speak of epitaphs in this fashion? Was he a ghoul, and therefore peculiarly familiar with our churchyard literature? It is not likely. Had he travelled all over England and Wales, leaving no (grave) stone unturned in efforts to obtain employment, and chiselling enduring virtues out of nothing, and blank surfaces, as I have done? I think not. Did he keep a little book for the express purpose of noting down any remarkable epitaphs that he might come across, with the yards where he took them from in the margin, to prevent mistakes? It would be a very singular coincidence if he did. I have such a note-book, at all events, and here are some of my notes. Many headstones I have, of course, not been able to decipher quite rightly; from some of them, being mutilated, I have been only able to extract a few words, which have struck me as being good, or humorous, or singular in any respect; decay and damp make almost as remorseless work with the stone as with the body; and some I have found inscribed in other languages, or written in to me unknown characters, and then I have been obliged to ask and trust to wiser people for their meaning. In these cases, I may not be so reliable and trustworthy as I believe myself to be; but all others, which I here quote, may be depended on as genuine.

This is the inscription upon a stone-coffin, found under the pavement of Chichester Cathedral, where I was employed as a day-labourer only:

"Non intres in iudicium cum servo tuo, Domine." (Enter not into judgment with

thy servant, O Lord,) as it was translated to me by a kind gentleman in the ante-chapel. The remains were those of an anonymous bishop; but I dare say, for all the humility of his epitaph, he was no worse than many a bishop one could name. Not a word about the episcopal virtues of the departed prelate! Not a hint about his short-comings and back-slidings, such as one gathers from the tombstone of another I could mention. No titles, no boasts. Only, Non intres in iudicium cum servo tuo, Domine.

The kind gentleman before mentioned parenthetically, seeing that I was interested in these matters, supplied me with the following lines written by Robert of Gloucester upon our King Henry the First, who died through over eating of his favourite fish:

"And when he com hom he willede of an lampreye to ete,
Ae hys leeches hym oerbede, vor yt was feble mete,
Ae he wolde it noyt beleve, vor he lovede yt well ynow,
And ete as in better cas, vor thulke lampreye hym slow,
Vor anon rygt thereafter into anguysse he drow,
And dyed vor thys lampreye, thane hys owe wow."

Which last statement means, I suppose "through his own royal obstinacy." And the same gentleman also gave me this distich, of a different sort, which he had hiniself seen over a grave in Prince Edward's Island:

"Here lies the body of poor Charles Lamb,
Killed by a tree that fell slap bang."

Which gives me but an ill opinion of our colonial epitaph writers. The rhyme does not seem to me to sound right. In England, when we can't rhyme better than that, we don't often attempt it, but prefer to express our ideas in blank verse, as in the following example; upon a rich merchant's wife in Coventry yard:

"She was What was,
But words are Wanting to say what a One.
What a Wife should be,
She was that."

Wives would be downright ashamed to put over their husbands' heads such things as I often see written over wives. Look at this!

"Here lies my wife, poor Molly; let her lie.
She finds repose at last, and so do I."

And here is what a Cornish gentleman finds it in his heart to inscribe upon his dear departed:

"My wife is dead, and here she lies,
No man laughs and no man cries,
Where she's gone, or how she fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

The following was clearly not composed by Mr. Sexton, but by the husband of the lady who reposes in her immediate neighbourhood:

"Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
She was a wife who never vexed one,
I can't say as much for her at the next stone."

What sort of matrimonial existence must Mr. Dent of Winchester have passed, I wonder: who as soon as his Deborah was grassed over, could indite upon her so flippant a couplet as this?

"Here lies the body of Deborah Dent,
'She kicked up her heels and away she went."

We will charitably hope that it was the extreme seductiveness of the rhyme, which caused him to represent the lady as having departed so very summarily. Our epitaph makers will go a deal out of their way for a good rhyme, and when they find a dissyllable to match with another, they hesitate at nothing in order to bring it in. At Doncaster, for instance, I read:

"Here lies two brothers by misfortune surrounded,
One died of his wounds, and the other was drowned."

And again, at Bideford, Devon:

"Her marriage day appointed was,
And wedding-clothes provided,
But when the day arrived did,
She sickened and she died did."

This one from Saint Albans, on the other hand, is so full of an original and striking idea, that the sound becomes a secondary object, if even that:

"Sacred to the memory of Miss Martha Groyn;
She was so very pure within,
She burst the outward shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim."

And here again, at Dorchester, Oxon, is an example of a bard in despair for a couplet, who contents himself with stating a creditable fact in indifferent prose:

"Here lies the body of an honest man,
And when he died he owed nobody nothing."

A prolonged medical statement of the disease of which the departed may chance to have died, is extremely popular. At Acton, in Cornwall, there is this particular account of how one Mr. Morton came by his end:

"Here lies entombed one Roger Morton,
Whose sudden death was early brought on;
Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off:
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The parts they took to mortifying,
And poor dear Roger took to dying."

And here is a still more entertaining one, upon a certain lady in Devonshire: singularly free from any nonsensical pretence or idle bravado:

"Here lies Betsy Cruden,
She wood a leaf'd but she cooden,
'Twas na grief na sorrow as made she decay,
But this bad leg as carr'd she away."

Whenever I read (and it is often) of folks who were passionately desirous to leave this vale of tears, I shake my head, and quote the simple-minded Betty: "For all this," say I, "They wood a leaf'd; but they cooden."

There is a distressing inaccuracy of metaphor in the following south country elegy; but the meaning is painfully distinct:

"Here lies two babes as dead as nits,
They was cut off by ague fits."

A doctor of divinity, who lies in the neighbourhood of Oxford, has his complaint stated for him with unusual brevity, as well as his place of interment:

"He died of a quinsy,
And was buried at Binsy."

To complete these medical extracts, I may quote this warning cypress-flower, culled from a Cheltenham cemetery:

"Here lies I and my three daughters
Killed by a drinking of the Cheltenham waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We'd not been a lying in these here vaults."

There is, to my mind, a touching sorrow conveyed in the following most ungrammatical verses; evidently composed by one of the unlettered Wiltshire parents themselves:

"Beneath this stone his own dear child,
Whose gone from we
For ever more unto eternity;
Where we do hope that we shall go to he,
But him can never more come back to we."

And something of the same kind, although in a less degree, I feel belongs to this one from Guilsfield, Montgomeryshire:

"Beneath this yew tree
Buried would he be,
Because his father, he,
Planted this yew tree."

A sensitive and dutiful heart is here ascribed to the dead man, more certainly than it could be by a score of pompous lines written at so much the eulogistic adjective. I could tell the exact figure, but I am mum, of course, upon professional secrets. In Tychan churchyard, by the bye, there is this apt inscription:

"To the memory of Susan Mum.
Silence is Wisdom."

You never (I address myself to the reader), happened to get hold of the Stone-cutter's Guide? It would be worth your while to look into it when you have the chance. The best epitaph that I can remember out of it for general use is this one:

"He did not do much harm, nor yet much good,
And might have been much better, if he would."

But truth is not the object of epitaphs, and I never have seen it written upon a tomb-stone.

In All Saints' Church, at Cambridge, there are some really beautiful lines upon the death of a young person :

"She took the cup of life to sip,
Too bitter 'twas to drain,
She put it meekly from her lip,
And went to sleep again."

And here are a couple of simple but suggestive lines (the conclusion of a dull stanza), which are fit to stand by the side of them :

"I am amazed that Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think on me, who never thought on him."

In Tintagel Church, Cornwall (as I read it in my note-book), there are these four lines, of which the latter two would not, I think, be unworthy of any of our British poets :

"The body that here buried lies
By lightning fell death's sacrifice,
To him Elijah's fate was given,
He rode on flames of fire to heaven."

There is an incompleteness about many epitaphs, of which this one in Wrexham Churchyard is a case in point :

"Here lies John Shore;
I say no more;
He was alive
In —65."

And in others there is more stated than is quite necessary. In Grantham churchyard we read :

"John Palfreyman, who is buried here,
Was aged four and twenty year;
And near this place his mother lies;
Likewise his father, when he dies."

This superfluousness sometimes extends even to manifest falsehood as in Llanymynech churchyard, in Montgomeryshire, where it is thus written :

"Here lies John Thomas,
And his three children dear,
Two are buried at Oswestry,
And one here."

Here is a gentlewoman, who, if I may so speak of a gentlewoman departed, appears to have thought by no means small beer of herself :

"A good mother I have been,
Many troubles I have seen,
All my life I've done my best,
And so I hope my soul's at rest."

I wonder that she does not say, she is sure of it! Many appear buoyant, however, not so much from a sense of their own merits, as through a natural elasticity of disposition, as in the case that follows :

"Here lies I. There's an end to my woes,
And my spirit at length at aise is;
With the tip of my nose,
And the tops of my toes,
Turned up to the roots of the daisies."

Others have the same philosophical spirit, tinged with a good-humoured sarcasm :

"Here lies I at the chancel door,
Here lies I because I am poor,
At the further end the more you pay,
But here lies I as warm as they."

Lastly, there is a large class of epitaphs, which are founded on the profession of the deceased person: sometimes described in verse, sometimes introduced for the evocation of a spiritual analogy. These are not bad lines upon a fisherman :

"This man by worms was fed,
The worms procured him fish,
But now that he is dead,
The worms will have their dish."

Although somewhat deficient in tenderness, the same charge must be laid against this In Memoriam to Mr. John Law :

"Here lies John Law,
Attorney at Law;
And when he died,
The devil cried,—
'Give us your paw,
John Law,
Attorney at Law.'"

The following reference to one departed Mr. Strange of the same profession is, on the contrary, complimentary; and I have only to hope that the fact of the case is as stated, and that the writer was not led away by the obvious opportunity of making a point, to exaggerate the virtues of the deceased. It looks a little suspicious :

"Here lies an honest lawyer,
And that is Strange."

Doctor I. Letsome wrote the following epitaph for his own tombstone; but it is not likely that he allowed his friends, or at least his patients, to read it until he was under the turf, or out of practice :

"When people's ill, they comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
Sometimes they live, sometimes they die;
What's that to I? I. Letsome" (lets 'em).

The best of these professional adieux is, however, that on a certain Mrs. Shoven, a cook. It consists of two stanzas, or, as she might have called them herself, a couple of courses :

"Underneath this crust
Lies the mouldering dust
Of Eleanor Batchelor Shoven,
Well-versed in the arts
Of pies, eustards, and tarts,
And the lucrative trade of the oven.

"When she'd lived long enough,
She made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much praised;
And now she doth lie
And make a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust may be raised."

I cannot conclude these jottings from the tombs, more fitly than with this voice, or rather with these two voices, from the North, communicated to me by a stonecutting friend. A reward, it seems, was once offered for the best epitaph upon a celebrated provost of Dundee. The town council were unable to decide between the relative merits of the two which follow, and both were therefore placed on the monument:

“Here lies John, Provost of Dundee,
Here lies Him, here lies He.

The second ran even still more remarkably:

“Here lies John; Provost of Dundee,
Hallelujah, Hallelujee.”

INFUSORIA.

NATURE, as exhibited on this our planet, is, in one sense, infinite; that is, there appear to be no limits to the power, the wisdom, and the goodness, which the Great Creator of nature displays in regard to his creatures. The philosophers of the seventeenth century ventured a few conjectures on the infinity of nature and the complications of the laws of life. Our savans, now, are able to demonstrate that those conjectures are nothing in comparison to the reality, and that where they believed they had found the limits of life, life was only at its commencement. It was supposed that beyond the plants and animals visible to our eyes, nature contained nothing more which was animated. Modern science, with the aid of the microscope, teaches that invisible genera and species of animals and plants fill the atmosphere, the earth, and the waters. It was imagined that the minutest organisms were also the most unfinished and of the most degraded type; that they were devoid of sensation, instinct, and almost of voluntary motion. The microscope declares that creative perfection is measured neither by stature nor volume, and that the tiniest creatures often reveal in their structures a more marvellous reach of adaptive art than animals which at first sight appear more perfect. It was thought that the functions of life were simple. Experiments on living animals have proved the most unexpected complexity in every vital act and in every organ. Thus, observation daily reveals fresh instances of the infinity of creation. Nature is a standing proof not only of the beneficence of the One Great Power, but also of His omniscience and His omnipotence.

In another sense, however, nature is finite. She seems to have imposed on herself limits which she does not choose to infringe; that is, there are conditions of existence to which all living creatures must submit, and beyond or in opposition to which conditions nature does not allow existence to be possible to them.

Those conditions are dependent on the in-

herent qualities (which are invariable) of the materials which compose the substance of our globe,—on the properties of what the ancients called elements; of air, earth, fire, and water. So long as these continue the same, there are bounds which organic nature can scarcely pass. Thus, if we were surrounded by an elastic transparent atmosphere, in every respect similar to that which actually bathes us, except that its density at a moderate temperature were equal to that of water, or greater,—a hypothesis which is far from difficult to conceive,—it is clear that birds and insects, to fly in safety through such an atmosphere, must be differently constituted to what we see them. Again; imagine an ocean like that which wraps the world in its embrace, but of a specific gravity equal to quicksilver, and our present fish, instead of feeding in security in its mid-regions or at its bottom, would be buoyed up forcibly to its surface, to starve and perish. Or, fancy any of the proportions altered which subsist between earth, air, water, and the force of gravity or weight, and the disturbance would prove a fatal change to the greater part of animated nature. Therefore, animated nature, here, has its laws and its limits; there are conditions dependent on physical facts which it can never infringe. In truth, the whole of the arguments on which natural theology is based—and they are as deeply interesting as they are inexhaustible—are derived from the study of the wise and marvellous contrivances, which are all detailed adaptations of the creature to the circumstances under which it is destined to live. But the very word “adaptation” implies that there are conditions necessary to observe, and that impediments exist which it is impossible to overthrow. No doubt, as far as the Universe—the whole countless, infinite assemblage of suns, planets, and satellites—is concerned, nature is also infinite; but in respect to the individual world Terra, whereon we dwell, we may believe without error that the constitution of our elements places certain restrictions on the forms that are endowed either with vegetable or animal life.

In all likelihood, and contrary to what has been supposed by the philosophers of the last and the previous century, magnitude may have its limits in the case of organised beings on the face of this earth. It is probable that there exists nothing smaller, with us, than the minutest of the creatures called Infusoria, which our magnifiers enable us to see. The names given to some of the monads, as M. termo and M. crepusculum, or boundary-stone and twilight, imply that those creatures were believed to be the ne plus ultra of littleness,—to hang on the very verge of existence. But the most extravagant notions as to the magnitude of organised beings have been entertained in their day. Bernoulli and Leibnitz? in their correspondence, came to the unanimous conclusion that there are, in the universe, animals which, in point of size, are as

superior to us and to our ordinary animals as we and our animals are to microscopic animalcules, and who, moreover, observe us with their microscopes frisking about our world, as we observe the infinite multitude of animalcules with ours. Bernoulli went further; he asserted that animals incomparably larger than those might exist; and he would have as many degrees in the ascending scale as he actually found in the descending scale of magnitude; for he would not allow man and his fellow-creatures to constitute the highest degree. On the other hand, Leibnitz believed that, here, the smallest grain of sand, the minutest atom, may contain whole worlds which are not inferior to ours in beauty and variety. The great observer, Leuwenhoek, was so completely carried away by his admiration of the new creation revealed to him by the microscope, that he imagined an infinity of perfect organisation beyond the infinite details displayed by his instruments in every object of living nature. He enthusiastically supposed that the incredibly slender tails of certain so-called animalcules were composed of tendons, muscles, and jointed bones, exactly like the tail of a rat or a monkey; and, reasoning thus from analogy, he attributed to these minutest creatures a system of viscera as complicated as that of the largest animals. Ehrenberg, led on likewise by false analogy, outstepped even Leuwenhoek in the marvellous riches of organisation with which he endowed the Infusoria, giving them nervous ganglia, stomachs, muscles, and entrails.

The latest discoveries compel us to reject such ideas, on finding that they are not based on facts. For, even supposing that it were a law of nature that there is no limit to the divisibility of matter—and a multitude of physical and chemical phenomena tend to prove the contrary—that law would not suffice to prove the possibility of an extremely complex organisation beyond a certain limit of minuteness. It is well known that many physical and dynamical phenomena are considerably altered, or are even entirely suppressed, when it is attempted to make them occur in too confined a space, or on bodies of too minute dimensions. For instance: liquid ceases to flow, even under heavy pressure, in a capillary tube, whose diameter is less than a certain fixed measurement. That circumstance puts a limit to the size of arteries and veins. It is much more consonant, therefore, with the laws of physics to allow that, in these tiny animals, the fluids penetrate simply by absorption, than to furnish them hypothetically with a heart and a circulation, especially as our best instruments do not give us the least hint of their existence. Besides, we do not find that the elementary parts of which the larger animals are composed, gradually decrease in size in proportion to the smaller stature of the animals themselves. On the contrary, the blood discs, the muscular fibres, and the capillary vessels, are very much

of the same dimensions in the elephant as they are in the mouse.

It is known that solid bodies, when reduced to particles of extreme minuteness, cease in some sort to be subject to the laws of weight and inertia. There must, therefore, be a limit somewhere to the magnitude of material life. We may reasonably suppose that that limit is attained by the smallest animalcule shown by our microscopes; because at that point of minuteness, or a little beyond it, the properties acquired by such extremely small molecules counterbalance the other physical laws. Nature, therefore, instead of producing a complex machinery which would not act under existing circumstances, has adapted her creatures to those circumstances. She has placed her minutest progeny in a liquid medium, to whose conditions they are fitted, so as to render such complexity of organisation unnecessary. She has created the marvellous order of microscopic animals which live in water, or on extremely damp substances, and which, not wanting either true muscles, vessels, or nerves, are not furnished with them. Take a drop of water from the nearest pool or ditch, especially that which is charged with saline matters and organic substances in a state of decomposition; submit it to your microscope, and you will be sure to see innumerable minute beings in active motion; these are Infusoria, or the animalcules of infusions. The name, though it has been criticised, is apt and strictly true. For, wherever stagnant water contains decaying animal or vegetable matter, it is a true infusion. All such waters, whether salt or fresh, are the grand rendezvous of the Infusories.

These minute creatures, so little thought of by the world in general, have a complete physiology, anatomy, and natural history of their own, which are quite as interesting to study as those of the larger animals—more so, perhaps. Because although able and voluminous works on the Infusoria exist, their systematic arrangement has to be remade from the beginning, and their personal biography remains for the greater part a mystery. Indeed, the curious forms and vivacious actions exhibited by the majority of Infusories are one great cause of the absorbing attraction which the microscope exercises on its votaries. It is scarcely possible to quit them, however fatigued one's eyes may be. After a last look, we yield to the temptation of one look more. The marvellous instrument began its career by killing its foster-father, Swammerdam; and it has robbed a host of other devotees, if not of their life, at least of their perfect vision. They have become myopic—which should be a warning to us—in consequence of gazing too long and too intently at their microcosm. But the seduction is irresistible; one glimpse at truth and actual life sets us athirst for more intimate views of nature. The craving after knowledge is a passion which is never

satisfied, but which increases with the supply of food.

In size, the Infusories range between the extreme dimensions of from one to three millimetres, on the one hand, for the very largest—a millimetre is, approximatively, rather less than the twenty-fifth part of an English inch—and of a thousandth part of that size for the smallest. The mean of their magnitude is from one to five-tenths of a millimetre. The largest appear to the naked eye like white or coloured points attached to divers submerged bodies, or like fine dust floating in the liquid. The rest are only visible by the aid of the microscope. They are almost all semi-transparent and colourless; several are green; a few are blue or red; a few others are brown or blackish. The simplest forms of animal life, the protozoa, that is the Rhizopod group, are composed merely (at least in appearance), of a fleshy, homogeneous, glutinous substance, called sarcode, which has no visible organs, but which is nevertheless vitally organised, since it has the power of contracting and putting forth extensions indefinitely in various ways and directions—since, in short, it is endowed with life. No further proof is needed of the extreme simplicity of organisation of these. Still, even when they have no integument proper, it is not meant to deny that they have a surface, like that of flour-paste or thin glue, when it has cooled to a jelly. To the company of such humble fellows as these, the sponges have been degraded, in spite of their size and their apparently elaborate structure.

More complex genera and species of real Infusories, as the Parameciums and the Lacrymarias, have distinct outer coats to protect them, which often make them look as if their bodies were contained in a hairy and purse-like net. Their means of locomotion are either actively-vibrating cilia (i. e., bristles); or long, fine, whip-like filaments, which are moveable in all directions; or stiff styles or pegs, which do not vibrate, and which answer all the purposes of legs and feet. The *Trichoda lynceus* runs about, climbs, stands still, or swims away, as nimbly as the most agile quadruped, entirely by means of its transparent pins. Even in these last-mentioned members, no distinct muscular structure, nor joints can be detected; they appear to be mere prolongations and offshoots of the sarcode body and its shield or pellicle. It is impossible, therefore, to imagine organised life existing under conditions of greater simplicity. Nature has economised both her materials and her power, by deciding that water shall be the habitat of her minims. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive by what means at all, any creature of the size of a small Infusory could be made to fly through the air, or to live on really dry land. But, as we note with reverence and admiration, nature has adapted her handiwork, in the

case of the Infusoria, to the physical conditions required for the production of miniature organisms of the extremest exiguity.

Those who doubt the simplicity of their organisation, will find a proof of it in watching the curious phenomenon of the decomposition of sundry of them (not all), by what is called diffiulence, which the writer of this has often and often witnessed. The creature is alive, in high health and spirits, when, in consequence of some cause, accidental or intentional (such as the contact of air, or the introduction of a little salt water, ammonia, or spirit), it suddenly falls to pieces, breaks itself up into particles, goes off like a column of smoke, pours itself out, and so gradually is reduced to atoms. You have before you the singular spectacle of the decomposition of a living creature piece by piece. Sometimes, these detached fragments will swim away separately for a short time and distance, either each urged by its own individual bristle which hangs to it, or by the bristles remaining on the still-undissolved portion of the body, until nothing is left. Sometimes the Infusory, when it has partly destroyed itself by diffiulence, will check the progress, and proceed on its course, half itself, as if nothing had happened. The accomplished performance of this whimsical freak has given rise to many so-called species, which, in fact, are nothing but self-mutilated animalcules. Ehrenberg mistook dissolution by diffiulence for an act of reproduction, a laying of eggs or spawn. He beheld the fact, but misinterpreted it. Now, it is certain, that if the Infusories were possessed of muscular fibre, of a tegument capable of offering resistance outside, and of a true stomach and intestines inside their body, some indication of the presence of those organs would be given during the gradual dissection of the creature's frame, which is effected by the progressive decomposition of diffiulence.

The order Infusoria, as at present limited, is far from containing all the microscopic animated beings that live in water. The monads, certainly, are many of them merely locomotive plants, such as *Volvoxes* and the zoospores of water-weeds; while others, most probably, are the immature forms of larger animalcules. Even the vibrios, including the walking-stick worm, are now remanded to the realms of botany; so also of the *Desmidiæ* and the *Diatomaceæ*, which were regarded by Ehrenberg as infusory animalcules. The water-fleas and other cyclopes, which greatly resemble minute shrimps and lobsters, belong to a separate division, Entomostraca, of the class Crustacea. The little eels or anguillules, of different species, found in vinegar, paste, wet moss, and diseased corn, are marched off by modern zoologists to the class Entozoa, or intestinal worms. The wheel-animalcules have been deservedly promoted to a much higher rank than Infusoria in the scale of being. Under the title

of Rotatoria, they now form a distinct class of the Invertebrata or backbone-less animals. The high organisation which they and their allies display has raised them to a place not far inferior to that occupied by the vermiform tribes. Of course, all aquatic larvae, whether of crustaceans, mollusks, or small insects, must be excluded from the society of true-bred Infusoria.

And true-bred they are, beyond denial. A common mode of their increase is by spontaneous division into two portions, each of which becomes a perfect individual, to divide shortly into two in its turn. Suppose that a pig were an infusory animalcule. When full grown, it would first grow still a little longer; it would then become slenderer about the middle of the back, as if laced in by a relentless corset, till its waist became as slim as that of a wasp or an hour-glass. Meanwhile, there would sprout, on each of the two portions of the pig, a head, or a tail, or legs, or whatever else was necessary to make both complete animals. Certain Infusories subdivide by division across; others, as the bell-animalcules, lengthwise. In this case, it is as if the pig had the power of ceasing to be a single gentleman by splitting himself along the backbone. With some Infusories, it seems to be a matter of indifference whether they subdivide transversely or longitudinally. But whatever the way, increasing thus in geometrical progression, the multitude of Infusories is at once explained. In summer, animalcules are often to be seen in the course of both these sub-divisional processes. But if we are looking out for instances of pure and unmixed descent, it is here, assuredly, that we shall find it. Such Infusories may be considered as aliquot parts of a like parent Infusory which existed ages and ages ago, whose subdivisions into two, without cessation, endow it with a sort of material immortality.

Another curious mode of reproduction is by what is called the encysting process, which is common also to many of the algae. An Infusory stands still, ceases to move, draws itself up into a purse or cyst; and sometimes covers itself with a glutinous exudation. In this state it remains for a certain number of hours or days, during the course of which the interior of the purse may be observed to become filled with a crowd of minute creatures, all in the highest state of excitement and activity. The inside of the cyst is like an eating-house which is pestered with flies in the month of August. Or it looks like a hive swarming with bees; and, on beholding it, you almost fancy you can hear them hum. This continues till some portion of the parent-cyst gives way, when out stream the merry prisoners, diverging in all directions, to seek their fortune in the world of waters.

It is natural to ask, "With what degree of sensation or consciousness are these simply-

constituted Infusories gifted?" It is difficult for us to enter into the personal feelings, into the will and individuality, of creatures so differently constituted to ourselves. Many of their most remarkable features—such as their "vacuoles," or the variable empty holes that spontaneously form themselves in the substance of their sarcode, particularly when they have undergone a fast; and the "contractile vesicles," which may be seen to execute rhythmical movements of contraction and dilatation at tolerably regular intervals—serve some purpose in the economy of the animals which can only be vaguely guessed at by us. Perhaps the vesicles may aid in diffusing through their bodies the liquid product of the digestive operation—a surmise which seems in some degree justified by their unusual complexity in the genus *Paramecium*. Able writers have been unwilling to allow the Infusories any organs of special sense, and have doubted whether their very remarkable and diversified actions,—their dartings forwards and backwards like an arrow, their crawlings like a leech, their leaps, spinings, and undulations, are really indicative of consciousness. If, however, they are so endowed, as their movements certainly seem to imply, they most likely receive their perceptions of external things from the impressions made upon their general surface, and especially upon their filamentous appendages. In a former number it has been already stated* that Eating is the act which distinguishes the animal from the plant. Hunger, therefore, would be the first and only sense felt by the lowest creatures in creation. Taste, or the feeling of repletion, would precede sight, hearing, and smell; and consequently, of the seven deadly sins, gluttony is the lowest and the most abject. The Infusories may at least have a sense of appetite before, and of satisfaction after, their repasts. That they have a preference for certain viands, is visible; they do not feed by any means indiscriminately; particular kinds of them are attracted by particular kinds of aliment. For instance, the crushed bodies and eggs of Entomostraca are so voraciously devoured by the Coleps, that its body is quite altered in shape by the distension; and certain monads will crowd around the body of a dying or still-conditioned *Englene*, and nibble at it, with the same apparent voracity that a gang of rats would overrun and devour the carcass of a dead horse. Although their range of sensations may be narrow, it is still something, it is even much, if the Infusories enjoy a faint sort of feeling of well being, after their kind. Happiness is often compared to sunshine. It is probable that the Great Being who has poured out on the human race such a transcendent flood of bliss and light, allows also a dim glimmer of conscious comfort to

* See *Border-Land*, page 273, of the present volume.

penetrate even to the obscure depths of existence wherein the humble animalcule is destined to dwell.

CELTIC BARDS.

CERTAIN tombs of a dead people are among the monuments of Europe in the west and north, and they are found in northern Asia as far eastward as the river Yenisei. In Denmark, these tombs have been studied, and have yielded up some of their secret. They are of three kinds, and belong to three ages, which may be called the ages of stone, bronze, and iron.

The stone men produced cromlechs and giants' chambers. St. Iltut's hermitage in Brecknockshire, Arthur's stone in Glamorgan-shire, the cromlechs of Anglesey and various Welsh counties, the Piet's houses of the Orkneys, Wayland Smith's cave at Ashbury, Berks, and Kit's Coty House on Blue Bell Hill near Rochester, are among the records which prove that they found their way to Britain. The graves of the stone age are found in Denmark, chiefly in groups at certain points upon the coast; they are found also in the southwest of Sweden, but not found in Norway; they are to be met with not only in parts of England and Holland, but also in North Germany, and at the west and south of France, Portugal, and Spain. Wherever they occur, the plan of these graves is the same. They are built of large stones carefully smoothed inside, forming a chamber; around which the earth is piled into a hillock, and a stone circle formed round the foot of the hillock, sometimes with stones that appear to have been brought from a considerable distance. All of these graves are found to contain unburnt bones, with arrow-points, lances, knives, and axes made of flint; bone utensils, bone or amber ornaments, and vessels of clay filled with loose earth that probably contained the food supplied to the dead man for his last journey. The builders of these tombs did not burn their dead, and did not work in metal.

The men of the bronze age buried their dead in stone chests, with stones piled over them, and clay built over all into a mound. Sometimes their graves are surrounded with small stone enclosures; but they differ from the graves of the stone age in containing clay vessels or urns, enclosing the remains of corpses that were burnt. Some hills of this age may contain fifty urns, and there were many little variations in the way of burial; but all the tombs agree in testifying that the builders of them burnt their dead. They contain also bronze weapons, the peculiar kind of axe called the Celt, knives, swords, battle-axes, daggers, shields, the war-trumpet,—sometimes with enough in it of its old life to sound a ghostly war-note at an antiquary's lips,—hair-pins, combs, bracelets, and gold cups. The graves of the bronze

age are to be found upon the sides of those more ancient hills raised by the stone men over their dead. In the tombs of neither of these periods is any writing to be found.

The graves of the bronze age extend over a wider space than those of the age preceding it. The men therein buried, by help of the metal in their tools, could penetrate a country, could make boats, and thereby disperse themselves abroad. But, inasmuch as the stone and bronze antiquities are frequently found intermixed, it is evident, that one race did not exterminate another. The men of bronze settled upon the land of stone, and the stone people melted away, as the Australian natives are now melting away in the presence of the colonist, or as the Australian oak has died out, and the kangaroo departed from the district around Melbourne, while the English orchard-trees, and English dogs and horses multiply. The bronze age lasted into the eighth century, and seems to have begun in Denmark five or six hundred years before the Christian era. It is the age of the Celts; the first occupants of Britain who have left a trace upon our language or our soil.

The stone people are unknown to history. Mr. Sullivan, a clever local antiquary, from whose recent history of the people and dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland we are now drawing information, supposes that they were a Tatár tribe; and, since they themselves could only hollow logs with fire and flint, believes that they came to this country in company with the Celts, after having obtained metal weapons and having learned the construction of some better kind of boat. They retained here their distinctive customs, and, as the remains show, did not form a distinct colony, but were thinly diffused over the land. Modern Irish, says Mr. Sullivan, has certain peculiar relations to the modern Tatár languages, and that is a fact to be named in support of his opinion. Somebody has remarked that there is one name for Ireland and for Persia, *Ierne*, or *Erin*, and *Iran*; that there is nothing in the world to be found exactly like the Irish round towers, except towers found in Persia, and that certain peculiar customs attached to wells are common to both peoples. Out of a few analogies of this kind very odd theories can often be constructed.

Nevertheless it is worth while, whatever we may think of the stone people, clearly to understand that the Celts, who begin the story of our language and our literature, were not a single tribe, speaking a single dialect. The oldest Celtic remains show that there was, from the beginning, a distinction of tongue between the Celts of Wales and those of Ireland, whom we may, therefore, separate from one another under the names of *Cambro-Celts* and *Hiberno-Celts*. The first Celtic colonists of Ireland came directly from the continent to Connaught; their descendants are the people of Connaught,

who differ in manners and dialect from all their neighbours. Mr. Sullivan, for reasons that he gives, identifies them with the tribe led by Brennus against Rome. When the language of the west of Ireland is compared with the oldest names belonging to the history of eastern Britain, it appears that the same tribe of Hiberno-Celts first occupied both coasts. The five great headlands of Britain, on which are the modern counties of Kent, Lincolnshire, Haddingtonshire, Aberdeenshire, and Caithness, were originally called Kent,—in modern Irish, cean, the head. At a very early period, the Cambro-Celts changed the word Kent into Pen, applying it to hills, never to promontories. The Cambro-Celtic term for capes was corn, a horn, as in Cornwall. Pembroke was originally called Kentbroke, the Pentland were originally Kentland hills; change of name following on the arrival of the Cambro-Celts. It is still a tradition in some parts of Wales, that the original inhabitants were Irish, and unaccountable antiquity is ascribed to them under the name of Irish cots. Foxes and polecats were their domestic dogs and cats.

The last of the Hiberno-Celtic colonists were those to whose tribes Boadicea (meaning, in modern Irish, bean duci, the woman-leader), Vortigern (in Irish, fear tigherna, the ruling man), and Vortimer (fear timthire, his minister or lieutenant), belonged. The Cambro-Celts landed on the south and west of Britain, whence they spread. They colonised all North Wales, and possessed, as Picts, a part of Scotland.

Of the old distinction between the two races of Celts, the spirit is not yet extinct. In Cumberland, Mr. Sullivan tells us, the same object may be found to have two names, one Hiberno-Celtic, and the other Cambro-Celtic. In South Wales, he adds, I have been told by a native, who certainly had no theory whatever upon the subject, that he could take up with an Irishman, but not with a North Welshman. With only a river between them, inborn antipathies are still displayed by the men of Athlone against the men of Connaught.

Passing over the suggestion of a slight dash of the native race of Spain, the Iberian, which some few of the Celts seem to have brought with them, we find, then, that our country was occupied at the outset by three sets of men: the mysterious stone people, who have left us nothing but their graves: and the two Celtic nations represented in our day by the Irishman and Welshman, whose ancestors have left, not graves only, but also fragments of a literature. To them we look for the first tricklings of the spring to which we may trace back the broad river of English.

The strangers came in fleets of boats laden with fighting men whose deeds the bards were celebrating while the sails were spread and the oars plied. Old Irish history speaks of a people called the Tuads of the Dan

country (Teutons of Denmark; though they gave a name to Germans, they must have been Celts), a famous tribe of enchanters. Some of that people settled on a part of Scotland, and their name clings to the River Tweed. There they could arrive only from South Denmark wafted by a south-west wind. The people from North Denmark would, in the same way, reach Aberdeenshire, where they found hills, and called the land by the name still given to Scotland in the Irish language, but once given to all Britain, Albion, and Alban, the hill country. The name of Albion came from the north southward. Some reason can be shown for asserting that these settlers reached our shores about five centuries before the Christian era, and that they sailed away from their own marshy coasts to find a home secure from flood and pestilence.

For what songs did the Lur, the bronze trumpet of these people, that has lain for a thousand years silent within their tombs, for what songs did the Lur or the harp furnish music? A few hymns and legends that once lived on the lips of the Erse and Cambrian bards remain to us yet, now and then the old trumpet still yields an uncertain sound. The Erse or Gaelic bards were those not only of Ireland, but of Scotland also, which received its name, and much of its old colonisation from the Irish Celts. The Scotch Gaelic and Irish Gaelic were as brother tongues, to which the language of the Cymrians was but a cousin. Erse yields the oldest songs and—though that is comparatively recent—also the oldest of the written records, probably, indeed, the most ancient relics of a written literature extant in a modern European tongue. Irish tradition tells us doubtful stories of a poet named Amirgin who was chief bard to his princely brothers nearly three thousand years ago; of Cir Mac Cis, his contemporary, and of the dignified bards, or Ollamhs, who, soon afterwards, under Tighernmas, were permitted to wear six colours in their garments, being only one colour less than the number worn by kings themselves. Women, too, harped before the armies of returning heroes. Moriat was a king's daughter—daughter to the king of South Munster in the fourth century before our era. At her father's court, Maon, the heir of an usurped throne, took refuge. Maon loved Moriat, but Moriat concealed her answering affection. Maon went to the French court, and became a mighty warrior. Moriat in South Munster heard of the fame of his deeds, love made her a poetess, and she extolled them in an ode, which also urged the prince to wrest his father's throne from the usurper. The chief harper at her father's court, carried the ode to France, and sang it before Maon. Maon avenged his father's death, and made a queen of Moriat.

In the first years of the Christian era lived Connor, a king of Ulster, whose reign fur-

nishes the subject of, perhaps, the oldest known song of the Celtic bards. Connor was at a feast in the house of one of his ministers, Feidlim Mac Doill, when the wife of his host gave birth to a daughter. A Druid foretold that the child just born would be the cause of great wars between Connaught and Ulster, in which Connaught would prevail. The chiefs counselled that the child should be slain. Connor, however, declared that he would watch over her, and in due season marry her; he therefore took her to his court, and caused her to be nurtured in a well-fortified tower, to which none had access but her attendants and the king's favourite, the poetess Leabharcham. The Druid, abiding by his threat of evil, called the girl Deardra.

Deardra grew up, and became, of course, the most beautiful and accomplished person in the kingdom. One snowy day as Deardra and Leabharcham were looking out of window, they saw a man killing a calf; some of the blood fell upon the snow, and a raven came and fed upon it. The damsel, yearning after love, exclaimed, Would that I were in the arms of a man who is of the three colours I now see; his skin like snow, his hair black as the raven's wing, and on his cheeks a red deep as the blood of the calf.—Such a young man there is now in the court, said her instructress, and his name is Naoise, the son of Uisneach.—Deardra, having heard more of Naoise, said that she was passionately charmed by the description of his features, and should be in torment till she saw him. Leabharcham, therefore, tempted Naoise into the tower, and the young man, soon afterwards, with help from his brothers Ainle and Ardán, surprised the garrison, and carried off Deardra. They fled to the coast, took ship, and reached Alban (Scotland) in safety. The king of Alban gave to the three brothers land on the western coast and in the isles. But the king afterwards was tempted by the beauty of Deardra, to make war for her sake on her husband. After many battles Naoise was compelled to fortify himself in an island with his wife and followers. Then Naoise sent for help to his friends, the nobles of Ulster, and the nobles went to the king, by whom the prophecy was not forgotten. He veiled designs of treachery under the show of forgiveness, and gave to the friends of Naoise and his two brothers, friends of his own as hostages for the assurance of good faith. Thereupon help was sent, the king of Alban was vanquished, and Naoise, Ainle, and Ardán returned to Erin. In vain Deardra warned them not to hurry to their ruin. She sat with them on the deck, and while the shores of Alban were receding from her view, chanted the lament of Deardra,—one of the oldest of the poems left us by the Celtic bards:—

“Dear to me is that eastern shore, dear is Alban, land of wonders; never would I have

forsaken it, had I not come with Naoise. Dear are Dunfay and Dunfin, dear is the lofty Dun towering above; dear is Inis Drayon, too, and dear to me Dunsaiвне. Coilcuan, oh Coilcuan! where Ainle and where Ardán would resort; too short, alas! was my stay, and that of Naoise, in the west of Alban. Glenlee, oh Glenlee! beneath the shade of thy thickets I often slept; fish, venison, and prime of badger, on these have I feasted in Glenlee. Oh, Glenmessan, Glenmessau! rich were thy herbs, and bright thy winding paths; lulled by falling streams we reposed above the grass-clad slopes of Messan. Vale of Eithe! O vale of Eithe! there was my first dwelling fixed; beauteous are its woods in smile of morning's light; at eve long lingers the sun in vale of Eithe.

“Glenarchon, Glenarchon! fair is the vale of Dromehon; never was man more sprightly than my Naoise in vale of Archon. Oh, Glendarna, Glendarna! my love remains with all who inhabit it; sweetly sang the cuckoo on bending bough, high over vales of Glendarna. Dear to me is that eastern shore, dear are its waters, flowing over pure sand; never would I have left it had I not come with my love. Farewell for ever, fair coasts of Alban; your bays and your vales shall no more delight me; watching the sons of Uisneach at the chase, often I sat delighted on thy cliffs.”

On their way to Connor's palace the three brothers were, by his order, treacherously slain. The young men were laid in one of the old graves that we have been describing, and over it Deardra sang with her last breath:—

“Sons of a king, cause of these my flowing tears; three lions on the hill of Umah; three on whom the daughters of Breatan doated—three hawks of the hill of Guilinn—sons of a king to whom warriors made obeisance, and to whom heroes yielded homage. Three pillars of the headlong bursting battle were the three youths of Sgatha. Dark were their brows, their eyes flashed brightly, their cheeks were as the embers of flame. Their legs were as the down of swans, active and graceful were their limbs, soft and gentle were their hands, their arms were fair and manly. The high king of Ulster was my betrothed, — him I forsook for love of Naoise, after him my days will be few. I will sing their funeral dirge. Men who diggest their grave, make not their tomb narrow; in the grave I will be with them, sorrowing and lamenting. Their three shields and three spears oft formed the bed beneath them; their three hounds and three hawks shall henceforth be without hunters of game, the three pillars of battle, three youths of Conall Cearnach. The three collars of their three hounds draw groans from my bursting heart; with me they were in keeping. I weep at sight of them. Never was I alone until this day, when your grave is preparing; though we often

crossed the solitary waste, I never was in loneliness. My sight begins to fail, for I have seen thy grave, my Naoise! soon shall my spirit fly away, for the people of my lamentation live not."

We have shortened that last dirge from a little book—Poems of Oisín, Bard of Erin, &c.—in which Mr. J. H. Simpson, the Irish antiquary, has lately published translations of some of the ancient poems of his country. A Welsh scholar, Mr. D. W. Nash, has also published—under the name of "Taliesin, or the Bards and Druids of Britain"—a larger critical work, including valuable translation of choice remains of the earliest Welsh bards. These volumes will enable us to sound again a steady note from the Bronze Horn.

To this day, in Irish cabins, women croon songs of the Fenii (ancient militia) of Erin who have been, from almost the earliest days of our era, the theme of Irish song. The Fenii's day of greatest glory was in the reign of Cormac Mac Art, about the middle of the third century, when Fionn Mac Cumbal of the tribe of Baoisgne was their leader. This army of Ireland was in the pay of the Irish kings, billeted during the winter season on the people, and receiving its hire from the kings, but obliged in summer to depend for food upon fishing and hunting, and for pay upon the value of the skins of beasts they hunted. They were sworn to defend the country and the coast, to uphold the rights of the crown, and to secure the lives and property of the people. They ate one meal a-day, and cooked the meat for a whole company with hot stones in a single pit. Deep marks of these fires are still found upon Irish soil, and are called by the country people Fulacht Fian. After dinner they made beds with care; branches of trees next the ground, moss over them, and rushes over all, formed the three beds of the Fenii. In time of peace their force was of three battalions with three thousand men in each. In time of war these numbers were more than double. There were set over them and under each chief of battalion rulers of ten, rulers of fifty, rulers of a hundred. The man called in old chronicles Fear Comhlan, a man able to fight a hundred, is the man who led a hundred into battle. Every soldier of the force was required by Fionn to swear that when he married it would not be for a woman's wealth, but for her virtue and her courtesy—that he would wrong no woman—never deny meat or drink, when he could give it to the poor, and that he would never refuse to fight nine men of any other nation.

Also Fionn closed his ranks against those whose relatives did not formally abandon their own right of blood revenge in case a soldier should be slain, and leave the matter wholly to his comrades. That was the first of the ten qualifications for admittance into the army of the Fenii. The second was that the youth should be well acquainted

with the twelve books of poetry, and should be able to compose verses. Thirdly, he was to be perfect master of defence. To prove this, he was set up to his knees in a field of sedge, having in his hands a target and a hazel stake as long as a man's arm. Nine experienced soldiers, from a distance of nine ridges of land, then hurled their spears at him in the same moment, and if one spear wounded him he was dismissed with a reproach. Fourthly, he was to run well, and know how to defend himself while flying. He was made to run through a wood, with a start of a tree's breath, pursued by the whole host of the Fenii; if he was overtaken or wounded he was sent away as being too sluggish a recruit. Fifthly, he was to prove strength of arm. Sixthly, he was to run through a wood in chase with his hair tied up, and be discarded if the hair broke loose and fell about his shoulders. Seventhly, he was to be so swift and light of foot as not to break a rotten stick by treading over it. Eighthly, he was to be able to leap over a tree as high as his forehead, and to stoop under a tree that was lower than his knees. Ninthly, he was to be able while running, without lessening his speed, to draw a thorn out of his foot. Tenthly, he was to take an oath of fidelity to the commander of the Fenii. Of all which conditions, gravely says an Irish antiquary, "So long as these terms of admission were exactly insisted upon, the militia of Ireland were an invincible defence to their country, and a terror to rebels at home and enemies abroad."

Oisín the greatest of the ancient Irish bards (transformed by Mac Pherson into the Scotch Ossian) was Fionn's son, and Fergus Fibheoil (sweet lips) was the chief bard of Fionn, the heroic favourite of Cormac O'Conn, king of Ireland.

In the days of Oisín the Fenii were suppressed by force. The national army had, by dissensions within its own body, split into two clans, the Clanna Boisgne, commanded by Oisín, and the Clanna Morna, then protected by the king of Munster. The two clans fought for precedence, and at last, defying the power even of the king, were suppressed by royal troops in a great battle, during which Osgar, the son of Oisín, was slain by the king's own hand. One Irish chronicle says that in this battle all perished except Oisín himself, who lived on until he was old enough to have that dialogue with Saint Patrick, of which many passages are still repeated by the peasantry of Mayo. The whole of it has been preserved in sundry manuscripts by antiquarians of past years.

Saint Patrick bids Oisín awake and attend to the psalm, but Oisín replies, My swiftness and my strength have deserted me, since the Fenii, with Fionn their chief, are no longer alive: for clerks I have no attachment, and their melodies are not sweet to me. Patrick, I have heard melody better than your music,

great though it be; the mocking ripple of the rivulet, the roaring of the calves, these were the music of the Fenii. I have not heard music so good as this of Nature from the beginning of the great world up to this time; I am aged, gloomy, and grey-headed, and my regard is not towards the clerks on hills. O Patrick, hard is thy service, and shameful is it for you to reproach me for my appearance; if Fionn lived, and the Fenii, I would forsake the clergy of the cross. The small dwarf who attended Fionn had paltry bones; yet he played melodiously on the harp, whilst I am here in grief with the clergy. Then Oisín proceeds to magnify his past enjoyments, and St. Patrick replies as becomes his office, but Oisín cries, Little do I believe in thy speech, thou man from Rome with white boots, that Fionn the generous hero is now with demons and devils. Upon this subject the bard and the saint argue together stoutly, and there are some touches of a fine pathos in Oisín's pleading on behalf of the dead heroes. He counts as equal to eternal torture one day only in company with clergy of the bells. He tells Patrick the great story of the Battle of the Hill of Slaughter, which ended the wars of the Fenii, which ended the life of his son, high-minded Osgar of the weighty strokes. Patrick blends compliment with a remorseless condemnation of the souls of heroes; Oisín, at his repeated request, tells of the blows struck by hero upon hero, and of the words spoken by the men of battle. The narrative is long and full of incident; in fact, a Celtic novel, as related by the bards. When all has been told, the argument is resumed, and presently again breaks off, while Oisín, who sings pertinaciously of Fionn and the Fenii relates to the saint the magic tale of Fionn's chase; the argument grows hot again, till Oisín, mentioning the time of the enchantment of Fionn and the Fenii, St. Patrick calls upon him for that song, and gets it. When it is finished, Oisín again pleads for the Fenii, and begs Saint Patrick to forsake the clergy, and conduct the heroes into heaven. Being reprimanded, the bard promises to talk of Fenii no more, and is rewarded by receiving meat from the saint's house-keeper, which he supposes to be sent direct from the Eternal City. The starved poet being refreshed, talks of the Fenii again, and labours cunningly to get St. Patrick's promise that he will talk with him about them when in heaven, in a discreet whisper. The saint declares that even a whisper would be heard; and at last the old man meekly declares that he is prepared to march speedily towards the youthful city. The poem thus tells of the last days of the bard of Erin: Portentous danger from death did come full severely on Oisín for a time; alas! then he had no attachment left for the mighty Osgar, nor for Fionn of the hosts. Memory nor sense remained in his head; his eyes were blind, suffering sorrow: torn was that merry, mag-

nanimous heart, which had been mighty in battles of weighty hosts.

To Feargus Fíbhheoil, chief bard of Fionn, are attributed many of the extant songs upon the battles of the Fenii. He was praised always as the truly-ingenious, the superior-in-knowledge, the skilled in the choice of words, by succeeding Celtic poets. He is especially remembered for the songs with which he animated warriors during the heat of battle.

Our Celts clung to their bards, and gave them honourable place long after Druids were no more, and it was of course from lip to lip that their songs passed, until men lived who had the magic art of fixing them on paper. In the annals compiled by Tigernach, in the eleventh century, and extant still, live many ancient Bardic Songs and Legendary Histories; others appear in the annals of the Five Masters, and in such local records as the Annals of Ulster and Innisfallen. There survives also a legendary collection called the Psalter of Cashel, written at the close of the ninth century. The Scottish Celts have not a written literature equally venerable for its age, but the metrical Albanic Duan, a historical and of course bardic and legendary poem, is said to belong to the eleventh century. The transcripts of the songs of the Welsh bards cannot be traced with certainty to a date earlier than the 12th century, but there can be little doubt that from the harp of Taliesin a few genuine strains yet echo among the hills. Fragments of written Welsh exist which may be referred to the tenth, or possibly even the ninth century, but they are simply glosses upon previously existing manuscripts, written probably by some of the first Welsh monks, in the native tongue. The oldest of these, for example, are glosses on a portion of the treatise of Eutychius, the grammarian, and some others are on the text of Ovid's Art of Love.

Of the laws of Howel Dda, compiled in the tenth century, the oldest manuscript belongs to the twelfth century. That also is the period of the oldest known manuscript containing songs of the Welsh bards, in a volume called the Black Book of Caermarthen. It contains a Dialogue between Myrddin (Merlin) and Taliesin; the Graves of the Warriors; the Predictions of Merlin from his Grave; and eight or ten miscellaneous songs and elegies. The greater number of the poems ascribed to Taliesin were not reduced to writing till a century or two later, when they were set down in the Red Book of Hergest, six hundred years after the supposed date of their composition. The Red Book of Hergest, in the library of Jesus College, Oxford, contains more than seven hundred pages, and is written in double columns. Its last pages were written in the fifteenth century, the rest certainly not earlier than the fourteenth. Nearly two-thirds of the remains left to us by

Cymrian bards are ascribed to Taliesin, who lived at King Arthur's court in the sixth century, and of the residue much is attributed to Aneurin, Merlin, and Llywarch Hen.

In the laws of Howel the Good, compiled in the tenth century by a commission of thirteen of the most learned men in Wales, and enacted by that king, we learn what was at that time the rank held by the Celtic bard. The king's bard was tenth in the list of his officers, and ranked between the queen's chaplain and the crier. The fine for his murder was nine hundred and nine cows with three advancements. He was, in the tenth century, simply a singer or composer of songs. He was to sing at the board of the king in the common hall, and at the desire of the queen. If the queen required a song in her chamber, the bard was to sing three verses concerning the Battle of Canlan. He was to sing a song to the master of the household whenever he was directed to do so, and said the laws: "If there should be fighting, the bard shall sing Unbenaeth Prydain (the Monarchy of Britain) in front of the battle."

In the halls of the lesser chieftains, the bard doubtless was genealogist, family historian, instructor. There were also itinerant harpers who secured to themselves great gain by wandering from castle to castle, joining in every great festivity, and asking gifts that it became not the honour of chiefs to refuse. The praise of the chiefs who were most liberal to them was carried by these bards up and down the land. The laws of Howel ordain that when the bard shall ask a gift from a prince he shall sing one song; when he asks a baron, let him sing three songs; should he ask a vassal, let him sing until he falls asleep.

In the eleventh century lived the great Prince Gruffydd ap Cynan, who reformed abuses among the bards, and, being an Irishman born, introduced from Ireland certain changes in their music. He divided the bards into classes under the three grand orders of poets, heralds, and musicians. The musicians were of three kinds—harpers, players on the crwth, or fiddle, and singers to the harp. Gruffydd prohibited the bards from asking for unreasonable gifts—such as the prince's horse, hawk, or greyhound, and anything beyond a certain price, or priceless, because not to be replaced. This prince is said to have been the first who ordered the formation of chairs for victors in the bardic contests; but the chair bard is mentioned in the laws of Howel, and there is a legend that even in the seventh century Cadwellader sat in a Congress or Eisteddfod.

To the sixth century the great bard Taliesin (shining forehead), son of Henwg, is referred. His patron was Urien Rhegel, a British chieftain. The territory of Rheged was the

scene of constant battle between the Britons and the leaders of the Angles; but the only hostile chieftain named by Taliesin is called Flammdwyn (the flame-bearer), and has been supposed to mean Ida the Anglian invader. Many of the poems ascribed to the bard Taliesin were the productions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but we are permitted to believe that genuine strains of his songs to Urien survive in words like these:—
"In this year he who is the provider of wine and meal and mead, and is of manliness without ferocity, and of conquering valour with his swarms of spears, and his chief of bands, and his fair banners, with him all his followers will be in the fight; and his horse under him, in sustaining the battle of Mynaw. There will be abundance, besides eight score of the same colour of calves and cows, milch-cows and oxen, and all good things also. We should not be joyful were Urien slain; he is beloved of his countrymen; he terrifies the trembling Saxon, who, with his white hair wet, is carried away on his bier, and his forehead bloody; bloody are the feebly defended men, and the man who was always insolent; may their wives be widows. I have wine from the chief: to me wine is most agreeable; it gives me impulse, aid, and head before lifting up the spear in the face-to-face conflict. Door-keeper listen! What noise is that? Is it the earth that shakes, or is it the sea that swells, rolling its white heads towards thy feet? Is it above the valley? It is Urien who thrusts. Is it above the mountain? It is Urien who conquers. Is it beyond the slope of the hill? It is Urien who wounds. Is it high in anger? It is Urien who shouts. Above the road, above the plain, above all the defiles, neither on one side nor two is there refuge for them. But those shall not suffer hunger who take spoil in his company, the provider of sustenance. With its long blue streamers, the child of death was his spear, in slaying his enemies. And until I fall into old age, into the sad necessity of death, may I never smile if I praise not Urien."

But Urien fell under the swords of the Angles, and it is the battle of Cattraeth, fatal to the clans of Rheged, that gave to the great bard Aneurin a theme for his chief poem—the Gododin.

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A NEEDLE OF SENSE IN A HAY-STACK OF LAW.

SINCE the completion of my purchase of the shop next door from Jones* and the settlement of Mr. Tapes's little account for the same, it has been my good fortune to meet with a treatise on Conveyancing, the perusal of which has tended considerably to allay any residuum of ill-humour which that transaction may have left behind. It is entitled "A Complete Manual of Short Conveyancing," and is the production of "Herman L. Prior of Lincoln's Inn, Esquire, Barrister at Law." I gratefully recognise in it a significant portent of the downfall of "general words."

"The defects of the present system of conveyancing," remarks its author (who it must be ever remembered speaks with all the authority which a wig can confer), "obviously consist not so much in any legal technicalities in which the subject is involved (which in most transactions are, or need to be very trifling), as its notorious verbiage, arising from the want of sound uniform principles of thought, and language. An existing evil, this," he proceeds to state, "of the magnitude of which no one, perhaps, can properly judge until he has made the bonâ fide attempt of ascertaining by actual perusal what his lease or marriage settlement can be all about." Mr. Herman Prior then specifies two difficulties which stand in the way of any reform: one, "the superstition that the old form at present in use is (as the phrase goes) more formal,"—the other the not unnatural apprehension that attorneys might keep aloof from the chamber of a conveyancer whose conciseness lopped off the principal part of their emoluments.

These difficulties I find Mr. Prior disposes of by the simple application of a little common sense. "As regards the first," he states, "it would seem competent to any writer or draftsman, however humble, to adopt a set of forms purporting to contain just what is necessary and no more—the answer to objectors of course being: If anything else can be proved to be essential, by all means add it, if not, where is the authority for its imposition? For the solution of the difficulty, he refers his readers to the report of the Registration Committee, in which it is suggested that the

* See No. 415, page 284, of the present volume.

remuneration of solicitors should be regulated otherwise than by the length of the instruments which they are called upon to prepare. Formerly, general practitioners of medicine were paid in proportion to the quantity of physic they administered; and the number of patients that were dosed to death, can only be measured by the number of clients that are now driven mad by complicated law-deeds, or driven to ruin by ill-regulated law charges. Nor is the effect of the present system encouraging to the honest lawyer. "If," said Lord Lyndhurst, in the House of Lords,* "a solicitor drew a deed or will of a given number of folios, he was entitled to a certain fee; whereas, if he sat down, and, by bestowing great pains upon the document, succeeded in abridging its great length by one half, he would lose half his remuneration." A premium is therefore held out for wordiness, and the solicitor's interest is made to stand in direct antagonism to that of his client.

Mr. Prior makes mention of two other points in the present system most requiring correction, namely: "the employment of recitals and the almost invariable want of generalisation." These defects it is his bold design to remedy: "the first by the entire omission of recitals. The second by endeavouring to employ in each instance a general term wide and safe enough to render unnecessary either the employment of alternations, or the tedious specification of particulars." These are the main facts which I gather from my perusal of the book.

In order, however, to allay any apprehension which the promulgation of such a system might create in the bosom of Mr. Tapes and his professional brethren, I am glad to find that the writer "disclaims any intention of producing a treatise which should aspire to render every man his own conveyancer." On the contrary, he states it to be his opinion, that the employment of short condensed language in legal documents will demand, more than ever, the aid of professional skill and experience.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, having derived so much satisfaction from the perusal of the treatise myself, I at once determined

* On March 26, 1855, in the Debate on the Court of Chancery Bill.

to present Mr. Tapes with a copy of it. So delighted was I, in fact, with the discovery that any gentleman who had arrived at the dignity of Barrister-at-law, should dare thus practically to impugn the "wisdom of successive ages," that I rushed off incontinently to Tapes, and, interrupting him in the elaboration of the seventy-first folio of a draft assignment of a cow-shed, desired his immediate perusal of the book, and as sound and speedy an opinion of it as he could give. "Before you give me that opinion, however, Mr. Tapes," I said (and every book in his extensive law library seemed to utter a hollow groan at the words), "allow me to tell you a short story:

"Once upon a time, the philosophers of the period were thrown into great perplexity by the assertion that a bowl of water containing a live fish did not weigh more than the same bowl and water weighed without the fish. On what principle of pneumatics, hydrostatics, or hydraulics, this eccentric doctrine could be accounted for, the philosophers were unable to determine. At length one of the body—a young man probably, and evidently an unworthy member of that grave and reverend society—suggested that it might be as well, before exhausting any more theories, to weigh the bowl. This being done, lo! the bowl and water when it contained the fish, proved to be heavier than the bowl and water without the fish, by exactly so much as the weight of the fish. Now, I wish you to understand, Mr. Tapes, that, in my view of the matter, the author of this book is the unworthy philosopher who has had the temerity to weigh the bowl."

I subsequently made it my business to learn Mr. Tapes's opinion of the book, which he gave me in this wise:

"Sir," said that gentleman, in his severest legal manner, "I have perused and examined the treatise which you submitted to me, and I am bound to say, that it very fairly meets the requirements (however exorbitant they may be) of a loose, and legally speaking degenerate age, and contains many admirable forms. You will be aware, however, at the same time, that the many excellent and matured forms which are at present in use have been sanctioned by the accumulated wisdom of successive——"

"Mr. Tapes," I interrupt, "no more of that an you love me. Are you aware that the venerable sapience of which you were about to speak, consigned your fellow-creature to the gullows, up to a period not very remote, for stealing sheep, or for stealing anything that was worth more than tenpence? It consigned others to the terrible torture of the *peine forte et dure*? It made it necessary that before the absolute ownership of property could pass from vendor to purchaser, that an absurd ceremony should be gone through, which you yourself will remember as livery of seisin? That

subsequently remedied by a decree that two deeds (the one supposed to be executed the day before the other) should be necessary to a conveyance of law in the place of one? That remedied again, it ruled by a Parliamentary enactment, that one deed should be as effectual for the same purpose as two? At this very day makes it incumbent upon me, before I can be admitted to copyhold property, to be placed at one extremity of a long stick, the steward of the manor at the other, and two tenants by copy of Court Roll clinging on indiscriminately by the centre; I having eventually to pay very handsomely for my share in this genteel comedy? Now, Mr. Tapes, I would ask you if this is the most desirable foundation on which to erect our great system of jurisprudence, and whether it may not be possible, after all, that the wisdom of successive ages should turn out to be not absolutely infallible?"

To this Mr. Tapes made answer by asking my permission to state a case. "Supposing," said that gentleman, "that I had made use of the remarkably concise form which I find at page sixty-six of Mr. Prior's book, instead of the more solid and lengthy conveyance which I prepared for you some little time ago. Suppose that this deed of conveyance should at some future period come under the investigation of a lawyer of—we will say—not very liberal views, and that he, not recognising the familiar verbiage of the usual form, should throw a doubt on its validity. Before whom would the doubt be argued? Before the very men who are most notoriously wedded to precedent, and who look upon any departure from the rule laid down by the accumulated wisdom of successive ages, with orthodox horror. This being the case, I must state that I shall not incur the responsibility of adopting the short form (excellent though I allow it to be) until the system of conveyancing, of which it is the fruit, shall have received the sanction of Parliament."

Assuming the latter argument urged by Mr. Tapes to possess some show of reason, I will merely, by one example, endeavour to explain what it is the design of Mr. Prior to effect, and I will leave it to my readers to decide whether an application to Parliament, resulting in the adoption of his system, would confer any lasting benefit upon the public. In the conveyance of the barber's shop from Jones to myself,—which may be taken as a fair average specimen of a simple conveyance in fee,—I find a wondrous expenditure of words. It commences with a voluminous recital of the deed whereby Jones became possessor of the property. It then sets forth, in as many words as possible, how that that gentleman and I have agreed, the one to sell and the other to buy. Then, follows the witnessing part, and an elaborate statement of the amount of purchase-money, and that Jones gives me a receipt for the same. Then, that gentleman, after floundering

about for a considerable period in a labyrinth of verbal difficulty, grants and conveys the premises, together with a great many privileges and appurtenances, and all the estate, and all deeds, and a great many other contingent advantages besides. Then, I find that I am required to have and to hold the premises in the way therein somewhat fully specified. Then, I declare that my wife shall not be entitled to dower; finally, Jones, not to be behindhand, plunges into such a confused sea of covenants and declarations, that it is only by the professional assistance of Mr. Tapes I am enabled to specify them generally as "That he is lawfully seised. Has good right to convey. For quiet enjoyment, Free from incumbrance, and For further assurance."

Now, in turning to the two hundred and ninety-eighth page of Mr. Prior's Manual, I find a conveyance of precisely the same nature as the above, contained within the space of fifteen printed lines, and consisting (exclusive of the parcels, which it is his design to place in a schedule at the foot of the deed) of three legal folios. There are no recitals; for, as that gentlemen very pertinently observes, "although, as a literary production, a conveyance is much more complete and satisfactory for exhibiting the preliminary state of the title at length—yet, as in practice this has always been well sifted beforehand, and every party to the instrument is assumed to be cognisant of it, it does seem monstrous that the entire process should be gone through again, and the draft swelled to thrice its needful length for the benefit of some exoteric reader in after times, who, even if he exist, will not accept these statements on the faith of the document itself, but will require their strict proof: viewing the document not as an isolated fact, but as merely one link in the chain of title." For reasons equally cogent, but of too technical a nature and too great a length to be admitted here, the Habendum clause is not inserted, nor are there any general words or elaborate covenants. The conveyance simply consists of the following heads. First: That, in consideration of so much money paid to him, the grantor conveys to the grantee and his heirs the premises described in the schedule thereto annexed, with their legal or usual appurtenances. Second: A declaration that no widow of the grantor should be dowable out of the premises. Third: A covenant from the grantor that, notwithstanding anything done or knowingly suffered by the grantor, he is entitled to execute the grant of the hereditaments free from incumbrance, and that he and every person claiming under or in trust for him will, at the cost of the grantor, his heirs and assigns, do all acts required for perfecting such grant. There the deed ends, and it is upon this principle of careful condensation that the whole of the forms in the volume are framed.

It remains, therefore, for the public to make their election between Mr. Tapes and his sixty folios on the one hand, and Mr. Herman Prior and his three folios on the other. For the rest, does any gentleman desire to enjoy the unusual luxury of being able to comprehend his marriage settlement, the lease of his house, the mortgage of his property, or the clauses of his last will and testament? If any gentleman should entertain, or should ever so fall from his high estate as to come in course of time by slow degrees to entertain, this singular wish, then let him instruct his lawyers, in their preparation, to consult the pages of Mr. Herman Prior's Manual of Short Conveyancing, and to proceed accordingly.

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

XI.

THERE are theatres down among the Dutchmen—in a small way, that is. The drama is not likely to take fast root in that marshy soil. The delicate tones and light shading of the mimetic art are lost upon the retina of our Dutchman. More easily to be conceived is it, that he should take with heartiness to palpable sights and shows—things that strike home at once, without necessity for any thinking work. Tumblers, funambulists, and showmen generally, would seem to be in prodigious favour with him. Were Punch and Judy but naturalised; could that ill-assorted pair get anything like a chance—any kind of an opening—it might be safely predicated that it would attain extraordinary popularity, and become an institution of the country as much as Schiedam or Curaçoa. He would be never weary of contemplating that unhappy scene of discord: would neglect, it is to be feared, his daily business. Would have a private apparatus in his own house, with a permanent power of representation. Would wear his thorax unto soreness, striving to compass that reedy tone with which the misguided husband objurgates his hapless spouse. It does really surprise me that no one has yet thought of introducing to their notice this mirth-moving entertainment.

Has he the pantomime? The harlequinade, clown, pantaloen, and columbine? I know not: but such facetious personages would of a surety tickle him woundily. How would he chuckle internally, as the funny creature comes forward to the footlights, turning in his toes, and hailing them with his old salutation, Here we are! How would he roar at the larcenies, the policemen jokes, the buffetings, the tumbles, and the jumpings through tamborines and glass windows! Have they such things, or the bare notion of such things? Perhaps, after all, a certain training, from tender years would, be found essential. He should be broken in, as it were, pantomimically.

But he has theatrical shows, and a theatre

or two in certain of his great towns. They are not by any means racy of the soil, and have but a sickly growth. That canal atmosphere cannot be salubrious; and the loose shifting soil is not adapted for the nurture of the gay theatrical plant. The keen sense of enjoyment is much diminished by having to struggle down a noisome alley, and by the consequent bearing into the Temple of damp boots. Much diminished, too, by canal miasma in hot pursuit, which enters with you, and takes a ticket simultaneously, and obligingly bears you company through the entire piece. Altogether, then, it is scarcely a Dutch institution. I do suppose that about six might be set down as the full complement of theatres in the whole country. But, alack! even these are not in full work more than half the year round: and that so lamely and unfashionably, as to break the hearts and banks of hapless Managers. There is a dead season and a live season, with sure preponderance of the dead. It is such an existence as certain of our own provincial houses enjoy: opening spasmodically, and closing spasmodically on seizure of properties and scenic effects.

There is a huge sheet, large as a flag, to be seen adhering to coffee-room walls, which is the conveniently-sized handbill or bill of dramatic fare for the night. The stranger has choice—if he come in the quick or live season, that is—of recreating himself with a little free French comedy at the Vaudeville, or an he so list, with broad Dutch fun at the Dutchman's own theatre. If he be a curious man, he will elect at once the native growth, setting aside the spurious French crop, which may be seen to better advantage on its own ground. And so, on one slack night, being utterly stranded and left high and dry on the shore of Ennui, my eye lights lazily on one of the broad sheets, fluttering idly against the wall. The play bill for that night—play bill of the Rijks Dutch Theatre—which sets out in thick squat characters—quite in keeping with the country—very fair promise of entertainment. I will go.

It is a great way off, and entails certain loss of way, and questioning, and setting right, and loss of road again. Which little contradictions were all to be taken *æquo animo*, as the Roman has it: this country being, in truth, full of such crosses. And so I get myself lost and found again, with singular evenness of temper, until at last it seems good to fall back upon a guide, in the shape of a man with a pipe.

The man with the pipe has nothing to say. He can only point. So when he is questioned as to remoteness of place of entertainment, he points in a promiscuous way, giving his hand a sort of here, down, and everywhere flourish. Was it distant, near—one furlong away, or two? Flourish of assent. It was still towards that point of the com-

pass, indicated promiscuously. He was a Moslem, that man with the pipe; and as he received his fee, I fancy I saw his lips move, uttering the believer's aspiration of, God is great!

A dark ungainly building the place of entertainment, with a dim lamp or two overhead. A little pond before the principal entrance, and no public. No eager rush of enthusiastic pit populace; no unruly gallery element; no clamorous obtusion of bills; no importunate pressure from the orange interest. A dark, dull, repelling entrance to Hades, suggesting to such as go in, to leave all hope behind.

At a little counter, the stranger may pay down his money, but may not take his choice, for there is but one price to all portions of the house. He has fears that he will have to sit solitarily in his loge, balcon, or box; but still such lonely grandeur bringeth with it a certain salve, ministering to that aristocratic seed sown deeply in the hearts of all men—pre-eminently in that of the Briton abroad. Boxkeeper will be so good, therefore, as to lead the way to convenient seat in the balcon—a good seeing and hearing place.

Grim shrug from the man of boxes. I have a shrewd suspicion he is laughing inwardly, somewhere towards the pit of his stomach, where Dutchmen usually laugh. But he makes no sign, merely leads the way downwards, opens a door, and goes back as he came. He is the only living thing I have seen as yet about the place; and to this hour I am not quite sure but that it was the same hand that received my money at the little counter, and then went round privily, and took the ticket. Like the theatrical official in the Rejected Addresses, he was thus enabled to give the check he takes.

But, stepping across the threshold of that opened door, the disgusted stranger finds himself standing in the bare solitude of the pit. Comfortless place enough for the theatrical man's recreation! And that Utopia of balcon loge, or box,—one glance upwards will lay such notions for ever. A heavy gallery, such as is found in Dissenting places of worship, supplies the place of such vanities. Everything rude, everything in the rough, everything untheatrical. A horrid doubt crosses the mind of the stranger,—perhaps, after all, it may be a Dissenting place of worship?

Some fifty souls in the house—mostly men, but more females than ladies. There is also in the house, what could have been very well dispensed with: a thick cloud of tobacco vapour, which does not minister to the theatrical man's delectation; for, every man present is diligently engrossed with keeping a cigar alive, working on with strange vigour and perseverance. A few more come in, and light at their neighbour's fire, and then sounds of tuning are

heard in the orchestra. It is time to study the bill.

From that document it is to be gathered that the first piece is one bearing the title of *Op het Land*, which in the English tongue signifies, *Of the Land*. Grand melodrama of thrilling interest, apparently,—for I could follow it but lamely indeed. First it flashed upon me that this must be Mr. Mark Lemon's ingenious *Adelphi* drama, *Sea and Land*, done into Dutch by sharp Dutch playwright. No, it proves to be out of the French.

He would be a wise stranger who should unriddle the mystery of the plot. Melodrama, yet no violence; thrilling interest, yet no pistol-shots! Fat heroine in white, declaiming harsh language, lavishing op and mar, and something concerning *Kon door-booren*, and other strange jargon, which she gave out hoarsely, like a captain on his quarter-deck. Most unprepossessing young person for any unlicensed man of spirit—any proper-minded outlaw, corsair, or pirate-captain—to run the usual risks of his profession; small encouragement for the youth of low degree, and corpulent person, who, it was plain, aspired to the hand of the young woman. More than that, was not to be made out; beyond a faint, glimmering notion that young and unprepossessing lady might have been wronged in early life by the villain of the piece. Still, I am so much in the dark as to the whole march of the incidents, that I may be doing serious injustice to this last named gentleman, who, all the while, may have been a very worthy person, fulfilling his social duties in an exemplary manner. It is certain, however, that to him was addressed most of the injured lady's declamatory adjuration, calling down (as it seemed to me) the vengeance of heaven on the unworthy trespasser. Here, too, it just occurs to me that the unprepossessing woman may not have been injured in early life at all, and that the villain of the piece may have been only urging his suit—or, indeed, may have been no other than the *père noble* harshly constraining his daughter's affections.

All which constructions were fairly open to the stranger, to spell out, which way he would. He might as well have gotten into the *Niebuhr* legends. There was a comic doctor, too, who was the source of infinite chuckling, and who had a way of rubbing his own back, in a dexterous and jointless manner that was highly diverting.

There was one plethoric old gentleman at the end of a bench whom this movement affected so painfully as to cause him to fall backward from his seat, on the verge of suffocation from successive spasms of internal stomach-laughter. He was raised to his feet quite purple, but was off again when the comic physician repeated his droll manoeuvre. Here again, too, I may be all astray, attaching

this gentleman to a profession with which he may have had no concern in the world. To him, too, was addressed the greater part of the observations of the injured lady: with which, to do him full justice, he seemed to sympathise most heartily.

All honour to him, doctor or no doctor!

What became of that injured woman I was never able to discover. She disappeared suddenly, and without violence, towards the middle of the last act. Whether she died quietly in her bed, at her father's residence, or was basely decoyed into a dark place by the villain, and there stabbed; or was poisoned; or died of pure inanition like the hapless widower, known as *Baron Lovell*: whether she passed through one or all of these thresholds to immortality, are so many moot points open to speculation.

By the time the curtain had come down, the house had filled in pretty well, and the cloud had thickened to a deep fog. The men below are working with a remorseless intensity, thickening the fog every instant. In aid of whom floats in subsidiary cloud from the Dissenting gallery. Waiters all accoutred, tread their way busily among the smokers, carrying live matches, quite after the manner of the gentlemen who attend races, saying as they go, something that may very likely mean,—Cigars t'light! cigars t'light! Practically it would seem to amount to the invitation of: "Gents, please to give your orders: the waiter's in the room!" for there is eternal tide of trays and spider-stemmed glasses and tun-shaped black bottles setting in steadily—ceaselessly, too—towards inspired audience. The tide flows in through a side-door whence cometh the music of clinking glasses—where, too, hand-maidens are in full work, filling, refilling, and compounding.

It should have been mentioned, that even when the injured lady's cup of sorrows was being filled over, the unfeeling work of replenishing those cups of comfort went forward diligently and without compunction.

During the interval, the orchestra plays. Suffice it to say, its music was not that of the spheres, whatever that may be. It was in the brass department that the departure from the laws of harmony was the widest and saddest. It might have been half-a-dozen mail-coach-guards gotten together, and blowing for the bare life. It was of the fair order—of the row-de-dow species—of tinniest! The big drum served them in good stead that night.

Second piece: *Het Scheeps Jungker*. *Le Mousse*, that is; or, in plain English, the *Midshipman*. I note that divers nautical gentlemen in the front rows, who have been following the woes of the injured lady with unconcealed impatience, now hitch up their garments, and settle themselves comfortably. This piece will be in their line, grateful as

would be the nautical drama at the Theatres Royal Plymouth or Portsmouth. No doubt the upright tar would be brought on,—the noble being who flies to the aid of females—who will have a small armoury of sentiments, songs, and oaths, and who will be port admiral, and marry the young woman of rank whom he has saved from drowning, before the end of the piece. Terrible infiction he must have been for our fathers, that model of seaman manufactured by Mr. Thomas Morton, and it must be accounted one of the blessings of our enlightened age, that these noble creatures have been long since dismissed the service theatrical.

All through this nautical drama are grave and serious seamen, together with a comic tar, who is regarded with immense favour by his brethren off the stage. But over the plot unhappily hangs a cloud. What the midshipman has to do with the tars, or both with the heroine—or, indeed, who is actually the midshipman: the person who seems to come nearest to that idea being of very mature years—such questions it is indeed hopeless to resolve.

Finally came the great feature of the night. Mademoiselle Amalie of the Theatres Imperial in many countries, and first dancer at the court of Selters-Vasser, would perform pas-seul, ballet d'action, daring entrechats, in that daring piquant style which had won her such fame at the Imperial Theatres. Poor soul! She must have worked at many theatres—Imperial and otherwise—worked until her poor limbs had stiffened beneath her. It was desperate labour that ballet d'action. She might have been pirouetting in a ploughed field, with such toil did she heave her heavy form upward. Amalie of the Imperial Theatres and the Court of H. S. H. the Grand Herzog of Selters-Vasser, this should, in common humanity, be thy last campaign!

The tars were delighted. They should have called for a hornpipe; but, perhaps, had mercy on Amalie, now showing painful signs of distress. It was enough for her to have struggled through the ballet d'action. To say the truth, Amalie's person was, scarcely shaped for that profession. She was altogether of the earth, earthy.

French melodrama, French comic-piece (for the midshipman came from that country, too) and French ballet! Still the French craze! The old tune!

All over and emptied before ten—the sailors gone home to their ships—the citizens to their houses,—poor ancient Amalie to her lodging—before ten.

At the great fair time in Amsterdam many shows find their way to the town. They are of the booth order chiefly; the usual ruck of menageries, wax-work, strolling drama, and the like. But there is one horse-riding establishment that comes annually, and has an open plot of ground, market-

place in business season—just under a church and on the edge of a canal—kept for itself, and is certainly a praiseworthy institution. It might, perhaps, put to shame American troupes and bare-backed steeds, and daring acts. They have a noble Pavilion, much on the transatlantic model, with some dozen performances daily,—pavilion on each occasion being filled to overflowing. Not being a riding-man himself, our brother delights in these equestrian feats.

When Mr. W. B. Childers takes that double sommersault backwards—a feat never before attempted in any age or country—the pipe falls from his (our Dutch brother's) mouth with wonder. His little eyes distend as Mademoiselle Victorine goes through her graceful act on a highly-trained courser, and he is utterly bewildered when the bodily contortionists perform their astounding feats. There is literally not room to swing a cat at one of these performances.

Myuheer goes again and again, and brings his women-kind with him. It is a great season altogether.

Up at La Haye of the sweet water, they have a charming little French Theatre, not a stone's throw from those green groves before spoken of. So, of those summer evenings, the pleasure-seeker may take his after-dinner stroll among the trees, and then turn him back leisurely and come in time for the little French opera, just as the overture is beginning. His Majesty and august court deigns occasionally to visit the little theatre. Persons of quality have their loges there, and altogether it is a pleasant little place. It is, what may be called, playing at operaboxes:

Sparkling French Operettas, M. Adolphe Adam's "Châlet," and the famous "Postillon," are very prettily played:

"O qu'il est bon! qu'il est bon!
Qu'il est bon!
Ce brave postillon."

Such a grateful refrain the stranger may take home with him to his caravanserai—chanting it softly as he goes along to his chamber: "O! qu'il est bon, qu'il est bon," &c.

At Rotterdam, too, Polyglot city, with Babylonian tinge, far greater things are attempted. Of Sunday nights, monthly, grand masqued balls! nothing short of that. Whither resort English, French, and Hollanders, who fuse into the true polynational pandemonium. The whirl, dance, and clash of music, are in the true Parisian and London pandemonia style. Against dead-walls are to be seen ancient fragments of posters, announcing, in the old red characters, that M. Jullien would be there with his unrivalled band. All couched, however, in the Dutch tongue, even to the glowing description, setting out poetically the

Fall of Sebastopol! It is curious meeting there old friends in this new dress.

So much concerning Dutch matters theatrical.

A TALE OF AN OLD MAN'S YOUTH.

EVERYONE, who has ever read that terrible book, *The Mysteries of Paris*, will probably remember a scene, towards its close, where the escaped galley-slave, the *Maître D'École*, arrives, blind and helpless, and lame, and old, at a farm beyond Paris, and asks shelter for the night. The dogs spring savagely at him as he enters, and would gladly tear him in pieces, if they could, and he looks down at the wicked little *Tortillard* who guides him, and whispers, "They smell the blood. These are the same clothes I wore, the day I killed the cattle-merchant at *Poissy*." He goes in—he sits down in the warm kitchen of the farm-house, and takes his evening-meal with the servants. But, lest he should be too comfortable—lest one stray gleam of sunshine should fall upon his path, *Tortillard*, who seems to have been his evil genius, hits upon a plan—a diabolical invention worthy of himself—by which he can recal him from the reverie into which he seems falling. The chains he wore as a galley-slave have left a wound in his leg, which will never heal, and which is most painful at times. The boy sits directly opposite to him, at table, and with all the malice of a little fiend, aims now and then a kick at him, which hits the open wound, and almost makes him scream with agony, while at the same time he exclaims, "*Mon pauvre papa! mon pauvre papa!*" with an affected concern which wins the hearts of all around him.

It is many a year since I read the story, but as I go on through life, *Tortillard* seems to meet me on every side. In fact, he may be called a good type of the world. Have you a private grief or misery concealed, like the wound of the escaped convict, yet always throbbing and tingling, even in your most quiet moments? Be sure the world will find it out, and pierce to the very centre of it with a careless blow. If we cut, or in any way maim a limb, it becomes at once the limb of all others which is most certain to be hit against the corners of tables and chairs; it is the limb against which people stumble and open doors, with accidental recurrences, which look very much like settled purposes. And so with sorrows. That nerve of our hearts which can least bear exposure, is always most exposed,—and here a twinge, and there a sudden faintness, as we turn sharp angles in the path of life, show us that it is sensitive as ever.

I have thought of this, I fancy, more than most men; because I, myself, have such a sorrow. And I find that everything around me—things which, in themselves, are very dear to me—have a power to awaken it. I

never see a violet upon a meadow-bank, that I do not remember a fairer flower that smiled into life and beauty, and then faded before my eyes. I never see a star, at night, without a thought of eyes more brilliant. I never hear a bird singing its happy heart out, in the summer time, without a sigh for a voice, now hushed for ever.

I lived long, long ago, in another land: in a quiet New England village, which nestled in the heart of the Green Mountains, of that most beautiful of all the states, Vermont. That village is known to many as the birthplace and early home of Powers, the great American sculptor. The brain and heart that designed the peerless Greek Slave, were working beside the silver-flowing *Queechy*, some forty or fifty years ago, in many a prank of boyish mischief, and the hands that carved and chiselled that white dream of beauty, then wielded a ponderous jack-knife, and whittled out of bits of wood some faint foreshadowing, perhaps, of that which was yet to come. It was this that had tempted me to select it from all others for my summer residence, during a year of sickness and distress in the City of New York. It had a pretty English name—*Woodstock*—and was, I think, the fairest valley on which my eyes ever fell.

River and mountain, the bright *Queechy*, and the king of the hills, *Mount Tom*, lake and wood, and forest,—all were there. From one summit you looked down upon a region of pastoral beauty, with pretty low cottages, wide green meadows, and grazing flocks; from another you saw a fertile valley, with the river winding, like a serpent, through it, and mirroring in its bosom the clear blue sky. A third ascent, and a rock-bound country, gloomy with fir-trees, and keeping an unbroken silence like that of Siberia, met your view; while high up, upon the very summit of the great mountain, a lonely pond was lying, of which the school-children told strange tales. It had once stretched over vast acres, and bears and wolves had drunk from it when the country was wild and new, but with the march of civilisation, it had changed. Little by little the earth had filled it in, till the visitor could walk for half a-mile securely on what had once been treacherous slime. But the ground quaked always beneath a step, and the prudent took good care not to venture too near the edge. I walked upon it once myself, and thought it very like these hearts of ours, in which, though we step ever so softly, we are ever liable to sink in beyond our depths, and, perhaps, rise no more.

But these were not all the attractions of the place. There were beautiful walks and drives; there were miniature lakes, upon which to row or sail a pleasure-boat; and a park, which was the pride of the whole state. It had grown up with the town, changing from an oval strip of ground, just

boarded in and called a common, to a beautiful enclosure, hemmed in with maple trees as straight and luxuriant as trees could well be, decorated with an iron fence and gates, abounding with little walks and footpaths, and, in the spring, decked with grass as green as that of the Emerald Isle, and speckled and spangled with those flowers of childhood—buttercups and daisies—like a carpet brought from Fairyland. It was a pretty place. I used often to sit and read and muse there; but when the summer months brought the usual influx of city visitors, I left the place to them, and wandered off in search of others more lonely.

In one of my mid-day walks, I struck suddenly upon a grass-grown road, leading off the main path, at the distance of some three miles from the town. I followed it up a little hill, switching with my cane at the peppermint that grew on each side, or stopping to watch a speckled adder who glided lazily in and out from the fragrant thicket, as I drew near to, or receded from, his home. An old house stood half-way up this hill, which was evidently the homestead of some well-to-do farmer. It was large and square, and standing back, with an orchard climbing the green hills at its rear. Across the road which I was following, and just opposite the house, were three immense barns, whose great doors were standing open, to admit the carts of hay the oxen were drawing slowly from the hill pastures. Through these doors I caught a glimpse of the river-road below, the river itself, the covered bridge, blue sky, and the woods beyond. It was a delicious bit of colouring, done by the hand of the Great Artist himself. At my feet was a little pool of stagnant water, on which some white geese and ducks were fraternising, while a brood of half-grown turkeys, with their melancholy "Quit-quit," were making up a foraging party for an excursion after grasshoppers across the farm.

But the road, with its faint wheel-track on either side, and its broad streak of green in the middle, stretched on beyond the farmhouse and the barns, and I soon lost sight of them as I descended the other side of the hill. It was more lovely here, if such a thing were possible; because, with the same view, and with the same houses standing in the distance, I also found a silence beneath the blue sky of noon that was delightful. On one side of the fallen stone wall, a thicket of blackberries had grown over a heap of ruins, which marked the site of the first church or meeting-house ever erected in the town. On the other, and across the road, lay a little grave-yard, sloping quietly down to the road and river below. The gate had rusted from its hinges and lay upon the ground, half-hidden by the long grass that was growing over it. The tomb had not been in use for many a year; and as I peeped through the cracks of its door, I saw something lying on

the floor, which I knew was nothing more nor less than the fragments of the bier on which the coffins had once been borne out, but which, just then, I was pleased to magnify into the bones of a skeleton. The tender blue of an American summer's day was in the sky, and the sun shone down brightly and hotly. Nothing seemed to stir, save the grasshopper who leaped and chirped among the graves—a kind of Old Mortality among the insect tribe.

I followed the path still farther. And now, for the first time, it began to wind beside one of those bright leaping brooks, peculiar to America, and to New England most of all. I sauntered along, looking for minnows in the sun-light, and wishing I had nothing more to do than to spend existence in the same way, when a laugh, most clear and musical, made me start and look up.

The road had wound around, so that the lonely grave-yard upon the hill was shut out from my sight. In its place I beheld before me a long avenue, or rather grove, of maple trees, clothing the base and summit of another hill, far higher. The sparkling brook, with a last gush of music, leaped into the sunlit recesses of this forest, and was lost to my sight. But, on my right hand, stood a little bird's nest of a white-washed cottage, surrounded on all sides by a field of waving oats now nearly breast-high. A narrow footpath led from the rustic gate, up to the cottage door, which stood open; and at a well, close by the house, stood a young girl, apparently fishing with a line for something in the water, while a dark-eyed and very beautiful lady stood on the steps looking at her. A fat brown-and-white dog, with broad feet which turned out ludicrously—as if in no other way they could support the weight of his body—sat on the greensward in front of the gate, blinking sleepily at the sunshine and the flies. When he at last saw me, he put up his head and gave a terrible howl, as if he felt deeply insulted by my approach—a sound which alarmed his young mistress, so that she dropped the line she held, and started back from the well in dismay. I then saw that she had long auburn curls, and that her face was full of that exquisite life and light and bloom, which youth and a sunny heart can shed upon the most irregular features. There was nothing for me but to make my excuses for my intrusion as well as I could; so, after pacifying the dog, I opened the boarded gate, and walked up to her. It was Lucy, whom I thus met, for the first time.

It is strange how soon a perfectly natural and simple manner sets one at ease. I had always been called, and had always thought myself, the shyest of men; yet, in five minutes I was talking with the little fairy as freely as if I had known her all my life. I had been introduced to Aunt Susan, who evidently regarded her young niece as the apple of her eye. I had been reconciled to Tiger, who, after

much entreaty on the part of his mistress condescended to hold out his fat paw for me to shake, showing his teeth wickedly all the while, as if he would like to bite me, if she only was not there; and I had found the way to her heart by succeeding, after a long and patient effort, in rescuing from the well the line and pail with which she had been trying to draw water before I arrived. Then, seeing that I looked heated and tired, she insisted upon my coming into the cottage to have some of Aunt's currant wine, while I rested. I was only too glad to see her abode, and followed without any hesitation.

I must own that I have tasted better and sweeter wine than that which had been spoiling for two months in the damp cellar at Gan-Eden; but I should have taken arsenic cheerfully, if her small hands had mixed the draught. I had seen her once or twice before in the park at Woodstock; had asked her name, and heard it, casually; and had afterwards heard that her aunt had taken this place to please her, and that they were living entirely by themselves in their romantic solitude, with the exception of an old family servant who came with them from the city, and the uncouth dog, who was the prime pet and favourite of Lucy. More than this I had not sought to hear; and Gan-Eden might have been located in the moon for aught I knew. Now that I had stumbled upon it, however, I looked around with no small degree of admiration, as Lucy did the honours of the two rooms to which I was admitted.

It was a little bower of a place, perched upon the banks of that same merry brook which had so beguiled me, and with its windows facing the south and the west. I do not know if the sun was coaxed into doing double duty there, or not, but I am sure I never saw rooms so full of his golden light before. Every door and window was always left open of a pleasant day; and through the hop-vines and the honeysuckles came the warm and perfumed air, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, and the busy hum of bees, till the rooms seemed all alive with light and sound. It was by no means an uncommon thing to see a swallow dart through from one window to the other, and a frisky little squirrel crept into the kitchen each morning, and chirped saucily for his breakfast. By-and-by he brought his family with him; and I found Lucy, one morning, seated on the floor, scarcely daring to draw her breath, while the pretty creatures nibbled away, close beside her, at the crumbs she had scattered for them. He love for pets was not her least charm in my eyes. To be sure, when I found her, one day, with a spoon and pitcher, just outside the gate, trying to persuade a freckled ribbon-snake, who opened his brilliant eyes, and displayed his thread-like tongue in scorn, to drink the milk she poured for him in little grassy hollows along the road, I did object;

but I tolerated her spiders and flies, and bugs and beetles, and dogs and cats, and even mice, because she had them under her immediate protection.

It was my first day at Gan-Eden; but ah! it was not my last. Many a sunshiny afternoon was spent in the little parlour, with its wreath-framed pictures, its flowers of every hue, its vine-shaded windows, and sloping terraced door. I read to Lucy's aunt, but I looked at Lucy, and made strange blunders with my reading. I walked over the hills, and traced out the spring of the dancing brook; and the little garden-hat was always by my side, reaching up to my heart, and no farther, when its owner stood beside me with her hands full of flowers and mosses, chattering as fast as her tongue could run, about her treasures. She treated me much as she did Tiger; and I was only too glad to be his fellow-slave. Yet I am sure the frank child never dreamed how dear she was growing to me. To her I was only "James," or "Brother James"—only a grave and serious man, too old, even then, to be more than a protector and a confidential friend; but not, alas for it! too old to love her, and that with a strength and tenderness a young man could never have felt. My staid manners made me seem even older than I really was; and her aunt entrusted her to me, in all our excursions, as complacently as if I had been made of iron, instead of bearing about a living, beating heart, within my breast.

O, the golden days of that happy summer fled too quickly! Lucy met me, one afternoon, at the gate, with as sad a face as she could wear.

"We are going!" she sighed. "Aunt says it is time to go back to the city; and so we leave Gau-Eden to-day; spend a few days in town, and then return to noisy New York. I am sure, if it was not for some we shall meet there, I should never want to see the place again."

It would have been well for me if I had attended more to what she had just said; but the thought of her going away from the only place on earth that seemed fit for her, swallowed up everything else.

"I should like to visit the old places with you to-day, Lucy."

"Come in, then, and we will go, while the servant is packing the furniture."

The trees had just begun to put on their glorious autumn colours, and banners of red, purple, gold, crimson, russet, pale-yellow, green and brown; were flung out on every side. The September sunshue was yet warm in the middle of the day; and the smell of the beeches and the rustle of the dead leaves under foot—I remember them all, as if it were but yesterday! But when the light began to fade, and we turned towards home, I looked back at the lovely scene, and all was bare and grey, and perfectly desolate. Even so has my life been, Lucy!

It was a hard trial for her to leave the pretty place. There were so many leave-takings of old familiar spots, so many charges to the farmer who owned the house, to let the oak wreaths hang as they were till a new tenant came in, and "Oh, to be sure, and feed the squirrels every day of his life;"—so many hints after Tiger, who was always supposed to have been drowned in the well, or smothered under the luggage; and so many outbursts of joy at finding him, safe and sound, and generally fast asleep, that it was nearly dark before I got her to take the last look, and let me lead her to the pony carriage which was waiting at the gate. I got her safely in at last, and saw her drive away; the little garden-hat always turned towards the cottage as long as it was in sight. Little she cared about Gan-Eden, or all I was losing with it. But I consoled myself with the thought that I was inseparably connected with it, in Lucy's mind. Never could she think of the flowers, and the sunshine, and the bees, without also giving a thought to the friend, who had watched and loved them with her. I went back and leaned against the well, where I had seen her first; I bent down and kissed the rough board where her hand had often rested. If a tear fell now and then, and broke the image of the star which shone so tranquilly in the water below, it was only known to me, and to that star, and to Him who made us both!

The few days she had mentioned fled like so many moments, and after that evening of moonlight and music, she was to leave us. I stood with her in the parlour of her uncle's house, about ten moments before the arrival of the stage. There were curtains of some transparent rose-coloured material at the windows, and she was festooning them back with some waxen white flowers, with green leaves—the last clippings of her aunt's conservatory—and the warm light fell upon her face as she made a graceful curtsy to me.

"There! Is not that pretty? When you come to see us in the city this winter, I shall arrange our parlours in the same way, to make you remember Woodstock and Gan-Eden."

"I am not likely to forget either of them," I said, looking fondly down at her, and in another moment it would have all been said, if she had not laid her hand upon my arm, and whispered:

"Dear old James, I should so like to tell you a secret."

"Well?"

"But you must never let my aunt know I told you, or she would give me a terrible lecture. I suppose it is very improper and all that,—but I should so like to tell you myself. I want you to come to us on the second week of January, and stay till after the twenty-fourth."

"And why till then?"

She blushed, and looked anywhere and everywhere but at me.

"Because, on the twenty-fourth I am to be married."

With a strong effort, I mastered myself, and turning my face from the light, prepared to hear and answer her next question, which soon came.

"Are you angry?"

"Not I," I answered steadily. "But does your aunt know this?"

She opened her large eyes with innocent wonder.

"Of course. How stupid you are getting, my dear old James. Why, she made the match!"

"Ah!"

"Edward is scarcely older than I am, but his father wishes him to marry, to make him steady, I believe, or some such nonsense,—as if such a fly-about as I am would not unsettle him still more! However, we are very fond of each other."

"But how comes it, Lucy, that after all our familiar friendship, this is the first time I have even heard his name?"

She shook her curls about her face, and laughed.

"Oh, I didn't like,—I was afraid you would think it was silly. You are so grave and wise, and indeed I never should have had the courage now, only that I am going away. But, would you like to see his picture?"

"Yes."

She took a pretty little case of blue velvet from her pocket, and, unfastening the golden clasps, laid it open in my hand. I looked upon my rival. A dashing, handsome, audacious boy of twenty, with a midshipman's uniform, a pair of bright dark eyes, and an incipient moustache—that was all! He looked merry and happy enough, but he seemed more likely to be deeply in love with himself than with the pretty child they were going to give him for his wife. She needed training as well as loving, constancy as well as fervor. I could have been all to her, husband, father, and friend.

"Hark! there comes the stage!" she exclaimed, snatching the picture from my hand, and running away to call her aunt. Before she returned to me, I was calm, at least outwardly.

"You will be sure and come and see us when you get back to the city, the very day you come," she pleaded, standing on the steps, and holding my cold hand in both hers.

"Yes, Lucy."

"And remember, what I told you is a secret," she added, dropping her voice a little. "You must not even speak of it in your letters, for aunt will always see them."

"I shall write, then?"

"What a question! Why, I depend upon

you for all the news of Gan-Eden, and all the gossip of the town. You must go up to the old place now and then, James, for my sake, and feed my poor little squirrels. Dear old Gan-Eden!"

She looked wistfully up at me, and her tears began to fall.

"You have been so good, so kind!" she murmured. "Oh, what shall I do without you?"

God bless her! If they had but left her with me for those autumn months, and I had felt it not dishonourable to make the attempt, she would have loved me, I am sure.

When I had seated her in the coach beside her aunt, she leaned from the window, and put back her veil.

"James."

I turned back when I heard my name, and went up to her. There were no careless bystanders looking on, none but those who knew and loved her, and who were incapable of misconstruing anything her loving heart might make her do. As I stood beside her, she put her hand upon my shoulder, and whispered in my ear, "Do not forget Lucy!" Something warmer than the sun-shine, something sweeter than the south-wind, something softer than the new-fallen snow and quite as pure, just touched my cheek, and the stage rattled away, and bore her from me.

I put that timid, innocent kiss away within my heart, and going to my room in a bustling hotel, locked myself in for the remainder of the day. Many years have come and gone, and my cheek has grown pale and thin, but Lucy's last farewell is remembered as vividly as in those first hours after I had lost her.

Who will wonder to hear me say I did not keep the promise I had made? I did write once or twice, but the letters I got in return, only wrung my heart; and it was a relief to me when I left Woodstock, and so could let my wanderings plead as the best excuse for my silence. Her quiet friendship was no return for the love that pained every fibre of my being, and I knew it was best to sever every tie that bound me to her, at once. I wrote the farewell I dared not trust myself to speak, and made it as cold and calm as even her lover could have wished. Then I went for the last time to Gan-Eden, and spent one whole day in the places we had loved. My last visit was to the house, which still stood empty. I did not enter by the usual way, but crossed the brook, from the hill, and went round to the back of the house. At a low window, through which Tiger used to escape when his mistress had confined him to the house, lest he should follow us, I stopped, and raising the sash, looked in. The oak garlands which she had hung with her own hands upon the walls, rustled drily as the cold wind blew. I saw a single faded rose lying on the floor. She

had worn it in her hair on the evening of her departure, and I had seen her take it out and throw it aside before she tied on her hat. I had intended to secure it then, but something had drawn my attention away, and through all these weary weeks, it had been waiting for me, that it might speak to me of her. Poor faded thing! I entered the room, and put the dead rose carefully in my breast. My footsteps made a hollow sound upon the decaying floor, and the squirrel, fat and sleek as ever, ran from a hiding-place behind the door, and vanished through the window. It was a pleasure, at least, to think the little fellow had not fallen into neglectful hands since she had gone. I leaped out upon the ground again, took one long last look into the dear old room, shut down the window, and turned away. From that hour, there was no Gan-Eden for me, save in my dreams.

I went away, to the land of gold. My fortune was already sufficient for all my wants, but I felt that stirring and striving within me which must be silenced, and I knew no better course to take. I plunged into the wildest speculations, and bought and sold at such daring risks that those who had known me in my quiet and steady days, said I had gone mad. And so I had—and yet I prospered, because success was nothing to me. Like King Midas, everything I touched turned to gold—till the sight of it became almost hateful to me.

Now came the time when I might have filled Lucy's place, had I wished it. Beautiful women looked kindly on the butterfly, who would have spurned the caterpillar. But I had grown moody and reserved, and their smiles and blandishments fell on me like sunshine on granite. If ever I sat by my lonely fireside and thought of marriage, the words of the gentle Elia, came to my mind. "The children of Alice call Bertram father," and I sighed, and stirred the coals, and let my thoughts wander away.

It was a selfish life, as well as a lonely one. But one day there came a change. It was ushered in by a terrible illness, and a suffering like unto death. When it passed, I was another man. The angel had "troubled the waters;" a Hand which was not mortal had laid me in the pool; my eyes were opened, and my infirmities were healed. I saw that if all that could make earth glad and beautiful, had been taken from me, it was only that I might learn to lay up treasure in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves cannot break through, nor steal. I heard the poor crying out on every side for succour, and when I was able, I gave it, for the sake of Him who held the poor in loving remembrance. It is most true that no good work which is done in the name and for the sake of God, can ever lose its reward. Even while I was thus holding the "cup of cold water," to the parched lips of His little

ones, His grace was filling my heart with a new and living light.

It was then that I first sought some tidings of her. The friend to whom I wrote, gave me a brief answer. She was dead! Carried away by the raging of the great pestilence; and the young husband had already filled her place with a second wife.

From that day I have never written her name until now; but she has always lived within my heart. My affections are no longer placed on the things of this world; they bud and bloom in a brighter one, and I hope one day to gather their blossoms there.

A MICROSCOPIC DREAM.

"It is incomprehensible!" said my venerable friend.—"It is perfectly incomprehensible!" repeated that aged person, when, for the first time, I displayed with my best microscope, the active little inhabitants of a narrow ditch which separates his lands from the highway road. "What is the purpose of the strange contortions and the incessant movement in which those green-coated fellows seem to spend their existence? I had heard a good deal about this before; but the reality far surpasses the description. What can be the meaning of it all? It is incomprehensible!"

Now this, for my respected visitor, was saying a great deal; because, in the popular belief of the neighbourhood, there was no saying what he did not know. Secrets, both family and physical, unsuspected by others, were familiar to him. His keen eye and his sharp observation led him to a right conclusion from the scantiest of premises. People felt that he read their thoughts and understood their actions. Whether through long experience, or by a prophetic gift, whenever he predicted the future course of an individual, that prediction was sure to come true; marriages would turn out happy or wretched, a child would be a blessing or a torment to its parents, exactly as the white-haired seer foretold. He was privately consulted in stolen interviews by people who had fallen into trouble, masters suspecting the honesty of their servants, lovers doubting the truth of their sweethearts, mothers trembling for the life of their infant, whispered their anxieties into his confidential ear, and received in return useful counsels for their guidance. Nay, even a notion had got abroad that the respected sage was endowed with something more than human powers,—that he was "nae cannie" altogether,—a little bit of a wizard, in short. He had a book which nobody had ever seen lying open, unguarded, or out of his sight,—a thick, square book, bound in some curious, foreign, wrinkled leather, with bright brass clasps that closed of themselves and opened with a secret spring, a book in which he did not conceal

that he read frequently and regularly by night and by day. To this weird book was generally ascribed the power and the insight which my visitor was known to exercise over men and things.

To give one instance out of many: A fire broke out in the sage's village. It raged, and threatened to spread universal destruction. Every exertion failed to get it under, till some one conceived the bright idea of sending for the sage. When summoned, they found him reading his book. He came, bringing the book also under his cloak. He advised them how to proceed,—the simplest possible proceeding, which they wondered they had not thought of before,—and, sitting down on a block of wood, a little way off, he went on reading his book by the light of the fire. From that moment, the enemy was mastered. He gave a few more orders, still reading on; and the faster he read, the faster the flames were extinguished. When he shut up his book, the last spark was out, and nothing remained, but a black heap of smouldering ashes. What he read in that book was too powerful for the fire to resist!

Therefore, I say, it was a great thing for him to observe to me that the sight I showed him was incomprehensible; it was much that he should inquire what was the object and end of the busy and eccentric movements performed by the created things hitherto unseen by his fleshly eye, though they were not unknown to his mental vision.

"Before I can tell you what they are about and what they want," I replied, "I must first ascertain what they really are. That is easy enough. You have your book; I have my books too, and plenty of them. Only look here: all on the same subject; native, foreign, new, and old; English, French, and German; duodecimo, small octavo, large octavo, with woodcuts, plates, coloured and plain, atlases, and indexes, exceedingly complete and full. If I don't find out the very last word about our little green acquaintances before to-morrow morning, you may change me into an animalcule myself with the aid of your potent book, if you can, and may set me to creep, and crawl, and spin, for a thousand years, in any variety of shape you please."

The worthy elder took his leave. I conducted him on his way as far as the respect due to his age and position required, and then returned to my own quiet study which adjoined my bedroom.

Though the evening was getting on, there was still plenty of summer's light in the sky, and my lamp stood ready, when darkness should come. The objects, whose nature had moved our curiosity, were still on the stage of the microscope, and still were living and pursuing their mysterious dances and attitudes. I looked, and looked, and looked

again, till the impression upon my retina became so strong that I could perfectly see them wheeling before me, long after I had left the instrument, and was hunting through my vaunted books. The images impressed upon my vision were brighter and more clear than the coloured plates; nevertheless, my anxious search for their portrait and biography continued in vain. The objects themselves did not happen to be figured at all; and as to the descriptions, I got completely lost in a labyrinth of synonyms, doubtful species, incomplete observations, and evident optical illusions on the part of the observer, not to mention preconceived theories—clever in their time, but worthless at the present day. It was late, and I continued to work by lamplight. The later it grew the more flurried and anxious I became to solve the difficulty. The time-piece on its bracket gave warning for twelve, and I knew less about the matter (that is, my knowledge was more confused) than when I began. Its chimes slowly tinkled an obsolete air—a mournful ditty in a minor key—and then, after a moment's pause, the first stroke of midnight sounded. I felt a sudden faintness come over me. I had done wrong to make light of the sage's lore.

"One! two! three!" from the silvery bell, shot through me like an electric spark, curdling my very blood. Every atom of my flesh felt loose, as if it were put at the disposal of some superior agent. "Four! five! six!" I shivered from head to foot with an ominous shudder, and felt shattered to pieces, much as a lump of sugar might feel while it is being slowly dissolved in a glass of cold water. While "Seven! eight! nine!" were striking, the particles of my bodily frame, impelled by some irresistible attraction, rushed together downward towards the earth, contracting into the smallest possible space. "Ten! Eleven!" I still kept shrinking almost to nothing, and still descending; I knew not whither. I seemed to go back, in time, as I was sinking evidently in level. "Twelve!" and I was an animated droplet, lying at the bottom of a ditch filled with clear water and aquatic plants.

Yes; I was a tiny living drop of fluid, still retaining perfect consciousness. I could not see, but I FELT the presence of things around me,—that the blue sky was above, and the muddy bottom beneath; that the light streamed from THAT direction, and that THERE was a shady grove of *confervæ*. I had no definite shape or form, any more than is possessed by a drop of castor-oil, or by a dab of rain-water falling on greasy paper. I had no special members, features, or limbs, but could make substitutes for them out of my substance, at will. If I wished to touch a grain of sand or a leaflet, I had only to put a lobe to serve as an arm or a leg. I had no skin, bones, or flesh, but was entirely made up of the transparent jelly or mock-flesh

which wiser people than myself have called sarcode.

As I could flow or glide into whatever form I pleased, it was an endless amusement to me to do so. Sometimes I spread myself out into a map of Europe, with capital imitations of the Scandinavian, Hispanic, and Italian peninsulas. Sometimes I coldly pursed myself up into the shape of a half-melted lump of ice; then I mimicked an ill-formed star-fish, and then I roughly represented Punch's well-known profile. I began to feel hungry with the exercise; a tempting bit of starch from the cell of a leaf lay within half a millimetre of my mouth,—which does not tell you on which side of me it lay, for I was all mouth and all stomach. So I rolled up to the dainty, and over it, imbedding it into my own proper substance, there to be digested at leisure.

In this unceremonious way I picked up the crumbs of a nice little meal of considerable variety, including salad and shell-fish. There was nothing surreptitious in this proceeding; because my neighbours could see everything that I had engulphed and appropriated, as well as sundry pockets, vacuoles, or empty holes, which I kept for my own private purposes. Thus, my life was a very easy one, though rather selfish, considerable in duration, if not eventful in adventures; and it certainly never cost me a pang to think that I was no better than an *Amæba* princeps. There I was, with the means of supplying all my wants; and that was better than not being at all. Contentment is happiness. But, one day, when I was flowing forward to catch a little bit of dinner, I felt the ground tremble dreadfully. William the Conqueror was fighting the Battle of Hastings. Harold's horse, after his lord was slain—the same horse you have seen in so many pictures—came galloping in the direction of the ditch, my home. At the sight of the cool water, he suddenly halted, thrust his panting nostrils into the pool, and drank a thirsty draught. Humble folk are made to suffer for the quarrels of their superiors. Harold's defeat was fatal to me. I felt myself drawn up with the stream into a dark, hot, stifling cavern—the horse's stomach—where I soon lost my few senses, and felt no more.

I came to life again in a similar locality. The clash of arms and the uproar of battle, which were plainly audible, again made me tremble for my personal safety. The cause was explained by a red rose who overhung my ditch, and who whispered to a white rose growing on the other side, "What a shame, to mix up our pacific names with all this bloodshed!" York and Lancaster were fighting hard for the crown. But it is a little too bad to accuse others of faults of which we are guilty ourselves. The roses had scarcely the right to be critical, because both white ones and red can scratch hard and draw blood whenever it suits their caprice to be

peevish. But my thoughts were diverted from outward events to myself, and I was then greatly astonished at the transformation I had undergone. My stature was lofty and majestic—absolutely visible to the naked eye. I was lively and active, with a complete green suit of something like network, from each mesh of which there started a moveable bristle, which served me both for oars and for fingers and toes, at will. When cruising freely through the water, my shape was like that of a peg-top which has lost its peg; but I could purse myself up suddenly into a globular shell—that is, a globe with nothing inside it—or could rest on my toe and spread my full-blown charms into a living cornucopiæ. In truth, I could put myself into a variety of shapes, and have been complimented with the epithet of Polymorphus by an enthusiast, who actually describes me as the most marvellous of Nature's handi-works;* but the expanded display most flattered my vanity, although, in consequence of that distension, one old-fashioned admirer, in his homely phrase, dubbed me a funnel-animal. A subsequent promotion to the title of Stentor was some recompense for this slighting term. Although empty, I was no braggart; although hollow, I was not insincere. I never told a falsehood during that epoch of my life; for, albeit a Stentor, I was utterly dumb, and resembled a trumpet only in shape. Excessive sensibility and fastidiousness formed the leading feature of my character and eventually brought about my dissolution. I was slowly circling round a stem of starwort, when I came across a slight current, or whiff, of some saline or ammoniacal solution. The mere momentary contact of defilement was enough. My feelings were wounded to the quick. I shot off and rejected, bit by bit, a considerable portion of my verdant person; and each fragment, as soon as dismissed, swam away to transact its own private business, by the aid of the vibrating bristle that was attached to it. When I was semi-disfigured and only half myself, I thought I might just as well be no more altogether; so I dissolved the remaining members of my own proper parliament, and became a reckless suicide, self-scattered to the waves. Life was not worth preserving after I had once lost stentorian caste. I preferred death to commixture with things unclean.

My being was transferred to a new existence. I was now a worm, a transparent eel-like *Anguilla tritici*, with a strong family resemblance to those that live in vinegar. Hatched in the ground from infected seed-wheat, I grew with the young plant, and

rose with its stem. There were multitudes of us, all with an ambitious turn of mind; our sole object in life was to mount, which we did, till we reached the summit of our wishes—the flowering ear of corn. We penetrated the germ, and there we lay, provided for; our fortune was made; with plenty of company, and nothing to do, but to wriggle, and twine, and gossip amongst ourselves. It was a comfortable sort of club-life, though somewhat monotonous. The harvest came, and we were safe in our kernel. The farmer sold his crop to a London corn-merchant, who stored it in a granary in the City until prices should rise. But whether they rose or fell, mattered little to us, for our own club-house, the grain of wheat—our exclusive *Anguillæum* to which no strangers were admissible—fell into a cranny in the floor; and there we lay snug, year after year, waking up a little to hear the news when we were moister than usual, and going to sleep again when we became too dry. Dog-days and frost were alike to us; the woe and the weal of nations moved us not; and we might have lain there from that time till doomsday, had not the Great Fire broke out and burnt us (and a great many other noxious things besides) to a cinder—which is almost the only way of getting rid of us.

I revived after an indefinite interval; the sentence of transmigration was still upon me, and a ditch was again my dwelling; but not the same kind of ditch as before. It was a clear little pool on an upland down. There was a greater variety of aquatic plants, and a greater multitude of moving creatures. The scenery around me was really brilliant; I was in the midst of a forest of cylindrical crystal stems, each of which contained an internal spire of brightest green winding round its central axis. Up and down these crystal stems, and also across them from stem to stem, there ran and darted swarms of pretty creatures searching for their food, like tom-tits hunting after insects in the branches of an apple-tree. In the water, as if in a sea-green sky, were suspended constellations of emerald crescents of different sizes and different degrees of curvature; these lunulines (as they have been prettily called), unlike the moon, hung immovable, except that where there was daylight, thither they tended. But the greatest change was in myself. I was transparent and perfectly symmetrical. Fancy a swan made of flexible glass, with a neck twice or thrice as long as the real bird's, and you have a rough but faithful sketch of my form. I was all activity; restless as a bee in June, and ten times as inquisitive; never was a Paul Pry to be compared to me; into the thickets of weeds where my body could not enter, I thrust my long neck up to the shoulders. My head was adorned with beautiful whiskers, or smellers, like a cat's, only they were much more numerous and more sensitive. By the aid of these I smelt

* "À la vue simple, c'est un point vert très-agile; sous le microscope, il prend, en très-peu d'instant, des formes si nombreuses et si variées, que la plume ni les mots ne pourraient en rendre compte. De toutes les merveilles de la nature qu'il m'a été donné de voir (excepté la *Vorticella multiformis* et la *Vibrio pacillifer*), celle-ci est certainement la plus admirable: c'est le suprême artifice de la nature, qui frappe d'étonnement l'esprit et qui fatigue l'œil."—MÜLLER.

out my hidden prey, and cunning was the game that contrived to escape me. I must confess that I thought myself not only very clever but very elegant. When I chose to lace in my body a little, I could give it an appearance of being covered with a scaly translucent coat of mail. But that was only make-believe. Moreover, my modes of progression were not less versatile than rapid. Where is the feathered swan to whom it is indifferent whether he cleaves the water with his head or his tail? I became vain, and laughed at the soubriquet of *Lacrymaria*, given to me because some of my cousins resemble ancient tear-bottles. There was nothing lachrymose in my constitution. Had my personal appearance been less interesting, I should have continued to enjoy it for some time longer. While I was at the height of my lacrymarian glory, it became the fashion for ingenious gentlemen to send each other bottles of water from weedy ponds, and to indite long formal epistles, and to send Transactions to the Royal Society respecting what they observed therein with the simple microscopes of which they then were exceedingly proud. In one of these sample-bottles I was kidnapped and made to take a long journey—as if I had been no better than a negro—soon to find myself transferred, in a drop, to a slip of glass. I was then under the learned examination of Henry Baker, F.R.S., who shouted for joy and disarranged his wig at my discovery, calling me “extraordinary! admirable! a diverting little creature!” and so on.

“Come, all of you,” he called to his family. “Here is a new acquaintance; make haste and see it! None of the many different animalcules I have yet examined, has ever afforded me half the pleasure, perplexity, and surprise which I derive from this. See with what agility it moves about—what seeming intention there is in all its motions! Although progressing very swiftly, it never strikes against any of the other animalcules, but directs its course between them, with a dexterity wholly unaccountable—should we suppose it destitute of sight? What postures it puts itself into! What ability it has of assuming different shapes, and those so little resembling one another, that nobody (without actually seeing its transformation performed under the eye) would believe it to be the same creature! For this reason, I shall distinguish it by the name of the Proteus.”

And *Lacrymaria proteus* I remain—that is, that form of me remains—to the present day.

“Hal, my son,” he added, “as soon as all have looked their fill, make me a drawing of this wonderful stranger. It will greatly enrich the copper-cuts of our great work in two volumes octavo, which I intend dedicating respectively to our President, Martin Folkes,

Esquire, and to the Right Honourable the Earl of Cardigan.”

Hal took my portrait, which is by no means flattering. Soon after he had ended his task, the drop I tenanted had evaporated. In vain I crept under a morsel of duckweed to save myself from the effects of the killing ebb. The liquid medium, in which alone I was able to exist, gradually flew away to join the clouds; and I fell into fragments, as completely smashed as a decanter thrown from a high garret window.

My final metamorphosis brought me nearer home. I was on the top of my own garden-wall, imprisoned in the carcase of a *Tardigrade*, or *Slow-paced Animal*. What a ridiculous figure I made! And what an affront it was to my human dignity! For, a certain learned Doctor has stated that we (the *tardigrades*) may be pretty certainly regarded as a connecting link between the rotifers and the worms, but ought probably to be ranked on the worm side of the boundary. Another learned doctor classes us with the spiders and the scorpions. I certainly cannot admit of either such relationship for myself; for I had eight short legs, with claws long enough for a Chinese fashionable, a clear and transparent complexion, a pretty little mouth, and a pair of powerful jaws. It is true, I was somewhat bearish in look, whence a German christened me *Wasserbär* (*Waterbear*), which title another German amplified into *Macrobiotus ursellus*, or the *Long-lived Little-bear*. I hoped none of the neighbours, especially my sarcastic friend Miss Spyer, would see me in this unbecoming disguise. I wondered whether my little dog Trim would know me again after my manifold wanderings, as Ulysses's dog did after his—and died. I climbed to the top of a tuft of moss, to see how my parterre was looking after so protracted an absence, and was surprised to find it exactly as I had left it, when my ears were caught by a learned discussion in which hard words—such as “protoplasm,” “primordial utricle,” “parenchymatous substance,” and others—were bandied about, until they made me giddy. The speakers were a couple of microscopic students, my acquaintance, and their dispute closed with a joint determination to experimentalise on the tenaciousness of life possessed by certain *tardigrades* and rotifers. Mounting a ladder, to obtain a patch of bryum, which they knew was one of our favourite haunts, they soon caught me and half a score other fellow victims. For thirty long days we were kept in a vacuum under the receiver of an air-pump, in very disagreeable proximity to sulphuric acid and chloride of calcium. We thus suffered the martyrdom of the most complete desiccation that the art of the chemist can effect. It was not pleasant; but it was not fatal. The cold and the drought pierced me through and through; but I patiently shrivelled myself up into a ball, like a withered apple, and lay

still without a murmur. When they took me out of the air-pump and indulged me with a tepid bath, I was very speedily as lively as ever. They supplied me with necessaries—moisture, warmth, and food. They were then about to recommence their cruelties, when I distinctly heard a sound of warning. It was the dear old clock on its antique bracket. The chimes tinkled their melancholy air, closing on a minor third, and then the hour struck boldly—Six! I stared around me; it was my own study-chamber. I had passed the night in my arm-chair instead of between the sheets as usual.

GREEN-BEARD AND SLYBOOTS.

In the popular tales of Lithuania, the most important personages are robbers, who sometimes perform the functions assigned by the inventors of our ordinary fairy-tales to ogres, sometimes are characterised by cunning rather than ferocity. The mere fact that a person is a robber does not affect his moral position in the least; he may conduct himself well or ill in the predatory profession as in any other. A virtuous robber will facetiously display his shrewdness, a wicked robber can sniff "fresh meat," and delights in bloodshed even when unaccompanied by profit.

On the authority of Herr August Schleicher, who has made a collection of Lithuanian tales, or rather judging from the tales themselves, we should say, that virtuous as Lithuania may be at the present day, it was once inhabited by a people whose notions of property were of the loosest. Nor does the talent displayed by the clever and less sanguinary marauders greatly excite our admiration; inasmuch as it shines less by its own brightness than by contrast with the vast expanse of dulness by which it is surrounded. Ages ago a little cunning clearly went a great way in Lithuania.

That the Lithuanian Tom Thumb was as disreputable as he was minute, might easily be supposed; for the legendary hero of short dimensions has not been remarkable for moral punctiliousness in any quarter of the globe. Like his western counterparts the Slavonic mannikin, sits in the ear of the ox that draws his father's plough, and by shouting aloud urges the animal to proceed. Having attracted the notice of a wealthy stranger, who purchases him at an enormous price, he persuades his new master to put him in the cow-house, that he may guard the cattle, and prevent them from being stolen. At night, while he is seated in the ear of one of the oxen, three thieves arrive, and though they see nothing, they plainly hear a voice, directing them to the best beasts, and offering a partnership in future enterprise. The oxen are taken away by the thieves and slaughtered in the nearest field, and the Thumbling still unseen—though, odd to say, the night is

not so dark as to impede the slaughter of the animals—proposes to carry the entrails to a neighbouring stream, and to wash them out. When he is at some distance, he is heard crying piteously: "I'm not the only one; there are three men out there, roasting the meat by the fire."

The thieves thinking that their comrade has been caught, and is betraying them to his captor, betake to their heels, whereupon the acute dwarf hastens, not to his master, but to his father, who immediately proceeds to the field in a cart, and fetches home the oxen left by the thieves. "Thus," says the historian, with great complacency, "did he have his son again, together with the purchase-money, and a load of butchers' meat into the bargain?"

Enough of this dissertation on the ethical views of ancient Lithuania. We will not classify the robbers of this favoured land according to their goodness or badness, but consider whether they are grave or facetious, scowling cut-throats or merry purloiners. And from each of the two classes will we take one specimen.

Let *Il Penseroso* precede *L'Allegro*, all the world over—even in Lithuania. We begin with the thrilling tale of "Green Beard."

A certain merchant, who lived indefinitely in a city, was considerably annoyed when his daughter—a very charming young person—swore, or rather vowed, that she would never marry a man who was not blessed with a green beard. In vain did he tell her the story of Bluebeard in order to counteract her absurd predilection. She simply replied that "blue was not green," and he did not feel himself justified in contradicting the truth of the assertion.

However, not only the young lady's father, but likewise the captain of a band of robbers—four and twenty strong—who, as their friends said, enlivened—as their enemies said, infested a neighbouring forest, became acquainted with her views on the subject of beards. Possessed of this information—whether through the medium of the milkman or the baker we cannot say—the captain at once called his band together, and asked the collected assemblage whether they happened to know any dye that would render beards green. An unanimous shout of "Yes!" followed the query, and was followed in its turn by a recipe, universally commended for the manufacture of the desired cosmetic. Why the captain was less accomplished in practical chemistry than any of his four and twenty men, we do not pretend to inquire.

Having given his beard the required colour, the gallant captain proceeded at once to the city, and as he was altogether a fine, well-looking gentleman, he was much admired by the passengers, in spite of his green beard. His conduct, when he reached the merchant's house, was marked by the most rigid observ-

ance of the laws of etiquette. First, he asked leave of the father to woo the daughter; whereupon the father, recollecting that he had a great strapping expensive girl on his hands, and could not find a suitor with a green beard every day, readily gave his consent: then he addressed the lady herself, who, finding her own ideas of human beauty actually realised before her eyes, could not do otherwise than accept the offer of his hand.

Glowing with all the delight of a fortunate suitor, the captain took his departure, having told the young lady which road she must pursue, in order to reach his farmhouse on the other side of the forest. From this fact, we conclude that weddings were, by no means costly in ancient Lithuania, and that he who went to see a nuptial procession must have been grievously disappointed. The gentleman proposed, and, if found suitable, was accepted by the lady and friends. He then went home, and the lady went after him, alone, at her own convenience. Here was a saving in bridesmaids and white favours!

The merchant's daughter, now a bride, packed up her trousseau,—that is to say, caused a large cake to be baked,—and thus handsomely provided, set off for the residence of her future lord. There was a bridge to be crossed, and then there was a road on the left hand to be taken, which would infallibly lead to the abode of domestic bliss. At least so she had been told by the green-bearded Adonis, whose instructions, as far as the bridge was concerned, proved to be thoroughly correct. But, as for the road to the left, the only thing that could be called a road at all was a pathway, that led straight forward into the midst of a thick forest, and grew more and more narrow at every yard—nay, became so inconveniently narrow, that the bride was obliged to get off the horse on which she rode, and to proceed, with her cake under her arm, on foot.

Unpromising as it looked, the pathway, at any rate, brought the lonely fair one to a cottage, which was not a whit more attractive in her eyes, from the fact that a lion was chained on each side of the door. However, as the beasts offered no opposition, she crossed the threshold with as much boldness as she could command, and entered a room fitted up like an armoury, with a large stock of muskets. Expending but a short time in the contemplation of these interesting objects, she entered another room, from a rafter in which a cage containing a small bird was suspended.

No sooner did the bird behold the lovely stranger, than it seemed bursting with information.

"Know, most ill-fated of mortals," it twittered forth, "that you are in a robber's den, and what is worse, escape at the present moment is impossible, for the lions, though

they did not object to your entrance, would tear you to pieces if you tried to get out."

"Then," said the poor girl, overpowered by the weight of this unpleasant intelligence, "what am I to do? How, oh feathered orator, am I to apply all the useful knowledge which you so liberally diffuse?"

"Knowledge," said the bird, gravely, using a phrase since immortalised by Lord Bacon, "knowledge is power."

"That proposition may be generally correct," answered the young lady, with corresponding dignity, "but my case seems to be exceptional."

"Listen," said the bird, in a patronising tone. "Yonder bed must be your hiding place. When the robbers return, they will get drunk——"

"Inebriated," suggested the young lady.

"And will then go to sleep," continued the bird, not noticing the interruption. "You, if you are wise, will seize your opportunity, and issuing from the door, will throw a piece of your cake to each of the lions."

"And what am I to do then?" asked the intelligent maiden.

"Take to your heels as fast as you can, of course," answered the bird, with something of contempt in its tone. "I think your own sense might have told you that."

Piqued by the slur thus indirectly cast upon her understanding, the young lady sharply asked: "Why may not I give the cake to the lions at once, and run away now, instead of waiting for the return of the abominable robbers?"

"Because," replied the bird, drily, "you will be sure to meet them on the pathway. Your own experience must have already informed you whether that is exactly the sort of road on which an unprotected female would like to meet four-and-twenty robbers."

The convinced damsel crept, shuddering, under the bed indicated by the sagacious bird, and had not been long in her hiding-place when the robbers returned, bringing with them a female captive. Their first act was to sit down, and consume a very substantial supper; their next act——

[Here our Lithuanian tale grows so very horrible that we advise readers of delicate nerves to skip all that follows, and be satisfied with the brief statement, that the concealed lady did effect her escape from the robber's den. For the sake of strong-nerved students alone, we proceed circumstantially, thus:]

Their next act was to mince the female captive into ridiculously small pieces, the first operation being a detachment of her little finger.

"Oh!" gasped the merchant's daughter, paralysed with horror.

"What's that?" said the Captain.

"Nothing," said the bird, winking at his protégée; and the robbers continued their hideous work.

No less thick in head than savage in heart, these atrocious ruffians, instead of removing a valuable ring from the doomed little finger, allowed finger and ring to roll together under the bed, where they were instantly pocketed by the concealed lady. The mincing process being completed, and some unpleasant observations having been made respecting a pie that was to be prepared on the following morning, the robbers lulled their consciences,—if they had any,—with such deep potations, that they were soon senseless.

“Now then!” cried the bird.

To start from under the bed, to rush from the door; to toss a lump of cake to each of the lions, was but the work of an instant on the part of the merchant's daughter, who, scampering along the pathway as fast as she could, fortunately found her horse where she had left him, and galloped home, looking as white as a sheet. Nor was her haste at all superfluous; for the cake did not last very long in the lions' mouths, and the roar that immediately followed its consumption brought out all the robbers into the wood. What they had lost they did not precisely know, but they felt convinced that they had lost something or somebody.

Some chance-wind or other had perhaps, conveyed to the mind of the robber-captain the story of the Forty Thieves. At all events he shaved off the beard, which he had taken such pains to dye; he loaded a great wagon with barrels, in each of which he stowed four of his men (which proves that Lithuanians pack close) and, assuming the character of a travelling dealer, he set off for the merchant's residence, acutely guessing that his bride had paid him a visit, and had made discoveries so far from pleasant, that unless he would forego her society altogether, he must contrive some new device for her recovery. The removal of the green beard proved sufficient to prevent his recognition by the merchant, and he was allowed to put his barrels in the yard, while he himself received an invitation to dinner. But the robbers in the barrels would not hold their tongues; a servant on the establishment, who overheard them, informed his master of their loquacity, and the merchant accordingly engaged four sturdy fellows to manage matters in the yard, and two still more sturdy to sit at table by the disguised Captain. The production of the amputated finger in the course of the meal, proved to the Captain that he was discovered, and this incident was soon followed by a triumph of the sturdy fellows over him and his men. They were all put to death, of course; but the reader will be far more anxious to know what became of the animals, who are such important personages in the tale. The bird became the domestic pet of the young lady, and the lions were kept as curiosities by the merchant. The rest of the property in the robber's house was sold for the benefit of the poor,

the house itself was burnt to ashes; and—there is one thing more—and the young lady entirely abandoned her predilection for green beards.

With pleasure we quit this grim, green-bearded villain,—this plagiarist, conscious or unconscious, of the captain of the Forty Thieves,—this uncouth ruffian, who had probably stored his mind with the Lithuanian fable of the Cat and the Sparrow, which is expressly directed against good manners, and which we may as well recount here. A sparrow was once caught by a cat, who was about to devour him on the instant, but was checked by the bird's remark that no gentleman ever ate his breakfast without having previously washed his mouth, and who, setting his prisoner down, began to rub his lips with his paw. Thereupon the sparrow flew away, and the enraged cat vowed that he would never again be a gentleman for the rest of his days. All this by way of parenthesis. With pleasure we quit the grim, green-bearded villain, to seek the society of the pleasant, kindly, murder-hating little thief, who is immortalised in Lithuanian folk-lore, by the name of the Sly Youth; and whose history shows what an inestimable figure may be made by a robber of gentle disposition.

There was once a rich merchant, an inhabitant of the town, who had a wretchedly poor brother, resident in the country. Strange to say, the man of wealth, far from forgetting his miserable kinsman, had the horses put to his sledge one fine winter's day, and paid a him fraternal visit. Education was evidently more esteemed than bravery of apparel among the Lithuanian peasantry, for while, on the one hand, the poor man's wife would not show herself on account of the scantiness of her wardrobe, his sons were likewise invisible because they were at school. However, they soon came home, and highly delighted they were when their kind uncle gave them each a suit of new clothes that had been made in the town; and still more delighted, when he took them out for a ride in his sledge. They were all smart, intelligent youths, and took a world of interest in the different objects that presented themselves on the road. “There's a big ash-tree,” shouted the first; “what a nice table it would make!” “Capital oaks for cart-wheels!” cried the second. “A splendid thicket, that, for thieves to hide in!” bellowed the third. “What,” said the uncle, with a pleased smile, taking out his pocket-book, “would you like to be a joiner, my little man?—and you, a wheelwright, my second little man?—and you, a thief, my third little man?” “Very much!” “Amazingly!” and “Wouldn't I, rather!” were the three answers to the three questions. Of all three answers the good uncle took note.

Now, the merchant was not merely a man of words, but he really meant to do his duty

to his humble relations. So, bidding an affectionate adieu to his brother, he took the three boys with him to the town, where he, in the first place, sent them to school, and when their education was complete, placed them in the professions of their choice. The young connoisseurs of ash and oak were respectively bound 'prentices to a joiner and wheelwright; and as the merchant was on kindly terms with a robber, who lived, with his band, in a cave near the city, there was no difficulty in providing for the third nephew, according to his wish. As a friendship founded on reason is of all friendships the most estimable, it is worth mentioning, that the respect entertained by the robber for the merchant was based on the good offices of the latter towards the former. Whenever other merchants left the town with their goods, the robber was apprised of the circumstance by his commercial friend, and took measures accordingly. Thus, while the Damon of the heath filled his vaults with plunder, the Pythias of the town got rid of dangerous competitors.

Though the youth found much to admire in the robber-band of which he had become a member, there were certain peculiarities repugnant to his better nature. The robbers had the bad habit of murdering people after they had plundered them, and this practice struck him as not only barbarous, but absurd. He therefore wished to work a moral reform. "If you kill people for the sake of taking what they have," he argued, "you act as wise robbers ought to act, and no reasonable man could object to the proceeding; but surely, when a poor devil is stripped of everything, it is as well to let him go." The robbers shook their heads, and answered according to their several temperaments. The more sentimental said they would never abandon the principles bequeathed by their fathers; the sagacious alluded to the practical inability of dead men to tell tales; the sarcastic talked about milksops. "Well," said the young man, "to prove that craft is better than violence, I will undertake to steal a goat three times over, and sell it twice." "Humph!" said the robbers in chorus.

The intelligent youth, who, for brevity's sake, we call Slyboots, proceeding to a town where a fair was held, took his station at the gate, and waited for the arrival of the country-folk with their goats. Presently an old man appeared with a fine white animal, which he offered to sell for three dollars. Slyboots agreed to the price, proposed to seal the bargain with a social glass at a neighbouring public-house, and while the old man was absorbed in the contemplation of his liquor, skipped out of the back door into a corn-field, where he ingeniously spotted the goat's hide with black. This operation effected, he boldly returned to the town, and the first person he met was the old man, who, of course, failed

to recognise him. For Lithuanian cunning to have fair play, it must have Lithuanian dulness to work upon.

"Is that goat for sale, worthy youth?"

"Of a truth is it, good father, an any one will give ten florins for the same."

"Marry. I will buy it; for, lo! when I came to town this morning, I had with me a white goat, of which a scurvy knave hath robbed me. I may say 'robbed' with a good grace; for, though I gave him the poor beast with my own hands, he never paid me the price I demanded, but vanished like a thing of nought."

The bargain was again concluded over a glass, and again did Slyboots escape without paying into the corn-field, where he painted the goat black all over. Returning once more to the town, the first person he met was again the old man, who, again failing to recognise him, again purchased the goat for ten florins. Little docile as he had hitherto been to the instructions of experience, the old man, on this occasion, refrained from crowning the bargain with a social glass, and walked straight home.

First he put the blackened goat into the stable, the door of which he neglected to lock; then he proceeded to the house, and told his wife that he had performed a series of intricate commercial operations, the ultimate result of which was the exchange of the white goat for a black one. The old lady listened with small admiration, and when, on visiting the stable with her thick-headed spouse, she found no goat whatever, her rage knew no bounds. Nay, she vociferously stated her conviction, that the money obtained by the sale of the white goat had been expended on tap-room luxuries, and that the commercial operations so circumstantially narrated were but the creations of a brandy-heated brain. The old gentleman answered the accusation by setting off immediately in search of the missing animal, and as he soon heard a bleating in his vicinity, he proceeded in the direction of the sound. A veritable ignis fatuus was that unfortunate bleat. It led the pursuer to a marsh; and it induced him to step into the marsh, and it caused him to cast off a considerable portion of his habiliments that he might go deeper into the marsh. But the goat was never found; the clothes disappeared from the spot in which they had been laid; and the old gentleman went home a sadder, a colder, and we trust, a wiser man.

When the robbers heard from Slyboots the narration of these facts; when they heard him describe how, without change of attire, he had passed for three several persons in the eyes of one individual, and had robbed that individual three times over; how he had followed the dupe to the stable, and observing the unlocked door, had abstracted the goat; how, lastly, he had led the old gentleman into the marsh, by pinching the goat's tail

as he carried it in his arms, and had thus become the possessor of a wardrobe in addition to the previous booty; the stern ruffians murmured applause, and stating their opinion that the time of apprenticeship should be regulated by degrees of proficiency, not by length of service, declared that Slyboots had now fully served his time. He therefore bade them farewell, and proceeded to his kind uncle, who, rejoicing to find that he had fully realised the promise of his youth, at once placed in his hand a large sum of money, that he might start in business with capital as well as talent.

How is life regulated by accident! Scarcely had Slyboots left his uncle's home, than an event occurred which caused him to abandon the profession in which he had hoped to make so brilliant a figure. Stopping at a public-house to take a glass of beer, his bag of gold attracted the eyes of the respectable widow by whom the business of the establishment was conducted. She at once explained to him that a male superintendent would give an improved turn to her affairs, and that if he would marry her daughter, and take the management of the public-house into his own hands, he would confer a real obligation. Slyboots jumped at the offer, and abandoning all thoughts of the heath and the forest, espoused the blushing maiden, and employed his capital "in the public line."

His old friends the robbers soon heard of his whereabouts, and two of them determined to pay him a visit. Like many other persons, who are not robbers, they contrived to make their call at a time when they were sure not to find their friend at home, and entering the house with an easy air, coolly told the ladies that they were the brothers of mine host, respectively belonging to the gentle crafts of joiner and wheelwright. They were very sorry their brother was out, but really they could not stop, and so they departed, followed by the curtsies of the ladies, but not until they had observed a huge fatted hog hanging up in the cart-house. This they removed at the earliest opportunity, and when Slyboots, returning, heard of these brothers and missed the hog, he at once bethought him of his comrades on the heath.

Immediate pursuit was resolved upon, and Slyboots, plunging into the neighbouring forest, soon overtook the robbers. One had sat down to rest, while the other, with the hog on his back, was groping his way through the darkness.

"Let me have a turn, now, comrade," said Slyboots to the foremost robber, "thou hast carried that load long enough."

"Thou wast ever a kind comrade," was the answer of the robber, who of course thought that he was addressing his companion, and, without hesitation, he placed the hog on the shoulders of Slyboots, who at once set off in a homeward direction.

When the hindmost robber had overtaken the foremost one, a little conversation revealed the true state of affairs; and they both cried out with wrath, not unqualified by admiration: "Slyboots is still Slyboots, after all!" However, no time was to be lost, so at once, there and then—the two robbers disguised themselves as women, and putting their best feet foremost, were enabled to meet Slyboots at the entrance to his own premises. The source of the female attire, thus rapidly put on, is not recorded in Lithuanian history; but the disguise must have been most efficient, as it caused even the shrewd Slyboots to take one of the robbers for his mother-in-law, and the other for his wife.

"Well, hast thou got the hog?" said the more strapping of the two.

"Marry have I, mother-in-law," responded Slyboots.

"Then give it us, and we'll take it in-doors, while thou locket up everything outside," was the artful suggestion, which was answered by another transfer of the hog.

When Slyboots had locked up every gate and door, he walked into the house, and not perceiving the hog, asked his wife where she had put it.

"The hog," said she, "didst thou get it, then?"

"Of course, I did," said he.

"I," said she, "have never clapped eyes on it."

"Come, come, no nonsense," said he, "I gave it into thine own hands at the gate yard."

"Why, by my halidom, I have never crossed the threshold of the door!"

The acute mind of Slyboots was not long in divining the truth; and as he had been rather caustic in his remarks, when the ladies had allowed the prize to be carried off by the robbers in the first instance, he set out in pursuit of the marauders with even more than his wonted rapidity, in order to avoid an infliction of the *lex talionis*.

When he reached the forest, he found that the luxurious rascals had lighted a fire to broil a ham, which they had already cut from the hog. As the fire had got low, they were searching for wood, each in a different direction, and his mode of operation was at once decided. Taking a stick in his hand, he administered a hearty thrashing to the stump of a tree, shouting all the time, in piteous tones, "I won't do it again; I won't do it again!" Each robber, hearing the thwacks and the cries, concluded that his comrade was overpowered, and on this hypothesis both ran away. But Slyboots took up the hog, and went home.

Chance brought the robbers once more together.

"In good troth, thy hue must be of the blackest and the bluest!" said the first, with a derisive kind of pity.

“Nay, rather look to thine own skin; for a short while ago thou didst howl as it were a whipped cur.”

“Whipped cur thyself, when thou didst frighten all the birds in the wood with thine unmanly wailings.”

This interchange of sharp remarks led to a mutual explanation, and the result of the mutual explanation was the united shout of both the robbers: “Slyboots is still Slyboots, after all!”

Resolved not to be outdone, they returned to the residence of their crafty acquaintance. To their agreeable surprise, though the out-houses were locked up, the window of the one room was open, and close to the sill, by the dim light of a rush-light, might be seen the lifeless form of the hog, with the broiled ham laid upon it.

“Marry,” quoth the first robber, “this is not like Slyboots, to put the fatted hog by an open window, and to light a candle that one may find the way to it.”

“Too much good fortune hath blunted his wits at last,” said the second robber. And he laid his hand upon the ham. But at that very instant Slyboots, whose wits were as keen as ever, and who was standing beside the window with a sword in his hand, struck off the most prominent finger at a blow.

“Phew!” said the second robber, “the ham is still hot.”

“Out upon thee for a dullard,” growled the first robber. “How could the ham keep hot, after being carried all the way from the forest. It won’t burn me, I’ll warrant thee.” So saying, he thrust in *his* hand, when down again came the sword, and off went a finger.

“By the mass, I am a finger the poorer,” shouted the first robber.

“Serve thee right, for a hard-hearted churl,” said the second; “that is my case, too, only thou would’st give me no pity.”

“Humph,” retorted the first, and they both looked at each other for some minutes, at the end of which they both exclaimed, with one voice, “Slyboots is still Slyboots, after all!”

So they went their way, and were never heard of more.

THE AFFLICTED DUKE OF SPINDLES.

Know thyself; examine thyself; keep a strict watch over thyself; for thy body is a frail machine that will soon fall to pieces, if not carefully preserved. From the head downwards, or the feet upwards, thou art subject to disease, deformity, and decay. Thy hair will drop off, will change colour, will turn grey. Thy teeth will become unsightly, black, hollow, aching. Thy back will become round shouldered, and thy elbows will stick outwards instead of inwards. Thy hands will become coarse, red, short, thick; thy nails grubby. Thy stomach will protrude beyond the natural space allotted to man,

and thy waist will assume unwieldy dimensions. Thy legs, unable to support unyieldingly the superincumbent weight, will bow out at the calves, or bend inwards at the knees. Thy feet will become painfully fruitful in corns and bunions, and thy face at one extremity of thy miserable body will fall into graceless contortions in sympathy with the pain which thou art suffering at the other extremity. Thy complexion will lose its brilliant purity under sun, and rain, and hail, and snow and frost, and those darting eyes of which thou art so justly—but, alas! so vainly—proud, will become under the combined effects of dust and east wind, a couple of weak and watery organs encompassed by a rim of inflammatory cuticle. As to thy heart, thy liver, and all the other sacred mysteries ever closely hidden within the perishable casket, are they not more delicate and wonderful in their silent retirement—more prone to suffer derangement and decay—than those ruder portions of the same weak machine, whose place it is to come in immediate contact with the rough elements of the outer world?

Such were my thoughts, a curious mixture of the styles of philosophical reflection peculiar to the pulpit and the advertising nostrum vendor, in the early part of a dull, melancholy October day. I was that Pariah of fashion, the man about town, when town was nothing but a lifeless desert. The hard necessities of the law required my presence for an uncertain period to sign deeds, and perform other acts connected with the conveyance of a large estate, and I was chained by this legal spell within sight and call of Lincoln’s Inn, at a period of the year when every other living creature of my class was sporting himself upon mountain and river, lake and sandy beach. I wandered moodily up the once gay thoroughfares, now gay no longer with the rolling carriages and the brilliant members of the promenade. I passed my once comfortable, exclusive club-house, and found it in the hands of bricklayers’ labourers, with huge white-washing ladders standing in the principal rooms, and planks projecting from the open windows into the street. I looked in the newspapers for topics of interest, and found them not. I wandered with a strange fascination towards those large, dark, silent houses, whose hospitable doors had once been open to me at all hours of the day. I saw, for one fleeting moment, the beaming face of a young male friend within the hooded recesses of a Hansom cab. I rushed forward to stay his progress, but my eye quickly detected the too expressive rug and portmanteau upon the top under the driver’s elbows, and I drew back, suffering the vehicle to go unmolested on its joyous way, leaving me in a solitude more depressing than ever. Listless and aimless, as I sauntered up one dull street and down another, I became painfully con-

scions, perhaps for the first time, of my very limited power of self-dependence. I began to commune with myself, and see how helpless and wretched a thing I was, when society was suddenly and completely taken from me. I began to know myself, and I did not appear to improve upon acquaintance. The more I carried on this self-examination, the more contemptible did I appear in my own eyes. For years I had gone placidly on in ignorance of my mental and moral weakness; what if my physical condition had been silently deteriorating? This idea led me into the reflections before recorded, and, partly from fear, partly from curiosity, and partly for occupation, I resolved to get as much information about myself as talent could furnish and money purchase.

The first step that I took with the view of knowing myself, was to ring at the door of an eminent chiropodist. He was within, of course, as it was his business to be. I was conducted by a footman in a splendid livery, up a noble staircase into a drawing-room furnished with all, and a little more of, the glass and satin that taste has ordained to be necessary for the proper fitting up of such an apartment. A luxurious easy-chair was placed for me near the table in the centre of the rooms, and I was mildly and deferentially told that the professor would be with me in a few minutes. In the meantime I was left to contemplate his portraits as he appeared while extracting the corns of three crowned heads—or rather six crowned feet—of Europe, and those of an Eastern monarch, who, from his undoubted Arab origin, ought never to have been troubled with shoes, much less with corns. When these works of art had had their proper destined effect upon my mind, the professor—a coarse, fat man—entered, arrayed in a crimson velvet dressing-gown, with a smoking-cap to match. I rose to greet him, but he bounded forward with an air of what was meant to be charming amiability and consideration for my bodily sufferings, and begged that I would on no account disturb myself.

"My dear sir," he began, "I have seen too many cases of your kind not to know how extremely grateful a little rest must be. Allow me to take off your boots and socks."

He placed a small black velvet cushion for me to rest my feet upon, and in a few seconds those supposed suffering members were exposed to his view.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "the very thing I expected; exactly the same as the young Duke of Spindles, who was here the other day! Do you know his grace?"

I replied that I did not.

"A very affable young nobleman," he continued, pinching my toes with his fore-finger and thumb, "extraordinarily so, when we consider what his grace must have suffered with his feet before his grace came to me. I think,

that I extracted from his grace's right foot, alone, in a simple morning, no less than five and forty corns of different degrees of magnitude!"

I exhibited a polite degree of astonishment.

"Yes, sir," he resumed, "and I did more than that. I cured his grace of one of the most awful bunions that has ever come under my notice during a long and active professional career. 'Cure me of that bunion,' said his grace, 'and you will earn my everlasting gratitude. It embitters my youth, it darkens the festive board, it gnaws me like a vulture, it comes between me and the legitimate pleasures of the ball-room, which I am so well fitted by age, appearance, and position to enjoy.' I put out my talent, sir, and his grace went away another man. The hundred guineas that his grace presented me with were soon spent, but the diamond-ring that he gave me I shall preserve and wear by his grace's desire, to the last day of my life."

He displayed a ring.

"His grace must have been peculiarly afflicted," I observed.

"Not at all, sir; not at all. In fact, between ourselves, corns and bunions are the great curse of our aristocracy. Not one of that illustrious body is free from them, male or female. It is an infallible sign of blood."

While this conversation, or rather broken monology was going on, the manipulation of my feet continued, and small pea-looking lumps of some drab material were, from time to time, placed upon a silver salver standing on the table.

"You must be a person of extraordinary fortitude," he resumed, "to have endured what you must have endured, for so long a period. Are you aware that I have already extracted thirty-two corns from your feet?"

I was not aware of the fact.

"This," he observed, taking one of the peas from the salver, "is what causes the pain in the foot. It is the seed, or needle of the corn, which being pressed down by the boot, enters that portion of the flesh which is not benumbed or hardened, and produces that sharp, pricking pain, popularly known as 'shooting.'"

The professor rose with a look of triumphant satisfaction, and I replaced my socks and boots.

"There," he exclaimed, as I stood up once more, "you feel another man now, and will walk down-stairs very differently from the way in which you walked up them."

I certainly did walk away differently, for I was thirty-two pounds lighter. Each corn or pea was charged a sovereign, and thirty-two pounds was the cost of my first lesson in the difficult art of knowing myself.

The next place that I found myself in was

the depôt for the sale of the celebrated boot ; where I must have wandered, though unconsciously, thinking of my feet. I was received by the master of the shop with tenderness almost approaching to affection, and I marvelled much that any mere money-payment could purchase so much real and unaffected kindness. My feet were handled with considerate care, and their measure was taken as if they had been made of the most delicate glass.

"Dear, dear," exclaimed the proprietor and inventor—a stout, puffy man, whose face was now very red from his stooping position—"you ought to have come to me before ; if you had gone another month, sir, under the old system of boots—only another month, sir, you would have been a hopeless cripple !"

"Indeed," I replied.

"It was only the other day that the young Duke of Spindles——"

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted, "what name ?"

"The young Duke of Spindles," he returned. "It was only the other day that he came to me in such condition, that if I had not known my business, sir, his grace would have hobbled on crutches for the remainder of his life."

"Was he grateful ?" I inquired.

"Sir," said the proprietor and inventor rather pompously, "his grace presented me with that letter of acknowledgment hanging over your head, and this diamond ring, which he begged me to wear for his sake."

As I paid my money—no inconsiderable sum—and left the place, my benefactor begged that I would not walk too much for the next month, and that I would take a bran foot-bath at least three times a-week. I had learned and paid for lesson number two, and in trying to know myself, I was beginning to understand my neighbours.

I next found myself in the studio of a photographic artist, whose portraits were celebrated for their happy fidelity. He prided himself on being a remarkably plain-speaking man—a man who never flattered anyone, no matter what his rank and influence might be. After spending some time in arranging my posture, he expressed his dissatisfaction with me in these terms :

"Your face, sir, is quite out of drawing ; your nose inclines considerably to the left side ; and, to make matters worse, your right cheek is half as large again as the left."

"You're not very complimentary," I replied.

"Sir," said he, "I always give my visitors a candid opinion. It was only the other day that I nearly offended the young Duke of Spindles——"

"The Duke of—— ?"

"Spindles, sir. The Duke of Spindles was not offended, sir, by the bluntness of my remarks, in telling him that if his head was only as well-proportioned as his legs and feet, he

would have been a perfect Apollo Belvidere. His grace, however, after a little while, had the good sense to admit the justice of my criticism, and he is now one of the firmest patrons that I have."

This was another stage gained in self-knowledge. The next step carried me to the shop of an artist celebrated for his skill in adorning the human frame with clothes.

"May I inquire," asked the artist, mildly, "who made your last garments ?"

"Certainly," I replied, and I gave him the required information.

"I thought so," he returned, addressing himself to a prim man who was cutting out cloth behind a counter ; "some more of their failures, Jenkins !"

"Yes, sir," was the mechanical response.

"Scarcely a day passes, sir," he said, turning to me, "but what I have a customer from that quarter. My best patron—the young Duke of——" ("Spindles," I could not help interpolating)—"came to me in that way, didn't he Jenkins ?"

"Yes, sir," replied the prim catter.

"We must pad your coat considerably behind," resumed the master artist ; "for, although you may not be aware of it, your shoulder blades are very prominent ; so much so as almost to reach a deformity, which it is our business to hide. As you have a decided tendency to corpulence, your waistcoats must be single-breasted, and your trowsers must be made full, to conceal a little inclination inwards at the knees. But" (he continued, rising into enthusiasm with his subject), "as I said to his grace the young Duke of Spindles, the other day, if it was not for these little deflections of the human frame, where would be our Art ? We might as well, sir, be common slop-sellers !"

Still endeavouring to acquire the power of knowing myself, another half-hour found me closeted with the renowned Doctor Grumpus, who had evidently formed himself on the traditional model of the equally renowned Doctor Abernethy. The doctor—who was the consulting physician of several Life assurance offices—in addition to his gruffness, had acquired a habit of treating patients as if they were under an examination for a policy.

"Now, sir !" said he, "what's the matter with *you* ? Pork chops ?"

I explained to him briefly, the object of my visit, which was to gain a general knowledge of my health and bodily prospects.

"Was your father ever mad ?" he inquired.

"Never."

"Mother ?"

"Never."

"Both dead ?"

"Both."

"Age ?"

"Between fifty and sixty."

"Both ?"

"Both."

"Good! Had the measles?"

"Yes."

"Come here!"

I went as requested, and received a sharp pinch in the stomach from the fist of the doctor, whose head was immediately stuck against my waistband, listening, as it appeared to me, to the ticking of my watch.

"Breathe!" he said, and I obeyed.

"You'll do," he continued, "if you don't drink too much. Five guineas!—Come in."

Although I had heard no sound, a footman entered, in obedience to the last summons, and announced the young Duke of Spindles.

"Back surgery," replied the concise doctor.

As I bowed myself out I saw no signs of a ducal presence, although I looked curiously—and thus ended my fifth lesson.

I next rang the bell at a door on which was a large brass plate with "Madame Dubois, épileuse," upon it in prominent characters. I was ushered into a room in many respects like the chiropodist's, where I was received by a middle-aged female, who desired me to take a seat while she prepared the necessary implements to extract my grey hairs. She commenced her operations with two pairs of pincers.

"Milor's hair was vara fine—vara charming—much like de air of de young Duc de—"

"Don't mention his name. I know it already."

"Monsieur?"

"Spindles. Am I right?"

"Parfaitement. Milor le young Duc is just a leetle—a vara leetle—grey; but he had taken it in time, and it would not spread—O no!"

Half an hour passed in this way, at the end of which time some twenty hairs were displayed upon a white cloth on the table. Two were visibly grey, the others were said to be in a state of transition—dangerous companions, likely to corrupt the remainder of the flock if suffered to remain. I paid the fee cheerfully—three guineas and a half—and went direct to a barber's to pursue my investigations in the same direction.

The barber's was not a vulgar barber's; not a place with a pole sticking out, and an old copy of a Sunday paper to amuse the customers, but an establishment that had kept pace with the times, if it had not shot a little a-head of them. It was a series of saloons, replete with every luxury of the toilet; artists of rare manipulative skill; baths of every kind, even warm sea-water baths. I placed myself before a pier-glass, and was immediately waited on by the leading man in the house: who prepared a shampooing mixture, not unlike the materials for a pancake. There were eggs, and rum and water, and a thing like a milking-pail, in

which the composition was to drip as it ran off my head. When the washing was finished, the usual remarks began on the part of my operator.

"Hair is greyer than it ought to be, sir, for a gentleman of your age. Falling off a little at the top, too. You should try our warm sea-water baths. Did you ever try our pediluvium, fragrant vapour, and siesta to follow?"

"Never," I replied, "but as you recommend the warm sea-water baths, I'll try one."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir. Thomas!" (this was shouted down a pipe) "warm sea-water."

I was conducted to a dark apartment in the basement—probably what was once the cellar, now lighted with gas—and in the corner I observed a large trough filled with the invigorating spring. When I was thoroughly immersed, I was left to my reflections, and very melancholy they were. I compared my condition, confined in a dirty tank, in a gloomy coal-cellar, with that of my friends, who were taking their sea-water under the chalk cliffs, on the free, open, pebbly beach. I audibly cursed the delays of the law which kept me in town, and I became an ardent legal reformer from that hour. As these thoughts were passing through my mind, I became suddenly conscious of an intense feeling of disgust at my bath, and the whole truth at once dawned upon me, I was soaking in a mess of pot-liquor. Sea-water it was, certainly, but it had been several days—perhaps weeks—in the wood, and several hours—perhaps days—in the boiler. Its whole history passed before me; its transfer to a cask on the coast of Kent or Sussex; its journey to London in the luggage-van of the railway; its period of delay in the company's storehouses; its jolting voyage in one of Pickford's vans; its second delay at the carrier's warehouses; finally, its delivery at the door of the hair-dresser. Ten legs of pork, stewed for six hours in ten gallons of water, would have made a bath as wholesome and inviting. I leaped with a shudder from the greasy pool, and lost no time in making my way to the upper apartments. I had spent the whole day, and nearly fifty pounds, in learning to know myself; and in the effort I had but extended my knowledge of a certain class of my fellow-creatures. As I passed through the saloons where the "pediluvium, fragrant vapour, and siesta to follow" were administered, I heard the voice of one who was evidently indulging in these Eastern luxuries, crying aloud in a decided tone—evidently under the impression that there was something which the waiter had omitted to bring:

"Now, then! That siesta!"

Could that voice have belonged to the young, shadowy, afflicted Duke of Spindles?

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MRS. BULLWINKLE.

MR. CONDUCTOR. Any atom of individual experience, which is likely to be of use to the community in general, is, I am informed, sure of finding an indulgent welcome in these pages. I have a little morsel of purely domestic experience to place before the public eye; and I venture to hope that it may have the advantage of appearing in this Journal.

I am a married man, with an income which is too miserably limited to be worth mentioning. About a month since, my wife advanced me one step nearer to the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, by presenting me with another child. On five previous occasions, her name had appeared in that interesting List of British Mothers which adorns the daily Supplement of the Times newspaper. At each of these trying periods (I speak entirely of myself when I use the word "trying") she was attended by the same Monthly Nurse. On this last, and sixth, occasion, we were not so fortunate as to secure the services of our regular functionary. She was already engaged; and a new Nurse, with excellent recommendations, was, therefore, employed in her stead. When I first heard of her, and was told that her name was Mrs. Bullwinkle, I laughed. It was then the beginning of the month. It is now the end of it, and I write down that once comical name with feelings of unutterable despondency.

We all know Mrs. Gamp. My late Monthly Nurse is the exact antipodes of her. Mrs. Bullwinkle is tall and dignified; her complexion is fair; her Grecian nose is innocent of all convivial colouring; her figure is not more than agreeably plump; her manners are icily composed; her dress is quiet and neat; her age cannot be more than five-and-thirty; her style of conversation, when she talks, is flowing and grammatical—upon the whole, she appears to be a woman who is much too ladylike for her station in life. When I first met Mrs. Bullwinkle on the stairs, I felt inclined to apologise for my wife's presumption in engaging her services. Though I checked this absurd impulse, I could not resist answering the new nurse's magnificent curtsey by expressing a polite hope that she would find her situation

everything that she could wish, under my roof.

"I am not accustomed to exact much, sir," said Mrs. Bullwinkle. "The cook seems, I am rejoiced to say, to be an intelligent and attentive person. I have been giving her some little hints on the subject of my meals. I have ventured to tell her, that I eat little and often; and I think she thoroughly understands me."

I am ashamed to say I was not so sharp as the cook. I did not thoroughly understand Mrs. Bullwinkle, until it became my duty, through my wife's inability to manage our domestic business, to settle the weekly bills. I then became sensible of an alarming increase in our household expenditure. If I had given two dinner-parties in the course of the week, the bills could not have been more exorbitant: the butcher, the baker, and the grocer could not have taken me at a heavier pecuniary disadvantage. My heart sank as I thought of my miserable income. I looked up piteously from the bills to the cook for an explanation.

The cook looked back at me compassionately, shook her head, and said:

"Mrs. Bullwinkle."

I reckoned up additional joints, additional chops, additional steaks, fillets, kidneys, gravy beef. I told off a terrible supplement to the usual family consumption of bread, flour, tea, sugar, and alcoholic liquids. I appealed to the cook again; and again the cook shook her head, and said, "Mrs. Bullwinkle."

My miserable income obliges me to look after sixpences, as other men look after five-pound notes. Ruin sat immovable on the pile of weekly bills, and stared me sternly in the face. I went up into my wife's room. The new nurse was not there. The unhappy partner of my pecuniary embarrassments was reading a novel. My innocent infant was smiling in his sleep. I had taken the bills with me. Ruin followed them up-stairs, and sat spectral on one side of the bed, while I sat on the other.

"Don't be alarmed, love," I said, "if you hear the police in the house. Mrs. Bullwinkle has a large family, and feeds them all out of our provisions. A search shall be instituted, and slumbering Justice shall be aroused. Look at these joints, these chops, these steaks,

these fillets, these kidneys, these gravy beefs!"

My wife shook her head, exactly as the cook had shaken hers; and answered, precisely as the cook had answered, "Mrs. Bullwinkle."

"But where does she hide it all?" I exclaimed.

My wife shut her eyes, and shuddered.

"Oh, John!" she said. "I have privately consulted the doctor; and the doctor says Mrs. Bullwinkle is a Cow."

"If the doctor had to pay these bills," I retorted savagely, "he would not be quite so free with his jokes."

"He is in earnest, dear. He explained to me, what I never knew before, that a Cow is an animal with many stomachs——"

"What!" I cried out, in amazement, "do you mean to tell me that all these joints, these chops, these steaks, these fillets, these kidneys, these gravy beefs—these loaves, these muffins, these mixed biscuits—these teas, these sugars, these brandies, gins, sherries and beers, have disappeared in one week, down Mrs. Bullwinkle's throat?"

"All, John," said my wife, sinking back on the pillow with a groan.

It was impossible to look at the bills and believe it. I questioned and cross-questioned my wife, and still elicited nothing but the one bewildering answer, "All, John." Determined—for I am a man of a logical and judicial mind—to have this extraordinary and alarming case properly investigated, I took out my pocket-book and pencil, and asked my wife if she felt strong enough to make a few private entries for my satisfaction. Finding that she willingly accepted the responsibility, I directed her to take down, from her own personal investigation, a statement of Mrs. Bullwinkle's meals, and of the time at which she partook of each one of them, for twenty-four hours, beginning with one morning and ending with another. Having made this arrangement, I descended to the parlour, and took the necessary business measures for using the cook as a check upon her mistress. Having carefully instructed her to enter, on the kitchen slate, everything that was sent up to Mrs. Bullwinkle, for twenty-four hours, I felt that my machinery for investigating the truth was now complete. If the statement of the mistress, in bed on the second floor, agreed with the statement of the cook, in the distant sphere of the kitchen, there could then be no doubt that I had obtained a perfectly correct statement on the mysterious subject of Mrs. Bullwinkle's meals.

In due time, the two Reports were sent in, and I had an opportunity of understanding at last, what "eating little and often" really meant, in the case of my wife's monthly nurse. Except in one particular, to be hereafter adverted to, both statements agreed exactly. Here is the List, accompanied by a correct time-table, of Mrs. Bullwinkle's meals, begin-

ning with the morning of Monday and ending with the morning of Tuesday. I certify, on my word of honour as a British husband and housekeeper, that the copy is correctly taken from my wife's entries in my pocket-book, checked impartially by the cook's slate:

A.M.

7. Breakfast.—Tea, Toast, Half-quartern Loaf, Butter, Eggs, Bacon.
- 9.30. First Morning Snack.—A glass of pale Sherry, and a plate of Mixed Biscuits.
11. Second Morning Snack.—A Basin of Beef Tea, and a Tumbler of Brandy and Water.
- 12.45. Dinner.—A Roast Loin of Mutton and Mashed Potatoes. With Dinner, Ale, spiced and warmed. After Dinner, a tumbler of Hot Gin and Water.

P.M.

3. Afternoon Snack.—A glass of pale Sherry, and a plate of Mixed Biscuits.
- 4.30. Tea and Muffins.
7. Evening Snack.—Stewed Cheese, Toast, and a tumbler of Brandy and Water.
9. Supper.—Nice juicy Steak, and two glasses of Beer. Second Course.—Stewed Cheese, and a tumbler of Gin and Water.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS. (Not vouched for by the cook's slate.)—During the night of Monday Mrs. Bullwinkle partook, at intervals, of Caudle. At 4.30, A.M., on the morning of Tuesday my wife was awakened by hearing the nurse walking up and down the room, and sighing bitterly. The following conversation then took place between them:

My Wife.—Are you ill?

Mrs. Bullwinkle.—No. Hungry.

I can certify that the above List correctly, and even moderately, represents Mrs. Bullwinkle's daily bill of fare, for one month. I can assert, from my own observation, that every dish, at every hour of the day, which went up to her full, invariably came down from her empty. Mrs. Bullwinkle was not a wasteful eater. She could fully appreciate, in roast meat, for example, the great value of "lean;" but she was not, on that account, insensible to the humbler merits of fat, skin, and "outside." All—emphatically, all—was fish that came to her net; and the net itself, as I can personally testify, was never once over-weighted and never out of order. I have watched, in the case of this perfectly unparalleled human cormorant, for symptoms of apoplexy, or at least of visible repletion, with a dreadful and absorbing interest; and have, on no occasion, been rewarded by making the smallest discovery. Mrs. Bullwinkle was never, while in my service, even so much as partially intoxicated. Her face was never flushed; her articulation was never thickened; her brain was never confused; her movements were never uncertain. After the breakfast, the two morning snacks, and the dinner,—all occurring within the space of six hours,—she could move about the room with unimpeded freedom of action; could

keep my wife and the baby in a state of the strictest discipline; could curtsy magnificently, when the unoffending master, whom she was eating out of house and home, entered the room, preserving her colour, her equilibrium, and her staylaces, when she sank down and when she swelled up again, without the vestige of an unapparent effort. During the month of her devastating residence under my roof, she had two hundred and forty-eight meals, including the snacks; and she went out of the house no larger and no redder than she came in. After the statement of one such fact as that, further comment is superfluous.

I leave this case in the hands of the medical and the married public. I present it, as a problem, to physiological science. I offer it, as a warning, to British husbands with limited incomes. While I write these lines, while I give my married countrymen this friendly caution, my wife is weeping over the tradesmen's bills; my children are on half-allowance of food; my cook is worked off her legs; my purse is empty. Young husbands, and persons about to marry, commit to memory the description here given of my late monthly nurse! Avoid a tall and dignified woman, with a flowing style of conversation and impressively ladylike manners! Beware, my struggling friends, my fellow-toilers along the heavily-taxed highways of domestic happiness—beware of Mrs. Bullwinkle!

YEARS AND YEARS AGO.

"Toutes ces choses sont passées
Comme l'ombre et comme le vent!"

VICTOR HUGO.

These things have passed upon their mournful way,
Like the wild wind, and like the shadows grey.

SUZANNE was not sixteen, and I was barely nineteen, when we first met. She was the daughter, the only child; of a poor Protestant pastor near La Rochelle, one of the chief and oldest strongholds of the French Reformed Church.

At that time I was about as wild a scape-grace as you would see in any place I could name at this moment. I had been expelled from school for heading an insurrection against the proper authorities; I had got into endless scrapes in every position in which my poor father had tried to establish me; had finished when I was eighteen by throwing off all restraint, crossing the water, and, with a knapsack on my back, starting on a pedestrian tour through some of the French provinces, not with any definite aim or object, or in pursuance of any settled plan, but to exercise my usurped liberty, and to get rid of some of the superfluous life that would not let me rest. Of adventures I had plenty; but the relation of these is little to the point now. At La Rochelle, chance, as I called it then, threw Suzanne in my way. Whether she was beautiful or not, I hardly know. She

was utterly unlike anyone I ever saw before or since;—a little thing with a pair of eyes that prevented your seeing anything else when they were before you;—a pair of eyes which, like those of the German fairy, were not only one barleycorn bigger (I think they were two barleycorns bigger) than anybody else's eyes in the world; but which loved you, and repulsed you, and pitied and scorned you, and laughed with you, and cried for you, and made you wild with delight, and desperate with despair, twenty times a-day.

From the first time I saw her, I pursued her without ceasing; and we often met by those accidents that occur when two people do their best to aid fate in her arrangements. At the back of the presbytere was a garden full of roses, and lilies, and jasmines, and all sorts of beautiful old-fashioned flowers that grow anywhere you may plant them, but that can no more get common or worthless for all their bounteous blooming, than if they required to be watered with champagne. Beyond the garden is what is called a châtaigneraie; a little wood, carpeted with close turf, moss and wild-flowers, overshadowed with magnificent chestnut-trees, each of which might form a study for a landscape-painter. Only a paling and a wicket separated the garden and the wood; and, the latter being unenclosed, any one had a right to wander there at will,—a privilege of which the peasants in the neighbourhood, having other means of employing their time, seldom availed themselves; and it was, except at the chestnut gathering, generally deserted.

So there I used to repair in the glowing July days, with a sketch-book, to look business-like; and, lying on the grass, or leaning against a tree, myself half-hidden, watch for Suzanne. How it is all before me now—before me now, and in me, and about me—Good heaven, how clearly,—after all these years!

The broad, rugged trunks of the trees; the sunlight streaming with a soft, green light through the leaves; the warm, ripe, still heat that quivered before my half-closed eyes; and there, there beyond, through a narrow vista, an opening, as it were, into heaven, in the guise of a little bit of the pastor's garden, blazing in sunshine and flowers. On this my eyes would fix till the angel should come to give it a holier light. Sometimes I waited through the long hours in vain; sometimes I saw her pass and re-pass, coming and going like alternate sun and shadow, as the place, seemed brightened or darkened with her presence and departure. Then, how my heart beat; how I watched, how I listened!—did she guess I was there?—did she wish to come?—was it timidity or indifference that prevented her turning her steps this way?—Useless. She would not come to-day; and, cross and sick at heart, I left the wood, and wandered homeward to mine inn,—the bare, hot chambers

of which, with the old fumes of bad stale tobacco, were little calculated to soothe the nerves that had been stung and fretted and ruffled in the green, cool, perfumed chestnut wood.

Next day all would be joy and hope again. Back once more to the sylvan temple, where I hoped to meet the shy goddess. An hour, —two—would pass, and then she floated to and fro across that bit of sunshine, gathering a flower here; tying one up there; watering, trimming, dipping further on; wondering, as she has since told me, and as I little guessed then, if I were there in the wood watching her. Presently, with a basket on her arm, she would turn into the shady walk; nearer and nearer came her footstep; fuller and fuller throbbed my heart; then, with her hand on the wicket, she would pause; had she changed her mind? would she go back? and at that thought my soul so yearned for her, that it seemed the influence must act to draw her towards me; and sometimes I almost thought it did so; as, opening the gate, she stepped into the wood; and slowly, with downcast eyes, roved to and fro, in search, as I believed, of the yellow mushrooms that grow in the chestnut woods in France.

A few moments more, and we were together, she still pursuing her search, though many a mushroom was passed, many another trodden on; I, pacing by her side, speaking low, and at intervals, while she sometimes answered without looking up, sometimes gave me a glance of those miraculous eyes in lieu of other answer; till at last, youth and love, and solitude encouraging, the hand that at first dared not to touch hers, wound round her waist, the lips that trembled to pronounce her name, pressed hers unforbidden.

And now, shall I tell the truth?—a truth that many and many a time since has not only stung me with remorse, but with the thought, that perhaps— Well, well, that may or may not have been. But to my confession:—

Young as I was, Suzanne was not the first woman I fancied I had loved; and though the feeling I had for her was widely different from that with which I had regarded others, still it was not then pure, and deep, and fervent as it ought to have been. At first, much as I loved her, much as I desired to obtain her love, I had no thought of indissolubly uniting my destiny to hers; I had no idea of marriage. I contented myself with letting things run their course, whatever they might tend to; with taking no thought, and making no engagement for the future.

At last our meetings in the châtaigneraie became things of daily occurrence; and we needed no subterfuges of sketch-book and mushroom-baskets to colour them. Sweet, pure, darling Suzanne! Who, in her position, at her age, could have withstood the dangers of the situation as she did? She loved me

with all the depth and warmth of a profound and passionate nature; yet in the midst of her abandon, there was a purity, a starting, instinctive shyness—a turning of the flank of danger, as it were, while appearing unconscious of its vicinity—that at once captivated and repelled me. And days drew on to weeks, and still our relative positions remained unaltered.

One day we were in the châtaigneraie together, strolling side by side, her hand in mine, when the unusual sound of footsteps rustling 'mid the last year's leaves, startled us. We turned round, and at a little distance beheld her father.

He was a man still in the prime of life. But indifferent health, and a ceaseless activity in the arduous duties of his calling, gave to his spare figure and fine face a worn, and prematurely aged look. I shall never forget him, as after a moment's pause he advanced and confronted us; the veins in his bare temples swollen and throbbing with the emotion he sought to control, his face pale and rigid, and his lips compressed.

There was a dead silence for some seconds. Then his kindling eye flashed on his daughter, and pointing to the house, he said in a low, stern voice: "Go in, Suzanne." She went without a word.

"And thus, young man," he said, when she was out of hearing, "thus, for the gratification of a passing fancy, to kill the time you know not how to dispose of, you blot an honest and hitherto stainless name. You break a father's heart; you turn from her God—you destroy body and soul—a mere child, motherless and unprotected. I will not tell you what Suzanne has been to me; how I have reared her, worked, hoped, prayed for her, loved and trusted her. All these things are, doubtless, tame and commonplace and contemptible to you. But if you had no fear of God or consideration for man before your eyes, could you not have had a little feeling, a little pity, an atom of respect for a father and daughter situated as you know us to be? Knowing, moreover, that it is not in the heart or in the hand of the Minister of God to avenge the wrong and shame done him by the means other dishonoured fathers adopt?"

Utterly abashed and conscience-stricken, I strove to explain; but my emotion, and the sudden difficulty that came over me in expressing myself adequately in a foreign language—fluently as, under ordinary circumstances I spoke it—were little calculated to reassure him.

"No," he said, "I know all. Your daily meetings, your prolonged interviews, a certain embarrassment I have lately noticed in my child, hitherto so frank and fearless; her altered looks and manner—even note the demeanour of both when I surprised you—what can I conclude from such indications?"

"I swear to you," I at length found words to explain, "that your daughter is wholly and perfectly innocent. Think of me as you will, but at least believe me in this, and assure yourself that your child is sinless."

He looked at me scrutinisingly for some seconds; then his face and voice relaxed. "I believe you! There is but one thing you can now do, if you are sincere in your wish to repair this evil. Promise me you will never see Suzanne again, and that you will, as soon as possible, quit this neighbourhood."

I promised, and we parted.

How I passed that night it needs not now to tell, nor all the revolution the thoughts it brought worked in my heart and in my ideas. The immediate result was, that next morning at dawn I rose from my sleepless bed, and wrote to the pastor, asking his daughter's hand; not concealing the difficulties of my position, but adding that if he would overlook present and material disadvantages he might trust that no sin of omission or commission on my part should ever cause him to regret his having accorded his sanction to our marriage, and that I feared not but that with time, patience, and perseverance, I should be able to secure a means of existence. At nineteen it is so easy to dispose of these questions of ways and means; to obtain everything and to dispense with everything.

The answer came quickly, brought by the pastor in person.

"You are an honest lad," he said. "I will not now enter into the question of your youth and that of Suzanne:—my child's reputation is at stake, and she is deeply attached to you. That of your prospects is one we have yet to discuss; but the first subject to be entered upon and fully explained is the one of your father's consent to the marriage. In the first place, by the law of France, which is, I believe, different to that of England, no man or woman, even if of age, can marry without producing proof of their parents' acquiescence. In the second, even were the law otherwise, I should hold myself bound for conscience sake, not to take advantage of the most desirable proposal, if it were made against the wishes and without the sanction of yours. Are you likely to obtain this?"

Here was a difficulty I had neither anticipated nor provided for. I had thrown off all authority, deeming my own sufficient for my governance, and here, at the first important crisis of my life, I found its inefficiency to get me through my earliest difficulty. Supposing I made up my mind tacitly to admit my mistake, and ask my father's consent to my marriage, was it in the least likely that he would, under all the circumstances, accord it?

Never mind, I must make the attempt, and so admitting to the pastor that I had not as yet provided for such a contingency, he left me to write to my father.

A week of agonising suspense passed, during which I, in accordance with a promise made to Suzanne's father, never sought to meet her—nay, to avoid a shadow of suspicion, never even went to our chestnut-wood, to get a peep of her in the garden.

At last the letter came, and sick with agitation, I tore it open. It was brief, grave, somewhat stern, but yet not different to what I deserved, and what I expected.

My father said he had reflected much on my demand:—that he saw many reasons why he should refuse it, yet he was so anxious to meet my wishes when they pointed to any course that was not likely to lead me into moral mischief, and that afforded me a chance of obtaining steadiness of conduct, that if I could provide him proofs of my intended bride's character and position being such as I represented them, he would not withhold his permission.

This was easily done; proud and elate, I boldly presented myself at the presbytery, and within a month, we were married, despite all the delays and difficulties that the French laws, which seem especially framed to throw every possible obstacle, hindrance, and petty vexation in the way of the impatient lover, could find to circumvent us.

I look back now on the time, and see through my spectacles—though a little dimmed, now and then—not myself, and my Suzanne, the wife of my youth, as I saw her in those days; but a boy and girl I remember to have known then. A hopeful, happy, foolish pair; brimful of youth and life and love; seeing all things, each other included, quite other than they were; yet so confident in themselves, in their experience, their ideas, their impressions:—living from day to day, like the birds on the branch, as if all the world were their storehouse, and no to-morrow were before them. Quarrelling and making sweet friends again; fretting about a look or a word; jesting at questions involving the most important material interests; averted looks and murmured reproaches over a flower presented and lost; not a thought or a care for gold squandered.

The place was so endeared to me, and Suzanne, and her father felt so reluctant to part, that I resolved,—my father, who made us a small, though reasonable allowance, not objecting,—to settle, for a time, at all events, in the neighbourhood of La Rochelle.

So we took a little house in the midst of a garden, within five minutes' walk of the presbytery, and there we set up our household, served by a plump Rochellaise damsel, whose clear-starched capot* and gold ear-

* The "Capot" is the head-dress peculiar to La Rochelle and its neighbourhood. It consists of a framework fixed upright on the head, round which is loosely folded a strip some three or four yards long, and about half a yard wide, of clear muslin, bordered at each edge with lace, and terminating in a rounded end, pinned in front. Considerable skill and practice is necessary to attach the capot properly, as it is arranged on the head.

rings, heart and cross, were on Sundays, the admiration of the place; and a lad emancipated from sabots, to work in the garden, and help Nannie in the rougher occupations of the house. He fell in love with her, I remember, and he being some years her junior, and she being rather a belle and virtuous withal, she was moved, by all these united considerations, to box his ears on his attempting to demonstrate the state of his feelings by trying to kiss her when, attired as above recorded, her beauty shone forth too resplendent for him to succeed in controlling his youthful passion.

Before a year was out, the two children had a doll to put in the baby-house, and to play with from morning till night. They nursed it alternately, and worshipped it, and had moments of jealousy about it, and wondered over it, and found it a miracle of genius and intellect, when to stranger eyes it was capable of nothing but sleeping and sucking and stretching its toes before the fire.

When it should walk! O when it should walk, and when it should speak its mother's name!—When it did, the child-mother lay in her grave in the Protestant cemetery at La Rochelle, and the boy-father took it there to strew flowers on the turf.

When I first awoke from the stunning effect of the blow, I was like a ship that struck full by a tremendous breaker, stands for a moment paralysed and grieving, then staggers blindly on, without rudder or compass, both swept away in the general ruin.

The wild spirit within me, which the peaceful and innocent happiness of the last two years had soothed and stilled, broke forth again, and my first impulse was to rush from the scene of my lost felicity, and in a life of reckless adventure seek to lose myself and the recollection of all I had won, all I had been bereft of in that short space.

Thank God, I had the child. That saved me.

And now at twenty-one, when most men have hardly made their first start in life, I, a father and a widower, had passed the first stages of my manhood's career, and was about to gather up the shattered fragments of my youth's hopes and prospects, and try to patch them together to carry me through the rest of it.

At first my father, now all affection and sympathy, since the change my marriage had brought, urged my returning with the child to England. But this a strange feeling, partaking perhaps more of jealousy than anything else, made me decline doing. On Mabel, "Ma-belle" as Suzanne used to call her, half-believing that that was really the translation of the name, had now concentrated all the love and interest of my life. Here she was all my own, I was all hers; nothing, nobody, could lay any claim to the love, the time or the attention of either, so as to distract it from the other. No one could exert

influence or authority over either to the exclusion or prejudice, in however slight a degree, of the other.

My child had no mother; no one else therefore, however near or dear, should in any degree supply her place but myself. I would be all and everything to her, and if she never missed her mother, it should be to me alone she should owe it. A foolish thought perhaps, perhaps a selfish one; yet who shall say, seeing from what it doubtless saved me?

Happily the child was healthy, sweet-tempered, and really, all paternal illusions apart, singularly beautiful and intelligent. My baby, my little Queen Mab! I see her now, as in her black frock and straw hat I used to carry her forth at first in the still warm evenings, when the glow and the glare of the day had passed by, and the sea-breeze stirred the roses in the garden.

With her I did not feel quite so frightfully alone: her signs, her attempts at speech, her little wilfulnesses, her caresses, her ceaseless claims on my aid and attention, withdrew me as nothing else could from constant brooding over my loss. Later, when I could bear it—I could not, for a long time—I used to take her to the châtaigneraie, where I was wont to watch for Suzanne, and sitting there as of old, leave her to play on the grass beside me, while with half-shut eyes, I gazed on the glowing spot at the end of the green walk, dreaming, dreaming, with a gnawing at my heart, of the shadow that used to cross it, of the footstep that used to come along that shaded alley, of the pause with the hand on the wicket. Then I remembered that now not all the yearning and craving of my soul could, as I fancied it did of old, bring her one step nearer to me: and then my grief and desolation would find vent in passionate tears, and the child, who was too well used to see me weep to be alarmed, as children mostly are, would climb up on my breast, and draw my hands from before my face, and kiss and soothe me with her sweet baby caresses.

It was a great though secret joy to me, that though gentle and tractable to all, she could be said to love no one but me. I think the excellent pastor guessed the existence of this feeling; for fond as he was of the child, and strong and natural as were his claims to her affection, he ever avoided to put them conspicuously forward, or to attempt, in any way to interfere with her management. For this, even more than for his many other proofs of regard and kindness, I was deeply grateful. I encouraged the child to be familiar with him. But though she showed deference and duty, and even returned his caresses, I could see with secret triumph that her heart was not in her acts, and that as soon as she thought she might without offence return to me, she would glide from his knee, and stealing to mine, nestle on my breast, content to

rest there till we were alone again. Then the repressed spirits would break forth, and she was once more gleeful and joyous.

Early in the morning I would wake, and behind the half-drawn curtain, watch her playing, silently, lest she should disturb me, in the dewy garden. Wandering to and fro, with her hands crossed behind her, now pausing before this or that flower, smelling it, sucking the pearly drops that lay in its cup; then racing away suddenly, wild with strong young life, prancing and plunging in imitation of a high-mettled steed, or chasing the kitten that was not more graceful or lithe of limb than she.

And so on, till the opening of my lattice announced that I was astir. O, the sunshine of the radiant face! She had her mother's wondrous eyes, but with a fine fair English complexion and warm, light-brown English hair. Then pit-a-pat up the narrow staircase, came the quick step, the door was flung open, and in two bounds she was on my bed, hugging and kissing me, laughing, patting my cheeks, laying her sweet cool face against mine, and chattering the strange mingled dialect between French and English, that was sweeter in my ears than purest Tuscan.

Then off again, like a butterfly, opening my books, putting my watch to her ear, and looking solemnly curious at the sound; turning over my clothes, scribbling wild flourishes on my paper with pen or pencil, and, quick as flight of bird, away again to announce to Nannie that "le grand chère," the great darling, was awake, and so hungry, so hungry for his breakfast.

And so through the day, however I might be occupied, she was never away from me for an hour. Light and restless, like some winged thing, she was to and fro, up and down in the house and garden, all the live-long day; dancing, singing, talking to herself, when I was too occupied to attend to her; no more disturbing me in my busiest hours than the sunshine that streamed in at my window, or the swallows that built and chirped in the eaves above it. Long walks we used to take together, she bounding by my side, now clinging to my hand, now springing off after wild-flower or berry; till lap and arms were full; all beaming and joyous until a beggar came in sight; then the bright face would lengthen, the step slacken, and the small money I always carried in my pocket to provide against such emergencies, was brought into request, and given with willing hand and gentle words of pity and condolence, and for some paces further the little heart and brain were yet oppressed with the impression of the sight of suffering.

In the evenings, by the dying sunlight or the winter fire, she would climb to my knee, claiming a story; and, while I related some remembered history, or improvised some

original one, there she sat, with raptured face, gazing on mine, those eyes so full of wondering interest, those ruby lips apart, showing the glistening teeth; putting in now and then some earnest question, pausing long at the close of the narrative to muse over it and fully digest certain points that had made a deeper impression than the rest of the tale. Then, as the light fell and the stillness of evening deepened into night, the head drooped on my breast, and, like a folded flower, the blossom that brightened and perfumed my lonely life, slept quietly, while I, sad and silent, wandered mournfully over the past.

I look back now to that period of my life, and again it is not I whom I see sitting there before me. It is one I knew, whose affections, cares, and troubles were as my own to me; but whose thoughts, opinions, and aspirations were quite other than those I now hold, and on which I now act. The child seems hardly real, distinctly as I remember every—the slightest—detail concerning her; she comes before me in my lonely hours like the remembrance of some vivid dream dreamed long ago; some vision sent to cheer and brighten my pathway through some long past stage of an existence that then seemed drawing on to its close.

We know so little what we can live through and over, till the present is merged in the things that have been! till the pages on which are inscribed in black letter the great griefs of our lives are turned, and those that contain pleasanter passages are laid over them!

Mabel had achieved her tenth year before I had reached my thirtieth birthday; and all that time we had never been a day separated; had never lived any other life than the life I have been describing.

I had taught her to read and write, Nannie had taught her to sew; but other accomplishments she had none. Partly that strange jealousy of other interference, partly a horror I could not control of subjecting my fairy to the drudgery of learning, made me shrink from calling in other aid to advance her education. It was better that it should be so. I am always glad now to think that I did as I had done.

My child had been lent me, not given. For ten years her blessed and soothing, purifying and holy influence was granted to tame and save me. For ten years God spared one of his angels to lead me through the first stages to Heaven!

The task accomplished, He saw fit to recall the loan.

It is thirty years and upwards now, since Mabel died.

I have buried another wife since then, and two fair children; and four more yet remain to me.

They are good, dear children to me, none better; and handsome boys and girls too.

But they are none of them like my Mab, my little fairy queen:—and I am not sorry; it is as well as it is.

JOHN CHINAMAN IN AUSTRALIA.

GOLDSMITH, when he wished to show a philosophic traveller calmly surveying the passions, foibles, and inconsistencies of European life, chose for his purpose a Chinese. Had Goldsmith written his *Citizen of the World* in these days, he would have had farther to seek than the "flowery land" for the ideal of an impassive observer.

Not only are Europeans and Americans forcing their way into the fortress of Chinese society; but now Chinamen themselves,—contrary to their long-established usages and habits, and in defiance of imperial edicts,—are swarming (no other word is so expressive of the manner of their emigration) into other climes. First, California was invaded by Mongolian hosts; next, when the news of the colonial gold-discoveries arrived at Hong-Kong, Australia, was favoured by Celestial visitants. The colonists, for some time, looked on placidly, and grinned responsive greetings when they met long lines of these gentry marching to the gold-fields,—always in Indian file, and each with his bamboo pole and evenly balanced panniers,—the very men who, painted upon plates, had lurked under meat, and lain in soup for generations. But the case grew to be serious. The first men who came out of China prospered, and wrote home for their friends. Then came their cousins, not by tens, nor by hundreds, but by thousands; not in single spies, but whole battalions; and one old Mandarin, who was examined before a legislative committee, placidly informed the chairman, that "all China was coming." His announcement failed to produce the display of intense satisfaction that he might have looked for.

The Victorian colonists became, in fact, uneasy and alarmed. "The question," said a member of the Legislature, "resolves itself into this:—Shall Australia be Mongolian or Anglo-Saxon?" Restrictive measures of a strictly Chinese character were passed for the purpose of keeping the Chinese out of the country. But John Chinaman easily outwitted our colonial lawgivers; for, to evade the new laws, he had only to land in the adjoining colonies, and to proceed overland to the Victorian Dorado. It was found that the numbers of the Chinese increased just as rapidly as before. At the last census, in eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, the total population of Victoria was four hundred and three thousand souls, and of that number about one-tenth were Chinese.

The question of Chinese immigration into our Australian colonies has been variously discussed. Every class considers it from its own point of view. The Melbourne mer-

chants and up-country store-keepers are anxious that Chinamen should be admitted without check; because they add to the number of their customers. Colonists who neither buy nor sell, and those who have adopted Australia as their home, object to the presence of large numbers of men, whose habits and vices are obnoxious and repugnant to them. Other aspects of the case are the religious, the legal, and the medical. Clergymen favour Chinese immigration, in order that the benefits of Christianity and European civilisation may be extended to benighted Asiatics. Lawyers,—albeit, deriving no slight pecuniary benefit from the litigious propensities of Chinamen,—view with alarm the great influx of a people whose language is a mystery, and whose means of combination for any purpose, may therefore be effectually and secretly matured. The medical world professes dread lest some contagious disease should make its appearance—say small pox—amongst the unvaccinated and not over-clean Mongolian hordes.

If we may trust the Melbourne press, John Chinaman's company is certainly no pleasure to be desired. "The Chinese element," says the editor of the *Age*, "is not only unchangeably foreign; it is, besides, imbued with such inherent corruptive influences, that its presence has a directly demoralising effect." The *Herald* writes in a like strain:—"The commercial advantages which we derive from their presence do not compensate for the degradation which, question the fact as we may, is felt by the European, and all of European descent, in being associated with the Chinese in the numerical proportion which they assume in this community. The disgust which their habits excite is not limited to the man of refined tastes, but is felt by all sorts and conditions, from the humblest digger on the gold-fields to the honourable member on his easy seat in the Legislative Council." The *Argus* newspaper formerly adopted the same views, but has since come to an opposite opinion.

The writer of this paper has seen much of the Chinese character developed on the gold-fields of Australia; and he is bound to admit, that many of the charges brought against it are true. The Chinese in Australia never speak truth, when a falsehood better serves the purpose of the moment; and, when they have a chance of filching from the European nothing can escape their fingers. They are adepts in the making of false gold; and it is hard to keep them from fouling the water-holes by which all are supplied,—a matter of much moment in a warm, dry climate. Nor is this the worst. Women, and children of tender age frequently receive gross insult and outrage at their hands; so that it is not safe for a family to live near their encampments. The colonial public was recently shocked by the gross cruelty involved in details of the forcible expulsion of the Chi-

nese from the Buckland diggings. Subsequent information showed, that insults offered by them to the families of European residents, had provoked outrage in retaliation.

Again, their habits are not pleasant. Crouching in low squat tents; huddled together; dirty in their own persons; careless of the removal of filth from their dwellings; Australian Chinese in encampment create a very Tartarus of foul sights and foul smells.

The absence of females is, no doubt, a source of terrible depravity. Only two Chinese women are known to be living among forty thousand men.

It is now fair to state the good points in John's character. He is industrious; and as his frugal diet will allow him to subsist by washing the refuse left by English miners, his patient perseverance is often rewarded by the discovery of overlooked bits of rich soil. He is courteous in his general demeanour, especially to strangers. There is a small, and feebly-supported Chinese mission in Australia. The principal agent, a Mr. Young, assisted by two Chinese converts, goes into their camps, and explains to them the tenets of Christianity; and he records, that the politeness invariably shown him is far superior to anything he has been used to, among Europeans.

But it is in the courts of justice that John shines, a bright and baleful star. The ceremony of swearing Chinese witnesses was first performed by cutting off a cock's head. But fowls cost fifteen to twenty shillings a couple; furthermore, Chinese witnesses usually number ten or twelve on each side. The slaughter of cocks, therefore, was too costly, even for a gold country. Then the breaking of a piece of china was resorted to; till the police and the magistrates differing, as to whose duty it was to supply the crockery, it was averred by the Chinese, that the act of blowing out a lighted candle was as binding on their consciences. Then wax-matches and lucifers came into use; until, at last, the oath resolved itself into a puff at a piece of ignited paper.

The only way of communicating with the magistrates, or jury, is by the intervention of an interpreter; himself a Chinaman; who, to his more public duties, often joins the private business of advocate; so that the very man who translates the replies of the witnesses, and upon whose good faith the decision must depend, is, in fact the paid agent of his countrymen. Of course, under such circumstances his witnesses are never found to disagree in the minutest particular.

The difficulty of identifying Chinese offenders is also very great, on account of the extraordinary likeness one Chinaman bears to another. This is increased by the facility with which they come forward to prove an alibi,—a form of evidence in which they take supreme delight.

The propriety of obtaining, from Hong-Kong, Chinese interpreters of European birth or extraction, has been debated lately in the Victorian Assembly. In this debate the present Attorney-General of the colony, referred to a very important case of an action of a Chinese against an European, which rested almost entirely on Chinese testimony. All in court at that trial felt the absolute necessity of having impartial interpreters to translate the evidence, and communicate with the witnesses. There was an interpreter on each side, and a third, apparently to keep the others awake—as they showed (owing doubtless to their great use of opium) a remarkable tendency to go to sleep during the whole trial. They had to be awakened some twenty or thirty times, the judge being at his wits' end, as to what he should get on his notes.

The Chinese residing in Australia are usually—and this should be borne in mind, lest we judge of a whole race by its offscouring—of the very lowest class. They are brought over, in large gangs, by speculative countrymen of their own, under condition of working in the gold-mines, and they seldom apply themselves to any other sort of labour. The "headman," as he is termed, supplies them with food, principally rice, and also with shelter and tools. In return, he receives a fixed proportion of the gold obtained by them; and there is no instance on record of either party breaking faith.

But the headman's gains are not limited to his share of the gold. He is usually store-keeper, opium-seller, and gambling-house-keeper to the fraternity. In the centre of the squalid tents, which constitute a Chinese "camp," one erection of a superior height and size, is distinguished by a red flag, inscribed with mystic hieroglyphics. This is the abode of the headman, and here the Chinese miners assemble to spend surplus gains; chiefly on opium smoking and gambling. Quail-fights and cockchafer matches are favourite amusements. One method of spending time and money is remarkable for its combination of the uttermost stretch of laziness with an intense excitement. Each gambler places before himself a lump of sugar: all lie still as sleepers, until he upon whose lump a fly first settles, wins the stakes.

When John Chinaman lands in the colony he is invariably clothed in the blue, padded jerkin, short wide trowsers, peculiar shoes, and large conical wicker-ware hat of his native land. But, when he has earned money enough, he casts aside this dress, and clothes himself after the manner of the European. If he can afford to array his legs in enamelled knee-boots with scarlet tops, and his person in a black frock coat, he is sure to do so. Then, with a red silk sash tied round his waist, a tall black hat on his head, a cane in his hand, one or two gold rings on his fingers, and a Manilla cheroot in his mouth,

he feels that he is a developed creature, and is proud of his appearance. His tail, of course disappears in one of the earlier stages of his transformation: the razor also has been laid aside; and, by the time that he bursts into his full splendour of tailoring, a crop of carefully-oiled, but somewhat stubby black hair has grown over his once well-shaven face.

In the article of diet also, John undergoes a wondrous change. On his first arrival, he is, perforce, content with a handful of rice, and a little curry: he esteems himself singularly fortunate if he be occasionally able to procure a few scraps and bones of meat. As the gold finds its way out of mother earth into his pockets, he expands the borders of his bill of fare. Choice joints of meat, and a plentiful supply of vegetables, are freely purchased; for he is not parsimonious. No price is too high to keep him from a meal on birds—especially male birds—of any kinds; and he is not less fond of pork. Be it observed, too, that a Chinaman can coax a pig as no other being can. A pig is, in the hands of every Chinaman what the horse is in the hands of Mr. Rarey.

The Chinese communicate together throughout the country. As the stage-wagon rolls along, one of them may often be observed stationed by the road-side. When the coach passes, he springs upon the step, and exchanges a few words with fellow-countrymen inside. Presently another man repeats the operation; and, in this way, information of the rise or fall of articles of commerce, or the variations in the price of gold at Melbourne, travels throughout their community in time to be of use, before the European storekeepers on the gold fields can take advantage of it.

The Chinese are not slow to adapt themselves to English institutions, when it suits their purpose. Last August, there was held at Ballarat a Chinese public meeting, to protest against the restrictive policy of the Government. Speeches were made, resolutions were passed, and a petition was adopted which received the signatures of two thousand eight hundred and six Chinamen, and was subsequently presented to the Legislative Assembly. By the laws of Victoria, any naturalised foreigner is admitted to the full rights and privileges of British subjects; so that—the form of the Parliamentary oath offering no impediment—we may, possibly, at no distant date, hear of Chu A-Luk or John O-Hey (two well-known Chinese characters) figuring in the colonial legislature. The honourable member may even aspire to the commissionership of Trade and Customs, or to the Chief Secretaryship itself.

The Chinese make free use of the English press, in which their advertisements often appear. Moreover, a weekly newspaper, printed in their own language, now circulates largely among them.

The presence, in such large numbers, of

these strange people, has rendered necessary, even to European traders, the use of signs and placards, in the Chinese character. Of course, these can only be written or understood by themselves, and they sometimes take advantage of this fact to the trader's cost. A gold-buyer employed one of them to write for him a sign, stating, "The highest price given for Gold." The sign was written, and set up, in front of the gold-buyer's office. Scores of Celestials stopped to gaze and grin; but not one entered the establishment. At length the trader bribed one of the long-tailed race to translate the inscription. It was this: "Do not sell gold here: this person is a cheat!"

The mortality amongst the Chinese is great. A writer in the "Mount Alexander Mail," speaking of the Castlemaine Cemetery, says: "A surprising number of Chinese have been buried here; nearly one-fifth of the graves being tenanted by deceased Celestials, the European and Mongolian at length meeting on terms of perfect equality, and sleeping peacefully, side by side. A rough slab of wood, or stone, inscribed with Chinese hieroglyphics, indicates to the initiated reader the name and country of poor John, whose wife, sister, mother, perchance, laments his untimely exit in a barbarous land, as sincerely as our relatives in England would mourn over our own dissolution. At the head and feet of most of these graves are strips of tea paper, disposed in the form of stars, and held down by small lumps of quartz. When the wind catches these votive offerings, or immortelles, or whatsoever they may be intended for, they seem like enormous butterflies hovering over the tomb. The ground here, too, is strewn with the blackened remnants of exploded crackers: the discharge of fireworks forming a prominent feature in the funeral rites of the Chinese."

Another feature of the Chinese character is their adherence, in Australia, to their peculiar theology. One of their many joss-houses is in Melbourne, and is used as a place of rendezvous by the new-comers. Over the altar is the picture of a majestic old man; Confucius, as some assert; others say, the emperor.

The joss-house is a conspicuous object on all the principal gold-fields. On the Buckland, a Chinese temple was the first place of worship built. A full account of the ceremonies attendant on its opening, lately appeared in the *Ovens and Murray Advertiser*. Thence we glean the following particulars:

The Buckland joss-house is a framed canvas building, twenty feet long, and fourteen wide. Inside there is a neat wooden floor, of which a space about eight feet square, in front of the altar, is matted and carpeted. Each side-wall is decorated with a scroll of Chinese hieroglyphics, about ten feet long, and twelve inches broad. Above

the entrance hangs a little mirror. To looking-glasses John is rather partial, and, on the occasion of this ceremony, each of the assembled Chinamen endeavoured to get a peep at his own image,—a sight which invariably produced symptoms of great delight.

At the farther end stood a small table, over which was a scarlet canopy with long curtains, the whole somewhat resembling window drapery. On the table stood three ordinary ale-glasses, filled with a pale liquor of some kind; and each glass was flanked by a couple of plated candlesticks. In the centre, round a pyramid of fancy cakes, was the representation of a hand, cut off at the wrist, three of the fingers erect, and the other two turned down, for the purpose of pressing, against the palm, a piece of fruit, from which appeared to be exuding a red juice. The hand was neither a right hand nor left hand, five fingers rising from an even base without the semblance of a thumb on either side.

About two feet from this table stood another table of much larger size, upon which, at the beginning of the ceremony, there were many tallow candles, painted to resemble wax tapers. The lighting of these was the first incident in the day's show. Small packages of wiry reeds, about a foot long, were laid on the table, and each devotee took a few of them—from three to a dozen—lighted them at the tapers; then, retiring a few steps, bowed three times before the table and its contents, at the same time waving the reeds up and down with every motion of the body. This finished, one of the reeds was invariably stuck by each man in a bowl of uncooked rice. The reeds, when only a few of them were lighted, gave out an agreeable perfume; but when they were alight by the hundred, their smoke was nearly suffocating.

This part of the ceremony ended with a firing of many crackers, a general discharging of fire-arms, beating of drums, ringing of gongs, and clashing of cymbals. The second act began with the lighting up of a much greater number of tapers and reeds, and included a more energetic set of bendings in front of the table or altar.

At this stage of the proceedings, there seemed to arise a difference of opinion as to the order of the ceremonial. The dispute became loud and angry, and would probably have ended in blows, but for the intervention of a wrinkled old Chinaman, bearded and whiskered like a cat, who seemed to be high priest. This man's head was covered by a hood, resembling a monk's cowl. A dark-coloured tunic, ample in size, and trimmed with fur about the neck, enveloped his chest; an inner garment, of the same kind, but without fur, hung four inches below it; and an innermost shirt of common stripe hung down six inches lower still; he wore

also coarse trousers and tattered European shoes.

When this man had succeeded in allaying the tumult and restoring order, an opening was made right and left from the door, and a bare-armed fellow, bearing aloft a roast pig, entered the temple. He was speedily followed by others, carrying fowls, joints of pork, and a variety of doubtful dishes. Then came fruits in abundance; also cakes, pastry, and tea, with three dishes of cooked rice. Two large decorated candles were lighted after these things were arranged. The leading men and better-dressed portion of the congregation then came forward and knelt in front of the food. One of the elders first chanted, and then pronounced two words, which seemed to say, "Rise, kneel; Rise, kneel," allowing, as he spoke, time for the corresponding action. This rising and kneeling was nine times repeated, and accompanied in many cases by the touching of the carpet with the forehead. This over, the worshippers arose, and again bowed three times towards the table. A few more words were chanted at intervals, during which the lighter dishes were slightly raised from the table, the heavier ones merely touched.

The third act of the ceremony was the reading of the four volumes of Chinese records, with their two or three small supplements. They were read with all seeming reverence, slowly and clearly, and this reading was in striking contrast with the gabble kept up by the audience.

The reading over, the prostrations again began, the cowed official leading the service, which was varied by the distillation of some clear liquid from the teapot. The worshipper held a common glass in his hand, which one of the officials partly filled from the teapot. The glass was then waved in front of the table, part of its contents being poured upon the ground; the glass, after being again waved was returned to the table. Once more, all the dishes were handled; nothing was put near the lips. Finally, everything combustible, and not eatable, which had been used on the occasion, was reduced to ashes, as a burnt-offering, and the ceremony was over.

The Chinaman, in Australia, does not seek to acquire more of the English language, than is necessary to enable him to express his wants. He assumes the European dress; but seldom adopts European habits—not even to the extent of grog-drinking. He shows no desire to settle in the country, neither will he accept fixed employment; but after a few years of patient, unremitting toil at the gold-fields, he returns to the beloved land. There, it may be that, with the filial affection for which his nation is deservedly famous, he soothes the declining years of aged parents; or it may be, that, like another Jacob, after submitting to temporary exile among the red-haired barbarians of the

Australian gold-fields, he is rewarded with the hand of some fair Fan Sec of the central kingdom.

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.

"Il faut choisir,—il faut être ou poëte ou philosophe!"
CONSEJO.

I LOVE them both! And must I make my choice?
Can I not follow fair Philosophy,
Yet sometimes listen to the Muse's voice,
When the heart longs to speak, and thou art nigh?

O never bid me stifle the loved tone
That whispers to our nature, sadly sweet!
With power to touch the heart with plaintive moan,
Or thrill with tales where love and battle meet,
Or purer impulse of the soul to greet.

And never ask me to renounce the lore
Unfolding to my gaze fair Nature's page.
Still be my guides unto the distant shore,
The poet's heart, the wisdom of the sage!

Wisdom that scorns the poet's tenderness,
That cannot love the beautiful and bright,
And is not moved by sorrow and distress,
Hath never read the page of Nature right.

And genius that would scorn the lowly way
Which leads to truth, although by millions trod,
Might humble violets twine with haughty bay,
And learn from children how to soar to God.

There's worldly wisdom, and there's poesy's art,—
Both of this earth; but in their nobler sphere
The sisters twain may teach an erring heart,
Reclaim from sin, and guide in love and fear.

TWO VERY SMALL CLUBS.

I AM partial to associations of my fellow men. I would much rather be a conspirator—stopping very considerably short, however, upon the safe side of hand-grenades—than not belong to a club: but living upon the seaside, as I do, my choice is necessarily limited. I am Vice Commodore of the Harmouth, Brinscombe, and South Coast Yacht Club, it is true, and Deputy Grand of the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, Bricklayers' Lodge. Or to express them more briefly (which is, however, far from being the object of these distinguished societies), I am V. C. H. B., S. C. Y. C. and D. G. H. B. B. H. Bricklayers' Lodge—where abbreviation is out of the question—at your service; and I only wish there was more of it.

To begin with the Yacht Club. Of course I know a great deal better than to venture on the sea. My annual income of three hundred and fifty pounds, though sufficient to contract a frugal marriage upon, would not allow of my keeping a vessel of any tonnage, even if my stomach permitted of my going on board of one—which it does not. But I am nautical in a very high degree, for all that. Nobody who ever

saw me on our little jetty with my telescope under my arm, my trousers tight at the knee, my tarpaulin hat stuck (by a contrivance only known to members of yacht clubs), on the extreme back of my head, and my checked shirt, would attempt, I flatter myself, to dispute my title to be called a son of the ocean wave. Strangers have been known, before this, to ask the waiter of our marine hotel whether or no that distinguished looking person (meaning me), was the late Lord Yarborough. I am of course speaking of a period antecedent to the decease of that nobleman, with whom, by the bye, I had a sort of bowing acquaintance; the same gust of wind upon the Chain Pier at Brighton in the July of eighteen hundred and forty, having taken off his lordship's hat and my own humble covering into the water simultaneously. Upon land, although I say it, who should not perhaps say it, there is not a more active vice-commodore than myself in all Great Britain. No man is more intimately acquainted with the order of seniority of British yacht clubs. No man is better up in bunting. No man can give you more reliable information about the performances of any clipper you may mention, schooner, or cutter, within the last ten years—what she did, where she did it, who were her competitors, and how much she won. Do you ask me why Humberina did not win the Nor' Eastern silver cup off Scarborough, in the autumn of 'fifty-two, for instance? Because, sir, I reply (or should reply), her rudder was not attended to at the critical moment, and losing her peak halliards, she was disabled from fetching up again in the teeth of the wind; nay, in such a condition was she at the West Buoy, that she was unable to speak to Slogdollager (the winning vessel), who there passed her, having lost the jaws of her gaff! I start with a free sheet upon any topic of this kind, believe me. Ask Hitchins of the East Cowes, whether I am familiar with these matters or whether I am not! Ask Jib Boom, Esquire, of the London! Damme, sir—excuse me, but any little talk about the salt water, somehow always sets me swearing—cross examine me yourself if you doubt my word, and if I don't get into port without tacking, why, shiver my timbers! I wish you (I address the reader), I wish you had been at the H. B. S. C. Y. C. the other night at our annual dinner. I am a plain, blunt yacht's-man, and it is not my way to boast, but I was vice-president on that occasion; I was the de facto chairman of the entertainment, indeed, for the commodore was ailing; there were men there, strangers, who had been in the four seas, and knew something of these things.

"Mainsale," said they (that's me), "Mainsale," said they, when the cloth was off, and the decks cleared for action, and no heel-taps (and I remember, particularly, that more than one of them in the course of the evening said

this three times), "Mainsale," said they, "you're a trump."

From such men as these, such a word—a compliment, I was going to write, but they are not the men to pay compliments—was not without its meaning. It told me, that as Vice-Commodore of the Harmouth, Brinscombe, and South Coast Yacht Club, I had performed all that had been expected of me. I felt a flush come over me when I heard it, and a lightness in my head. And I cut my cable, and got into blue water at once with my first toast, which was of course, Her most gracious Majesty.

The great room of the Mast and Cackle at Harmouth presented an impressive sight that evening, sir. (You must excuse my writing "sir," but the fact is, I can't get it out of my head that our grand old commodore is still sitting opposite to me, though too ill to give the toasts.) There was a matter of one and twenty flags arranged around the walls of that apartment, if there was one, sir. There was a picture almost as large as life, of the Can't-I-go-Nimble cutter yacht of Brinscombe, over my head. The servants were, a good many of them, out of private vessels; and I observed them towards the middle of the evening, when they brought in the punch, either from the humour of the thing, or from habit, lurching and swaying as though they were on board ship with a gale on. There was an amazing number of servants, certainly, for I could not count them. There was also a band of wind instruments, and a company of glee-singers, making six in all; and this I know for certain, because I had to pay for them. Mr. Boniface supplied the dinner and wines in his usual excellent—but there, I find I am quoting from the local journal, instead of trusting to my memory. I have a particularly good memory. I distinctly remember everything that occurred that evening at the Mast and Cackle. Why should I not remember? My belief is, that there was not nearly so much wine drunk upon that occasion as was charged for. Where was I? Oh! Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. It must have been a pretty good speech that of mine, because they cheered so.

"His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, His Royal Highness Albert, Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family," was another of my hits. I said that Prince Albert kept a yacht himself, and was as thorough going a yacht's-man as I was myself almost. Then I gave the "Navy and the Army;" reverting briefly to the Crimea, touching upon China, and sailing right a-head into "the vast ocean of Indian affairs" (my very words). After the first quarter of an hour somebody cried "Question!" but I replied very promptly that India was question, the question, and nothing but the question, and let that man look to it who should speak lightly upon so terrible a matter. Then I sat down amidst tumultuous

cheering. Nothing is like a little opposition for making a man popular. The next toast was "Prosperity to the Harmouth, Brinscombe, and South Coast Yacht Club" the toast of the evening. I had got myself up for this effort with considerable care, and, favoured the company with a history of the gradual development of our naval marine, from the times of the early British coracle to those of the present Liverpool clippers. The interest of this must have been absorbing, for the whole treatise was listened to in unbroken silence from end to end. Then the commodore, fine old straightforward fellow who says what he means, proposed my own health in terms such as my sense of personal unworthiness prevents me from repeating. He observed, however, (I may state,) that my name had been made known—through the medium of my large yachting acquaintance, I suppose—in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia; that I had held numerous distinguished offices and was in point of fact, at that very moment, town clerk of Harmouth (Cheers). Alderman of Harmouth (Increased cheering). Mayor of Harmouth (Tremendous cheering), and Vice-Commodore of the Harmouth, Brinscombe, and South Coast Yacht Club. (A perfect tempest of cheers followed this entirely unexpected announcement.) My feelings had become by this time so worked upon, that, although I had been taking wine with everybody at table, I felt totally unequal to reply in so classical a manner as I could have wished, and indeed in the terms which I had very studiously composed for the occasion. I said, however, that all yacht's-men were my brothers, but that the H. B. S. C. Y. C. seemed to be my brothers and my sisters also! That I myself looked upon every one of them with the feelings of a mother. I was then obliged to delay for sobs which choked my utterance. I endeavoured to recite to them the first chapter of a naval novel which I am about to bring out (very likely in this periodical), but could get no further than the first half-dozen words:

"When I was in my bark off the Bight of Benin——"

Mr. Jib Boom then kindly took my place, I believe. This is only a rough sketch, a feeble outline, of what really happened; but, to give you an idea of the extreme naturalness of the whole thing, and the way in which I identified myself with the characteristic festivities of the evening, I was positively ill—ill in the same manner as I am wont to be affected upon a marine excursion, and with precisely similar symptoms.

The other small club to which I have the happiness of belonging, is of a very different character. You could never recognise, I flatter myself, the sedate deputy-grand of the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, Bricklayers' Lodge in the rollicking vice-commodore of the Harmouth

and Brinscombe Yacht Club. My attire itself is as completely transformed as though I were to dress for the Rosierucians after having previously performed the part of William in Black-eyed Susan. Instead of trousers tight at the knee, I wear a leathern apron profusely illustrated with hieroglyphics; in the place of my telescope I hold a silver trowel of extraordinary splendour; and I pass my time no longer in lounging upon the jetty, but in climbing up diminutive ladders and playing with imaginary mortar and bricks. There is a tremendous secret belonging to the Bricklayers' Society, which has ramifications over the whole of the civilised world, whereof the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, is not the least important branch. This secret has been preserved from the time of the building of the Tower of Babel, or thereabouts, until this present. Females, therefore, have, of course, never been entrusted with it. Solomon knew it, but never did one of all his wives manage to become possessed of it. Mr. Caudle knew it—as we most of us remember—but even his wife failed in extracting the Bricklayers' secret from him, during all their sleepless nights. One lady only, who hid herself in a clock-case in a meeting-room of one of our branches, managed upon a certain occasion to overhear it; but before she could tell it to a single lady of her acquaintance the Bricklayers' arms were round her, and she was solemnly bound to secrecy. I trust, however, to the inquiring character of the age, to the local constabulary, and to a revolver which I shall in future always carry about my person for my protection, when I now announce my intention of proclaiming the Bricklayers' secret, at all risks of vengeance from the brethren, in this periodical, and at the conclusion of this my paper. That I have taken several oaths never to reveal it, is very true; but I took those oaths under compulsion, and with a red-hot iron in my immediate vicinity.

The great moralist, Dr. Paley, has affirmed that we are at liberty to break such promises, when we think more good can be done—that is to say, more general pleasure imparted—by breaking them than by keeping them; and it will certainly be for the greatest happiness of the greatest number that I should disclose this secret.

I got made a Bricklayer for a particular reason, and that reason has now ceased to exist. I became a Bricklayer on the occasion of an expedition I was compelled to make to the Spanish Peninsula, where they told me it might be of the greatest service in saving me from the dagger of the assassin. I had letters of introduction to the Consul of the town at which I landed, and to him I related my precaution:

“Hush! signor,” cried he, locking the door, and assuming the appearance of one in abject terror, “on your life, be silent! The

Bricklayers are a doomed race throughout this kingdom. They are Propagandist. It is death, death, without benefit of clergy, to be in possession of the Bricklayers' secret.”

It is quite obvious from this account of the Consul, that the secret is harmful, and therefore ought to be exposed. Are you aware that one Bricklayer recognises another wherever he meets him, at first sight, or, as we should say, in the H.B.S.C.V.C., by the mere cut of his jib? A wink of the eye, a drop of the nose, a snapping of the finger, a pointing over the left shoulder—the slightest sign—is sufficient, and the signaller and I (for instance) are brothers, and must be, whether we like it or not, from that moment, until we go to the T.G.A.O.T.U., in the obituary of the Bricklayers' Magazine, of the month in which we decease. To illustrate this tremendous secret the more clearly, I will give you an example, word for word, of an address I took up the other day, as the Deputy Grand of the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, to the Brinscombe Benevolent Bricklayers' Lodge of which the H.B.B.H. is in truth but the offspring.

Worshipful Master of the Brinscombe Benevolent, we come as a deputation from the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, to express our brotherly sentiments for the Brinscombe Benevolent, and to assure you that it is the earnest desire of the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, to be always on terms of friendly union with the Brinscombe Benevolent. And we hope, sir, that at the next meeting of the Brinscombe Benevolent, it will reciprocate by sending a similar deputation to the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, conveying to us the same sentiments of regard on the part of the Brinscombe Benevolent for the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, which the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, are now expressing towards the Brinscombe Benevolent. And it is, sir, our humble hope that the Brinscombe Benevolent and the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, will ever maintain these friendly relations, the Brinscombe Benevolent viewing the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, with the kindly feelings of a mother for a hopeful daughter, while nothing but the veneration of a daughter for a worthy mother is ever experienced towards the Brinscombe Benevolent by the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth.

There, sir, is the peck of pepper I, in the character of Peter Piper, had to pick! If you have not guessed the Bricklayers' secret by this time, permit me, in conclusion, to tell it you, more directly. The secret—there is a sort of affinity in the matter between my two very small clubs, and that is why I have placed them together—the secret of the Harmouth and Brinscombe, Brinscombe and Harmouth, and, by consequence, of all Bricklayers' Lodges, consists in this:

“In conveying as little as you can, in as many big words as possible.”

P.S. After this avowal, I trust that the editor of this journal will withhold my name and address from all inquirers.

PORTLAND ISLAND.

HAS Dorsetshire no scenery, no mines, no manufactures; nothing but starving labourers on bad farms and dusty third-rate watering places?

Nine people in ten are not aware of the important fact, that Portland Island is no island at all; but a peninsula. Formerly, it is true, the world got over to Portland Island by means of a ferry-boat. Less than twenty years ago, the way to the ferry, and the only way, was over a mound of shingles, into which horses' legs must plunge knee-deep at every step. Now, there is a famous road, ending in a good strong bridge over the little strait; and, on the bridge—rare sight on British soil—are sentinels, who, with fixed bayonets keep guard over the turnpike-gate.

From this bridge there is a fine view of the north-west side of the island, but the best first view is to be had from the Weymouth steamer while crossing the Portland Roads. From the steamer we see right a-head a precipitous escarpment of stone, the topmost point of which is four hundred and eighty feet above the sea level, and which is relieved in the foreground by a long grassy slope, reaching down to the houses and the sea. Chips of that stone block are Saint Paul's cathedral, many of our London churches, and the bridges of Westminster and Blackfriars. But it does not achieve greatness in London only, part of it is being transformed into a Breakwater, that shall make of its own coasts a haven, even for the largest men-of-war.

Be it known that the foundations of our island are laid in Kimmeridge clay, which on the north side of us rises to some height. Over the clay are beds of Portland sand, and of the oolitic limestone, known as Portland stone. We dip towards the south, and as the island dips, the beds of clay and sand and stone dip. Of the stone, the lower bed, just over the clay, contains kernels and veins of flint. The middle bed is full of petrifications. The upper bed, to within twenty feet of the surface (surface of the series, not of the ground) consist of our fine architectural stone. That is our best bed, we call it the White-bed. There is a blanket over it three or four feet thick, of limestone full of holes, left by shells that have made impressions and then disappeared; that blanket we call Roach. Over it is a rather tumbled sheet of flint nuts, that we call Cap. Over this is a coverlid of earthy oolitic waste, known as the Dirt-bed. Beautiful yellow pyrites, known as sugar-candy spar, and stalactites of chalky (sugar-plum) spar occur in the clefts of the limestone. Of stone of

all kinds, the thickness is about ninety-three feet on the east side of our island, and a hundred-and-twelve on the west.

The White-bed, or Whit-bed was brought into fashion by King James the First, who used it in rebuilding the Banqueting House at Whitehall. But it was not until after the great fire of London that vast demands were made upon it; since that date it has been a valuable article of commerce. Nevertheless, as matter of sentiment, I prefer the Dirt-bed. It is a black loam, rich in the remains of tropical foliage and in the great trunks of trees changed into flint. Some of them, more than thirty feet long, branch at the upper end, and they bore heavy crops of cones, in days when there were no men to be convicted of offences against society, and when there was no society, except that among animals who were not likely to use Portland as a convict-station, and employ the prisoners in work on a great Breakwater.

Of Portland quarries there are two kinds, these and those:—These, are the Government quarries for the Breakwater, three hundred feet above the sea-level on the east side of the island; those, are the old private quarries, lying more to the westward at a lesser altitude. From both, the stone is lowered on inclined tram-roads, furnished with 'drums' for the passage of the chains at the head of each incline, the loaded wagon in its descent pulling the empty one up by its weight. The Government 'drums' are bigger than the private drums, and—strange to say—display much more science in construction. The private quarries export annually about fifty thousand tons of the valuable Whit-bed, a duty of two shillings being paid on every ton. The stones are got out, of different sizes: upon the average, about one ton each in weight, but many of the large blocks weigh five or six tons. The large quantity of stone just mentioned is less than one-ninth part of the quantity of rubble-stone (Cap) which is tumbled every year into the sea through the massive rafters of the Breakwater cage. The Cap is not marketable among architects, being hard, rough, and shelly: and it is supposed that twenty millions of tons of it were lying idle on the summit of the island, when the Breakwater was begun.

The sights of Portland, independent of the Government works and the quarries, are Portland Castle at the water's edge, Rufus Castle over the hill, the ruins of old Portland Church down the precipitous hill side, Pennsylvania Castle, a modern house built by a grandson of William Penn, with feudal aspirations, and the two light-houses at our Tierra del Fuego, or the Bill, which warn sailors of the Race and of the Shambles. These are not great sights, and I make no boast of them; but Portland was well worth going to see long before any castle was built there. The bold and noble face of the old island itself is, after all, the finest thing it has to

show. It is worth castle, ruin, convict prison, breakwater, and quarries.

If you would view Portland aright, visit it by the pale moonlight a day or two after a heavy gale, when the sea is still running with all its force upon the Chesil Bank. Go up to the hill-top, and you will trace a wizard lizard curve in all its beauty. The wind is perhaps high, and blows away the full sound of the sea, but the wide-drawn line of foam stretching far out along the distant miles, tell what a deadly force is fighting in each wave to break the neck of the good island. There lies the Chesil Bank, dreamily stretching far away to the north-west, and forming a natural breakwater from the west, for Weymouth, and the Roads: lower down, guarding the splendid Swan-Decoy, of Abbotsbury, where the abbots used to indulge in seven thousand head of swans, and where Lord Ilchester keeps up a goodly number at this day; still farther down—always kind to the men on land, but never quite disposed to join hands with its sister-shore—it melts away in the dim distance, and we see only that it is always gently following its own beautiful curve, still but a little way distant from the land, but still with the division set between the shores. If turning southward the spectator gets out to the Bill, he will not, except in clear daylight, be able to boast of having seen Torbay westward, and the Isle of Wight to the east, but he may do better. He may fancy himself at the world's end and think new thoughts. The crags may talk to him of that by-gone time, when the Invincible Armada did pass along the Dorset coast, and the young gentry of England did incontinently hire ships from all parts at their own private charges, and therein speed to their own fleet as volunteers. William Hatton, a nephew of Sir Christopher Hatton, then the owner of Corfe Castle, with many more of the highest rank, became efficient members of this gallant yacht-club. The old rocks may ring out the echoes, wakened on a July day two hundred and seventy years ago, when, after a dark night and with a heavy sea running, Howard and Raleigh came to blows with the Armada, off this very point. Then, a battle began, which lasted nearly all that day: they, the English fighting loose and at large, and avoiding close combat or boarding, played off their small craft against the galleons in noble style; keeping separate, and always in motion, they tacked and played about the enemy, pouring in their fire; then, sheering out of range, they would return before the Spaniard had time to reload, give him another broadside, and sheer off again. Sir Henry Wotton, while the work was a-doing, compared all this in the joy of his heart, to a merry morris dance upon the waters.

Danes by descent, with a strong infusion of Saxon blood, we Portlanders are a stalwart, muscular race, admirably suited to our

quarry-work, and still keeping a good deal aloof from our neighbours on the mainland, Four or five family names, of which Pearce and Stone are the most common, suffice for almost the whole of us. There are probably five hundred Peaces. The old practice of Gavelkind prevails here still. The Crown is lord of the manor in chief; but, under the Crown, there are no fewer than three hundred and twelve landed proprietors, who lord it over three thousand acres of titheable land. There is no want of boldness among Portlanders. With fourteen vessels, averaging seventy tons each, we carried on the "free-trade" merrily, within the memory of man. It is commonly reported on the spot, that of all the owners of those formidable luggers, not a descendant is now living. In many of the old houses in the upper villages, may be seen large holes, which were used as Smugglers' Caves. But the trade seems to have died out with the descendants of the owners of the fourteen vessels.

The wrecking-system, too, is gone. Our forefathers were mighty men in that shore-traffic, and used to sing, with a relish, the local ditty:

"Blow wind, rise say,
Ship shore fore day."

Scarcely more than a hundred years ago, they rifled the Hope of Amsterdam of jewels and bullion on board, as she lay stranded a few miles to the north-west of Portland. For two whole days the shore was an unbroken scene of barbarity and violence. When all was over, the owners of the Hope were poorer by five-and-twenty thousand pounds. In these days, when a vessel drives ashore upon the Chesil Bank, what was done formerly for robbery, is now done for charity and mercy. When a vessel has no chance left, a few well-tryed men are always ready, half-stript, with a rope lashed round the waists, who make their way to the vessel as soon as she runs aground, or strike out for any floating goods.

There is a man now living on the spot, who, when his wife's time was near, and there was great fear for her life, leaped on a horse, and galloped along the Chesil Bank (no easy matter) to the ferry, then the only way of communication with the mainland. A high wind was blowing, and all his efforts failed to make the boatmen hear. The man thought of his wife; and, tearing off his clothes, he swam the strong current of the strait, pulled the boat back for the horse, dressed, rowed back again, galloped into Weymouth for the doctor, and brought him back. This fine fellow's nickname (the island deals largely in nicknames) is Ben the Baker. All honour to gallant Ben, the Deloraine of Portland!

Electioneering was, in former days, another favourite pastime of the inhabitants, and they liked it almost as well as wrecking. Men of all sorts of abilities, and of all sorts of morals

have represented Weymouth in parliament. In the times of the troubles, John Strange-ways, a noble ancestor of the Earls of Ilchester, was the member; and, after the Restoration, Sir William Penn, father of the William Penn of history. In days more recent, Sir Christopher Wren and Sir James Thornhill, the architect and the painter of St. Paul's, both sat for the borough; Sir Christopher taking his seat when over seventy years of age. About a hundred years ago, Bubb Dodington was jobbing votes there in good earnest, as the following extracts from his Diary may show:

"1752, May 5.—Saw Mr. Pelham; began by telling him of the application I had received, &c. I assured him that the interest of Weymouth was wholly in me and Mr. Tucker, &c.; and for this I desired no rank that could justly create envy in my equals, or suspicion in my superiors.

"1754, April 14, 15, 16.—Spent in the infamous and disagreeable compliance with the low habits of venial wretches."

And not long before his time, one John Ward, of Hackney, M.P. for Weymouth, had been expelled the House for forgery, and had stood in the pillory. At the death of this conscientious senator, there was found among his papers, in his own handwriting, a characteristic prayer, thus beginning:

O Lord, thou knowest that I have nine houses in the city of London; and that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple in the county of Essex. I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquake; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee to have an eye of compassion also on that county; and for the rest of the counties, thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. Give a prosperous voyage to the Mermaid sloop, because I have not insured it. Enable the bank to answer all their bills.

And so on. The increase, lately, in our population, has been very great. It is just nineteen years since the rector buried an old man of ninety, who was said, at his birth, to have made the thousandth living Portlander. When the Act was passed, ten years ago, for the formation of the Breakwater, the population had only doubled itself in the hundred years; there were then two thousand people in Portland. There are now six thousand; the ten years having trebled it. Yet the insular mind seems to remain in its old condition, and to run in the same traditional grooves.

A great deal is to be said about the Chesil Bank; and a great deal has been ably said of it by the engineer-in-chief of the Breakwater Works, Mr. John Coode. For what we have now to say we are indebted to a valuable pamphlet issued by that gentleman.

The Chesil Bank, or Pebble Bank—Chesil is Saxon for pebble—is a vast ridge of shingle, in the form of a narrow isthmus, lying upon the western sea-board of Dorset-

shire, between Abbotsbury and Portland. Starting from Abbotsbury Castle, the Bank skirts along the margin of the meadows for half a mile; where it meets the Fleet, a shallow estuary between a quarter of a mile and half-a-mile in width: it then runs parallel to the mainland as far as Wyke, a distance of eight miles: and thence pursues a more southerly course of two and three-quarter miles further, to Portland, where it becomes an ordinary beach. The shingle is composed, chiefly, of chalk flints, with a sprinkling of red sandstone pebbles. We may pick up now and then a jasper pebble, of flesh-coloured red: these are like Devon limestones, and have often been mistaken for them. There is, however, no calcareous matter in them. Still more rarely, we may see green and red porphyritic pebbles: enough, however, to show that they do not come there by accident. A Portland fisherman will assure us that, land him where we please upon the Bank, in a pitch-dark night, he will know his whereabouts by the size of the pebbles. This is absolutely true within certain limits. If the observation be confined to the small shingle which is found immediately upon the crest. The gradation in size is very regular at that level, though variable lower down.

Whence come the pebbles? And, when found, what force is at work to transport them from point to point, and to plant them thus in the form of this high mound? First, it is clear that Portland cannot raise the shingle. There are no pebbles whatever on its west-side, excepting an accumulation, entirely oolitic, from the waste of the strata above, and from the rubble and quarry waste, thrown over the cliff. From the main land near Wyke, keeping along the coast as far as Lyme Regis, we find no chalk flints. It is manifest that none of these oolitic beds would supply any materials corresponding to the shingle on the bank. Westward of Lyme there comes a change. Indications of chalk with numerous flints begin at that point; and, between Lyme and Sidmouth, the cliffs yield a large quantity of flints. Again, between Sidmouth and Budleigh Salterton, the dull red and blotched pebbles of new red sandstone nearly cover the beach; and on this very beach the jasper pebbles are found, brought down by the river Otter from Aylesbere Hill, about six miles north; to which point they have been laboriously traced. It may then be determined, that the chalk formation between Lyme and Sidmouth is the source from which come the chalk-flints, the chief bulk, that is to say, of the Chesil Bank. Westward of Sidmouth the flints end: but the sandstone and jasper pebbles, which form an appreciable item in the component parts of the Bank, prevail down to Budleigh Salterton.

Everywhere the shingle of the bank terminates suddenly, at a given depth of water. The depth varies with the degree

of exposure and aspect of the shore; yet the tidal current remains, for all practical purposes, the same. The largest pebbles are invariably found to leeward: that is, they increase in size from Abbotsbury to Portland, from north-west to south-east. Moreover, there is a very marked and rapid increase between Wyke and Portland. Yet it is precisely at this point that the tide begins to slacken; nor is it any way reasonable to suppose that a stream, varying only from half a knot to one knot per hour, should exert any sufficient influence upon the gigantic mass. Let us assume, then, that the tidal currents do not bring the pebbles to the bank, but that the wind-waves yield the active force, thrown as they are upon the west bay coast by the prevailing west and south-west winds. So we shall understand why the large pebbles are found to leeward. They present a greater surface to the waves, and are moved along more readily in consequence. If we throw a pebble of the size of an orange upon a beach composed of smaller pebbles, we see it rolled up and down more actively than smaller particles, which form as a mass a generally even plane, and expose individually only a small part of their surface to the action of the wave.

A little farther study of the coast shows how the very same winds that drove in the seas to start the shingle, drive in seas that stop it. The sharp angle in the direction of the shore—causes the shingle to sweep round and meet, in an easterly direction, waves that are coming from the very same quarters as those which originally gave it motion. One incidental proof that the ultimate movement of shingle along this coast is decidedly eastward, is well worth mentioning. Years ago, at the time when flints were in general demand for gun-locks, and for striking lights in domestic uses, it was the constant custom to send from Budleigh Salterton to Sidmouth, or Branscombe, to procure them, as none could be found upon the beach at the former place.

The extraordinary isolation of the bank from the land for upwards of ten miles is, probably, due, in part, to the existence of a level beach of clay under the shingle; in part to the sudden drop seaward. This clay beach has been found, as yet, on the east or inner side only; where it lies in certain points at a level of from three to four feet above low-water of spring tides. At some distance below the surface, sand is often found mixed with the shingle, and that to such extent, that it has required a power of many tons to extract, from a depth of eighteen or twenty feet, a bar of an inch and a quarter in diameter. The great elevation of the shingle is to be attributed to the unusual depth of water close beside it, upwards of eight fathoms at the distance of a cable's length. This surprising depth it is which allows the heaviest seas, checked by no shoal-water in the offing,

to fall on the bank with great violence, and throw up shingle with a will.

The force of the sea on the Chesil Bank during a heavy south-west gale is tremendous. It often happens that the water receding from any wave just broken, meets that of the wave next in order, in its progress shoreward. The concussion is so great, that an enormous quantity of broken water and spray will sometimes rise perpendicularly into the air to a height of sixty or seventy feet. Meets of this sort have broken up stranded vessels instantaneously of two hundred tons burthen. And then, what masses of shingle will the sea on fit occasion scour away! After the gale of December the twenty-seventh, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the quantity scoured off between Abbotsbury and Portland was accurately ascertained to have been three millions seven hundred and sixty-three thousand three hundred tons! By sections taken at the next spring-tides, it was found that—after the gale, and between the same points—there had been thrown in two millions, six hundred and seventy-one thousand, five hundred tons. On November the twenty-third, of the same year, the wind, which had been light during the day, suddenly freshened to half a gale at four P.M., blowing south and south-west, and at eight P.M., had almost died away again. Here was a duration of only four hours, yet it was sufficient to start a very heavy groundswell on the bank, which scoured away during the night and early morning, four millions and a-half of tons. Measurements were taken five days afterwards, and it was found that three millions and a half had been thrown back again during that interval!

The wandering shingle has nevertheless, at Chesil, at least the appearance of rest; the long line of the isthmus is finished, and the noble curve complete. It is hard to say too much of the extreme beauty of this curve, and of the grand view which is to be had off from the summit of the hill, more especially when the bank has its western slope fringed with the broad white foam of a heavy sea, and wears a veil of cloudy spray.

But now for the Breakwater, of man's devising:

We land from the steamer about midway between the Breakwater and the shingly isthmus. Turning to the left from the end of the small pier, a quarter of a mile of road skirting the beach, and flanked on the right by the slope of underlying clay which forms the base of Portland, we come to the entrance gate of the Works. Names must be entered here in the visitors' book; two melancholy policemen narrowly eye our method of penmanship and eagerly peruse names and addresses when our backs are turned. We walk forward at once towards the huge staging. The pathway is lined with blocks of stone, iron rails, and timbers; here and there lies a broken pile, with the shoe and Mitchell's

screw attached. On our right is the engineer's office, at one end of which lies a magnificent specimen of the fossil trees that abound in the dirt-bed stratum. This tree-trunk measures almost three feet across; and, when found, was more than thirty feet in length. About a hundred yards beyond the entrance gate a broad ladder brings us up to the staging, or Cage itself, where we at once get a more enlarged notion of what is going on. A great space, covered with workshops, lies close by, just under the hill; and, among the workshops, are large masses of dressed stone, upon which the masons and stone-cutters are hard at work. Up the hill to the right run the inclines; the heavy four-wagon trains rattle down them and flit by us, each with Prince Albert or Prince Alfred puffing away behind, and dashing them off rapidly to the far end of the cage. A mile of this fine stage-work is complete, and one cannot do better than start off and walk the mile. A good railed passage is provided, leading between two of the five broad-gauge roads which run to the end of the inner breakwater abreast over open rafters. The large blocks of heaped stone, which at first underlie the rafters, soon become dashed with surf, and then give way entirely to the sea, which, if the day be at all fresh, will give the visitor a sprinkling. Six hundred yards from the shore the inner breakwater ends in a noble bastion-like head, rising, with smooth round sides, some thirty feet above the waves. A space of four hundred feet separates this head from its partner, the precisely similar work at the end of the outer breakwater. The staging at this point is carried out a little to the right (not passing over the heads, but swerving slightly from them) and is narrowed to three lines of road instead of five; but, upon reaching the outer limb of the work, the five lines immediately re-assemble, and go on together all the rest of the way. This intervening piece of three-line staging is the perfect part of the whole cage. Its firm unyielding timbers will bear, almost without vibration, the forty-eight tons of the four loaded wagons, and the weight of the engine, too. The case is far different as they pass over the older timbers near the shore, which are also unsupported by the iron rods found further on, and over which the trains dance up and down as they pass, and seem to hover about the extremest limit of safe passage.

From the point where the five lines re-assemble, the whole course is free from interruption to the further end. It is a scene of bustle. Here, we pass a gang of men preparing timber for the shores and brackets that support the road-pieces; there, we see a man running along the narrow footway of the workmen—a single plank laid on each side of the rails—as much at ease as if a false step would not tumble him thirty feet down into the sea, or, worse, upon the rugged

rubby heap; which, now emerging from the waves, indicates what the nature of this outer arm is hereafter to be. The inner breakwater is already being cased with dressed stone; but the outer portion is to be left—at least, according to the present estimate—as a rough slope of rubble, which will keep the sea out quite as well. Every two or three minutes comes rumbling behind us a train, with its four loaded wagons, each wagon averaging twelve tons in weight. An ordinary load consists of a large block in the centre, some two or three feet in diameter, around which are heaped fragments of smaller sizes, the whole rising to a considerable height in the wagon. It is a fine thing to watch the tipping of the rubble through the open rafters of the cage. Every wagon has a dropping-floor, slanting downwards from back to front, but with its iron-work lighter and less massive in front than behind. It is so contrived that a brakesman, with a few blows of his hammer, knocks away the check, and sets the floor free to drop; the front drops at once, because, owing to its greater depth, it is pressed by the greater weight of stone; the whole mass tumbles with a confused uproar upon the rubble-heap below, and then the heavy iron-work behind causes the floor at once to return to its natural position, in which it is immediately re-fastened. A puff or two of the engine brings each wagon in succession over the required spot; and, unless the large stone should become jammed, the whole load is tipped, and the empty train is on its way back, in less than a minute. The jamming, when it happens, is an awkward business, and men are sometimes at work for hours with picks and crowbars before some obstinate mass will slip between the iron sides. Such accidents are almost always the result of careless packing on the part of the convicts at the top of the inclines: the process being, indeed, one that demands not a little art and skill. When the rubble embankment was still below the surface, the effect of the tipping was greatly heightened by the fine hollow roar of the great plunge into the water, and by the column of spray that was dashed high into the air.

As you come near the present limit of the works, poles may be seen stuck upright and painted in plain black and white, which indicate the precise direction to be taken by the remainder of the work; and the eye, following the line of sight, will rest upon the hills on the coast of Weymouth Bay, just at the point where a colossal figure of George the Third on horseback has been scooped out in the chalk. Standing upon the pathway over the last tier of piles, and looking down, we may observe a weather-beaten old man in a boat. His boat is moored to one of the piles, and his duty is to keep watch, and be ready for action in the event of anything or anybody falling over. There he sits chewing his

quid, with a force of patience never to be surpassed, and with a stomach certainly beyond the comprehension of a landsman. It is the chief joy of his life, and commonly his only business, to pay back with interest any amount of "chaff" that may drop on him from overhead. A small wooden shed at this point of the works, raised a few feet above the staging, contains a dioptric lantern; that is, a lantern furnished with prismatic circles of glass for about a foot above and below the light, to catch the rays and force them out in a direct line seaward, with an intense glare. When the breakwater is complete, there will be at the passage, between the inner and outer limbs on each head, such a lantern.

As we return along the cage, we stop to watch "the travellers," at work, where masons are setting the coping-stones of casing for the inner breakwater. Two small-wheeled trucks, perhaps eight feet apart, stand on a line of rails. On a parallel line, sixty feet distant, there are two similar trucks. From all four trucks uprights rise to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, and across these uprights a platform is laid. There are four winches, one outside each upright, by which four men can move the whole machine up or down the two widely parted lines of rails which may have two or even more lines lying between them. This extensive apparatus is required for the support of a crane, but not a common crane. It has a crane that has no great arm reaching up into the air, but consists of a series of compact, well-adjusted wheels on a small stand, which can be run upon rails up and down the sixty feet of platform. Some of the travellers are made still more complete by pivots at the top of each upright, which allow one end of the platform to be wheeled a given distance along its own set of rails, without compelling any movement at the other end. This is the machine used for setting the stone of the breakwater casing. The crane will hold a block of several tons weight neatly hewn for the cornice which is crowning the six courses of granite wall below, and grip it fast while the workmen adjust and re-adjust, enabled by this means to set with all the nicety that could be used in the adjustment of a stone weighing pounds instead of tons. A spirit-level is invariably used; and it was also employed five-and-twenty feet below the surface of the water, by the diving masons, who, in Deane's diving dress, adjusted the foundations of the splendidly-built heads. Some notion may be formed of the work bestowed upon the heads, by the fact that, though four hundred feet asunder, six inches is the utmost difference between their levels. Three hundred pounds is the lowest cost of one of the large travellers.

To know what the cage is like, we should observe the work of pushing out a new bay, or tier, or row of piles, from the end of the staging. The piles, which are made in the

yard, are formed of double timbers, the two beams being securely bolted and tree-nailed together. The pieces are scarfed; that is, cut so as to overlap and be joined even or flush, and the whole pile is in section fourteen inches by twenty-eight. As soon as it is made, each pile is thrust into an air-tight cylinder, and the air both from the cylinder and the pores of the wood being extracted by means of an exhaust-pump, creosote is introduced instead of air. A considerable pressure is put on, until the wood has absorbed the right number of pounds of creosote to the hundredweight. Trussed booms of at least sixty feet in length (huge rafters with perpendicular pieces fixed beneath), are now rigged out from the present staging, one boom from the centre of each road, making five in all. Each boom projects thirty feet overboard, that being the distance at which the next bay of piles is to be constructed. They are kept from swaying out of the proper direction by long pieces of timber, some six inches square, fixed to their outer end and to a point on the present staging.

The booms being thus provided for, the piles are next towed out, with cast-iron weights attached to the ends, in addition to the shoe and the Mitchell's screw, with which they are to be screwed eight feet into the ground. The ends, in consequence, sink; and the heads are hoisted up into the jaw, or forked opening formed in the outer ends of the booms. Thus the piles are held in position over the spot of ground to which they must be screwed. Capstan heads are on the heads of the piles, into which capstan bars are now put, having on the end of each a small jaw or bird's-mouth, to bite the rope when inserted. Wheeled-platforms, called trollies, are then run up to the head of the staging, and fixed there. Each trolley has a crab mounted, and firmly bolted upon it; that is, a set of winding machinery, with a barrel, and winch, and spur-gear, increasing the power and communicating motion from the winch to the barrel. Men are stationed at the crab, and as soon as they commence winding, motion is given to the capstan-bars, and by them to the pile, which is thus firmly screwed into the ground. Crossheads, of double timbers like the piles, are now fitted into their upper ends, which are formed so as to receive them, and the whole is securely bolted through. Long cranes of thirty-foot gauge are used to drop these crossheads into place. Tie-rods are also put through the piles just above the level of low water mark, to give them a greater degree of firmness. Trussed road-pieces made in the yard can now be fitted athwart the crossheads, one on either side of each pile; other timbers, called transoms and clocks, for securing the roadway in its true position, are fitted in, and the narrow plank for the workman's footway is attached to either side, and supported by brackets. The cost of making and fitting

every single pile is about seventy pounds; and not less than twelve or thirteen hundred constitute the staging as it now exists. The general width of the breaker-water staging where five roadways run is one hundred and fifty feet; and the length of the piles at the outer end ninety feet, exclusive of shoe and screw, thus allowing, in ten fathom water, thirty feet clear above the level of low water of ordinary spring tides. We have seen that the staging between the two heads, where three roads only run, is steadier and less yielding to the weight of the wagons than that on either side of it, but especially near the shore. This arises from the outside pile only being trussed and stayed in the bay or row of five piles, whereas in the rows of three all the piles are supported thus; each pile is further strengthened by screw moorings, that is, by long rods of iron reaching from the head of the timbers, and screwed into the ground at a considerable angle.

There is no room here for saying anything about the workshops, one great feature of which is the circular saw that will cut through a forty feet plank in six minutes, and we must only hint at the screw-breaks at the drum-heads, by which the downward speed of loaded wagons is completely governed. We give one good word to the beautiful weighing machine at the head of the inclines, and the coaling-jetty at their foot, the granite courses for which are being now laid; and end the discourse with some authentic details as to the state and extent of the work in general. The act for the construction of this breaker-water was passed in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, and the first stone was deposited in the summer of eighteen hundred and forty-nine. Since that period three millions of tons of stone have been deposited; they can now tip nearly half a million per annum. To quarry this rubble stone there are nine hundred and twenty-three, out of the fifteen hundred convicts constantly at work. The convicts never leave the summit of the hill. The total number of men employed is three hundred and ninety-six; there are also thirty or forty horses used about the works.

The description of work undertaken is, according to the act of parliament this; the formation of an inner and outer breaker-water, together two thousand five hundred yards, (one mile seven hundred and forty yards), in length, which will completely shelter two thousand one hundred and seven acres of Portland Bay; the depth over the anchorage varying from two to ten fathoms. The Admiralty decided that the entrance should be made available for men-of-war, and the largest steamers, and the heads are therefore founded at a clear depth of twenty-four feet at least, below low water of spring-tides, with the rubble slope down to the ground-surface beginning at that depth, so as to avoid the possibility of large vessels striking in a heavy sea. Of this it is evident

there can be no risk whatever, since the lowest depth of water is about forty-five feet at the lowest tides. The total estimate of cost is below a million; Plymouth breaker-water, the length of which is between five hundred and six hundred yards less than that of Portland, cost three-quarters of a million beyond the Portland estimate. The difference is due, of course mainly, to the astonishing advantages of Portland over almost every other site, but partly also to the advance of practical science since eighteen hundred and twelve. The date of the completion of this great national undertaking must manifestly depend, and is reported quarterly to the House of Commons as depending, on the degree to which use is made of convict labour in procuring stone.

MINE OYSTER.

MR. DILLMAN DULL.—Sir, we are instructed by Messrs. Rapson, Tapson, and Crash, of Vinegar Yard, tobacconists, to apply to you for the immediate payment of their account, nine hundred and seventy-three pounds, five shillings, and tenpence. A remittance before Monday next is requisite to stay legal proceedings.

We are, Sir, your Obedient Servants,
TOOTH, NAIL, HAMMER, AND Co.

What am I to do? I am a poor mortal who has ruined himself by marriage on eight hundred a year. Only yesterday I sent my housekeeping accounts to The Times, and proved that backed by an income not above three thousand, any decent person ought not to lump himself with a wife and probabilities. I will not repeat my accounts here, we don't keep any household books, but my wife is,—and upon eight hundred a year, is obliged to be,—a good cook. It is she who, as M. A. D. has sent a balance sheet of our expenses to The Times. Her accounts do not include field expenses. I lost seven hundred on last year's transactions as my betting book will prove. As for the cigars for self and friends—may I never want a friend or a cigar to give him—not having paid for them for the last five years, I had forgotten that they had a price, until that villainous letter from my obedient servants, reminded me this morning how those rascals of tobacconists can charge. My income is unfortunately an annuity chargeable upon an estate during my life. I have nothing to mortgage; I have no expectancies to sell. But I want money. When I say that to my wife,—make it then, says she. I will, and I know how to do it. The world's mine oyster and the Supplement to The Times will tell me of a hundred places wherein I may thrust my knife. Fortune goes begging for suitors daily, doing penance for her misdeeds, jade as she has been, in that sheet. Now let me front her. Births, yes; Born Dillman Dull, Esq., into the republic of workers. Marriages, yes; I don't flinch now at the thought of Mary Adelaide's expenses. Death, no; I never will say die. I won't say

die, though the very next advertisement after that of the deaths tells me, that funerals are now conducted at charges much below those to which the public have hitherto been subjected. A man cannot afford to die upon eight hundred a year. I must not do it. "Carriage funeral complete, six guineas." Tempting as the offer is, I can resist the fascination. When my time comes I shall be buried decently I know. The dead are indeed wretched, who do not alight from carriages at the door of their last home. Strange would be the reverse of fate, were I to be driven to the churchyard in a gig. Enough that I expect a carriage funeral complete, and care not whether it cost six guineas or sixty thousand, when there is six feet of earth to serve as a bulwark against duns. "Tombs, monuments, chimney-piece," &c. Statuary come! You shall not carve my tomb, but you shall build me a good stout and firm domestic hearth. But how to build it?

For sale the next presentation to a living; and a living is precisely what I want. This one is "most eligibly situate in an exceedingly beautiful and desirable locality. There is a superior residence, surrounded by most beautiful and extensive grounds, and the income amounts to over a thousand per annum. There is a prospect of very early possession." There is the hitch. Very early possession would not suit me. I must have possession instantly, otherwise no doubt this affair might be arranged. I would take the living and agree to pay for it five hundred a year during my life time. The other five hundred added to my eight hundred might with the help of some other little concerns, a mastership of a charity, a canonry, a collectorship of customs, a confidential clerkship and good fortune on the turf, enable me to educate my children. Here are five livings in the Church for sale. At any rate they yield us a prospect, so I think I shall secure them all, on the half-profit arrangement.

Very well. First column of the Supplement yields me, after liberal deduction from my profits by way of charge for purchase money, about eleven hundred a year with houses and lands in Sussex, Devonshire, Berkshire, Somersetshire and Norfolk. Unlimited supply of clotted-cream, pig's-cheeks, and turkeys. They are to fall to me respectively after the death of five men, one of whom is in bad health, and one eighty-five years old. The others are aged seventy-two, sixty-eight, and fifty-five. The life of that man of fifty-five I know will aggravate me sorely, he will live to be ninety. Young men whose deaths are prayed for always are fervently sound in wind and limb.

At present I have found nothing immediately serviceable. Nothing can be made I fear of H. C. S., whose wife advertises to him that they are twain and quotes. "The matter is irrevocable now;—your own words found in the passage of our miserable dwelling on

the sad fourth of November, the anniversary of our first meeting." She will "never pardon, forget nor forgive," and she refers to his condition in such a way as to make it evident that I can extract no capital from H. C. S.—Poor fellow! did he marry on eight hundred a year and find the results as per advertisement? His coats and trousers, and his shirts, unmended of course, have been returned to him in a parcel—"I forwarded your wardrobe on the eighteenth."—and between these twin hearts all is over. Let not such a fate be mine!

Ha! here is cash. Here are sums upon sums. I can at once earn five pounds plus two guineas plus ten shillings plus ten pounds plus one pound plus five pounds plus ten pounds; total thirty three pounds, twelve shillings, if I will do these things: pick up a lost young gentleman of weak intellects, who is five feet eight inches high, has light hair and whiskers, growing down to the chin; pick up a carpet-bag, a black greyhound with a white tip to its tail, answering to the name of Fly; a black leather bag; a round gold Brazilian bracelet; a gold watch with a blue enamelled back, and a grocer with bad teeth who has left his business in Staffordshire. Shall I put on my hat and take a walk, keeping a bright eye on the pavement for dropped carpet-bags, watches and bracelets, in hope of performing these conditions which some spiteful fairy godmother seems to have attached to the immediate receipt of thirty-three pounds and twelve shillings? Let me first see whether I am offered any better chance for a day's labour.

Bank of England. Unclaimed Stock.—Ha! Fortune, you are my slave. Why should bank stock be left an hour unclaimed? My boots! My carpet-bag to put the money in! One minute, let me wait to see what the extent of my claim is,—how much I am to ask for? Pityful thirty pounds, and three women are claiming it. Government had absorbed the sum of thirty pounds reduced three per cent annuities, and it is advertised that three ladies, Mary, Anna, and Elizabeth, having made claim upon that sum, notice is hereby given that in three months from this date—so on, so on—unless some other claimant shall sooner appear and make out his claim thereto. Take your ten pounds a-piece, ladies. Fear me not. What next? Pianiste and two ladies with good voices wanted for a series of concerts, one hour's ride from town. Board and genteel apartments will be found,—at a public house, I suppose. Concert every night behind the bar. Pianiste, Mr. Dillman Dull. Screaming success, Mr. D. Dull's songs of home and happiness. Ethiopian serenades by Miss Dull in appropriate costume. It needs more than the board and genteel lodging to bring us down to that. What next? A regiment of rifle volunteers want men. My want is money.

Lectures on the literature of his own country by a brave and learned exile, casinos

and dancing masters' balls, opera boxes, ventriloquism, detective police business, sacred harmony, concerts, entertainments, exhibitions, private information about American solvencies, the autograph of her Royal Highness the bride to be sold a bargain, and a wonderful stock of apple-green crackle china now for sale. Nobody asks me in these two columns to make my fortune. I see here how others make money, but they do not tell me, the very dancing master does not tell me how to take like steps. What if I lectured upon Klopstock? Would it pay? It might occur to me to sing comic songs, in an entertainment to be called Merrie England in the olden time, by D. D., in the garb of a Druid. Would that pay? Or could I get a ninety-nine years lease of the new Covent Garden Theatre, and persuade Madam Grisi to sing in it until the lease expires? I do not see my way in any of these things. I have a little boy who has a mouse, and he has made of it a learned mouse. If I were to take the great room at Exeter Hall, or Her Majesty's Theatre in off nights for the mouse to perform in, and charge the usual rate of admission, I have no doubt that if the Hall filled nightly money might be made. And I think it would fill; for nothing can be more perfect than the way the mouse winks with one eye. It is a thing to make you die with laughing.

Bombay direct. Not a bit of it; no, nor Madras direct, nor for Calcutta; Australia perhaps; I like the gold-field better than the field of glory. Here are ships, ships, ships ready to take me to all corners of the world. Free emigration to the Cape is offered me, but without any allowance of pocket-money, therefore I decline to go. I like however a firm of emigration out-fitters, who offer to secure passage to any colony, grant letters of credit, and give reliable information, upon application personally, or by post. I have written at once for a passage to Owhyhee with five thousand pounds in letters of credit, and valuable information as to my best way of amusing myself when there for a twelve-month. It will be a pleasant way of staying legal proceedings on the part of Rapson Tapson. I see that some excellent hotels offer unconditionally choice wines and spirits with board of the best kind, in private apartments, and I would cheerfully accept some such offer, if I had not business in London sending me to Owhyhee. At the same time it is understood that I shall not go to Owhyhee, if I can procure in London a large sum of money instantly.

Horses for sale, tempt me not. There is an awkward proverb about setting a beggar on horseback. Winter butter, cows, bulls, dogs; no. Swans. Somebody wants six pairs of swans able to bear the climate of India. Mrs. D. has six little geese which she takes to be swans, and would like a cadetship for one or two of them, but six—six pairs. Must they be brothers and sisters! I

have made a memorandum, and will write to ask. Broughams, phaëtons, and full dress coach, perambulators, harness, saddlery. It is naught, it is naught. Now here is a long file of descriptions of persons wanted, mine oyster be the knife's point in its shell.

A first-rate ledger clerk in a large drapery establishment. I could take such a place as that in combination with the five rectories or vicarages, and should be then qualified also for the place "in a jobmaster's yard in the country." Also, I could call myself a general servant, and if I drowned, as I should drown the pastoral care of my five flocks in a wine-glass or a tumbler, I might be able to respond to the call for "a clerk well acquainted with the trade in spirituous liquors." I don't think I can undertake to drynurse a child, but I am at once ready to take an agency for horse and cattle food, since I am told that "the agencies are highly remunerative and profitable." Families' washing; that I couldn't undertake. Governess and tutor business, is as much below us. Somebody offers to tell me how to take degrees from foreign universities. I'll write to him. It may some day be profitable to be known as Dr. Dillman Dull, especially if it should fall in my way to take a few pupils at a hundred guineas per annum, and teach them to smoke. Here it is! Partnership. "A gentleman who commands capital to the extent of two thousand pounds, is desirous of entering an established house as a working partner." I'll have him. He is ready money. I will write to him at once and undertake to work him. At the same time I may imitate my friends whom I find announcing to Parents and Guardians that they will take premiums with boys. No doubt a vacancy offers in my business for an apprentice, I mean in the business my partner is to do for me, after payment of his two thousand pounds.

Law, Money—ah, bah! Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed. There is an advertiser here who wants a gentleman not only to pay him two thousand pounds, but to go out with him also to Australia. Another is desirous of meeting a gentleman possessing a capital of about four thousand pounds "to invest in a brewery." I would offer better terms to anybody tempted by those invitations. I would take his ready cash, and be content with that; I wouldn't carry him away to the Antipodes, I wouldn't put him to the risk of further loss by speculation in a brewery.

"The advertiser being in possession of a patent by which large profits can be made, and very little risk incurred, wishes to meet with a gentleman who can assist with capital." Ass that I was not to think of the large fortune made by patentees! I also seek "a gentleman who can assist with capital." I also have inventive power. Mem. Two insertions of an advertisement like that. I shall have my invention ready by the time the capitalist comes. It should be something

that would halve the price and double the quality of an article in universal demand. I will produce at two-pence halfpenny a pound of sugar in single crystals, large and brilliant as Koh-i-noor diamonds, and only to be known from diamonds by their instant solubility in water. I will produce a teapot of metals so combined, that they shall throw galvanic shocks into the tea when it is brewing, and extract out of one spoonful the strength of six. I will produce a new method of making butter out of cistern water, keep the secret most inviolable, and undersell the trade throughout the country. Three-pence a pound shall be our price for the best fresh. But, perhaps, it will better profit me to start a company, than to advertise for a partner, if I desire to insure fortune to myself from schemes like these. Paid up capital, one million. I begin to see my way into mine oyster.

Books, idle books, I know not what they are. I jump over the book advertisements, and come to the wine, beer, tea, coffee, and cigars Regalias, Partugas, Globas, Cabanas, Manilla cheroots,—Perdition upon Rapson Tapson,—the Pen Superseded, and a good job, too. Apply to L. N., at the Tuileries. That's a French speculation, I suppose. No, I forget myself, it is "T. C. Loug Acre, Beware of imitations."

Silks for the million, the Princess's opera-coak. Ha, she must have answered those advertisements for left-off wearing apparel. "Clearance of the Sponsalia stock." Yes, that explains everything. All the old raiment was for disposal when the wedding outfit was complete. Tailors' advertisements. Mem. Send orders to all, for I may want an outfit if I go to Owhyhee.

Pianofortes. I think there is no opening here for any cash transactions. I have observed for the last five years, a particular pianoforte, nearly new, only four months in use, that is to be sold as an unusual bargain, for some twenty pounds cash, and may be seen at a hatter's in the City. I have a rough notion that four hundred pounds must have been spent in advertising only, over the effort to raise upon that piano twenty pounds of ready cash. There must be flatness somewhere. Certainly I shall not try to unlock the gates of Fortune with piano keys.

Furniture, plate, "the perfect substitute for silver." A perfect substitute for gold would be more handy to me, I confess, but inasmuch as many a debt is payable in small change, I will take care to possess myself immediately of the perfect substitute for silver. The advertiser who can fill a plate-chest for eleven pounds, can line a purse for twopence, I should hope.

Ornaments, dressing-cases, dinner-services, "Anhydrohepsterion, the only vessel in

which a potato can be well or wholesomely cooked." There is an inventor who has been beforehand with me; but there is room for the Onelighergoclapsataillon, the only knife with which a potato can be economically peeled. Partner wanted with one thousand pounds to push this invention, which is quite sure to succeed when known.

Diamonds, lamps, safes, umbrellas, British feeding-bottles, deafness, and weak legs. Weak legs. I have myself been tottering of late. Am on my last legs? What is the remedy advised? Elastic stockings. "They give great support, are double, and may be washed." No, they will not wash. Anger speaks in the vernacular. Therefore I say they will not wash. "If you value health, or a good figure, wear the chest-expanding braces." I do wear them, and in vain turn to my banker's book, and ask of it, What's my figure now? Ask my friends what sort of a figure I wish to make, and what sort of figure I do make? Dillman Dull, they will say, used to think he knew a cigar, but he has lately taken from those Rapson Tapsons in the name of Manilla, cabbage. That is what they say of me now; in the name of Manilla, cabbage, call you that making a good figure, O advertiser of the chest-expanding braces?

Coals, wood, fire, candles, oils, corns, chilblains, winter coughs; teeth, perfume, the complexion and the hair, quack medicines the end of all. Comforts, discomforts, personal advantages and death. I will try all the schemes suggested by a study of my oyster-opener, and if they fail, I'll come, as the list does, to a gloomy end. I'll take Morison's pills in worm-powders on rising, breakfast on lettuce-lozenges buttered with Holloway's ointment, and washed down with two breakfast-cups of Dalby's Carminative, dine upon Codliver oil, Cockle's Antibilious with Medicated Cream sauce, Pectoral Drops and Nervo-Arterial Essence, take eye-water for tea, sup heavily on bunion lotion, and so go to my last bed. For imprudent marriage was the ruin of me, and if I cannot speedily restore my fortune, I shall have to advertise myself in that list which I next see as "Waiter, Head or otherwise," or offer myself to the world with Mrs. Dull as "Man and wife: the man as thorough"—woe, O woe is me. What ominous foreshadowing is in these columns of Sales by Auction. "In Bankruptcy. By order of the assignees. The excellent new household furniture of Dillman Dull, Esq., at Despond Villa, Tumbledon-road." I put the paper down. It is a dull heart that never can rejoice. Here have I found five livings, a man with two thousand pounds at my command, an idea worth capital one million, a perfect substitute for precious metal. Dillman's himself again. Tooth, Nail, Hammer and Tongs, ye are defied!

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MY ANNULAR ECLIPSE.

ON Monday, the fifteenth of March last, I rose soon after daylight to study two interesting documents: one, a map of England, which Mr. Warren De la Rue had intersected with three straight lines, to show the direct path to be traversed that morning by the Solar Eclipse across this island: the other, a hand-bill invitation to the public generally from the Great Western Railway Company, for an excursion to Swindon; where the darkness which, according to the astronomers, was to prevail at mid-day, would be most visible. To these aids to reflection were added a few personal observations of the state of the weather; which, as the morning advanced, was very encouraging.

The result of all this study—the first lesson in astronomical and meteorological science I ever voluntarily undertook—was a rapid toilette, a cold breakfast (I am a bachelor), a sharp walk, and a seat in a railway carriage; of which I and my friend The Count, whom I had picked up on the platform, were the earliest occupants.

"It is a singular fact," observed this friend of mine—a Scotch schoolfellow—who was looking out of the window, and filling it up with his broad shoulders to prevent the intrusion of strangers; "that of the crowd of passengers now struggling for places, at least fifty per cent. wear spectacles; and, of these, twenty-five per cent. are adorned with white cravats." It was his passion for arithmetic (termed "counting" in Scotch schools), that gave him his title; his real name being Mac Aliquot. "The luggage, too, is exceptional," he went on to observe. "It is all mahogany and brass, if you notice. And—here The Count, suddenly seeing some one he knew, waved his arm frantically, exclaiming: "Hi! hi! Siderly! Professor! There's plenty of room here! Come in." The signal was answered. "Capital fellow!" he said to me, as he gathered up his coat, his newspaper, his hat, and his gloves from five of the seats, which he had appropriated. "Formerly Professor of Conic Sections at Saint Cwrg's College, South Wales: and no mean astronomer, I can tell you. See what a lot of apparatus he has brought!"

"Do you include in that expression the lovely young woman clinging so gracefully to him, amidst the unwieldy pile of things at his feet; and the three young men?" I asked.

"Well, yes," said the Count, who was always as literal as an Arabic numeral. "You will see: Siderly will utilise even his daughter and sons somehow for eclipse purposes; as he will me, and you, too, if you don't mind."

"Have you room for five?" the astronomer asked with timidity.

"For any number," I answered fervently, while making room for Miss Siderly, who passed me with a gracious bend, and the sweetest unspoken "Thank-you." She was followed by her brothers, to whom the professor handed in, tenderly—as if it were a well-packed baby—a great mahogany box containing his telescope. Then he delivered through the open door, several thermometers, pronouncing with each a verbal label: "dry bulb;" "wet bulb;" "red bulb;" "black bulb." Then a barometer; then a sextant, boxed up in a kind of mahogany looked-hat; then a couple of lorgnettes; then a pair of clouded goggles; then some packets of stained glass. I felt dreadfully afraid of the professor and of all these instruments. My ignorance of every kind of heavenly body was now to be punished by seventy-seven miles of humiliation; and, I should have hated The Count for bringing it upon me; if any sort of harsh sentiment could have been possible in the benign presence of the two day-stars that shone full upon me from the opposite seat. Still the professor went on shipping apparatus with all the perseverance and with something of the manner of a wharf-clerk; calling out the names of the objects as they were taken from him; a box of lucifers; a candle; a Welsh testament, large print; a Welsh testament, small print; a copy of Jones's Diamond Classics; a roll of photographic paper; a burning glass; two ounces of gunpowder, a pot of crocuses, in full bloom; a pot of violets; a bundle of camp-stools; three umbrellas, several papers of sandwiches, and two full flasks; "for," Mr. Siderly observed, in allusion to the latter miscellanea, as he entered the carriage, with the train already in motion, "Science must be fed."

Surely they were not going to eat the candle, or the crocuses, or the gunpowder. Yet those strange appliances could hardly be wanted to observe the phenomena of an eclipse with. Not liking to show my ignorance too soon, I suppressed inquiry for the present.

By dint of packing this medley underneath the seats, and overhead in the nettings, the professor eventually found a seat for himself while we were passing Hamwell.

"We must now distribute our parts," he said when fairly settled. "There are so many phenomena to note, and so little time to note them in, that each of us must undertake to observe one, or one class of them. What will your friend be responsible for?" he asked of MacAliquot. "The time of occultation, the barometer, or Bailey's beads?"

I blushed to the ears; for the day-stars beamed an effulgent curiosity upon me; but The Count interrupted, to my great relief, with "We had better leave him out: he is not scientific."

"Not scientific!" exclaimed the bright particular star gleefully. "I am so glad! There will be somebody to sympathise with my own ignorance."

I should not like to describe—even if I could—the effect of this little remark upon my sensations. Fortunately, I kept them so strictly to myself, that I did not do anything ridiculous. "The sun is to be darkened," she continued, glancing charitably at me, "I know. But I really do not know how, or why."

The Professor seemed delighted to have, or to pretend to have, somebody to teach. In a minute he had out two pocket handkerchiefs; one white, the other snuff-colour. He rolled them up into balls, tight enough to play at tennis with. He suspended one between each finger and thumb. He declared that the globular lamp in the roof of the carriage was the sun, that the bandana handkerchief was the earth, and the cambric one the moon. He then imitated an orrery, with the earth moving round the sun (as far as the roof of the carriage would permit), and the moon revolving round the earth. "That being so," he always addressed me, "a time comes when the three spheres must, for a few moments, travel into one line; the moon getting between the earth and the sun, thus: you don't see the sun now," he continued, as if speaking to his daughter, but still looking my way.

"How can I, while you put your linen moon between it and my eyes?" said the young lady. "But I can see part of it."

"Of course; the moon, being smaller than the sun, and nearer to you," was the reply. "You see the outer rim of the lamp in the form of a ring, don't you? Well, that's an annular eclipse."

"From annulus, a ring," whispered Siderly Tertius, popping in a quotation from his Latin dictionary.

"May I ask" (I thought I was bound not to be absolutely dumb), "why it is that the moon, being the smaller body, as you say, will obscure so much of the sun as to leave, when the eclipse is at its height, no more than a narrow rim of the latter visible?"

Mr. Siderly and MacAliquot were both eager to let off an answer upon me; but Siderly conquered, by generously offering to lend me a fourpenny piece. "Place it before one eye; shut the other, and look at the sun—no, not the lamp, but the real sun; which is now just enough obscured by thin clouds not to blind you. That very small disc completely obscures the sun, does it not?"

"Yes."

"Hold it further from your eye, at arm's length. Does it still hide the sun from you?"

"It does."

"Ay; but if held nearer to the sun by three or four yards, your little silver moon would cover no more of it than would produce an annular eclipse."

The Count could hold out no longer. "The distance of the sun from the fourpenny piece, when close to the eye, is about ninety-five millions of miles, and the eclipse is total; but, reduce the distance to ninety-five millions of miles, less half a dozen yards, and the eclipse becomes annular so long as you keep your eye and the two bodies in a straight line with one another. Now, the moon—"

"Very true," interrupted the lecturer, who could hold out no longer, "the further you remove the coin from your eye, the less of the sun will be eclipsed. You see, now, how it is that a small body can eclipse a large one."

"Therefore" (MacAliquot was not to be beaten); "the moon, although one quarter the size of the sun, being also only a four-hundredth part of his distance from the earth, naturally eclipses a large portion of that luminary when it passes between him and us."

"Bless me, here's Reading!" exclaimed the Professor, "and we have not appointed our observing officers yet. As, ladies," he continued, addressing his daughter with the mild rudiments of a joke twinkling in his eye, "are said to be particularly astute wherever rings are concerned; you shall watch the annulus. It will be perfect at two minutes past one o'clock, when it will be half a digit broad."

"But I don't know what a digit is, papa," murmured Bright-Eyes, looking down. "Is it the ring-finger?"

Everybody laughed except MacAliquot; who gravely informed us that a digit is the twelfth part of the circumference of the sun or moon. His friend the scientific stage-manager went on casting the parts:

"You, Charles," (his eldest son,) "will fix your attention on Bailey's beads. Bailey's beads, my dear," he looked at Stella, but he meant the enlightenment he was going to administer for me, "are curious and unac-

countable appearances that were first accurately noted by Mr. Bailey. During that stage of an annular eclipse when it is complete and the ring is about to be put out of shape, a number of long black parallel lines are drawn out by the moon, as if some glutinous substance had stuck to the edge of the sun, and was being pulled out in strings (the light between them giving an appearance like beads), until they break, and wholly disappear. This phenomenon has been observed during every eclipse."

"Please, papa, may I let off the gunpowder?" asked Sidery the Third, flourishing the burning-glass.

"Yes; but George" (Sidery Secundus) "must stand by with the watch, and register the power of the sun by noting the time its rays, concentrated by the burning-glass, take to explode the gunpowder."

"I fear there will be no rays to catch. Look at those provoking clouds!" Miss Sidery pointed to windward.

The astronomer surveyed first the weather, then his elaborate preparations nervously; but was too hopeful to encourage a doubt that the eclipse would be an entire success. Before we arrived at Swindon, he had distributed all his offices. I was to observe that the beasts of the field knelt down to rest; that the birds in the air fluttered back to their nests. I was to watch the crocuses in the flower-pot, that they duly partook in the universal deception as to the time of day, and closed themselves; I was to perceive that the violets gave out their more powerful night-scent. These duties were imparted to me in a tone which conveyed a threat that I should be held responsible if Nature did not behave precisely as philosophy had foretold. Charles was to hold the lighted candle between the sun and his eye, to testify at how many sun's breadths' distance from the sun the flame could be seen. MacAliquot undertook the Welsh Scriptures and the Diamond Classics, to ascertain the different degrees of darkness, by his ability to read the three sizes of print. He was also to be general timekeeper; to check off the punctuality of the eclipse in keeping the appointment astronomers had made for it, both in its first appearance, its greatest magnitude, and its exit over the face of the sun. The professor took to the telescope. He was, besides, to keep everybody at his post, and to maintain a thorough discipline amongst his corps of observation.

Swindon, ten, fifty-five. Coffee, sandwiches, tea, rolls, bread-and-butter, Banbury cakes, soda, brandy, bottled porter, pork-pies for one hundred—immediately! The young ladies at the counters of the refreshment-room conduct themselves with that deliberate self-possession which is characteristic of great minds during emergencies. The Sidery flask and sandwiches, however, make us independent of them. Meanwhile

the male branches of the Sidery family have unloaded all the apparatus upon the south platform; and, being persons of great constructive abilities, have fitted up an observatory in defiance of every railway regulation, and even of a train, on the eve of running away from the Eclipse to Gloucester. They construct it of chairs purloined from the offices, wheelbarrows, their own camp-stools, umbrellas, and other impromptu materials. Even the telescope finds a station of its own in the same precincts.

The hundred orders for refreshment have at length been executed, and some of the excursionists post themselves on a rising ground to the left; others climb the hill into the town; but the knowing ones make for the old church-yard. So many are, however, of one way of thinking, that the station is very soon quite occupied. Sofas are brought out, and ladies gracefully recline upon them, opera-glasses in hand, precisely as if they were inspecting the luminaries of her Majesty's theatre.

Eleven, thirty. Clouds pass rapidly over the sun. Some obscure him altogether; others supersede coloured glasses. Mr. Sidery looks vexed and disappointed. Little Sidery lets off his "poofs!" of gunpowder; now in one minute; now in seven. MacAliquot, watch in hand, looks official and important. Miss Sidery, having as yet nothing celestial to observe, makes delightful observations to me on subjects I am better acquainted with, than the firmament; such as pictures, music, and light literature. I am occasionally called to a sense of duty by our chief, who points out a cow in the meadow, and a particularly spruce sparrow hovering upon and around the wires of the telegraph. More clouds.

Eleven, thirty-five. Intense excitement. Clouds too thin to obscure the sun. Every bit of coloured glass to every eye. Yet the eclipse must have come upon some of the spectators as an unexpected accident; for they have brought nothing wherewith to see the great glaring orb as in a glass, darkly. Whereupon railway workmen suddenly ascend from unexplained lower regions with bits of smoked glass, for which, people who have not courage to borrow of the better provided, distractedly bargain. One slender gentleman seizes a huge danger signal-lamp, and lifts it up before his face; but, being no Hercules, is unable to maintain it in that position long enough even for a glimpse of the sun, and restores it to its rack.

Eleven, forty. The right-hand lower edge of the sun begins to flatten. The watch trembles in MacAliquot's hand as he exclaims, "Wonderful!" The dark segment increases in size. "What a testimony is this accuracy of foretelling the exact time of the eclipse, to the power of figures!" The Count continues. "As we have always known that eleven digits and a-half of the sun will be

eclipsed at one o'clock to-day ; we also as certainly know that on the nineteenth of August, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the next great eclipse will occur, leaving only the small fraction of a digit of the sun unobscured."

After about half of the sun had been eclipsed, came a woeful disappointment ;— a total eclipse by clouds. No annulus, no flames, no Bailey's beads ; very little darkness, even at the moment (two minutes past one) of the greatest obscuration. Bright-Eyes, in admiration of whom I had been again lost, woke me up by observing that the atmosphere (Miss Sidery is a distinguished amateur in water-colours) seemed to be tinted with a weak wash of Indian ink. The air was perceptibly colder, all the thermometers having fallen at a mean rate of three degrees. I am bound, however, to state that the cow in the meadow, the crocuses, the violets, and the other natural objects that came under my ken, treated the eclipse with curious unconcern—as if it were a darker cloud passing over other clouds. The spruce sparrow flew away from the wires, leisurely and playfully, over the station roof ; the country people going along the road, did not even look up ; everything in the surrounding landscape conducted itself very much as usual ; but, a despondent astronomer coming back from the churchyard under a load of unused instruments assured us that he saw a flight of rooks return to their nests ; and Mr. Charles Sidery—who, having given up the annular eclipse in despair, had strolled into the village—testified to the jack-daw belonging to the Odd Fellow's Arms going to roost, and to a horse having been so frightened (perhaps by the darkness) that he threw his rider and ran away. We ourselves witnessed an unpleasant phenomenon. A good-looking young country squire had mistaken mid-day for dinner-time, and created great consternation at the station by banging everybody and everything about, in a state of distressing post-prandial excitement. He was speedily eclipsed by the police.

The journey back to London, I asked my friend The Count to describe ; finding the task impossible, for reasons which need not be explained ; but, as his manuscript is arranged in columns in the manner of Bradshaw's Guide, and consists of a record of the times of our passing places of note ; of our arrival and departure at each station ; of the number of successful puns he made, and of the number which all the rest of us failed in, I shall make no further mention of it.

It is now five weeks since the Great Solar Eclipse happened. I have been observing the stars, as much as possible, ever since ; having become Mr. Sidery's pupil. Every evening, clear or cloudy, I have spent at his charming little villa at Dulwich. I find in him a friend and a confidant. Last night,

during an occultation of Venus (she had hastily retired to her mamma's room after an embarrassing interview with me) I laid before the kind astronomer, while standing at the end of his telescope in the garden, a statement of my private circumstances and prospects. MacAligot has since made his calculations, and confidently predicts that the Annular Eclipse of my bachelorhood will take place on an early day in August next.

THE BLUE DYE PLANT.

THE indigo plant is a beautiful, bright green grass, or shrub ; and is called a biennial, because it passes through all the phases of its existence in two years. Its leaves consist generally of a collection of leaflets arranged, alternately, one above the other upon each side of the petiole or leaf-stalk. At the base of the leaf-stalk, but separated from it, are two leaflets called stipules, which are distinguishable from the others by having no median nerve or vein down the middle. In the Monocotyledonic plants, or plants with one primordial leaf, such as the palm-trees, the stipules form the sheaf,—a kind of living cradle provided by Nature for the protection of the leaves during their tender infancy.

The bright-red flowers of the indigo plant, which are all assembled together at the summit of the peduncles or flower-stalks, present the appearance, like the sweet-pea in blossom, of a butterfly ; for this reason all the plants of this class are called papilionaceous, from the Latin papilio,—a butterfly. The shapes of the petals or flower-leaves, which to the number of five compose this blossom, are so peculiar that each of them has received a distinct name. Thus the large upper one, which turns backwards, is called the standard or flag ; the two next, which are both alike and placed one on each side, are the wings ; the lower one between the wings is the boat or keel, and is composed of one or two hollow flower-leaves, holding the stamens and the pistil, and sheltering them from the rain. In the indigo plant the wings are sometimes joined together in the form of a carina, car or bark.

All the butterfly plants, including the indigo, have the habit of spreading out their wings in the day and folding them up at night. Linnaeus discovered this fact in an interesting way : A friend having sent him some seeds of a butterfly-plant, he sowed them in his greenhouse, where they soon produced two beautiful flowers. His gardener having been absent when he first observed them, Linnaeus went with a lantern in the evening to show them to him. But to his surprise they were nowhere to be found, and Linnaeus was obliged to content himself by supposing that they had been destroyed by some accident or by insects. Great, however, was his astonishment next morning at finding his

blossoms exactly where they had been the day before. Accordingly he took his gardener again in the evening to see them, and again they could not be found. Finding them once more, the following morning, looking as fresh as ever, his gardener said: "These cannot be the same flowers, they must have blown since." But Linnæus himself, not being so easily satisfied, re-visited the plant as soon as it was dark, and, lifting up the leaves one by one, found the flowers folded under them, and so closely concealed as to be completely invisible at first sight. Led by this incident to observe other plants of the butterfly tribe, he found that they all, more or less, closed their wings at nightfall; and this fact formed the basis of his theory of the Sleep of Plants.

The seed-vessel of the indigo plant is like that of the common pea. Once sown in a loose and dark soil, the indigo plant requires no further care, until the time comes for cutting it. As the rainy season approaches, and the red butterfly blossoms begin to appear, the planter hastens to have it cut, for fear of the dye being washed away or spoilt by the inundations. In the month of July, parties of Hindús may be seen in the indigo plantations in the upper provinces, clipping the bright green leaves and twigs to the level of the ground, followed by others who, picking up the plants as they are cut, bind them together and load them upon carts, while the planter passes through the fields, wearing a hat with a brim nearly as large as an umbrella, covered with white cloth, and comfortably perched in a houdah or car on the back of a huge elephant, whose neck is bestrode by a native mahout or driver armed with an iron rod.

From the fields the indigo is taken into a building called a vat, which is about thirty feet broad, and forty feet long. There are steps outside, leading to a platform within the building, from which a sort of immense bath is seen filled with the plant. Water being then let in from a reservoir, the indigo is allowed to ferment for about fourteen or sixteen hours. At the end of that time, the plant becoming entirely decomposed, and the water turning quite green, it is allowed to run into another building called a beating vat. A dozen natives, with scarcely any covering upon their bodies, and with their skins dyed blue—deeply and darkly, if not beautifully, blue—may be seen here, striking the liquid with long sticks, and making a sound like the splashing of oars in a river. When at work they shout and scream, as indeed they always do when trying to exert their strength. After having been beaten for about three or four hours, and the green liquor having become blue, just as our black blood becomes red from contact with oxygen of the air, it is left alone, to allow the sediment to settle at the bottom. The water is then gradually drawn off by taps fixed at

equal distances in the sides of the vat, leaving a beautiful, soft, blue, pulpy matter, like very thick cream, on the floor. This blue cream is next boiled, until no froth or scum rises to the surface, and the blue cream looks as smooth as liquid glass. It is then poured into huge sieves, made by stretching coarse cloth over wooden frames, through which the water strains off gradually, leaving the indigo of the consistency of cream-cheese. It is still, however, unfit for travelling to Calcutta, and from thence to all parts of the world. It must, therefore, be put into boxes with perforated bottoms, where every drop of moisture is finally squeezed out by mechanical pressure. The pressed indigo is then cut into cakes about three inches square, and is put into a drying-house, where it remains for three months.

The indigo is now fit for packing and travelling. It is truly astonishing to see the quantities of this paste, which are annually sent from Bengal, for the use of the painters and dyers distributed all over the globe. Indigo, however, is not only employed in dyeing blue, but is necessary for the production of almost every other colour. The indigo plant in itself is perfectly harmless, while the indigo paste prepared from it is a rank poison. When rubbed with the finger nail, the paste assumes a copper colour.

The smell of an indigo factory is very disagreeable; and the Hindús who work in it, besides having their bodies dyed of a dreadful colour, are very meagre; yet they are contented with the work, and do it well.

An European indigo planter in the interior of India leads an isolated life, which, however, is not without its enjoyments. His business, though it has its anxieties, is not irksome. He is generally a farmer and a sportsman, and master and owner of a fine mansion, with plenty of elephants Arabian horses, cows, sheep, goats, and dogs, and perhaps a few tame leopards and tigers. His elephants, besides being useful in enabling him to ride over his plantations, will carry him better than any other animal, when out in the jungles tiger-hunting. The planter often lives twenty or forty miles from any other European; but this does not prevent him from constantly making and receiving visits. Moreover, his time is well taken up with paying his people, superintending his vats, and settling disputes among the neighbouring farmers. In his own district, the planter is perfectly independent, being looked up to with awe and respect by all around him. In their hour of trouble, the poor, miserable, hard-worked, and ill-fed ryots or labourers always fly to the British planter for protection against the oppressions of their own masters and countrymen.

One of the annoyances of a planter's life is the plague of flies. All over India, they

are a great nuisance during the rainy season, but nowhere to such a degree as in the vicinity of an indigo factory; where they are attracted by the smell. When the servants are preparing the table for a meal, they put a white muslin cloth over the plates, cups and saucers, and in an instant it is covered with black flies. Before taking off the muslin cloth, the bearer begins pulling the large heavy punkah or fan, which has generally a deep fringe at the edge of it; the waiters whisk about small fans in every direction to keep the flies from off the table; and as soon as the tea is poured out, a silver cover is put over the cup.

In the cold season, from November to March, the planter generally spends a month in one of the towns, for the purpose of negotiating the sale of his indigo.

One of the first records to be found of the commerce in indigo occurs in a letter addressed by Lord Bacon to King James, supporting some complaints made by the East India Company, in which he says that in return for English commodities, we received from India great quantities of indigo. And a work, entitled the Merchant's Map of Commerce, published in sixteen hundred and thirty-eight by Lewis Roberts, says, we then exported from England a considerable quantity of indigo to Turkey and Italy. Davenant, in his Discourses on the Public Revenues and Trade, mentions some exports of indigo from America in sixteen hundred and eighty-two. About the year seventeen hundred and thirty-two, the indigo-plant was extensively grown, and its produce exported from Jamaica and the sugar islands; nevertheless England was obliged to pay more than two hundred thousand pounds annually to France for indigo. Some Carolina rice-planters found they were overstocking the European market with rice, and began to cultivate indigo; and, in seventeen hundred and forty-seven, they sent nearly two thousand pounds of indigo to England. Parliament having granted a bounty of sixpence per hundredweight on all indigo grown in any of our American colonies and imported into England, the cultivation of the blue-dye plant continued to be pursued in Carolina with such success that, in about ten years, the export of indigo amounted to four hundred thousand pounds a-year.

The cultivation of the indigo plant is carried on at present in India, Egypt, and America; but the best indigo paste is manufactured in the Bengal Presidency. French, Germans, Italians, and the Arabs have all in turn tried to cultivate the indigo bearer in their own countries; and they have always failed, owing to the plant requiring a tropical climate for the production of the indigotine or blue colouring matter.

Respecting this precious chemical principle, the chemists tell us, that when a bit of indigo-paste is subjected to the influence of

great heat, purplish vapours are seen rising from it, which, condensing upon cold bodies, form brilliant purple needles of indigotine.

LOST ALICE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

WHY did I marry her? I often asked myself the question, in the days that succeeded our honeymoon. By right, I should have married no one. Yet I loved her, as I love her still.

She was, perhaps, the strangest character of her age. In her girlhood, I could not comprehend her; and I often think, when I raise my eyes to her grave, quiet face, as she sits opposite me at dinner, that I do not comprehend her yet. There are many thoughts working in her brain of which I know nothing, and flashes of feeling look out at her eyes now and then, and go back again, as captives might steal a glimpse of the outer world through their prison bars, and turn to their brick-walled solitude once more. She is my wife. I have her and hold her as no other can. She bears my name, and sits at the head of my table; she rides beside me in my carriage, or takes my arm as we walk; and yet I know and feel, all the time, that the darling of my past has fled from me for ever, and that it is only the ghost of the gay Alice, whom I won in all the bloom of her bright youth, that lingers near me now.

She was not a child when I married her, though she was very young. I mean, that life had taught her lessons which are generally given only to the grey-haired, and had laid burdens upon her which belong of right to the old. She had been an unloved child, and at the age of sixteen she was left to herself, and entirely dependent on her own exertions. Friends and family she had none, so she was accustomed laughingly to say; but I have since found that her sisters were living, and in happy homes, even at the time when she accepted that awful trust of herself, and went out of the great world to fulfil it. Of this part of her life she never speaks; but one who knew her then has told me much. It was a time of struggle and pain, as well it might have been. Fresh from the life of a large boarding-school, she was little fitted for the bustle of a great selfish city; and the tears come to my eyes as I think, with a kind of wonder, on the child who pushed her way through difficulties at which strong men have quailed, and made herself a name, and a position, and a home. She was a writer,—at first a drudge, for the weekly press, poorly paid, and unappreciated. By-and-by, brighter days dawned, and the wolf went away from the door. She was admired, read, sought after, and—above all—paid. Even then, she could not use the wisdom she had purchased at so dear a rate. She held her heart in her hand, and it was wrung and tortured every day.

"I may as well stop breathing as stop loving," she would say, with a happy smile. "Don't talk to me about my folly. Let me go on with my toys ; and, if they break in my hand, you cannot help it, and I shall not come to you for sympathy."

She was not beautiful ; but something—whether it was her bright, happy face, or the restless gaiety of her manner—bewitched people, and made them like her. Men did the maddest things imaginable for her sake ; and not only young men in whom folly was pardonable, but those who should have been too wise to be caught by the sparkle of her smile, or the gay ringing of her laugh. She did not trust them ; her early life had taught her better ; but I think she liked them for awhile, till some newer fancy came, and then she danced past them, and was gone.

It was in the country that I met her first ; and there she was more herself than in the city. We were distant relatives, though we had never seen each other, and the Fates sent me to spend my summer vacation with my mother's aunt, in a country village, where she was already domesticated. Had I known this, I should have kept my distance ; for it was only a fourteenth or fifteenth cousinship that lay between us, and I had a kind of horror of her. I hardly knew why. I was a steady-going, quiet sort of lawyer, and hated to have my short holiday of rest and quiet broken in upon by a fine lady. I said as much to my aunt, in return for her announcement of "Alice Kent is here," with which she greeted me. She looked over her spectacles in quiet wonder as I gave her a slight sketch of the lady's city life, as I had had it from the lips of "Mrs. Grundy" herself.

"Well—live and learn, they say. But whoever would think it was our Alice you are talking of, Frank ! However, I'll say no more about her ! You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with her, in the month you mean to pass here. And we are glad to see you, and your bed-room is ready,—the one you used to like."

I took up my hat, and strolled away to have a look at the farm. By-and-by, I got over the orchard wall, and crossed the brook, and the high road, and went out into the grove behind the house, whose farthest trees were growing on the side of the hill which looked so blue and distant from my chamber window. It was an old favourite place of mine. A broad wagon track led through the woods, out to a clearing on the other side, where was a little sheet of water, called The Fairy's Looking-glass, and a beautiful view of a lovely country, with the steep green hills lying down in the distance, wrapped in a soft fleecy mantle of cloud and haze. I could think of nothing when I stood there, on a fine sunshiny day, but the long gaze of Bunyan's Pilgrim through the shepherd's glass, at the beautiful city towards which he was journeying. And it seemed sometimes as if I could

wander "over the hills and far away," and lose myself in one of the fair valleys at the foot of those hills, and be content never to come out and face the weary world any more.

I walked slowly through the woods, with the sunshine falling through the green leaves of the young beeches in chequered radiance on my path, drawing in long breaths of the fresh air, and feeling a tingling in my veins and a glow at my heart, as if the blood were flowing newly there, until I came to the little circular grove of pines and hemlocks that led out upon the Fairy's Looking-glass. Something stirred as I pierced my way through the branches, and I heard a low growl.

A girl was half-sitting, half-lying, in the sunshine beside the little lake, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the ripples that spread and widened to the other shore. A great black Newfoundland dog was standing between me and her, showing a formidable row of strong white teeth, and looking me threateningly in the face.

She started, and looked sharply round, and saw me standing in the little grove with the dog between us. She burst out laughing.

I felt that I was cutting rather a ridiculous figure, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked coolly,

"Are you Alice Kent ?"

"People call me so."

"Then I suppose I may call you cousin, for I am Frank Atherton ?"

"Cousin Frank ! We have been expecting you this week. When did you come ?"

"Just now."

She made room for me beside her. We talked long, about our family, our mutual friends, and the old homestead of the Athertons, which she had seen, though I had not. She told me about the house, and our cousins who were then living there, and I sat listening, looking now and then at her, as she sat with the sunshine falling round her, and the great dog lying at her feet. I wondered, almost as my aunt had done, if this was indeed the Alice Kent of whom I had heard so much. She was dressed plainly, very plainly, in a kind of grey material, that fell around her in light soft folds. A knot of plain blue ribbon fastened her linen collar, and a gipsy hat, lying beside her, was trimmed with the same colour. Her watch chain, like a thread of gold, and a diamond ring, were the only ornaments she wore. Yet I had never seen a dress I liked so well. She was tall (too tall, I should have said, had she been anyone else ; for, when we were standing, her head was almost on a level with mine) and slender, and quick and agile in all her movements. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, but she wore it carelessly pushed away from her forehead : not arranged with that nicety I should have expected in a city belle. Her features were irregular, full of life and spirit, but decidedly plain : her complexion fair,

her mouth rather large, frank and smiling; her eyebrows arched, as if they were asking questions; and her eyes large, and of a soft dark grey, very pleasant to look into, very puzzling too, as I found afterwards to my cost. Those eyes were the only beauty she possessed, and she unconsciously made the most of them. Had she been a Carmelite nun, she would have talked with them: she could not have helped it. When they laughed, it seemed their normal state—the bright-beaming glance they gave; but, when they darkened suddenly and grew softer and deeper, and looked up into the face of any unfortunate wight with an expression peculiar to themselves, heaven help him!

Though I had known her only five minutes, I felt this, when I chanced to look up and meet a curious glance she had fixed on me. She had ceased to talk, and was sitting, with her lips half apart and a lovely colour mantling on her cheek, studying my face intently, when our eyes met. There was an electric kind of shock in the gaze. I saw the colour deepen and go up to her forehead, and a shiver ran over me from head to foot. It was dangerous for me to watch that blush, but I did; and I longed to know its cause, and wondered what thought had brought it.

"Fred, bring me my hat," she said to her dog, affecting to yawn. "It is time for us to go home to supper, I suppose. Are you hungry, cousin Frank?"

"Yes—no," I answered, with my thoughts still running on that blush.

She laughed good-naturedly, and took the hat from the Newfoundland, who had brought it in his mouth.

"How fond you are of that great dog," I said, as we rose from our seat beneath the tree.

"Fond of him?" She stooped down over him with a sudden impetuous movement, took his head between her two hands, and kissed the beauty-spot on his forehead. "Fond of him, cousin Frank? Why, the dog is my idol! He is the only thing on earth who is or has been true to me, and the only thing——" She stopped short, and coloured.

"That you have been true to," I said, finishing the sentence for her.

"So people say," she answered, with a laugh. "But look at him—look at those beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could help loving him. My poor old Fred! So honest in this weary world."

She sighed, and patted his head again, and he stood wagging his tail and looking up into her face, with eyes that were as she had said, beautiful, and, what was better far, brimful of love and honesty.

"I doubt if you will keep pace with us," she said, after we had walked a few steps; "and Fred is longing for a race; I always give him one through the woods. Would you mind?"

"Oh dear, no!"

The next moment she was off like the wind, and the dog tearing after her, barking till the woods rang again. I saw her that night no more.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I WAS, as I have already said, a grave, steady-going lawyer, verging towards a respectable middle age, with one or two grey hairs showing among my black locks. I had had my dreams and fancies, and my hot, eager, generous youth, like most other men; and they had passed away. But one thing I had not known, one thing I had missed (save in my dreams), and that was a woman's love.

If I ever gave my visions a body and a name, they were totally unlike all the realities I had ever seen. The wife of my fireside reveries was a slight, delicate, gentle creature, with a pure pale face, sweet lips, the bluest and clearest of eyes, the softest and finest of golden hair, and a voice low and sweet, like the murmurings of an *Æolian* harp. And she sat by my chair in silence; loving me always, but loving me silently, and her name was Mary. I dare say, if I had met the original of this placid picture in life, I should have wooed and won her, and have been utterly miserable.

So, as a matter of course, I fell into danger now. When Alice Kent went singing and dancing through the house, leaving every door and window open as she went, I used often to lay down my pen and look after her, and feel as if the sun shone brighter for her being there. When she raced through the grove or orchard with the great dog at her heels, I smiled, and patted Fred on the head: when she rode past the house at a hand gallop on her grey pony, Fra Diavolo, and leaped him over the garden gate, and shook her whip saucily in my face, I laid aside my book to admire her riding, and never thought her unwomanly or ungraceful.

We grew to be great friends—like brother and sister, I used to say to myself. How that liking glided gradually into loving, I could not have told. I met her one day in the village street. I turned a corner, and came upon her suddenly. She was walking slowly along, with her dog beside her, and her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking graver and more thoughtful than I had ever seen her before. At sight of me her whole face brightened suddenly; yet she passed me with a slight nod and a smile, and took her way towards home. Seeing that flash of light play over her grave face, and feeling the sudden bound with which my heart sprang up to meet it, I knew what we were to each other.

It was late when I reached home, after a musing walk. The farmer and his wife had gone to bed, the children were at a merry-making at the next house, and a solitary light

burned from the parlour window, which was open. The full moon shone fairly in a sky without a cloud. I unfastened the gate and went in; and there in the open door sat Alice, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, her head resting on the shaggy coat of the Newfoundland dog. His beautiful brown eyes watched me as I came up the path, but he did not stir.

I sat down near her; but on the lower step, so that I could look up in her face.

"Alice, you do not look well."

"But I am. Quite well. I am going away to-morrow."

"Going away! Where?"

"Home. To London. Well? What ails you, cousin Frank? Did you never hear of any one who went to London before!"

"Yes; but why do you go?"

"Why?" She opened her eyes and looked at me. "For many reasons. Firstly, I only came for six weeks, and I have stayed nearly three months; secondly, because I have business which can be put off no longer; and thirdly, because my friends are wondering what on earth keeps me here so long (they will say soon, it is you, Frank). They vow they cannot do without me any longer, and it is pleasant to be missed, you know."

"And so you are going back to the old life, Alice? And by-and-by I suppose you will marry?"

I would not advise any man, be he old or young, in case he does not think it wise or prudent to marry the woman he loves, to linger with her in the doorway of a silent farmhouse, and hold her hand, and look out upon a moonlight night. The touch of the small slight fingers was playing the mischief with my good resolutions, and my wisdom (if I had any).

"Alice," I said, softly; and I almost started, as she did, at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed. "Alice, we have been very happy here."

"Very."

I took both her hands, and held them close in mine. But she would not look at me, though her face was turned that way.

"There is a great difference between us, dear Alice. I am much older than you, and much graver. I have never loved any woman but you in my life, while you have charmed a thousand hearts, and had a thousand fancies. If you were what the world thinks you, and what you try to make yourself out to be, I should say no more than this—I love you. But I know you have a heart. I know you can love, if you will; and can be true, if you will. And so I beseech you to talk to me honestly, and tell me if you can love me, or if you do. I am not used to asking such questions of ladies, Alice, and I may seem rough and rude; but believe me, when I say you have won my whole heart, and I cannot be happy without you."

"Yes, I believe you," she said.

"But do you trust me, and do you love me?"

She might trifle with a trifer, but she was earnest enough with me.

"I trust you, and I love you," she answered, frankly. "Are you wondering why I can stand before you, and speak so calmly? Because, I do not think I shall ever marry you. You do not love me, as I have always said my husband should love me. I am wayward and exacting, and I should weary your life out by my constant craving for tenderness. I was made to be petted, Frank; and you, though a loving, are not an affectionate man. You would wish me at the bottom of the Red Sea before we had been married a month; and, because you could not get me there, you would go to work and break my heart, by way of amusement. I know it as well as if I had seen it all—even now."

She looked at me, and all her woman's heart and nature were in her eyes. They spoke love and passion, and deep, deep tenderness—and all for me. Something leaped into life in my heart at that moment which I had never felt before—something that made my affection of the last few hours seem cold and dead beside its fervid glow. I had her in my arms within the instant—close—close to my heart.

"Alice! if ever man loved woman with heart and soul—madly and unreasonably if you will, but still truly and honestly—I love you, my darling."

"But will it last? O, Frank, will it last?"

I bent down, and our lips met in a long, fond kiss.

"You will be my wife, Alice?"

She leaned her pretty head against my arm, and her hand stole into mine again.

"Do you mean that for your answer? Am I to keep the hand, dear Alice, and call it mine?"

"If you will, Francis."

It was the first time she had ever given me that name. But she never called me by any other again until she ceased to love me; and it sounds sweetly in my memory now, and it will sound sweetly to my dying day.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WE were married not long after, and for six months we dwelt in a "Fool's Paradise." When I think, that but for me, it might have lasted to our dying day, I can only sigh, and take up the burden of my life with an aching heart.

They had called, Alice, fickle—oh, how wrongly! No human being could be truer to another than she was to me.

"I only wanted to find my master, Francis," she used to say, when I laughed at her about it. "I was looking for him through

all those long years, and I began to think he would never come. But, from the first moment when I heard you speak, and met your eyes, I felt that he was near me. And I am glad to wear my master's chains," she added, kissing my hand.

And I am sure she was in earnest. I pleased her best when I treated her most like a child. She was no angel—a passionate, high-spirited creature. She rebelled a thousand times a day, although she delighted in my control. But it was pretty to see her, when she turned to leave the room, with fire in her eyes, and a deep flush on her cheek—it was pretty to see her with her hand upon the lock even, drop her proud head submissively, and wait when I said—"Stop. Shut the door, and listen to me." Yet it was dangerous. I, who had never been loved before, what could I do but become a tyrant, when a creature so noble as this bent down before me!

She loved me. Every chord of her most sensitive heart thrilled and trembled to my touch, and gave forth sweetest music; yet I was not satisfied. I tried the minor key. Through her deep affection for me I wounded her cruelly. I can see it now. Some wise idea found its way into my head and whispered that I was making a child of my wife by my indulgent ways, and that her character would never develop its strength in so much sunshine. I acted upon that thought, forgetting how she had already been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction; and, quite unconscious, that while she was getting back all the innocent gaiety of her childish years, the deep lessons of her womanhood were still lying beneath the sparkling surface of her playful ways.

If, for a time, she had charmed me out of my graver self, I resolved to be charmed no more. I devoted myself again to my business, heart and soul, and sat poring for hours over law papers without speaking to her. Yet she did not complain. So long as she was certain that I loved her, she was content, and took up her pen again, and went on with the work our marriage had interrupted. Her writing-desk was in my study, by a window just opposite mine; and sometimes I would cease to hear the rapid movement of her pen, and, looking up, I would find her eyes fixed upon my face, while a happy smile was playing around her lips. One day that glance found me in a most unreasonable mood. The sense of her love half pained me, and I said curtly:

"It is bad taste, Alice, to look at anyone in that way."

She dropped her pen, only too glad of an excuse to talk to me, and came and leaned over my chair.

"And why? when I love some one."

This was a bad beginning of the lesson. I wanted to teach her, and I turned over my papers in silence.

"Do I annoy you, Francis?"

"Not much."

Her little hand was playing with my hair, and her breath was warm on my cheek. I felt my wisdom vanishing, and tried to make up for its loss by an increased coldness of manner.

"One kiss," she said. "Just one, and I'll go away."

"What nonsense, Alice. What time have I to think of kisses now?"

She stood up, and looked me in the face.

"Do I tease you, Francis?"

"Very much."

She gave a little sigh—so faint that I could scarcely hear it—and left the room. I had scared her gaiety away for that morning.

This was the first cloud in our sky.

It seems strange, now, when I look back upon it after the lapse of years, how perseveringly I laboured to destroy the foundation of peace and happiness on which I might have built my life. The remaining six months of that year were months of misery to me, and, I doubt not, to Alice, for she grew thin and pale, and lost her gaiety. I had succeeded only too well in my plan, and she had learned to doubt my affection for her. I felt this by the look in her eyes now and then, and by the way in which she seemed to cling to her dog, as if his fidelity and love were now her only hope. But I was too proud to own myself in the wrong, and the breach widened day by day.

In the midst of all this estrangement the dog sickened. There was a week of misgiving on Alice's part, when she sat beside him with her books, or writing all the time—there was a day when both books and manuscript were put away, and she was bending over him, with her tears falling fast, as she tried to hush his moans, and looked into his fast glazing eyes—and there was an hour of stillness, when she lay on the low couch, with her arm around his neck, neither speaking nor stirring. And when the poor creature's last breath was drawn, she bent over him with a passionate burst of grief, kissed the white spot upon his forehead, and closed the soft, dark eyes, that even in death were turned towards her with a loving look.

She did not come to me for sympathy. She watched alone, while the gardener dug a grave and buried him beneath the study window. She never mentioned him to me, and never paid her daily visit to his grave till I was busy with my papers for the evening. So the year, which had begun in love and happiness, came to its close.

I sat in the study alone, one morning in the February following, looking over some deeds that had been long neglected, when I heard Alice singing in the balcony outside the window. It was the first time I had heard her sing since Fred's death, and I laid down my pen to listen. But hearing her

coming through the hall, I took it up again, and affected to be very busy.

It was a warm, bright, beautiful day, and she seemed to bring a burst of sunlight and happiness with her as she opened the door. Her own face, too, was radiant, and she looked like the Alice of the old farm-house, as she came on tiptoe and bent over my chair.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, looking up.

She laid a pretty little bouquet of violets, tied with blue ribbons, before me.

"I have been to the conservatory, and have brought you the first flowers of the season, Francis. And something else, which, perhaps, you may not like so well."

She bent over me as she spoke, and leaning her hand lightly on my shoulder, kissed me twice. She had been chary of her caresses, for some time; and, when she did this of her own accord, I wheeled round in my chair, and looked up at her.

"You seem very happy to-day, Alice."

"It is somebody's birthday," she said, stationing herself upon my knee, and looking into my eyes. "And I wish somebody very many happy returns:"—her voice faltered a little—"and if there has been any wrong feeling, Francis, for the last six months, we will bury it to-day, now and for ever."

She clung to me in silence, and hid her face upon my breast. I was moved, in spite of myself, and kissed the brown hair that was scattered over my shoulder, and said I was quite willing to forget everything (as if I had anything to forget)! At which she looked up with a bright smile, and I daresay thought me very magnanimous.

"And we will make a new beginning from this day, Francis."

"If you will, my child."

She caressed me again, after a queer little fashion of her own, which always made me smile, and which consisted of a series of kisses bestowed systematically on different parts of my face—four, I believe, being allotted to my forehead, two to each cheek, two to the chin, four to my lips, and four to my eyes. She went through this ceremony with a painstaking care, and then looked me in the face. All her love and tenderness seemed to come up before me in that moment, and efface the past and its unhappiness. I held her closely to my heart, and her arms were around my neck.

Will any one believe it? My wife had scarcely left me five moments before the fancy came to me that I had shown too plainly the power she had over me. For months I had been schooling myself into coldness and indifference, and at her very first warm kiss or smile, I was completely routed. She had vexed, and thwarted, and annoyed me much during those months: it would not do to pardon her so fully and entirely before she had even asked my forgiveness. I took a sudden resolution; and, when she came back

into the room, was buried in my papers once more. Poor child! She had had one half-hour's sunshine, at least.

"One moment," she said, taking the pen out of my hand, and holding something up over my head. "I have a birthday gift for you. Do you want it?"

"If you give it to me, certainly."

"Then ask me for it."

I said nothing, but took up my pen again. Her countenance fell a little.

"Would you like it?" she said, timidly.

"There was a saint in old times," I said, quietly, going on with my papers, "a namesake of mine, by the way—Saint Francis of Sales—who was accustomed to say, that one should never ask or refuse anything."

"Well! But I'm not talking to *Saint* Francis; I am talking to you. Will you have my little gift? Say yes—just to please me—just to make my happy day still happier."

"Don't be a child, Alice."

"It is childish, I know; but indulge me this once. It is such a little thing, and it will make me very happy."

"I shall not refuse whatever you choose to give me. Only don't delay me long, for I want to go on with these papers."

The next moment she threw the toy (a pretty little bronze inkstand made like a Cupid, with his quiver full of pens) at my feet, and turned away, grieved and angry. I stooped to pick up the figure—it was broken in two.

"Oh, you can condescend to lift it from the ground!" she said sarcastically.

"Upon my word, Alice, you are the most unreasonable of beings. However, the little god of love can be easily mended."

"Yes."

She placed the fragments one upon the other and looked at me.

"It can be mended, but the accident must leave its trace, like all others. Oh, Francis!" she added, throwing herself down by my chair, and lifting my hand to her lips. "Why do you try me so? Do you really love me?"

"Alice," I said, impatiently, "do get up. You tire me."

She rose and turned very pale.

"I will go then. But first answer my question. Do you love me, Francis?"

I felt anger and obstinacy in my heart—nothing else. Was she threatening me?

"Did you love me when you married me, Francis?"

"I did. But——"

"But you do not love me now?"

"Since you will have it," I said.

"Go on!"

"I do not love you—not as you mean."

There was a dead silence in the room as the lying words left my lips, and she grew so white, and gave me such a look of anguish that I repented of my cruelty, and forgot my anger.

"I do not mean that, Alice," I cried. "You look ill, and pale. Believe me, I was only jesting."

"I can bear it, Francis. There is nothing on this earth that cannot be borne—in one way or other."

She turned and left the room, quietly and sadly. The sunshine faded just then, and only a white, pale light came through the window. I so connected it with her sorrow, that to this day I can never see the golden radiance come and go across my path, without the same sharp, knife-like pang that I felt then, as the door closed behind her.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

ALICE became weaker and grew really ill. A tour on the continent was strongly recommended by the doctors as the likeliest means of restoration. It was impossible for me to go; but some friends of ours, one Mr. and Mrs. Warrener, with a young daughter, were going to Italy for six months, and it was arranged that Alice should accompany them.

They remained abroad, nine months instead of six. People wondered and joked about my wife's deserting me; but I only laughed, and said, I should soon go after her if she remained away much longer; and they thought we were still a model couple. But, had they seen me sitting in my office, at night, over Alice's letters from abroad, they would have known what a gulf had opened between us two. I read those letters over and over again, with aching throbs going through and through my heart, at every word. They were full of incident and interest, and people called them beautiful, who had not seen the mixture of womanly passion and childlike playfulness in her character that I had seen, and which I was to see no more.

At last she returned. I came home tired enough, one evening, to find a letter lying on my table, informing me that she would cross to Dover to meet her. Our estrangement had worn deep into my heart. She had loved me once; she should love me again!

I was worn, haggard. I took a bath and made a careful toilet after my hurried journey. As I was taking my last look in the glass, the hotel-waiter came to tell me they had arrived.

I followed him, more nervous than I had ever been before in my life. Warrener grasped my hands as I opened the door, and Mrs. Warrener—bless her kind heart!—burst out crying.

"Oh, my dear Frank! I am so glad to see you. And we have brought you your Alice home, so well."

Next moment she entered, a little King Charles's spaniel frisking about her feet. I had her in my arms at once, but it was not until she kissed me that I knew how cold and pale she was.

"Alice, are you ill?" I asked, holding her away from me, and looking into her face.

Her eyes met mine, but their old light was quite gone.

"Not in the least ill, Frank," she said quietly. "But you must remember I have not seen you for nine months and you startled me a little."

My household fairy had fled, and I could only mourn that I should never look upon her sweet, young face again. It was another Alice, this. I had slain my own Alice, and nothing could reanimate her.

I was like one in a dream all through the day; and, when we came home, I could not wake. I had made many changes in the house, and all for her. I took her through the rooms on the day after our return, and showed her the improvements. She was pleased with the furniture; she admired the pictures and the conservatory; and seemed delighted with the little gem of a boudoir which I had pleased myself by designing expressly for her. She thanked me, too. No longer ago than a year, she would have danced through the rooms, uttering a thousand pretty little exclamations of wonder and delight, and I should have been smothered with kisses, and called a "dear old bear," or some such fit name at the end; all of which would have been very silly, but also very delightful.

I think, I bore it for a month; but one morning, as I sat at my solitary breakfast—for Alice took that meal in her room now—the bitter sense of wrong and unhappiness and desertion came over me so strongly that I went up to her room.

"Are you busy?" I asked, as she laid down her pen and looked around.

"Not too busy to talk to you," she said.

"Alice, how long are we to live this life?"

She changed colour.

"What life, Frank?"

"The one we are living now. It is not the happy, loving life we used to live. You are not mine as entirely and lovingly as you once were."

"I know it." And she sighed and looked drearily at me.

"Why cannot the old days come back again. If I made a terrible mistake, can you never forgive it? I thought it was foolish for us to love each other as we did—at least, to show it as we did—but I have found now, that love is earth's only true wisdom."

She smiled sadly.

"Give me back that love, Alice, which I would not have. Oh, give me back the lost sunshine."

I rose from my seat and stood beside her, but she drew back and shook her head.

"Frank, don't ask me for that."

"I shall know how to value it now, Alice."

"That may be; but I have it not to give you, my poor Frank."

I clasped her to my heart. The passion in

that heart might almost have brought back life to the dead; but she did not move. She was like a statue in my arms, and only looked at me and sighed.

"Too late! Too late, Frank!"

"Will you never forgive me?"

"Forgive? Do you think I have one unkind thought or feeling towards you, Frank? Ah, no! But I am chilled through and through. My love is dead and buried. Stand away from its grave, and let us meet the world as we best may."

I leaned my head upon my hands, and my tears fell; and I was not ashamed of them. But they seemed to rouse her into a kind of frenzy.

"You?" she exclaimed suddenly. "You, who a year ago sowed the seed which has borne this fruit, can you weep over your husbandry now? Don't, Frank! Take what I can give you—take my earnest friendship; and God grant we may never part, here or in heaven."

"Ah! in heaven—if we ever get there—you will love me again."

She quoted those sad words which poor St. Pierre uttered on his dying bed:

"Que ferait une âme isolée dans le ciel même?"

(What would an isolated soul do, even in Heaven itself!)

and laid her hand gently on mine.

"Heaven knows, dear Alice, that as I loved you when we first met, I loved you on that unhappy day, and love you still!"

"I am glad to hear it," she said hurriedly.

"Heaven only knows what days and nights were mine at first. For my life had been wrapped up in yours, Frank, and it was terrible to separate them. I thought at first that I could not live. I suppose every one thinks so, when a heavy blow falls. But strength was given me, and by-and-by, peace.

We seem like two grey shadows, Frank, in a silent world, and we must only wait God's time; and hope that, on the other side of the grave—at least, this great mistake may be set right. Believe me, I am happy in being with you, Frank—happy in thinking that the same roof shelters us, and that we shall not part till one of us two dies."

I opened my arms, and, of her own accord, she came to my heart once more; her arms were around my neck, and her head upon my shoulder, and her lips meeting mine. Not as they used to do, yet tenderly and kindly.

"We are older and wiser than we were, and sadder, too, dear Frank," she said with a smile. "Yet who knows? It may be that all the love has not left us yet."

And thus that chapter of our life ended.

We have never touched upon the subject since; but I have waited calmly for years, and the same quiet light shines always in the eyes of Alice; the same deep, sad tone thrills my heart when I hear her speaking or singing. An angel could scarcely be

gentler or kinder than she who was once so impetuous and full of fire. She was unreasonable and exacting and ardent and imperious in those days, I know, and my slower nature was always on the strain to keep pace with hers; but, what a bright, joyous, happy creature she was!

It would have been different but for me. O you, who read this little tale, remember in time that a kind word and a loving look cost little, although they do such great work; and that there is no wrong so deep as wrong done to a loving heart.

HOME AND REST.

CHILD, do not fear;

We shall reach our home to-night,

For the sky is clear,

And the waters bright;

And the breezes have scarcely strength

To unfold that little cloud,

That like a shroud

Spreads out its fleecy length.

Then have no fear,

As we cleave our silver way

Through the waters clear.

Fear not, my child!

Though the waves are white and high,

And the storm blows wild;

Through the gloomy sky;

On the edge of the western sea

See that line of golden light

Is the haven bright

Where Home is awaiting thee.

Where, this peril past,

We shall rest from our stormy voyage

In peace at last.

Be not afraid;

But give me thy hand, and see

How the waves have made

A cradle for thee.

Night is come, dear, and we shall rest;

So turn from the angry skies,

And close thine eyes,

Lay thy head upon my breast:

Child, do not weep,

In the calm, cold, purple depths

That we shall sleep!

FETISHES AT HOME.

I THINK, if my memory serves me rightly, that in some part of Africa—no matter where—there exists, or did exist, a curious tribe of people whom we, in our superior wisdom, consider heathen fanatics, and whom we, in our superior language, term fetish worshippers. I am not going in this paper, and especially in this journal, to enter upon a short history of creeds and persuasions—to hold the balance between east, west, north, and south; to say which is the most preferable or the least repulsive form of worship, to discuss the doctrine of symbols, or to propose any plan for the spiritual amelioration of the untutored savage. I am merely about to

describe a term, perhaps not generally understood, for the reason that I am going to apply it to many things in my own country, and to many persons amongst my own countrymen.

These curious people, then, the fetish worshippers, are in the habit of attaching an extraordinary importance, if not a superstitious veneration, to articles of the most common-place and homely description. A piece of looking-glass, an old tobacco-pipe, or a dirty blacking-bottle, left, possibly, by some artful sailor in exchange for a bargeful of native fruits, becomes the household god—the idol—the fetish of its simple possessor, to be defended with his life, to be preserved religiously under every vicissitude of fortune. If any visitor to the wigwam of that untutored savage should break, destroy, or otherwise damage that household god, or fetish, then is there war from that moment between the two men. If the visitor or the visitee be of sufficient importance in his own country to raise a general tumult, then is the quarrel taken up by the whole tribes of the respective men; and dwellers afar off on the banks of one of the mighty native rivers know that somewhere in the land there is war to the knife when they rise of a morning and find the deep waters rushing by coloured with human blood.

I am not, of course, prepared to go so far as to attempt a comparison in every particular between these fetish worshippers of barbarism and the fetish worshippers of civilisation, who exist in fruitful abundance around me. The wholesome restraining provisions of a somewhat severe criminal law have not been without their effect in curbing the natural impulses of my countrymen. I fancy that I have noticed a savage glare in the eye of my Lady Poodlecraft when I have trodden upon the delicate toes of her Italian fetish greyhound, and a fierce grinding of the false teeth of old Miss Parquet when I have ousted her favourite fetish cat from his comfortable seat upon the hearth-rug; and I cannot help thinking that these passive exhibitions of anger would have developed into something like active barbarian mischief but for the calm and refining influence of education, and the knowledge that there was a police-station round the corner with Newgate looming in the distance.

Not less dangerous, but for these restraints, would be my middle-aged, retired tradesman fetish worshipper, who lives in a fetish villa protected by high walls, spring-guns, broken glass, iron spikes, and other civilised fortifications of domestic privacy. If there is any point about his fetish that he worships more than another, it is the gravel-walk, clean, tight, firm, and swept like a carpet, leading from the gateway to the dwelling-house door. Twice has he been fined two pounds and costs before a local magistrate (the last time with a caution from the bench) for violently assaulting a butcher and a baker

who dared to desecrate his fetish pathway by leaving their heavy footprints in the yielding gravel. Another collateral fetish connected with his habitation is the grass-plot before the windows; and if any bold man wishes to try to the utmost the strength of educational and legal bonds, in checking the natural barbarian impulses that smoulder within the breast of this civilised worshipper, let him trample upon this piece of sacred verdure, and he shall find it like stamping upon the tail of a slumbering crocodile.

Another fetish worshipper of the same class is Miss Soapdragon, a paragon of cleanliness. Her fetishes are a spotless door-step, an unsoiled passage, and virgin whitey-brown painted wainscoting as pure as marble. Leave a muddy footprint upon the door-step or the floor-cloth, or the mark of a black kid glove of imperfect dye near the handle of the dining-room door, and bid adieu for ever to thy old and faithful friend, poor Soapdragon of the Treasury, for never shalt thou see him more under his own roof. Call about the time when you know he must be trying to make himself comfortable in the only room—a sort of housekeeper's pantry—allowed by Mrs. S. for general use in their rather extensive mansion, and the servant will come tripping down the pathway to the outer gate, which is always kept locked, with "mistress's compliments, and master is not at home." In vain you ask if anything serious can have happened to divert the usually monotonously-regular Soapdragon from the very even tenor of his way; you can get but one answer from the faithful slave of the carpet-broom and the scrubbing-brush—"mistress's compliments, and master is not at home."

Go into any public coffee-house used by regular, respectable men, and you shall find a fetish worshipper in the person of an old customer who has become used to a particular seat and a particular corner. Go in as a stranger, and place yourself quietly in what appears to be the hardest worn chair or couch in the room, and when any old gentleman enters and walks round you several times, frowning and coughing, appearing to be restless and uncomfortable, or on the verge of striking you over the head with the umbrella that he always carries, you may know the fetish worshipper, and you may know that you are seated on his regular, accustomed fetish chair. If you retain it for a certain time he will either do one of two things—leave the room with unconcealed disgust and temper, or ask you in no very bland tones to resign his fetish.

Some men of this class make fetishes of a particular omnibus, and a particular seat within that omnibus. If that omnibus be full, and that seat be occupied, they vent their wrath, sometimes upon the occupants, and sometimes upon the conductor. So well does the latter individual know the temper of the

person he has to deal with, that he will even go the length of asking a timid man, or a youthful rider, to get outside and oblige an invalid.

Sometimes, a fetish is found in the shape of a pair of very old, and very easy carpet slippers, and woe upon any careless servant who has inadvertently mislaid the fetish when it takes this form. No other slippers will do, be they roomy as footbaths and soft as velvet. Sometimes the fetish is a tooth-brush, sometimes a hair-brush, sometimes a particular comb. Break, mislay, or destroy these things, and the fetish worshipper becomes the fierce avenger of his outraged idols. He can think of nothing but his lost or injured fetishes, and his wrath descends in the shape of an instant dismissal of the servants who have been guilty of such sacrilegious carelessness. Sometimes the fetish is a particular hat, a particular pair of boots, a particular coat, a particular walking-stick, or a particular watch. When the fetish garments decay, in the common course of things, and become unfit for the prying scrutiny of society, then does the faithful worshipper make for them a shrine far from the curious eyes of the economical housewife, and the syren voice of the Jew clothesman in the streets, where they stand in sacred seclusion as hallowed remains of the cherished wardrobe of the past.

Sometimes the fetish is a China punch-bowl, a Wedgwood vase, a Sèvres dessert-plate, or a tea-service. If any man by accident should injure any of these fetishes, let him beware, for civilisation has its modes of revenge, not less effective, because deliberate and refined, than the rude, impulsive vengeance of the despised African. Ask for the hand of the daughter of the worshipper whose fetish punch-bowl you have just destroyed, and meet with the refusal which your folly, ignorance, and carelessness so justly merit. Ask for a clerical living, or a Government berth through the influence of the worshipper whose Wedgwood vase you have just dashed into a hundred pieces, and find that you have for ever shut yourself out from all chance of obtaining the object of your desires. Smash the Sèvres dessert-plate of your uncle, or the tea-service of your aunt, and give up at once all hopes of large legacies from either of those fruitful sources of property.

Sometimes the fetish is a small coin, a tester of a remote period; sometimes a huge picture, the pride and glory of a ducal palace. Sometimes it is a rare pamphlet, sometimes a black-letter volume, sometimes a murky engraving, with "Rembrandt fecit" scratched across a stone or a felled tree in one of the corners. Sometimes the fetish is a square-headed bull-dog, in the neighbourhood of Lambeth, sometimes a bed of sturdy tulips in the neighbourhood of Chiswick. Sometimes the fetish takes the form of a pigeon, circling above the housetops in Bethnal-green, and then the worshipper may be seen, half-disco-

vered on the roof of his dwelling, with a long, thin stick in his hand, watching the skimming of the sacred bird with eyes of devout admiration. If any fetish worshipper of similar tastes should succeed by decoys, as is not infrequently the case, in entrapping the fetish pigeon of his brother worshipper, then is there war from that hour between the two men.

As we descend lower in the scale of society, of course we find the standard of civilisation sinking in proportion; thus, the restraints which are respected in St. James's are totally despised in Bethnal-green. The two fetish pigeon-worshippers, imitating unconsciously the example of the untutored savage, are unable to come to any satisfactory arrangement without the aid of blows; and so we go on, from year to year, with our little likes, our great antipathies, our little weaknesses and our little strength, our shallow doubts and our deep convictions, our virtues and our crimes; and possibly it may turn out, when the great account is at length cast up, that the petty history of one degree of latitude and longitude does not differ very materially from the petty history of another, and that there is not a wonderful difference, after all, between white and whitey-brown, and black, red, pink, olive, blue and yellow men.

A PAIR OF SIAMESE KINGS.

A VISIT to the stables of the royal elephants at Bangkok, the capital of Siam, is a sight well worth wading for through the black sea of mud, known as a royal road. Sundry sheds are roughly built of bamboo and unhewn timber; these face the first king's palace; but, in spite of their proximity to royalty, they are kept in a most disgraceful state, and seem to have been built without any regard to order or convenience. Some of the elephants are magnificent fellows; others comparatively small; all of them are patriots; for, when we visited them, they expressed great irritation at the sight of foreigners. They stamped and snorted. The keepers advised us to throw them some bundles of grass. The grass is cut in lengths of about a foot and a half, and is loosely tied in bundles of about a foot thick, which the elephant, taking up with his trunk, grasps firmly and beats repeatedly against one of his fore-legs, in order that insects may be shaken out. Having taken this precaution, he places the bundle under one of his feet, and draws out from it, wisp after wisp, to eat at his leisure. The elephant goes through the business of clearing his food from insects with an expression of "There! what do you think of that?" The keepers take the royal beasts out for a swim in the river every morning; and, when they return, each elephant walks into his own stall and ties himself up. Two immense posts are fixed in each separate stable, or stall; and to these are fastened strong ropes, each arranged with a noose,

into which the elephant places his leg, then, having drawn the rope tightly with his trunk, he ties it securely in a knot. The keepers found it impossible themselves to fasten the cords tightly enough, and thus, in self-defence, were compelled to teach the animals to be their own gaolers. But might they not with equal skill untie themselves? But this is an idea which never would occur to such well-trained animals.

We saw during this visit the beast called the White Elephant. The original White Elephant had died two years before. His successor has little pretensions to be called white, being of a dirty light red; but he is only kept until a whiter beast can be found, should the king be so fortunate as to obtain a second one during his reign. The stables of the first king contain sixty elephants; but we saw only a few, for it requires more than an ordinary share of enterprise to persevere in floundering among the mud.

I spoke of the First King of Siam. That Siam has two kings, most people know. The First and Second King of Siam are brothers, and sons of a royal mother. As such, they are of equal rank; but, as there can only be one reigning monarch, the precedence is given to the elder brother, the younger being the heir apparent to the throne. The Second King draws a smaller revenue than his brother, and it is, moreover, under the First King's control. He has his own soldiers, his own palace, and keeps up an almost equal amount of state. The same prostrations and ceremonials are observed in the presence of both; the only difference between the two being that the elder brother actually governs the kingdom, though the younger has a voice in all public matters, and no important state affair can be settled without his approval.

It is singular to observe the great difference between the palaces, grounds, and troops of the First and Second Kings. The King Number One loves pomp and display, and appears to possess little of the innate refinement and consistency which so eminently characterise his younger brother. Both are remarkably in advance of their age and country; highly intelligent men, who have cast aside entirely the self-satisfied spirit of a half-wild people.

The Second King excels the First in intellectual attainments. King Number One may be considered decidedly clever, but is extremely superficial in his knowledge, and his self-conceit is a great barrier to his advancement. By the assistance of the American missionaries, he has acquired a smattering of most subjects, and even a slight knowledge of Latin and Greek, of which he is very proud. He writes English with difficulty, and looks out all the dictionary words, which he strings together in a way that renders the sense far from plain. The perseverance, however, with which he gets up his official letters, writing every word

himself, is very praiseworthy. I was told he insisted on writing a long and elaborate epistle to the Queen of England (whom he always styles with great affection his Royal Sister), in addition to an English translation of the Siamese Treaty.

It may not be uninteresting to give here an extract from the private journal of the consul, relating the first interview with his Majesty.

"Started at noon to the audience of the First King. In the waiting hall, an open shed-like building, used on ordinary occasions for the administration of justice, we were supplied with coffee, cakes, and fruit. On entering the audience-hall I made a bow, by inclining the head, and a second on reaching the carpet, on the edge of which I was to seat myself. The King sat on a chair, placed on a raised platform, a foot or more in height, and large enough to accommodate a small table, on which was placed a plated candlestick with a glass shade (which being dirty, his Majesty wiped clean with his pocket-handkerchief), a small tea set, cigars (one of which his Majesty was smoking), writing materials, and other objects for ornament or use. Behind was a throne of greater height than the platform, richly carved and gilded, and behind this a second throne, still more elevated and elaborately adorned, looking somewhat like, or rather reminding one of, the organ-loft in a cathedral. To the right and left of the table were servants bearing fans, swords of state, betel-leaf boxes, and so forth, and on the right and left—from within a few yards of the platform to the hall door—were nobles and ministers of state, the most exalted in rank being foremost, but all—every person in the hall—without exception, save the King and ourselves, on their hands, knees, and faces, a position between crawling, sprawling, and lying on the floor. In the side aisles were other nobles apparently of less exalted rank, extending past the table nearly the whole length of the hall. His Majesty was not possessed of personal beauty, but was rendered conspicuous by his fingers, on which were rings set with diamonds of immense size, and seemingly of great value; also brooches of precious stones and gold, which confined the breast of an under garment of muslin which he wore beneath a jacket of cloth of green and gold. Before the principal throne was a large curtain of a rich manufacture of dark red and gold, and drawn to either side of the hall, along a simple cord. A small table was set on the King's right, covered by a cloth of woven gold, neither for use nor show, the folds of the cloth being raised to a point in the centre, much as ladies carry their pocket-handkerchiefs, to display the beauty of the fabric. A Chinese carpet covered the lower end, and a more costly fabric, probably of western manufacture, the upper part of the floor, and the walls and unoccupied portions of the room were adorned by a great variety of articles of vertu, collected and presented, it seemed, from many parts of the world, but principally from Europe and America, an indiscriminately arranged and heterogeneous assortment—statesmen and danseuses, iron garden chairs, chests of drawers, dressing-tables, cheval glasses, astronomical instruments, gloves, and vases of china, silver, and gold. I was accompanied by Messrs. Bell, Forrest, and Hunter, and by a Portuguese half-caste linguist named Victor, and seated myself with my legs behind me, as comfortably as circumstances would permit, and when the King was not addressing me, with my arms crossed. * * * The entrance pavement outside was filled with soldiers dressed in the European style, but

not very well drilled, nor neatly and uniformly clad; and a band of music, execrably discordant, blew a blast of admiration when his Majesty retired. The proceedings, though solemn, were also somewhat ludicrous, from the apparent design of the whole to impress the unappreciating subject of the audience with a sense of awe at this barbaric magnificence. A few minutes after the conclusion of this public audience I visited his Majesty in his private sitting-room. We sat behind a table covered by a stand, which seemed intended for a set of decorative dinner plate, and behind the King, on his left, were two figures about three feet high, representing the Queen of Great Britain and the Prince Consort, dressed in gaudy attire, and adorned with the blue ribbon. Before him were a number of nick-naeks; a jade stone, tapanot containing sherry, and a small gold case richly adorned and jewelled, holding tablets and writing materials. The room, which was small, was filled with costly articles of European manufacture, including a valuable astronomical clock. His Majesty showed us likenesses of himself and his Queen Consort, executed in daguerreotype a short time before, by one of the Roman Catholic missionaries; that of the Queen Consort must have had a handsome original. He then conversed on the feats of his ancestors, and enlarged on the doings of one in connection with some place the name of which I could not catch, desiring Mr. Hunter to write down the name of Constantine Falcon, once Prime Minister of Siam. He asked several questions regarding my residence at Hong Kong, and the time I had held my appointment, &c.; but his Majesty's mind appeared principally occupied with hopes and fears regarding copies of his royal likeness which were to be executed in London; and with archaeological details in connection with the places and dynasties of the kingdom he governs."

The First King had a fancy for exhibiting his dignity by keeping those with whom he had appointed audiences two or three hours in waiting. It was thought necessary to put a stop to this practice, and his Majesty was given to understand that the British consul had his own duties to perform, and could not be expected to dance attendance in the royal waiting-room, beyond a reasonable time. When an appointment had therefore been made on one occasion, and an unusual delay occurred, a page was sent by the King with a little note, written in pencil, as follows:

"Mr. Consul,—I am very much sorry to keep you in waiting; but my Royal body is visited by superhuman agency, with a fit of colic, and so I request that you will delay until that it is ameliorated."

"P. P. M. MONEKUR, Rex, M. S."

Once, when the Second King invited us to his house, according to the usual custom, a boat, resembling those belonging to the nobles, was sent to convey us. The royal canoes differ slightly from these; they are very long, and paddled by from forty to sixty men; over the centre is a canopy of crimson cloth bordered with gold, and from this hang curtains of cloth of gold, which, when drawn, entirely conceal those within. In these boats there appear to be no seats, the occupant merely reclining on a carpet, and having for support a Siamese pillow more or less embroidered. Such pillows are of curious con-

struction. The frame is composed of bamboo and light cane-work, in a triangular form, each end being straight and covered with embroidery; over the sides is stretched red deer-skin, varnished. The back rests very comfortably on one side of the triangle, the base of which is on the floor. Supports of this kind are, of course, not fit to sleep upon; at night, the natives use a long narrow pillow also made on a frame, covered with polished leather.

To return, however, to our visit to King Number Two. We were received at the landing-place by Captain K., the officer in charge of the Second King's troops, who led us to a sort of open waiting-room, in which chairs had been placed for our accommodation. We had not been there many minutes before there was a great stir among the attendants present, and then, suddenly, they vanished as if by enchantment. Captain K. then informed us that the First King was about to pass, on a visit of ceremony, to some of the neighbouring wats or temples, and it being contrary to etiquette for any person to remain on the platform on which we were sitting, while his Majesty passed, it would be necessary for us to move into an adjoining room.

The Siamese dread of being placed above their superiors amounts to a passion. To such an extent is the idea carried, that no bridges are allowed to be permanently built in Bangkok. Across the numerous creeks a single plank is thrown, which on the approach of any person of rank is removed, that there may be no chance of such a disaster happening as that any one should stand above him. For the same reason, their houses are all built on the ground floor, because no superior could permit an inferior anywhere in the town to go into an upper room while he himself was in a lower one. Of course, the lower classes carry this practice to a great extreme, and when we entered the room into which we were shown, we found them all, the women and children, lying on their faces, although a wooden partition separated them from the platform, and it was impossible for them to see the King. These women had been sent to wait on me, and the chief, who appeared to be a kind of female officer, wearied me with questions, and noisy officiousness. She seemed to have great control over the others, many of whom were quite young, and some really pretty.

The King's procession passed quite close to us, and we were well able to see it. It consisted of about twelve large boats, all having the royal canopy; but, of course, none so richly ornamented as the one or two occupied by the King and his ministers. The first two contained musicians, and were followed by two others with nobles; then appeared the King's boat: his Majesty, by his gesticulation, seemed to be talking most earnestly on some subject, while four nobles, prostrate before him, did not venture to look

up. The procession was closed by four other boats containing nobles and attendants. This was comparatively an unimportant visit, but once a-year both kings visit all the temples, and the processions are conducted with great pomp and state.

Not long after his Majesty had passed, having received word that the Second King was ready, we followed Captain K. and the messenger into the inner palace. All preconceived notions of such a habitation were dispelled by surprise at finding a pretty commodious and well-built house, neatly and elegantly furnished in the English style. The King met us at the drawing-room door, and on my introduction to him, bowed and shook hands, with the ease of an English gentleman, and with much grace and dignity. Inviting us within, after a little conversation, he showed us his rooms, appearing greatly pleased when we admired anything which afterwards proved to be his own design, as executed by the native workmen. Every part of the house had been planned by himself, and built under his personal superintendence, and considering that all his ideas of English architecture had been gathered from pictures in the Illustrated London News, and that he had to contend with Siamese idleness and stupidity, no small credit is due to him. In the dining-room the wainscot was divided into panels, upon each of which was a carved group of fruit and flowers; the designs for these had been taken from those engraved in the Art-Union Journal, and were wonderfully well executed.

The King spoke but little, yet expressed himself well and correctly when he did say anything. I was pleased by his manners, which were peculiarly courteous and gentlemanly, and at the same time unassuming. His Majesty does not chew betel, so that he is not disfigured, as other Siamese are, by black teeth and red-streaked mouth. He is a man of about five-and-forty, stout and well-made, very upright, but not tall. His countenance is very pleasing, and from his kind smile I should judge him to be of very amiable temper. A little circumstance which occurred during our visit confirmed this opinion. A female servant, who had come with us in charge of my little girl, was taken ill during our visit and fainted away. I knew nothing about the matter until one of the female attendants took my hand and dragged me to the place where she lay, surrounded by about a dozen women, who all seemed to be much distressed at her condition. I immediately applied cold water, and in a little while she could sit up; by this time the King had come to see what was the matter. He was much concerned about the woman, and with his own hands gave her camphor and rubbed her palms, not resting till he saw her thoroughly restored. I must add, that the damsel in question was a negro, anything but young or pretty.

I was introduced to the King's favourite wife, a stout, good-natured lady of eight-and-thirty, who must, in her time, have been a well-looking dame. She had with her one of her children, a fine, intelligent little girl of six years old, who had as her companion a half-sister, daughter of the king by another wife, and born on the same day with herself. Both were very pretty bright-looking little things, and it was amusing to watch them chattering together like two little birds, moving their tiny hands with much grace, as if to give life to what they said. These little creatures were covered with jewels and chains of all sorts; one of them had on no less than eight gold chains, four of which were set with precious stones. The tiny fingers, too, were adorned with fairy rings, all of which looked pretty and bright, but to our ideas, of course, unnatural. The reigning favourite was an intelligent woman, and seemed quite at her ease in the company of foreign gentlemen, betraying neither awkward nervousness, nor any forwardness. In the presence of the King, she remained on her knees, never presuming for a moment to stand; and during luncheon, while we were seated round the table, she, with the King's eldest daughters and their attendants, remained at a wide distance, sprawling on the ground after the most approved Siamese custom. We were waited upon by servants standing, and the dishes were handed round just as at an English table.

All the table appointments were very handsome and well-chosen, even to the fine damask table-cloth and napkins. His Majesty made tea and coffee for us at the head of his board, using for this purpose a very handsome service, which had been amongst the royal presents sent from England to the Kings of Siam. He appeared to be diffident about speaking English, but his accent was particularly good, and everything he said was expressed in well-chosen words. He showed us with great pride over his museum, in which were collected a variety of models of machinery, and a miniature steam-engine, kept in exquisite order. The most striking fact on entering the house was the beautiful cleanliness and order, with which everything was arranged. Nothing jarred upon the eye as incorrect or out of place, and to those who are acquainted with the peculiarities of the oriental character, this will be appreciated as an uncommon trait.

There can be no doubt that the Second King of Siam is a most interesting and remarkable person, and that he far surpasses his royal brother, not only in literary and scientific attainments, but in moral character. His present position in the country is a very anomalous one, and for this reason he keeps much in the background. In the event of his succeeding to the throne, the interests of foreigners will doubtless be much advanced. At present, they stand upon a somewhat

precarious footing, hanging, as they do, upon the will of a man who has absolute authority over the lives of his subjects, and who possesses not the desirable quality of being able to hold in check a temper willful and capricious, not to say cruel. Thus there is a constant danger of his infringing upon the rights of foreigners in more ways than one, should his anger at any time inadvertently be roused.

The Second King's eldest son and heir presumptive to the crown, the Prince George, is a fine youth. He has not yet shown any symptom of having inherited his father's love for foreign languages and literature, except in so far as they minister to his own convenience and amusement. Up to the present time, his principal interest has been shown in every kind of athletic sport, and especially in riding, wherein he excels.

EVERYTHING AFTER ITS KIND.

EVERYTHING after its kind, is the unchanging law which pervades the organic world. Although, from its being constantly before our eyes, we pay it little heed, its absolute sway over every particle of created matter is one of the chief wonders of science. We are accustomed to mark the laws of the chemical affinity which produces many changes of shape and colour; but we are apt to pass over, unnoticed, the power of self-preservation which resists the disturbing force of chemical attraction, and urges all the particles of a crystal, for example, to adhere firmly together in one definite form. Divide it as you will, grind it to the finest powder, mix with it a thousand other substances, and then, by dissolving it in water, allow its innate power to act, and as the water evaporates the crystal will be formed again, ever and always in the same mathematical figure which it had before. Nay, more; break off a portion, and so mar the beauty of its form; when it meets with its kind in solution, the loss is repaired, and the figure of the crystal is made perfect again, before any increase of its size takes place.

Why sulphate of potash should always assume the form of six-sided prisms, and bicarbonate of potash that of eight-sided prisms, we, of course, do not know, any more than we know the full reason of anything else. But it is certain that every substance in the created world does manifest a tendency to keep itself uninjured, and to assume the most perfect form of which it is susceptible—always after its kind. From the smallest crystal which the microscope can show us, to the most perfected of created beings—man himself—the same absolute individuality is present.

A pure crystal will never assume a figure not its own, any more than will an acorn grow up into an ash-tree, or a bird spring from a quadruped. There would seem to be no difference in the nature of the power; but as we ascend in the scale of created beings, it

is very much more clearly and beautifully manifested. What is more wonderful, when we consider it rightly, than to contrast the development of an acorn and a chestnut? They do not seem to differ much, except in shape. They are both put into the same ground; they are both exposed to the same influences, and the same materials are offered to them both. The acorn seizes on these materials, and, by the life that is in it, moulds them into an oak-tree similar in form and size to its parent; similar also in the length of time through which it must pass before it arrives at maturity, subject to the same diseases, and destined to die at about the same age as the tree from which it sprung. Yet, not to die until it has transmitted to its ripened fruit a portion of the same energy by which it also may run the same course. The chestnut also absorbs into itself the same materials as did the acorn. But the energy at work is utterly different, and it moulds them into a tree of another kind. The one takes the dust of the earth and makes of it an oak; the other takes the same dust and makes of it a chestnut-tree. Call this power life, organic force, rational creative force, or germ-power, we do not understand it by one name better than by another. We only know that every varied form in nature is the exponent or outward manifestation of a separate perfectly distinct force; the great law of these powers being their complete individuality, each "after its kind."

There have been learned men who, in tracing the ascent from the lower forms of animated nature to the higher, have endeavoured to prove that each grade might be made, by cultivation, and under favourable circumstances, to attain to the excellences of the grade above it. They have almost implied the possibility of getting a monkey's great toes to expand into thumbs, and gradually to develop him into a man. But this doctrine is utterly unsupported by facts. There is always manifested by the germ-power a striving after perfection, an untiring effort to cast out any disturbing or contaminating influence, but always strictly "after its kind;" not to attain to the excellences of another race.

If a part of the body of an animal be destroyed, there will be an effort to repair the loss. And it seems that the more the energy of the germ-power is exhausted in perfecting the development of an animal, the less is it able to reproduce the parts of the body which may have been accidentally lost. In man, a broken bone will be united by new bone, and a few other parts will be repaired by new substance. But if his leg be amputated he must be content with an artificial one. A lobster, however, will not mourn the loss of his claw for the rest of his life; for another claw will grow; and, if you cut a worm in half, as every school-boy knows, both parts will live. Still, however active the vital energy may be, the law is

involute. Each individual repeats exactly its parent form, passes through the same transitions, from one stage of development to another, runs the same course, attains to about the same size, lives to about the same age: then, having in its turn, transmitted to other individuals the same unchangeable germ-power, dies.

One of the best known instances of the almost unextinguishable vitality of germ-power is witnessed in the *Hydra viridis*. It would almost seem that any little bit that has once been alive, has the power of reproducing a perfect animal. Trembley, the naturalist, cut a hydra into four pieces. Each became a perfect hydra. He cut up these, while they were growing, with the same result, until from one hydra he had obtained fifty, all complete, and all capable of multiplying by gemmation in the natural way. But more extraordinary still was the result of splitting one into seven parts, leaving them connected by the tail. The hydra became seven-headed, and Trembley saw them all eating at the same time. He cut off the seven heads, and, hydra-like, they sprang forth again. "Even the fabulist dared not invent such a prodigy as the naturalist now saw. The heads of the Lernean hydra perished after excision, the heads of this hydra grew for themselves bodies, and multiplied with as much vigour as their parent trunk."

Probably this power of reproducing a perfect animal from a small part of one is one of the methods by which creatures so endowed preserve their race from being destroyed by the animals who feed upon them. When one of the brittle star-fishes breaks itself to pieces, it disappoints the naturalist who is seeking for specimens. But nothing can be more satisfactory to a creature about to be devoured by a ravenous enemy, than to break off a little bit for him, and then spring up again, not one individual, but a dozen.

This power of multiplication is confined to those creatures whose structure is comparatively very simple. In the higher forms the germ-power is expended in the development. In man it is only equal to the preservation of the integrity of the body, and not to the reproduction of any large part that may be lost. But the process of repair illustrates very beautifully the manner in which the germ-power communicates, to every particle of matter, its own characteristic life. In the healing of a large open wound, the first step is the effusion of a semi-fluid substance, consisting of layers of minute cells, from which are to be produced granulations; that is, small round projections which grow up to replace the loss of substance which the disease has occasioned. To form these, it is necessary that blood-vessels should be sent into the cellular substance, which are thus formed. On the side of a blood-vessel lying under the cells, a small swelling or

pouch is observed to protrude, which gradually elongates itself in a curved direction. A little further on, a similar pouch is seen, which also elongates itself, and directs its course unerringly to meet its fellow. At the crown of the arch they unite, the partition wall at their closed ends clears away, and a perfect arched tube is formed, through which the blood flows. From the crown of two adjacent arches similar outgrowing pouches arise, converge, unite; and in this way granulations are supplied with blood. The wonder of this process is: how, in a day, a hundred or more of these fine loops of membranous tube less than $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch in diameter, should be upraised, not by any force of pressure, but each by a living growth and development.

Suppose one of these outgrowing blood-vessels should be injured and should burst. The minute blood-globules will escape and lie in a confused mass! But only for a short time. These little globules of blood are alive; and, by their own indwelling energy they will arrange themselves in the line which the vessel should have taken, channeling out a way for themselves, through the granulation cells, until a membranous wall is formed around them, and the arch is completed as before. We see, in this instance, a characteristic of the animated germ, that it is diffused through many parts, causing them to concur in the right time and measure to the attainment of the perfect design. An animal is not developed as a tree grows; but all the parts—the blood and the vessels in which it is to flow, the nerves and muscles, as well as the different limbs of the body—are being formed at the same time; creative energy presiding over every part, and causing them all to combine in one harmonious development.

In the repair of injuries, not only is the loss supplied by the right material, but the new tissue is always of the same age as that which it replaces. The skin of an adult will not be replaced by the delicate skin of an infant. In the reproduction of the foot of a lizard, it grows at once into the full dimensions of the part, according to the age of the animal. And Spallanzani mentions that when a salamander's leg is removed, the new limb will be developed in form and structure, like the larva; but, as to size, it will, from the beginning, be developed to the full proportions of the animal.

As no amount of cultivation, or any combination of favourable circumstances will ever do more than produce a perfect individual of its own species, and never develop it in any characteristic of a superior class; so, with regard to the instincts and dispositions of animals, the same law prevails. You may, indeed, tame one individual of any race, as a lion or a bear, and make him know his master, and be gentle and obedient to him. But, turn the lion into his native forest again, and

let the pangs of hunger awaken his natural disposition, and the woods will once more resound with his roar, and he obey the dictates of his appetite as unscrupulously as ever. Even if an individual could be changed in these respects, the change would not be transmitted to his offspring. The lion's cubs would be as genuine lions as though their parent had never left his African home.

The natural temper of a horse is quite different; however wild he may be, he is not fierce. "When an American hunter wishes for a steed, he merely rides into a troop of wild horses, flings his lasso over one of them, mounts him, and allows him to fly over the plain until he has fairly fatigued himself; then, without care, without instruction, in defiance of all the laws of habit, he is found perfectly quiet and manageable, and ever after continues so." We shall find the same thing true with respect to all domesticated animals. They have been originally tamed from their state of wild freedom, but no change has been effected in their nature. The most striking instance of altered habits is presented in the dog, if he indeed be a domesticated wolf. The similarity between the animals is very great; their skeletons being almost exactly uniform: both are born blind, and both first see the light on the tenth or twelfth day. Their average length of life also is the same. But, if they be blood relations, we do not find any new nature in the dog; for his wild cousin will, under proper treatment, manifest as much gentleness and affection as himself. M. Cuvier has recorded the history of a pet wolf, which, after eighteen months of absence heard his master's voice in the crowd who were visiting the place of his confinement, and instantly recognised him with extravagant demonstrations of joy. He was again parted from his master, and was wretched. A dog was given him as a companion, and they lived happily together. But once again the old familiar tone was heard, the faithful wolf rushed to his master, licked his face, and uttered such cries of joy that the spectators were affected to tears.

THE BRITISH LION IN A WEAK ASPECT.

I WANT to be heard upon a grievance, I want to enter loud out-speaking protest, as Mr. Carlyle puts it, against a monstrous mill-stone, which I am forced to bear about my neck. My soul revolts against the burden, and I must speak.

That personal pronoun is respectfully put to stand for the British Lion collectively, and the mill-stone, carried by the noble brute, is as a type and figure of the whole dining-out nuisance, the saddle of mutton nuisance, and the choking cravat nuisance. I am sick of the whole system; I want to see it abolished. Let me then be the British Lion, for a short span merely, while I state the grievance of the noble quadruped.

To begin. I am a father o' family lion, a duly assessed, rate-paying, and eminently respectable lion; a lion that has been sidesman and churchwarden in his day; a lion with high neckcloth and deep breeches' pockets, and bearing in front something that is fair and round and with fat capon lined; a lion that goes every day into the city; a lion that grumbles, but still pays. This is my picture. I am this British king of beasts; and, of course, have a fine, portly lioness at home, to keep house for me, and rule the roast, as it is pleasantly termed. If the partner of my joys limited herself strictly to this culinary dominion, I should have no just cause of complaint; but she interprets this popular turn of expression in a much wider sense. I am inclined to believe that the generic word roast includes my person; not mine only, but every living thing under the roof. Which brings me to the fact that there are young lionesses too,—ripe, playful things, full of bouncing spirits, and excellent at making the old lion pay handsomely,—through the nose perhaps, as they irreverently have it. With sorrow must I admit it, that these young creatures with their parent are more than enough for the aged sire. Though that inoffensive person is in the habit—on emerging from his study late at night—of discovering his hall blocked up with great ghostly cases, obviously holding costly articles for female wear; though he is frequently brushed past in broad day-light on his own staircase by persons of singularly gentlemanlike bearing and courteous address (whom he knows by instinct to be attached to the establishment of Messrs. Flounce and Company); still has he trained himself to a certain reticence and wise forbearance of indiscreet questioning. He knows that at the proper seasons these gentlemanly persons will wait upon him with their written statements, and kindly enter into all details that he may require. But away with disguise and circumlocution! The plain, unvarnished truth is, that I may not call a strongly-marked feature of the human countenance, my own. I have not the fee, so to speak, of that prominent organ.

But the mill-stone? Ah! I must come to the mill-stone at once.

It is of a bright summer morning, and the Lion has come down in unusual spirits to his snowy table-cloth, his good fire, his happy hearth, and his Times newspaper. Somehow, he is in unusually good spirits, and through the progress of the meal, is given to much unmeaning jocosity and wit of small point and flavour. Unsuspecting Lion, however, does not perceive that from those present there comes an amount of adhesion almost unnatural. The young creatures enter into their sire's drolleries with a strange and unwonted appreciation. He thinks of the late Mr. Luttrell and other comic after-dinner men, and is not sure

whether there be not, after all, that funny vein upon his property, lying unworked all this while. Perhaps he had best set about sinking a shaft at once. Who knows, but—

Of a sudden the Lioness who has been clattering the cups noisily, addresses one of her young with: "Is Monday an open night, dear?"

"Party. Hey? — Sweethearts. Hey?" The British Lion says, cheerfully, still thinking of that funny shaft he was to open presently.

"We have been accepting hospitality — much hospitality—at the hands of our good friends and neighbours." The Lioness proceeds to say: "Nothing could be kinder, I must say that."

Here the faintest glimmering in the world of what this grateful frame of mind portends begins to strike on the British Lion. Who sits in his chair with his mouth open waiting for more.

"It is time to think of returning these civilities," the Lioness continues, hurrying to the point, "Monday would be an excellent day, and we could have in Soufflet the man-cook, and Bowles, who waited at Lord Old-castles, you know, and only fourteen, including ourselves."

The British Lion sees it all now, only too clearly. He is crushed for that day and for many days to come. He will sink no funny shaft upon his property this time. He is, as it were, stricken of a heap.

The Lioness has it all by rote, and can run it off upon her fingers with a strange glibness. No such marvel in that: taking into account that, for days back, the various points have been diseussed and nicely weighed in upper chambers at early morn and dewy eve; as well as at that mysterious hour of confidence when hair falls down upon shoulders, and what has been tightened all day long is set free, and concentric steel hoops collapse for the night like Chinese lanterns.

At such unrestrained hours had the young Lionesses arranged all things, mapping out the whole dinner chart—so to speak—drawing up gastronomic bill of particulars to be set before their ill-omened sire. Who was to be bidden to the feast—who excluded—who were to be mated in prandial wedlock that is, who was to be given to the Lion sire—(point fought out with much fierce contention)—in what order was the procession to move downward. All these grave matters had been settled with extraordinary exactitude before introduction of the Bill. The passing of the measure through the House was, indeed, but an idle sham—a poor deceit to save appearances.

The Lionesses had it all their own way. It was read a third time, and passed through committee, triumphantly, that very morning. Faint gurgling from the throat of the British Lion, being the only resemblance of an opposition. Poor king of beasts! Let him think, with feeble smile,

of the Briton's rosary,—an Englishman's house is his castle! Unfeeling, mocking saw! To be amended without an hour's delay. His castle, indeed; who has not so much as the fee simple of one most prominent feature of the human countenance.

Let him then bow down his head decently and receive the fatal stroke, for his hour is come. So farewell jocosity, farewell pleasant quips and eranks, for a week at least!

But this is turning of the British Lion into a pure hunx—wanton blackening of the noble beast. Who, as the world well knows, is of an open-handed, lavish, and hospitable temperament; always glad to see his friends reflected in his mahogany. Far be it from me so to asperse him. But though he loves such music as "Jones, my boy, glass of wine; another cut of mutton, Jones, my boy." And though he is overjoyed to see "Jones, my boy," snugly, as it were, of a Sunday and holiday, still, I can speak for the British Lion that he shrinks appalled from the cold feasts and stately pomps of the formal party—from the cruel violation of the holiest sanctuaries—even that of master's study, and from the utter unhinging of all things, human and divine, in the establishment. There is carnival in the house for the time being. There is a free Jacobinism abroad; and the Rights of Man (women mostly) are rampant. The lawful proprietor is addressed in free and familiar language, and, for the nonce, becomes plain Citizen Lion. Against such monstrous principles he altogether protests.

Taking it now that the Lion has his millstone about his neck, and properly secured behind, I will suppose an interval of five days to have elapsed, and the curtain to be rising slowly upon the second act of the piece. The scene represents a room in the baron's castle,—no other, indeed, than the baron's own room,—but utterly wrecked. What a change within a few hours! No longer trim and ship-shape, with papers tied up orderly, and books ranged regimentally—with desk and toilet apparatus, hat brushes, and file of boots, all symmetrical and in their proper places. All gone now, of that eventful Monday morning of the feast! The Septembrists have burst in and done their work. They have gutted the place. The desk has been forced to shut by persons ignorant of its peculiar principle, and has its hinges wrenched off. The boots have been thrown out, and will be hereafter gradually recovered one by one. The papers crumpled and crunched into wisps, will be never heard of again. Terrible ruin! Unfeeling wreckers! who have taken cruel advantage of the few minutes the Lion has been out.

It is indeed the morning of the Festival. When the Lion re-enters he will, in all probability, have the door opened to him by a gentleman hitherto not in his employment,—a person in a sort of morning deshabelle, cleanly apron, and shirt sleeves. This is

Bowles, the distinguished waiter, whom my Lord Oldcastle takes on when he sees company. His manners, therefore, have that ease and aplomb to be attained by moving in upper circles. It is to be feared he will ignore the British Lion for that festival—overlooking him utterly, with well-bred indifference—the Lioness is the person through whom he would desire all suggestions to come.

There is a hamper unloading at the top of the kitchen-stairs. Strange men are busy taking out champagne and claret glasses, and ranging them in files. They are littering the whole place with straw. It is not unlikely that these articles are merely on hire, and will be taken away after the festival. Not unlikely, either, that the gentleman who will arrive later in a cab, with green-baize bags containing articles of plate—an *épergne* and plateau, to wit—may have been good enough to permit the usufruct merely of his goods. His cab will, in all human probability, come privily on the morrow, under cover of darkness, and take them home.

The Lioness has extraordinary energy and powers of mind. She is now in the kitchen, now in the parlour, now everywhere. She has interviews with the head of the waiting interest, and with the distinguished artist who will superintend the preparations. M. Soufflet has graduated in Paris, and has good-naturedly consented to take an interest in the occasion.

The British Lion, who has been hanging about doors and passages in a forlorn sort of way, hears the distinguished artist stating what he will require, in a haughty imperative tone. It was the late F. M. Duke of Wellington demanding supplies of the Junta. Plenty of what is known as *suct*; plenty of flavouring compounds; plenty of excellent wine. This last absolutely necessary, and it might be taken to be the basis of all things. Furious raging fire above all. He would take possession, M. Soufflet said, on parting, at one o'clock precisely, arriving at that hour with all his tools and implements. Poor artist! He is known below profanely as Mr. Soup Plate.

Mr. Bowles is engaged in what he calls dressing the table—a work of extraordinary nicety, and requiring much exactness of eye. He is long, very long, in fixing the position of the *épergne*—backing to the sideboard, coming in and out of the room, to judge of the effect. Wonderful, too, are the shapes he evokes from napkins—the same as at Oldcastle on state-days—beautiful indeed is the work of his hands. It were best, perhaps, not to speak to him during this brain-work; he will want all his faculties. His two subordinates—Long and Wells they are called—will arrive by-and-by; men of experience certainly, but devoid of that finish which high life alone can give.

At one o'clock, M. Soufflet has arrived with his armoury of pans and kitchen gear.

Already is there a steam and savour through the house. Soup is being generated below. Already is there a fire raging, fit for smelting of iron ore. Everything has been done as ordained by the artist. It is unfortunate that the ordinary cook of the establishment, should choose the occasion for being excited, justly indignant, to use her own form of words, at a stranger being hoisted in upon her, and so does not enter into the matter with heartiness.

Another interval of a few hours, and all things are in readiness. The Lion and his family are in the drawing-room waiting the first knock nervously. The Lioness is gorgeous in pure raiment, giving out effulgence like a crimson sunset. There is a young Lioness in white, and a young Lioness in pink. The Lion himself is standing on his own hearth-rug in shining garments, but in a depressed frame of mind. He feels he has a terrible night before him; great purgatory to pass through. He has been in conflict, too, with the Lioness, and is aggrieved by reason of certain strong language applied to him during the forenoon.

Bowles, the Corinthian waiter, now in full uniform, shows himself at the door fitfully, being troubled in his mind concerning those last finishing touches, which, as he truly remarked, give "a hair" to a party. It is long, very long, before he can please himself, coming back to add a touch here and a touch there, until all is perfect. He could have wished a little more tone and colouring, he said, but on the whole it would do. He was pleased to add, by way of general remark, that there was nothing in *Natur* more beautiful than a table laid out symmetrically, and with *hart*. At precisely twenty minutes past seven, he came to report that all things were ready, and every one at his post.

When the first shot came—the first knock, at the street-door, that is, delivered with a terrible violence—all hearts in the drawing-room beat nervously. In her agitation, the Lioness addressed the Lion, on the subject of the weather—not knowing very well what she was saying.

Now come sounds as of approaching footsteps, and the Corinthian waiter stands upon the threshold, giving out in sonorous accents "Mr. Thompson!" (Where note, that at my Lord Oldcastle's and such places, it is customary to lay stress on the first syllable only—thus the gentleman announced became Mr. "Thompse!!")

This gentleman was from the neighbourhood, asked without disguise, at about fifty-five minutes past the eleventh hour, as *bouchetrou*, or stop gap, but who rejoiced to come on any terms.

More commanding—more undue stress on first syllables—company flocking in, in a drove.

Mr. and Mrs. BANGLES! the Misses BANGLES!! Mr. HOBUSH! Captain and Miss STARKIE!! Lull for a few minutes, while barometrical observations are inter-

changed in low and nervous tones. Great people the Bangles—the Bangles of Tiffin Villas—once in the East India line—now retired. Needless to say, they were the great people of the entertainment. Bangles was liverless; but his words dropped wisdom. Mrs. Bangles, too, was——. More desperate cannonading, more influx. “Mr. and Mrs. MARJORAM!” behind whom entered softly, and without announcement, Jones, my Boy.

Decent interval for further interchange of more barometrical notes: and the Corinthian waiter appears abruptly with tidings that the Lioness is served, which is the signal for uprising, general rustle, and cruel bewilderment. The old Lion has had instructions to take the men aside, and appoint each to his companion; but has lost his head, and has mated wrong parties: which being all set straight by the prompt energy of the Lioness, the procession defiles slowly down.

The dinner was laid out after what Mr. Bowles styled “the Rooshian system,” presenting a pleasing prospect of dried fruits and candied preparations. The baked meats that do so coldly furnish forth tables, were kept studiously out of view, according to the Muscovite practice. Bangles looks with unconcealed disgust at the whole thing. The Misses Bangles are not inclined to be so severe. One has been paired with the Reverend Alfred Hobblush, Curate of Saint Stylites, a young person of tender thought and delicate susceptibilities, and looks on the “Rooshian” programme with favour. Her sister, too, who has been joined with Captain Starkie (Royal Allonby Fusiliers), was so absorbed, that it was found afterwards that she had not so much as noted the peculiar feature of the entertainment.

But Jones, my Boy, who had been invited specially to give a sort of sprightliness to the feast, was proved to be a miserable failure: his jokes, being damp, went off lamely. There was a low familiarity about the man, the Lioness was heard to say afterwards, that made her blood boil. In truth his humour jarred painfully on the Indian nerves of Mr. Bangles. There was a rude boisterousness in his quips, which made that Nabob shrink away, as from an easterly wind.

Meantime the dinner made progress slowly: with a dismal stateliness suggestive of a funeral feast. It might indeed have been such a melancholy occasion, with the funeral games to succeed immediately. There was a sadness in Mr. Bowles's demeanour quite in keeping; and a mournful cut about his raiment. The stiff silver side-dishes associated themselves with coffin decoration, and the screen behind the Reverend Alfred Hobblush might have stood for a tremendous headstone. It went forward slowly and sadly, that Muscovite dinner; now halting,

now moving on spasmodically, chilling all hearts. Now it would be suspended indefinitely, beyond all hope, attendant mutes passing in and out uneasily. An unforeseen casualty had taken place below, gelatinous confectionery having collapsed suddenly, and become a mere pool. Sounds of unseemly wrangling would be heard outside, attendants striving with fierce contention who should bear in the head dish. So it went forward through many weary hours with long dead pauses and unnatural silences, as though the public outside were perpetually walking over the guests' graves, silence only broken by waiters' monachal chaunt of “Hocksherry claretmadeira!” whispered confidentially. So the Russian feast staggered on ruefully, until it came to the time for the ladies to pass away; and the whole burden is thrown upon the poor British Lion; he has been aground long since, having drained himself utterly, for Mrs. Bangles; so he can but draw in his chair nervously, and keep passing the wine eternally, until he become a pure unabated nuisance, and positively drive his guests to the drawing-room. There the weary join with the weary again, and hold halting converse together. The men wander about gloomily, and look absently at stereoscopic views. The funeral coffee is presently brought in. At last Mrs. Bangles rises, and goes her way with her family. Then does it all become a pure rout, an utter *saue qui peut*. No one can be gone fast enough.

How long, I ask again, is this to endure? How long, I say, is life to be made a burden to wretched father-o'-families by reason of this monstrous system? As a British Lion, and speaking for brother lions, I say again and again, it is a nuisance, a monster nuisance! Rouse yourselves, my brethren, and devise a remedy! Revive even the old Roman system. Give each invited a mappa or napkin, and let him take away with him a portion of the baked meats, or such as he may fancy; but let him not consume it on the premises. The Roman, the Greek, the Hindoo,—any system but the present. The pot of rice upon the floor, common to all fingers, a more cheerful repast. Let us agitate, agitate!

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

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PLEASE TO LEAVE YOUR UMBRELLA.

I MADE a visit the other day to the Palace at Hampton Court. I may have had my little reason for being in the best of humours with the Palace at Hampton Court; but that little reason is neither here (ah! I wish it were here!) nor there.

In the readiest of moods for complying with any civil request, I was met, in the entrance-hall of the public apartments at Hampton Court, by the most obliging of policemen, who requested me to leave my umbrella in his custody at the foot of the stairs. "Most willingly," said I, "for my umbrella is very wet." So the policeman hung it on a rack, to drip on the stone floor with the sound of an irregular clock, and gave me a card of authority to reclaim it when I should come out again. Then, I went prosperously through the long suites of deserted rooms, now looking at the pictures, and now leaning over the broad old window-seats and looking down into the rainy old gardens, with their formal gravel walks, clipped trees, and trim turf banks—gardens with court-suits on. There was only one other visitor (in very melancholy boots) at Hampton Court that blessed day: who soon went his long grave way, alternately dark in the piers and light in the windows, and was seen no more.

"I wonder," said I, in the manner of the Sentimental Journeyer, "I wonder, Yorick, whether, with this little reason in my bosom, I should ever want to get out of these same interminable suites of rooms, and return to noise and bustle! It seems to me that I could stay here very well until the grisly phantom on the pale horse came at a gallop up the staircase, seeking me. My little reason should make of these queer dingy closet-rooms, these little corner chimney-pieces tier above tier, this old blue china of squat shapes, these dreary old state bedsteads with attenuated posts, nay, dear Yorick," said I, stretching forth my hand towards a stagnant pool of blacking in a frame, "should make, even of these very works of art, an encompassing universe of beauty and happiness. The fountain in the staid red and white courtyard without (for we had turned that angle of the building), would never fall too monotonously on my ear, the four chilled sparrows now fluttering

on the brink of its basin would never chirp a wish for change of weather, no bargeman on the rain-speckled river; no wayfarer rain-belated under the leafless trees in the park, would ever come into my fancy as examining in despair those swollen clouds, and vainly peering for a ray of sunshine. I and my little reason, Yorick, would keep house here, all our lives, in perfect contentment; and when we died, our ghosts should make of this dull Palace the first building ever haunted happily!"

I had got thus far in my adaptation of the Sentimental Journey when I was recalled to my senses by the visible presence of the Blacking which I just now mentioned. "Good Heaven!" I cried, with a start; "now I think of it, what a number of articles that policeman below stairs required me to leave with him!"

"Only an umbrella. He said no more than, Please to leave your umbrella."

"Faith, Yorick," I returned, "he insisted on my putting so much valuable property into my umbrella, and leaving it all at the foot of the stairs before I entered on the contemplation of many of these pictures, that I tremble to think of the extent to which I have been despoiled. That policeman demanded of me, for the time being, all the best bumps in my head. Form, color, size, proportion, distance, individuality, the true perception of every object on the face of the earth or the face of the Heavens, he insisted on my leaving at the foot of the stairs, before I could confide in the catalogue. And now I find the moon to be really made of green cheese; the sun to be a yellow wafer or a little round blister; the deep wild sea to be a shallow series of slate-colored festoons turned upside down; the human face Divine to be a smear; the whole material and immaterial universe to be sticky with treacle and polished up with blacking. Conceive what I must be, through all the rest of my life, if the policeman should make off with my umbrella and never restore it!"

Filled with the terrors of this idea, I retraced my steps to the top of the stairs, and looked over the hand-rail for my precious property. It was still keeping time on the stone pavement like an irregular clock, and the policeman (evidently possessed by no

dishonest spirit) was reading a newspaper. Calmed and composed, I resumed my musing way through the many rooms.

Please to leave your umbrella. Of all the Powers that get your umbrella from you, Taste is the most encroaching and insatiate. Please to put into your umbrella, to be deposited in the hall until you come out again, all your powers of comparison, all your experience, all your individual opinions. Please to accept with this ticket for your umbrella the individual opinions of some other personage whose name is Somebody, or Nobody, or Anybody, and to swallow the same without a word of demur. Be so good as to leave your eyes with your umbrellas, gentlemen, and to deliver up your private judgment with your walking-sticks. Apply this ointment, compounded by the learned Dervish, and you shall see no end of camels going with the greatest ease through needles' eyes. Leave your umbrella-full of property which is not by any means to be poked at this collection, with the police, and you shall acknowledge, whether you will or no, this hideous porcelain-ware to be beautiful, these wearisomely stiff and unimaginative forms to be graceful, these coarse daubs to be masterpieces. Leave your umbrella and take up your gentility. Taste proclaims to you what is the genteel thing; receive it and be genteel! Think no more of your umbrellas — be they the care of the Police of Scotland Yard! Think no more for yourselves — be you the care of the Police of Taste!

I protest that the very Tax-gatherer does not demand so much of me as the Powers who demand my umbrella. The Tax-gatherer will not allow me to wear hair-powder unmolested; but the Umbrella-gatherer will not allow me to wear my head. The Tax-gatherer takes toll of my spade; but the Umbrella-gatherer will not permit me to call my spade, a spade. Longinus, Aristotle, Doctor Waagen, and the Musical Glasses, Parliamentary Commissions, the Lord-Knows-Who, Marlborough House, and the Brompton Boilers, have declared my spade to be a mop-stick. And I must please to give up my umbrella, and believe in the mop-stick.

Again. The moral distinctions, and the many remembrances, and balances of This and That, which I am required by other authorities to put into my so-often demanded umbrella and to leave in the lobby, are as numerous as the Barnacle family. It was but a session or two ago, that I went to the gallery at the Old Bailey, to hear a trial. Was my umbrella all that I was called upon to leave behind me, previous to taking my seat? Certainly not. I was requested to put so many things into it that it became, though of itself a neat umbrella, more bulgy than Mrs. Gamp's. I found it insisted upon, that I should cram into this unfortunate article all the weighty comparisons I had

ever made in my life between the guilt of laying hands upon a pound of scrag of mutton, and upon hundreds of thousands of pounds of sterling money. I found it insisted upon, that I should leave with my umbrella before I went into Court, any suspicions I had about me (and I happened to have a good many), that distortion and perversion of the truth, plainly for the purpose of so much gain, and for the enhancement of a professional reputation, were to be observed there, outside the dock and beyond the prisoner. I found myself required to take a ticket, conventionally used in that place, in exchange for my natural perception of many painfully ludicrous things that should have become obsolete long ago. Not that I complain of this particular demand at the door; for otherwise how could I have borne the fearful absurdity of the Judge being unable to discharge the last awful duty of his office without putting on a strange little comical hat, only used for the dismissal of a blood-stained soul into eternity? Or how could I have withheld myself from bursting out into a fit of laughter, which would have been contempt of court, when the same exalted functionary and two virtuous Counsel (I never in my life had the pleasure of hearing two gentlemen talk so much virtue) were grimly pleasant on the dressing-up in woollen wigs of certain Negro Singers whose place of entertainment had been innocently the scene of a manslaughter. While the exalted functionary himself, and the two virtuous counsel themselves, were at that very moment dressed up in woolly wigs, to the full as false and ridiculous as any theatrical wigs in the world, only they were not of the negro colour!

But, when I went to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, I had a greater load to leave with my umbrella than Christian had to lay down, in the Pilgrim's Progress. The difference between Black and White, which is really a very large one and enough to burst any Umbrella, was the first thing I had to force into mine. And it was well for me that this was insisted on by the Police, or how could I have escaped the Serjeant-at-Arms, when the very same Member who on the last occasion of my going to the very same place I had with my own ears heard announce with the profoundest emotion that he came down to that house expressly to lay his hand upon his heart and declare that Black was White and there was no such thing as Black, now announced with the profoundest emotion that he came down to that house expressly to lay his hand upon his heart and declare that White was Black and there was no such thing as White? If you have such an article about you (said the Umbrella-taker to me in effect) as the distinction between very ill-constructed common places, and sound patriotic facts, you are requested to leave it at the door here.—By all means, said I.—You have there a Noun

of Multitude or signifying many, called The Country; please to put that too, in your Umbrella.—Willingly, said I.—Your belief that public opinion is not the lobby of this place and the bores of the clubs, will be much in your way, and everybody else's hereabouts; please to leave that likewise.—You are welcome to it, said I.—But I am bound to admit that, thus denuded, I passed quite a pleasant evening; which I am certain I could not have done, if I had been allowed to take my Umbrella and its cumbrous contents in with me.

Please to leave your Umbrella. I have gone into churches where I have been required to leave my Umbrella in a sham mediæval porch, with hundreds of eventful years of History squeezed in among its ribs. I have gone into public assemblages of great pretensions—even into assemblages gathered together under the most sacred of names—and my Umbrella, filled to the handle with my sense of Christian fairness and moderation, has been taken from me at the door. All through life, according to my personal experience, I must please to leave my Umbrella, or I can't go in.

I had reached this point and was about to apostrophise Yorick once more, when a civil voice requested me, in obliging tones, to "claim my Umbrella." I might have done that, without a ticket, as there was no other on the rack in the hall at Hampton Court Palace, whither I had now worked my way round by another course, without knowing it. However, I gave back my ticket, and got back my Umbrella, and then I and my little reason went dreaming away under its shelter through the fast-falling spring rain, which had a sound in it that day like the rustle of the coming summer.

A PRIMITIVE OLD EPIC.

THE Celtic Bards withdrew to the fastnesses of Britain, and with the conquering Saxons came the Gleemen, whose first songs related to the Sagas of the North. One primitive epic they brought with them, the tale of Beowulf, the oldest story of which there is any trace left in our literature, or in that of any kindred tongue. A lively picture of past customs, and a record of past manners of thought, it has been preserved for us in a single manuscript, now much defaced by fire, which seems to have been written in this country about eight hundred years ago. When told as we now read it, in an Anglo-Saxon poem of more than six thousand lines, it was an ancient tale that, as many of its repetitions show, had often been sung piecemeal over the mead cup. Divested of much repetition, reduced in its scale, and shortened by omission of the introduced lays and digressions, the tale of Beowulf is in the next few pages told again. Our version is much indebted for its faithfulness, always indirectly,

often most directly, to Mr. Thorpe's excellent edition of the Anglo-Saxon poem, to which a translation is attached, having the one fault, that it is into English of a Latin form.

An elder Beowulf was for a long time the beloved king of the Scyldings, and from his root grew forth at last the lofty Healfdene. Old and war-fierce, he gave to the world four children, heads of hosts: Heorogar, and Hrothgar, and Halga the good, and Ela. Then to Hrothgar was given might in battle, so that his dear kinsmen willingly heard his bidding.

Through Hrothgar's mind it ran that he would bid men make a hall, the greatest mead-house ever known, and there within deal out to young and old all that God gave him, except the share of the people and the lives of men. Widely it was proclaimed through this mid earth to many a tribe that a Folk-stead was building. When it was ready, to this greatest of halls he who had strength in his word gave the name Heorot. He belied not his pledge, but dealt out bracelets and money at the feast. The hall hall rose high and horn-curved. There was the harp strung, loud was the song of the gleeman, who said he could tell from far back the beginning of men, and told how the Almighty wrought. The band of guests lived happily till one wrought like a fiend.

The grim guest was Grendel, he that held the moors, the fen, and fastness. Forbidden the homes of mankind, the daughters of Cain brought forth in darkness misshapen giants, elves, and orkens, such giants as long warred with God, and he was one of these. At nightfall Grendel came into the lofty house held by the Ring-Danes after their beer-drinking. He found therein a band of Athelings asleep after the feast. Grim and greedy, he was soon ready; rough and ruthless, he took in their rest thirty thanes; then he went out with the slain bodies. In the morning a whoop was upraised; the strong in war suffered; the thanes sat in sadness when they saw the track of the accursed sprite. With Grendel, strife would be too strong, too long, and loathsome. In the night following, Grendel again had sway, and so as often as the darkness came he warred against right, one against all, till empty stood the best of houses. Twelve winters' tide was his rage borne and it became openly known in sad songs that Grendel warred then against Hrothgar, would have peace of no Dane, was not to be quieted with money. The high and young he sought and snared. In lasting night he held the misty moors. Heorot he held in the swart night, with its seats richly stained, but the gift-stool he might not touch. Hrothgar, the Scyldings' friend, broken in mind, sat many a time in thought. Sometimes they

worshipped at the holy places, prayed in words for help from the Ghost-slayer.

A thane of Hygelac's, one who was a good man among the Goths, and of his day the strongest, heard of Grendel's deeds. He bade a ship be prepared, and said that he would seek over the Swan-road the great prince who had need of men. The good thane had with him chosen champions of the Goths, the mightiest he could find; with some fifteen he sought the swimming wood. A water-crafty warrior showed him the land-marks. When the wrought stem, foamy-necked had sped like a bird, for about another day, the seamen saw land, the shore-cliffs shone, the steep hills, the wide headlands. Quickly the Weder's folk stepped up on the field, tied the sea-wood, shook their war-shirts, thanked God who had made to them the wave-paths easy.

When the Scyldings' warder who had to keep the sea shores saw from the wall bright shields borne over the bulwark of the ship, he asked in his mind what men those were. Then went to the shore Hrothgar's thane; the mighty spear quaked in his hand; and he asked, "What weapon bearers are ye, protected with war-shirts, who thus come hither leading over the water-street a foamy keel? I hold ward that to the Dane's land no foe may bring war by sea. Never have I seen a greater earl on earth than is one of you; he is a man; worthy with his weapons, if his face tell true. Now ye far-dwellers, —quickly tell me whence ye come?"

The leader of the band unlocked his word-board: "We are of the Goths' kind, Hygelac's hearth-sharers; my father was known widely, a high-born lord hight Ecgtheow; he abode in his house many winters ere he went on his way, almost all the wise throughout the wide earth keep him in mind. We have come through kindness to help thy lord. We have heard say that a wretch, I know not who, does to the Scyldings hurt in the dark nights. I may teach Hrothgar how to overcome the foe."

The fearless warder seated on his horse then said: "A sharp shield warrior knows words from works. I hear that this is a band friendly to the Scyldings. Bear weapons forth, I show the way, I will bid also my fellow thanes, to hold against every foe, your new-tarred ship until it bear back to the Weder marches, those to whom it shall be given to come whole out of the rush of war."

They went therefore; the wide-bosomed ship stood fast at anchor, heavy in the mud. They bore over their cheeks the golden likeness of a boar, fire-hardened it held life in ward. Fierce men, they went down together till they could see what was the foremost of earth's houses under heaven, all timbered, gaudy, worked with gold, wherein the rich King lived. The light of it shone over many lands. Of the warriors one turned his horse and said, "Now is my time to go; may the

all-wielding Father hold you safe in your undertaking, I will back to the sea to hold ward against foemen."

The street was made handsome with stones, it showed the path to the men. The war-shirt shone, hard, hand-locked, the bright ringed-iron sang as they came walking to the hall in gruesome gear. Sea-weary they set broad shields, round and stone hard, against the house-wall. Then stooping to a bench placed in a ring their war-shirts, garb of men; the darts, the seamen's weapons, stood together, with the ash-wood grey above. Then Wulfgar a proud warrior asked the sons of strife: "Whence bear ye your stout shields, grey shirts, fierce helms and heap of war-shafts?"

The proud lord of the Weders, answered him from beneath his helmet: "We are Hygelac's board-sharers, BEOWULF is my name. I will make known my errand to the lord, thy master, if he grant us that we give good greeting to him." Wulfgar said, "I then, the Danes' friend, will speak to the lord of the Scyldings, the sharer of rings, and I will soon make known the answer he thinks fit to give." He then turned to where Hrothgar, old and hairless, sat among his earls. He went so that he stood before the shoulders of the Danes' lord, for he knew the ways of a king's house. Wulfgar spake to his friendly lord: "Hither are come Goths from afar, the leader these sons of strife name Beowulf; they beg, my lord, to talk with you; do not deny them. They seem worthy to be gladdened with your speech and mix with earls; at least he seems so who has led hither the men of war." Hrothgar, helm of the Scyldings, said: "I knew him when a boy. His old father was named Ecgtheow, to whom Hrethel lord of the Goths gave his only daughter. The seamen who brought gifts for the Goths said, that he has in his hand-gripe the might of thirty men. Him, holy God hath in His kindness sent to us West Danes; therefore I have hope against Grendel. I shall bestow gifts on my good friend for his daring. Speed thou to bid him in, see the band gathered together as our kindred, say to them that they are welcome to the Danes." Wulfgar bore the bidding: "My doughty lord, King of the East Danes, bids me say, that he knows your worth; that ye come, welcome guests, over the sea. Now go in your war-dress to see Hrothgar, but let the war-boards and the deadly shafts abide here the bargain of words."

Then arose the mighty lord and his brave band of thanes, they hastened together, hard under helm, until they stood at the king's hearth; then Beowulf spake, on him the war-shirt shone, the war-net sewed by the smith's cunning;—"Be thou, Hrothgar, hail! I am Hygelac's kinsman and fellow-warrior. I have undertaken many great deeds in my youth. The thing done by Grendel became known to me on my own turf;

seafarers say, that this hall, this best of houses, stands empty and good for nought after the evening light is gone. I beseech thee now, lord of the bright Danes, shielder of the Scyldings, that I alone may with this bold band cleanse Heorot. I have heard also, that the wretched Grendel reck's not of weapons; I will scorn then to bear sword or the yellow round of a wide shield into the strife; but with grasp I shall grapple at the fiend, and foe to foe struggle for life. It is the lord's doom whom death shall take. I ween that he will, if he win, fearlessly eat the Goths in the war hall. Thou wilt not need to hide my head, for he will bear my flesh away to eat it in his lonely den. Care for me then no more. Send to Hygelac, if I die in the strife, the best of war-shrouds that wards my breast. That Hraedla left me, it is Weland's work. "What is to be goes ever as it must." Hrothgar, helm of the Scyldings said; "For fights, friend Beowulf, and for high praise thou hast sought us. Thy father quelled for me the greatest feud, coming over the waves to the Scyldings, when I in my youth first ruled the Danes. Sorrow is me to say why Grendel shames me thus in Heorot. Full often have sons of strife, drunken with beer, said over the ale-cup that they in the beer-hall would bide Grendel's onslaught with sharp edges; then always in the morning was this mead-hall stained with gore; when the day dawned all the bench-floor was besteam'd with blood of faithful men. Sit now to the board and unseal with mead thy breast among my warriors." Then was a bench cleared in the beer-hall for the sons of the Goths. The thane who bare in his hand the bravely beset ale-cup, minded his work, poured out the bright sweet ale; at times the glee-man sang, peaceful in Heorot: there was gladness of warriors, of men great among Danes and Weders.

Hunferth spake; Ecglaf's son, who sat at the feet of the Scyldings' lord. To him was the coming of Beowulf, the bold sea-farer, most irksome, because he grudged that any other man ever won more praise than himself: "Art thou the Beowulf who strove with Breca on the sea, when ye from pride tried the fords and for foolish boast risked life in the deep water?" More, also, in this wise said Hunferth: "He overcame thee in swimming. He had more strength. Now I look for worse things, though thou shine ever in war, if thou durst bide a night near Grendel." Beowulf replied: "Well, thou a great deal, my friend Hunferth, drunken with beer, hast spoken about Breca. I say truly, that I had greater strength at sea than any other man. We agreed, being striplings, that we would risk our lives out on the flood, and we did thus: We had a naked sword in hand when we rowed on the deep, meant for our war against the whale fishes. He could not swim away from me, nor I from him; we

were together in the sea a five nights' space, till the flood drove us asunder; the boiling fords, the coldest of weather, cloudy night, and the north wind deadly grim threw up rough billows: roused was the rage of the sea-fishes. There my body-shirt, hard, hand-locked gave me help against the foes; my braided war-rail lay upon my breast, handsome with gold. A painted foe drew me to the ground, a grim one had me in his grasp, yet it was granted me to reach the wretched being with the point of my war-blade. Thus often my foes threatened me. I paid them as was fit with my dear sword. In the morning wounded with thrusts they lay put to sleep in shoals, so that they have not afterwards been any let to the sea-farers. Light came from the east, the seas were still, so that I might see the headland's windy walls. The Must Be often helps an undoomed man when he is brave. Yet it was my lot to slay nine nickers. I have not heard of harder fight by night under heaven's round. Breca never yet, nor any of you, at the game of war did such great deeds. Of this I boast not. Though thou hast been the slayer of thy brothers, for which thou shalt pay in hell. Grendel would not have done such gruesome deeds in Heorot, if thy mind were as war-fierce as thou tellest of thyself. He has found that he cares not for the strength of your folk, he slays and shends you, and expects not strife from the Gar Danes. But a Goth shall show him fight, and afterwards he shall go to the mead who may, in peace and gladness."

Glad then was the bright Danes' lord, hoary-locked and war-praised, trusting in help when he heard Beowulf. There was laughter of men, the din rose, words were winsome. Wealthew, Hrothgar's queen, went forth. Mindful of their rank the frolic wife, gold-decked, greeted the men in hall, first gave the cup to the lord of the East Danes, bade him, dear to his land, be blithe at the beer-drinking. He gladly shared the meal and hall-cup. Then she went round, and gave on every side rich vessels to old and young, until she bore the mead-cup, bracelet-covered queen, to Beowulf. She greeted the Goths' lord, thanking God that the will had befallen her to trust in any earl for help. He, the fierce warrior, drank of the cup from Wealthew, and then fitted for strife, spake Beowulf, Ecglaw's son: "I meant when I went on the main that I alone would work your folk's will or bow in death under the foeman's grasp. I shall do brave deeds, or await my last day in this mead hall."

The woman liked the Goth's proud speeches. Gold-decked went then the queen of the glad people to sit by her lord, till Healfdene's son went to his evening rest. He knew that in the high hall there was to be strife after murky night came wan under the clouds. The many all arose; then one man greeted another, Hrothgar Beowulf, and bade him

hail, gave him mastery of the wine-hall and said: "Never before since I could lift hand and shield have I trusted to any man the hall of the Danes, save now to thee. Have now and hold the best of houses. Watch against foes."

Hrothgar then went with his band of warriors out of the hall; he would seek Wealtheow the queen, his bed-fellow. Before he went he set a hall-ward against Grendel, who was to give warning when the huge Eoten came. But the head of the Goths trusted in his own might and his Maker's goodness. For he doffed his iron shirt and helm, gave his rich sword, choicest of iron, to one under him, and bade him hold the gear of war. Then Beowulf spoke some words of pride ere he stept on his bed. Around him many a keen seaman bowed to his hall rest. Not one of them thought he should again seek his free home, for they had heard tell that in that wine-hall too many of the Danes before them had been taken by bloody death.

From afar came in the murky night, the Shadow-walker, stalking. The warriors slept who should hold that horned house, all but one. He, waiting for the foe in hate, in angry mood watched for the war meeting.

Then came, from the moor under the misty hills, Grendel stalking; the wicked spoiler meant in the lofty hall to snare one of mankind. He strode under the clouds until he saw the wine-house, golden hall of men. Came then faring to the house the joyless man, he rushed straight on the door, fast with fire-hardened bands, struck with his hands, dragged open the hall's mouth; quickly then trod the fiend on the stained floor, went wroth of mood, and from his eyes stood forth a loathsome light, likest to flame. He saw in the house many war-men sleeping all together, then was his mood laughter. Hope of a sweet glut had arisen in him. But it was not for him after that night to eat more of mankind. Hygelac's mighty kinsman saw the spoiler's grasp. The wretched wight seized quickly a sleeping warrior, slit him unawares, bit his bone-locker, drank his blood, in morsels swallowed him; soon had he all eaten, feet and fingers. Nearer forth he stept, laid hand upon the doughty-minded warrior at his rest, but Beowulf reached forth a hand and hung upon his arm. Soon as the evil-doer felt that there was not in mid-earth a stronger hand-grip, he became fearful in heart. Not for that could he escape the sooner, though his mind was bent on flight. He would flee into his den, seek the pack of devils; his trial there was such as in his life days he had never before found. Then was the good kinsman of Hygelac mindful of his evening speech; upright he stood, and firmly grasped at him; his fingers burst, the Eoten was outward; the earl stept further, the fiend thought to wind wide about and flee to his fen heap. The hall thundered, the ale of all the Danes and earls was spilt.

Angry, fierce were the strong fighters, the hall was full of the din. It was great wonder that the wine-hall stood above the warlike beasts, that the fair earth-home fell not to the ground. But within and without it was fast with iron bands cunningly forged. There bent from its sill many a gilded mead-bench, where the grim ones fought. Over the North Danes stood dire fear, on every one of those who heard the gruesome whoop. The friend of earls held fast the deadly guest, would not leave him while living. Then drew a warrior of Beowulf's an old sword of his father's for help of his lord. The sons of strife sought then to hew on every side, they knew not that no war-blade would cut into the wicked scather; but Beowulf had forsworn every edge, Hygelac's proud kinsman had the foe of God in hand. The fell wretch bore pain, a deadly wound gaped on his shoulder, the sinews sprang asunder, the bone-locker burst, to Beowulf was war-strength given. Grendel fled away death-sick, to seek a sad dwelling under the fen shelters; his life's end was come.

The wise and the strong from afar cleansed Hrothgar's hall. Glad in his night work, the Goth's lord made good his boast to the East Danes and healed the sorrow of the land. It was a token to be seen when the beast of war laid down hand, arm, and shoulder.

Then came in the morning, as I have heard tell, many a warrior about the gift-hall, from far and near, to see the wonder. The foe left his track as he fled death doomed, and weary to the nickers' mere. There was the surge boiling with blood, the waves welled hot with clotted gore. Grendel had dyed it after he laid down his life in shelter of the fen. From the mere again went the glad fellow warriors proudly to ride on horses. Beowulf's praise was sung, nor blamed any the glad Hrothgar, for that was a good king. At times the war-men ran their fallow steeds in trial of the race, where the earthways were smooth. At times a king's thane, a boast-laden man, mindful of songs, knowing full many an old saga, found another high tale that had truth in it. Then he began with skill to tell of Beowulf's undertaking, well he told of Sigemund, of the Wælsings' wars and wide wayfarings—men knew not his wars and works save Fitela, who went with him. The king, also, warden of ring hoards, with a throng about him, stept from his bride-bower; and his queen, with him, measured the meadow path begirt by her maidens. Hrothgar spake (he went to the hall, stood in the fore court, and saw Grendel's hand). "For this sight give thanks forthwith to the Almighty. Lo! whatsoever mother brought this son forth, if she yet lives, let her say that the great Maker was good in her child-bearing. Now I will love thee, Beowulf, best of warriors, as a son in my heart; henceforth hold our

new kinship well. There shall be no lack to thee of wealth that I can give. Often have I held worthy of part in my hoard for a less help a weaker warrior. May the All-wielder pay thee with good as He yet has done." Then was Ecglafr's boasting son quieter, after the Athelings had seen over the high roof the foe's fingers. Each had before it hand-spurs, most like steel, instead of nails. The best of iron would not bite into that bloody hand. Then was Heorot bidden to be made fresh, many men and women worked at the wine-house, the golden webs shone on the walls full of sights wondrous to the gazer. That bright dwelling, fast with bands of iron, was much broken, the hinges were rent, the roof only was sound when the wretch turned to flight. Then came the time when Healfdene's son should go to the hall, the king himself would share many a mead-cup with his warriors. Heorot was full of friends. Then the son of Healfdene gave to Beowulf a gold flag with rich hilt, a helm and war shirt, a sword of great worth many saw borne before the warrior. Beowulf shared the cup in the court. The shelter of earls then bade eight steeds be led into the court; on one of them stood a saddle cunningly worked; that was the war-seat of the high king when the son of Healfdene played the game of swords. To Beowulf he gave all,—horses and weapons. Also, the lord of warriors gave to each of those on the mead bench who came the sea-way with Beowulf a gift, an heirloom; and bade that the one whom Grendel slew should be paid for with gold. Before Healfdene's war-leaders the glee wood was touched and Hrothgar's gleemen, gladders of the hall, told of the works of Fin's offspring. The tale of Fin Folwaling, of Hnæf and Hengest, and the sons of Hildeburh burnt by their mother at Hnæf's pile. The lay was sung, the gleeman's song, games were begun again, the noise was loud, the cup-bearers gave wine from wondrous cups. Then Wealtheow, wearing a golden crown, came forth to where the two good kinsmen sat. There also sat Hunferth, the spokesman, at the feet of the Scyldings' lord. The Queen said: "Take this cup, dear lord, and be thou happy golden friend of men, speak to the Goths kindly. Heorot, bright hall of rings, is cleansed. Enjoy the mead of the many, and leave to thy sons folk and land when thou must forth to behold God." Then she turned towards the bench where her sons were, Hrethric and Hrothmund, where Beowulf the Goth sat by the two brethren. To him the cup was borne, and friendly bidding done, and twisted gold, two sleeves, a cloak and rings were given, the largest I have heard tell of on earth since Hama bore off the Brosings neck-ring. Wealtheow said: "Wear this ring, dear Beowulf, O youth, with all hail! and with this cloak, these riches, thrive; enliven thyself with strength, and be to these boys a kind

helper. Thou hast done that which shall beget praise throughout all time as widely as the water girds the windy walls of land. Live thou a thriving Atheling, and be kind to my sons. Here all are friends." She went then to her seat. The mead was choice, the men drank wine, they knew not of a grim hereafter. When evening came, and Hrothgar had gone to his rest, many earls guarded the house, as often they had done. They bared the bench floor, it was over-spread with beds and bolsters. Filled with beer, ready for sleep, they bowed; they set at their heads the round bright shields. There, on the bench, was to be seen over each Atheling his high war-helm, his ringed shirt, and stout war-wood. It was their way to be ready for war at home, and in the host when need came to their lord their help was near.

But Grendel's mother, wretched woman—she who dwells in gruesome waters, the cold streams,—came on a path of sorrow to wreak wrath for her dead son. She came to Heorot, where the Ring-Danes were all sleeping through the hall. When in rushed Grendel's mother, the hard edge was drawn, against point and against edge, it stood fast. Then had Ecgtheow's son perished, had not his war-shirt helped, and holy God decided for the right when he again stood up. He saw among the weapons a huge bill, an old sword of the Eotens, work of giants, greater than any other man might bear forth to the game of war. The Scyldings' warrior seized the knotted hilt, fast and fierce he struck with the brand upon her neck, her bone rings brake, the bill went through her flesh, she sank on the ground. The sword was gory, the beam still shone, mild as the light from heaven's candle. He looked through that dwelling and saw Grendel lying lifeless. His huge trunk sprang far away, when he cut off the head. But then behold! that sword melted away as ice in the hot venomous blood; there was left only the hilt. Beowulf took none of the wealth that he saw: he took only the giants' heads and the rich sword-hilt.

The men who were with Hrothgar looking on the water saw it mixed with new blood. They said this was a warning that the Atheling was slain. Then came the noon of day, and the bold Scyldings left the headland, sick of mood, gazing upon the mere wishing, not weening, to see their dear lord. Forthwith he was afloat; he dived up through the water, came stoutly swimming to land, glad in the burthen he brought with him. The stout band of thanes, loosed quickly his helm and war-shirt, the stream trickled down of water stained with gore. When they went forth from the seashore, four men could hardly bear upon the deadly stake the head of Grendel. So they came to the hall, fourteen brave Goths marching with their lord over the meadows. The worthiest of thanes came to greet Hrothgar; then Grendel's head was

borne by the hair into the place where men were drinking, and the head of the woman also. Beowulf said: "Behold, these tokens from the sea we bring with gladness to thee, son of Healfdene, lord of Scyldings. Now may'st thou with thy warriors in Heorot sleep free from sorrow." The golden hilt, the giant's work of old, was given to the hoar war-leader. Hrothgar gazed on the hilt; in Runic signs the tale of its birth was told upon it. Then spake the son of Healfdene; all were silent: "Thy glory, is upreared now through wide ways, Beowulf, my friend. Long shalt thou be a blessing to thy people." Many words spake Hrothgar, for he spoke of the past and of its warnings to his friend, and to the folk around him. The Goth, glad of mood, went to his seat; there was a new feast made. The helm of night grew murky, the aged Scylding sought his bed, and the Goth wished for rest. The guest slept till the black raven, gladdener of heaven, blithe of heart, announced the coming of the light. The Athelings then wished to go to their own land, and Beowulf bade the son of Eglaf take again his sword; gave for the lending thanks, said that he held Hrunting to be good, he would not with blame hurt pride in its good edge; that was a high-souled warrior. Hrothgar said, "Peace be to the Goths and the Gar Danes; wealth in common. Over the gannet's bath the ringed bark shall bring gifts and love-tokens. Each folk I know, fast friend, fast foe, and in the old way stainless always." Twelve gifts also gave to Beowulf the son of Healfdene, bade him go and quickly come again. The good king kissed the best of thanes, and tears fell as he took him round the neck.

The bright warriors went to the ship, laden with weapons, steeds and gold; the mast rose over Hrothgar's hoards. Beowulf gave to the boat-guard a sword bound with gold, and on the mead-bench he was afterwards the worthier for that heir-loom. They sailed away, and the known headlands of the Goths were reached. The hithe-guard who had seen them when afar was ready; he bound the ship to the sand and bade men bear to the hall, of Hygelac, who dwelt by the sea-wall, the wealth of the Athelings. Kinsman faced kinsman; Hæreth's daughter, she who loved the people, bare the wine-cup to the high chief's hand.

Afterwards the broad land came under the sway of Beowulf. He held it well for fifty winters, until in the dark nights a dragon, which in a stone mound watched a hoard of gold and cups, won mastery. It was a hoard heaped up in sin, its lords were long since dead; the last earl, before dying, hid it in the earth-cave, and for three hundred winters the great scather held the cave, until some man finding by chance a rich cup took it to his lord. Then the den was searched, while the worm slept; again and again when the dragon

woke, there had been theft. He found not the man, but wasted the whole land with fire; nightly the fiendish air-flyer made fire grow hateful to the sight of men. Then it was told to Beowulf that his own home also, with the Goths' gift chair, was burnt. He who had been the friend of Heardred, who while the youth lived had made him master of his crown, sought out the dragon's den and fought with him in awful strife. One wound the poison-worm struck in the flesh of Beowulf; his kinsman, Wiglaf, when all others held aloof in fear, came to the aid of the old hero, and helped him in his time of need. Then while the warrior king sat death-sick on a stone, he sent his thanes to see the cups and dishes in the den of the old twilight-flyer. But when the dragon's gold was brought out, Beowulf thanked the Lord for all, and said, "I for this hoard have wisely sold my life; let others care now for the people's need. I may be here no longer. Bid the warriors raise a mound on the sea's headland that shall tower high on Hrones-mes, that I be not forgotten, and that seafarers driving foamy barks over the mists of floods may call it in the days that are to follow Beowulf's Mount." He gave then to a young warrior, last of his kind, his war clothes and his weapons, saying, "All my kinsmen are gone to the God-head, earls in their valour; I shall follow them." That was his latest word.

The Goths made for him a heap upon the earth, hung with helms, shields, and bright war-shirts. In the midst they laid the beloved lord with sigh and sorrow. On the mound they kindled a great bale fire, wood reek rose swart from the Swedish pine, the roaring of flame was heard with the weeping (the wind ceased), till it had cracked with heat the bone-house on the breast. And they sang a lay of sorrow, while the heaven swelled with smoke. The Weders folk wrought a mound on the hill, high, broad, seen afar by seamen; in ten days they built the beacon and begirt it with a wall. In the mound they set rings and all the riches taken in the hoard. All that great wealth of the earls they gave back to the earth, that there might be gold in the dust beside the body of the warrior. And round about his mound rode his hearth-sharers, who sang that he was of kings, of men, the mildest, kindest, to his people sweetest and the readiest in search of praise.

TOO LATE.

I AM a punctual man; nervously, fretfully, painfully punctual. If I have an engagement on business or pleasure, I prepare to keep it some hours before the time appointed, and am totally unable to think of anything, or do anything, until it is over. I have a marvellous faculty for believing that my watch must have stopped, or that the clocks in the house are not strictly regulated by the most approved

standard of time. I arrive at theatres, and places of public entertainment about half-a-day before the doors are ever opened. I am always the first stranger at a ball or a dinner-party, although I know in the one case I shall have to dance in the first quadrille, and in the other, I shall have to bear the awful weight of the early attempts at conversation. If, in the performance of my social duties, I go to a funeral, my painfully punctual habit carries me there long before the necessary gloomy officials have taken possession of the house, and sometimes before the chief performers in the melancholy play have made up their faces, and put on the regulation garb of woe. If I am staying at a country inn, and have given orders to the "boots" to be called at an early hour to meet a coach, or a railway train, I get feverish snatches of sleep during the short, restless night, and am up and dressed long before the required knocking takes place at my chamber door. If I am waiting in the coffee-room for the one omnibus in the town appointed to convey passengers to and from the railway, I have paid my bill hours before it was necessary, and am standing nervously at the window with my watch in one hand, and my Bradshaw in the other, wondering at the reckless stupidity of the men in charge of the vehicle, who allow, as it seems to me, about two minutes to run a distance of nearly two miles from the hotel to the station.

My morbidly punctual temperament leads me to seek my principal mental amusement in feeding in imagination upon pictures of being too late under the most trying circumstances. I love to suppose myself in all possible painful positions arising from delay, carelessness, and procrastination. I fancy myself in a cab, miserably jammed up in a long line of carts and wagons in the midst of the great struggling city. Ages seem to pass away, and yet the wedged vehicles and howling drivers move not an inch; and I hear an hour tolling from the tower of a neighbouring church, every stroke of which goes like a nail into my brain. At that instant I see an anxious, weeping face whirled away from a distant railway, over the sea, to a remote land; never, perhaps, to greet me again in this world. On I go when it is too late, to find a dreadful stillness, where all was noise and excitement a short half-hour before; to find a clear platform, closed gates, careless porters, and no one to whom to unburden a heavy, self-reproaching heart.

Sometimes I fancy myself arriving at a picturesque spot in a country celebrated for its beauty all over the world. I am not seeking for mountains, cascades, rocks, forests, nor ruined castles; but for one whom I have been struggling to reach for many weary days. How harsh and cold sounds the precise voice of the hotel book-keeper, when he tells me that the person I am in search of started that morning for England, and left no word

or sign? I wander about the town from that moment, like a drunken man, listless, aimless, and with eyes closed to all the natural attractions of the place. The consciousness of a few ill-spent hours in another spot, blackens the blue sky, and makes discordant the music of the waterfalls.

I imagine myself far from the busy clatter of railways in some small country town in the very heart of England, the requirements of whose humble traffic are fully satisfied by a coach running twice a week to the borders of civilisation. I retire to rest early in order that I may rise in time to catch this bi-weekly vehicle that passes through the town or village at the eccentric hour of four in the morning. I have taken the precaution to lay a whole train of instructions at the feet of the boots, chambermaid, and waiter, about calling me at three o'clock precisely. The waiter is considered to be very safe, and the chambermaid is looked upon as a person in whom dependence may be placed, and it is arranged that each of these persons, or both, as the case may be, shall, immediately upon waking at any hour, arouse the boots from his lair over the stables, that he may in his turn awaken me, and bring me the necessary hot water, &c. So far the machinery seems perfect, and I sink to sleep. When I awake, the sun is shining full into my room, and there is, for the village, a strange bustle in the principal street. I endeavour, for a moment, to collect my faculties, and my first impulse is to rush for my watch. That faithful companion tells me that it is twenty minutes to twelve in broad day, and the whole truth dawns upon my mind, that I have overslept myself and missed the coach. Six frantic pulls at the bell-rope, and the "boots" appears to defend himself by stating that he called me at the hour appointed, and that I answered, and he substantiates his statement by pointing to a mug of cold water, that was once warm, outside my bed-room door. Complaint is useless, and I have no alternative left but to spend the half-week in and about the village. Posting is out of the question, as the village does not boast a single chaise, and there is no chance of a mail-cart, or any other conveyance of an irregular kind passing through the place. There is nothing left but to settle down for three days and three nights, and endeavour to take an interest in things that are now hateful in my eyes, because forced upon me against my will. The trout-stream that pleased me so much four and twenty hours before, is now, in imagination, as black as a Manchester canal; and the trout that I caught with such industry, and devoured with such avidity, then, are now more repulsive than the oily fried fish of Whitechapel. The ancient market-place (time of the Saxons), that I made such minute inquiries about the day before yesterday, is now a greater bore than Hicks's

Hall, or the origin of the three balls of the Lombards. The old church with the Pharos tower, most venerable of all those venerable structures that are wonderfully picturesque and totally uninhabitable—crumbling old temple, mixture of the cow-shed and the early Norman styles of architecture, whose snuffy brickwork is only kept together by the ivy, and a high hill, which shelters it from the sharp winds; I was mad the other day to take photographs of it from every conceivable point of view, but now I feel disposed to tilt against it on horseback in the night, and knock it down, for the purpose of creating a sensation. The stable-boys, who idle about sucking straws the whole day through, know that I have missed the coach, and they impart their knowledge to any one willing to receive it, until I become a by-word and a joke in the village. After the second day, I get weak and imbecile; excited even by such an event as the changing of horses for the coach that passes through once a week in the opposite direction to that in which I wish to go. At last my deliverance comes, and I stay up all night this time to receive it. I think, if all the places are taken, I shall become a fit inmate for an asylum of idiots.

Too late for a coach under such circumstances is bad enough, but I can imagine a position infinitely worse.

I am a favourite comedian, the pride, the glory, the support, of a leading London theatre. In an unguarded moment I take a sudden fancy for a country trip, and run down by rail about twenty miles, and turn off for a good day's walk over the fields, the lanes, and commons. In the afternoon I return to the station calmly and leisurely to catch a train that shall deposit me in town about six in the evening. I enter the little frail hut that serves for the station where I have to embark, and my eye rests upon a broad-faced clock, the hands of which are at a quarter to seven. I look again, and find that my eyes have not deceived me; and the boy in charge of the place, in answer to my hasty questions, coolly informs me that the clock keeps London railway time, and that there is no train for two hours. I sink in horror upon the one thin, hard, narrow, wooden seat in the place, and a thousand wild schemes chase each other with fearful rapidity through my troubled brain. Solitary is the station as a witch's hut upon a heath, and nothing like a conveyance is visible on the line, except a navigator's wheelbarrow turned upside down upon a heap of gravel. My eye follows the long, thin, tapering lines of rails in the direction of London, until they pierce a clump of trees, and vanish at that distant point from my sight. Can I run along the line, and by that means reach my appointment, even an hour later than the proper time? How repulsive everything about the country appears now, the trees, the fields, and the golden sunset; and how I hate the still-

ness broken only by the cawing of those dreadful rooks in the adjoining park, whose song I would give worlds to exchange for the smoke and rattle of Fleet Street. Why did I ever venture into the treacherous precincts of the picturesque, when I should have been sipping my coffee, and reading my paper in my diuzy tavern? A roar and a puff of smoke, and the express train whirls by, that might have carried me to my destination in half an hour, if I could have summoned courage and physical agility to have jumped upon the roofs of the carriages as they passed under the bridge, timing my leap like an acrobat in the circus.

But I miss the golden opportunity, and am again a hopeless inmate of the solitary station, looking vacantly at the clock which has now reached the stroke of seven.

There I sit for the next two hours, while a panorama of events at the theatre passes before my mental vision. I hear the sharp click of the prompter's bell, and the voice of the call-boy, shouting "overture, gentlemen," up the staircase. I see my aged dresser, who has been used to punctual men, old actors, and slow makers-up, walking frantically about the room, wondering where I can be, when I have to go on in an elaborate costume, in the middle of the first act. He taxes his memory to ascertain whether I was ever so late before, when the same piece was being performed, and he determines that I never was.

Unable to bear his mental torture any longer, he hobbles down to the hall-keeper, and finds that I have not yet passed into the theatre. Then commences a consultation, and the information is spread behind the curtain that Mr. Sockskin has not arrived, although he has to go on in the next scene. Prompter, actors, call-boys, and manager, take the alarm, and the latter dives to his room to prepare a few hasty words of apology. The moment arrives that can be no longer delayed, and the pale, nervous manager goes on in a comic dress, and, with the most heart-broken voice, and the most piteous face, that contrast ludicrously with his gay and facetious attire, tells the disappointed and indignant audience all he knows himself, namely: that Mr. Sockskin is not in the theatre. The curtain rings down amidst a torrent of yells, while another piece is being hastily put upon the stage, and I am gnawing my finger-nails in the enforced and unwelcome solitude of the railway station.

These are some of the phantasms of procrastination and delay that a morbidly regular man like myself will occasionally call up before him in his hours of idleness. As there are many men in the world who cannot be kept in the path of temperance, unless awful examples of the effects of intoxication are continually paraded before their eyes, it may be that I unconsciously

drill myself in the virtue of punctuality, by indulging my imagination in the opposite vice.

THE FOURFOLD DREAM.

If there be no city called Hipposford among the north-western towns of England, let it be there, whither I went five years ago to see the Italian hung. The name under which he suffered was supposed to be a feigned one; the crime which he expiated was that of murder; the slaying of his master and his benefactor as he slept, for the taking of a sum of money which, in all probability, he might have had for the asking. One of those atrocities, to give a reason for which baffles the student of human nature. The defence set up for Mavoranci was that of insanity: there being no doubt whatever as to his having committed the deed; but this plea was, in my opinion, very properly set aside. His advocate happened to be an intimate friend of mine; and it was through the interest—morbid and reprehensible I am well aware—with which he had inspired me in the unhappy criminal, that I found myself among that crowd in front of Hipposford Gaol. I heard something going on near me, a little too jocose for the occasion.

“You cruel-hearted ruffian, if you dare to mock the poor wretch like that again,” cried a deep, low voice, “I’ll save Mr. Calcraft some trouble in your case.”

The speaker was a fine, powerfully-built sailor, towering by half a head above the throng; and, under his flashing eyes and threatening brows, the fellow who had provoked his wrath subsided at once into mutterings, and presently into sullen silence. Having achieved this end, he made no further observation, but kept his looks intently fixed upon the glistly preparations above us. He alone, amidst the hum and noise of the crowd, maintained an inviolable silence, and strained his eyes upon the scaffold above, as though he would have numbered every nail in it: the extreme anxiety of his face was remarkable even amongst those thousand eager and expectant countenances. Not caring to look upon the dreadful sight directly, I watched that face when the death-bell began to toll, as though it were a mirror, feeling sure that I should see reflected in it whatever was happening. It was burning and quivering with excitement, when the wretched criminal was carried up by three or four persons into view. Immediately after he came in sight, this fixed expression vanished as completely as though a curtain had been drawn over some picture; and, as the sailor cast his looks upon the ground, I heard him mutter, in a solemn whisper, his thanks to Heaven.

As the sailor and I were borne along together by the resistless human tide, I said

to him, secure of sympathy, “This is a sad sight, my friend, is it not?”

“Yes, sir,” said he, “a terrible sight, indeed; but it might have been worse.”

“How so?” said I.

“Well, it’s a long story,” he replied, “but if you like to listen to it, and to take a cup of tea with me (of which I feel the need) at my lodgings, I shall be pleased enough. It will be a relief to me, I feel, to tell it even to a stranger.”

So we two went up into a little room overlooking the scene, and which had been let (as had been agreed upon when he took the apartment) throughout that morning to a party of five gentlemen (!) and a lady (!!), who had only just evacuated it. And there he told me this story:

“You must excuse me if I am a little slow, at first, for you throng has fairly dazzled and dumfounded me. I am quite new to sights of this sort, thank God; nor have I ever seen so great a crowd before. I live upon the south-east coast, where the folks are not so many as in these parts, and my own employment is a particularly solitary one; I am a lighthouse man. I sometimes pass whole weeks without seeing any other face than that of my mate, without hearing any other voice save his, and that of the sea-gull, and of the baffled wave which beats for ever against our rock. Even my holiday time is spent among people who pass almost as lonely lives as I do. My friends dwell at a coast-guard station, far away from any town, and indeed from me, only they can see every night our lantern burning steadily out to sea, which my mother and sister says is a great comfort to them when father is from home. It is lonesome, you see, for them to know that there is no human being save themselves within miles of them, the next post being a long distance beyond the headland, whither often on the darkest nights, my father has to go feeling for the white chalk heaps that are laid down to mark the road betwixt the stations, the direction of which in old times, they say, the smugglers used to alter, so that the poor revenue men were guided over the precipice, into the arms of death below. Twelve years ago, a vessel was cast ashore, and went to pieces one wintry night at the cliff-foot, beneath our guard-house, and all the crew, save one, were thrown by the scornful sea upon the shore, dead men; save one——” The sailor gave an involuntary look towards the thing that hung upon the high gaol-wall there, motionless, with its ghastly cowl drawn over it—“and that man was an Italian foreigner. My people took him in, and acted towards him as Christian people should do, and he was grateful, and stayed with us, making himself as useful as he could, for weeks, for months. When he had been our guest for near upon a year, the man who was then my mate in the lighthouse, died; and, mainly through my father’s recommendation, the Italian was appointed

to be my companion in his place. I was pleased that the poor fellow was thus provided for; but yet I had rather that he had been given any other post than that; not from any assignable cause, or of course this could have been prevented; but from a vague, uncomfortable feeling that I had always had in connection with him, such as I should not have dreamt of mentioning to his prejudice. I did not mention it, I am perfectly certain, even to my mother.

"When I found myself in the narrow lighthouse, alone with this man upon the waste of waters, this antipathy increased. I could not meet him on the winding stairs, without a shudder; I loathed his company in that little sitting-room upon the lower story, which when my old mate was with me had seemed as comfortable a parlour as need to be; and when I was at work in the lantern, I was for ever thinking, what is he doing below there, and whereabouts shall I find him when I descend? I do not think that I was afraid of him, then. Time was, when I had not quailed from a death-struggle with a far more powerful man than he, and had come off victor; but still I did not fancy taking my rest in the snug little bed-chamber as of old, knowing that this man was awake, and watching, watching, all the night long.

"Still, beyond being reserved and taciturn, and having this something repellent about him which I cannot explain, there was nothing evil to be said against the poor Italian foreigner, and I was ashamed of myself whenever I reasoned about the matter, for feeling as I did.

"On the night of this day, twelve years ago, the sixteenth of August eighteen hundred and forty-one, my father was off-duty at home, and while he lay in his bed, combating with a certain idea, which shadowed his mind like a nightmare, my mother shook him in piteous terror.

"'Husband,' cried she. 'Husband, I have had a fearsome dream, and it seems so like to truth that I am miserable. Wake, wake! I do believe our George is being murdered by the Italian man!'

"'Great Heavens!' cried my father. 'Why I was awake, just now, by that very dream, and cannot shake it off my mind, do what I will. But it must be only fancy; consider how full the poor fellow has always shown himself to be of gratitude to us all, and what could he get by the murder of our George?'

"'George keeps all his savings in his room at the lighthouse,' returned my mother, sobbing. 'I cannot help—Hark! did you hear that scream?'

"Two or three shrieks rang through the house, as she spoke; and my sister Mary, with her hair dishevelled, and in her night-dress, rushed into the room.

"'Oh, mother! father!' cried she. 'I cannot stay any longer by myself; I have dreamed

a dream that haunts me whenever I shut my eyes. When I left my room, just now, to come to you, I thought the Italian was at my very heels, who seemed before, in my sleep, to be murdering Georgey. He has murdered brother George, I do believe.'

"'You dreamt that?' exclaimed her parents.

"'Yes,' said she. 'I dreamt that he cut my brother's throat in the lighthouse.'

"My father rose in haste, dressed himself, and started at once, in the moonlight for the fishing village over against the rock, which was my lonely dwelling-place. It was a good ten-mile walk, and when he had been about two hours upon his way, and it was five o'clock, he met me coming homeward, with a distressed and unwonted look. Little did I understand why he wrung my hand, and welcomed me so heartily, without even asking how it was that I came to be upon the chalk-downlands, there, at such an hour, instead of at my post. I had a tale to tell to him, which I was, by that time, ashamed to relate; although I had started on the way expressly to do so.

"'Father,' said I. 'I have done a foolish, cruel, cowardly thing.'

"'George,' replied he. 'I forgive you, before you tell it to me. I am too glad to find you alive and well, for reproach; say on.'

"'I have quarrelled, father, with the poor Italian foreigner, although he has not deserved it. I have given him fair warning that I will not be his mate in the lighthouse any longer.'

"'Thank Heaven!' cried the old man.

"'Nay,' said I, surprised enough, 'but it was a hard thing to do, since I had nothing whatever to justify it, except a dream.'

"'A dream!' exclaimed my father, with a look of terror. 'What! Another dream? Did you dream he was going to murder you, lad?'

"'Yes, father. I dreamt that dream two hours ago; and even now, in the broad daylight, I feel that I could not venture to sleep another night upon the rock, with that man only as my companion.'

"'Heaven forbid you should,' responded my father, solemnly.

"'I saw him,' continued I, 'as though with my open eyes, as I lay in my bed, with his hand kept back behind him, as though it were holding some weapon out of sight, and with Murder set upon his face, as plainly as though the word had been written there in blood. I was on my feet in a second, but yet not soon enough to prove that my dream was true. I thought I heard his agile step upon the iron stair. I thought I saw a shadow flit for an instant across the door of the lantern; but when I got up there, he was trimming the lamps so naturally, and met all my angry suspicions with such astonishment and coolness, that I am upon reflection fairly staggered, and don't know

what to think." So certain was I at the time, however, of the warning which my dream seemed to convey, that I bade him seek some other employment elsewhere, for I would have him for my mate no longer. Then I signalled for a boat, and came on shore, intending to tell you all, and to consult upon what is best to be done in this strange business. But I am afraid you think me a fool."

"Then my father, upon his part, told me of those dreams at home, and of the reason of his being upon the way whereon I had met him. It seemed to us both that the neglect of four such wonderful coincidences—to say no more—would be far from right, but that at the same time we should not be justified in punishing upon such evidence one who might be, after all, as innocent of any evil as either of us." So I turned back to the village with my father, with the intention of putting off to the rock, and coming to some arrangement with the Italian, that should not deprive him of his bread.

"A little after my departure, however, it appeared that he had himself signalled for a boat, and that, taking with him what little property he possessed, he had landed, and been seen to walk away northward, out of the town. None of us have ever set eyes upon this man from that eventful night. Whether he is innocent, or whether he is guilty, it is not in human power to tell. So certain, however, in my arrogance, did I feel of his evil mind, that when I read in the paper of their being about to hang an Italian foreigner at this place, for the murder of a man in his sleep, I came here at once to satisfy myself—in hope rather than in fear, I am ashamed to say, that this fourfold dream would be found to have had foundation. Pity for the soul of you poor wretch, however, soon touched my heart, even before I saw him; and when I looked upon those awful lineaments, as he was lifted up on the scaffold, I thanked Heaven, from the bottom of my heart, that the man was a stranger, and that our dreams, wonderful as they were and are, still need unravelling."

Here the story of the sailor ended; and presently he strode away to the railway station of the line which was to take him home. I have never seen him since, or heard any other reference to this tale; but the circumstances under which I heard it, with all their terrible realities of Vice and Death, are not more firmly fixed upon my memory than are the occurrences which he related as above: neither do they bear more distinctly, in my own mind, the impression of truth.

SWALLOWS.

Now, o'er the harvest meadows green
Their arrow-headed forms are seen;

Now, o'er the pool they skim,
As if they wish'd to dive below,
To those far-sinking skies which glow
Down through the waters dim.

With skillful wings their white breasts lave,
And o'er the smooth translucent wave,
Records the daring feat;
Until they shyly dart away
To where the swarming insects play,
In some calm cool retreat.

Within the beech's gloaming shade,
They flit through every sombre glade
Like bats upon the wing;
So swift and silently they go,
Amid the foliage to and fro,
As 'twere some secret thing.

Thence home to sheltering eaves they hie,
And barns and lofts with twitt'ring cry,
Melodiously resound;
And then each dark warm nest they seek,
To feed, from fond exhaustless beak
The mouths that open round.

Once more! once more! away they dart,
To ransack with a curious art,
The water, earth, and air;
The shade, the meadow, pool and sky,
As if they knew most happily,
Each joy secreted there.

With tantalised and laggard sight,
We try to trace their thought-swift flight,
Which thing may never be;

We can but wish, from this fair earth,
Our labour'd pleasures and feign'd mirth
As innocent and free,

Yet it may hap, perchance, they prize
Far better than their own clear skies,
The heavens beneath the pool;
And Earth's reflections calm and green
May lovelier be to them, I ween,
Than meadows fresh and cool.

But if this striving world of men
Should seem to their untutor'd ken
A happier than their own;
Their blissful pinions let them stay,
And they shall wish, ere one short day,
Such knowledge all unknown.

CHARACTER BOOKS.

In every period of English literary history, authors have sought to hold the mirror up to nature by means of essays describing the manners, opinions, and peculiarities, of certain classes of the community. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, essays of this kind issued from the press in great profusion, and were more in demand than they have ever subsequently been: a circumstance to be explained with probability on two grounds—first, that the superficial differences separating class from class were then very marked and evident; secondly, that tales and novels had scarcely begun to exercise the ingenuity of writers. Indeed, contemporaneously with the appearance of Mrs. Behn's romances, there was a marked diminution in the number of character books given to the public—the loves of Oronoco and Imoinda, and the licentious

drama of the Restoration, having effectually superseded, in the estimation of most readers, the grave, concise, and epigrammatic satires, in which the essayists of a former generation had lashed the follies of mankind. From this time forward, abstract sketches of character became exceptional publications; and a natural reaction tended to bury in obscurity even those collections that had once been the most popular. Many such merited no better fate; and the copies of them that remain preserve nothing of more value than a description of surfaces that time has changed. Written by triflers, they tell us how triflers looked upon society two hundred years ago. Others bear the stamp of a different currency, and give the ring of a more genuine metal. Some, and these of course form the smallest class, bear the impress of minds at once observant and profound; minds able to pierce through the crust of fashions and usages, down to the eternal truths of human nature, and the motives that govern the heart of man. Of all it may be said, even of the most superficial examples, that this literature, although it may be shallow, is seldom or never tedious. A sentence may contain only a truism; but then the truism is set in gold. It is expressed in words so few and simple that not one of them could be spared—so precise and forcible that not one of them could be changed—without obscuring a meaning as clear as the noonday light, or without detriment to a style worthy of the translators of the Bible. The principal writers of character sketches lived in an age when prose compositions were polished as Gray polished his poetry; and when brevity and terseness were deemed the first of literary merits. They have left volumes of which the very words are condensed paragraphs; and essays that contain the materials of goodly volumes.

A full description of the character books, even if the writer could enter into the spirit of their brevity, and could wean himself from the comparative diffuseness of these latter days, would be too large a task to attempt within the limits of this journal. One or two of them, however, such as best illustrate the whole, shall speak for themselves to our readers. In the meanwhile, we will assume the part of prologue, and will give our heroes the benefit of a preliminary flourish, as well as of an account of their general tendency.

On casting a retrospective glance over them all, it is impossible to avoid remarking the gradual change in the distinctive feature that is selected to isolate the subjects of each essay—the gradual, but in time complete change, in the principles of classification adopted by successive authors. The most ancient classify according to occupation, or position in life: implying that, among their contemporaries, these were the circumstances by which people were most powerfully in-

fluenced, whether in knowledge, in deportment, in morals, or in habits of thought and action. As it is incontestably true that the two most opposite individuals to be found among civilised humanity will present, when fairly contrasted, more points of resemblance than of diversity, so it is easy to conceive that, in a primitive society, these points of resemblance will be developed and brought out amongst persons whose callings are similar, whose gains or losses result from the same circumstances, whose passions are aroused or gratified by the same events. A few centuries ago, the priest, the lawyer, the physician, the courtier, not to mention persons in humbler walks of life, each presented certain unmistakeable signs of his calling,—signs approximating him to his brethren in words and conduct, if not in actual character. But, in process of time, as the number of outward agencies brought to bear upon mankind were increased by the diffusion of knowledge, many influences unconnected with his calling or station were admitted to modify the character of the individual; and the moral and intellectual qualities, instead of being determined by position, broke down the class barriers which position had raised, and placed others in their stead. Hence, in the present day, every profession, or trade, is itself a microcosm—containing types of all the characters and peculiarities that may be found in the larger world without.

It follows that the writers of character sketches, who first arranged men according to their occupation, and made this the link by which the persons described in an essay were bound together, and defined, and separated from the rest of the human race, were compelled, before long, to shift their ground, and to base their distinctions upon predominating qualities of heart or mind. There can be little doubt that Chaucer intended the pilgrims at the Tabard to be types, rather than individual portraitures; or that he endeavoured to accumulate upon each the outward visible signs, and to interweave with the tale of each the mental characteristics of the class to which he or she belonged. And all these pilgrims, with the single exception of the wife of Bath, are introduced to us by their callings, as if these alone were half descriptions. In the earlier professed character books, the same plan is pursued; and the essays have for their subjects a bishop, a judge, a knight, a lawyer, a soldier, a physician, and so forth. Twenty years later, we find the church disposed of under two heads—a grave divine, and a young raw preacher; while the satirical description of the professors of the healing art deals only with a meek dull physician. Later still, the moral qualities have it all their own way, the calling is left unnoticed, and the essays relate to a modest man, a mere complimentary man, a rash man, and the like. This is an im-

portant step towards Captain Shindy and Aggerawatin Bill; but farther progress in the same direction was stopped by the Restoration, and by character books describing only debtors, drunkards, bailiffs, and meretrices. Then followed the state of society with which we are familiar, in which class characters and peculiarities are hardly to be distinguished, except at a point very low in the social scale. Above it, the inhabitants of the world are so mixed and shaken together, the circumstances that affect and modify apparent character are so numerous and so diversified, that a class can scarcely be said to exist. We recognise, it is true, in most individuals, a leaning towards some great type of mind—towards hopefulness or despondency, towards strict or lax ideas of duty or of honour. But more than this we cannot do. It would be impossible to write a description of a physician by which the medical profession should be either satirised or flattered; because singularities would not touch the mass, and generalities would not touch the persons composing it. Even mere dull physicians have various outlets for their common dullness. It would be equally impossible to describe a rash man in terms at all applicable to half of the rash men who might be encountered, any morning, between Charing Cross and the Bank. The rashness would be their chief common quality, excepting such qualities as are common to mankind. And so now authors exhibit temperament, or passion, either in one simple and suggestive phrase, or by tracing it to its effects. Thus, in the German fable, the patient is attended by Dr. Better and Dr. Worse, both men of great skill; and thus we find that our most skilful writers of fiction introduce characters into their works for the purpose of illustrating some affection or passion of the mind, illustrating it by showing how it breaks down the barriers of habit, the customs of society, the prejudices of caste or calling—how it ennoble the seemingly degraded, or unmask the pretender to virtue. When such characters seem natural, the reader may commonly discover that he is familiar with each component trait, but seldom that he has had experience of that particular combination.

It would seem, then, that the kaleidoscope of human nature has been rudely shaken, and that the patterns which it once presented to the observer are gone, never to return. But the fragments which formed those patterns are here, unchanged, unchangeable, daily to be discerned in their new places and relations, affording primitive elements of stability that neither time, nor events, nor any power, save that of the Almighty hand that made them, can ever control or modify. The same thoughts inspire, the same passions darken, the same clouds envelope, the heart of man now, and in all past ages. The progress of

science and the arts has changed the character of the objects that surround the human race, but the new objects excite the same ideas as their precursors, and hold the same relative position towards each other. The railway train can suggest nothing to us that the stage-coach did not suggest to our fathers. The people who believed in witchcraft have left representatives to believe in spirit-rapping. The two thousand men who recently, in the course of a single week, bought life-preservers at one shop in London, because there had been a score of garotte robberies in the suburbs, are the true descendants of those who, in the year sixteen hundred and seventy-eight, armed themselves with protestant flails upon the testimony of Oates and Bedlow. The *Crédit Mobilier* may well recal the beginning, as it is to be feared it will recal the end, of the Mississippi and South Sea schemes. And this great truth—the immutability of human nature—is one that the character books are well calculated to impress. They bring before us the great enemies of our kind, the world, the flesh, and the devil, thinly disguised in the garments and the words of a former generation, but working the same works that we may daily see around us, or that we may read of in the histories of ages still more remote. The struggles and aspirations after good of the few, the acquiescence in evil of the many, are shown to be the same now and two hundred or two thousand years ago. The writer whose sketches are imperfect, if he fails in depicting his originals, depicts at least himself, and hands down one true character to posterity. He assists by so much to form that golden chain of recorded experience which unites the Book of Job to the Times of yesterday; he brings so much evidence to show that truth, although revealed for eighteen hundred years, needs no gloss, no development, no interpretation, to accommodate it to the present or the future needs of man.

The earliest character book of any note was written, partly, at least, by Sir Thomas Overbury; and was, doubtless, indebted to that fact for its extraordinary popularity. Six months ago, a volume of posthumous tales by John Parsons Cook would have made the fortune of a publisher; and Overbury, in his day, was a more famous victim than even Cook in ours. Overbury was not only a man of note himself; but he had the advantage of being poisoned by enemies of high rank and infamous reputation. His death, in the Tower, alone created scandal and suspicion; and the subsequent revelations of one of the agents in the murder; the executions of Franklin, Weston, Mrs. Turner, and Sir Gervais Elways; the trial, condemnation, and pardon of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, extending together over a period of nearly three years; all kept up an excitement with regard to their victim. The original volume, published

shortly before his death in sixteen hundred and thirteen, contained Overbury's poem on the choice of a wife; together with "many witty characters, and conceited newes, written by himselfe and other learned gentlemen his friends." The third, fourth, and fifth editions were published in sixteen hundred and fourteen; the sixth only in sixteen hundred and fifteen; and the seventh, eighth, and ninth in sixteen hundred and ten (the year in which the earl and countess were tried), thus showing the effect of this circumstance upon the sale of the book. By that time it had gained a reputation which insured a farther demand; and it reached a sixteenth edition in sixteen hundred and thirty-eight; although the booksellers were induced to add to the attractiveness of the volume by constant additions of new essays by various hands; so that the total number of characters increased, from twenty-one in sixteen hundred and fourteen, to no less than eighty in sixteen hundred and twenty-two. Among these it is impossible to identify the essays of any one writer, either of Sir Thomas or of any of his coadjutors; and on this account, as also because a new edition of the work has been lately published, it is unnecessary to give extracts from it at length. The following is from the fifth edition. Though the original has ceased to flourish at the court of St. James's, he may doubtless be found under the protection of King Bomba; or, in this country, as the parasite of various petty dignitaries. More than one country town, frowned upon by the mansion of a great proprietor, contains at least the essentials of—

A COURTIER

To all men's thinking is a man, and to most men the finest; all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the senses; but his surest mark is, that hee is to be found onely about princes. Hee smells; and putteth away much of his judgement about the situation of his clothes. Hee knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the marigold, openeth with the sunne, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clocke. Hee puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronuntiation than his words. Occasion is his Cupid, and hee hath but one receipt of making loue. Hee follows nothing but inconstancie, admires nothing but beauty, honours nothing but fortune. Loues nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is newes, and his censure like a shot depends upon the charging. Hee is not, if he be out of court, but, fish-like, breathes destruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but he moues by the vpper-spheres, and is the reflexion of higher substances. If you find him not heere, you shall in Paules with a picktooth in his hat, a cape cloke, and a long stocking.

We may proceed now to consider a book of a different order, namely, Microcosmography, or a piece of the world discovered, in Essays and Characters. This, which was long supposed to be written by one Edward

Blount, and which passed through eight editions under his name, was published at last, in seventeen hundred and eighty-six, as the work of the real author, Dr. John Earle, sometime Bishop of Salisbury. Dr. Earle was well known in his day as a man of sound learning and exemplary piety; but he was a devoted adherent to King Charles the First, and followed Charles the Second, whose tutor he had been, into exile, after the battle of Worcester. Among other indications of his attachment, he translated the Ikon Basilike into Latin for circulation on the continent; and lent money to the Stuart princes. Upon the restoration he was made Dean of Westminster, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, and then of Salisbury; but he did not long enjoy his honours, and died at Oxford in sixteen hundred and sixty-five, leaving a name that was equally eulogised by Lord Clarendon, and Richard Baxter.

It is much to be regretted that Bishop Earle's sketches, clever as they are, were the production of his youth; and received no benefit from the greatly enlarged experience of his maturer age. But the volume was first published when the author was twenty-seven years old; and the essays are said to have been written at intervals and handed about in manuscript, during the two or three years before their appearance in public. They have this fragmentary character strongly marked upon them; and present nothing like a complete picture of society, although they amount to seventy-eight in number, and of these the first is

A CHILD

Is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve's or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only writto his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly-drawn in oil, which time, and much handling, dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper* unscrubbed with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tiee him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young pretence the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby horses, but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocencie he hath outlived. The older he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and

* N.B.—Perhaps the first example of this since much-used metaphor.

the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

As a counterfoil to this picture, it may be well to take the other extremity of human life; and to give Earle's description of

A GOOD OLD MAN

Is the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire. One whom time hath been thus long a working, and, like winter fruit, ripened when others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learnt the best thing in it; the vanity of it. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. The next door of death sads him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature; and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common father, and on old age, for his sake, as a reverent thing. He practises his experience on youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel his good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale again, but remembers with them how oft he has told them. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sour look; and the less testy he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him if he likes his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisdom then; yet he makes us of that opinion; too when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a relief. He goes away at last too soon whensoever, with all men's sorrow but his own; and his memory is fresh, when it is twice as old.

Mr. Macaulay's description of the clergy, and the tempest of denial which that description brought about the historian's head, are tolerably well harmonised by Bishop Earle, who appears, in this case, to use his own words, to see the wranglers agree even in that they fall out upon. He first describes a young, raw preacher; and in the next essay, a grave divine. The first: "is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. * * * The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs, and the only thing he has made in it himself is the faces. He takes on against the Pope without mercy; yet he preaches heresy, if it comes in his way, though with a mind, I must needs say, very orthodox. * * * His commendation is that he never looks upon book: and, indeed, he was never used to it. He preaches but once a-year, though twice on Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered. * * * The companion of his walk is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonishes with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends, and much painfulness, may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and

this means to a chambermaid; with whom we leave him now in the bonds of wedlock;—next Sunday you shall have him again."

The second, a class of which the author seems himself to have been an admirable type, is described as: "one that knows the burthen of his calling, and hath studied to make his shoulders sufficient; for which he hath not been hasty to launch forth of his port, the university, but expected the ballast of learning, and the wind of opportunity. * * * The ministry is his choice, not refuge, and yet the pulpit not his itch, but fear. * * * In matters of ceremony he is not ceremonious, but thinks he owes that reverence to the church to bow his judgment to it, and make more conscience of schism, than a surplice. In simoniacal purchases he thinks his soul goes in the bargain, and is loath to come by promotion so dear: yet his worth at length advances him, and the price of his own merit buys him a living. He is a main pillar of our church, though not yet dean or canon, and his life our religion's best apology. His death is the last sermon, where, in the pulpit of his bed, he instructs men to die by his example."

Besides these personages, there are many others whose peculiarities deserve a moment's notice; and the city authorities of King James's time are described in a way that is very suggestive of their existing successors, as reflected in the columns of the daily papers. The alderman, whose head, when in conjunction with his brethren, may bring forth a city apophthegm, or some such sage matter; the citizen, who has still something to distinguish him from a gentleman, though his doublet cost more; and the shopkeeper who tells you lies by rote, and not minding, as the phrase to sell in, and the language he spent most of his years to learn; none of these are extinct species as yet, and, if we believe Doctors Letheby and Hassall, the last named is flourishing luxuriantly. As the leaves turn, we find more and more acquaintances. The mere dull physician, who if he have been but a bystander at some desperate recovery, is slandered with it though he be guiltless; the meer formal man, who can excuse his good cheer in the accustomed apology, and who apprehends a jest by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himself, when it comes to his turn: the young man who leaves repentance for grey hairs, and performs it in being covetous: the plain country fellow whose mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation: the plausible man who uses all companies, drinks all healths, and is reasonable cool in all religions: the sceptic in religion who would be wholly a Christian, but that he is something of an Atheist, and wholly an Atheist, but that he is partly a

Christian, and a perfect heretic, but that there are so many to distract him, whose learning is too much for his brain, and his judgment too little for his learning, and his over opinion of both spoils all,—who puts his foot into heresies tenderly, as a cat into water, and pulls it out again, and still something unanswered delays him: and the sordid rich man who will redeem a penny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boot, and his reason is, he will not be undone:—these are all photographs from life, portraits from which any observant man, at any period, could discover or recal originals. Bishop Earle did not recognise, or did not care to describe, much that is good in his fellow-creatures; except the divine, a stayed man is his only picture of active, working excellence; and the stayed man is, at best, a piece of very formal and dull respectability—a shrewd Quaker of the present day, with a balance at his banker's, and with a little laxity about the second person plural, would almost realise him. Vice and folly would appear to have made themselves more prominent in the world, in sixteen hundred and twenty-eight, than they do now-a-days; the one being less exposed to shame, the other less kept in bounds by custom. The later character books tell much the same tale; but they tell it, too often, in language that is not suited for quotation, being written by witty gentlemen whose thoughts were not under the restraint of orders, and whose words and phrases reflect, too truly, the customs they describe. But there is one sketch from the pen of an unknown author, which proves at once the antiquity and the permanence of the chief element in English society, the chief cause of English greatness. We will conclude this paper by quoting it at length, leaving it to express the estimation in which, two hundred and thirty years ago, our forefathers held the original that is described. To that description we can add nothing; except the wish that its subject may become, for all our readers, a veritable household word.

A GOOD WIFE

Is a world of happiness, that brings with it a kingdom in conceit, and makes a perfect adjunct in societie; shee's such a comfort as exceeds content, and proves so precious as cannot be paralleld, yea more inestimable than may be valued. Shee's any good man's better second selfe, the very mirror of true constant modesty, the carefull huswife of frugalitie, and dearest object of man's heart's felicitie. She commands with mildnesse, rules with discretion, lives in repute, and ordereth all things that are good or necessary. Shee's her husband's solace, her house's ornament, her children's sucour, and her servant's comfort. Shee's (to be briefe) the eye of warinesse, the tongue of silence, the hand of labour, and the heart of loue. Her voice is musicke, her countenance meeknesse; her mind vertuous, and her soule gracious. Shee's a blessing giuen from God to man, a sweet companion in his affliction, and ioynt co-partner upon all occa-

sions. Shee's (to conclude) earth's chiefest paragon, and will bee, when she dyes, heaven's dearest creature.

GOOD-WILL.

I LIVE in a free country; I cannot be pressed into the Queen's service; I cannot be kept in prison more than twenty-four hours without a preliminary trial; I am not the born thrall of any Cedric the Saxon; I cannot be sold into slavery. Rule Britannia, Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, and the Bill of Rights.

So much for my public liberty; but how about my private freedom of action?

Between me and my country, the balance is pretty fairly struck. I pay my taxes, and I enjoy my privileges; but between me and a certain class of my fellow-creatures, called my neighbours, there is a long account to settle, in which I stand, not as a debtor, but as a creditor. While I sit ruminating in the learned seclusion of my study, while I sit masticating in the social communion of my dining-room, while I lounge in the elegant luxuriance of my drawing-room, or slumber in the comfortable silence of my bed-chamber, I am bought and sold; my wants, my fancies, my ailments, and weaknesses, are weighed, and measured, and hawked about the town to find a purchaser. I am not even the miserable shadow of a free agent. I live at South Poodleton. I am parcelled out amongst a baker, a tailor, a bootmaker, a butcher, a publican, a doctor, a greengrocer, a fishmonger, and a sweep. If there were but two of each, as we explained in a former number of this Journal,* I would not complain, as that would secure me something like competition; but my elegant and salubrious suburb, under a scarcity of building ground and peculiar leases, restricting the landlords as to what trading tenants they shall accept, is given up to the tender mercies of these small individual monopolists, and I am bound hand and foot with it. I see an "eligible business at South Poodleton, with good-will," &c. advertised in the columns of the leading organ, and I feel a cold chill run through my frame, as if I was a South Carolina slave reading an account of his good qualities in a local newspaper: I am part of that good-will, myself and my family. Our capacity for consuming food is calculated to a loaf, a herring, a mutton-chop, a pint of beer, a cabbage, even to a single potato. My requirements in the way of garments, made or repaired, are put upon paper, and made the basis of a selfish calculation. My sweep looks upon my chimneys as his property, not mine, and gets sullen and discontented if he is not called in with periodical regularity. On one occasion, when a stupid cook tilted a pan of dripping on the fire, and set the whole flue in a blaze, this black and heartless scoundrel was heard to

* See page 169.

observe, "that it was a great pity, but it made good for the trade." I am not sure that the chance of such a casualty happening, say once a-year, does not enter into his calculations for obtaining a livelihood.

The doctor, who, as a man of some education and refinement, ought to be free from such mercenary feelings, is, I am confident, even worse than the others. When I go out for my morning-walk, looking a trifle paler than usual, this speculator upon human infirmities is glaring at me through the coloured bottles, weighing my symptoms, and gloating over the prospect of a patient. Although I do not hear him, I feel that he says to himself, in that horrid back-parlour, amongst the instruments, the grinning teeth, and the sickening smell of camphor: "When will those rude, healthy children at Number Twelve have the measles, like other children?"

Yes, I am known as Number Twelve,—Number Twelve, the Grove. I do not require a name; but, like a Siberian convict, I am distinguished by a numeral. I have no domestic privacy, in one sense, for a dozen eager eyes are always turned upon me and my household. The bootmaker knows how many pairs of boots I have; he sees them ranged in a row in my dressing-room, as plainly as if he was amongst them, and he waits and watches for the decay which, he knows, must come to boots as to everything else. If I order more than I want, I am "liberal—a patron of trade—a real gentleman—a man who likes to live and let live." If I exercise a careful economy, and wear them thoroughly and fairly, I am "an old hunk, mean, close, and shabby genteel." If I do not choose to have fish for dinner, the fishmonger is aware of the fact, without knowing the cause, and he and his wife settle, that we are not so well off as we appear to be. If our consumption of meat falls off from any cause, I know the butcher thinks that we are pinching our domestics. The plumber and house-decorator wonders, "how much longer we are going to leave our front in its present disgraceful condition. If our regard for health does not impel us to re-paint and paper the interior of our castle, we might at least consult the harmonious elegance of the neighbourhood, and adorn the exterior." The tailor looks with ill-concealed disgust upon a certain great-coat, that I believe I have now worn for three seasons. His artistic eye may see in it an antiquated style, a threadbare face, and a generally diminished lustre; but, to my untrained gaze, it looks very little the worse for the long, but not severe struggle it has gone through. My grocer, I know, complains we do not have puddings enough in the course of the year, and that our consumption of tea bears no adequate proportion to our consumption of sugar; while our cheesemonger thinks we are remarkably niggardly in the way of eggs, and absurdly liberal in the matter of lard.

So is every detail of our domestic expenditure registered, examined, compared, and criticised. Our house, to the passer-by, looks solid, opaque, detached, snug, and private, but to this little band of hungry traders it is as a glass pavilion, easy of access under the thin transparent covering of which the movements of the small family-circle within are distinctly visible.

Nor is this knowledge (so interesting to them, but so embarrassing to me), confined within their own bosoms. South Poodleton, that compact neighbourhood, advertises one of its eligible businesses for sale nearly every week, and the immense value of the "good-will" is more than sufficiently dwelt upon. I am trotted out before the vulgar, inquiring eyes of all that motley tribe of small capitalists who are ever looking for a profitable investment. I watch the little groups as they arrive one after the other; and, I fancy, that I know them all. There is the couple of middle-aged, spinster sisters, who having received a small legacy, are searching for a genteel business, combining the leading library and the fancy trade—a mixture of literature and Berlin wool. They make several visits before they get to that decisive stage when the man of affairs is called in to confer upon the valuation. There is the stout, well-fed, gentleman's servant, who, wishes to exchange the elegancies of May Fair for the sanded tap-room; and, with the assistance of the brewer, make an effort to manage the thriving public-house of South Poodleton. There is the young couple, just married, or going to be married, who make inquiry about the returns and prospects of the bread and fancy biscuit establishment. There is the mother who brings her son, a fat, blood-thirsty boy, to inquire about the butcher's business which he has taken a strong fancy to. There is the omnibus conductor who wishes to take the greengrocer's shop for his wife to manage, while he attends to it in the intervals of his journeys to the metropolis. I know that the two spinster sisters inquire about me, and are told to what extent I patronise literature and the domestic fine arts. I know that the gentleman's servant is duly informed of the consumption of my family in intoxicating liquors; and what I consider shameful dissipation on their part, he looks upon as showing a disregard for the interests of my neighbours, and a disinclination to "do another a turn." I feel that the young couple are deluded with grossly exaggerated accounts of the quantity of bread and flour consumed by "Number Twelve—the Grove," and I almost feel disposed to stop the negotiations by a disclosure. I see the mother and the bloodthirsty son in the butcher's shop, looking towards me with unmistakeable interest as I pass by, while they are pursuing their investigations. I see them again, the next day, looking over the book in which my name, or rather my number stands regis-

tered; and in the evening, in the little greasy room behind the shop, where the transfer is about to be formally concluded, I know that I form a prominent topic of discussion when the question of "good-will" comes to be decided upon.

Sometimes I fancy the interests of the little knot of traders clash; the fishmonger becomes jealous of the butcher, or the butcher of the fishmonger; the tailor thinks that I patronise the bootmaker more than I do him, or the bootmaker becomes discontented when he sees me with a new coat. The doctor grumbles that there is not enough stale fish, and doubtful meat sold, to enable him to keep his family in a respectable manner; and since they erected the gymnasium at the boarding school for the boys, and started the cricket club, the demand for pills and black-draughts has sensibly fallen off, and although there is now an occasional dislocation, or a broken leg, it does not benefit him, as he has no surgical knowledge.

If I dare to rebel against the right of property which these traders claim in me and my household, I am very soon brought to a proper sense of the duties of my position. When I forbade the grocer the house for a few days, in consequence of the unbearable character of the articles he sold; and, after much difficulty, got the omnibus people to bring what I wanted from town, he waited upon me in the most confident manner, and coolly said, "that he would endeavour, if possible, to do better in future; but begged respectfully and firmly to state that he had paid about thirty pounds for me in the good-will, and he certainly intended to have me!"

And so it is with them all. I may be weak, imaginative, and morbidly sensitive; but I am morally certain that the very undertaker is looking towards me with longing eyes, waiting for the time, perhaps not far distant, when I shall slip through the greedy fingers of his fellow-tradesmen, and drop helplessly into his willing arms. I am sure that at the little evening gatherings in the tavern parlour, feeling that his chances of employment come few and far between, and utterly forgetful of the peculiar nature of his calling, he is one of the first to join in the universally popular Poodleton tradesman's maxim of "live and let live." When the curtains are drawn close and the knocker is muffled, I know that his card will be dropped gently into my letter-box to remind me of his claims and his existence.

BY NIGHT EXPRESS.

"I SHALL be late! I shall be late! Only ten minutes to the hour! Run, some one, and see what can Victor be doing with that valise. A child could carry it. O, O, these rascals! These (something) French rascals!"

Words spoken by an infuriated Briton at the door of a grand hotel in a very grand

Parisian street. He is bound for Marseilles by the night express; and is vainly seeking to have his mails brought down. The grand people of the grand hotel (it was of all nations and of copious flourish) are in the habit of doing things in their own way, and at their own time. So that the chances of that infuriated Briton's going down peacefully by night express, of that infuriated Briton's paying his cab fare, taking through ticket, having his mails weighed, and being improperly assessed thereon, would have appeared ludicrously poor to unoccupied bystanders. Practically speaking, he might have been taken to be out of the betting altogether—perhaps scratched.

"Will no one seek that fellow and the valise? O (here suppressed oath) execrable canaille! Laziest crew! I must bring it down myself!"

A sympathising *file de chambre*, leaning against the door, observes: "How cruel!—Jacques has deplorable lungs, the boy! 'Twill kill him, laying these heavy burdens on him."

The infuriated Briton darts past her with look of defiance, and meets his valise—constructed to be carried in the hand—borne arduously by two men. He snatches it from them, and bears it down himself. Then bids Cocher, if he would love double fare, drive like five hundred devils. Cocher, lashing his steed furiously, swears profanely that he will drive like five hundred thousand of those condemned spirits—adding, that his pace shall be as the residence of those unhappy beings. The infuriated Briton leans him back in the vehicle, and is gradually tranquillised.

It may be as well confessed at once, that I was that excited foreigner, wishing, perhaps, through all that turbulent scene to veil my own proper personality under the thin disguise of a species of allegory. As I was borne away at the unholy pace promised; now speeding round corners in arcs of fearfully small radius, now taking crossings with a bound as though they were leaps; I began to find myself rising, as it were, in the betting, and to feel a yearning to hedge, if possible. A change of feeling, in a great measure owing to a certain yellow fiacre that kept steadily before us, describing the same fearful arcs, also taking the crossings like fences, and imperilling human life precisely in the same manner. The yellow fiacre might, in all probability, have had its unholy company, five hundred thousand strong, chartered and in yoke. To our charioteer it was a terrible rock a-head—that yellow fiacre. Vainly did he strive to shoot past it by the right or by the left; destined to be always stopped by the adroit obstruction of yellow fiacre. Fearful were his oaths when so checked: awful his round of imprecation. I noted, too, that a dark face, with black glossy moustaches, was put forth from the window every now and

then, speaking words of encouragement, and glancing anxiously behind. So the yellow fiacre went on until both came clattering up to the railway door; the yellow fiacre leading to the verylast, with just one minute to spare. So Cocher and his five hundred thousand auxiliaries had deserved well of his fare, and there was joyfully counted out to him the promised bounty with handsome pour-boire to boot. Rushing past to secure a railway ticket, I just caught a glimpse of the dark man—tall, well built, and in a richly braided cloak—helping out a lady in a cloak and hood.

During that precious three-quarters of a minute everything must needs be done by express. Express taking of ticket—to takers a certain disadvantage in the matter of change; express weighing of baggage per steel-yard; also, it is to be feared, to owner's damnification; there being a looseness in their fashion of appraising weight. It is hard to bring oneself to trust in that hasty click clack (sounds resulting from loading of the steel-yard), or in the wild chaunt that follows. "Dix-neuf! q'raute!" or in the delivery of that blotted, sanded docket thrust through a little pigeon hole. Express trundling, too, of the weighed mails along the platform, with express ringing of bells, and express jostling, and express seeking of vacant places; much calling, much whistling; much shutting of doors; and I am thrust hastily into a roomy carriage where there are only two persons seated. The night express moves off with a shriek.

It was just beginning to grow dusk; but I could make out very plainly that one of the persons opposite had on a richly-braided cloak, and that his companion was a lady closely wrapped in a velvet hood. She kept far away in the corner, with the hood drawn over so as to hide her face. A very handsome, martial personage, the man, in the braided cloak; some brave, doubtless going southward with his wife. When we had grown a little accustomed to each other's faces, I should probably learn more of them. With that I look out the shining sea-green volume of the chemin-de-fer library (bought by express, and charged double accordingly), and began to read. In that pleasant romance are soon forgotten all thoughts of the swarthy personage opposite, and of his delicate companion in the velvet hood.

From dusk to semi-darkness—from semi to Cimmerian darkness—and then progress in the little sea-green romance is stopped. Edouard, by ingenious reasoning, has just succeeded in convincing Marie that her lawful husband, besides being tyrant, turnkey, gaoler, and filling other such ungrateful offices, was no other than a base impostor, being forced upon her against her inclinations. That he (Edouard) was in the eye of justice, and bating a few ridiculous formalities, the true and lawful spouse, the other a

low intruder. "Ces pauvres enfans," continued the little sea-green romance.— But here the darkness closed in effectually, and some one came tramping along overhead, dropping in lamp as he passed.

The yellow light streamed down full upon one of the faces opposite. A perfect Italian bandit's—dark, handsome, and with piercing black eyes that roved to and fro uneasily. The velvet hood was whispering earnestly to him, laying her hand upon the braided cloak, conjuring him or remonstrating as it seemed. But he kept turning his face away in the same uneasy fashion, looking towards me and the windows with much trouble of soul. Finally, he pushed her hand away roughly, and, covering up his face, groaned aloud.

I was half inclined to continue Edouard's and Marie's curious adventures; but here was a real flesh and blood narrative, that promised to be infinitely more entertaining. If possible, I would read it through to the end.

"O malediction!" said the bandit quite aloud. "Malediction! You have brought me into all this! I shall never survive it! I shall die! We were doing well as we were! Oh!"

"Courage, my friend," the Velvet-Hood said gently; "we are quite safe. No one can harm you."

"Harm me! if those two tigers track me out—Oh!"

"Hush, hush! my friend," the Velvet-Hood whispered, looking over uneasily at me.

With that they lowered their voices, and I could hear no more. I was driven in perforce on Edouard and Marie; which poor young people were now in fresh perplexities. I had left them sitting for whole days by the banks of a river, plaiting reciprocal garlands, and trying their effect on each other's heads. Now it had come to this, that the turnkey, gaoler, or impostor-husband had been indiscreet enough to offer gentle remonstrances against this wholesale ignoring of himself. A partial recognition, he thought, was not unreasonable; he knew Monsieur Edouard's superior claims, but— Edouard and Marie will speak to him, will see the unhappy wretch together. They do speak to him with gentleness; for, though he has injured them deeply, they are above resentment. They show to him the impropriety of his conduct; they show him how wrong he has been. He is touched, he becomes conscious of his fault. The strong man is dissolved in tears.

"Courage!" says Marie, holding out her hand to him with a charming frankness. "Courage! you are forgiven—you will not offend again!"

"Never, never!" says the impostor-husband, falling on his knees and kissing her hand hysterically. Begs pardon, too, of Edouard; who promises to think no more about it. The wretched man is to be seen at

the Morgue during all the next week, at any hour from ten till six. It preyed upon his mind—that feeling of having marred the happiness of two such angelic beings.

What with the dull yellow overhead and rumination on the sad catastrophe of the sea-green romance, the traveller begins to grow sleepy. Sleepy, even in despite of the hollow roaring outside, as though the ear were being held eternally to a gigantic shell; in despite of wild crashing through tunnels and of wilder swooping through stations, whose lamps, red and green, whose illuminated waiting-rooms would all dart past like flashes of lightning; in despite of such alarms I begin to doze, and must have dozed and dreamed for a good round hour, when I wake up wearily, and my eyes light on the swarthy figure opposite, who is gesticulating wildly and talking loudly at the top of his voice. This time he was in a terrible rage that swarthy bandit, eating his glossy moustaches with passion, and snarling, dog-fashion. He was standing up too.

"I tell you, it was no other than you led me into this! You and your triply accursed wheedling."

"You know, dearest Carlo, whatever I may have said, I thought it would be for the best," the Velvet-Hood said. She seemed to be weeping.

"Ah! sorceress," he replied, between his teeth, "that smooth witch's tongue of yours! The two tigers will hunt us down,—that is, will hunt me down. And do you suppose they will spare me? No! they will kill me, like a dog: twice over, if they could! O mon dieu! mon dieu! it makes me tremble and shrink away to think of it." Here he fell back and rolled on the seat in an agony of terror.

"Dear friend," said Velvet-Hood in that gentle tone of hers, "do not give way thus. They do not know at this moment that we have fled. We have escaped them entirely."

"And tell me this," he said, starting up, "whose was that face I saw at the half-opened jalousie. They were spying, the devils!"

"Imagination, dear friend."

"Woman's nonsense! I tell thee they are chasing us at this instant. They know it all, and woe to me if they find us."

"It is the last train, mon ami, Heaven be praised, so they must tarry until morning."

"Ay, but the brother is great with the postes and the police direction. What may not that do? Look to those long wires. Besides, O mon dieu! mon dieu! is there not a train some two or three hours later? O heavens! if there should be!"

"No, no," said the Velvet-Hood, "why disturb yourself with these delusions?"

"Monsieur is not asleep," he said, turning sharply on me. "Monsieur will set us right on the matter."

I was sure there was no such train; but

fortunately had a railway guide with me. He consulted it greedily.

"There is, there is!" he said with a sort of shriek. "Now we are lost, indeed! I shall die! O, I shall die!"

"Allow me to look," I said, taking it from him. He was right. There was a train that started some hour and half after the express train, but went no further than one half of the road. "The gentleman is right," I said. "There is a train not very far behind us now."

"O, Scélérate!" he said, turning on her and clutching her arm. "I could kill you this instant!"

She gave a short shriek.

"Have a care, sir," I said indignantly. "You must use the lady gently. I will suffer no violence in this carriage."

He cowered down and cringed. "No, no, monsieur, I did not so mean it. I have been much fretted; I have a great trouble on my mind." So they both relapsed into their whispering again.

What a curious mystery was here? A much more interesting mystery than that of Edouard and Marie, as set out in the sea-green romance. Something tragic, like enough, to come of it; which issue I was not to see in all probability.

An hour past midnight by the clock, the figures being made out dimly by the yellow light. Here slackening of pace, and stray lights shooting by—signs as of nearing station. By the railway guide it is discovered that there is an important half-way house approaching: centre where lines meet and radiate away to right and left. Flashing of lights going by slowly, illuminated chambers seen through open doors, luxuriously garnished with couches and mirrors—going by; crystal pavilions with refecton laid out—going by; men calling out names—going by; and then halt. Halt for some five-and-twenty minutes, more or less.

The Night Express has disgorged itself of a sudden; flooding the platform with population. What will my companions do? The bandit has been biting his nails in silence for some minutes back.

"I am thirsty, O, so thirsty," says he at last.

"Descend then, my friend, and refresh yourself," suggests Velvet-Hood.

"What precious advice," he said in his snarling way. "Should I not keep close and retired? Yet she tells me: show yourself abroad."

"It would be wiser, certainly," she said, gently.

"But I have a thirst as of Inferno in my throat. I must go. I can wrap this cloak about my face."

"Do so, in Heaven's name." And he stole past me out of the carriage; crawling down the steps like a serpent. I was left with Velvet-Hood.

"Madame has had a weary journey," I said, burning with curiosity to learn something of the mystery.

"It is only the beginning, Monsieur," she said. Then rising, she came over, and placed herself exactly fronting me. She stooped forward to speak, and I saw into the velvet hood. A round, pale face, with saffron hair; with a composed, gentle expression, in keeping with the voice.

"What do you make of all this?" she said, earnestly. "Speak quickly."

What could I make? I would confess to Madame that it embarrassed me not a little. It bore the look of an adventure.

"An adventure, indeed! Would you suppose that I am flying from my husband: from a cruel, persecuting monster?"

I was a Briton, and had Britons' old-fashioned notions about such things. "H'm, indeed!" I was saying, drawing myself up stiffly enough.

"Ah!" continued Velvet-Hood, reading me with a Frenchwoman's quickness, "I know what you think of it. But, if you could learn what a wretch he is. Sir, he beats me with his long riding-whip, if I go so much as look from a window. See!" and with a strange confidence, she let down the Velvet Hood, and showed the back of her neck and shoulders; where there was a long, raw welt, quite red and angry.

"H'm!" I said, "highly improper treatment, no doubt." I was still the dry Briton; but was growing more mystified every instant.

"Sir," she continued, "that was this morning's work. See, again;" and she had stripped her arm in an instant. "That is his bite! Ah! the savage! And he is a marquis of the purest blood in France. Was I to stay—to stay to be lashed and bitten?"

"H'm! certainly not. That is—"

"That is—that is, of course. I know the tune. He was right, of course. Fortunately, there was this noble Neapolitan gentleman to stand between me and this vile oppression—this woman-beating!"

"Pardon me, Madame; but from what I have seen—"

"He is naturally a little timorous. But has a gallant heart for all that. I am under safeguard of his honour, and he will take me to his Neapolitan estates, where his mother and sisters live."

"H'm!" I said; "quite correct."

"Yes," she went on. "There we will stay until this wife-beating monster dies. Dieu merci! he is near to seventy."

"That is the arrangement?" I said.

"That is the arrangement. Carlo is fearful of pursuit; but there is no danger. There is my brother, too, another savage—a bully——"

"Most curious history," I said.

Here the Neapolitan appeared at the door,

glouring at us both. Velvet-Hood was back in her place in an instant.

Said he, in his snarling way, his black eyes shooting out sparkles. "What is this hole and corner work? These confidences when I am gone—speak?"

"Sir," I said, "what do you mean?" I did not over relish that tone of his.

The old cringing way was on him again in an instant.

"Sir, there is no offence to you whatever. I had forgotten myself but for an instant. Accept my humblest excuses." Then, under his teeth, "Ah, Scélérate! I could whip you worse than ever did that husband of yours."

I turned from him with contempt. Wonderful mystery! How she could tolerate this other mean-souled spaniel of a Neapolitan! But there she sat, quite composed and smiling even, with the velvet hood thrown back.

"Don't fret yourself, Carlo, dearest. It is a weary journey, doubtless, but we shall soon be through it."

"Through it!" he said, roughly, pushing away the hand that was laid upon his arm,—he was an unredeemed savage—"how shall you tell me that? What do you know of it? Ah! I have no patience with your idle talk! My soul is sick with suspense."

"Courage," said Velvet-Hood. "Hark! there is the bell! One more halting-place, and we are safe."

As she spoke we began to move slowly, and the express shot forth again into the darkness. The great sea-shells were held to our ears again, and we once more settled ourselves back in our places, against a long spell of journeying. I had taken in a fresh store of that sea-green aliment, just as engine had been taking in store of coke and water; but, though there was a second Edouard and Marie, whose history seemed deeply interesting—still, with eyes tolerably bleared and drowsy brain, it was not possible to do much in that way. Those who sat opposite seemed to have been wearied out of their troubles. The Velvet-Hood sleeping tranquilly; but the Neapolitan still kept watch—shooting his eyes from right to left, ceaselessly. So the Marseilles express went forward through the night and grey morning, too. Until, grown drowsy myself, the sea-green romance slipped away down to the bottom of the carriage.

No more consciousness until a loud, despairing engine-shriek, prolonged infinitely, roused me up. The Neapolitan had his hands clasped and was calling out piteously: "O Mercy! Mercy! Signors! O, gentle signors, listen to me! Spare, spare—ah, 'tis cold. Where are we now? Wake, wake!"

He jostled his companion as he spoke. She roused up in a moment, and turned to him with that strange sweetness of hers.

"Are you refreshed, Carlo?" she said,

putting back the velvet hood and smoothing her hair.

"Tell me what hour it is," he said.

She consulted a little jewelled watch hanging at her waist. "Half-past four," she said, with a smile. "How the hours have run on!"

So they had. There was a cold, blueish atmosphere abroad, and the three night travellers were shivering miserably with the cold of that early morning. Some stray men in blouses were going to their work; but they had not been up all night.

The train was slackening its speed: it was drawing near that other halting place. More platform, more range of offices, gliding by in the cold, blueish light. There are some early morning travellers closely muffled up, but very fresh and buoyant, standing ready, and waiting for the express. Very different from the bleared, haggard souls who were pouring out upon the platform.

But a short span for stoppage here: barely five minutes. No stir from my two companions.

"Mordieu! why do they not go forward? I tremble with the cold. Feel me. O, I am very miserable, heart and body!"

"Wrap this about you," Velvet-Hood said, taking her shawl from her shoulders and putting it round him. "There!"

He looked at her surlily.

"How quiet you take all this!" he said. "Have you any nerves, or feeling?"

She laughed pleasantly.

"Should you ask that, after——"

"Don't—don't!" he said, covering up his face. "O, I could cry now—cry my eyes and heart out! Why don't they go forward?"

At this moment the door was softly opened, and one of the brisk, muffled travellers stepped in. He had a little handy valise, which he put on the seat beside him, and a snug comforter about his neck. "Fine, fresh morning it was," he said, as he loosed his comforter: "good for the country."

"What is this delay?" the Neapolitan said, gruffly. "Why do we not go forward?"

"They were getting up the passports," the brisk man believed. "No, it could not be that either. Ah! here they are."

The door opens again. Three gentlemen in black standing near the steps; one ascends them with a paper in his hand.

"All here have come down from Paris?" he says, interrogatively.

"Yes," I answer, being next the door, "excepting this gentleman."

"Pardon, Messieurs," the lady remarks, quite composed. "We only got in at the last halting-place; some twenty leagues or so back."

"Never mind," says the gentleman with the paper; "the lady and gentleman yonder must descend. There is a mistake about their baggage. They must please to hasten themselves."

All this while the Neapolitan has been turning white and red, his teeth chattering galvanically. "Don't trouble yourselves," he says faintly, "it is no matter about the baggage; we can leave it; we do not care."

"By no means," Velvet-Hood says sweetly; "we could not afford that, Messieurs. What is to become of my poor toilette; which is sufficiently disarranged already. Rather let us descend."

"No! no!" the Neapolitan cried, clinging to the arms of the seat with both hands. "Leave us!"

"Sacré!" exclaims one of the gentlemen near the steps, "are they coming down?"

"Now, mon ami," Velvet-Hood said, rising and passing him, "be reasonable. Let us go, if they require us so particularly. Adieu, Monsieur," she said sweetly, turning to me. Then she drew the velvet hood close over her face. The Neapolitan had to be well nigh dragged from the carriage.

A dim suspicion took possession of me.

"What can it all mean?" I said aloud.

"An affair of police simply," the fresh man remarked. He had, curiously enough, taken up his handy valise, and was preparing to go too. "A veteran gentleman was murdered last night in Paris by his wife (a grisette he had married off the pavé) and his courier. Suspicion—telegraph—nothing more. It is very simple. This lady and gentleman who have just left us are singularly like the description. Good morning, sir—good voyage, sir!"

With that he bowed himself down the steps; a shrill shriek from the engine, impatient to go forward. Well it might, now that what it waited for was accomplished.

The Neapolitan and Velvet-Hood, waiting wearily in the private room of the station, must have heard with heavy heart the shrill departing shriek dying off in the distance.

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THE FIRST IDEA OF EVERYTHING.

LONG before Pythagoras discovered the properties of numbers, nature had ruled her arithmetical slate, and extracted her cube roots and her squares. Long before the decade was inaugurated in France, in imitation of an extinct people, ten had been made the typical number of digits in mammalia, as seven was the type of the cervical vertebræ, whether long and flexile as in the giraffe, short as in the elephant, firm as in the whale, or erect as in the man. Two, the patriarch of numerical generation, is the prevailing number in the lowest division of plants, the acrogenous or flowerless: thus, two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four, &c., are the number of teeth in the mouth of the capsules in mosses; and if the author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* be right, and Oken more than a mere dreamer, the lower contains the germs of the higher; and, from the multiples of the simplest form of addition, spring both the highest forms of vegetable life and the widest scientific combinations. Three, or its multiples, is the typical number of the next class of plants, the monocotyledonous or endogenous—of plants which have parallel-veined leaves; and also of the joints of typical digits. Was any such scientific secret lying hidden beneath the roots of the old Brahminical lotus bearing the triune God—Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer—as belongs emphatically to the supreme and archetypal Hand? Four is the crystalline number—the alphabet of the whole geometry of crystallography; for crystals, like stars, are under strict geometric laws.* Five, with its multiples, is the prevailing number in the highest class of plants, the dicotyledonous or exogenous, of plants with reticulated veins or branches; typical also of the fingers and toes of vertebrate animals, and of frequent occurrence among star-fishes. There are also five senses, five gateways by which all the processions of knowledge may enter. One, two, three, five, eight, thirteen, twenty-one, thirty-four; any two immediately preceding numbers giving the succeeding one; regulate the arrangement of the leaf-appendages of plants generally, and, in particular, of the

leaves and scales on the cones of firs and pines. The same arrangement holds good in some economic processes, and is even a subtler form of calculation than that which ruined the unfortunate vizier, who staked a single grain of corn on the first square of the chess-board, to be doubled on itself on every square on the table, and found himself a beggar at the end. Six is the proportional number of carbon in chemistry; and three multiplied by two is a common number in the floral organs of monocotyledonous plants. Seven is found in only one order, heptandria; but, as we have seen, it passes from the vegetable to the zoological world, and is the number of vertebræ in the neck of mammalia, as well as the typical number of rings in the head, thorax, and abdomen of crustacea. Eight is the definite number for oxygen, the most universal element in nature, and very common in the organs of sea-jellies. Nine is rare as a typical number in animate nature; but it has peculiar properties in its own sphere, standing like the very Delphi of the arithmetical table; self-centred, indestructible, ineffaceable, always re-appearing, whole and entire under every combination—like the life-germ of the rabbis, that wonderful imperishable bone, from which will be re-formed the whole body on the day of resurrection, and which no violence can break, kill, or annihilate. Ten, or five multiplied by two, is found in star-fishes, and is the number of digits on the fore and hind limbs of animals.

So far, then, as this rapid and superficial summary goes, we have found that our calculating machines, our sums in addition, and our progressive numbers were all in full force in nature, long before the Egyptian priests taught the Greek sage, or the Sabæans studied the portents of the heavens.

Before, too, careful housewives framed that matchless axiom of the household, Everything in its right time, nature had put the same order into her times, as we have seen she did into her numbers. The magnetic variations are periodical; the seasons are in order; and plants have their times. Hyacinths forced to premature bloom one year will neither flower nor propagate the next, and the mistimed watcher suffers as much from the inversion of natural periods as from either

* See Household Words, Volume 15, page 414.

anxiety or fatigue. Long, long before M. Chevreul published his Theory of Colours, or the Sydenham palace gardeners planted their complementary beds, nature had repudiated all daubing of her canvas and incongruity of colouring, and had arranged her palette and her colour-box according to what scientific men have only just now found out to be true chromatic law. Never are red and blue found on the same organ, or in actual contact on the same plant; and always may you find bits of complementary colour put in somewhere, if you only look for them closely enough. Thus, if the flower be yellow, will there surely be a purple point on the stalk or the leaf, or on some part of the corolla; if it be purple, then you have a golden point painted in instead; always, in short, is the complementary colour obtained, though never so minutely touched, on the humblest little bract or sepal. This is a statement very easy of verification; for, from the red points on the buds of the blue *Myosotis* with its golden eyes, to the broad division into purple and gold of the dignified heartsease; from the dark purple tips on the seed-vessels of the yellow gorse, and the reddened lilac of the primrose-stalk, to the violet-coloured heart and yellow shadings on the tender leaves of the crimson fuchsia, learned men say that never can you find a plant which does not contain in some fashion the three primal colours; either simple, or combined into their secondaries.

Before Euclid existed, before Phidias and Praxiteles wrought the glories of the Parthenon, before mathematicians calculated and reasoned, or mathematical instrument-makers formed a distinct branch of workers in brass and steel; before little-goes were instituted, and men spoilt their handwriting by scrawling their examination papers—Nature, our great schoolmistress, calmly settled the first and latest laws of geometry. To her star-clusters she gave geometric forms; some she made spiral, others round; others again she flattened out into a disc-like shape, and others she left angular. To her minerals she gave mathematical forms and precise angles, and her crystals are typical of geometry. Men have named from her cones, the conic sections which have been too hard for many a poor brain to master. And not only conic sections, but she also scattered a series of beautiful rhomboidal figures, with definite angles, on the surface of her lime or fire-cones. Hexagonal cells, the one form which men have found to contain maximum strength with maximum space, were inaugurated in the honeycomb in the beginning of time, while the cycloid curve, the swiftest line of descent discovered by Leibnitz, and Newton, and L'Hôpital—all set calculating by John Bernouille's letter to the learned men of Europe, challenging them to solve that problem—had been solved, discovered, and practised centuries before; whenever, indeed, an eagle

swooped down upon his prey; for he swooped in the true cycloid curve, or swiftest line of descent.

Before the first clumsy sail was hoisted by a savage hand, the little Portuguese man-of-war, that frailest and most graceful nautilus boat, had skimmed over the seas, with all its feathery sails set in the pleasant breeze; and before the great British Admiralty marked its anchors with the Broad Arrow, muscles and pinna had been accustomed to anchor themselves by flukes to the full as effective as the iron ones in the government dockyards. The duck used oars before we did; and rudders were known by every fish with a tail, countless ages before human pilots handled tillers; the floats on the fisherman's nets were prefigured in the bladders on the seaweed; the glow-worm and the firefly held up their lighthouses before pharos or beacon-tower guided the wanderer among men; and, as long before Phipps brought over the diving-bell to this country as the creation, spiders were making and using air-pumps to descend into the deep. Our bones were moved by tendons and muscles long before chains and cords were made to pull heavy weights from place to place. Nay, until quite lately—leaving these discoveries to themselves—we took no heed of the pattern set us in the backbone, with the arching ribs springing from it, to construct the large cylinder which we often see now attaching all the rest of a set of works. This has been a very modern discovery; but, prior even to the first man, Nature had cast such a cylinder in every ribbed and vertebrate animal she had made. The cord of plaited iron too, now used to drag machinery up inclined planes, was typified in the backbones of the eels and snakes in Eden: tubular bridges and hollow columns had been in use since the first bird with hollow bones flew through the wood, or the first reed waved in the wind. Strange that the principle of the Menai Straits' railway bridge, and of the iron pillars in the Crystal Palace, existed in the Arkite dove, and in the bulrushes that grew round the cradle of Moses! Our railway tunnels are wonderful works of science, but the mole tunneled with its foot, and the pholas with one end of its shell, before our navvies handled pick or spade upon the heights of the iron roads: worms were prior to gimlets, ant-lions were the first funnel-makers, a beaver showed men how to make their mill-dams, and the pendulous nests of certain birds swung gently in the air before the keen wit of even the most loving mother laid her nursling in a rocking-cradle. The carpenter of olden time lost many useful hours in studying how to make the ball and socket-joint which he bore about with him in his own hips and shoulders; the universal joint, which filled all men with wonder when first discovered, he had in his wrist; in the jaws of all flesh-eating animals

his huge one-hinge joint, in the graminivora and herbivora, the joint of free motion for grinding. Millstones were set up in our molars and in the gizzards of birds before the Egyptian women ground their corn between two stones, and the crushing teeth of the hyena, make the best models we know of for hammers to break stones on the road. The tongue of certain shell-fish—of the limpet, for instance—is full of siliceous spines which serve as rasp and drill; and knives and scissors were carried about in the mandibles and beaks of primeval bees and parrots.

The leech and parasite fishes bled men before Sangrado's time, and the gnat and many other insects furnished lancets to cupping-glasses. Gas-pipes and drains were pre-formed in blood-vessels and leaf-veins: the first valves were made in the blood-receiving heart; and trap-doors, shutting only one way, were set across sundry internal passages of the mammalian world. The flood-gates of locks and docks might have been long ago studied in the two cartilaginous plates set at the back of the crocodile's mouth, by which he can shut off all communication between his mouth and throat; thus, while holding his prey under water, still being able to breathe: and the first idea of the iron-girders of the Crystal Palace came (we believe confessedly) from a study of the girders stretching across and supporting the under side of the huge leaf of the Victoria regia. Our sharpshooters and scouts and riflemen dress themselves to be as undistinguishable as possible when out in action, or while lying in wait: long ago the young turbot did the same, when he took the hue of the sand whereon he rests; and, following the same law, the chameleon-fish becomes a brownish purple in deep water and yellowish green in shallow. The spectre insects and walking leaves of the East are the very copies of the things among which they dwell—like dead leaves or dried-up twigs, like green leaves or perambulating buds—every one of them; and the tropical spiders, that live in crevices and holes, are dingy and dirty, while those hiding among the flowers are as bright as the flowers themselves.* The sportsman dresses himself in a certain brown or grey, known to the tailoring world, ignorant of the why and stumbling by chance on first principles, as fitted for his purposes: but the red grouse and the red deer were heath-coloured before tailors fashioned their celebrated sporting suits, and the lapwing and the curlew laid their eggs like in colour to the pasture that was to hide them. Before, too, the axiom of like from like had obtained in our breeding-studs, Nature had set us a very beautiful example of the law in her pine forests, if in nothing else. The Norway spruce bears cones like itself, thin, tall, and elegant; the stone-pine—great, broad-based

and pyramidal—has cones broad and apical: Coulter's pine is round and heavy and bulky—so are its cones; while the cluster-pine is perfect in proportion and perfect in expression of strength—the monarch and the leafy Jove of the forest-pine.

The insect world is overwhelming in types of forms and fashions and arts and sciences, in present use. Carpenter and mason, wood-stainer and shell-box maker, are to be seen any day among the bees and the wasps, the ants and the caddis-worms. Cells were hung with scarlet-leaf upholstery before we put up our curtains, or knew the value of brilliant colours in gloomy places; and nests and breeding-cells were lined with the softest moss and most silky fibres, while human infants wailed in undressed cowhides, or, hitched up as paposes, stared blankly on their savage mothers roasting roots in heated ashes.

In nothing have we originated ideas, in nothing have we created. Even Baptista Porta's mythical monsters, so long received among national and nursery creeds, are now known to have been uncreate even in imagination, and to have been simply varieties of species, or hybrids, exaggerated by ignorance or superstition. Man has thus been indebted to Nature for the very models of his invented lies. His three great types of political society, the monarchical, oligarchical, and democratic, may be found among insect and other communities, not enrolled in historic records; and every moral characteristic he possesses finds its prototype among creatures of lower intelligence. The forethought of the ant, the activity of the bee, the faithfulness of the dog, the stupid ferocity of the buffalo, the cruel foulness of the hyena, and the savage rage of the tiger, are they not all emblems of man's moral state? Are there not also among us individuals who hiss at nothing, like frightened geese; who cackle, for all the world to hear, over their diminutive eggs; who thrust their heads into holes, and fancy no one sees their tail-feathers sticking out; who bray as loud as lions roar, because the wind is in the east, or the rain is coming from the south; who strut to their own shadows, like peacocks in the sun, and prowl about their neighbours' henroosts like foxes in the night? Do we not all know of patient camels, bearing their weary loads with sad pathetic faces void of complaint; and of proud shy horses, with soft mouths and irritable nerves, who have to be coaxed into prancing in their harness? Is there a schoolboy or an office-man, among us who cannot name the dogged bullock, plodding under the yoke, the race-horse, who breaks his heart in emulation, the brave dog harnessed to too heavy a truck, the monkey, who only imitates for mischief, and can never be brought to usefulness or good? Have we not patriarchal goats among us, and placid milch-cows?

* See also Spiders in Disguise, Household Words, Volume 3, page 46.

Are there not, in all congregations of men, sheep who follow where the bell-wether leads; and is not the black-bird scouted or pecked to death by his brethren among swans, as among Christians? Do not ants make slaves, and are there not in apiaries and fornicaries knights templars, and amazons, warlike vestals and monks militant, as there have been among men? Is there never a sleek tabby with velvet paws and deadly claws among the purring spinsters of a social tea? Is there never snugly coiled up on the ministerial benches, a rat who left a falling house and an adverse cause? Is the lion, jealous and unapproachable, without human compeer both in the west and east. Is the ibis the only scavenger of the cities? and has not even the crocodile his faithful, humble friend? Was a spider's net never spun in a lawyer's office? and to what dried-up anatomies does not the Court of Chancery reduce its fattest blue-bottles? Other societies, besides those of crows and starlings, avenge themselves on their offending members; the mantis is not the only hypocrite of pious seeming and deadly intent,—there are men, like white ants, who undermine your roof-tree, and eat away the heart of your trusty staff, so that when you lean your weight on it you are flung prostrate on the ground; and there are men like musk-rats who taint and pollute wherever they pass.

Turn where we will for science, for art, for poetic imagery, for human characteristics, we still find prototypes and models in Nature. She is in truth the omnipotent mother whom once the Ephesians typified as their Diana; the fountain head and well-spring of all life, and all intelligence.

And the more we truly know of Nature, the greater must be the admiration and wonder, and the more profound the humility, with which we pass from her to her Creator.

A PHANTOM OPERA.

ON the evening of the twentieth of April, I went to the Opera-house in Covent Garden, provided with an order for admission by the kindness of Mr. Gye, the proprietor. I arrived at a quarter-past seven o'clock, humming an air from the Huguenots; the Opera I had seen placarded all over the town; to commence precisely at eight. When I got out of my cab in Bow Street, I fancied for the first time that something was wrong. I was put down before a dingy hoarding, above which arose, against the clear moonlit-sky, a tangled web of scaffold-poles, ropes, ladders, columns without capitals, capitals without columns, pails, baskets, lods, planks, and shouting men. I entered at a rude workman's door, inside which stood a door-keeper, sheltered by a small hut upon wheels. I delivered the order of Mr. Gye with some hesitation, but was immediately relieved from any

doubt by being requested to follow a guide who would conduct me to my seat in the building. I resumed the humming of the air.

We threaded our way with difficulty through heaps of sand, small hillocks of mortar and cement, earth-sifters, spades, pick-axes, carts, horses, blocks of stone and piles of timber, towards a low, cavernous, dimly-lighted opening, at the foot of the lofty side-wall of the theatre. In the dusk, we passed troops of men, marching steadily forward with heavy loads on their backs; and I noticed that the prevailing style of evening dress was fustian trowsers, tucked up over laced-up boots, surmounted by a clayey, whitey-brown shirt. As we approached the building, I heard a loud sound, but not a shout of harmony. It was composed of the metallic-ringing of trowels, the echoing blows of various-sized hammers upon various-sized bodies, the dabbing of cement upon walls, the soft simmering of smoothing-boards, the harsh grating of saws, the full whistle of large planes, the falling of masses of timber, the iron rattle of pulleys, and the hum and shouts of men busily setting all these things in motion. Stooping under the low arch, and crossing a tottering plank, I left my companion, and found myself standing in the pit of the great Opera-house. No white and gold decorations; no satin elbow cushions; no velvet seats; no crowded orchestra with green-shaded lamps; no full, bulging curtain; no galaxy of wreathed beauty; no chandeliers; no lognettes; but the aspect of a dismantled cotton-mill—a mixture of Lisbon after the great earthquake, and the ruins of the Coliseum, with the chaotic workshop of a Leviathan building-contractor turned into them.

I have seen many Opera-houses, in Europe; but never such an Opera-house as this. I climb up as best I can, from the earthen passage that runs round the house (a fops' alley that would drive fops mad, so stuffed with mortar-heaps, rough timber, and tenpenny nails), and obtain a footing upon a fortuitous concourse of planks that form the elevation of the pit. Up from the centre of the flooring into the distant roof runs a rough pine-tree pole, round which is a large hoop of gas, which lights the building efficiently, but rudely, as if it were a travelling circus. Up in the roof is a star-shaped scaffolding, with many thousands of planks, looking like paper-knives, or old-fashioned broad matches, radiating in all directions.

There is a moderate audience as to numbers; but their conduct is singular in the extreme. The Opera is essentially a lounge: the Opera-goer is essentially a lounge. There are people who work at Opera-going, as they would work even at opium-eating: people who run with industriously-idle curiosity after particular vocal stars; people who barricade theatre-entrances from the middle of the afternoon; people who struggle pain-

fully up stair-cases and along passages,—individual embodiments of that fearful, restless Anglo-Saxon energy, which, merely to look upon, drives the pure loungee to distraction. The body of Opera-goers are toned down by refinement and aristocratic ease. They toil not, neither do they spin.

But here their sacred temple of taste, luxury, and melodious idleness, is given over to the frantic hunger for exertion of the flannel-jacketed, blue-shirted maniacs of toil. Turn my eyes wherever I will, instead of the bright eyes and beaming faces of my lovely country-women, I see dirty men engaged in a fierce war with inanimate matter. They strike it sometimes gently, sometimes heavily with hammers; they drive into it long nails; they chip it with sharp chisels; they cut it with sliding planes, they swing it by means of ropes in mid-air, they hurl it from giddy elevations down into yawning earth-gulfs below. Sometimes they pause a few moments for rest or consideration; but only to renew the attack with more energy than ever.

I look towards the stage, and find it nothing but a number of thin planks, sticking upwards like hop-poles. Far beneath these planks are dark brick arches, and black passages, under which little knots of labourers are conversing mysteriously, and in and out of which tramps a procession of dirty powdered men with hods of mortar upon their shoulders. A bare wooden proscenium hangs suspended from the rafters over a dark earthen gulf, where the orchestra should be—long, broad, and deep enough to swallow all the Opera bands of Europe. Stretching up on each side, and across the back, is the scooped-out expanse of the stage, looking like the undeveloped plan of one of our large public squares. Lofty, solid blocks of clean, new brickwork; large archways and gaps showing the thickness of the walls; heaps of dirt, dust, and brick-rubbish; iron girders; strong rude galleries running high up along the walls. Above all, more fan-like covering of planks, through which dangle dusty boots and legs; from which men slide down ropes into the dusky pit beneath; and from lath to lath of which men hop, serenely unheeding of their danger; pursuing their allotted task of labour, even to the gates of death. At the back of the stage, underneath the painting gallery, on a raised platform, intended for the machinists' workshop, is a long row of men in paper caps, cutting, smoothing, and hammering for their lives, by the light of a line of flickering gas jets. It is the only grouping in the theatre that presents anything like stage effect; and, although I have long given up all hopes of the Huguenots, I still look in this direction for a chorus taking the form of a benediction of the trowels.

Climbing over ragged timber, running up and down tilting planks, jumping over prostrate poles, bonneted by overhanging rafters,

hustled up dark, uneven, unfinished stair-cases by dusty labourers, deafened by the ceaseless din of the discord of work, my boots and trowsers soiled with whitewash and mortar, choked with a dust compounded of a dozen different materials, I begin to feel that I, too, am *not* an Arcadian, and I thread my way painfully and timidly to the galleries above the stage, in search of comparative repose. I find the galleries, but I find no rest. The din reaches me there, if anything, with increased force; and, as I look from the stage towards the interior of the house, I see the little hives of industry in full activity. Up in the galleries, amongst the cobwebs of wood-work, are little glimmering lamps; centres of nodding heads directing upraised arms that strike and pause, and pause and strike again. Carrying my eye round the circle of the boxes, the novelty of the sight is still more apparent.

What is it that I am looking at? Is it a sectional view of some model lodging-house; the interior of an unfinished emigrants' hotel at the Bendigo diggings; or a theatre erected in the wilds of Ballarat to provide the imported luxury of deal boarded private boxes for successful miners, who are determined to have the genteel thing, and hang the expense? In one bare wooden box, seated on a rough stool, is a melancholy looking lad, gazing vacantly at the monotonous performances below; and unconsciously imitating the aspect of some fastidious musical critic, who is dissatisfied with the execution of a new German singer, or the composition of an hitherto untried Opera. Another box has an air of domestic comfort about it, savouring of the model lodging-house. Coat and a hat are hanging up; and, in addition to a stool, there is something that looks from this distance like a table. A good apartment and fitting for a single young man. In another compartment are two men in familiar conversation, and common clothes. They may be discussing the merits and demerits of the entertainment; and they diffuse for a little distance around them the idea of workmen attending a working-man's Opera, at a working-man's Opera-house. In other neighbouring boxes are men engaged in nailing up and papering the walls; and this carries us back again to the idea of an emigrants' hotel. Some are coming in or going out of doors; some are in their shirt-sleeves; some are talking from the open, unfronted apertures to their friends in the boxes above or the pit below. Generally the favourite means of access from the gallery to the lower portions of the building, in this very primitive theatre, seem to be by ropes and ladders extending from the one to the other. The line of what I should consider the dress-circle, presents the appearance of a row of shops; unopened as yet in a new settlement, and awaiting

patiently the different trading stamps which are to be set upon them by enterprise and capital.

The floor is alive with heads, the roof is alive with legs,—heads and legs of dark, light, black, white, brown, and slate-coloured men. I am disturbed in my gallery and my reverie, by an insidious labourer, who first makes himself and me thirsty by sweeping a lot of dust, shavings, and broken brick together in a corner behind me, and then hopes that the workmen may have the pleasure of drinking my "onner's 'elth."

"How many of you are there?" I inquire, resigning myself placidly to this begging box-keeper.

"Eight 'underd, yer 'onner."

"Eight hundred at a shilling a-piece. A hundred shillings is five pounds. Eight times five is forty. Forty pounds for beer! Take it, and be happy!"

A shout of joy rang through the building. The heads wagged furiously on the floor beneath; the legs kicked violently through the roof of planks above. The lights began to die out, one by one. The performances were over for that evening. Sudden silence came upon the weary ear at last. I joined the stream of earnest, steady labour pouring through the dark passages, over the sand hills and under the sheds, into the street once more.

No matter what I see now, or what I may see hereafter, I shall always believe, to my dying day, that all that army of eight hundred trained labourers, was, on the evening of the twentieth of April, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, employed with all its will and all its strength—not in erecting—but in pulling to pieces, stone by stone, splinter by splinter, and brick by brick, the mighty structure of the Italian Opera House in Covent Garden.

THE BALCOMBE STREET MYSTERY.

I.

SOME thirty or forty years since, there used to be a great house, at the corner of a hilly street, in that day known by the name of Balcombe Street. It may be doubted if any one could find Balcombe Street now. Most likely, the commissioners have long ago come down in that direction, and quietly put Balcombe Street out of the world. Oldest inhabitants used to tell how it had once been a fashionable neighbourhood, and there were dusky traditions of a Chief Justice, great counsellors, and other men of law, having rather fancied the quarter, it being within an easy walk of Chancery-lane. But these legal glories had long departed. Dilapidation was quietly eating its way down the street: down to the tall mansion at the corner.

For that matter—showing as yet no signs of outward corruption—it was a very imposing structure indeed, and in the days of its legal

jubilee must have been glorified by the presence of the defunct chief justice. It was known disparagingly as Maldon's Folly, though nobody seemed to be aware who Maldon was, or where his foolishness had broken out. Very likely the folly had never been paid for, or perhaps Maldon had paid for it, and been broken in consequence, or had been taken in execution, or otherwise legally inconvenienced. Whatever might have been the secret, the neighbours had always accepted Maldon's Folly as it stood, and asked no questions. It was still a handsome, well-saved edifice, with a high, cavernous porch, and abundance of florid iron railing, twisted fancifully in the old French fashion. Standing under the shadow of that portico, having heard the great knocker sound hollowly, strange influences as of ghostly dinner parties, of heavy legal merriment and sound judicial port, came floating forth from within. Dark and dispiriting was the atmosphere of the entrance-hall, light from the church window over the landing falling dimly on the great polished knobs and thick twisted pillars which formed the balustrade of the broad staircase. Overhead there were vast chambers of reception, where the deceased chief justice had doubtless sat, and held his levées, and been waited on obsequiously by men learned in the law. This might have been in the awful front room, which was garnished with huge immovable structures, in the shape of toppling cabinets and creaking pillar and claw tables, which it would take the strength of many men to stir.

There lived in the old house in Balcombe Street a family, that was, to a certain degree, in keeping with the tenement; a lonely family that kept to itself; that saw but few people, and that were written down by neighbours as odd and queer. Those who knew them could say no more than this;—that they were a cold, sapless, incomprehensible race, from whom all the kindest juices of human nature had been dried out. Who knows but that, living in such a dark, dismal atmosphere, might account for much of these strange ways: perhaps, too, the having come of a strange stock (the grandfather being an eccentric who shunned his fellows, and wore his clothes to rags, and kept on a cocked hat in the house) had something more to do with their self-contained dryness. This grandfather had given up his soul in the chief justice's rooms, and the cocked hat was lying still in the drawer of a black oak wardrobe, that fronted the mausoleum bed, just in the same manner as Mr. Collier Lyttleton, the grandson, inhaled law all night long, in the dun room underneath. Yes, there was the dun room exactly underneath: and one round of the well staircase left you at the door of the chief justice's apartment. It was a terrible shaft, sunk clean through the house; through which those who stood in the hall looked up at the sky-light in

the roof, as from the bottom of a coal-pit. And, at the foot of the well staircase was this dun room, where Mr. Lytton, the unemployed barrister, was grinding down his brain against the hard, cold, stony law. Every morning, from five until nine, he was holding his brain to that gritty-wheel; then lifted his head for a space while he walked to chambers, kept it there well down the whole day until dinner; and, from that time out again until midnight: all which cruel grinding left him, still Mr. Lytton, the unemployed: left him besides a tall-stooped, delicate-looking being, with a cold white smile, and thirty-six years of his life gone by. With that cold white smile, however, and a strange, defiant power in his breast, he had struggled on ever since that night when the grandfather had expired with the cocked hat on his head; all which season—a season six years long—he had been fighting off poverty; fighting, too, in a cruel, wearing, grinding, domestic war.

For there was a Mrs. Daxe who lived in the old house, too, and had a room, off the well-staircase. She was a younger sister of that defunct grandsire, a woman, say, of some seventy years old, but strong and full of life, and furnished with a terrible tongue; reviling all things. The gloomy house was hers. It had been left to her by will,—hers whatever money there passed out into the world from that gloomy place. Whatever little moneys the unemployed could gather in might go in part to household expenses, fined down to starvation point, and she would make up the balance. She was own sister to the departed miser, and neighbours said to neighbours that she must have chests of gold and silver—huge iron-bound, crammed chests—lying hidden up and down. What else, indeed, could be the significance of the black carved corner cupboards; and the vast garde-robes, blacker still, and the pigeon holes, and the heavy oak case, each on its four twisted legs; to say nothing of traps where the legs of the bedstead came? Aye, indeed; but, with thus serving out subsistence to the rest, she had back interest for her money, usurious cent. per cent., compound interest.

All in that matter of reviling, coming down the well staircase to revile, bursting in periodically to the dun room with reviling purport, and making him lift his brain from that grindstone to hear her,—passing from him to the other Being that lived there, and on her means. Such surprising interest as she had for her money! That other being was Mary Lytton, sister to Mr. Lytton; who was cold as he was; like him in mind, too, only that with her there was no such thing as Hope; for Hope had long since been driven out of her: ever since, indeed, the day she came under the shadow of that roof, having arrived from a fresh country place, from sweetly-smelling hay and sweeter gardens, full of flowers, in which

company she had lived all her life, to be imprisoned henceforth and for aye in gaol and dismal reformatory. So, from the very first, as has been said, she had cast Hope away from her, almost as soon as the bolt had been shot behind her; and went through her round of duties in a dull, impassive way. She took her share of the reviling with the rest, accepting it with a sort of welcome. It was wonderful to see how Mrs. Daxe thrived upon reviling; drawing from it life, and strength, and vigour; in other words, surprising interest for the money.

She came down one evening to the door of the unemployed's room, and stood outside listening to the grindstone. It was whirring round briskly; particles of brain flying off in sparkles. Case! case! case! statute, point, dietum, precedent and principle! She was come down, having a weary moment on hand, to work an old lever, to rasp him with a favourite grater. The grater was no other than this;—a very good friend had, on the grandfather's death, proffered to the unemployed a place at a desk (mercantile) of the value of two hundred pounds yearly, which offer the barrister had almost scorned—had declined, certainly—from desperate assurance of his own powers, and wild confidence in the walk he had chosen. Better starvation than a desk; welcome consumptive chest and eternal grindstone rather! For this election, however, was to come terrible reckoning; she who furnished him with bread and meat and drink shrieking at him ceaselessly that one upbraiding cry of "Jordan's Place! Jordan's Place! Why did you refuse Jordan's Place?" Shooting it through the tympanum of his ear into his brain, until that cry came to sound in his ears in the middle of nights; waking him from weary dreams. It was astonishing how she worked on him with that grater. The grindstone was torture most sweet and acceptable after it.

On this evening she had come down with the grater newly roughed and whetted; and, with that, another instrument which might come hereafter to be of the same profit. There was a dim candle burning, which was wasting the eyesight of him who read; but it was Mrs. Martha Daxe who furnished it; so there was no reasonable ground of complaint.

"Well!" said Martha Daxe, striding in with that strong, youthful stride of hers; "Suck! suck away! suck it all in! suck away until the day of judgment, and see what good it will do us. You addle-headed fool, do you mind me?"

Mr. Lytton had lifted his brain carefully from off the grindstone, and laid his finger on the particular clause of the act of parliament he was grinding his brain upon, to mark it.

"Do ye mind me?" Grand aunt Daxe

continued in a shriek. "When are ye to get me money? Who is to pay me for my keep of you? When are you to stop this plundering of me? Answer me!"

She pulled away the statutes at large, and the clause in question from under his finger.

"Soon," he said, quite undisturbed; "soon, I am confident. It will all come in a short time."

"How long have you been telling me that story?" she answered. "Beggars that you now and always will be, full of impostor's promises, when are you to have money, I say again?"

"Soon, I am confident, as I told you before."

"Ah-r-r! the same old whining story! Why didn't you take Jordan's place? Not a bit sorry for it now: not a bit sorry; not a bit!"

"No," said Mr. Lyttleton quite calmly. "It was the wisest step I ever took in my life."

"O hear him, the beggar! Why don't I turn these paupers into the street?" She would not have done it for a hundred pounds. But there was that second grater ready now, and waiting to be used. "No," she said, fetching it up; "but I must get my house fuller of them—have more on my hands. Two girls here next week, pauper cousins of your own; that beggar uncle must needs die and leave them without a penny."

A little tinge came for an instant into the barrister's cheek. There had been days once in his life when cousins had come together in that country life, gathering flowers and inhaling that freshly-mown hay together. Cousins, pauper or otherwise, wandering over the green meadows, long, long before that grinding had begun.

"Are you going to have them to live with you?" he said, after a pause. "Conalore and Prue?"

"Ay!" Martha Daxe answered; "and a pretty workhouse full we shall have of it then. But I shall take it out of them. O my! if I won't take it out of them!"

She strode up and down the room, saying that over and over again, Mr. Lyttleton regarding her patiently.

"Look at my money!" she said, stopping suddenly before a row of some half-dozen law books; "see how I am swindled! When will you pay me, I say, for your keep and lodging? When will you give me me money?"

"You will have it one day; I am confident of it as I sit here a living man; so give me peace till then."

"The old sing-song," she said, putting by the grater, "the old trumpety tune."

And with that she turned away, and strode up the well-staircase again. Much invigorated was she by that short interview. It was as good as an elixir to her, and that prospect of two more shortly to arrive, who

would take their share of bitter tonguing, was specially comforting. Why, taking it in this view, that were only a wretched, beggarly curate's daughters (so she put it as she went up the stairs), who, at best, were fit only for tramping the streets (so also she put it), they might think themselves too well off, the low jades!"

"Hi, Ben! Ben Alibone!" she called out down the well-staircase, leaning on her elbows. She had to call twice for that matter, and then a thick-set, burly man, with a squint, and in his shirt sleeves, came out of a cabin door, and stood looking up from the bottom.

"Well!" he said.

"Did you hear me call to you?" she asked.

"I couldn't come sooner," he answered, bluntly. "What do you want now? You always think you can take your time with me; but I won't stand it! What do you want now, I say again?" he answered, leaning himself against the last balustrade; "unless you are minded to begin a-bullying of me."

"Ah-r-r you!" she said, shaking her hand at him.

"Ah-r-r yourself!" he retorted, turning on his heel in through the dark cabin door.

He knew she had no real business with him beyond that mere pastime of bullying, and so went in without a word more. She had her interest out of Ben Alibone's wages, too. He stood up to her, as he himself put it, and gave as good as he got. Such a horrid squint as the man had!

II.

BUT the two low jades, Curate Rhode's daughters—who were to arrive presently in the mean cab, with an old hair trunk on top—it did seem a hard thing that they should be brought in to leech on old Martha Daxe. Hard, certainly, that she should have that bequest of two fair pieces of flesh, born of sixty pounds a year, and with no inheritance beyond the old hair trunk! When, three days after, the mean cab came up and set down the two paupers, there was a certain commotion among neighbours. "Bolt the door behind you, Ben Alibone," was their first greeting; and they passed in, to the music of the rattling of chains. Martha Daxe, half-way up the well-staircase, gave them ogre's welcome; interest was to accrue from that moment.

One was what (had she an eye to such things) she would have called a presentable wench. That was Conalore. A tall creature, gracefully shaped, and made to be loved; whose hair ran round her head in ripples; and was gathered at the back, like a Greek statue's. A girl formed for the bright, open country, for the fields and mountains; but not for the gaol (Alibone, gaoler) into which she was entering. In truth, she was not one to play Picciola or Prison Flower, unless with foreknowledge of there being some

gentle hand to tend her, and let the sun in upon her, and keep her from withering away in the gaol. Picciola and the unemployed had been together before that, in those sunshiny haymaking days, when there were lighter things to think of than pure brain-grinding. That was Conalore.

But there was another—the sister—Prue, the quiet child. The quiet child was a different order of creature; very small, and with pale eyes, that blinked. A sharp, pretty thing, with hair tinted reddishly, and running in a ripple, like her sister's. But if the stately sister was as a Grecian statue, here was the little old woman that lived in a shoe. Not dwarfish; but perhaps sharp as a needle, perhaps cunning as a she-fox. Quiet child Prue could read a situation and its contingent shapes for months forward, about as well as your generals forecast their campaigns, which, as they do ill enough sometimes, it had best be said; as well as that ingenious master carries three chess games in his head all at once. She bore all her wits about her, did Prue Rhode, the quiet child.

They came in on that arrival day, and the first words Prue spoke, whispering her sister, were, "Hi, for the bastille! Hi, for the two penitentiary women!" To whom Martha Daxe, as has been said, gave ogre's greeting, glancing on her well-staircase. She even fondled them over, taking Conalore about the waist, to feel what stamina there was in her; from which embrace the poor statue took a little comfort, though the gaol had already done its work upon her.

"Come this way," Martha Daxe said, opening the door of the dun room. "See your cousin in his workshop, where he makes all the money!"

The unemployed raised his head wearily, and took them all in, with a feeble stare. The whir of the grindstone was still in his ears.

"O, cousin Lyttleton!" Conalore said, running forward to him, "what has changed you so? You are killing yourself!"

Time was—in those country days—when he would have coloured up and felt his pulse beat the quicker at such a greeting. But of late there had grown up in that region where his heart used to beat, a yellow parchment bundle, of the same shape, bound through and through with red tape cartilages. So he stood up quite impassive, and bloodless.

Prue, who had been blinking curiously at him all this while, now says abruptly; "So, here it is where all the money is made! How much now? Saekfuls?"

Grandaunt Daxe chuckles delightedly. "It is perfect coining, dears," she says. "There he sits and works, and keeps us all in meat, drink, and clothing."

"I thought so; cousin Lyttleton was always held so clever," Prue answers, reflectively. "He will give us all fortunes when we are married."

Conalore's gentle eyes were bent on him tearfully, as he winced and shrunk away from these words.

"Dearest cousin," she said, "think more of your own precious health and strength, which you are only destroying. What is money, compared to life?"

"Hear, madam!" says Martha Daxe; "only hear madam, and her fine speeches! Favour us, ma'am, with the name of the last new novel! Butter your bread, ma'am, with those fine sayings; and, for that matter, his too! Come away! Come up, and leave the gentleman."

And with that she took them away up the well-staircase, round through her dismal chambers, railing all the while, until she had left their hearts as heavy as they could well be. Before night she had gotten out of Conalore at least a month's interest in advance.

With three months' sojourn in the House of Correction, they had fallen quite into the penitentiary ways; taking penitentiary diet, penitentiary discipline, and penitentiary tongue-scouring from the matron of the house, who throve and fattened on it: but they went about as two broken Magdalenes, under process of being reformed. Which likeness refers mainly to Conalore; and had that fine, wavy hair of hers been clipped close, she would have touched that original even closer.

All which time, however, it went pretty much the same with the overworked: with this addition, that by laying his eyes close, of nights, to such wretched light as was served out to him, they grew to be strained and weak. Of which he made small account; but worked on desperately—hopelessly and against all hope. Nothing coming, or likely to come. Wear out brain and eyes. Wear out nerves and life: nothing coming or likely to come. Weariest round from the gaol to chambers, from chambers back again, all to the same tune. Nothing coming.

III.

WHICHELO'S Trusts was about as well known in the Courts as any of the leading cases. Whichelo the uncle had been dishonest trustee, and Whichelo minors, whom he had defrauded, were now two threadbare old gentlemen, who had gone through life striving idly to close their fingers upon Justice, and take hold of her. But as these were the fine old times when Replication, Rejoinder, Rebuttal, and Surrebuttal, with other such company, throve and battened on suitors—the threadbare gentlemen had been kept off (and on, too), from minority to majority, and from that to old age. Trustee Whichelo was fat and opulent, and rather fancied the thing would last out his own time. Many tried their hands at Whichelo's Trusts, with about the same profit. Nothing could be made of it, such power had Surrebuttal and his brethren. Until at last, solicitor in the

matter, sickening of his speculation, told the threadbare gentlemen that he must have done with it and them, unless indeed they could turu up some poor hardworking devil of a drudge who would work the thing for pure nothing, and chance of a reputation. Not so long after then, the two threadbare gentlemen came one morning to Balcombe Street, and there foud such a drudge, who took the business with a sort of joy and eager hope. No remuneration, but better full hands than idle expectancy. "We shall send you up the papers in the evening," said the threadbare gentlemen at departing. And accordingly, that evening there came up a cab, filled with old carpet-bags and bundles, in which again were reams of old yellow dried parchments, being the papers in the matter, or Surrebutter and his fellows come on a visit.

IV.

THERE was some one living at the top of the house, in a dark nook which she had christened queerly Ravens' Roost; and here, after taking her day's share of railing, she would retire and write in a log or day-book. It was the log of the quiet child, kept fast under lock and key, who looked to all things shrewdly, but with an especial eye to the dun chamber. What she wrote was all to the same tune and sing-song.

"I hate, I hate," began the log every day, dating from Ravens' Roost, "and I like to hate. It will keep me alive, while undergoing penal servitude, until I turn old and grey, and he run stone blind, which he will as sure as he will die—poor, wretched, noble, hateful creature! I should like to have the leading of him about, though I know he would rather fancy Minx Conalore. Minx Conalore would lead him so gingerly! O the poor, poor soul: pray, pray that his eyes be kept to him!"

V.

THE papers in the matter of Whichelo's Trusts were spread out before him at night, covering the tables, and the floor, and old cabinets. They looked down at him from tops of cupboards, waiting their turn. They were tied up, as it were, with miles of red tape; and such as were written out on great paper folios, each furnished with a substantial vellum jacket. There were some made up like small linen bales, and weighing many, many pounds. Surprising, indeed, what a sum the whole would have brought in if put up to auction as waste paper! By the light of a miserable candle he was now working through a vast prairie; which was no other than the great deed of trust itself, sweetly engrossed, wherein were numberless other deeds recited and referred to. And as he bent his head close to the prairie and moved the light nearer, he felt his eyes sink in from weakness, as though about to be shut for ever. Two burning arrows were piercing into

his brain, and he fell back in his chair, covering up his face. "O, I must give up," he said aloud. "I cannot go on. It is only left for me to become blind. And, after that, mad. Fitting end to all!" Again he bent forward his head to the dim light and entered on the prairie; but with the same profit. "This is terrible," he said aloud. "If I had only some help on which to lean: some one to do the hodman's work, and make abstracts, and so spare these eyes!" He thought for a moment, and went on. "Conalore has turned proud of late. She has scorn for such mean creatures as I. A just scorn. I am a mean, poor-souled drudge, nothing else. O, everything is weariness: everything!"

There was some one listening at the door: some one that had come down on tiptoe: past the chief justice's room, down all the way from the Ravens' Roost. The well-staircase had not given so much as a creak: for she was light of person, and lighter of foot. Some one had heard all those outspoken words, and had gone away softly but with secret rejoicing.

When he was gone to chambers next day she came down again from the Ravens' Roost, and stole privately into the dun room. She stood solitary among the papers of the great cause, or what might be rather called the dried bones of it. The room was as a vault full of those dried bones, lying here and there, and up and down. Prue had strange powers of thought, the clearest of heads; brain machinery that could winnow law, or even coarser material. After all, this should not be such terrible caviare to the crowd. Suitors, if they were let, or were a degree less lazy, might walk in the steps of their own cause, conveniently enough. Those deeds, awful of aspect, are not altogether palimpsests.

So Prue Rhode drew near to the mummy-in-chief, lying out on the table, and set herself resolutely to it. She was now entering on the prairie with terrible impediment, at first, by brush and brake, and jungle, impenetrable. It seemed all Hebrew, Chaldaic, Sanscrit moulded together. She turned it over from front to back. Heavy enough it was. There was engrossed invoice of deeds alluded to within. Conveyance A of the year seventeen hundred and sixty, conveyance B of the year seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, and the rest, which documents must, in all likelihood, be hard by, and true enough. Here they were to the right, all tied up together. Here was conveyance of seventeen hundred and sixty, marked A at the top. There were the steps in the cause on the left, masters' rulings and the like, of prodigious length. Taking up which, she proceeded to make her way through without much hardship, working on for some two hours or so, and then wrote out short compendium or abstract. Then she went away for a turn or so of railing with Martha Daxe, then stole back and did more work.

When, then, at the close of the October day, Lyttleton came in to begin his weary night's round; there was a strange surprise waiting him. The poor man's candle, which he would have sought presently to light, was gone, and there was a tall, bright, French lamp, shining radiantly. Great miracle this that quite dazed him with wonder and almost alarm. This fearful extravagance should Martha Daxe come to know it! But, in real earnest, how had the quiet child contrived it? She, whose income was not altogether three farthings per annum? Perhaps she had begged or borrowed, perhaps sold; perhaps—but such things should not be lightly spoken—she had been prying curiously among the nooks and pigeon-holes, and queer cabinets in old Martha Daxe's room. O the neighbours! how they talked and whispered concerning the sackfuls left by old Daxe; all stowed away in strange crannies. Greater surprise still for the overworked, when the genial light shows him the abstracts in female hand, so neatly tied up on the desk, correctly done too, and of real assistance.

Some one at the door hears him muttering to himself in astonishment, and enters softly, just as he says aloud, "Gentle Conalore, after all—her work!"

"Pah!" impatiently answers Prue, "never before so wrong! She is a great lady; too lofty to think of helping or leading about poor blind men!"

"True, true," he said, "I should have thought of that. And was it you, dearest Prue, that did all this?"

"Who else? not Grandaunt Daxe, certainly; no, nor Ben Alibone. Show me more to do. I will be your clerk."

"Dear, dearest child," he said, "what infinite goodness, charity rather! O you could help me so!"

From that out she did help him wonderfully; but still his eyesight ebbed away slowly and surely. It came at last to this, that he could not so much as look at paper of nights. No profit, therefore, in the French lamp. But the quiet child held by him, steadily working for him, while Conalore looked on scornfully, for the pair had conceived justly of her. And yet the scent of those country days was not gone—nay, was stronger rather.

Says Prue one night, looking up from a huge deed: "Do you like me as well as Conalore, Cousin Lyttleton?"

"What of Conalore!" he said, absently. "I scarcely see her at all now. I am too mean a soul for her to think of—"

"Do you like me as well?" Prue asked again; but could get no better answer from him. Minx Conalore was, all the while, secretly thinking what great things she was made for, if she could only get loose upon the world. Blind wigmens were not her game.

But our poor blind wigmans, for all the help he was getting, was only turning

blinder every hour. Daylight work even, was no ease to him. It was a case of such tremendous proportions: a Leviathan, enough to swallow the brains of ten strong men. So it was, every day, proving more and more too much for him.

The threadbare gentlemen came now and again to him, and found business backward. The solicitor in the matter came, too, and said that, at this rate of pottering, they would be twenty years over it. Still he held on contending desperately with optic nerve and retina. Which pair were destined to have it their own way, as they always must. One year's rigid forbearance from all written and printed paper, would be only basis for a cure. Fretfully, chafingly he took the trial; at times bursting into fits of storm and fury quite strange to his quiet nature, startling that volunteer clerk of his, who sat working with him to the last.

Clerk Prue, not reckoning on this odd mood, says, looking up at him, "Do I work enough, Cousin. Drive me on faster, if you will."

"Small profit," he answered, bitterly, "were you to work those willing fingers to the bone!"

"Courage, friend," she said, cheerfully, "we must work through it. We shall coin a portion for your wife out of Whichelo's trusts!"

He laughed.

"Most idle talk," he said, almost rudely, "Why do you say such things? Who would think of the blind? They have all the same souls as our stately mistress, up-stairs. But I can tell you, Prue, for all that, she might not get the blind back to her again, not if she went on her knees. Don't you know," he went on with kindling eyes, "don't you know that if I had coffers, and sacks of money, and jewels—some of those black oak coffers that we know of—and came freighted with these, it would be a very different tune?"

"This is intolerable," clerk Prue said, flinging down her pen, "I'll write no more for you. Your head is always running on Conalore, and I tell you she despises you. Now find out who really loves you!"

"You, I suppose," he says with a sneer, "you want wages for your work!"

"A generous taunt," the quiet child answers, trembling with rage, "now that you have no further use for me. Finish all as you may, now. I have done with you!"

"Forgive me! forgive me, dearest Prue!" he said, stopping her. "But my heart is sore. I am as fretful as a child:" and with that she stayed and took up her pen readily enough. But it came to the one finale nevertheless. Retina and optic nerve were to win easily. The overworked must lay down his arms. With tribulation, with inexpressible woe of soul, with a sickness on him like that of death, poor wigmans give in. And so, one of those

October mornings, the mean cab comes up to the door again, and all the tawny papers in the matter are put in, under the seat, over the seat; the boxes outside with coachman, all to a reviling tune from the threadbare gentlemen, who swear that they have been used scurvily. So drives off the mean cab; and, with it, hope, peace, happiness. Rather has driven up with it, Despair, and another gentleman named *Felo-de-se* or *Suicide*, both sitting together inside.

Martha Daxe from the window of the chief justice's room (for she had moved down to that apartment long since) had seen that arrival and departure. For that matter, she had known what was coming for a long while back; but had kept her rage (this time real and unaffected) bottled down close, until this day. She had all along fancied that something might have come of the great suit: that it would have brought money clinking in upon those other moneys lying in the iron-bound, crammed coffers. How she raved and lashed herself as she walked to and fro in the chief justice's room. "He shall go into the streets. He shall. I'll fatten no paupers. He may go to his own workhouse or hospital—anywhere out of this; the idle, profitless fool!"

So, towards five o'clock on that evening, she came tramping down to the dun room to have it all out, and to vent her bottled-up fury. There was a terrible storm and contention! Fiercest wrangle! For the overworked, now grown defiant and desperate, bearded the old reviler openly. There was word for word, epithet for epithet: strife most unseemingly. The doors was open wide, the sounds floated out into the hall and up the well-staircase to where Prue and Conalore were listening, each at her own door. Gaunt Alibone was listening too, standing cautiously at the dark end of the hall. Great scandal for all the house. But he must tramp. That was the end of it. He may rot in the street if he like; but must turn out. Blind beggar, she called him. Beg he should, and that from to-morrow morning.

Now it had come to the darkness of night, and dark it was to the poor pauper sitting lonely in the dun chamber, and thinking what was to become of him. The gentleman, *Felo-de-se*, who had called in the morning, and was not yet gone away, importuned him sadly. But to no purpose. Still, despair has a clutch upon his heart, and is working wearily at his brain. For there is disappointment, a blighting of those certain hopes, with such comforts to keep him company. Famous company they are, and are sitting with him even when the sonorous bell of the old hall-clock chimes out eleven and three-quarters.

By this hour Martha Daxe is fast asleep in the chief justice's room, with those ancient coffers filled up to their lids with money, and double-locked down; the keys under her pillow.

VI.

THE well-staircase is dark enough, but not so dark to one who knows the way, the old clock-bell just then chiming midnight. Who should be on the well-staircase at that hour, stepping softly past the chief justice's room, but such as had fitting business, or were troubled in mind concerning the state of near relations? Ancient ladies, well stricken in years, bearing infirmities, are subject to Heaven knows what sudden ills and paralytic turns. A sharp cry for aid at dead of night might well reach through the thick floors and panellings of the old house down to the dun room, and bring up whomsoever was keeping vigil there. Yet folk cry out often in their sleep.

As he was coming forth softly from the chief justice's chamber, he came suddenly on Prue, shading a candle with her hand. She startled him exceedingly; and no wonder.

"Did you not hear anything?" she asked.

"It was nothing," he whispered. "Nothing in the world. She is sleeping soundly. Don't go in, or you will disturb her. Good night."

He was going down when she stopped him; laying her candle on the broad balustrade.

"Let us talk a moment. So, you are going to-morrow: turned out of doors O, that I could go too! for I am sick of her. Let me go with you. I can be your scribe: your handmaiden—anything!"

"What folly you talk," he said, roughly. "I must go out by myself: go where no one shall think of me. I want no scribes nor handmaidens. Let me pass!" and he stole down again to his dun chamber. She looked after him in astonishment.

"Cold-hearted wretch!" she said to herself. "Let him get stone-blind, for all it is to me. But what can have put him in this mood to-night?"

She thought for a moment: then she went up-stairs, still conning it over to herself. At her own door she put out the light; and, taking off her slippers, stole down again cautiously to the door of the chief justice's room. There she listened.

VII.

MRS. MARTHA DAXE was old; and, from her habit of body, might have been clearly set down as a fit subject for apoplexy. That was the way in which the neighbouring apothecary accounted for it. Got a fit in the night, and died without a struggle. There was the whole of it. The thing occurs every day. And so, sir, there is your fee; and let us have the funeral over as soon as decency will permit.

Prue told Lytton she must speak with him privately. She did so. She had a queer smile on her face, as she closed the door after her. No begging now, to be allowed to

serve as handmaiden or scribe. More likely the other was to be changed into her bondman for ever. That is, as long as he should live. Alibone, the man, was surly, and went about distrustfully, muttering strange things. But he was sent away soon; being paid handsomely, with a considerable bonus over and above his wages.

Should we please now to take that whole piece: scenery, actors, all, at intervals of say five years time, and then look out from the boxes at the stage, it will be found that Clerk Prue has wedded the broken, restless, fiery-eyed man, who was once a lawyer; but who has given up that trade since he came in to a fortune. He is very quiet and submissive to her; for he knows she has a terrible scourge for him locked up in a private place; which, to give her full justice, she never brings out. For she loves him well, and does not let her sister Conalore live with her. O, who shall unravel the mystery of that October night! It must wait the great unravelling day? Pity that those who said Martha's ghost walked the old house, did not stop and question her. Yes, it must wait the great unravelling day.

The old walls may not speak now, for they have been knocked down long ago, and there is a new establishment of baths and washhouses standing in their stead.

FAMILIAR WORDS.

Words that bring back the glad and peaceful hours

That watched our frolics in the sun and shade,
When ev'ry wind seem'd whispering to the flowers
Of lovelier worlds where happier children play'd.

Words that recall the feelings of our youth,

The garden where our names in emerald grew;
The truth we lov'd when fairy-tales were truth,
When god and goddess, fay and faun, were true.

The tiny words that grew from tiny acts;

The low love-language of the childish heart;
The stammer that interpreted strange facts,
Or strove some schoolboy legend to impart.

The names our playmates gave in mossy bower,

When Mab and Ariel for our sponsors stood;
Names haply borrow'd from some Greek-called flower,
Or given in praise by Love when we were good.

Nor less the words our statelier years record,

By Fancy coined, yet bearing Reason's stamp,
Words with which Wit has played, or Life adored,
Slaves of the king, or servants of the lamp.

The words of men who clothe our thoughts with speech,

Gay proverb, sparkling jest, or patriot song:
Words which, like sunbeams, through the darkness reach,
Show lowly worth, or brand imperial wrong.

The words of men that walked in war's red ways,

Or spake their fireside thoughts to child or wife;
The simple words that giving blame or praise
Ring down the echoing avenues of life.

Glad words that breathe of sunshine and of morn;

Sweet words that on the wings of evening fly;

Kind words that greet the child when he is born,

And loving words that bless us when we die.

TURPIN'S CORNER.

TURPIN the highwayman once occupied a large house in Southwark, which, a few years since, was converted into a model lodging-house by the clergyman of the district in which it stands. The district is utterly poor, the clergyman is wholly without material support in his work, and the lodging-house passed of necessity into the hands of a poor man who lets out twopenny or threepenny beds as a private speculation. Turpin's house is near the edge of Kent Street, in the parish of Saint George's, Southwark, or rather in the parish of Saint Stephen's, Kent Street, which was one of the districts formed by Sir Robert Peel's act into an independent living. Though once the mainway out of London to the Kentish scaports, and the street through which our kings of old passed on their way to France, and through which Henry the Fifth came in triumphant procession on his return home from the field of Agincourt, Kent Street is and has been, time out of mind, one of the dirty nooks of London.

In an old dictionary of the town, written in Turpin's life time, which speaks of Clare Market as a very considerable market, with a fine new market-house, and of Cock Lane as a pleasant lane, on the east side of Shoreditch; we are told that in Kent Street, Southwark, "the houses and trades are but mean, generally speaking;" thirty years ago a historian described it as "perhaps one of the most dirty avenues in the neighbourhood of London;" now, there is hardly a tenant in the street who would not hail with joy the gift of a quarter loaf. Its chandlers would welcome as something like a wholesale order, the inquiry for a whole pound of dip-candles, and might or might not have that quantity in stock.

Nevertheless, there is an eating-house keeper in Kent Street who invites attention to the cheap dinners he can offer to the million. He asks but a penny for a basin of soup, and will give the Kent Street dinner complete and luxurious for threepence.

We have seen, and from time to time have told our readers, how, in some of the dark corners of this city, men and women sink under a load of penury and suffering, the weight of which, words never can measure to the nice ears of the fortunate. In this mighty London, where live thousands, "lost beneath the rubbish of their means," who can only create for themselves care in their material life when they have quartered on it many a needless want, to many tens of thousands life is worse than a hard round of wants unsatisfied. Not merely is the staff taken from the feeble hand, but there is a sharp

dart given in its place, and the tormented cripple must needs lean upon its poisoned edge. There is no meat, but there is gin; there is no breathing space, but there is sewer poison in abundance; and if there is not much air, there is no stint in its loathsomeness. There is little reasonable knowledge, but there is every provocative to vice. Men cannot live blank lives. Now let us attempt to show what sort of compulsion they are suffering in Turpin's corner.

Kent Street, with all its wretchedness, serves as the High Street to a little city of the wretched. Lanes and alleys form a mesh about it—Sweeps' Alley, Amicable Alley, Little Britain, Falstaff's Yard—most of them blind lanes. One side of the city of sorrow, borders upon Bermondsey, from which it is parted by a ditch, once altogether open, but now covered from the sight, and open only to the smell. Bermondsey refuses to have intercourse with the men of Saint Stephen's, Kent Street, and so completely blocks them out that there is to be found only a single bridle-road by which the border between the two districts can be crossed. In this quarter of the town there are still a few rank patches of soil left open for the use of speculative builders, and some rows of houses—two-roomed or four-roomed—have been lately built. Two-roomed houses—at rents of three shillings or three and sixpence a-week—seem to be in most request, and those are twice as large as any tenant can afford. Almost every room contains a distinct family. There were, two years ago, eight hundred and fourteen houses in the district or parish of Saint Stephen's, and as ten persons to a house is a low estimate of the swarm that seeks under each roof a shelter, we have eight thousand people pulling at the heart-strings and, as far as nature permits at the purse-strings, of the incumbent and his wife. These are a kindly gentleman and lady who, after labouring with success among the poor of Bethnal Green, were, eleven years ago, promoted to work in the yet more hopeless field of benevolent exertion at Saint Stephen's, Southwark. For these eleven years they have worked utterly unaided. There is not a soul in Kent Street by whom sixpence can be spared; neighbours have much want to relieve in their own parishes. Except when it became famous for the devastation made in it by cholera, the greater public has known nothing at all about this place. Because a parish of this sort can yield nothing itself towards the maintenance of schools, or of a curate, it is cut off from all aid out of the funds of church societies.

It is hard to conceive what must be suffered by a sensitive gentleman and lady during eleven years of daily contact with supreme distress and daily single-handed struggle out of small means to help thousands in a battle against overwhelming want. The gaunt face of famine stares at them in

winter time from every doorway. During the past winter there was starvation—not metaphorical, but literal, life-consuming hunger—to be fought with; life could be saved, and was saved, even by the mere expenditure of shillings. "We lay down sometimes heart-sick," the minister's wife said to us, "What we could do was so little—what we wanted to do was so much."

They might feel not heart-sick only. When we visited the district only for a few hours, though not untrained to bear what is revolting in the homes of the neglected poor, we came away bodily sick. The Thames bank, in summer, at low water, and near a sewer opening, may be fouler,—for want of experience, we cannot tell,—but on firm soil in London we have never taken into our mouths air so foul as that which we smelt and tasted in the neighbourhood of Kent Street, on a dull, cool and dry day in early Spring.

We called upon the master of a little shop within the district,—a sensible man, who sits helpless in his chair, because his lower limbs are paralysed. That is the result to him of thirty-three years faithful service in the Southwark sewers. He was in trust as one of seven foremen until a considerable reduction of the staff took place, at the time when he was first becoming helpless; and use has been made since that time of his long experience, but he has looked in vain to Commissioners of Sewers, or to the new Board of Works, for the small pension, to which he is fairly entitled, for a life's energies consumed in their employment. One crippled, both advanced in years, he and his wife keep shop, and their stock-in-trade consisted, when we saw it, of a handful of sugar candy, a few brandy-balls, four sugar-plums contained in pickle-bottles, three herrings and a half, five dip candles and a half (the division of the herrings and the candles has sad meaning in it); lastly, about a quart of parched peas, in a broken plate. By the trade thus indicated, they subsist. At how slight a sacrifice of means could a great public body pay its debt to a poor worn-out servant of this character. The rich can commonly make good their claims for any compensation or retiring pension to which they may fairly, or unfairly, be entitled. The poor man only sits and grumbles through the winter, in his corner by the chilly grate, with here and there a neighbour, helpless as himself, ready to listen to his grievance, and pity his distress. As for our friend, he does get something for his services; his pension is the palsy in his legs. This man, learned in sewers, had little to tell us of the sewerage of his own district, about which he had good reason to be inquisitive. Honestly speaking, there is none, except that under Kent-street itself—which lies low, and we think is under the high-water mark—a sewer runs. All other houses of the district have a nominal and irregular drainage of four-inch pipes laid by the builders close under the surface of the

soil. In wet weather, green and filthy slime covers the ground in many a wretched street.

We shall not dwell at length on the domestic miseries we saw ; skeleton limbs faintly recovering from the starvation of winter ; bare rooms ; rags that now cover what was, two or three months back, often utter nakedness. There, in the bitter winter days, the wife of an honest and industrious bricklayer, whose work was gone from him, turned garment after garment into food, and lay at last, with three naked children about her, on the bare boards of the floor, and so brought into the world a little baby which there were no means at all of dressing. To that family, of course, the minister's wife took a woman's succour. Now, it is in the workhouse ; but what workhouse is to hold the sufferers when they are, not families, but whole districts—towns within the town—that pine for want ?

An Irishman and Irishwoman who had been helped in sore need during the winter, were, after the custom of their country, loud in obtrusive thanks and adoration of their helper. A sick Englishwoman, whose suffering had been yet greater, and whose gratitude for help was at least as deep, had little indeed to say ; and a poor woman who, living in the same room, was her nurse, and the faithful companion of her sorrow, while scraping the pennyworth of coarse fish that was the dinner of the sick-room, had no better acknowledgment of help to give, than a softened tone, and the twinkle of an unacknowledged tear that trembled among her eyelashes. That reticence belongs to the English character ; it gives to poverty—often and often—dignity and pathos ; but it increases risk by neglect for the sorrow that it hides. It chanced that within a few hours we saw two ends of the social scale, passing from Kent Street to the Opera. There the luxurious and wealthy enjoyed the harmonious agonies of an imaginary sorrow, set forth in costly dresses and the cleanest linen. Could the curtain but have risen upon Sweeps' Alley or Falstaff's Yard, and could the low voice of some hunger-wasted woman have been heard murmuring to that bright audience the secrets buried in her heart, there would have been as much of honest feeling stirred as ever was stirred by an eminent soprano of refined sensibility. But, that voice does not reach ears and hearts that would be freely open to its cry. The reserve natural to our race makes quiet poor who do not importune,—do not search actively for helpers ; it makes also quiet rich, who do not urgently invite, who do not actively make search for, those who need their help. There is in these days, as a diffused feeling, no ill will, no fear, no jealousy, between rich and poor. The rich, when they are told where they can make a kind and wise use of their means, are, we believe, more generous in England than in any land under the sun. But we all of us, great and small, need too much prompting ; too few of us make active search for means

of usefulness that lie beside the beaten highway of our lives.

Next to the foulness of the air in the district of Saint Stephen's, Kent Street, and the general squalor, nothing perhaps is so noticeable to an outside observer as the number and beauty of the children. We saw them in groups of eight or ten at a door, happy as it is hard for any child to learn how not to be ; fair, plump, and bright-eyed. Where the rate of mortality is high, births are the more numerous. That which destroys, appears to stimulate production. Was it the will of God, when He sent, as a bar and warning against many social errors, the disease that kills among us tens of thousands of young people year by year, was it His will that the children doomed to early death should be so fair, that they may the more surely root a love in old and stubborn hearts, which must grow Heavenward when the lost innocent are taken to His bosom ?

The ragged little ones cannot be taught in St. Stephen's, Kent Street. With difficulty, the incumbent obtained, soon after his entrance on the district, a building suited for use as a Ragged and Industrial School. The place was fitted for its new purpose ; a hundred pounds were spent on it, and a ragged school was maintained for several years. It was attached to an old inn ; was claimed by the owner of the inn, whose property was subject to a suit in chancery. At a week's notice, the ragged school was ejected, and the very door of it bricked up. There is no other building to be had ; but there is a morsel of spare ground upon which it will be safe to plant one of the portable school-rooms that are to be purchased of the iron-monger ; and to assist in raising means for the purchase of this iron school-room, the minister and his wife are at this time proposing to hold somewhere, a bazaar. Whoever, as to this or any other matter, wishes to know more of the Kent Street poor than we can tell, or to do more than we can ask, should write to the incumbent, the Reverend I. H. Simpson, whose address is, Seventy-four, Virginia Terrace, Dover Road. That there is no lack of ragged children, we can testify. In one court, we observed the house of a dealer in clothes. It was a two-roomed house, and there hung outside its door two bundles of such rags as might have been thrown away by the beggars of more favoured parts.

But there is a national school—so called, we presume, from being wholly unaided by the nation—attached to St. Stephen's church. We saw girls and boys in it who were not only well-taught, but clean. With the girls' school was combined the infant school. The little folk sat step above step ; on the lowest step, young prattlers with the round plump cheeks of infancy ; and at the word of the schoolmistress they sang their simple songs, and showed how carefully they

had been taught. While the choir of little children, born among all the sorrow we had seen, sang for us a pleasant hymn beginning with the words, "I think when I hear the sweet story of God," our thoughts went painfully astray in the direction to which that line pointed. The story we have told is their story. When shall it be brought into accord with that beautiful theme of which they sang?

PEOPLE'S UMBRELLAS.

SITTING at my chamber window watching the leaping rain-drops springing from the swollen puddles—watching the steamy-windowed omnibus with its stooping, shiny-caped driver and independent, mournful, head-shaking conductor—watching the clea-washed pavement smoking over the bakehouse ovens—watching the rolling glossy cabs and the struggling, soaked, and weather-beaten foot-passengers—is it to be marvelled at that my thoughts linger upon umbrellas? Amongst the dwellers in this great city—not that few who look upon their fellow-creatures from the glowing interior of the yellow chariot or the compact brougham, but that many to whom even the hack-cab is a rare luxury, and the omnibus an uncertain convenience—this humble instrument is cherished as a street god—a companion—a something to hold silent communion with—an appendage which, like a dog or a walking-stick, is modified by the character of its owner, while it becomes, at the same time, part of his system, exerting an influence over him equal to what it receives. Solitary men who take long constitutional walks to the commons round London, or loiter home in the cool of the evening from quiet offices under government, carry umbrellas as companions, and not as instruments to protect them from the rain. The old play-goer, whose memory extends over the traditions of fifty years, who can tell how many waistcoats every actor used to take off who has played the first grave-digger in Hamlet for the last half-century, fights his way to his familiar seat in the pit—always in the pit—accompanied by an umbrella of substantial dimensions, upon which he leans in deep attention, sucking the handle as he mutters to it his opinions of the performance. His umbrella has been his constant companion all these years; and although change and decay have come to it, as to its master, in the common course of things, a new covering confers upon it every now and then the gift of perpetual youth, while the old play-goer sinks gradually without any such power of restoration.

Setting aside the dry utilitarian, who carries his umbrella as he would a macintosh, or an oilskin suit—for use, and nothing more—there is a number of men whom you may identify by their umbrellas, as you may

identify others by their watches, their watch-seals, or their snuff-boxes.

There is my nervous friend, my timid friend, my friend who is sadly wanting in self-possession. He enters my chambers silently in sippy goloshes on a rainy day, with a dripping abomination which he will not put in the place appointed for the reception of umbrellas. He brings it through the mass of horrified clerks into my best official room; he places it against the wall, but before he can commence his business, the ill-constructed nuisance opens with a burst and a splutter, falling helplessly in the little pool which it has deposited on the carpet. He picks it up, and places it once more hurriedly yet tenderly against the wall; but it still persists in falling on the floor, with a grating noise against the wainscot. Again my nervous friend puts it in a position of safety, and it is not until he has again settled down in a chair, to return to the object of his visit, that he discovers a valuable piece of polished furniture likely to be seriously injured by the close companionship of the dripping abomination. By the time that he has finally determined to his satisfaction that the only place for a wet umbrella in such a room is inside the fender, a smell of burning discomposes him once more, and his mind is rendered totally unfit to entertain business for the day.

Then there is my forgetful friend, my friend with the weak memory, my friend who can never tell exactly whether he has lost his ring, or whether he has left it on his dressing-table. He is constantly haunted by the idea that he has left an umbrella somewhere. When you think you have got rid of him for the day, his familiar voice is heard in the outer room, and his familiar head is thrust in at the inner door, asking in familiar tones the familiar question, "Did I leave an umbrella behind me just now?" Then comes the production of every umbrella in the place for him to examine carefully, and endeavour, if possible, to identify the lost one. Then comes his not very graphic description of his umbrella; its peculiarities of appearance, especially its very curious and striking handle; and his very lengthy and vague account of the places he had visited that day, and the most likely shop, club-house, or vehicle in which he had left it. I meet him sometimes full in the street, and I see him stop suddenly, hesitate, scratch his chin, and then walk a short distance back in an undecided manner; the suspicion having just crossed his mind that he has lost his umbrella. When my forgetful friend pays me another visit, after the trouble that he put me to in searching for a phantom of his brain, I am amused by his quiet statement that the supposed lost umbrella was resting calmly at home in its accustomed corner, covered with the idle dust of many weeks' inactivity. All men have their uses: and I fully believe that

the mission of my forgetful friend, and others of his class, is to increase the scanty salaries of cabmen by providing them with a constant supply of their regular and rightful perquisites—lost umbrellas.

Then there is my extremely neat and buckish friend, my friend who has converted the umbrella into one of the leading elegancies of life. His protector from the rain is not a half-collapsed balloon—oh, no!—it is a walking-stick, lightly wrapped in silk. And such a walking-stick! shining partridge cane, gold tassel-hole, onyx-knobbed handle, gold-mounted, bright-green silk—altogether, a highly artistic production. It is a pleasant sight to see my neat and buckish friend in a very clean omnibus, with his patent boots, and his tightly gloved hands placidly clasped across the elegant handle of his umbrella, which he holds between his knees. Compare his almost tame refinement and gentleness with the coarse roughness of his opposite neighbour, from the country, who looks upon the umbrella as a part of the serious business of life—a thing not to be trifled with, or embroidered with anything like foppery. My rural friend's protector from the rain might have been constructed from the sails of an old coal barge, so rough and weather-beaten is it, stained with mud and clay collected in tramping up that four-mile country lane which leads from the village to the railway station. The stick is like a small mast, surmounted by a brown knob as large as an orange, upon which are clasped two fat, red, speckled hands with short, brown, walnut-picking looking nails. What a wide impassable gulf there is between my rural friend and my buckish friend,—and between their attendant umbrellas!

Then there is my puffy, irascible friend, my friend with the fat red face and the small pig's eyes, but, more particularly, with the substantial well-to-do looking umbrella, which is, at one and the same time, a protection to its owner and an implement of warfare against the whole world besides. Vagrant dogs look at it with knowing horror; and jaunty, impudent errand-boys become respectful within the magic circle of its action. Many a time has it come down upon the back of the offending quadruped and the shielding basket of the impertinent butcher's boy. Usually it is carried under the arm of its owner, at an angle of elevation troublesome, if not dangerous, to the passers-by. When my puffy friend enters an omnibus, he carries his umbrella before him, like a warrior charging a fortress, to the great discomfort of the occupants. If it is wet he puts it in the way of his companions; if it is dry he strikes the unfortunate conductor so forcibly with it across the wrist, when any person wishes to communicate his desire to alight, that the victim of imperfect mechanical arrangements looks seriously to see if any bones are broken. Remonstrance with my

irascible friend only produces in his face such a purple approximation to an apoplexy, that it is a charity to desist from further complaint.

Then there is my aged friend, my Corinthian friend—my friend who is not aware of any change in manners and costume since Tom and Jerry were lolling boys upon town, and the finest gentleman in Europe sat upon the throne of England. My Corinthian friend is not aware that a long frock-coat with fur collar and lappets, and a low-crowned, broad-topped, curly-rimmed hat, are rather behind the style of the present day; or, if he has the slightest suspicion of the fact, he waits patiently in the full belief, that the giddy, fickle world will gladly come back to the old real fashion in due time. His umbrella is made after a pattern that must have descended direct from Jonas Hanway, who is said to have been the bold introducer of these defenders from rain, towards the middle of the last century. The umbrella of my Corinthian friend is baggy from the ferule upwards, green in colour, edged with white, cotton in material, tightened in towards the top with a great brass ring (like the short-waisted ladies of the period), bamboo-sticked, and surmounted with a large ivory clenched hand. In a corner of the coffee-room, where my Corinthian friend takes his ease, it stands in a defiant attitude, seeming to shake its fist at any of the company who dare to be more modern than its master. In contrast to this umbrella stands another, belonging to an equally antique owner, the meekness of which has a strange fascination in my eyes. It is green and baggy, like its companion; but instead of the defiant clasped fist, it has a bird-beaked handle of the mildest aspect, the brass hole for the tassel (which is not there) acting as an eye. I look at it until I fancy it is alive, and I am almost betrayed into the absurdity of uttering some audible term of endearment suitable to a bird.

Then there is my sturdy, independent, old lady friend, who firmly fastened underneath an umbrella of gig proportions, pays what I may call a periodical visitation to the city, to see her stockbroker, or receive her dividends. I call her visit a visitation, because (supposing the day to be wet) her course is marked by a crowd of indignant foot-passengers scattered right and left along the line of her progress. Some make loud remonstrance with their tongues, while others, I am sorry to say, when the first attack of astonishment is over, attempt to rally and strike the offending stockholder to the ground. Regardless of abuse, regardless of blows, the single-minded, old lady pushes on her way through the crowded citizens, who are compelled to fall back as she advances, strong in the strength of an implement that was made for rougher work. In the management of the umbrella she fairly represents the general body of walking ladies, and there has been

no hope of her ever riding in a public vehicle, since that fatal day when the evil genius of an' omnibus-conductor prompted him to overcharge her sixpence sterling.

Sometimes, flitting across Leicester Square and suddenly disappearing in one of the murky streets of Soho, I fancy I have seen the purple pickled-cabbage coloured parapluie of the French grisette; and I know that I have seen the light, bright blue umbrella of a boulevard exquisite, temporarily exiled from his native land. Sometimes I fancy when I see a gentlemanly man entering a cab with a very shabby umbrella, that he must have borrowed it at night to go home from a party when no conveyance was to be had; and that it proved to be such a disgraceful spectacle when exposed to the light of day, that he is compelled to hire a carriage to return it to the owner. I have suffered—oh, how I have suffered!—from the joke about the best umbrellas always going first. Whether I am destined to be more unfortunate than my fellow-creatures I cannot tell; but I never venture out, either in public or private circles, without having that mouldy pleasantry dinned into my ear. I have sometimes weakly taken the Vicar of Wakefield's advice, and endeavoured to rid myself of troublesome acquaintances, by lending them umbrellas, bought for the purpose in Tottenham Court Road on a Saturday night, and warranted sound at a shilling a-piece. I have, in all such experiments been miserably deceived; the umbrellas, it is true, do not return, but the acquaintances invariably do.

In my wanderings about town, my eyes have been once, and once only, regaled with the sight of a real drover picking his way gingerly through the mud, as he guided his sheep to their destined slaughter-house, and holding an umbrella over his head to protect him from the rain. He must have been a gentleman who had seen better days, or a descendant of the Gentle Shepherd.

Long have I watched for, but never have I seen, a real salt-water sailor with an umbrella. Many things that pertain solely to the earth he buys, but never an umbrella. I have seen naval men occasionally with such things, but they have been, stout, respectable, retired skippers, who have saved money, and gone into the ship-chandler line.

Sometimes as I watch the clerks wending homewards from the city, I fancy that I can tell from their umbrellas more than anything else—which are the married men and which the single ones; which the free, unfettered young loungers about town, and which the struggling fathers of families. Sometimes on a wet night, after being dazzled with the gorgeous pageantry of a theatrical spectacle, I have a strange fancy for wandering round to that dingy back street, where the stage-door is always situated, and under the dilapidated umbrella of some thin, meek, shivering, hurrying man trying to trace the proud

lineaments of that stern monarch who, a few minutes before, had lorded it magnificently over his fellow-creatures.

Sometimes when I pay a morning visit at the family mansion of Mr. Midas (late of the Stock Exchange), I find an old rotten pair of goloshes, and a frail handleless umbrella standing in the hall. They belong to a poor widow who walks miles in the wet to teach the young ladies music. Once she was waited upon herself, before her husband (Mr. Midas's late partner) failed, and shot himself one morning in his bedroom. I have never seen her face; but I have often seen her umbrella's, and it tells her story.

ANGLO-SAXON BOOKMEN.

WE sketched lately the substance of the Anglo-Saxon poem, *Beowulf*, the oldest national epic of Germanic Europe extant. That picture of old times has been preserved by chance in but a single copy, mutilated by a fire which consumed part of the library in which it was contained. Had the fire spread a little further, we should have known little indeed of the war-poetry of Anglo-Saxons. Except an occasional gleeman's song, included in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, there would have come down nothing more than what is called the fragment on the *Fight at Finnesburg*. That is a leaf from a larger Anglo-Saxon poem, which an antiquary found in the cover of a manuscript of homilies in the archbishop's library at Lambeth. Quick-witted antiquaries always keep their eyes upon the scraps of paper that have writing on them, which they find in ancient bindings. Strange fitful gleams of light upon past history and manners now and then shoot from these snips of crabbed manuscripts; commonly, because of their fragmentary nature, they suggest something that they do not tell. An antiquary who, as to the recovering of all ancient volumes, is—as he ought to be—his own bookbinder, may find his bookbinding a work full of excitement and mystery. Of many an old legal parchment upon which historical names figure, he finds here and there a bewildering inch. He generally knows at sight, by the character of the handwriting, in what century the ink of any scrap was wet and fresh, its subject matter full of living interest or passion. In very old times there was no literature produced with a direct view to the butter-shops; penmen and books were scarce, and they produced nothing that was openly to be considered trivial. Therefore old manuscripts are always likely to have a more direct and intimate relation to the story of their time than will be the case in the twenty-ninth century with manuscripts and books of the nineteenth. In the cover of an old book, then, there was found a snatch of Anglo-Saxon verse, which told how Hengest and his men attacked by night and fired Fin's

palace; how Sigferth and Eaha, sword in hand, defended one door of the blazing pile, when at the other door Ordlaf and Guthlaf fought. It tells how the enemy burst in, and how the din of slaughter mingled with the roar of fire; how there was a five days' fight, while the red swords gleamed like a second fire; and how the raven fattened. A quiet antiquary, in a drowsy old library, lights upon this bit of old burning wrath inside a bookcover, and prints it. Afterwards the book goes to a binder, who is not an antiquary; he tears off what he despises as its rotten back, and commits that to the fire or to the dust-bin. So the manuscript entirely perishes, but there remains the printed copy.

Another manuscript, of which there exists only a single copy, contains the Gleeman's or the Traveller's Tale. It is the song of an Anglo-Saxon gleeman, who says that he has received presents at the courts of many countries, which he proceeds to enumerate, naming also the chiefs of each. It is a fine lesson upon the geography of the Anglo-Saxons, and about as amusing as a genealogy.

But we have among extant remains of Anglo-Saxon literature, a moral and contemplative poem, not less important than the great saga of Beowulf, and that is the metrical paraphrase of parts of Scripture by Cædmon, the Milton of the Anglo-Saxons. Of this relic, also, as of the other Anglo-Saxon poems, there remains only a single copy, and that is in the Bodleian library at Oxford. It remains as a small parchment folio of two hundred and twenty-nine pages, written, as it would appear, in the tenth century. It belonged once to Archbishop Usher, who gave it to a learned foreigner, named Junius, who caused its contents to be printed, and by whom the manuscript was finally bequeathed to the Bodleian with his other papers.

Cædmon, we are told, was a poor Northumberland herdsman, who lived under the shadow of the abbey at Whitby, who, though his piety disdained idle songs, grieved that his ignorance deprived him of all skill in singing to the harp. Then, in convivial meetings, when he saw the harp coming round to him, he would rise, full of shame, and go home to his house. And Bede tells us, that after he had done that on one occasion, he went to his duty in the stable, and having littered the cattle, there lay down and went to sleep. And there came a man to him in dreams, saying, "Cædmon, sing to me." He answered, "I cannot sing. I left my comrades and came hither because I cannot." Again said the man, "Yet you must sing to me." "What shall I sing?" Cædmon asked. Said he, "Sing me the origin of things." Then, in his dream, Cædmon began singing, and when he awoke he remembered the lines he had sung. They are the first lines of his poem, and their sense is: "It is right for us to praise and love the King of Hosts, the guardian of

the skies. He is the Lord Almighty, the spirit of power, and the head of all high creatures. He is eternal, ever powerful; he made the wide heavens for the children of glory, and earth for the sons of men."

In the morning, Cædmon, the herdsman, went to his master, the bailiff, and told what gift he had received. The bailiff took him to the abbess, Hilda, who commanded him to tell his dream, and sing his song before the learned in the neighbourhood, and when he had done so it seemed to them all that the gift came straight from heaven. They told him scripture tales, and bade him turn them into song. He went home to his house, and brought stories back next day, adorned with poetry. Therefore the abbess made a monk of him, and caused him to be taught the Scriptures. These he turned into verse as he learnt them, so that even they who were his teachers wrote and learned them again from his mouth. He first sang of the creation and origin of man, and all the history of Genesis and Exodus; also of many other of the canonical books. He sang, too, of the Saviour's incarnation, passion, descent into hell, and ascension into Heaven; of the coming of the Holy Ghost, and of the doctrine of the Apostles. Cædmon is said to have died nearly twelve centuries ago.

The whole of Cædmon's paraphrase has not come down to us. The Scripture story contained in Genesis and Exodus is the groundwork of more than three-fourths of it, as now received. Then follow the striking events in the Scripture history of Babylon. The chief topic in the remaining part is that which our forefathers used to call the Harrowing of Hell. Cædmon's is not a servile paraphrase. He conceives incidents, he invents dialogues, and how fairly he may be called the Milton of his rude times we can best show by a single extract from his work. He begins as Milton begins with the fall of the rebellious angels, and after his fall the words ascribed by Cædmon to "the Angel of Presumption" are in spirit altogether like the first speech wherein we find Milton's Satan,—

in bold words
Breaking the horrid silence.

"Why shall I toil? said he. I need not a superior. I can with my own hands work as many wonders. I have great power to form a diviner throne, higher in heaven. Why shall I serve for his favour, bend to him in such vassalage? I may be a god, as he. Stand by me, strong associates, who will not fail me in the strife. Heroes, stern of mood, have chosen me for chief, with such may counsel be devised, by such we may make captures. They are my zealous, faithful friends; I may be their chieftain, and sway in this realm. It seems not right to me that I should cringe to God for any good; I will no longer be his vassal."

Again, after a description of the place to

which Satan and his host were condemned, Satan harangued: "He was erst God's angel, fair in Heaven, until his mind urged, and pride most of all, that he would not revere the word of the Lord of Hosts. His thought boiled within his heart, his punishment was hot without him, and he said: This narrow place is not unlike that other we knew, high in Heaven's kingdom, which my master bestowed on me, though we must cede it now to the All-Powerful. Yet hath he not done rightly to strike us down to the abyss, bereave us of Heaven's kingdom, and decree to people it with men. That is to me the chief of sorrows, that Adam, who was wrought of earth, should possess my strong seat,—that it should be delight to him while we endure our torment in this hell. Oh! had I power of my hands, and might for one season be without, one winter's space, then with this host I—. But around me lie the iron bonds, and this chain pinches me."

The Apocryphal story of Judith is the subject of one other extant poem of the Anglo-Saxons. As to the manner of the verse, it consists, as a rule, of short, accented, unrhymed couplets, bound together by alliteration. In the first line of a couplet two words begin with the same letter, and then in the second line of the couplet the first word of importance should begin also with that letter, in this fashion—

For forty days
The flood shall last,
The roofed ark riding
Raised afloat.

As to its character, there was a very noticeable feature in the literature of the British Anglo-Saxons. They brought Beowulf and their war-songs with them. Here they begot a moral and religious literature in their verse, and a prose literature that, when it was not moral and contemplative, was steadily designed to make useful knowledge popular. Bede and their other prose writers were encyclopedists. They gathered from recondite books the knowledge of the day upon all subjects, and condensed the pith of it into summaries distinct and practical. It is not only a fact that they did this, but it is a fact that they stand out from among all rude nations by so doing. Nowhere else is there a literature bred out of barbarous times, so moral, so earnest, and so business-like. Bede lived a scholar's life in the north of England eleven or twelve hundred years ago, in the monastery of Saint Peter's at Wearmouth. He collected the pith of the Fathers from their writings, for elucidation of the Holy Scriptures. He wrote on grammar, arithmetic, music, astronomy, the history of his country, trying to give the gist of everything and that not in a dry way. King Alfred, not content with clear treatises in Latin, promoted to his utmost the diffusion of good knowledge in the vulgar tongue. The same

Anglo-Saxon temper, which, to come home for an illustration, we may say begets in these days publications like that which the reader now has between his fingers, and connects the period of their issue with the return of a just relish for Anglo-Saxon English, is to be found strongly defined among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers even in the first days of their possession of the soil. Alcuin went out of Yorkshire to enlighten Charlemagne, and it was he, an Anglo-Saxon, who restored letters in France.

John Erigena, an Anglo-Saxon and by birth an Irish Scot, who probably was among the first of lecturers at Oxford, was, in the ninth century, a choice friend and guide to Charles the Bald, then a great patron of letters. He was a merry scholar, and on good terms with his royal friend. "Pray," asked his Majesty once, when he and Erigena sat opposite each other at dinner, talking in Latin dialectics, "Pray, what divides a Scot from a sot?" John retorted, "Nothing but the table." There is another dinner-table story of division told about him. He, a little, thin, and nimble man, was placed between two corpulent monks, and the dish before them contained three fishes, one large and the others small. The king bade him divide fairly with his neighbours, whereupon he gave each of the fat men one of the sprats and put the whale on his own plate. "You have not made that division equal, learned master," said King Charles. "Truly, I have," said the philosopher. "There are three men and three fishes: there is a big one and a little one, there is another big one and a little one; and here is a big one and a little one. The scale is just."

AUSTRALIAN JIM WALKER.

THIS name was a vowedly an alias, but Jim always evaded any attempt to discover his real patronymic, which I have no doubt he had wilfully buried in oblivion, lest he should reflect disgrace on his family. I know that he never wrote to, nor received letters from, them. He told me once that he wished his friends to think him dead; and I have reason to believe that on more than one occasion he refused to notice advertisements in colonial papers, calling on him, by his true name, to communicate with them.

Jim's history—as I gleaned from him one day, when a trifling act of kindness had opened his heart—was a sad, but common one. He was the child of very respectable parents. The captain of the vessel in which he came out offered to take him back on credit; but Jim's pride forbade his acceptance of this kindly offer: he feared to be taunted with non-success; "and," said he, "I'd have died rather than suffer that."

And, indeed, he seemed likely enough to die. A few occasional shillings were picked up by splitting wood for fuel; but often he dined

with Duke Humphrey, and slept in Nature's ante-room. At last, a settler recommended him to go up the country, and ply from station to station in search of employment. He was sure of board and lodging, gratis; and at any rate he might as well perish in the bush as on the banks of the Torrens. Jim followed this advice. "I had no swag, not even a blanket, to carry," said he; "for I had parted with these long before. When I started out of Adelaide, a few pence, a plug of tobacco, an old clay pipe, a sharp knife, and a clear conscience, were all my possessions. I sunk my name for ever; I determined to forget it; and I have forgotten it—except at times. The second day, I got a berth at Grey's station, under Mount Lofty; and when he asked my name, I said, Jim Walker, and Jim Walker I've been ever since."

The great event in Jim's colonial career occurred when he was a shepherd on the Glen Lyon Run, which is situated on the borders of the Tatiara district. The blacks inhabiting that locality are justly dreaded for their untameable ferocity, which civilising influences are apparently unable to counteract; to the present day the Tatiara natives are noted for their savage onslaughts on defenceless Europeans. At the time of Jim's adventure these attacks were yet more numerous and deadly than they are now, so that the white settlers rarely ventured abroad unarmed.

Jim was appointed to one of the out-stations; and as the country consisted principally of large open plains, he had a pretty easy time of it. The hut was snugly ensconced in a nook of the low rocky hills which formed the northern boundary of the Run. On these hills grew a few stunted she-oaks and dwarf honey-suckle trees, interspersed with dense scrub, which afforded no inconsiderable screen from the hot winds. A single water-hole—the only summer vestige of winter torrents—was near at hand, and immediately in front of the hut was the nightly folding ground.

Jim's only companion in this lonely spot was Willie, the hut-keeper, a quiet, Scotch body, with whose homely conversation Jim was fain to be content; save when one of the overseers rode over from the head station, or a bullock-driver brought down stores, or a chance wanderer passed. The latter was, however, a very rare occurrence; for the locality was much out of the usual track.

One afternoon as Jim and his trusty dog Sandie followed the sheep homeward, he was surprised at not perceiving any signs of Willie. Imagining that the hot weather had overpowered that usually vigilant personage, Jim shouted loudly for him to "wake up," and help to fold the sheep. Receiving no answer, he hurried to the hut.

At the entrance he beheld a scene which to quote his own expression, "made all the blood in his body run cold." There was poor Willie, lying on his face, nearly naked, and bedabbled in gore. It was some time before

Jim could muster courage to approach his old chum. When he did, he found that he was dead, and nearly cold; and a broken spear in his side betrayed that he had been murdered by the natives. The hut itself had evidently been rifled; every particle of food, the store of flour, sugar, and tea, the blankets, knives, and every useful moveable, had been carried off. But what Jim mostly regretted was, that the pistol, an old-fashioned pepper-box revolver, was missing. Fortunately, he had taken his gun in the morning to shoot a few birds, if chance offered, during the day; and, therewith, all the powder and shot remaining on hand. Still, six extra shots were not to be despised; and he felt that the loss of the pistol added to his danger.

Now, all the horrors of his own position burst upon him. The head station was fully ten miles distant, and what enemies he might encounter on the road it was impossible to foretell. However, stay in the hut by himself he could not; so he resolved to fold the flock, and then to set off through the bush, to give information of the event, and obtain assistance. In pursuance of this resolution he went out, and with the aid of the dog succeeded in folding the sheep.

Hoarse with shouting—for your true bushman can do nothing without making a great uproar—Jim went to the water-hole to drink, preparatory to starting on his perilous journey. He was just rising from the recumbent position necessary to enable him to reach the water, when Sandie gave a loud growl; and, at the same instant, Jim saw the shadow of a human figure reflected in the water. Cautiously gazing around, he beheld several dusky forms moving through the thick undergrowth of the opposite range. His first impulse was to fly; but aware of the necessity of concealing his alarming discovery, he mastered his emotion, and ordering the dog to follow, walked quietly back to the hut.

Barricading the door, as well as circumstances would permit, Jim sat down on one of the old stumps which supplied the place of more convenient seats; and striving to divest his mind of untimely fear, debated within himself the propriety of attempting to elude the wily savages who were in the immediate vicinity. But the more he thought of it, the more impracticable it appeared. To run the gauntlet through an unknown number of enemies, was almost certain death. On the other hand, to remain quiescent presented only the prospect of prolonged torture, and final destruction. However, there was no help for it at present, and unable to form any decisive plan of escape, Jim did the very best thing he could; he made his little fortress as secure as possible, and awaited the result.

The hut was built in the ordinary bush-fashion, of huge, upright slabs of timber,—the lower ends being inserted in the earth, and the upper nailed to strong beams. The

interstices were filled with the fibrous coating of the stringy-bark-tree, daubed over with clay to render it wind-proof. The roof consisted of large sheets of bark, and the only window was an aperture about a foot square. This, Jim filled with an old sack, which the natives had probably overlooked. The chimney occupied nearly one side of the hut, and was built of sods, supported on the exterior by a closely-slabb'd wall, to the height of six feet; the upper portion closing inward on all sides to the top, was composed of rough palings, or slips of bush-timber, split to a moderate thickness.

The interior formed only one room, about twelve feet long and ten feet wide, which sufficed its inmates for all purposes.

Night speedily closed in, and in darkness and silence sat Jim with the mangled corpse of the hut-keeper in one of the sleeping berths wherein he had laid it, and the dog crouching uneasily at his feet. The poor brute was with difficulty kept from howling aloud, and once or twice he ran to the door and moaned uneasily. He evidently comprehended that danger was nigh.

How long Jim remained in this state of suspense he could never be positive. It seemed like half a lifetime, he said. After a weary interval Sandie growled sullenly, and sat erect: his ears thrown back, and his eyes glistening in the darkness like balls of fire. Listening, attentively, Jim heard a faint noise as of some one treading on dry twigs. Then Jim knew that the savages were coming.

Next moment the latch of the door was cautiously lifted, and a gentle pressure made against the fastenings. With a beating heart, Jim held the dog, and by gestures forbade him to move or bark. The wonderful instinct of the animal enabled him to comprehend these mute commands, and he lay down quietly on the floor.

Soon the sack, which Jim had placed in the aperture, was noiselessly withdrawn, and a dark visage appeared in its place. And now Jim could scarcely hold the excited dog, who would fain have sprung at the intruder. But the hole was too small to permit the entrance of his foes, and feeling that every grain of powder in his scantily-furnished flask would be required, he even refrained from firing, and on the withdrawal of the intrusive head refilled the aperture with a block of wood.

Whilst so engaged the natives uttered a yell so unearthly that Jim shook with terror; indeed, he afterwards acknowledged that he was near swooning. Almost simultaneously a rush was made at the crazy old door, which nearly gave way, and it appeared certain that another such shock would burst it in. To lie still, and be worried like a badger, was not in Jim's nature. With his sheath-knife he cleared a space between the slabs sufficiently large to admit the muzzle of his gun, and in such a position as

to command the approaches to the door. By the clear starlight he perceived some ten or twelve naked savages grouped in front. Again, yelling hideously, they rushed forward for another assault. As they came on, Jim levelled his piece, and fired both barrels. In all probability this saved the door, for two of the assailants fell screeching to the ground, and the shock was but slight. Sufficient damage, however, was inflicted to break the upper hinges, and force the door from its proper position.

Sandie, more valorous than prudent, sprang into the breach thus formed, and was thrust down by his master, just in time to escape a shower of spears which the enraged blacks hurled at the opening. The jeopardy from these weapons was now imminent; but, by a vigorous effort, Jim pushed the door into an erect position and re-secured it with poles hastily torn from the rough bunks, or sleeping berths, of the hut. Then, re-loading his gun, he repaired to his impromptu loophole.

He had done mischief to his wild enemies. Their wounded had been carried into the scrub, and a smaller party came warily out to reconnoitre. Creeping round the side of the hut, they came on again, but this time no yell preceded the assault. Before they reached the door, Jim fired in amongst them, and again they retreated, howling like wild beasts.

After this, all was quiet for nearly an hour, and Jim even began to hope that he was rid of his persecutors. To make all sure, however, he closed the little aperture more securely, shored up the door with every available piece of timber, and placed an old flour-barrel in the fireplace, to give due notice of any attempt at ingress by way of the chimney.

Insensibly, sleep overpowered him, and he was drowsily nodding, when the loud and angry barking of the dog indicated the approach of some new peril. Starting up, Jim listened with that preternaturally acute sense of hearing, which nothing but the consciousness of danger can possibly induce. The only sound that reached him, was the rustling of leaves, such as would be produced by the wind sweeping through the trees. Sandie still barked. Repairing to the loophole Jim gazed out for information. Nothing met his gaze in that direction; but the rustling wind-like sounds approached nearer and nearer. Feeling uneasy, he cautiously opened another clink at the rear of the hut, and peered forth.

For a few seconds Jim fairly doubted the evidence of his eyesight. It was as when Biram Wood marched towards Dunsinane. Not a living soul could he perceive; but a line of great bushes were advancing—apparently of their own accord—to the hut. Jim scraped the hole a little larger; and, when the strange procession came within range, he discharged his gun at it. Instantly, all the bushes fell prostrate; and the savages emerged

from their leafy covert. With a shout, which blended the scream of pain and rage with the hoarse cry for vengeance, the blacks ran forward, dragging the bushes after them. In a second, the latter were piled against the walls of the hut; and a transient silence followed, during which the captive was left to speculate on the object of this manœuvre.

His doubts (if he had any) were soon resolved. A peculiar crackling sound, succeeded by a broad glare of light, perceptible through the crannies of the frail tenement, informed him, that the terrors of fire had been brought to bear against him. The natives had been into the ranges in search of dry boughs; and with these, mingled with the inflammable resinous branches of the gum-trees, they now proposed to burn him out of his shelter. Bitterly he regretted not having taken advantage of their short absence to effect his escape. It was now too late. For a short space he remained in a state of stupefaction,—utterly overwhelmed by the increased horrors of his situation. As the flames caught the dry combustible wall, and bark roof, he deemed himself utterly lost; and it was only by a violent effort that he, at length, shook off the benumbing influence of the intense terror which had seized upon him.

A little reflection convinced him, that in one bold effort lay his sole chance of preservation. Reconnoitering the premises, he observed that the flames were confined to the rear and roof of the hut. Through the chink in the front wall, he perceived the savages lying in wait near the door; but, occupying such a position as to be out of the reach of firearms. "They thought to smoke me out, as they do wombats," said Jim, "and to spear me as I crawled out of my den; but, I determined to have another trial for it, and if I died, to die, like a man, in the open air."

Seizing a small bar of tough wood, he inserted it between the blazing slabs at the rear, and found that they readily yielded to his efforts. The dense smoke now filled the hut, and the burning embers from the roof fell around him in showers. But, regardless of all, save life itself, he stripped off his blue serge-frock,—an article which serves the bushman for shirt, vest, coat, and paletôt, all in one—and carefully wrapped it round the lock of the gun. He then, by a vigorous effort, detached two of the slabs from their upper fastenings, and stealthily drew them within the hut;—the slight noise attending this operation being disguised by the crackling of the burning timber. Gazing through the surrounding belt of fire and smoke he discovered that none of his enemies were in view; all of them—as he had anticipated—being collected on the opposite side of the hut. Now was the moment for escape. One danger yet remained to be obviated.

How to still the furious barking of the dog he knew not; yet this would at once acquaint the savages with his escape; when instant pursuit, and death would inevitably be the result. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary to secure Sandie in the hut. "I could not bear the thoughts of doing this," Jim used to say, when relating the incident; "it seemed so cruel to the poor, faithful brute." Still, secrecy and silence were indispensable; the first great law of nature—self-preservation—crushed the generous impulses of sentiment; and the dog was sacrificed to secure his master's safety. Desirous, however, of affording the animal at least a chance of escape, Jim tied him-up with a cotton handkerchief only—in the hope that his exertions would enable him to free himself before the entry of the savages.

This done, Jim took up his gun, and stepped out through the flames. As he emerged, one of the natives glided round the corner; and, surprised by the intended victim's unexpected appearance, stood for a moment irresolute. Before he could speak or move, Jim felled him to the earth with a blow of his fist; and, without waiting for the result, darted off, under cover of the dense smoke, for the ranges.

He had surmounted the first tier, and was crossing the valley beyond, when the outcries of the blacks proclaimed that his flight had been discovered. The hope of yet saving life lent new wings to his feet; and, at any rate, he had considerably the start of his pursuers. Before he had proceeded very far, something came dashing through the scrub behind him, and he turned to confront the expected foe. To his great delight it was the dog.

Onward sped the two fugitives, the man and the dog. Ten bush-miles lay between them and safety, and the pursuers were light of foot, and fleet of limb. Jim had not tasted food since mid-day, he was fatigued with toil and watching, and suffered much pain from numerous burns on his arms and shoulders. But hunger, thirst, weariness, and pain, were all temporarily obliterated by the necessity of extreme exertion, and, as mile after mile was passed without any evidence of pursuit, hope—which never deserts the brave—grew stronger in the fugitive's heart.

Although no indication of the natives were apparent, Jim was too well acquainted with their nature and habits to relax his speed. Wily as serpents, and as noiseless too, they might be close at hand, yet invisible. Onward, therefore he flew; life was in front; death near behind. How far, or during what time, he continued his flight, Jim could never tell. He believed that he was approaching the head station, yet nowhere could he discern the traces of any human habitations. At length, fatigued and breathless, he was compelled to pause. Had the savages

been yelling at his heels, he could not have proceeded.

He sought the shelter of a rocky mound, near at hand, and lay down in its dark shadow, intending to rest for a brief interval only. But he unwarily sank into a deep sleep.

From that dangerous slumber, Jim Walker would probably never have awoke in this world, but for the faithful guardianship of his dog Sandie. Aroused by the barking of that vigilant companion, he opened his eyes just as the grey light of morning was spreading over the horizon. Above his head the rock rose perpendicularly to the height of about fourteen feet. Over the margin appeared a human head, which caught his startled gaze as he awoke. Instinctively he recognised the presence of his pursuers. The savages had tracked him to his hiding-place.

Springing to his feet, he darted forward with renewed velocity; and as he did so, a spear whizzed by close to him. Jim felt that he had thrown away another chance of life by halting in the open country. Shelter there was none; for the track of flight lay now over a treeless plain. Again and again spears glanced by him, and, looking around, he saw that he was pursued by three savages, one of whom was considerably in advance of the other. With set teeth and straining muscles, the hunted man pressed on, desperation and agony in his soul. The savages rapidly gained upon him; and, although a stern chase is always a long chase, nothing could prevent their closing with him, before many minutes elapsed.

Suddenly he turned and fired at the nearest black. The shot was fatal. With a loud screech, the savage leaped up into the air, and fell to the earth, mortally wounded.

Almost immediately thereupon, a faint sound, as of the bleating of sheep reached the fugitive's ear. He was near assistance. He strove to shout aloud, but his voice failed. A low hill was before him, and in the valley beyond was the home-station, could he but reach which his life was safe. The space between was short, but into that space were crowded unnumbered hopes and fears. The savages were fast nearing him. Once more facing round, he fired, and in the excitement of the moment, missed. It was his last shot, and now in his speed lay the last remaining chance of escape.

He scarcely dared to hope, yet mechanically continued to fly. A thousand wandering thoughts of happy days, of boyish sports beneath an English sky, fond reminiscences of home, and recollections of a mother's love—a mother, too early lost; passed with wondrous rapidity before his mental vision, he said, in the brief agonizing moments of that fearful struggle for life.

He reached the hill unharmed, and had accomplished nearly half the ascent, when a spear entered his shoulder, and threw him, stunned and bleeding, to the ground. The next moment the savages were upon him.

Sandie, faithful to the last, flew at the throat of the nearest foe, and forced him back to the earth. Frightened at this novel assailant, the fellow shrieked for help, and with a single blow of his tomahawk, his comrade laid the honest brute senseless and disabled. But the temporary diversion in Jim's favour, saved Jim's life.

As the savages turned from the dog to their human victim, Bang! bang! came two shots from the summit of the hill, and several white men rushed forward to the rescue. The hunters now became the hunted; and I need scarcely add, that neither of them escaped.

The last shots fired by Jim had fortunately been heard by a shepherd employed at the head station; apprehensive of danger, he immediately aroused the other men. Little time was lost in dressing, for the simple reason that bushmen seldom undress; and starting in the direction of the hill, they arrived just in time to deliver Jim from the hands of his enemies.

The spear-wound in Jim's shoulder speedily healed; and Sandie, although long despaired of, eventually recovered from the effects of the savage's tomahawk. A perceptible limp always remained to bear witness of his courageous attack; and surely Jim was right in saying, that Sandie's lame leg was as honourable to the noble dog as scars to a soldier. He was of little use afterwards as a sheep-dog; but Jim would not part with him. He elevated him to the rank of a special pensioner, and never ate himself until he had fed the companion of that eventful night.

I may add, that a party sent over to the old hut found it burnt to the ground, and all the sheep driven off. With the assistance of neighbouring settlers, the greater part of the flock was ultimately recovered; but not until after many days' hunting for them, and several sanguinary encounters with the Tatiara blacks, wherein more than one European received wounds.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

WILL READ AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL:

On THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 13th, his "Christmas Carol."

On THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 20th, his "Cricket on the Hearth."

Each Reading will commence at Eight exactly, and will last two hours.

PLACES:—Stalls (numbered and reserved), Five Shillings; Arca and Galleries, Half-a-crown; Unreserved Seats, One Shilling. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, Publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre.

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NEW WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

THE article entitled *The First Idea of Everything*, in our last number, abundantly showed that there may be, literally and materially, nothing new under the Sun; yet, so many new facts, principles, and laws, are almost daily coming to light, that the world is in no want of novelties. Thus, a new branch of physics has of late years been inaugurated by the discovery of what is called the spheroidal state of matter. When we had got as far as steam and gas, we fancied we had fathomed the uttermost secrets of nature; but now, marvels which a writer of fiction would hardly dare to introduce into a fairy tale or a legend, turn out to be incontestably and demonstrably true. For instance, a bold experimentalist—some people might call him an impudent quack—set his heart on manufacturing a lump of ice. And where does he succeed in making it? Of all preposterous places in the world, he produces it inside a glowing crucible standing in a heated furnace; the heat of the furnace moreover not being the gentle temperature which bakers use to reduce beef and potatoes to a savoury dish nicely browned and with the gravy in, but a chemist's white-heat; and the bit of ice, so turned out, is not a half-melted hailstone which you would suck with pleasure (if clean) after a summer-afternoon's thunder-storm, but a diabolical little lump of such intense coldness that you would take it to be the concentration of a whole Russian winter, or an essential ice-drop distilled out of the very North Pole itself. The performer of the feat is Monsieur P. H. Boutigny (d'Evreux), member of various learned and scientific societies and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, who has proved by experiment on his own proper person—and his friends have not hesitated to follow his example—that the judicial tests, or ordeals of former ages, by red-hot iron, by boiling water or oil, and other ingenious means of torture which have been in use at diverse epochs amongst almost every nation under the sun—he has demonstrated that these fearful, fiery trials may have been triumphantly passed through and undergone, without any exercise of charlatanry or trickery on the part of the actors, and also without any

supernatural interference beyond the influence of physical laws which have always been in operation and do act to the present day. Occult powers of nature they may have hitherto been, but natural powers they ever remain.

One Adurabad Mabrasphand, a priest of Zoroaster, wishing to convince the dissenters and infidels of his day of the superior truth and holiness of his faith, proposed that on his naked body there should be poured eighteen pounds of melted copper hot from the furnace, on the condition that, if he received no harm, disbelievers should bow and yield their credence in the presence of so great a prodigy. The *Dictionnaire Historique*, which tells the tale, adds that the trial was reported to have been made with such complete success, that all the sceptics were incontinently converted.

Is this a gross fable, or is it only an unexplained fact? Most readers are tempted to treat it as a coarse and vulgar story utterly repugnant to common sense. But many things which common sense has scornfully rejected have found a refuge and a resting-place in the realms of science. In proof of the fact, we have only to go back to the infancy of steam, gas, and electricity.

M. Boutigny regards the anecdote as an undoubted fact; and however improbable, it really is, nevertheless, perfectly veracious and historical. Many credible things, he remarks, are false; and many incredible things are true. It is hardly worth disputing now whether the hard-named apostle of Zoroaster's creed enjoyed his hot copper shower-bath or not, because M. Boutigny backs his opinion by personal proof of the possibility of the case. He has plunged (he writes) a finger or his hands, several times, into a mould of incandescant metal, frightful to look at. He has repeated the experiment with silver, bronze, and lead, and the result has been completely identical; the same sensation, and no burning—except in an instance which he mentions afterwards. He adds, that by wetting the finger with ether before plunging it into melted lead, a feeling of chilliness is experienced. By wetting the finger with water, it may be plunged with impunity into tallow heated to three hundred degrees of centigrade. Réaumur's thermometer takes

melting ice for its zero, or starting-point, and is graduated into eighty degrees between that and boiling water. The centigrade thermometer more conveniently divides the same interval into a hundred degrees. The tallow, therefore, into which it pleased M. Boutigny to thrust his finger, as merrily as little Jack Horner put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, was exactly three times as hot as boiling water. In like manner, an intrusive finger or thumb may be plunged with equal safety into boiling water, after having been wetted with ether.

M. Boutigny's bold experiment had been forestalled by M. Alphonse Michel, who passed his finger, without any previous precaution, through a jet of glowing melted metal, as it flowed from the furnace. After the Messieurs Boutigny and Michel, the fact has been repeated and verified by the illustrious natural philosopher, M. Despretz; by M. Desdout, whose recklessness alarmed M. Boutigny himself; by M. A. Perrey, professor of Natural Philosophy at Lyons; by M. le Docteur Légal, of Dieppe; and by M. Come, Professor at Laval, who relates that his friend M. Covlet was the first to begin handling the dangerous playthings, that they passed their fingers through jets of cast iron, and that they plunged their hands into moulds and crucibles full of melted iron that had just been tapped, and whose radiated heat was scarcely supportable at a considerable distance. They varied their experiments for more than a couple of hours. Madame Covlet, who was present, allowed her little daughter, a child eight or ten years old, to put her hand into a crucible full of glowing melted iron, which was done with impunity. When their hands were immersed in the melted metal, after making use of sulphurous acid as the previous moistening liquid, every one of this venturesome party experienced a sensation of cold.

The origin of M. Boutigny's apparently reckless exposure of his person to the danger of burning and even consumption by fire, and the first hint of the principles on which he explains its possibility, was as complete an accident as Newton's discovery of gravitation from the fall of an apple. One evening, Monsieur B. was experimentalising on the relative densities of various starches. He put some ether into a glass vessel called an *épreuve*; he then added the starch, closed the mouth of the tube with the tip of his forefinger, and shook it violently. He next placed the *épreuve* on its stand, and noted the time the starch took to precipitate. That which was precipitated the quickest, was either the most bulky of equal density, or the densest of equal bulk; and this result sufficed for the special object which he wanted to attain.

As the ether which he employed for each experiment was very small in quantity, he threw it out into a fire-place, in which were

some brands of wood that still retained their heat. Every time that the ether fell upon a brand, a beautiful blue light streamed from it, which had nothing in common with the ordinary flame of ether. The phenomenon strongly excited his curiosity, and induced him to repeat the experiment by daylight, and in crucibles. Consequently, he slightly heated a platina crucible over a spirit-lamp, and poured into it a few drops of ether. These assumed a spheroidal form, and without moistening the crucible that held them. The crucible, removed to a dark place, was found to be full of beautiful blue vapours. The experimenter discovered, by means of a slip of blue test-paper (*papier de tournesol*), that the internal temperature of the crucible was very high, whilst that of the little spheroid within it was very low. In fact, the slip of paper turned brown in the crucible, whilst its extremity, plunged in the ether-spheroid, remained perfectly intact.

Such was the hazard or lucky accident which led to the discovery of THE SPHEROIDAL STATE. Its author does not say that similar accidents have not happened to others about the same time. He assumes to be no more than the secretary and the interpreter of a chance event. At first, he traced out a narrow circle connected with this phenomenon, every point of which he proposed to explore successively; but he soon found that the circle widened every day, till at last he is obliged to confess that it is boundless. Without presumption, he ventures to assert, that the discovery opens a wide career to physical and chemical experiments, and is likely to bring about important modifications in several theories, which, in the actual state of science, are regarded as sufficient and true. And thus a scientific revolution, or at least a great step in advance, will be owing to the precipitation of a few grains of potato-starch. For the thousandth time, we find the greatest results brought about by the slightest causes. The blowing-up of steam-boilers, whether for boats or for locomotives, is to be rendered next to impossible. The mystery of fire-balls from heaven will be explained; meteorologists will have to erase from their chapter on lightning, a form of meteor which has no analogy to lightning proper, namely to that which darts in straight or zigzag lines. Such balls of fire will henceforth be styled "spheroidal lightning." The indulgence of geologists has to be intrusted for a new theory as to the formation of coal, which is more than suspected to have a completely different origin to that at present assigned to it. It is simply a carbonate of hydrogen (*carbure d'hydrogène*) condensed and passing into a spheroidal state, and so precipitated from the atmosphere during its gradual process of cooling, eons ago. The pre-adamite plants found mixed up therewith, are merely accidental additions swept into it, at a long

posterior epoch, by floods and watercourses. In short, a coal-basin is simply a dish of stewed vegetables, of which the sauce, the coal itself, is the primitive basis. To have curried fowl, veal, or fish, you first prepare the curry itself, and then add the thing to be curried, whatever it may be; exactly so of the palms and tree-ferns found in coal-mines, and of the vegetable tissue which the microscope detects in the substance of the coal itself. Coal is a species of dark-coloured mayonnaise invented before cooks or kitchens were thought of, for the preparation of pre-adamite salad. The origin and the future destiny of coal are thus summed up: "Coal came from the atmosphere by precipitation, and returns to the atmosphere by combustion."

Such are samples of what may be deduced from the observation of a drop of cold water dancing on the surface of a red-hot iron plate.

The spheroidal state, then—an expression which has now taken its permanent place in scientific language—is the phrase employed by M. Boutigny to denote the molecular modifications of matter, whose occurrence he first published to the world in eighteen hundred and forty-two. Those modifications consist of the very remarkable phenomena presented by bodies which are thrown on surfaces heated to a temperature higher than their own (the respective bodies') boiling point. Thus, a drop of liquid, let fall on a heated metal plate, does not instantly fly off in vapour, as we might at first believe that it would do, but remains trembling and spinning, for a short definite time, without suffering any visible change or diminution. The drop has passed to the spheroidal state. At the outset of the study of these novel facts, it was believed that a white heat, or something like fifteen hundred degrees of centigrade, was required to throw water into the spheroidal state; M. Boutigny has demonstrated that it easily acquires those conditions at two hundred degrees, with somewhat greater difficulty at a hundred and seventy-one degrees, and that it maintains them while sinking as low as one hundred and forty-two degrees.

Bodies in the spheroidal state differ amazingly from the same bodies, even while displaying merely their ordinary properties. Take liquids, as defined by Liebig. "Liquid bodies," says the celebrated chemist of Giessen, "assume the form of the vessels which hold them; their molecules are very moveable. When they are at rest, their surface becomes horizontal." A vessel filled with ordinary liquid of a temperature differing from its own, gradually acquires the temperature of the liquid, while the liquid acquires the temperature of the vessel; in short, an equilibrium of temperature is rapidly established between them. But an equilibrium of temperature cannot be esta-

blished, and is never established, between bodies in the spheroidal state and the vessels which contain them. This default of equilibrium alone suffices to prove that the present theories respecting heat are defective and incomplete. M. Boutigny tells us that a body is in the spheroidal state when its temperature remains fixed or unchanged upon a surface with which it has no contact, and the temperature of which surface may be raised indefinitely. Reciprocally, that is, turning the definition the other way, all bodies whose temperature remains unchanged while resting on a surface with which they have no actual contact, and the temperature of which surface may be raised indefinitely, are in the spheroidal state. This definition, comprising the general fact to which the title of the spheroidal state has been given, after years of persevering research, is based upon certain characteristic principles and fundamental properties, a few of which may be briefly indicated to the reader. The name itself is derived from the rounded form assumed by matter on a surface heated to a certain temperature.

But the temperature of the vessel, in which a body is made to pass into the spheroidal state, must be proportionally higher, according as the boiling-point of that body is higher. Now, water in the spheroidal state evaporates fifty times more slowly, even in a capsule heated to two hundred degrees centigrade, than it does by ebullition in the ordinary state of liquid, namely, at one hundred degrees merely. The temperature of bodies in the spheroidal state is always lower than their boiling-point, whatever may be the temperature of the vessel containing them. M. Boutigny, combining these facts with the proportional law for water which he discovered, succeeded in solving the singular problem: Given a place at a white-heat, to congeal water therein instantly. Our own distinguished chemist, Faraday, has with the greatest facility effected, in virtue of the spheroidal state, a bold experiment which appears to have been first imagined by M. Boutigny; it is no less than the congelation of mercury inside a red-hot crucible. He first heated to redness a platina crucible; he put into it some ether, then some carbonic acid, and into this mixture in the spheroidal state he plunged a metallic capsule containing about thirty-one grammes of mercury, which was forthwith solidified in the course of two or three seconds. It was marvellous to behold mercury, plunged into a red-hot crucible, come out again frozen to a solid lump. Such a feat as this last, however, performed by the aid of carbonic acid, cannot be undertaken without danger by any but the most practised hands.

Bodies in the spheroidal state possess the property of almost absolutely reflecting (which implies a casting-off, a not-receiving

of) radiated heat. This very remarkable property of such bodies; that is, that they absolutely refuse to take in caloric from without, unless communicated by actual contact, confirms the bold hypothesis of the age; namely, that which Herschel first put forth respecting the temperature and physical constitution of the sun, almost proving that our great central globe of fire is habitable by beings like ourselves.

All bodies are capable of assuming the spheroidal state.

There is no contact between bodies in the spheroidal state and the surface which throws them into that condition. The light of a candle and the electric spark are visible, of course, in a darkened room, between the spheroid and the heated metal plate. Azotic acid in the spheroidal state, however concentrated, does not attack the hot silver surface on which it rests, although it would immediately corrode a slip of cold silver presented to it. The fact of non-contact can be further illustrated by an experiment which may almost be called astronomical. A nearly plane-bottomed silver capsule is heated, and on it is poured a quantity of water, sufficiently considerable to form a very flattened ellipsoid. An iron, or, better, a solid silver cylinder of something less than half an inch in diameter, is brought to a white-heat and plunged into the middle of the ellipsoid, which (contact being impossible) forms around the cylinder a ring, which has been compared, rightly or wrongly, to the ring of Saturn. Maupertuis broached the opinion that the ring of Saturn consisted of congealed water, which was received in its day as a great absurdity. With the silver cylinder (to avoid the oxide which clings to an iron surface) and with water deeply coloured black or blue, the results of this experiment became still more precise and remarkable.

By another experiment, as simple as it sounds strange, M. Boutigny resolves the paradoxical problem: Given a vessel (a small, very thick, hollow, hemispherical bowl of silver), to fill it with water without wetting it, and to make the water boil by cooling the vessel which contains it!

The brilliant experiment of the combustion of iron in oxygen gas is a common spectacle at lectures on chemistry. In it, the globules of melted oxide are observed to traverse the water contained in the jar, and to become incrustated in the very substance of the glass. In explanation of this phenomenon, it is generally stated that the temperature of the globules is so exceedingly high, that, after passing through the stratum of water, they still retain sufficient heat to eat into the glass, which they cause to suffer a partial fusion. Now, it is quite true that the temperature of these globules of oxide of iron is very high; and it is so, because they pass through the water without being wetted by, or coming in

contact with, it; and that is the reason why they are able to penetrate the glass by melting it. If the hot drops of oxide of iron were made to pass through a deeper stratum of water, they would become wetted during their course, of which fact notice would be given by a peculiar hissing sound, and they would fall to the bottom of the jar like leaden shot.

Those common learned toys, Prince Rupert's drops, or the "larmes Bataviques," whose sudden disruption on the pressure of their tails is so curious and startling to young beginners, are globules of melted glass thrown into a vessel of cold water. These Batavian tears remain incandescent, for a certain time, without the water's giving any sign of ebullition, at least at the commencement of the experiment.

Blacksmiths are fond of making a display, which consists in throwing a few drops of water upon a mass of glowing metal, and then striking it forcibly with their hammer at the spot where those drops are lodged. The consequence is a violent detonation. It is certain that the blow establishes a contact between the iron and the water. The detonation is probably caused by the sudden transformation of the spheroidal water into steam; and the iron itself is polished clean, as if its oxide were mechanically removed by the exploding vapour.

There are feats performed even by villagers, such as licking a red-hot poker with the tongue, or taking the heated end in the hand without being burnt, which are inexplicable, unless recourse be had to the properties of bodies in the spheroidal state. But the theory of such phenomena is very simple, and accords with the laws which have been already detailed. The moisture of the tongue or hand, passing into the spheroidal state, prevents all actual contact between the metal and the flesh. That fact may be considered as positively established. If there be no real contact, a burn can only be made by radiated heat, which must be confessed to have enormous power in the cases of which we are speaking. But if radiated heat is thrown off by reflection from bodies in a spheroidal state (which it is), the result is as if it did not exist at all, and the operator escapes without injury. Perhaps also the vital force may have some influence in the preservation of organic living tissues; for, there exists between animated nature and bodies in the spheroidal state this very remarkable affinity, namely, the invariability of their temperature, or their stable equilibrium in respect to caloric. The list of similar surprising phenomena is far from being exhausted. It is impossible, in the limited space allowed to this article, to do more than indicate the innumerable and extraordinary tricks which spheroidised materials can play. Moreover, these sort of experiments are not always without danger. For instance, if you were to plunge your finger into

melted metal at the moment when it was about to become solid, you might have it caught in a burning trap, or a small quantity of metal might remain sticking to it when you drew it out; either of which accidents would inflict severe pain, and something worse.

The spheroidal state of water is one of the principal causes of the fulminating explosions of steam-boilers. Attentive study of the cause of these terrible explosions has led to the invention and execution of a completely new system of steam generation, which is equally applicable to the smallest powers, such as those of half-a-horse, as to boilers on the largest scale. The small boilers constructed on this system fill up a gap which hitherto existed in the arts, by creating a workman-power, a domestic-power engine; and the study of matter in the spheroidal state, even if it had produced no other result than this, would have fully justified M. Boutigny's perseverance in the path which he has determined to pursue. And when we add to the remarkable phenomena already mentioned, the suspension of chemical action and the fixity of temperature in bodies in the spheroidal state, the immense scope and applicability of this new branch of physics will be at once appreciated. That it has not been taken up before, is almost a matter of astonishment; for the leading phenomenon must have been observed from the highest antiquity,—from the appearance of man himself upon the earth. The first attempts of Tubal Cain to heat a flint, a bit of granite, or a morsel of ore, on which he let fall a few drops of water by accident or design, must have shown him those drops passing into the spheroidal state. Nevertheless, there exists no tradition that the facts were known to antiquity, unless allusion be supposed to be made to them by Solomon: "The fire had power in the water, forgetting his own virtue: and the water forgot his own quenching nature." The words, however, are equally applicable to Greek fire, potassium, and other highly inflammable substances. In later times, glass-makers became acquainted with this property of water, and applied it to their art in a very ingenious manner; but, it was not till the middle of the last century, that the phenomenon was really observed with scientific views, and that nearly simultaneously, by Eller and by Leidenfrost. Since then, it has been more overlaid with error than illustrated by close investigation, until M. Boutigny devoted his attention to it, more or less, every day for the last twenty years. And now we catch a glimpse of an immense circle of discovery, comprising natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, probably astronomy, perhaps even universal nature.

For the exploration of this boundless field for investigation, the life of one man, however energetic, is insufficient. It will be some-

thing if, two or three generations hence, a more precise degree of knowledge shall have been attained.

THE SIX GIANTS OF LEHON.

ONE of the prettiest and most romantic rivers of France—the Rance—has been deprived of many of its natural beauties, by the modern improvement of canalisation. What it has gained in usefulness, it has lost in attraction. It is more servicable to the trader, but less interesting to the tourist. A Rhine in miniature it can boast, like that celebrated stream, of having steep, rocky banks, covered in some places with the ruins of fortresses and castellated dwellings, where petty tyrants, in their day, were the lords of land and stream, and had the power, which they too often exercised, of oppressing their vassals, and spoiling the peaceful traveller. To thickly-wooded acclivities and toppling towers overhanging the Rance, there still clings many a wild tale, and many a wondrous legend. Such a legend I picked up one day, whilst sauntering near the old bridge of the secluded village of Lehon, which lies at the bottom of a valley, enclosed with an amphitheatre of precipitous hills.

As I approached the bridge, I observed a man sitting straddle-legs on the central wooden parapet. This man wore the short, loose, blue blouse of the peasantry. His lower limbs were encased in light-coloured cord knee-breeches, and yellow gaiters. His wide-awake, broad-leaved Breton hat was cocked upon one side of his head, in a manner which, as I conceived, was indicative of the foreigner; and, as I went nearer, and discerned that between his lips he held a black pipe, not an inch long, I felt that I might, despite the place in which he was encountered, and the habiliments that disguised his nationality, claim him as a fellow subject.

There was, however, a circumstance calculated to shake my confidence as to my surmise, with respect to the particular country of the blue-bloused peasant, and that was observing him in friendly conversation with a white-bearded old man, who was, in face, figure, and manner, undoubtedly a Frenchman.

Before I reached the bridge, the old man had passed from his companion, leaving the latter busily engaged, cutting into the palm of his left hand thin slivers of tobacco, and as he did so, consoling himself in his solitary occupation with the doleful words of a melancholy ditty addressed to Marie Louisa upon the death of Napoleon I. Of that ditty, I could, as I approached, hear the following words recited:

"She may sigh by the winds on the great Mount Hyana,
While her hero yet sleeps in the isle of Saint Helzna."

"You are not a Frenchman," I remarked.
 "No—nor an Englishman, either, thank God!" was the reply.

"Do you speak French?" I asked.

"Why, I speak it, sir, in that sort of a way, that if you asked me the same question in French, I'd say I couldn't answer you."

"And yet I observed you speaking to that old man who has just parted from you?"

"Oh! that is old Bazan, the beadle of the church behind me. I find it as easy speaking to him as to you, sir."

"Then he is not a Frenchman."

"Then, if he is not a Frenchman, he must have dropped from the skies into Lehon; for he never was ten miles from this bridge, from the day he was born to the present hour. If living eighty-four years in one place, and that place in France, and never being out of it, does not make a man a Frenchman, I don't well know what other country you can say he belongs to. At all events, old Bazan says he is a Frenchman, and I am disposed to believe him."

"Well!" I observed, somewhat puzzled by the self-possessed Irishman, "if you cannot speak French very well,—and yet you can talk with facility to Monsieur Bazan,—I suppose he speaks English?"

"He speak English!" cried the Irishman, laughing. "Old Bazan speak English! He hates the very name of the English; he would as soon think of eating meat on a Friday as talking one word of English."

"Then how," I asked, "do you keep up a conversation with each other?"

"How do we keep up a conversation with each other?" repeated the Irishman. "Pray, sir, how do you and I keep up a conversation?"

"By speaking the same language?" I answered.

"Very well, sir; that is the way Bazan and I keep up a conversation with each other; we speak the same language."

"The same language! what do you mean? I thought you said he did not speak English; and you do not speak French."

"And if you always think as correctly on all occasions, sir," coolly remarked the Irishman, "as you do at present, make your mind easy for the rest of your life; for you will never fall into a mistake. Bazan does not speak English: I do not speak French, and yet we both speak the same language."

"What language?" I asked.

"What language!" repeated the Irishman.

"Oh! the conceit of these Englishers—it is almost as bad as the conceit of the Frenchers, only that a person is more used to the one than the other. One would think there never were but two languages in the world—English and French! Why, then, sir, Bazan and I were speaking in a language that was a grand language, and a great language, and a language in which thousands of books were written, hundreds of years

before the French began to chatter in their lingo, or English was ever dreamt of. Maybe! you never heard that there was once such a thing spoken by kings, and warriors, and poets, as the Irish language."

"The Irish language!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Do you mean to tell me that the Breton peasantry can either understand or speak the Irish language?"

"If you ask me, sir, if poor old Dolphy Bazan can speak Irish as well as I do, then I must say he does not. It is a treat to him to hear me speaking; but it's like listening to a knife-grinder for me to stand by, and see how he murders my native tongue. A Scotchman can talk it, but very badly: a Welshman, too, makes but a poor hand of it; still I can construe what they are at pretty well, and they can understand me beautifully. As to the Bretons, and the Irish language they speak, why, if you would wish to know the distinction between my Irish and Bazan's Irish, I can give you an idea of it. It is just the difference that there would be between the way you yourself now speak English and the way you would speak English, supposing you stuffed your nose with snuff, and lost your three upper front teeth: it would be the same language, with one-half of the vowels smothered, and one-third of the consonants rubbed as clean out as a wet sponge wipes into nothing a sum in arithmetic, on a new slate."

The spokesman was plainly an original, and I determined, if possible, to establish an acquaintanceship with him. I fancied that, in the occupation of his leisure hours I had discovered one of the weaknesses to which genius is sometimes liable. I therefore remarked:

"That is, I suppose, French tobacco?"

"Indeed it is, sir, and French tobacco is the worst apology for smoking that ever a poor creature tried to console himself with, when a thousand miles away from Dundalk, or Limerick, where the best pig-tail in the world is made."

"What do you say to James's River tobacco?" I asked.

"It's Cavendish you mean. Oh, sir, it is seldom a poor fellow like me can ever get even a whiff of another man's smoking Cavendish."

"Here," said I—"if you will do me the favour to accept it—is a cake of the material you so much admire. It comes direct to me from James's River."

"Thank you, sir," said my newly-made friend, joyfully receiving the proffered gift, and putting it close to his nose. As he did so, his eyes glistened with delight, and he exclaimed:

"Were you ever in the Phoenix Park, sir, in the month of May, when the hawthorn is in blossom, and the air for miles around is full of perfume?"

"Yes, I have been there: it is very delicious."

"Delicious! Oh! it is heavenly! The rose is sweet, and the white lily is sweet, and the violet is sweet, and the yellow priurose in its green leaves is sweet; but of all the scents in the world, there is nothing to compare with the hawthorn blossom—not even the new-mown hay itself. Well, sir, the only thing on the habitable globe that puts me in mind of the Phoenix Park, and the hawthorn in the mouth of May, is—Cavendish tobacco."

He commenced operations on the Cavendish. "Now," said he—"Now for such a draw in as I haven't had since I last saw the Shannon. When I have taken two full pipes of this, I wouldn't change places with the Lord-Lieutenant: a child might play with me, and the discourse that would be in me would be better worth listening to than an actor in Crow Street."

"You live, I suppose, in this neighbourhood?" I said, determined not to let the conversation drop with this rhapsody.

The man, without taking his eyes from his work, nodded towards the high hill he sat facing, and replied: "On the other side of that hill there is a great big house, belonging to a French baron, and I am living with him in a double capacity."

"In a double capacity! discharging two duties at the same time! May I ask what they are?"

"You may, and welcome. The fact is, sir, I am hired to do two things. I am an Irish groom, and an English schoolmaster. I take care of four French horses, and I am trying to teach their owner English; and a bad hand I am making of the two of them. I can't get the master to understand one word of the language; and I can never get the horses fit to do anything: the unnatural brutes are always troubled with the gripes: and that's what brought me to the bridge of Lehon to-day. I came here to smoke, and mature my ideas on a new horse-ball I am thinking of administering."

"Then you are a horse-doctor also."

"No; but Dolphy Bazan is; and I came to consult him; and that I may never smoke this pipe; but when the two of us got together we forgot all about the horses; for he began telling me of the old times, and what happened in this very place; and he narrated a story the like of which I never heard before. As it is all to the honour and glory of one of the saints of Ireland, I would like to tell it to you, sir. It is really worth listening to; and if you had the time to spare, I would be delighted you heard it. I want to show you I can be grateful for your beautiful present; and the grateful feeling of an humble heart is all poor Peter Gorman has to give to those who are kind to him."

"Your name, I suppose, is Peter Gorman?"

"It is, sir."

"Very well, then, Peter Gorman, proceed with your story. You shall find me an attentive listener."

"It is no story at all, sir," said Peter Gorman, as he lighted his pipe. "It is a history I am going to recount. It was in the year five hundred and forty-two of the Christian era—"

"Are you quite sure as to the date, Peter Gorman?"

"As sure as if I lived in that year," replied Gorman. "But I beg your pardon, sir, for saying one thing to you. Listen quietly to me, if you can, and don't make any observations, and I will narrate to you all I have just heard, and, if I can, in the very words it was told to me."

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THERE were, you must know, two saints, born in Ireland, on the same day, and about the same hour; and, of course, they both lived in the same times, and each of them tried to do, so long as breath warmed him, as much good as he possibly could to his fellow creatures. These two saints had both the same name; for they were both called Columb; but there was this difference between them, that one of them never stirred a step out of Ireland, and the other never stopped travelling abroad; hither and thither, backwards and forwards, in strange costumes.

The Irish saint, that stayed at home, built so many monasteries and churches, that he was called Columb-kill; and the Irish saint that went abroad, built so many churches, and monasteries, that he was called Columbanus; and the reason, I suppose, for this is that kill is the Irish for church, and banus, I suppose, is the same thing in some outlandish language of which I am teetotally ignorant.

One day, these two Irish saints met together on the Rock-road, near Dublin, and after shaking hands as if they were two brothers, the Irish-stay-at-home saint said to the saint who was always on the foot: "Hullo! Columb, I see you have got a new pilgrim's staff, and a fresh pair of brogues on you—a sure sign you are going somewhere. Might I take the liberty of being after asking you, what side of the world are you facing to now?"

"Faix!" answered the travelling saint; "it is a question as easily answered as asked. I have had a letter this morning, telling me there is horrid work going on in a part of France, called Armorica (the same place that is now called Brittany). I am told—that is, it is stated in this letter of Bishop Felix—you remember him, Columbkil—he is a County Cavan man, and was born in Bailieborough?"

"I do know him, as well as if I stood god-father for him," answered Columbkil. "He was one of the MacQuaides, and is Bishop of Nantes, at the present writing."

"The very same," said Columbanus.

"An honest man," said Columbkil, "and

so were his father and mother before him. Indeed, I never knew any but honest men to be born in Bailieborough."

"Nor I, either," said Columbanus.

"Anything Bishop Felix MacQuaide states, you may be as sure it is true as if you saw it in print," said Columbkil. "Bishop Felix wouldn't tell a lie if he was paid for it."

"That he wouldn't," said Columbanus. "Well, now, just listen to me. That same Felix writes to me, that all the country round Lehon—but you don't know where Lehon is."

"No—nor don't want to know," observed Columbkil.

"May be you're right," Columbanus replied.

"I know I am right," replied Columbkil.

"What would be the use of my bothering my poor brains about a place I have no call to? It is more than I can do to visit all parts of Ireland, and I ought to be everywhere, from Leixlip to Lismore, from Galloggin Green to Galway, from Cappoquin to Cabinteely, and from Banagher to Bandon."

"True, for you," said Columbanus. "But now as to the letter of Bishop Felix. He tells me that the whole of the country round Lehon, all along the sides of the Rance, from Lehon down to the sea, is in a state of the frightfullest commotion, on account of the wickedness of the six Pagan giants that have built themselves a castle on a high hill, overlooking the ford of Lehon, and no one—man or boy, woman or girl, horse, dog, pig, or cow, can cross from one bank of the stream to the other without being robbed, murdered, or run away with by these six Pagan giants. Armies have been sent against them, and they have slaughtered all the soldiers. Dukes and counts have tried to make them prisoners, but, instead of succeeding, they have themselves been caught, like so many rats in a trap, and—to themselves be it told!—no sooner have they been caught, than they have been dragged inside the giants' fort; and there—having been first hanged by the neck until they were dead—they have been thrown upon burning piles of wood, and so offered up as sacrifices to such Pagan deities as Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, Vulcan, Apollo, and Mercury—for it is after one or other of those abominable idols each of the giants is called."

"Oh! the Pagans!" exclaimed Columbkil, quite terrified. "Why, those giants must be of the same religion as the old Romans were. What is to be done with them?"

"I am going to see what is to be done with them," said Columbanus.

"You!" cried Columbkil. "Ah! stay at home, my poor man. Why in the world should you make a martyr of yourself for a parcel of foreigners?"

"I tell you what, Columbkil," answered Columbanus, "I defy all the Pagans that ever were born to hurt so much as a hair

of my head, if I once get your blessing. So don't trouble your head in trying to advise me against going; but just lay your hand on my forehead—put the sign of the cross on me, and say 'that be between you and all harm, Columb, till we meet again!' There, now do that for me, and in twenty-four hours afterwards I will be on my way to France. There, do it at once," said Columbanus, as he knelt down on the bare road before Columbkil.

Columbkil put his right hand on the forehead of Columbanus—did as he was asked—and then said: "Now stand straight up, Columbanus."

Columbanus stood up, and the moment he did so, Columbkil popped down on his two knees, and said:

"One good turn deserves another. Now give me your blessing, Columbanus, and then go your ways in peace."

"There is my blessing for you," said Columbanus, "and now—for a shake hands, and then for my 'dough-and-durrus' with you, and then—I am out of Ireland as quick and as lively as a sky-rocket."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

It was in the year five hundred and forty-two that Columbanus arrived within half a mile of Lehon.

Columbanus was dead tired.

He had walked all the way from the sea-side that morning, and he sat down on the top of a high hill: the same hill on which the town of Dinan is now built—but then there was nothing to be seen about the place but furze-bushes, and brambles, without any blackberries on them.

"I'm as hungry as a hawk, and as weary as an old garron," said Columbanus; "but I have the comfort of knowing I have got into a neighbourhood where there is a chance of food and shelter; for I hear a great noise, as if there was a whole lot of men shouting for a wager against one another. Now, where there are men, there must be beds to lie in, and dinners to be eaten; and it would be a hard palliase I couldn't sleep on; and a mighty tough bit of meat I couldn't eat with a relish!"

As Columbanus was thus thinking to himself, he heard a terrible hubbub, and in the middle of it all he fancied he could recognise the voices of two parties, as eager in their vociferations as if they were engaged in a county election, and one of them crying out, "High! for Mac Law!" and others trying to outbawl that cry by shouting, "High! for the Pagans!"

"High! for Mac Law!" said Columbanus; "I like that cry—it puts me in mine of poor old Ireland—the land of the O's and the Mac's. But then, that other cry, 'High! for the Pagans!'—Oh! the unnatural beasts, to boast they aren't even Christians. I'm for the MacLaws, at all events. Fine or fair,

ugly or pretty, I'm with them, and against the Pagans. But now to see what all this is about, although it's myself that is hardly able to put one foot before the other. Oh! murder! murder! but I feel as lazy as the tinker who laid down his budget to sneeze."

So saying, the saint hobbled as well as he could round the hill, so as that, without being himself observed, he might learn from his own eye-sight what was passing.

The saint had not far to travel. There still, as the day he looked upon them, are the two hills facing each other, and the ford of Lehon, where is now the bridge, right between them. On the top of those two hills were two high castles; and, from these castles, soldiers were discharging great big stones, and whole flights of arrows at one another.

"I had much rather be looking on at such play as that, than taking part in it," said Columbanus.

The saint stopped to see the two factions—the MacLaws and the Pagans—fighting, in the hope that one or the other would at last get tired, and that whoever won would give him his dinner.

For a full hour he looked on the warriors on both sides, and then, all of a sudden, he saw on one hill, where there was a green flag flying, that it was pulled down, and a white banner took its place. At the same moment the blood-red flag that was on the enemy's hill was changed for a white streamer, and then there was an end to stone-throwing and arrow-shooting.

"Are they going to make peace with one another?" said Columbanus. "I hope so, for then I would be sure of a dinner. But I must now have something to eat, no matter who gives it to me. The green flag, I suppose, belongs to the MacLaws, and the red flag to the Pagans. In war time, all good generals say, you should quarter on the enemy—and as I regard the Pagans as enemies, I'll try them first, to see what is to be got out of them. Besides, they are nearer to me where I am now standing than the MacLaws."

With these words Columbanus limped down the hill of Dinan, and then he clambered up the hill to the giant's castle. As he found a big trumpet lying on the ground outside the gate of the fortification, he took up the instrument, and played Patrick's Day upon it, to let the Pagans inside know that there was one outside wishing to speak with them.

When the saint had done playing, there appeared on the top of the wall a young man with black hair, and a beard of the fieriest, foxiest red that ever yet was seen.

"Hollo! you fellow, trumpeting down there," said the young man with the terrible bristling red beard, "what are you making all that noise for? disturbing honest people, just as they are sitting down to their dinner."

"Are you the master of this place?" said Columbanus.

"No," said the red-bearded man. "There are six masters in this house: they are the six giants of Lehon; and, as they don't speak your language, they bid me tell you to cut your stick in less than no time, or it will be worse for you."

"How do you know, you red-muzzled ignoramus," said the saint, "that I don't speak their language, not all as one as yours? I can speak every language—that is, every language to which there is a grammar."

"Well," said the red-bearded man, "there is no grammar to their language, for they speak nothing but gibberish; and in gibberish they bid me tell you to be off with yourself, and then to ask you what it is you want to say to them."

"All I want to say to them is, that I want a good breakfast, for I have eaten nothing to-day, as yet; then I want a substantial dinner; then a nice supper; and then the best bed in the house; for I am a saint that has travelled all the way from Ireland to France; and my name—a better name than ever you had—is Columb, sometimes called for shortness, Columbanus."

"There is no breakfast, no dinner, no supper, and no bed to be got here by wanderers without swords," answered the red-bearded man. "The six giants of Lehon hate saints, and they detest Irishmen. And now, all I can tell you is—if you stay there two minutes longer, something will happen to you that will put an end to your travels for ever and a day."

"Well—I'm off; but, before I go, I will ask you for one thing," said Columbanus.

"What is it?" asked the red-bearded man.

"That you will favour me with your name. I should like to remember you in my prayers."

"I don't care for your prayers," answered the red-bearded man; "but as to my name, you can have it, and welcome, for I am not ashamed of it. I am the Count Canao, and the son of Howell, King of Armoria. But, again, I say, be off with yourself, for the six giants of Lehon are waiting dinner for me."

"The back of my hand and the sole of my foot to you, Mister Canao, son of King Howell," said Columbanus, as he trudged down the hill, crossed the ford, and climbed, as well as he could, that frightful steep hill there, on which some Frenchman has lately built the greatest gazebo of a distracted-looking house to be seen in the whole country.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

OUTSIDE the gate of the castle in which lived the MacLaws, there was, of course, a bugle, and the saint took it up and played, in a manner that would wheedle the birds off the bushes,—that fine old air, to which the appropriate words in Irish are:

Tow, row, row! Paddy will you now,
Take me whilst I'm in the humour,
And that's now.

The instant the first notes of this old Irish air were played, open flew the gates; and, before the saint had time to finish the tune, out came King MacLaw himself, as fine a-looking old gentleman as you could see in a day's walk, but still bearing a very strong likeness to the negro, Count Canao; but, with this difference, that the hair of King MacLaw's head was as red as fire, and his beard as black as a raven's wing. King MacLaw was followed by six gentlemen, as fine, stout, strong, hearty, handsome, able young men, as you could meet at a hurling-match in Tipperary.

"A hundred thousand welcomes to you, whoever you are, for the sake of the country you come from," said King MacLaw, stepping up, and shaking hands with Columbanus. "But, come in out of the air, my good man, You shall have the best of roast beef for your dinner, the best of French wine for your tea, and the best feather-bed of my own to sleep in."

"More power to you, King MacLaw, and your health to wear it!" said the saint. "It is easy seeing you have a good drop of Irish blood in your veins."

"You may say that with your own pretty mouth," replied King MacLaw, "but hurry in with you. My heart is full of grief and trouble this blessed day; and, the only comfort I have in life, is when I see people eating or drinking, or when I am doing that same myself."

In they brought the saint to the castle, and nothing would do King MacLaw but he must place the saint by his own side, and carve the saint's dinner for him, and he put so much meat on the saint's plate, as would puzzle six harvest-labourers to get through; and he never stopped filling the saint's tumbler for him; until, at last, Columbanus had to stand up, and declare he would leave the house that instant, if his Majesty did not stop stuffing him like a crammed fowl.

"I never think I give my guests half enough," said King MacLaw, "until I find them ready to take their oaths they have had too much."

"You learned that trick from your Irish ancestors," said the saint.

"True for you," said the king.

"More power to you!" answered the saint. "And now, King MacLaw, as you have been doing so many things to oblige me, will you do another?"

"Twenty," said the king; "and, the more you ask, the more I'll be obliged to you."

"One at a time is enough," said the saint, "but will you do it?"

"To be sure I will," said King MacLaw.

"What is it?"

"Just tell me why your heart is so full of grief and trouble. I have a reason for asking you," said the saint.

"Wait till I mix myself a tumbler of brandy-punch," said the King. "Sorrow is dry; and I never could have the heart to tell you that same, without taking a drop every two minutes of the real Nantes brandy."

The king put three lumps of loaf-sugar into a tumbler, then filled it half-full of brandy, and then poured in some hot water, stirred the mixture with a gold spoon, and then swallowed two glasses of the punch as hot as he could sup it. Wiping his eyes, he then thus began:—

"My friend——"

The king took a spoonful of punch.

"My friend," commenced the king; "for, as you are my guest, you must be my friend. I was the favourite son of the good King Howell, who was, in his day, one of the Knights of the Round Table of King Arthur of England. My father was King of Armorica, and one of the best men that ever lived; but the misfortune of all his children was, that he had a great deal too many of them: some good, some bad, some saints, some sinners, more sinners than saints. There were—I may as well tell you their names—Rigual, Rival, Jean Reith, Jona, Leonora, Pat-Ubrual, Waroc, Budie, Soene, MacLaw, that's-myself, and the worst of us all, Canao."

"Canao! whew!" cried Columbanus, "is that the thief with the black hair, and a bushy beard as red as fire?"

"That is the identical chap," said King MacLaw, with a deep sigh. "Now, my father left us all quite enough to live on, if each would be contented with his share. But, wirrah! strue! such was not the case. That thief of the world, Canao, murdered first our eldest brother, King Rigual, and, taking possession of his estates, forced his nephew, Jubual, to fly for his life, and then compelled his brother's widow to marry him."

"Oh! the monster!" shrieked the saint. "To marry his own brother's widow! Why, he must be worse than a Turk, or any other heathen."

"And so he is," replied King MacLaw; "but I have not told you the worst about him yet."

"Howld your whisht," said Columbanus, "he could not do worse than marry his brother's wife."

"Couldn't he, indeed!" said the king. "It shows your own goodness to say so, and that you don't know what wickedness is."

"Don't I enough!" answered Columbanus. "I am a bishop, and I have heard confessions in my time, and I ought to know a great deal of wickedness."

"And are you a bishop?" asked King MacLaw.

"To be sure I am," said the saint.

"A real Christian bishop, is it?" asked MacLaw.

"Yes, a real Christian bishop to the backbone. Look at my ring," said the saint.

"Give us the hand," said the king. "And now your blessing. Boys, jewel! all down on your knees till we get his lordship's blessing."

"There, it's for you," said the saint, blessing them all as they knelt before him. "And now get up, King MacLaw, take another drop of the punch, and then go on with your story. I am in a hurry for you to be at an end of it, for a reason I have."

King MacLaw was so eager to do everything a bishop desired, that he never let the tumbler from his lips until he had swallowed every drop in it.

"Here," said the king, turning to one of the fine, handsome, tall young men who were sitting near him. "Here, Childebert, my bonchal, make me another tumbler of brandy-punch—but mind you don't make it too strong; let it be, at the least, half-water—and remember three lumps of sugar—no more, nor no less."

"Go on with your story," said the saint.

"Well, as I was telling your lordship," said the king to Columbanus, "that villain of a brother of mine, the red-haired Canao, not content with marrying his brother's widow, next contrived the murder of two other brothers, Budie and Waroc; and, hearing that I had gone on my Easter duty to the good bishop of Nantes, he had me followed to that place by a whole troop of assassins. They got into the bishop's house. They were in the next room to me. I heard them sharpening their swords, and I had not one fighting friend to stand by me. The house was surrounded, and blockaded by villains thirsting for my blood, and—I gave myself up for lost."

"And how in the world did you escape?" asked Columbanus.

"Only listen to me," said the king. "The Bishop of Nantes knowing the room I was in—his own sitting-room—came by a secret passage from the church into it, brought me out of it into the church, where he had his own tomb prepared; and, making me descend into it, he closed it up, and, then conducting the soldiers of Canao into the church, he pointed out the tomb to them, and said to them: "You seek for MacLaw. He is in that tomb. He is, therefore, no longer to be counted as amongst the living, but the dead. There he is inhumed; there he is entombed; and of that fact I pledge you my word as a bishop. Say then to Canao you have seen the tomb in which all that remains of his brother MacLaw is to be found. With this declaration the assassins were content, with such intelligence they returned to Canao. And so the Bishop of Nantes saved my life."

"And the Bishop of Nantes is the Right Reverend Felix MacQuaide," remarked Columbanus, "and Bishop Felix is a County Cavan man. None but a Bailieborough boy would ever have the wit to think of such a device as that. Here is long life and a happy

death to my fellow countryman, Felix. He is a credit to old Ireland, at all events."

"By Dad he is," said the king. "He saved me from death by burying me alive. But now for the worst part of my story."

"What! Worse than what you have been telling me?" said the saint, starting up from the table.

"Ay, a hundred times worse," answered the king.

"Oh! there is no standing this," cried the saint. "Will you ever finish telling me your misfortunes; so that I may set about putting an end to them?"

"Sit down again, if you please," said the king, "and just hearken to what I am going now to tell you. I am the father of a family,—a family of six daughters. O, such lovely daughters! All King Howell's—my father's descendants were remarkable for having either red or black hair; and all my daughters have—"

"Not red hair, I hope?" said the saint; "because if they have, I had much rather not be introduced to them."

"No—but the likeness that my daughters have to my father's family is shown in the redness of their cheeks and the blackness of their eyes."

"O, that makes them interesting. I hope that villain of a brother of yours has not tried to murder them also?"

"He has tried to do worse than murder them," said the king.

"What could be worse than murdering them?" said the saint.

"Just listen to me," said the king. "My six lovely daughters, with cheeks as red as apples, and eyes as black as sloes, were cried up all over Europe for their beauty. I was nearly eaten out of house and home with the troops of kings, and princes, dukes, counts, esquires, and marquises, coming to court them. I bid them take their choice, and they selected those six young gentlemen that are now sitting at the table with us. The eldest of my darling girls was to be married to that strapping fellow who is now making a tumbler of brandy-punch for me. That is Childebert, King of France, and it is in his Court my nephew, Jubual, is preserved from the dagger of his uncle, Canao. Well—that same uncle—my wicked brother Canao—hearing that my six lovely daughters were about being so well and respectably married, sends to Africa for six giants—horrid monsters of overgrown atrocity—eight feet high every man of them—places them in that castle on the hill yonder, where they have been playing the Mischief with the whole country; and to sum up all, no longer ago than the night before last, those six giants watched for my daughters, and whilst the innocent ducks of diamonds were bathing together in the Rance, ran away clean and clever with every one of them, took them to that castle, and—there they are! From that

placed Canao has sent us word they will be married to the giants this very evening. Canao asked for a truce to-day from twelve to four o'clock. It was to send me word the marriages were to take place at seven o'clock to the minute, and to invite myself and my daughters' accepted lovers to the wedding. And now, bishop, I ask you if you can wonder that my heart is full of grief and sorrow. All my lovely daughters will lose the fine husbands they preferred, and I was about to give them. That is a bad look out for them, whilst it is much worse so far as I am concerned; for I have the prospect before me that twelvemonths shall not have passed away until I am the grandfather to a race of giants who will never be baptised as Christians, but, like their huge fathers, will live Pagans and die sinners. King Childebert, my bonchal, give me the tumbler. If it was not for the brandy-punch I would die of grief, and be buried in earnest, and no longer able to hear a Bailieborough bishop singing over my tombstone, as he once did in Nantes, a *De profundis* for the repose of my soul!

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

No sooner had King MacLaw finished his story than Bishop Columbanus stood bolt upright, and placing his hands behind his back, he walked up and down the room a hundred times, at the least, considering all the time what was best for him to say or do, that might afford consolation to the afflicted father of six beautiful young girls who had been torn away from the suitors they preferred, and were about to be united in marriage with six ill-looking, overgrown, sweltering, ill-behaved, badly conducted Pagan giants.

At last the bishop stopped walking, and taking a chair he sat down by the side of King MacLaw, and said:

"Why don't you kill these six plundering giants, and your brother Canao into the bargain?"

"Because I'm not able," answered King MacLaw.

"Have you tried?"

"I have."

"And what came of it?"

"I'll tell you," said King MacLaw. "Did your lordship ever give a live pig a kick in the ham?"

"Never," said the bishop.

"Then take my advice," said the king, "and never try to do it, or you will knock your toes into smithereens. Well, my trying to kill these six Pagan giants and my brother Canao along with them, is something like a Christian trying to hurt a full-grown pig by kicking it. I could do them no harm, whilst I have injured myself very considerably. I might as well be throwing snow-balls at them as seeking to kill them with stones and arrows. Their skin is as hard as flint, and their hands as strong as iron."

"And what do you intend to do now?" asked the bishop.

"I know no more," said King MacLaw, "than the ancient hero, Pompey, when he was smashed, horse, foot, and dragoons at the battle of Pharsalia. I really do not see what is left for me to do, unless it be, like him, to fly to Egypt, or to take to the drinking."

"Phew!" said the saint. "Don't be so downhearted as all that comes to. While there is life there is hope: all is not lost that is in danger; and faint heart never won fair lady."

"True for you," said the king.

"Your brother, Count Canao, has sent you and your six intended sons-in-law an invitation to the wedding of the six giants with your own six daughters, and their cheeks like red apples, and eyes black as sloes."

"He has, the villain."

"And have you sent him an answer?"

"Me! is it me send him an answer? The thief of the world! I wouldn't cough in the same field with him."

"Well, now, King MacLaw, be bid by me. Send him an answer. Say you and these six fine young men foreenst me will be with him half an hour before the time appointed for the marriage of your daughters."

"Are you in earnest when you say that to me?" said the king, as he laid down his tumbler, and looked straight in the face of the bishop.

"I am in downright earnest," answered Columbanus. "Just do as I bid you, and by the virtue of my mitre you won't be sorry for it."

"I never knew a good man yet who was saucy to a bishop," said King MacLaw. "I'll do everything you tell me."

"My blessing on you and the likes of you," said Columbanus. "There, now, send a messenger this minute to your brother. Then do you and these six young gentlemen be off, and array yourselves in your best clothes, just as you and they would do, if they were going to be married to your six daughters with the rosy cheeks and the black eyes. But, mind, let every man of them bring his sword, and his bow and arrows with him. Mind, now, and don't let them forget the bows and arrows for a reason I have. And now, King MacLaw, let me have a room to myself. I want to shave and wash, and tidy myself up as well as I can, for I wish to look as decent and respectable as I really am—for I will go along with you. But I will go, not like a poor pilgrim as you see me now, but with my crook in my hand, and my mitre on my head, like a real bishop."

As the clock struck six in King MacLaw's castle the gate was opened, and out marched, two and two, the king, the bishop, and the six intended sons-in-law, and all of them dressed as grand as play-actors. King MacLaw had a gold crown on his head, and walked by the side of the bishop, who wore a silver mitre. The king and the bishop

were the two first that appeared, and the young men followed in pairs, and every one of them, in addition to his fine new clothes, had a sword by his side, a bow in his hand, and a bundle of arrows at his back.

It took them a good half-hour to walk down the steep hill on which was the king's castle, and to climb the hill on which was the castle of the giants.

The clock was chiming the half-hour as they reached the front gate to the giants' fortress where the travellers' trumpet was lying.

Columbanus took up the trumpet, and, to show those inside that neither himself nor any one with him, was a bit daunted, he played, with elegant variations, the tune *We won't go home till morning*.

The minute he finished the tune, the gate was unbolted, and in marched King MacLaw and his company; and the moment they did so the gate was slammed to again behind them. And then the six giants, who were standing inside, opened their great big mouths as if they would swallow the king, the bishop, and the six young men. The six giants gave a roar of laughter so loud that it might be easily heard from the Hill of Howth to the Hill of Tara.

"They may laugh that way," said the bishop, giving the king a nudge with his elbow.

"Caught at last," said Canao with the red beard. "These fellows will soon find it was easier to come in than to get out."

"God save all here that's good!" said Columbanus, as he walked arm-in-arm with the king into the court-yard.

"Have you no more manners than that?" said the red-bearded Count Canao, stepping up to his lordship, and knocking the mitre off his head; "to keep on your hat before your betters?"

"You are not the first blackguard that insulted a bishop, and was made to sup sorrow for it afterwards," mildly replied Columbanus, as he stooped down, picked up his mitre, and wiped it with a silk handkerchief.

"Is this the way you treat my friends, you murdering thief?" said King MacLaw.

"To be sure it is, if they don't know how to behave themselves," replied Canao. "And so," he added, sneering at the king, "you have come to your daughters' wedding?"

"Yes; and brought a Christian bishop with me to marry them," answered MacLaw.

"We will have no Christian bishops here," said Canao. "The six giants are six Pagans, and they won't be married by any one but an idolatrous priest."

"Then they never shall be married to King MacLaw's daughters," exclaimed Columbanus.

"And who else shall they marry?" asked Count Canao, making a face at the bishop.

"To these six, fine, strapping young gentle-

men that have come along with their father," answered the bishop.

"You are as drunk as a fiddler, or you would never say that," observed Canao, getting in a passion.

"Wait awhile, my bonchal!" remarked the bishop, as meek as a lamb.

"I won't wait another minute," said Canao. "Here, bring out my six spanking nieces and the idolatrous priest till they are married off-hand to these six giants. The moment the wedding is over, I will leave the six giants to cut off the heads of these six young men, whilst I have the satisfaction of chopping these two old fellows—MacLaw and the bishop—into mince-meat."

"And was it with that intention you invited your brother and these young men to the wedding?" asked the bishop, as he grasped tightly his crook in his right hand.

"To be sure it was," answered Canao.

"Your time is up then, my chap!" said the bishop, putting the mitre on his head, and making a circle in the air with his crook. "Count Canao with the red beard, my malediction upon you and the six giants of Lehon! From this until the day of judgment I doom you and the six giants to remain on this castle; not as you are now, but in the form you deserve to retain. I asked you, this morning, for charity, and you refused it; you showed that your heart was of stone, and be now, and until time is no more, a heap of stones. There! take THAT!" said Columbanus, striking Canao a mighty blow with his crook.

"O! you atrocious, negro-romancing, old —!"

Those were the last words that Canao with the red beard ever spoke; for, before he could finish the sentence, he was changed into a great round pillar of rough-hewn stones.

The six giants saw the punishment the bishop had inflicted upon Canao. They saw that Columbanus could, if he liked, make men into mile-stones; and at once they fell on their knees before his lordship.

"There is no time for repentance in this world for unbaptised Pagans," said the bishop. "You have run the full length of your tether, my fine fellows—so be off with you! Get up out of that, and walk away with yourselves—there, and there, and there, and there, and there, and there!" added Columbanus, as he laid the end of his crook on each giant's head, and then pointed to a different side of the fortification. "Just be off, as I tell you, in a jiffey, and stand there until these six young gentlemen make a cock-shot of every man of you."

The giants did as they were ordered, because they had not the power to refuse. In a moment they stood as stiff as pokers in the various places pointed out to them; and each of them, all the time, trembling like a dog in a wet sack.

"Are you all ready, boys?" said Columbanus, turning to the six young gentlemen.

"All right!" answered King Childebert. "The moment your lordship gives the word of command, there will be six arrows sticking in the six gizzards of the six ugly giants."

"Make ready! present! fire!" said the bishop.

Whizz went the arrows! and then there was a screech heard, such as there has not been the like of, since the Danes were slaughtered by Brian Boroihme at Clontarf. At the very instant the six giants were struck with the arrows they were turned into six round towers. And there they remain to this very day, for all the world who will take the trouble to go down to Lehon to look at them.

"That is a good day's work I have done already," said Columbanus. "I have put my mark upon seven merciless, murdering miscreants, and they will bear it for centuries to come; but not in the same way. For the giants are killed outright, whilst Count Canao will be hundreds upon hundreds of years in dying. There will be a bit of life left in every stone of the tower that belongs to him; and when, at last, that tower decays away, his doom is, that those stones shall never be used for any other purpose than to build pig-sties. And, now, King MacLaw, how do you feel?"

"As happy as a lord," answered the king, joyfully.

"But not half as happy as you shall be before you put on your night-cap; nor a bit more happy than you deserve to be. Here," said the saint, "bring out the king's six daughters until I marry them at once. It wants still ten minutes to seven, and before the clock strikes—I swear by my mitre!—I will marry every one of the girls to every one of the fine, able, dashing, handsome, young fellows that have come here along with me."

The bishop kept his word. In ten minutes all the king's daughters were married; and in forty minutes afterwards there were bonfires lighted on the tops of the seven new towers of the old fortification on the hill, and those seven new towers, were as you well know, nothing else than the stony bodies of the red-bearded Count Canao, and his friends the six Pagan giants.

"You have done your work well," said the king to the saint, as he lighted his lordship to bed. "And, in order that I may not be behind-hand with you, I intend to keep my lord-chancellor and my treasurer up the entire night writing like two law-clerks making out a grant of all the lands you have looked upon to-day, and conferring them upon your lordship, so that you may, in remembrance of your own virtuous deeds this day, and for the good of others, and the benefit of my poor soul, build a monastery in Lehon."

"And I'll do that same," said the bishop. And he did it.

And, to show how true all this is, there are to be seen to this day the ruins of the monastery by the river-side; and, in the crumbling towers on the hill, the decaying remains of the six giants of Lehon.

MY FRIEND'S FRIEND.

NEXT to our friend's relatives,—whom we never saw, and trust we never shall see—next to his father, who is a military person of distinguished appearance, and the most heroic character, and who ought to have been knighted by his sovereign; next to his mother, who is a woman of queenly dignity and a star in fashionable spheres; next to his brothers and sisters, who are all charming people it seems, and possessed of the cardinal and other virtues, besides property in the three per cents; next to our friend's relatives, we repeat, of whom he is constantly relating some eulogistic and extraordinary anecdotes we dislike, and are utterly weary of, our friend's friend.

If death were a likely thing to separate him from us, we should cordially wish that the family vault, after receiving all our friend's relatives, might have a spare corner comfortably filled up by our friend's friend also; but we are very well aware that we should not get rid of him by any such method. Anything like a happy release in the obituary sense is not to be expected of our friend's friend. Even in his ashes would not only live his wonted fires, but our friend would probably take advantage of his decease to be the more commendatory and Boswellian. He would not edit his Life and Remains, and there have done with him, but he would go about like a walking cenotaph, celebrating to everybody, everywhere, the wonderful properties of his great departed. There would also be a sort of indelicacy in questioning the wisdom or virtue of the man, being dead, which we are certainly very far from feeling under the present circumstances. It is certainly better that he should live, but live as he shall do after the publication of this paper, attached to the dead walls in popular places, like carrion on a barn-door, pilloried in the largest type on every pillar—our Friend's Friend!

If we could only get to know him personally, all would be well; we would then either insist upon his retailing his own stories, boasting of his own achievements, and in every particular discharging the duties of his own trumpeter; or—better still—we would pick a quarrel with him, engender a coolness, and decline to have his name mentioned in our presence so long as we live. Unfortunately, however, and singularly enough, mortal eye, save that of our friend has (as far as we know) never yet seen his majestic proportions,—nor mortal ear, save that of our friend, yet listened to his fascinating tones. Copious extracts from his letters,

indeed, are often read to us, exquisitely characteristic of him,—radiant, as our friend says, of the graceful writer, but still they are not himself. If they were, we should not hesitate to affirm that our friend's friend, was rather a dull person, rather a heavy person, and rather, in short, a person to be avoided than to be made into a Juggernaut idol, and drawn about with us for the indiscriminate crushing of our acquaintance. As it is, however, we miss certain things, it seems, which would more than redeem everything. We can have no idea of his surpassing eloquence, of his genial disposition, of his keen appreciation of humour, we are told, from his mere writings. Just to give us a feeble example, a shadow from the brilliancy of this first gift of his, our friend, recites a speech made by his terrible ally at the Grocers' Hall, perhaps, upon the late monetary crisis. If this does not seem to us to be of a nature to carry a listener off his feet, our friend is ready at once to take the blame upon himself; the manner, the air, the tones are wanting, which would have ravished eye and ear.

He regales us with such anecdotes illustrative of this unapproachable person as make him almost expire with laughter in the relation, but which we ourselves cannot see the force of for the life of us; and telling him so without much ceremony, we produce a quarrel. Otherwise (and we were delicate in this matter at first), he can scarcely bestopped in these biographical ana, nor is it of any use to suggest to him that we have heard any particular anecdote before, inasmuch as he has score of others quite as long, and bearing equally well upon the matter in hand; it is better rather to suffer him to exhaust himself upon the most wearisome, from which he will sometimes drop off, after five and forty minutes or so, like a boa of another description, gorged.

If our friend's friend is a person of elevated position, and (which is not uncommon) has a title, or handle, to his name, the work which that handle is made to do is something astounding. The bucketsful of aristocratic intelligence which are wound up by it, from the best sources, to sluice us with, whether we will or no, are countless; and while we drip from head to heel, and painfully shrink in dimension under its influence, our friend will continue to play upon us without the least remorse, like some mad garden-engine, that has the end of its hose in a river.

Not only does our friend make light of us, his companions and associates, through the odious comparisons which he draws between us and the unknown, but the worth and wisdom of even public and renowned persons are made to pale before this star, of whose radiance we know nothing at all except by reflection.

It seems to be positively offensive to our friend to hear of a cheap edition of the

works of any author, and gall and wormwood to him to see them sold at the railway stations, while those of his own unappreciated favourite are left without a public, and even without a publisher.

"Why this person," cries our friend, denouncing some popular writer, "I know for a fact, is considered to be the dullest, by many degrees, of the literary club to which my friend and he both belong: he is only maudlin when he thinks he is sentimental; he is never amusing save when he is intoxicated; whereas, the man of whom I have so often spoken to you is rich in fancy, scintillating with wit; withering in sarcasm, and superhumanly keen in detecting the springs of human action. I don't profess to be a critic [he makes use of this phrase when he considers himself to be essentially infallible, and out of the sphere of human contradiction]; but when it comes to conceding to a fellow like THAT [popular author] the title of a great Writer, while such a sublime spirit [our friend's friend], is, on the other hand, seeking acceptance from the world in vain, it is time indeed for me to put in my protest." He is always putting in his protest on behalf of this unknown protégé. Our friend's friend happens, in the above instance, to be a novelist; but he is often times the greatest poet of the age (although the age is not aware of it); also a mechanist, and the original, though unacknowledged, inventor of the electric telegraph; a painter who has a quarrel with the Royal Academy, who are jealous of him, and therefore does not exhibit; an engineer, with a sub-marine tunnel to Sidney upon paper, about the details of which (thank Heaven!) our friend is bound to secrecy; and an officer in the Bengal army who has merited the Victoria Cross, without getting it, more than any other man in all India.

If our friend were not really our friend, and a person in every way admirable except for this one hallucination, we should entertain the most inimical feeling towards him. As it is, we cannot turn an altogether deaf ear to his detractors. It has been suggested to us, not without some colour of probability, that this extreme partiality for an unrepresentable person may be assumed for reasons. May not this insensate praise for a being whom none can appreciate save oneself, be, after all, a safe form of self-laudation? Shall we boldly state our suspicions that the affection bestowed on our friend's friend by the proprietor is something like that which Mr. Punch, in the puppet-show, exhibits towards his inanimate spouse, when he takes her up in his arms and kisses her, the better to use her poor head as an instrument wherewith to knock down the clergyman?

There is still another solution of this mystery, but it is almost too terrible to write. It was uttered, probably, with bated breath, at some convivial meeting over which the shadow of our friend's friend had been cast,

and of course after the departure of his reflector:

We will confine ourselves to saying, that the same awful suggestion was once made in connection with the elucidation of another social problem of a similar nature, by Mrs. Betsey Prig, over pickled salmon, in the apartment of Mrs. Gamp, but in that case the elucidator was under the influence of spirits. If this be the very truth; if our friend's friend have in reality no existence, except in the scheming brain of his confederate and originator, we have been victims indeed. He has taxed our belief, and imposed upon our credulity to a greater extent than any superstition of the darkest ages ever ventured upon with the most savage mind. His attributes, which have been of the most impossible kind, we have never so much as questioned; his exploits, before which those of Munchausen pale, we have listened to, if not with entire faith, at least with courteous attention.

When, years ago, we were told that our friend's friend was at once a practical Christian and a Palace Court attorney, we exhibited no distrust; when we were assured that he was a family man, living on three hundred a year, and yet keeping his carriage and pair without driving into debt, we only remarked that it deserved the name of Economy's Triumphal Car. What if we had been made to do all this, and more, by a Creature of Mythology, a non-existence, a Mrs. Harris, of no parts and of no magnitude! The idea is indeed humiliating. At all events, we hereby publish our protest against our friend's friend, whether he be in the spirit, or whether he be in the imagination only. When a man marries a living woman's daughter, he knows that the elder female will be henceforth his mother-in-law, and makes up his mind beforehand to resistance or to submission. The object—sometimes the person—of his antagonism is plain, and (generally) substantial, and he has seen it in all its length and breadth from the beginning.

Again,—to take a still stronger case,—when a gentleman marries a widow, he is aware that certain comparisons will be drawn at certain times from the silent tomb, and cast at him, decidedly to his disadvantage, from which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to shelter himself—spectral virtues, which no exorcism of his can ever lay. Still, he puts his head into a tangle of widows' weeds with his eyes open; and, if the gods have not wished to ruin him and made him mad beforehand, he soon finds out how unpleasantly tight a matrimonial noose of that material can be drawn. In the choice of our friend, however, no foresight of this kind can be used, and therefore the strictest watch should be kept against his first introduction of that ghostly enemy *his Friend*, of whom we have been thus discoursing. "Love me, love my dog," is a proverb whose mean-

ing is well understood enough; but it has never yet been applied in words to the human subject. As we say, 'ware the dog! so with ten times the reason should we write up at the entrance-gate of our affections: No admittance to our friend's friend; all applications to be made in person.

CHIPS.

HOW TO MAKE A MADMAN.

EMANUEL MILKYWAY, for many years a punctual payer of Queen's taxes, renter of a family pew in the Church of Saint Lucre the Great; a policy-holder in the Jupiter Life Office; a depositor in the Saint Lucre Parochial Savings' Bank; a subscriber to the fund for the proper teaching of astronomy in the islands of the Pacific; honorary secretary of the Benevolent Whitewashing Association for the extermination of bugs and black beetles in the cottages of the poor; senior clerk in the old and substantial banking-house of Messrs. Tic, Doloureux, and Company; paragon of respectability, essence of regularity, quintessence of propriety and careful conduct—you are taken into custody by a highly intelligent and active member of the metropolitan police force upon a charge of murder and highway robbery. You did not do it? You are utterly incapable of perpetrating such a crime? Perhaps so; but we shall see. You answer to the description of the criminal, for whose apprehension a reward of two hundred guineas is offered by the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Home Department; and two witnesses and one policeman can swear to your identity. You are so respectable? No doubt of it, but very respectable people have their moments of weakness, and their criminal impulses. It is a painful duty that I have to perform, and I am bound to caution you that what you say to me will be taken down in evidence against you.

Emanuel Milkyway, you are a safe prisoner in a close, damp, dark station-house. By giving an officer, not on duty, five shillings, you communicate to your distressed family the reason that you are not with them as usual to partake of supper. They are not allowed to see you that night, but early the next morning through the bars of a cage at the police-court, you can hold out one finger to your poor wife, who is blinded by her tears. In a few minutes you are taken to the Police Court to undergo your preliminary examination before the sitting magistrate. Certain evidence is put in; and your solicitor, who is there, can do nothing more at so short a notice than apply for leave to have you admitted to bail. This is refused, the case being too serious, and you are committed to Newgate to take your trial. In another hour you are in the criminal ward of the Old Bailey Prison, with ten days to the next

session ; and therefore plenty of time to prepare your defence. You can see your solicitor every day in a glass case ; you can see your wife or friends for one half hour every day through two thick rows of iron bars, at the end of a windy passage, in the presence of a turnkey ; and you can make your anxious inquiries after your young family, with half-a-dozen fellow-prisoners near you shouting to their friends who stand by the side of your suffering wife. You are not confined to the prison diet ; but are allowed, upon payment, the privilege, as a prisoner awaiting trial, of having your meals sent in from one particular eating-house in the Old Bailey—the only eating-house authorised to serve the prisoners with the food of presumptive innocence or suspected guilt. Some of your companions, who are convicted thieves of different degrees of magnitude, merely awaiting their transfer to another place, are not allowed to participate in the extra-mural fare. At night you are serenaded with the howls of the ruffian who beat out his wife's brains the other day with a mallet, and awaits hanging for the crime on the following Monday. Once a week you have to wash and sweep the yard where you and the other prisoners take your daily confined and dreary walk. This is not the Newgate of the last century, Mr. Milkyway, but the Newgate of this present May, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. You thought a man was considered innocent, and treated accordingly until proved guilty by a jury of his countrymen. Judge ! Emanuel Milkyway, you are an unfortunate and mistaken man.

Your defence must be no niggardly one. On the night when the man was robbed and murdered, you stayed late at the banking-house settling a difficult balance, and to shorten the road home, you struck across the field where the crime was committed. Two common men saw you enter the field, a policeman on duty saw you come out of it. They recollect something : they imagine more, and they depose to what they recollect and what they imagine altogether, until a very ugly case is got up against you. Emanuel Milkyway, you must, at any cost, retain the great Old Bailey pleader, Mr. Serjeant Lungs, or it will go hard with you on the day of trial !

Out comes the little, careful deposit from the St. Lucre parochial savings bank ; away goes the little family plate and the few jewels, and Mr. Serjeant Lungs, to the great mental relief of your poor suffering family, is retained.

Mr. Serjeant Lungs is convivial, is lazy, is selfish, and he professes to be doubtful of the innocence of his client. Any way, Mr. Serjeant Lungs does not see in the case any splendid field for forensic display, and, while he retains the fees, he neglects to study his brief. The sessions commence at last, and several important trials come between you

and your judge. Mr. Serjeant Lungs is glad of an excuse to suggest a traversal, and your solicitor, knowing the magnitude of the interest at stake, is unwilling to advise an opposition to this course, although it leads to delay and expense. Ostensibly that you may have the benefit of a deliberate trial—in reality that Mr. Serjeant Lungs may obtain additional time to study his brief—you are advised to allow your case to stand over until the next session ; and you submit to another fortnight's mental agony and physical confinement.

At last the important day arrives ; Mr. Serjeant Lungs endeavours to supply the place of care with his usual felicitous force ; you have no evidence to back him ; the evidence on the other side is unscrupulous and unwavering ; you are found guilty, sentenced to death, recommended to mercy on account of your excellent character, and are finally transported for life.

In five years the man who really committed the crime discovers himself by confession, and the Home Office is put to the official trouble of sending out Her Majesty's gracious pardon all the way to Hobart Town, in search of you, the innocent and unfortunate Mr. Emanuel Milkyway. The pardon arrives,—the *Pardon*, bear in mind, Mr. Milkyway. You are probably working in chains, or under some little difficulties of the kind, for, of course, you cannot expect to get on as well as the professional convicts. How should you, without the experience and information which they have to guide them ? Emanuel Milkyway, you gladly receive the welcome missive, wherein and whereby you are solemnly and graciously pardoned for the grievous wrong and injustice which have been inflicted upon you for the benefit and safety of society.

Your pardon establishes your claim as an innocent man, and you are therefore entitled to none of the privileges and benefits of the guilty. When the jolly burglar has worked out his period of penal servitude, and paid his debt of punishment to offended justice, he is provided with a decent suit of clothes, and a small sum—not sufficient, it may be, to keep him honest, but enough to buy a crow-bar and a dark lantern to begin business with again. But, Emanuel Milkyway, you are a trespasser upon the happy hunting-grounds of guilt ; you have a gracious pardon, or, in other words, a notice to quit ; you are a mistaken culprit, a convicted impostor, an obtainer of criminal food, of criminal shelter, and of criminal clothing, under false pretences. The criminal food is consumed ; the criminal shelter must be denied to you ; and the criminal clothes must be taken from you. Get out—a naked savage at the antipodes. Turnkeys, and governors of penal settlements, however, after all, are men. There are no official instructions,—you will bear in mind, Mr. Emanuel Milkyway, that

there are no official instructions as to money or clothing,—but charity dictates what routine and precedent must deny. As a charity,—bear in mind, Mr. Emanuel Milkyway, as a charity,—you can be provided with a coarse suit of convict clothing, and a few shillings to convey you to the coast, where you will do your best to find a ship, and work your way back before the mast of some homeward-bound ship to your forgiving country.

Search for your deserted family in graveyards and workhouses; search for your forgetful friends, whose memories will fail them; search for your little store of hard-earned wealth, and find it scattered to the legal winds; search for your lost position in the social scale, and find it never—never—never.

Go to “the department”—the turkey-carpeted rooms; the office; the section of Government that represents the society that has injured you—and ask for compensation. Your first application shall be treated with respectful condolence; your second with ill-concealed impatience; your third with open dissatisfaction and contempt; your fourth with a curt refusal of admittance from the hall-porter of “the department.”

Take to drinking, Mr. Milkyway, and become an object to be preached to by virtuous teetotallers who have never suffered temptation or grievous wrong; take to the comforting delusions of madness, Mr. Milkyway, and become an inmate of a pauper lunatic asylum. While every placeman is provided with ample comfort, in the shape of an annual pension or a commuted grant, when the scythe of reform can no longer be prevented from cutting him down, the victim of mistaken identity on the part of the State must suffer in heart-broken silence.

The case, of Mr. Milkyway, is not an imaginary creation of fancy, nor an individual instance of hardship occurring once in a hundred years. I have the spoken authority of Mr. Waddington, backed by the tacit acquiescence of the Honourable Mr. Walpole, for stating that scarcely a day passes that the Home Office does not become cognisant of some fresh case of mistaken identity similar to your own.

THE BOILED BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

THE art of cooking is so essential and so universal a characteristic of our race, that it has been held to establish a boundary between man and the lower animals. It has been declared sufficient to establish a difference between a man and a monkey, to say that the one is and the other is not a cooking animal. For, as the philosophers argue, cooking is not a mere instinct, it is an act of reason, involving intellectual effort, and the accomplishment of complicated and intelligent acts which are above the capacity of any other than human creatures. These culinary processes are in vogue wherever man is found, and they are

complicated in proportion as he is civilised and refined.

This art is a faithful mirror of national character, and affords a fair index to the degree of civilisation. In the lowest state of barbarity, the art reflects the rudeness of the people by the coarseness and crudity of its products. In the most advanced states it has a character of healthy and substantial moderation. In the corrupt and luxurious phases of national decadence, it tells of the jaded stomach and palled appetite by its profusion of needless stimulants, and its shameless waste of expensive accessories. It has its own physiognomy, which the wise may decipher. Every local or national peculiarity is translated by a corresponding culinary variation. The ethnology of the art has, perhaps, never yet been sufficiently studied from this philosophical point of view; he that would enter upon the task, must needs possess a catholic taste, and a good digestion. He must be prepared to partake, with Southey, of squab-pie in Devonshire; sheep-head with the hair on, in Scotland, and potatoes roasted on the hearth in Ireland; frogs with the French, pickled herrings with the Dutch, sour krout with the Germans, macaroni with the Italians, horse-flesh with the Tartars, ass-flesh with the Persians, dogs with the North-Western American Indians, curry with the Asiatic East Indians, birds' nests with the Chinese, mutton roasted with honey with the Turks, pismire-cakes on the Orinoco, and turtle and venison with the Lord Mayor. All these are national and characteristic, and therefore to be appreciated. Certainly, if anything were ever thoroughly characteristic of Old England it is her world-famous roast beef. We have feasted on it at home, and boasted of it abroad, until rosbif has become a sound familiar to continental ears. A sort of synonym for Briton, and something on which the splenetic Gaul delights to vent his wrath, as upon an object very near to our heart. A cherished tradition dependent, in no small measure, upon the fiction of the regimental bandmaster's, had taught us to trace a special connection between our favourite soldier and our favourite food: the British grenadier has been fondly looked upon as, in some sort, an incarnation of the roast beef of Old England.

Insular vanity has willingly connected our military supremacy with the supposed superiority of our national diet; and, when Hogarth exhibited the stalwart grenadier making a hearty meal off a baron of beef done to a turn, in the presence of several half-starved juicy-mouthed cuirassiers, who looked pitifully at their bouilli, this was accepted as a witty and pleasing illustration of one of the circumstances which mainly contributed to turn the scale in our favour at Waterloo. We have only recently been awakened from this delusion by the revelations of the Army Sanitary Commission.

the picture is a pure fiction, the baseless fabric of a national dream; the favourite air of our army is nothing more than a bitter sarcasm; the fire with which they are wont to play, Oh, the Roast Beef of old England, is due to hungry longing rather than to gratified satiety; for they may well be supposed to yearn for this luxury, the more earnestly that they are never indulged in the flavour of it. Roast beef is to be had anywhere except among the Household Brigade. It may be had on the boulevards, at Berlin, or in Kamschatka, but not at the Wellington Barracks or at Fort Pitt—not even by day. It might be had by any one else, but not by our soldiers. These unfortunate victims of routine have been condemned to a penal diet of everlasting boiled meat. That very bouilli which excited our national contempt, has been made the means of our humiliation, and the instrument of dietetic torture to our army. The witches at the Horse Guards have thrown a spell into this seething cauldron, which has, indeed, cast an evil spell over its victims. It is a marvellous revelation of the depths of unfathomable stupidity and saddening ignorance which lie hidden in official obscurity. The merest tyro in dietetics knows the necessity of variation in daily rations, and is aware of the sickening influence of monotony.

Even if boiling were the best manner of cooking meat, it is indefensible to make it the sole method of dressing it; but, for ordinary purposes, it is the worst. The salts and juices of the meat are dissolved out in the water, the fibre is rendered more or less sodden and tasteless, while it loses no small portion of its value by the abstraction of its mineral elements. In roasting, on the contrary, not only are these salts retained, but new savoury principles are developed, which, in exciting the appetite, add to the potency of the gastric juice secreted, and aid in the better digestion of the food.* Yet our soldiers have been literally nauseated by the incessant repetition of this tasteless bouilli, which sickened them when in health, and delayed their convalescence after disease.

Glad we are,—and every man of patriotism and intelligence must share this feeling—that the practical skill of practical cooks has been called in, to put an end to this state of things. But we would have science as well as art enlisted in this cause: the skill of the artist lies in the capacity which he shows for dealing with his material; his knowledge of flavours and textures; his ingenuity in combination; his mastery over the influences of heat, water, and air. But the question of the nutritive value of the various articles which should be imported into the military dietary; the due admixture of nitrogenous with carbonaceous varieties of food, should be entrusted

to the hands of those experienced chemists who alone are qualified to decide upon this point. Christison, Lyon Playfair, Lankester, and Forbes Watson have investigated this subject with great care and skill; and all dietary lists intended for regulating the food of the soldiery should from time to time be revised by them. A practical proof of the necessity for such supervision was seen in the course of the late inquiry before the Army Sanatory Commissioners. Sir James Tulloch—intimately acquainted with the habits and wants of the British soldier—had observed the nutritive deficiencies of the existing scale of diet, and drew up a new scale, which he submitted to the approval of the Commissioners. Dr. Christison was requested to report upon the dietetic value of this table, and his chemical knowledge enabled him to point out grave deficiencies in the amended proposition, and to suggest alterations which have been adopted. In illustration of this kind of error, it should not be forgotten that the dietary of British convicts was but lately found to be superior to that of British sailors and soldiers; and that even the sailors were better fed when idling in port than when subject to the wear and tear of full employment in their laborious vocation.

WALKER.

It is well known that the meaning of many words has altered considerably since they were first introduced into the English language; indeed, this fact has been fully and cleverly illustrated in the arguments which have been recently heard in favour of a new translation of the Bible; but, perhaps, it is not so well known that the pronunciation has been susceptible of equal changes:

We can obtain an excellent idea of the unsettled state of pronunciation at the commencement of the present century, by dipping into one of the first editions of Walker, whom we find laying down the law in a very quaint and querulous manner. Remembering the very partial spread of education in Walker's time, we must not be surprised to find no more than few really correct speakers; still we should hardly have expected that he would have met with so many difficulties as he complains of.

He tells us that there are "coxcombs in pronunciation who would carry distinctions farther than they ought to go." That the rule for the adaptation of a word was, that it should be pronounced in direct opposition to the rules of our language. The stage was constantly introducing innovations not at all agreeable to Walker, and the House of Commons was guilty of similar barbarities. Poets, he allows, should have a certain licence; but they who, when tortured for a word, often torture a word to ease themselves, are generally guilty of one part

* See the article on Common Cookery in Household Words, No. 305, page 42.

only of the cruelty of Procrustes; and that is of shortening such words as are too long for their verse. In this way Cowley crushed many words, and Milton did the same in innumerable instances. Spencer corrupted words for rhyme, and was imitated by Dryden. All these causes together, rendered the English language in such a ruinous condition, that Walker burst out into the following pathetic lamentation: "How hard is the fate of an Englishman, who, to write and speak his own language properly, must not only understand French, Latin, and Greek, but Hebrew, also!"

In this forlorn state of things, Walker urged the reader of his Pronouncing Dictionary, to adhere as closely as possible to antiquity; but his favourite weapon against the perverse independence, prevalent in orthoëpical matters was the analogy of the language.

Antiquity is argued to be in favour of pronouncing Raisins, Reesins; because Shakespeare made Falstaff tell Prince Henry, when asked to give reasons for his conduct that "if raisins were as plentiful as blackberries he would not give him one upon compulsion." Walker thinks this proves reesins to have been the usual pronunciation in Queen Elizabeth's time, therefore in departing from that we destroy the wit of Shakespeare. We are further informed that Sheridan was the first to introduce our present pronunciation of the word. It is not an unnatural variation for an Irishman.

Another pun of Shakespeare's is considered indisputable proof that Rome was Room, in his time. The pronunciation of this word gives our author no trouble. It was irrevocably fixed; he traces it from Elizabeth to Anne, and then to Pope, who rhymes it to doom. Pope does not enjoy indemnity from the accusation of torture ascribed to other poets. Indeed, if some words were sounded now, as they appear to have been spoken in the Augustan age of literature, they would fall on the ear discordantly. Rhymes continually recur in the poems of Dryden, Pope, Gay, and especially in the prologues and epilogues to the plays of that time, which lead to the belief ("Kings not being," according to Byron, "more imperative than rhymes") that, for instance, Are was commonly pronounced as if it were written Air. These lines are from Dryden's Eleonora:

Scarcely she knew that she was great or fair,
Or wise, beyond what other women are,
Or (which is better) knew, but never durst compare.

Again:

For such vicissitudes in Heaven there are,
In praise alternate, and alternate prayer.

Player is also made to rhyme, very generally, to such sounds. In the prologue to Steele's Funeral, or Grief à la Mode, we are told:

All that now, or please, or fright the fair,
May be performed without a writer's care,
And is the skill of carpenter, not player.

We should be startled to hear a well-educated person of to-day pronounce Oil, Ile; yet rhymes of that kind abound. Pope, in the first part of his essay on Satire, writes thus:

Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles,
And Force, strong-sinewed, rends the unequal toils.

True, that further on Pope makes the same word rhyme to Hoyle. But, in the epilogue to the play we have mentioned above, and in other poems too numerous to quote from, we have similar discords:

He'd sing what hovering Fate attends our Isle,
And from base pleasure rouse from glorious toils.

Whatever may have been Walker's opinion on such euphonies by these poets, he is not uniformly submissive—being a very fickle person—to Shakespeare. He recommends us in such sentences as "sleeping within mine orchard," to change the mine to my. He thinks whenever "mine occurs we have a formality, stateliness, and uncouthness of sound peculiarly unpleasant to the ear." We must therefore he, facetiously, says, "pronounce it min; but, by thus mincing the matter (if the pun will be pardoned), we mutilate the word, and leave it more disagreeable to the ear than before." Otherwise we must make the alteration he suggests.

Antiquity again exerts its claim to be remembered in the first syllable of Chamber, which used universally to be pronounced to rhyme with Psalm. It has been gradually narrowing to the slender sound in came, and thereby militates against the laws of syllabication. Walker is not surprised at it, however; for, if two such words as Cam and Bridge could not resist the force of custom which has for so many years reduced them to Camebridge, why should we wonder that Chamber and Cambrick, or Tynemouth and Teignmouth, should yield to the same unrelenting tyrant?

Walker declares that custom had also made it so usual to say Sparrow-grass, that Asparagus has an air of stiffness and pedantry. This, of course, drives our author to despair; and so does the pronunciation of Cucumber, "which is too firmly fixed in its sound of Cowcumber, to be altered." He has a gleam of hope that Radish may retain its correct sound. This word is commonly but corruptly pronounced, as if written Reddish. "The deviation is but small; nor do I think it so incorrigible as that of its brother esculents, the sparrow-grass and cowcumber just mentioned." Not an inapt accompaniment to these esculents is Sausage, which Sheridan prefers pronouncing Sassidge; nor is he unsupported in his peculiarity. Still Walker considers it vulgar and not agreeable to best usage.

The analogy of the language appears to great advantage in the following: "Polite speakers interpose a sound like the letter y between g and a in garden, which coalesces with both, and gives a mellowness to the sound. Thus, A Garden, pronounced in this manner, is nearly similar to the two words,—egg and yarden united into Egg-yarden." To our more modern ears the effect of Tennyson's melodious appeal, "Come into the gheyarden, Maud," would be considerably marred by this polite pronunciation. The same rule applies to Guard, Guile, Guardian, Gild and Gilt, all of which necessarily admit of the e sound between hard g and i, or we cannot pronounce them. Kind, Sky, and others are changed by the same coalition into Key-inde and Skey-eye. Nor is this a fanciful peculiarity; but a mispronunciation arising from euphony, and the analogy of the language.

On the word Corruptible we find some very pungent remarks. Walker complains that, "Some affected speakers have done all in their power to remove the accent of this word from the second to the first syllable. Thanks to the difficulty of pronouncing it in this manner, they have not yet effected their purpose. Those who have the least regard for the sound of their language ought to resist this novelty with all their might; for, if it once gain ground, it is sure to triumph. The difficulty of pronouncing it, and the ill-sound it produces will recommend it to the fashionable world, who are as proud to distinguish themselves by an oddity in language as in dress." The grave lexicographer found other things requiring censure besides mispronunciation.

A Wound should be pronounced a Wowned. "Indeed, to pronounce it otherwise, is a capricious novelty received among the polite world, probably from an affectation of the French sound. I think it ought to be utterly banished. But where is the man bold enough to risk the imputation of vulgarity by such an expulsion?" The author of

"Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd heights,"

was evidently of Walker's opinion. We can now appreciate how Eliza,

"sinking to the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babe regardless of the wovnd."

Before, the want of rhyme sadly damaged the effect. There must have been, besides the before-mentioned privilege of torture, more facilities for rhyming generally; for, was it not most correct to pronounce Dover Duvver; and can we not see at a glance how nicely that comes in with Lover?

The stage would pronounce Fierce, Ferse; this is slightly defended as being "philosophically right, though grammatically improper; because a short sound denotes a rapid and violent emotion." But when the same authority takes upon itself to transform Sigh into Sithe, we are assured it is a

"perfect oddity in the language." Walker receives our full concurrence when he remarks, that "it is not easy to conjecture what could be the reason of this departure from analogy." "Some affected speakers on the English stage pronounce the first syllable of Confidant like Cone;" and, as our present pronunciation of Conquer "is in full possession of the stage, there is but little hope of a change. It is a wanton departure from our own analogy to that of the French." It ought, decidedly, Mr. Walker thinks, to be Conkwer. The word Haunt "was in quiet possession of its true sound till a dramatic piece made its appearance; which, to the surprise of those who had heard the language spoken half a century, was, by some speakers, called 'The Hawnted Tower.' This pronunciation is not agreeable to analogy,"—but is, nevertheless, agreeable to most modern colloquists, who persist in retaining it.

Garrick receives a decided compliment, or rather, perhaps, a forced submission—owing to his great popularity—from our author; who, in deference to him, marks Bowl as we pronounce it now; "though the least analogical. Respectable speakers make it rhyme with Howl." Garrick also pronounced bourne to rhyme with mourn. This is agreeable to Walker; for he "is also fortified by the suffrages of Mr. Elphinstone, Mr. Nares, Mr. Smith." And, we may again add, by those of our English public in general.

Now for a specimen of the erratic genius of the House of Commons. "Some respectable speakers there pronounce the e in the first syllable of legislature, as if written leegislature, and think they are wonderfully correct in doing so." And why was it that Fashion would always feel itself obleeged? Why will it go to the Darby, hunt with the Barkley hounds, and call a Clerk a Clark? Walker observes, that the speakers to whom he alludes may have been natives of the Modern Athens; or, that the sound of vowels in the Scotch manner was perhaps a little à la mode. He tells us in a note on Highlander, that "we sometimes hear a most absurd pronunciation of this word taken from the Scotch, as if written Heelander. It is curious to observe, that while the Scotch are endeavouring to leave their own pronunciation, and adopt that of the English, there are some English so capricious as to quit their own pronunciation, and adopt that which the Scotch strive carefully to avoid."

We can echo the fervent desire of Walker to give the full sound to the first syllable of Soldier. The word was, in his time, pronounced So-ger. "Mr. Johnson leaves out the l; but I have frequently had occasion to differ from this gentleman, and in this I do devoutly."

"The general pronunciation of the polite and learned world," in all words ending in ass, such as pass, glass, &c., was to rhyme with gas; "every correct ear would be dis-

gusted at giving the a in these words the full long sound of the a in father."

Besides the sin of mispronouncing established words, Walker finds his public indulging in the equally troublesome crime of making additions. These were sources of renewed grief. The House of Commons must have been genial soil for word-coinage, for we are told that Irrelevant was one of their annual productions; indeed, Walker becomes grimly facetious about the House generally. There, he says, new words and money-bills naturally originate. He considers Irrelevant a pedantic incumbrance to the language. Inimical was another of these productions; "the great recommendation being, that it is pronounced in direct opposition to the rules of our own language."

We owe many other new words to other sources:—the public ear being one. To this neglected organ we are indebted for Intrusive; an adjective that perhaps, may be considered as appertaining properly to that important abstraction.

Veterinary was in only one dictionary before Walker; but, he adopted this word from a prospect of its becoming a part of the language, and "as a college is founded in London for studying the diseases to which that useful animal is liable." Here, by the way, we are left in a slight mystification as to whether the college or London is the useful animal alluded to. The word Sulky had long been a vagabond in conversation, and was not to be found in any of our dictionaries, till it was admitted to a place in Entick's; and, from its very frequent use, may now be considered as a denizen of the language. Incalculable may be considered as a revolutionary word, since we never heard of it till it was lately made so much use of in France. Also, Paralyss: Walker says, the very general use of this word, especially since the French Revolution, "seems to entitle it to a place in our dictionaries."

Caricature was so recent an innovation, that our author was obliged to give us the Italian of Baretto to explain the meaning of it. Gala is another Italian arrival; and, "as it is a good sounding word, and we have not an equivalent for it, we ought to give it the same welcome we do to a rich foreigner who comes to settle among us." Swindle was from Germany. "From the recent introduction of this word, one should be led to believe that this country was, till lately, a stranger to this species of fraud; but that it should be imported to us by so honest a people as the Germans is still more surprising."

All foreigners are not received on the same amiable terms. The adoption of the French word Encore "in the theatre, does the English no manner of credit. There, it would be the most barbarous and ill-bred pronunciation in the world to call for the repetition of an English song in plain English."

It is more the difficulty of pronunciation,

than a dislike to the French words, that distresses Walker. Thus; "the vanity of appearing polite keeps Environs still in the French pronunciation; but, it is impossible for a mere Englishman to pronounce it fashionably." Again: "sometimes a mere Englishman exposes himself to laughter by trying to give the nasal sound in Envelope. Some military coxcombs have endeavoured to introduce the French pronunciation of the word Defile." In Poltroon, we have "one of those half French and half English words, that show at once our desire to imitate the nasal vowel, and our incapacity to do it properly." About Truffles we are told that, "we seem inclined rather to part with a hundred letters, than give up the smallest tendency to a foreign pronunciation." The last syllable of Eclaircissement "presents an insuperable difficulty." We are not even to endeavour to attempt it, but are to pronounce it "like an English word at once, rather than imitate the French sound awkwardly." The French sound in Tour is very much disliked. Walker says, "my experience fails me, if this word is not slowly conforming to the true English sound of the vowels heard in Thou." But, "the smart traveller to France and Italy would fear we should never suppose he had been out of England, were he not to pronounce it so as to rhyme with poor."

According to Walker, it is to the parsimony of printers that we owe the abolition of the final k's in such words as domestick, publick, fanattick, and the u's in favor, honor, and labor. It is to be hoped they find the result satisfactory.

In taking leave of our amusing lexicographer, we will present an anecdote of Sheridan, which he introduces in a long note begging us to pronounce Wind, Wynde. It must be understood that Sheridan agreed with Walker about this word, but differed from him with respect to Gold, which he would pronounce Goold. Mr. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced Wind with the short i, by saying, "I have a great minn'd to fann'd why you pronounce it Winn'd!" An illiberal critic retorted this upon Mr. Sheridan by saying, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it Goold!"

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

XII.

THERE is an ingenious Dutch painter, who first drew breath at Dordrecht, some two hundred years since, very cunning at his brush, but with an especial turn for candle-light effects. His name is Scalken, and his countrymen swear by him prodigiously: but those whose line it is to talk of "their Corregios and stuff;" protest that he is only a tenth-rate fellow after all, and that his famous candle-light effects are only so many

tricks and bits of charlatanry, stolen from the scene-painter's workshop. Whatever be the truth, he has a marvellously cunning hand that works startling effects. Belgian men of the brush have latterly taken heartily to the same trick, if trick it be; and have run Scalcken pretty hard: though they may never hope to come near that breath-bating bit of his that hangs, under safeguard of a sheet of glass, upon the walls of the Royal Picture Museum. Half a dozen different lights are playing away there with a reality, and a strange intensity that gathers the wondering faces of the Dutch countrymen about that picture before all others. Some witchery they must think belonged to the brush, which can reflect the dull glare of candle-light and lantern-light, and moon-light, stealing in privily at a side window.

How did these fellows go about their work?—had they their models come to them of nights, and did they keep them bent there for hours over a real practicable candle? No, no! They had ample opportunities of another kind, as I can testify, were I myself minded to take a brush and set up in the Scalcken line; I had need merely to go forth into the public square of any Dutch town at nightfall, and there find prodigious candle-light effects in all varieties ready made to one's hand. In fact, it was the memory of one such nightly stroll that started this whole notion of Scalcken and the candle-light effects. The cunning fellow was of the country himself (Dordrecht saw him come into the world) and must have had the trick constantly before his eyes from the days when he was running about, a fat, chubby, Dutch child.

In most Dutch cities, as we have seen, there is but small entertainment for the evening hours: so the traveller, if he be a solitary man, or unless he be partial to his own company, and be on social terms with his own thoughts, will be like enough to be wasted by slow consuming fire of ennui. No theatre, no singing place, no resource of any sort, and nothing but the purest essence of humdrum, save, indeed, on Sunday evenings, when there is abundant choice of conventicle open; and one is driven about from place of worship to place of worship with very profane notion of finding entertainment in that way; which, after all, furnishes but scanty resource, as has been shown in one of the earliest of these papers; saving, always, when it is given to one to light on a glorious old organ, rolling out full music, which it has been busy with for two centuries back. Being thus stranded, as it were, and driven in upon himself, when night has fallen, what has the traveller before him but sheer sleep, if he can compass it, or rather, lying uneasily upon his back until the street hurly-burly begins? More sensibly, however, he will go forth himself, and see what delectation may be gathered that way.

To the open place, of which towns boast at least one, to serve as a sort of hurly-burly centre. At this season shops are shut, and so shop-assistants are set free to swell the hurly-burly. Serving men and serving women contrive to be out on the loose, swelling the hurly-burly. It is free time—recreation and temporary saturnalia congregated round the place, and travelling shop-carts of different sizes and respectability, some moving to and fro, some stationary, but all in full work. Heaps of Autolyceuses, with their packs. Heaps of buxom women in treaty with Autolyceus, who seems stiff and unbending enough. Why their cheerful laugh and merry railing were payment enough in all conscience. But the grim dirty, old clothesmen, are only the more surly, and will not let them have a penny off—they have no consciences, those low Dutchmen.

Some of the monsters stand behind little travelling shops, got up with extraordinary gin-palace magnificence. They shine resplendent, with little painted casks and gilt vessels, with jars of green, red, and yellow preparations, all making up a dazzling show. Colour seemed to be the grand aim; though, when it was considered that these were all confections and confectings, and sweet, sugary drinks, for the delectation of the palate, they lost much of their encouraging aspect. Over head flared a lamp, which lit up the gold and colours. Perambulating trays on wheels, set out with pink pears, green, unripe fruit of all qualities, hard plums and damaged peaches, went up and down in the dark, to the peril of gazers' limbs. They would run you down, without scruple, those hucksters. Population moving to and fro, passing each other in a chequered sort of fashion, like the chorus of the opera, only these are but a dingy chorus. A dingy, ill-conditioned crew; saving always my little Dutchwomen, who here, as everywhere else, shine out resplendently even through the darkness of the night—morning or evening, always the same with them—smiles, good humour, tidiness, buxomness eternal! I fancy, at times, if the Rev. Mr. Sterne had come this road, when the sentimental vein was on him, instead of taking that other lounging journey through France and Italy, he would have seen curious incidents to record, in connection with these same little Dutchwomen. I fear very much that his reverence would have been taking them by the chin, and getting them to take up those little rents in his holy black stockings all the day long.

I can see one of them now at that same Scalcken night-scene, who has just set down her two pails, one on each side of her, to have a screed with two heavy sailors. Two of the heaviest, weariest, hulking fellows that ever swabbed a deck; fellows plainly, with but one idea that must have been got in with heaven knows how much pains,—to be got out, or

got at, with infinite trouble. She has her arms a-kinbo, and is chaffing, as it is called, the heavy fellows pleasantly. Many a dimple and many a smile, all seen well enough by vendor's flickering lamp not a perch off. The heavy fellows have not a word in return, and are but a sorry match for her light persiflage; cannot so much as get that one idea of theirs into working order. I go round and round, in and out among the throng. More strange figures. More perambulating shops. More market chorus from the opera; all to a strange music, too, a ceaseless thrum-thrum. Some—the old clothesmen mainly—chaunting to the tune of "P'lack! P'lack!" Others to a hoarse, croak of "Glu-ar! glu-ar!" while the pink pear vendors would seem to be eternally evoking Mr. Southey's awful creation, giving out "Tha-la-ba! tha-la-ba!" with singular intensity of purpose. The scene is most curious; and I investigate it curiously, until I am brought back again to where my little woman stands with her arms akimbo. I do really believe I shall never set myself free of these comely goddesses; these fresh and plump divinities. All through these papers, they have been hovering on the margin; having to be kept out typographically, with infinite pains; and here, now, at the close, in the last of these sketches, has one made her way in, in spite of all care and watching. Well! after all, 'tis easy to sneer at the Reverend Lawrence Sterne; but, without walking after that divine so far as taking of young women under the chin, or getting those treacherous rents in the black silk stocking fine-drawn, a man could have no objection to a little sentimental work among them. Nay, even for that matter of the stocking, I doubt not but that my little Dutchwoman would have been about as cunning with her needle as the divine's grisette; whom, for all her little innocent tricks, I suspect to have been a regular sly-boots. My little woman would not have understood the reverend tourist's nonsense; and if she had, would have treated him to a bit of her mind, communicated, perhaps, by means of a smart box on the ear. Very sturdy little women are they; as masters and mistresses find out about the saturnalia or fair-time. Then, with their arms akimbo, they present themselves to unresisting employers, and demand furlough of at least two days; which being given or withheld, she puts on her smartest gown, with all the fine golden head-gear, and is seen no more for that span. It grieves me to set down that my little women conduct themselves when thus out on the loose, in a highly indecorous fashion, to wit,—rushing down the street furiously in droves—with hands joined, and screaming at the top of their voice,—

looking like so many unlicensed Bacchantes. And yet I am informed that our Bacchantes are innocent enough, and only in what may be termed boisterous spirits. Look not coldly at them. What would you give to be of the company of my little Dutchwoman, and have what Samuel Johnson, LL.D., would call, a rouze, in the streets of Amsterdam!

But it is time to have done and make an end of the sketches, which have now run to a full dozen. It is time to put up brushes and sketching materials in the travelling wallet, strap on the same securely, and be gone. Enough, and perhaps more than enough, of Dutch brauwer festivity; of open country stretching away nakedly; of polders, unsavoury marshes, and even of my little Dutchwomen. It is certainly time to have done.

It will be noted that nothing has been said of the northern portion of the country; that rugged uncomfortable region, barren, sandy, stony, and repulsive. Where you journey on, in a rude sort of char-à-banc, springless, and open at the sides to the cutting blast; where, too, are primitive hosteleries, and food of coarsest and simplest elements, and roughest aborigines in waiting; into which uninviting region the present observer did not so much as attempt to make his way.

To certain natives of this Dutch country it has appeared that these notes have been wrought in an unfair and partial spirit. Very wroth are our Dutchmen at what they hold to be such scurvy treatment; but the truth is, that while they are an honest, worthy, well-intentioned, industrious, punctual, pious, and well-regulated people (these be handsome terms) there are several ridiculous points about them; an absurd mental gait, as it were, which must strike mere spectators and those who come but for a short span, as very ludicrous. But, for setting down aught in malice, especially as regards my dear little Dutchwomen, I vigorously deny the charge. So now, to my dear Dutchwomen, let me take off my hat,—not with Monsieur Voltaire's impudent farewell,—but with hearty good wishes that their roses may bloom long!

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

WILL READ AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL:

ON THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 13th, his "Christmas Carol."

ON THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 20th, his "Cricket on the Hearth."

ON THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 27th, his "Chimes."

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ALL SMOKE.

THE author of *Eöthen* entered into a treaty with a certain old magician of Cairo, by virtue of which the latter undertook to raise the devil upon a day named, and in the tombs near the Pyramids, for the sum of two pounds ten shillings, payment to be contingent upon success—no devil, no piastres. It may be remembered that neither of the old gentlemen was true to his appointment, the magician, who belonged to this world; having very inconsiderately died (as the author was at the time informed) of the plague. Now I happen to know that he did not die; but, having arrived at the conclusion that he had made a bad bargain, he very wisely determined that his Satanic Majesty should not be disturbed for so ridiculous a sum. To put the question beyond dispute, I am in a position to state that he is, at this present moment, carrying on a highly successful and lucrative business—in the necromantic and occult science line—within the W. division of the metropolitan postal district, under the assumed name of Smith, and that I have recently beheld a few of the wonders of his mysterious art in that very locality.

As I am also impressed with the belief that any effort, however humble, towards the advancement of science, is gratefully received by an inquiring public, I intend shortly to describe a few of the marvels which I there beheld.

I must premise, however, that Haroun (even at the risk of affording a clue to the police, I cannot bring myself to speak of the venerable Asiatic as Smith) has made one alteration in his original *modus operandi*. He has dispensed with the boy "without sin," who, according to Mr. Lane and Lord Lindsay, officiated in Cairo, as the medium through which the visions invoked were communicated to the inquirer. This alteration has been necessary, he informs me, for the very satisfactory reason, that the juvenile population of the metropolis is not calculated to afford a sufficient supply of that particular article.

"What would you that I should see?" said the voice of Haroun, to me, from the midst of a thick cloud of aromatic incense, which rendered the person of the great magician himself invisible. "What, O inquirer

into the mysteries, would you that I should see?"

Anxious to put his powers to a severe test at once, and instigated, moreover, by the naturally patriotic bias of my mind, I mentally desired that the magician's art might discover to him the men most fitted to be placed at the head of the government of my beloved country. Hereupon, I said: "O magician! what do you see?"

There was a pause. The silence was alone broken by the muttered incantations of the venerable wizard.

"I see,—" he at length replied, "though the vision revealed is somewhat dim,—I see three old women." An irreverent chuckle, which I could not repress, had the effect apparently of bringing out the figures more distinctly, for he proceeded quickly: "I see three men. The first is old and jaunty; the second is old and grave; the third is old and small. Lo! these are the men whom you seek!"

"But how is this, O magician!" I replied. "Are there not twenty-six millions of inhabitants in the land? and can it be that these three aged men only are capable of being placed at the head of the government of my beloved country?"

To which the voice from out the smoke made answer: "It is written, there are only three!"

Arguing from this lamentable and distressing failure, that the necromancy of Haroun was not calculated to throw the least glimmer of light upon political matters, I did not press him further upon that subject.

"What would you that I should see?" said the wizard (with no apparent sense of his ridiculous failure) once more from out the cloud.

"I would that you should see," I made reply, "something of which all just men are ashamed: something (though carefully placed beyond the reach of our laws) which is, in its nature, opposed to all principles of honesty, and uprightness, and truth. Now, O magician! what do you see?"

"I see," he replied, "a large, handsome room, in which are many young men, engaged in writing, whilst others are occupied in counting piles of gold, and large bundles of crisp bank notes. The gold and the notes are the property of the men and women, who, with smiling faces and glad hearts (they

having earned them by hard and patient toil) confidently hand them across the mahogany counters to the young men. Above the door of this room, upon the row of fire-buckets which are hanging there, and upon the books in which the young men write, appear these words: 'The Royal Swyndling and Doem Joint-Stock Bank.'

"Whilst I look, however," the magician went on to say:

"I perceive that the windows of the large room are closed, though it is day, and that the men and women are crowding round the outer door, the better to read a paper there fixed. There is an awful, ghastly shadow of despair upon their faces as they read."

"By this, O magician! I infer that the Swyndling and Doem Joint-Stock Bank has been commercially unfortunate. Where, then, is the monstrous unjust wrong which I want you to point out?"

"I see," said the wizard in response, "many gentlemen of irreproachable respectability, who are termed directors of the Swyndling and Doem Joint-Stock Bank; they live in country houses surrounded by undulating and well-wooded parks and extensive pleasure-grounds, as befits the dignity of their high position: they have many horses in their stables, which, (it is the wonderful prerogative of my art to reveal) are paid for, and supported by the moneys of the bank: there are many dogs in their kennels, paid for and supported by the moneys of the bank: there are many servants in their servants'-hall, paid for and supported by the moneys of the bank; there are many guests (alas! that friendship can be bought with gold) in their magnificent drawing-rooms, paid for, and supported by the moneys of the bank: there are pineries, hot-houses, melonries, conservatories in their gardens: there are clarences, britzskas, broughams, waggonettes, sociables, and family-coaches in their coach-houses: there are luxuries of every variety, and from all climes;—all of which my art reveals to me, have been, for long years past, paid for, and supported by the moneys of the bank. I see," he went on, "bankrupt firms of all descriptions—but all wonderfully alike, in respect of never having been possessed of one farthing of legitimate capital—which, hanging for years upon the verge of ruin, have been lavishly supported—as, what would be the value of a director's friendship if they had not been?—by the moneys of the bank. I see," he continued, speaking quickly, as a man might, in treating a matter of so little moment, "that the country gentlemen of irreproachable respectability have forged balance sheets; have paid large dividends from fictitious capital, have delivered annual speeches full of eloquence and lies, and have, generally, acted up to the responsibilities of their position, by making things as pleasant as possible. This, O feringee! is what I behold."

"But let me still better understand, O wizard! what the simple meaning of this strange vision may be. I gather that your supernatural art reveals to you that the country gentlemen of irreproachable respectability have been living upon moneys which were not their own. Is this the case?"

"It is the case."

"That they have, in fact, appropriated and spent cash which is not their own?"

"Even so."

"That, therefore, having become amenable to the righteous laws, of which we nationally are so justly proud, they have been punished as they well deserve? Look again."

Another pinch of incense ignited, and the Ulema continued:

"I see abject poverty; I see hopeless ruin; I see the sudden shattering of the hopes of many years; I behold gaunt despair in struggles with death. These are the punishments which have fallen upon the foolish men and women who confidently entrusted the hard-won earnings of long years of toil to their hands. But know, O inquirer into hidden things! that it is the special peculiarity of your social system and your righteous laws, that country gentlemen of irreproachable respectability shall not be shaken from their high position by such trifling accidents as mere misappropriation of other people's money."

If it is necessary to explain the mental process by which I arrived at the determination (after the foregoing failure) to make one more trial of the wizard's skill, I may mention that I said to myself: "We are a great military nation. We pay I don't know how many millions a year for the support of a standing army. Let it be my privilege to behold the paternal consideration of our government for their gallant and expensive troops, that my heart may rejoice thereat. Now, O wizard! once more exert your art, and tell me what you see?"

"I see," the voice from out the smoke replied, "a long low room, wherein are many beds arranged down either side, with very narrow space between each bed. The air is thick and heavy. In the centre of the room there appears to be a large rough wooden trough, from which a fetid cloud exhales, to hang in dense festoons of poisonous vapour around the beds. From out the beds themselves rise other vapours, which, mingling overhead, distil a deadly dew upon the sleeping forms beneath. The sleepers, I perceive, are worn and prematurely aged men, from whom the pith and vigour of manhood have been sapped by the breathing of bad air, and the eating of unwholesome food. The recognition of any of the common decencies of life has long been lost (as how could it be otherwise?) to them. The paupers in the parish workhouse live in luxury, compared to them. The petted, cherished, tenderly nursed felons in the county gaol are as the wearers of fine linen, who

fare sumptuously every day, in comparison to them. Death,—which visits the houses of all manner of labourers, artisans, mechanics, men of all professions and all trades, at intervals more or less remote,—has fixed a permanent residence amongst these men, and revels there, in a rich feast of mortality, day by day. Living lazy lives, without continuous occupation, and furnished with no resources whereby to occupy their hands and heads, it is but natural to find that drunkenness and rampant profligacy hold high carnival amongst them.”

“But say, O Haroun !” I interrupted, unwilling to hear more, “who are these men ?” “These,” said the great magician, “are the plebs for whom you pay so dearly, and who fight your battles gallantly (nothing, it appears, can ever prevent that) in all quarters of the globe.”

There is a limit to the credulity of the most enthusiastic inquirer into the mysteries of occult science, and here for the present was the extent of mine.

Finding that it is necessary, however, to offer some excuse for having mentioned the last attempt at imposition by the pretended wizard, I may state that I have done so because I feel quite confident that, even supposing for one moment such a state of things to exist, nobody could by any possibility be responsible for the fact,—nobody !

A SWEEP THROUGH THE STARS.

ONE of the most curious and pleasing delusions to which the soul of man is in the habit of yielding itself during repose, is the frequent dream in which the sleeping individual fancies himself gifted with the power of flight. He is uplifted from the ground, as if in a buoyant medium, and glides without an effort through the scenes of an ever-varying panorama. He skims over the surface of azure seas; he traverses the glades of tropical forests; he passes within sight of Alpine chains of rock and mountain; he leaves ordinary combinations of landscape behind him, and enters some valley whose paradisaical loveliness has no existing type amongst earthly realities. He even feels a semi-consciousness that pictures of such surpassing beauty are but visions, after all; and he makes an effort, in consequence, to prevent himself from waking to behold his homely chamber instead of the brilliant phantasms of his brain. It is a remarkable psychological fact, that the same identical scenes (which have no original type here below, from which they are copied) are visited, in dreams, by the same person, after the lapse of days, months, and years. Landscape dreams cannot be evoked at will; they return spontaneously, depending probably on certain similar conditions both of mind and body, perhaps including the further circumstances of ventilation and bedding. But certain it is that their visits are capricious and

irregular; they come like shadows, and so depart.

It would be a delightful privilege were we able to command the visions of the night, and to treat ourselves to a spectacle that should be interesting, instructive, or magnificent, at will. The nearest approach to this intellectual indulgence is the perusal of some able book, which, by the power of its subject, and the magic of its style, carries off the mind to distant realms of space, and to far-removed epochs of time. One particular flying dream, with which hundreds of men would be enraptured, were they able to command it, is, not a mere passing glance at things of the earth, or at details or combinations of things of earthly semblance, but a bird's-eye view of celestial scenery,—of groups of worlds and constellations, such as would serve to convey some imperfect idea, less of planetary life or its minutiae, confined in its compass and narrow in its scale, than of the grand plan and disposition of this our corner of the universe. Let us try and soar, then, in waking spirit, since we cannot so compel our slumbering souls, and mount far, far above that tiny, microscopic bit of dust which the human race have intitled Earth.

Tiny and even microscopic it really is, by comparison, although it may boast a diameter of eight thousand miles, or thereabouts, either from pole to pole, or from the equatorial surface of one hemisphere to that of its antipodes on the hemisphere opposite. Jupiter alone is equal to thirteen hundred Earths; the Sun to a million four hundred thousand Earths; Sirius to eleven millions two hundred thousand of the same. But all that enormous mass of matter is nothing—still by comparison. Regard the firmament of Heaven during any clear, cloudless, moonless night; the deep-blue vault is scattered with stars, in number prodigious, wonderful. Who can tell their multitude? No man living; and it is probable that no man will ever live who can. For they are supposed to be infinite; in number absolutely without limit or end. More than twenty thousand stars are already registered in our catalogues. William Herschell, while observing certain portions of the Milky Way, saw more than fifty thousand stars pass over the field of his telescope, during a single hour, in a strip of sky only two degrees in breadth. Laplace admits that there may exist ten thousand million stars; he might have ventured to guess as far as a million thousand million, and yet have remained within the truth. Put the sum of the bulk of all these together, and then say whether the Earth is not a microscopic atom, in spite of our spelling her with a capital E. The wonder is, that the animalcules who creep over the surface of this insignificant particle should be endowed with sufficient intellectual power to speculate on the nature of the Sun and the arrangement of the Universe.

But human thought and imagination can

easily conceive that, beyond the space accessible to our eyes or our instruments, there exists space a hundred times, a thousand million times larger than it,—than the finite space which our finite organs and instruments are able to fathom. When once the mind has thus far climbed these lofty heights, whose utmost summit is inaccessible to human understanding,—these elevated regions, which are really the mountain-peaks of truth,—it falls wonder-stricken and prostrate before the measureless power of Him who planned the Universe, wherein, boundless as it is, perfect order reigns from a past eternity to an eternity to come.

Nothing, or next to nothing, is known of the physical constitution of the stars. There are stars which shine with white, bluish, yellowish, and reddish light respectively; there are single stars, like our sun; and there are stars which go in pairs, and in threes, revolving round each other, or rather round their common centre of gravity: it is as if the earth and the moon were more nearly equal to each other in size, and shone with their own instead of with borrowed light.

Astronomers have succeeded, by ingenious means, of whose correctness there is no reason to doubt, in determining the distance of the nearest stars. The only way in which we can approach to a conception of that vast distance is by making use of the rate at which light is transmitted for the measurement of the interval between us and them. Now, light travels one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second of time, and it takes the nearest star more than six years and a half to send us its light; in other words, supposing that the star were utterly annihilated, we should continue to see it for more than six years and a half after it had disappeared from its place in the heavens. This distance, reduced arithmetically to miles, becomes a range of figures too long to make any clear impression on the mind, so completely does it overstep our habitual range of numeration. Well, Herschell believes that certain nebulae must have taken as much as two million years to transmit us their feeble and cloudy light, so that what we see of them is probably their past history rather than their present state. And now an astounding, extreme idea, which stretches our thoughts in another direction—namely, that of infinite littleness. Monsieur F. Moigno (and others with him) surmises that, however great may be the density of either solid or fluid bodies, their ultimate and elementary atoms are as widely separated from each other, relatively to their size, as are the heavenly bodies in open space.

In our flight through the starry firmament, it is natural that we should hover, in fond contemplation, over our own home and birth-place, our solar system, our habitation,—earth and her sister planets. There they

circle beneath us, shining orbs, all wheeling in one direction, though of various magnitude and brightness, around their lordly master, the sun. Seen from the height at which we soar, allowing a complete view at once of the central star and the planets in their orbits, the Sun looks like a globe of fire some six and twenty inches in diameter; Mercury, his nearest attendant, is of the modest size of a grain of millet; next comes Venus, the size of a pea; the earth is a little larger pea; Mars is a good-sized, nay, a large pin's head. The telescopic planets produce a dazzling effect, like motes of dust dancing in the sunshine; they amount to, at least, some fifty or sixty small grains of sand. Jupiter beams like a fine bright orange, while Saturn rivals the magnitude of a billiard-ball. Uranus resembles a phosphorescent cherry; Neptune might be taken for a still more faintly luminous plum. The apparent distance between these revolving orbs may be measured by scores and hundreds of yards; while the constellations of fixed stars are outlying in space at such extreme distances, that no change in their aspect, no alteration in the perspective of their groups, is perceptible to an ordinary observer, if we flit from the planetary pea to the orange, or from the orange to the plum. In companionship with most of these, are satellites or moons, whose dimensions are as variable as those of the planets themselves, though we know of no moon so small as many of the telescopic planets. Thus, Titan, Saturn's sixth satellite in point of distance, discovered by Huygens, is much more bulky than Mercury, and only a trifle smaller than Mars.

Let us cautiously (for fear of burning our wings) approach the common centre and parent of our own planetary family; for the latest system of cosmogony makes him, materially, the father of us all. From his substance are believed to have been born, at the will of the Great Artificer, planets, and from them their satellites; from the sun, too, comets and aërolites. As we draw near to the mighty luminary, we perceive black, angular, irregular spots, surrounded by a penumbra or half-obscure fringe with radiating puckers, like those of a muslin frill. They contract and expand, opening and closing like the thunderclouds observed in a stormy sky. Did we dare to venture nearer, we should find that these luminous and flickering stripes are the crests of immense waves of flame, or incandescent gas, agitated by the heavings and tossings to and fro of the solar atmosphere. But the portion of the sun's disc which is exempt from spots is far from shining with uniform brilliancy. The ground of its pattern—to borrow a homely phrase—is thinly over-spread with a multitude of little black spots or spores, which are in a state of continual change, as if curdled matter, or some chemical precipitate, were rising and sinking in a transparent fluid. We can almost see that an

eddy luminous flood is intermingled and boiling up together with another non-luminous tide, without any actual mixture or combination of the two taking place.

When the Jesuit Scheiner first discovered the spots on the sun, he dared not publish his discovery, although he confided it to a few of his most intimate pupils. After repeated observations had removed all doubt as to their existence, he consulted the Provincial Father of his Order, a zealous peripatetic philosopher, who refused to believe in anything of the kind, because Aristotle had said that the sun is all over shining with light. "I have several times read my Aristotle," he sagely observed, "from beginning to end, and I can assure you that he mentions not a syllable about it. Go, my son; make yourself easy, and take it for certain that what you suppose to be spots on the sun are nothing but flaws in your glasses, or your eyes." Scheiner obeyed his superior's advice, said no more about the spots on the sun, and retired, after admitting that his eyes must be in the wrong, and Aristotle in the right. But the spots on the sun were not to be so put down. A senator of Augsburg, named Veiser, who had heard whispers about the novel heresy, wrote to Galileo. The great astronomer replied that Scheiner's eyes were as good as need be, and that he himself had watched those spots for some time past.

The size of these ever-changing spots is sometimes exceedingly great, covering a superficies several times larger than the whole surface of the earth, were it spread out flat, instead of being spherical. The first result of this discovery was the proof that the sun, which had always been regarded as perfectly motionless in the midst of the universe, had a rotary movement on its own axis. By observing the time that each spot required to return to the same apparent position, it was found that the sun performed a complete revolution in about five-and-twenty days and a half. Thus, the hour of a solar day,—which day, however, can scarcely have an alternation of light and darkness, like ours,—is equal to a whole terrestrial day and something more. The difference gives a slight idea of the relative magnitude of the two respective globes; time, or rather its means of measurement, bears here a certain proportion to space. The size of the sun is oppressive to think of. If we suppose the earth placed in the middle of the sun, like the kernel inside a peach, so that their two centres coincided, the entire orbit of the moon would lie within the solid body of the sun, about half-way between the centre and the surface. To comprehend the truth, therefore, we must conceive a spherical mass, whose radius stretches from the centre of the earth to twice the distance of the moon. A vessel which circumnavigates the earth in three years, would require considerably more than the longest human life, namely, nearly

three hundred years, to perform a similar feat of navigation, if sailing at the same rate, round the sun. The study, therefore, of solar geography, and anything like extensive solar travels, must be difficult undertakings for dwellers on the sun, unless their term of life is very much more extended than our own. After this, think of the magnitude of that magnificent luminary, the Dog-star, which is calculated to be eight times as large as the sun.

Weight, or the force of gravity, is twenty-eight times as powerful at the surface of the sun as it is at the surface of the earth. A full-grown man, like one of ourselves, if he fell on the sun, from a height equal to his own stature, would be smashed as if he had thrown himself from an earthly steeple. Elephants and rhinoceroses, weighing twenty-eight times as much as they do in their terrestrial haunts, would be immoveable fixtures; their muscles would not serve to stir them, were ill-luck to convey them to a solar forest. A Daniel Lambert, sent to the sun for exhibition, would sink to the ground, and would be flattened and outspread by the force of his own weight, like a loose bag of quicksilver here. Supposing the existence of a solar population—a hypothesis which is generally accepted, and on rational grounds, at present—we must believe them to be little fragile creatures, with frames of the utmost lightness and suppleness. The only bodily constitution which seems possible under the conditions in which they are placed, is analogous to that with which popular imagination has endowed the sylphs of the air, and the fairies of the wood; they must be made up of dew and vapour, held together by gossamer bones, and cobweb muscles.

The spots on the sun also led to the discovery of its physical constitution. It was found by ingenious observations that those spots are nothing else than holes through which the body itself of the luminary is caught sight of. The sun, therefore, is composed of two very different materials, namely, the internal mass, which is a solid body, non-luminous, and black; and a superficial envelope, which consists of a light stratum of inflamed substance, whence the star appears to derive its light-and-heat-giving power. An elastic fluid, elaborated on the dark surface of the sun, and floating upwards through the luminous coat, would force it aside temporarily, like the drawing back of a curtain, and so produce the effect of spots. This notion gives two distinct atmospheres to envelope the interior globe of the sun. He rejoiceth as a giant to run his course—somewhere in the direction of the constellation Hercules—and bedecks himself with light as it were with a garment. The latest observations suggest the belief that the sun has not less than three distinct coats.

The opinions of the learned on this curious point have changed completely and rapidly

Towards the close of the last century, one Doctor Elliot was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of one Miss Boydell, in a fit of jealous rage. His friends defended him, successfully, on the plea of madness; they brought before the jury certain writings, in which the doctor maintained that the light of the sun came from what he called a dense and universal aurora; in short, an aurora borealis, which entirely surrounded the mass of the sun. He also endeavoured to prove that the sun, in spite of the torrents of light and heat which it unceasingly pours over the planetary system, might still itself enjoy so moderate a temperature at its actual surface as to be habitable. A few years later, William Herschell astonished the world by adopting the criminal lunatic's ideas. He declared that the matter which causes the sun to shine is neither a liquid nor an elastic fluid, but a stratum of phosphoric clouds floating in the sun's transparent atmosphere. The lower atmosphere is not luminous, but merely reflects the light of the upper one. Arago, by means of polariscopic experiments, has furnished what is considered proof that the luminous portion of the sun is of a gaseous nature. Mr. Thomas Woods deduces, from photographic results, the probability that the nature of the sun is analogous to that of flame, since their results are identical. Each solar atmosphere, separated by a certain interval, is endowed with independent movements. The thickness of the atmospheres is estimated at between two and three thousand miles. Modern science, which has swept the inhabitants of the moon into nothingness by the ever increasing assurance that the moon has no respirable atmosphere, has given almost official authority to the fact that organised beings dwell on the surface of the sun, and exist unscorched by his ardent rays.

Buffon's cosmological theory, that a comet, striking the sun obliquely, knocked off splashes of igneous matter of various dimensions, and so produced the planets and their satellites, has long fallen into disrepute, and at the present day has received its death-blow, from the current belief that the mass of a comet is next to nothing. To this succeeded the hypothesis of Laplace, who maintained that our whole solar system was once a vast rotatory nebula, rarefied by excessive heat, and whose limits reached beyond the orbit of Neptune; that the planets were formed by the process of cooling and condensation, at the successively-outward boundary of this fiery atmosphere, from zones of vapour that were thrown off from the plane of its equator as they gradually hardened and contracted into smaller dimensions. Buffon and Laplace agree on one point; they both of them make the planets proceed from the sun. Everyone is now of the same opinion in that respect. Nobody scarcely ventures to doubt that the earth is of igneous origin; and the sun is the only

known source of heat in our system. But now, a bold philosopher, M. Boutigny (d'Evreux), who backs his theory by facts and experiments, holds that the planets are the direct and immediate offspring of the sun, without the intervention of a blow from a comet, or a condensation of the solar atmosphere. The satellites, being the children of the planets, are consequently the grandchildren of the sun by lineal descent.

M. Boutigny considers the central sphere of the sun as a body in the spheroidal state, preserved from the action of its own blazing atmosphere by the property which it possesses of reflecting caloric. The entire sun has a movement of rotation on its axis, and every one of its atoms takes part in the same movement. Independent of this motion, the sun and every one of its molecules are animated by the vibratory motion observed in all bodies in the spheroidal state. And now, let us not forget the enormous volume of the sun,—so great, that all the planets and their satellites put together scarcely make the six hundred and fiftieth part of it. These points laid down, what more is wanted to make the planets to be born of the sun? Nothing but vibrations of great force and amplitude, for the projection of a portion of the sun's own substance beyond his incandescent or exterior atmosphere. Of this nature are the volcanic eruptions and the earthquakes on our own globe, which are propagated by vibrations, waves, or undulations. The sun having a movement of rotation from west to east, everything which proceeds from the sun must have also a rotatory movement from west to east, and, moreover, a motion of progression in the same direction. The satellites are also part and parcel of the sun, but subsequently shot into space by the explosive force of the planets around which they now revolve. The moon, for instance, is the daughter of the earth. Unless the tearing up, and the projection of a portion of our globe into open space be admitted, it is impossible to explain satisfactorily the hollowing-out of the basins which contain the oceans; whilst it is naturally accounted for, by admitting the projection of the forty-ninth part (reckoning by bulk) of the earth's substance, which cast-off portion now forms the lunar sphere. Such explosions are doubtless going on at the present day in other worlds. When the explosions take place in a direction which is not far from perpendicular, the force which occasions them is combined with the centrifugal force, and the solar material may be projected in masses sufficiently considerable, and to distances sufficiently great to form the planets of our system. On the other hand, when the explosions shoot out their charge in either of the other directions, the small masses which alone can be projected beyond the limits of the sun's blazing atmosphere, are thereby destined to traverse the heavens in all direc-

tions, and become comets, aërolites, or asteroids, with orbits more or less elliptical, and sometimes even irregular, causing them to wander from system to system.

Obers was of opinion that the telescopic planets were simply the remains of a former planet which had burst into fragments. Arago favours this opinion, which receives a powerful corroboration from the strange fact related by Varro, which appears to have occurred about eighteen hundred and thirty-one years before the Christian era: "the planet Venus was seen to change its diameter, its colour, its shape, and its course." The doubling, or division of several comets, is a well-observed and well-proved phenomenon; but the most remarkable circumstance is the discovery, on the very same day of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, in Europe and America respectively, of a new satellite of Saturn. According to M. Boutigny's ideas, this new satellite was discovered immediately after its birth, or projection; that is to say, that Saturn is still agitated by grand vibratory movements, in which the centrifugal force predominates. It is scarcely possible to admit that Saturn, who has been constantly watched ever since the discovery of the last satellite but one, should have been able to hide from so many prying eyes the new-hatched bantling, whose existence has been so recently signalised.

Aërolites are presumed to be shot out from volcanoes in the sun in a direction parallel or obliquely inclined to its axis of rotation. The opinion is confirmed by the smallness of their size, and their property of being self-luminous, which is a property belonging exclusively to the sun. A meteor has been seen to appear in the firmament, at a distance double that of the moon from the earth, and to direct its course towards our planet; but, on passing in the neighbourhood of the moon, it described a curve convex to the earth, rushed towards the moon, and disappeared. Its luminosity was, therefore, not owing to any combustion in our atmosphere. Aërolites have been supposed to come from lunar volcanoes; but the moon has never possessed volcanoes, though she has mountains in plenty, and though she herself is of volcanic origin.

To sum up. Planets, celestial meteors, and aërolites, are all the immediate offspring of the sun, as satellites are the offspring of their respective planets. Consequently, the matter of which our system is composed, must be essentially of the same, or very similar nature, throughout. Gold in Venus would tally with gold in Jupiter. Earthly ice would be homogeneous with the ice of Saturn.

But, if all the bodies of our planetary system are the progeny of the sun, whence comes the sun himself? From another much more voluminous sun, to whom ours would be nothing but a planet, or a satellite merely. And this other sun?

From a third, vaster still. And, after that, what then? And again, what then? To what first commencement can we trace the life, the laws, and the movement, which the Eternal Almighty Ruler has ordained to exist throughout His Universe? Whatever he may do, and wherever he may seek, the proudest human intellect is obliged at last to bow and worship before the incomprehensible power of the Supreme Governor of suns and worlds. All we know is, that before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, there was One who ruled from everlasting, and who will rule world without end.

THE DEVIL'S MARK.

On the morning of August the first, sixteen hundred and fourteen, the village of Hambleton was the scene of much lively bustle which rallied chiefly round the dwelling of Master Simon, farrier, blacksmith, and wheelwright for the township. Master Simon's only daughter Rose—the White Rose of Hambleton, the folks called her—was going to be married that day to her cousin, Richard Nicholl, who had come to Hambleton about a year before to work at the forge for his kinsman, whose strength was declining, and had fallen in love at once with the pretty and warm-hearted Rose. They were a very well-matched couple of young people, for if she was as blooming and sweet as her name, Richard was the goodliest man in that parish, and many another. She was nineteen, and he was twenty-six—both of them in the full glow and excellence of youth.

The forge fire was out that morning, and if any traveller's horse had chosen to cast a shoe near the village, he must have gone a couple of miles further, to Wistlebank, before the damage could have been repaired. In Master Simon's cottage were collected half the women of the place, but Rose's chamber was the favourite point, for there the young maiden's toilet was being accomplished by half-a-dozen of her particular friends. We ought not to go into that mysterious sanctum, I know; but for the telling of our story it is necessary that we should look through the doorway and over the heads of the crowding gossips, and listen also to the remarks of the handmaidens engaged in their agreeable tasks. The costume of those days was not remarkable either for its picturesqueness or its grace; but Rose's pretty shape and sweet face were proof against its disfigurements. She stood in the centre of the room, fair and blushing, in a petticoat of remarkable stiffness and a bodice of preternatural length, her gold-coloured hair rolled up elaborately, and a highly-starched ruff lying close at hand to imprison her round white throat.

There was not one of the half-dozen friends so beautiful as Rose; but one of them—the chief it seemed—from her being the putter

on of the bows and decorative paraphernalia of the dress, had a singular countenance—cold, repellant, and stone-grey. The blackness of her eyebrows, which met and were depressed over her eyes, gave her a furtive, stealthy expression, and her narrow scarlet lips, while they indicated a sensual disposition, showed also one of cruelty and vindictiveness. She was older than most of the girls, but still quite young, and had pretensions to beauty which she was more ready to assert than others were to allow. Everybody, however, Rose included, treated her with a certain respect, for she was waiting-woman to my lady the wife of Sir Roger Bedinfield, at Hambleton Hall. Her name was Mistress Gilbert, and she was reputed to possess philters and love-charms, which in those good old times were held in high repute, not only amongst silly maidens but even amongst wise and discreet matrons. One charm, however, Mistress Gilbert did not possess—that charm which would have charmed Richard Nicholl's heart out of his bosom. Her disappointed hopes had been a sly theme of talk many a time in the village, and even Rose herself had shared in it. Possibly that was the reason why, when Mistress Gilbert's chilly hands glided so stealthily about her person, a slight shiver kept running over her flesh.

"You are cold, Rose," said the waiting-woman; "shut the window, some of you. You shudder all over when you are touched."

"It can't be that her enemy is walking over the place where her grave is to be," remarked a careless young body who looked straight at Mistress Gilbert, and then turned red under the cold scrutiny that she received from her cruel eyes.

"Rose is too good to have an enemy. Every one loves her," said the waiting-woman slowly: directly she had spoken she approached her lips to the white polished shoulder, and blew softly at a tiny brown mark, and then brushed it with her hand carelessly.

"You will have to blow a long time before you blow away that little mole, Mistress Gilbert," laughed Rose: "I was born with it."

"I am short-sighted this morning—I mistook it for a fly:" and the waiting-woman began to arrange the starched ruff.

Rose would have been glad to dispense with the honour of Mistress Gilbert's company at her marriage; because Richard Nicholl did not like her, and also because the waiting-woman's aspirations after the handsome young smith, offended her feminine prejudices; but Mistress Gilbert invited herself for the purpose of dressing the bride, and even lent her taste and skill in composing the attire to be worn on the occasion, so there was no evading her cold, uncomfortable presence. When the ceremony was over in the chamber, and Rose's beauty was eclipsed as far as it could be by her stiff clothing, she was ushered into the living-room; where were

her father, Richard as fine as herself, and the male friends of the family.

Richard received her with a fine honest blush, which was more softly reflected on her own face; and, after a short interval, the whole company fell into order, two and two, to walk across the green to church, where Parson Phillips was waiting to marry the young pair. My Lady Bedinfield and two of her daughters had thought right to honour the ceremony by coming to look on from the elevation of the family pew, and afterwards to praise the rustic grace of the White Rose of Hambleton. Mistress Lucy Bedinfield and her sister Elizabeth would have given half their rich clothing for a tint out of her cheeks: they were but sickly young gentlewomen on whose complexions Mistress Gilbert's various washes had no effect at all, unless it were to make them deadlier and duller than even Nature—who coloured them in one of her penurious, pallid moods—had ever intended.

When Rose walked out of church, her pretty blue eyes downcast, and holding Richard's arm, the folks inside blessed her softly as became the place, and those outside gave them a cheer, after which the bells rang out a famous wedding peal. Mistress Gilbert's clayey visage looked colder and more clayey than ever as they disappeared. Nobody heeded her, and she did not choose to follow the returning party to Master Simon's house; but when my Lady Bedinfield, the rabble being dispersed, issued stately from the family pew with her daughters behind her, she was graciously told that she might walk with them to the Hall. Perhaps my lady loved a little gossip as much as if she were a mere common person; and, if so, her waiting-woman was just the person to gratify her, not being in the least scrupulous that her intelligence should be fact rather than fiction.

"They are a pretty pair of lovers, I'm sure, and Rose's dress was uncommon gay;" said Lady Bedinfield, who had a mother's heart.

"Her cheek could not have looked fresher if it had been painted. Gilbert, your new wash for the face is quite useless;" querulously observed Mistress Elizabeth: "I am sure it dries the skin."

"Natural roses have the finest bloom," replied Lady Bedinfield, who had been a beauty herself, and was still a handsome woman. She sometimes had a little spite against her daughters for being so unmanageably plain.

"Rose Nicholl's bloom looks natural," said Mistress Gilbert with an air of sarcastic respect; "it looks even brighter than nature."

"You are jealous, Gilbert; we know all about the young suitor's indifference to black eyes when blue ones are willing to shine on him," returned Lady Bedinfield with a jolly laugh—she was above caring for her waiting-woman's feelings, and, besides, she had just been touched and pleased by the pretty scene

in the church. A marriage always refreshed her, and made her think of her own youth.

Mistress Gilbert's face blushed lividly. That taunt was not needed to increase the deadly hatred she had conceived for Richard and his young wife. She dropped behind and would not answer when spoken to. Lady Bedinfield called to her just as they were entering the house, and said in the same tone of mockery: "If Rose's beauty is all paint, why don't you put it on too, Gilbert?"

"I did not say it was all paint, my lady. I wish it were. It would be the less harm," replied the waiting-woman.

"If it is neither Nature nor paint, what is it?" asked Lady Bedinfield.

"It is devil's beauty. I saw his mark on her neck to-day," said Mistress Gilbert.

Lady Bedinfield laughed again, but this time in a less loud and assured manner. Scarcely any one in these very good old times was altogether free from the black plague-spot of superstition, and she was neither better nor wiser than her age. She entered her house in silence, and Mistress Gilbert, pacing her room that night vehemently, as a caged wild beast newly caught, rejoiced to think that she had dropped on her rival's fair fame the first deadly drop of that corrosive poison which she hoped ere long to see blacken and blast it utterly.

II.

THE apartments of the two sisters at Bedinfield Hall adjoined, and Mistress Gilbert passed from one to the other attending on the young ladies. There was company that day; especially, there was one young gallant named Sir Henry Cavendish, whom either of the girls would have been proud to captivate; for, not only was he handsome, brave, and accomplished, but he was also wealthy. Mistress Lucy stood before her mirror, fully dressed; but there was dissatisfaction on her countenance,—she had small, delicate features, but her skin was cloudy, her eyes were lacking in brilliance. Mistress Elizabeth was even worse favoured; for her visage was long and lean as well as colourless, and her eyes were not so perfectly set as they might have been. The waiting-woman had suffered something from their tongues that morning, as her chafed and hurried manner betrayed.

"You will soon be of no more use to us than a mole, Gilbert. Can you not see how thick my complexion is to-day?" said Mistress Lucy, pointing at her own reflection in the glass; she always laid the blame of Nature's defects on her abigail.

"Yes, Mistress Lucy, I see—" she hesitated a minute, opened the door to look into the passage, and then whispered, hurriedly, "I have a powder that I got from Mistress Turner in London; but if I let you have some, my lady must never know."

"Ah, good Gilbert, I will not tell her;—

speaking low that Elizabeth may not hear. How does this powder affect one?"

"It preserves youth, makes the skin smooth, and gives it a bloom like a little child's; but it is highly dangerous."

"How dangerous? Is it a poison?"

Mistress Elizabeth, overhearing the mysterious whispering, crept stealthily behind her door, watched through a chink, and listened. The arrival of Sir Henry Cavendish had sown jealousy between the sisters.

"It is a mineral poison; but with care and in very small quantities, it is safe. In a week you would be as fair as Rose Nicholl? Will you try it? or do you fear the risk?"

"O! I will try it. I would try anything to have a face like the young smith's wife; but promise me not to let Elizabeth have any."

Mistress Gilbert gave the required pledge, and then stole away to her own chamber to fetch the powder. The watcher waited for her return impatiently. When Gilbert re-entered the room, she brought in her hand a small box of ebony, which she opened with a key attached to a chain hidden under her ruff. Elizabeth listened breathlessly; but she could not quite catch all that was said. But she saw a small packet given to her sister, and by her, after a portion of its contents had been extracted for immediate use, deposited in her jewel box. How that taken out was used, she could not see; for Mistress Gilbert carried it to where stood the ewer and basin, and thither Mistress Lucy went to apply it; but she heard the waiting-woman say, "It will sink—mingle it well with the water;" so she conjectured that it was something to be swallowed, and determined that she herself would soon have a face as fair as Rose, the smith's wife, if it only depended on taking the powder hidden in the jewel-box.

The application of the powder made no perceptible improvement in Mistress Lucy's face that day, and Sir Henry Cavendish was by no means charmed out of his senses; but, in the course of the week, there was certainly a change for the better, and Mistress Elizabeth—who had not yet found an opportunity to lay her hands upon any of the powder—became more and more eager to profit by its beautifying effects. One evening Mistress Lucy left her chain with the jewel-box key fastened to it on her table, and her sister, who had never ceased to watch, availed herself of this chance to possess herself of a good portion of what remained of the powder. She immediately mixed a little of it with water, and drank it.

Very soon she was seized with pain, nausea, and sickness; but not so severely as to enforce greater caution in using the powder, for she repeated the dose daily. She suffered, but her skin acquired a clearness which it had never worn before, and this would have reconciled her to anything short of martyrdom.

Her store being exhausted, and the key falling no more into her possession, she was obliged for a time to desist from her bewitching experiments. Mistress Lucy, however, still steadily continued her applications,—she used the water in which the powder was dissolved as a cosmetic,—but, though her complexion became clear, it did not gain the much-coveted bloom of the village smith's wife. Both the sisters would occasionally visit her in her cottage, and as Rose's beauty was on the blush always when they so honoured her, they went away each time more emulous and more envious than before. At last Mistress Gilbert's ebony box was empty, and no more of the powder could be obtained, until Sir Roger Bedinfield went up to London with his family, when the celebrated Mistress Turner might be induced to part with more at a price something like twice its weight in gold. Mistress Lucy was very impatient of this delay, but at length, though Mistress Turner was then in trouble, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower, a supply was obtained from another person, and the beautifying discipline was recommenced by the elder sister at once. Whether some more deadly ingredient was now mingled with it, or it was unskilfully prepared, or, what is still more probable, Mistress Lucy used it incautiously, and too often, it now began to work on the muscles of the face, and the miserable girl awoke one morning with her mouth drawn on one side, and frightfully disfigured. Mistress Gilbert, terrified at her appearance, and rightly attributing it to the cosmetic, to shield herself from all suspicion, immediately exclaimed that her young lady was bewitched—and, as all new or ill-understood disease was, in these good old times, laid to supernatural influences, this was readily believed. But, bewitched or poisoned, poor young Mistress Lucy's days of vanity were past, and she would never charm Sir Henry Cavendish, or any gay gallant, with her face again. Mistress Elizabeth was so much shocked and grieved for some days that she forgot to profit by all the opportunities that, at this crisis, fell in her way for appropriating the powder; and, when she recovered her spirits, and looked for it in the jewel-box, she found that it had been removed. At first she thought of frightening Mistress Gilbert into giving her some by threatening to tell Lady Bedinfield; but caution interposed to remind her how many petty secrets of hers the waiting-woman could employ against her if so disposed. Therefore she determined to wait until they returned in spring to Hambleton, when she would endeavour to get at the precious store kept in the ebony box itself.

III.

Lady Bedinfield devoted herself like a good mother to her afflicted daughter; and, when they retired to their country-house—

where the only amusements were such as her health and spirits were far too broken to enjoy—they might be seen almost daily wandering through the shrubberies together, or sitting under the trees. Poor Mistress Lucy could not bear to be seen by the most intimate friends, or even by the villagers; and, the idea that she had been bewitched, gained ground fast.

Mistress Gilbert was one of those patient haters, who never balk themselves of their revenge by rushing upon it prematurely. To screen her own malpractices, she had said at first, that Mistress Lucy was bewitched; but it did not occur to her then to turn this to the furtherance of her schemes against Rose Nicholl. One lovely June evening, however, in passing by the smith's cottage, she saw a gathering of the village goodies, who told her that the White Rose, her detested rival, had just got a little son; and, a week or two later, she saw the young mother herself standing at her open window with the child in her arms, and the stalwart smith leaning in, making gentle paternal advances, to her great and laughing delight. Mistress Gilbert's heart felt like a lump of molten lead in her bosom at this picture. She stopped and looked at it wickedly over the hedge for several minutes, and then rushed rapidly homewards. Her plan was maturing.

A dreadful scene greeted her when she arrived: the house was in an uproar. Everybody running hither and thither, calling for this thing and that, in frantic haste. Mistress Elizabeth was ill, she was dying—dying in agonies; her shrieks could be heard half over the house.

"She is poisoned," said Lady Bedinfield, who was shuddering and weeping by her daughter's writhing form; but Mistress Gilbert, bending over the bed her ash-grey face, said: "No, I have seen these convulsions before; she is bewitched, like Mistress Lucy."

Everyone in the room paused aghast with their remedies, but Lady Bedinfield said, "Who can pursue our family with such a relentless hatred? Whom have we any of us injured? There is worthy Parson Phillips coming to our aid; let him be admitted."

While the minister recited his prayers, Mistress Elizabeth died. "She has been poisoned," he also observed; but the doctor, not being able to name the drug that had killed her, solemnly countenanced Mistress Gilbert's idea, that she had been bewitched. The waiting-woman was not long in discovering where Mistress Elizabeth had found her fatal draught. Advantage had been taken of her absence to break open the ebony box and abstract the cosmetic powder. Too large an internal dose had done its work for ever.

From the time of her sister's death, poor Mistress Lucy's health also began fast to decline. She became subject to long fits of melancholy depression, and more than ever evaded seeing strangers. Still she would go out of

doors, and her favourite haunt was a sunny knoll in the plantations, where she would sit for hours with either her mother or Mistress Gilbert. Any sudden noise; even the flight of a bird from one branch to another, would cause her to tremble convulsively, as if with overwhelming dread; for the poor girl had heard it said that she was bewitched, and the idea worked in her imagination until she believed it. It happened one morning while in the wood, as usual, that Rose Nicholl—with her baby in her arms on her way to the Hall, to show him to Lady Bedinfield, as she had received commands to do—passed within sight of Mistress Lucy and the waiting-woman. Rose was singing as blithely as any bird, and never noticed the two under the trees; but Mistress Lucy began to shudder and cry out.

"Is it Rose Nicholl that has bewitched you, Mistress Lucy?" asked Mistress Gilbert, earnestly.

"Yes, yes," replied the nervous creature, following the retreating figure with wild eyes.

"I always thought so! I saw the devil's mark upon her neck the day she was married," cried the waiting-woman, triumphantly.

When they returned home, Mistress Lucy told her mother that all her deformity and all her present illness had been inflicted upon her by the malice of Rose Nicholl, the smith's wife, and that the sight of her threw her into convulsions such as those in which her sister died. Lady Bedinfield was troubled, but suspicious. She consulted her husband, who was remarkable for anything rather than sagacity, and proposed to have Rose tried by one of the common prickers who made it their business to go from place to place discovering witches and bringing them to punishment. Sir Roger consented, and Mistress Gilbert having undertaken to produce a witch-finder, innocent, unconscious Rose was indicated to him as a suspected person; and, full of the importance of his terrible office, the pricker went to the smith's house, when he was at his forge. Master Simon also was away from home, and Rose, with her baby asleep in her lap, sat sewing diligently, like the good housewife and house-mother that she was. The pricker obtained an entrance into the cottage by pleading that he had walked far and was tired; so the unsuspecting Rose bade him rest himself, and gave him some refreshment. Presently two of the village women sauntered in, ostensibly to see the baby, but in reality, by pre-concert with the pricker, to help in the examination. They all began to talk, and presently led the conversation round to the subject of witches and warlocks. There had been many hundreds of wicked and cruel executions in England during recent years for the crime of witchcraft, and Rose had heard of them, like others: indeed, a witch had been swum and drowned in Hambleton mill-pond within her

own memory. She expressed great commiseration for this old woman, and said that she believed many unfortunates were the victims of the malice of their enemies, rather than real criminals, as was pretended. The pricker took umbrage at this remark, perhaps because Mistress Gilbert's bribe lay heavy on his conscience at the moment; and, thinking to daunt Rose, he exclaimed, that she herself was a notorious witch and evil-liver, and he was there to prove it.

Rose started up; and, when the two women approached to lay hold on her, she broke from them, and rushed out at the door shrieking: "Richard, Richard, help me!"

The hammer was not going in the forge just then, and the smith heard her. Clutching a stout cudgel, he ran to the spot; and, while the two assistants decamped, he seized the pricker in a grasp like a vice, and, without waiting for explanation, proceeded to belabour him so soundly that the miserable official was likely to have a skin full of sorely-aching bones for a month to come.

When her husband paused, Rose said, bitterly weeping: "He is a witch-finder, Richard, and declares that I am a witch. He came here to prove it. O, where, where shall we fly? You know, dear husband, that I am your own true wife, and no wicked witch. Don't you, love?" She clung to him beseechingly. In those good old times there were few ties of blood or of affection that did not break under this terrible accusation; but the smith loved his Rose dearly; and, having an intense antipathy to the manipulations of such odious gentry as the pricker, his wrath was so far increased by the idea that they might have been exercised on his young wife, as to find it indispensable to beat him again, and then to throttle him until he confessed that he had received a bribe from Mistress Gilbert to accuse Rose. A second shaking made him give up the instrument with which he proposed to prick for the devil's mark, which all witches bore on their persons. This instrument was a steel needle with a hollow handle, into which it retired under very slight pressure, coming out again when that pressure was withdrawn, so that though it appeared to run into the flesh, it in reality did not even break the skin; as the devil's mark could be pricked, as was asserted, without the witch feeling any pain and without blood following the withdrawal of the needle, this ingenious piece of mechanism answered every malicious purpose; and, with its lying witness, did to death many a poor innocent wretch; who, after conviction, was tortured into confessing every enormity that the diseased imaginations of wicked or superstitious examiners could devise. The smith was something of a mechanician himself, and immediately discovered the secret of the instrument, which he determined to carry to Parson Phillips. As luck would have it, the minister coming across the green at the

moment, he hailed him to come in, and related what had been threatened against Rose.

"These common pricklers are common knaves, I hope you have——," the parson glanced significantly at the cudgel, as much as to add, "used it well!" The smith nodded affirmatively.

The prickler was trying to sneak off, but Richard stopped him, and said no—not until he had been before Sir Richard Bedinfield and had a judicial whipping as a cheat, and then a ducking by the village folk; who would be glad to give him one when they saw how very readily they might, any, or all of them, be proved witches and wizards by the painless trial of the pricking instrument. A good number of the rustics had gathered at a respectful distance from the cottage, waiting for the issue of what was going on there, the news of which the two women had taken pains to spread; and, when they saw the official dragged out by the smith, Parson Phillips following, and Rose looking out from the doorway, a few of them felt glad that the pretty white Rose of their village had escaped the dangerous trial; but when the smith came amongst them, and exhibited the trick of the witchfinder's needle, nothing would satisfy them except the summary administration of justice there and then; so the bruised wretch was hauled off to the mill-pond, ducked until he was half-dead, and then driven out of the village with hoots and execrations.

Mistress Gilbert was foiled of her revenge for the present; but, she said with a deadly tenacity: "Though he was not a true witchfinder, that does not make Rose Nicholl less a witch."

And the village began to look coldly on the smith's wife, and to avoid passing near her door, lest she should blight them and theirs with her evil eye.

IV.

THE very name of witch was fatal in those good old times. No one could long bear it with impunity; and this poor Rose well knew. To see herself hated and feared poisoned her life with a dread that the general feeling might extend itself to her husband, her father, and her child. Sometimes she wished she were dead, as the only way of escape from the indignities and cruelties which she had heard of as inflicted upon other women, probably as innocent of witchcraft as herself.

Six months after the visit of the prickler, Mistress Lucy Bedinfield died; and, the old report that she had been bewitched was revived, with the addition that it was Rose Nicholl, and Rose Nicholl only, who had laid upon her the spells that had destroyed her.

Every calamity that happened in the village was now laid to the charge of the

smith's wife. If an old person died from age, Rose had bewitched him or her; if a baby perished from weakness, Rose had bewitched it; if a crop failed, Rose had bewitched the seed; if the corn, when heavy in the ear, was laid by violent rain, Rose had raised the storm; if a horse cast a shoe, Rose had bewitched the nails, or the hammer, or the anvil. Rose might look as innocent and pretty as she would, but popular superstition declared her to be a witch, and popular persecution used her as one.

Mistress Gilbert scarcely found her schemes march so quickly as she desired; but, an unexpected aid came to her from another quarter. A poor old woman at Wistlebank was tried for witchcraft, and, under her tortures, she gave a list of names of persons whom she said she had herself seen at the Sabbath, or general meeting of witches and warlocks. She did not, at first, mention Rose Nicholl; but, the name being suggested to her, she also avowed that she had seen her, and no later ago than the previous Friday night. All the accused were immediately arrested, and carried before Sir Roger Bedinfield, and two other magistrates as sapient as himself. In vain did Richard Nicholl swear, that at the time his wife was stated to be present at the horrible mysteries of the witches' Sabbath, she was sleeping comfortably at his side; he was told that the devil deluded him by putting a semblance of her in her place, that he might not discover her nocturnal absences. The poor smith was nearly maddened; but, what answer could a man make to magistrates, who were so deeply in the fiend's confidence as to know every stratagem he employed; Richard was persuaded of his wife's innocence, but he could not prevail on others to believe in it; and, though Parson Phillips protested against the confessions of an old woman crazed by pain being received as evidence against Rose and her so-called accomplices, no attention was paid to his remonstrance, and they were all confined until the day when they were to be tried.

These must have been strange times that folks now call "good old times;" when a man, who loved his wife more fondly than anything else in the world, could ejaculate fervently, "Thank God!" when he was told that she was dead. Two days after poor Rose was thrown into prison, Parson Phillips brought these tidings to the smith, and said that he had leave to bring her body home, and give her Christian burial. Terrified at the accusation brought against her, deprived of her child and her husband, the young creature was seized with fever, and died in her prison—by God's mercy both the parson and Richard thought, for she thereby escaped the doom of her companions in misfortune, against whose names stands in the criminal records of the time, the fatal words—"convict and brunt."

The smith brought his poor white Rose home on the third anniversary of their marriage; and, the next day, she was interred, with all the rites of the church, amidst the too late repentance of her persecutors. Master Simon and Richard stood by the grave in angry sorrow, and directly opposite them, with her wicked eyes, fixed on the smith's face, was Mistress Gilbert. As he was moving away, at last their glances met; the waiting-woman laughed triumphantly, and pointed downwards at the coffin with a significant air. Richard looked at her steadily for a moment, and then said in a deep, concentrated tone, which the hearers recalled afterwards as a tone of prophecy. "Ay, Mistress Gilbert, there lies the body of my poor Rose that you hated, and her spirit is safe in Heaven. You may laugh now, but you shall not laugh long. The day is near when your body shall raise a lowe that shall be seen from Whistlebank to Carnridge, and your spirit shall skirl to be heard from Hecklestone for three miles round." Mistress Gilbert only laughed the louder as she marched away.

But Richard Nicholl's words came true.

The Hecklestone was a tall block of granite, set up in Hambleton park, on an elevation about a hundred yards from the house. So long as it remained, there were two marks upon the top, which tradition said were made by the burning hands of Mistress Gilbert; she was set on fire accidentally, and, flying from the house, in her agony she ran up to Hecklestone, screaming, and clung to it, blazing all over, until the light was seen "from Whistlebank to Carnridge, and her cries were heard for three miles round." People ran to her help, but the story goes that the fire resisted every effort to put it out. Mistress Gilbert was burnt to ashes; and, wherever the wind scattered them, says tradition, the ground was for ever after barren.

REALLY DANGEROUS CLASSES.

THERE are two classes of men eternally at war with society—criminals and careless people; but, while the law has amply provided for the punishment of the first, it finds a difficulty in dealing out retributive justice for the second. A velvet-footed, light-fingered lad approaches me stealthily from behind, and without causing me the slightest bodily pain, or a moment's mental uneasiness, he abstracts from my pocket a common handkerchief of a value ranging between eighteen-pence and two-and-sixpence, and the sentence of the court is, that he be imprisoned, with hard labour, for the period of six calendar months.

A brawny, gaping, agricultural giant from the country, who supposes that the highly difficult feat of walking the London streets can be performed at once without training

or experience, may run against me with the force of a battering ram; may grind to destruction one, if not both, of my favourite patent boots; may injure for months the agonising corns that are covered by the smiling, deceitful, faces of those boots; may damage my slender Geneva watch beyond the skill of the cleverest refugee to repair; may raise into mountainous heaps the smooth, flat surface of my irreproachable Corazza shirt; may even seriously disfigure my faultless, aquiline nose; yet all this, according to the absurd usage of society, is to be balanced by the empty formulary "I beg your pardon," and there is to be no custody, no court, no judge, no jury, no sentence.

An old woman with imperfect eyesight, who will not pay for a servant to attend upon her, or a young lady whose passion for romantic literature is greater than her prudence, may, by the decree of a malicious fate, be found in the position of my next-door neighbour; and, because the physical weakness of the first, or the mental novel-reading-in-bed weakness of the second, causes the chamber-curtains to be set on fire, I am condemned at an uncertain time to walk the night along the giddy parapet, like Amina, in the opera; before the gaping eyes of an assembled multitude; dressed in nothing worth mentioning, except a pair of flannel drawers, with a child in one arm and a French clock in the other. I am burnt out of my favourite dwelling, and my easy-chair, my household gods, are reduced to charcoal and ashes; I am transferred for many weeks to hastily chosen and inconvenient lodgings; I have to prepare a long detailed report to obtain compensation from a sulky fire-office; and the law, under all these injuries affords me neither reward nor condolence. But if I am aroused by an attempted burglary in the dead of night, and I go down to my carefully-prepared ambush to find a miserable member of the dangerous classes fixed by my artful and penetrating spikes, and worried by my faithful and powerful mastiff, I have only to spend an hour entering the charge with an energetic policeman and an affable inspector, and I am then allowed to retire to my comfortable bed to dream of the criminal offender who has injured himself more than he has injured me, and the weapons which the law has placed in my hands wherewith to punish him.

A drover of imperfect humanity—whose desire to govern the unruly bullock is not tempered by a regard for the sufferings of the animal, or a calculation of the effect of over-driving upon the quality of the meat—may, by an intemperate indulgence in the illegal stimulus of a tenpenny nail at the end of his stick, goad a harmless beast, to the condition of an infuriated monster that nothing but the pole-axe will quell. This excited animal, after it has frightened my wife and her nurse-

maid into a pastrycook's and fits, may—in all probability will—overturn the perambulator containing my two favourite children. Remedy I have none against the drover for his gross act of carelessness; but, when the excited animal comes to be dealt out in the accustomed form by the unsuspecting butcher, I may summons the latter individual for selling unwholesome meat, although it may not be so offensive as that of the venison which stands by its side to be sold at double its price.

If the results of premeditated crime are to be weighed against the results of accidental carelessness, it is not difficult to see on which side the balance will preponderate. Put the army of thieves, rogues and vagabonds on one side, and see how soon they will be outnumbered on the other by the thoughtless, careless people, who form what I consider the really dangerous classes. There will be eccentric travellers who come down upon you in balloons in the darkness of the night; timid old men who, in the place of pictures hang up fire-arms which explode at inconvenient seasons; reckless cabmen who run over children in crowded streets as if they were mere chickens; forgetful servants who leave sharp-edged pails in dark passages; vermin exterminators who make arsenic rat-killing pies which fall in the way of schoolboys; scatterers of orange-peel upon public footways; men who write important letters without either date or address; men who never fail to miss an appointment; men who leave open razors in the way of little children; men who carry walking sticks under their arms to destroy the eyes of the unwary; and those most trouble-giving of all the really dangerous classes, the losers of rings, trinkets, purses, and ten-pound notes. Few people who have not devoted much attention to the subject can be aware of the vast amount of personal annoyance and inconvenience caused by the losers to the finders of ten-pound notes.

I can imagine a man being driven mad by finding a constant succession of ten-pound notes. In the first place he is put in a painful position when he picks up the flimsy treasure-trove exposed to the wonder, curiosity, and ignorant envy of the passer-by. That got over, he has then to perform his duty as a citizen, having, probably, to bestow much reflection upon what that duty may be. He makes a personal communication to the authorities of the Bank of England; he causes several handbills to be printed and posted at the different station-houses; and he frames an advertisement as neatly as possible, which he takes to the offices of the leading newspapers to be inserted. This is only the commencement of his trouble; for the general public are now aware of the fact that he has found a ten-pound note, and are in possession of his name and address.

No man would believe what a number of persons there are in existence belonging to nearly every grade of society, who suddenly find themselves in the position of losers of ten-pound notes. Dropping ten-pound notes within the area of a certain circle, and within the period of a certain time, seems to be a destiny as common to many of the human race as the small-pox or the measles. Setting aside the letters received from people in out-of-the-way parts of the country, who appear to have come up to London for the purpose of leaving a ten-pound note lying in the streets; the unfortunate finder of the treasure is summoned from his bedroom in the morning to an interview with several of the most impatient and the most early-rising of the personal applicants. Some are indignant that their honour is not relied upon, and that they are not trusted with a sight of the precious document. Some are minute in their narrative particulars up to the point when the note was supposed to be lost, and then their minds become confused, and their memories a perfect blank. Some indulge in an eloquent appeal to your feelings as a husband, a brother, an uncle, or a father of a numerous family. Some are legally precise, and serve you with a wordy and formal notice not to deliver up that note to anyone within a particular period, upon pain of proceedings being instituted. Some are evidently swindlers trying to collect information with a view of preparing an application. All this while, perhaps, the rightful owner does not come forward; or, if he does, he is so cunningly concealed by his own exertions, that it is impossible for you to recognise him amongst the mass of pretenders and mistaken individuals. Early in the morning, in the middle of the day, as you are going out to keep a business appointment, or to take your wife for a walk, or while you are entertaining friends at dinner, you are subject to the intrusion of candidates for the lost property; and your domestic privacy, for the time being, is destroyed. Worried on all sides, from within and without; your temper ruffled by the circumstances in which you are placed; your wife, in a moment of weakness, accusing you of injudicious conduct in directing all the applications to your private house; your replying angrily that you know how to conduct yourself in such an emergency (as if you had been in the habit of finding ten-pound notes from your early youth); you are tempted at last to give up the property to some ungrateful—and, probably fictitious—owner who almost complains of the amount spent in printing, and requires to see vouchers for all the newspaper advertisements.

I can only regard careless people of this kind with anything like patience, when I reflect that the treasure which they sow broadcast sometimes falls upon fruitful ground. I am satisfied when I imagine the

ten-pound note picked up by the members of a large, struggling household, who are too ignorant to make much effort in the way of advertising their good fortune. After a short and decent period of delay, the representative of value is considered to be a member of the family. The back-rent is fully paid up; the baby is treated to a new hat with a voluminous feather; the youngest boy is provided with a new pair of boots, and his old ones are half-soled and heeled; a new hat is procured for Bill, and a very good secondhand coat for the master of the family; the little account is balanced at the chandler's shop, and a new house-broom and pail are purchased to inaugurate a new era of cleanliness; an old shawl of the mistress is properly scoured and renovated, and a certain light straw-bonnet which she had when she was married, is by the aid of cleaving and new ribbons made to look better than it ever did within the memory of man; finally, the whole troop have one grand night of enjoyment at the local theatres, and the balance of the treasure (one pound, fifteen shillings) is safely deposited in the parochial savings'-bank as a reserve for doctoring and family exigencies.

HAVELOK THE DANE.

THE Normans, who brought with the Conquest a new literature into Britain, brought with them no literature that was exclusively their own. Being half barbarous, they had first settled themselves in France, among a people from whom they had much to learn, and while they learnt much, they forgot the little they had brought with them. They married French women; French mothers sang their own songs to the sons of Normandy. Already, under the second Duke of Normandy, the native tongue was lost everywhere, except among the men of the Bessin and Cotentin. It was a French language that the Norman conquerors brought over to England. No runes were written among them. There is not to be found in all Normandy a stone inscribed in runic characters; there is no trace of a single northern saga in their early literature: they forgot not only the language, manners, history, but even the very whereabouts of their old home. Benott de Sainte More begins his Norman Chronicle by placing Denmark at the mouth of the Danube.

The Normans acquired in France, and brought over with them to England, a keen relish for rhymed fabliaux, or tales and lays, which were recited by *trouvères* (minstrels) in great men's halls, and of which the recital was in the earliest time paid for with rich presents, or which were sung by the guest to the host in acknowledgment of hospitality. Such songs were first of saints, afterwards more commonly of love and romance, sometimes of history, or even of the marvels of

birds, beasts, and stones. Chardry composed thousands of verses on the lives of Saint Josaphat and the Seven Sleepers. Robert Wace and Benott de Sainte More wrote Norman Chronicles; Geoffrey Gaimar rhymed the history of the Anglo-Saxons; Dourbault turned even a law-book into verse. The lays of love and fabliaux expanded into long romances, and the subject of them was usually drawn from that which was to the Normans in France the especial haunt of fairies, the home of heroic fable, Brittany. Now Brittany was but an offset from Britain. Thus it happened that the Norman conquerors settled in England, brought to the people of this country their own oral traditions, which the English afterwards adopted as a written literature by the mere act of translation.

The most ancient of these stories has for its hero the brave Havelok. Of the first, as of the last of our heroic tales, a Havelok is hero. The old lay of Havelok, and of the foundation of the port of Grimsby, was known only in French, until Sir Frederic Madden lighted on an English version, which he published in one of the volumes of the Roxburghe Club. The story is as old as the Conquest.

This, says the bard, is a lay learnt from the Bretons, and he loses no time in claiming part of his own dues for telling it:

At the beginning of our tale
Fill me a cup of full good ale.
The rhyme is made of Havelok,
A stalworthy man in a flock.
He was the stalwortheest man at need
That may ride on all his steed.
He loved God with all his might,
And holy kirk, and sooth and right.

That is the tune to which the minstrel sets the story which we repeat in simple prose,

Athelwold, king of England, had no heir to his body but an infant daughter. Feeling his death draw near, he was much troubled because of her helplessness. He sent then for all his earls and barons between Rokeby and Dover, and they came before the king at Winchester. When they were seated round about him, he told them that death was near to him, and bade them choose among themselves; wherefore they chose Earl Godrich of Cornwall, who swore to protect the princess and her England till she should be twelve years old, and then to give her for a husband the best man in all the land. After this, the King Athelwold betook himself to prayers, penance, and alms, gave away all before he died, and died lamented. The bells were rung and masses sung, the king was buried, and the earl had power in the kingdom. He received from all an oath of fidelity until the deceased king's daughter should attain her twentieth year; he sent justices to travel through the kingdom, appointed sheriffs and beadles set swordsmen to keep

the wild woods free from robbers, and had all things in his hand.

The king's daughter began thrive
And wex the fairest woman alive.

Her name was Goldeburgh. Earl Godrich sighed to think that she should ever be his mistress, and said to himself,

I have a son, a full fair knave,
He shall Engeland all have.

He then being so resolved, and not caring about his oath, before he ate meat fetched Goldeburgh from Winchester, where she was royally housed, to the sea-shore at Dover, and there shut her up in the castle, poorly fed and thinly clothed.

Now in that time it befel that there was a rich, strong king of Denmark, and his name was Birkabeyn. He was a brave knight, with many knights for followers, and he was father of a son and of two daughters, whom he dearly loved. He being near death, when he was shripen, gave to his own friend Godard, the truest that he knew, care of his little children, till the son could wear helm on his head, and wield a spear as king. On altar, bells, and mass-book, Godard swore to protect Denmark and the children till the boy became a knight. But when Birkabeyn was laid in his grave, Godard speedily took Havelok, the king's heir, and his two sisters, Swanborow and Helfeld, and shut them up where, ere they were yet three winters old, they pined for cold and hunger. And after he had taken all, he thought of further treachery upon the children. He went to the tower in which they were shivering. Havelok, who was a bold child, came to him and sat on his knee. Godard said to them, "Why do you weep and howl?" "Because we are sore hungry," said the boy. "We have no meat, and there are no knights to fetch us drink. Woe is us that we were born! Wellaway! is there no corn, and cannot bread be made? We hunger so that we are nearly dead." Godard paid no heed, but lifted up the little maids together, green and bleak with hunger, as if he would dance them in sport, and in that manner he cut their throats. Havelok saw it, and he saw the knife at his own heart. He kneeled before the Judas, and gave Denmark for his life, offered to fly, and promised to deny his parentage. Godard withdrew the knife, but he thought, If my own children thrive ill, Havelok will succeed me. I must cast him into the sea, and tie an anchor round his neck, so that he shall not float.

So he sent for a fisherman that he knew, who would do all his will, and said to him, "Grim, thou knowest thou art my thrall. Do my will, thou shalt have gold and land to-morrow; I will set thee free. Take this child, throw him into the sea to-night, and upon my head be the sin." Grim took the

child, and bound him fast with a strong line. When Grim had bound him fast, he wound him in an old cloth, stuffed a coat into his mouth, and carried him off on his back in a large black bag.

Being come home, the fisherman told Leve, his wife, what luck awaited them; who, when she heard it, started up, and threw the boy down with such a bounce, that his crown cracked against a great stone as it lay, and Havelok well might cry "Well away! that ever I was a king's child!" So the little one lay until midnight, when Grim bade his dame, Leve, blow the fire, and bring a light, for he must see to put his clothes on. As she went out to do so, she was aware of a great light where the child lay, and, as it were, a sunbeam shining from his mouth. It was a light as of ten candles. "Start up, Grim, and look! Say what this means!" They unbound the child, and found a royal mark on his right shoulder. "Godwot," quoth Grim, "this heir of Denmark shall be a strong king, that shall have in his hand all Denmark and England. He shall hang Godard, or bury him alive." Grim, therefore, fell at the boy's feet, promising to serve and nourish him. From him only would he earn the gift of freedom, which he only could bestow. Then was Havelok a merry child; he sat up and craved bread, saying, "I am nigh dead, what for hunger, what for the bands upon my hands, and the coat thrust into my mouth." Leve fetched him bread and cheese, butter and milk, pasties and flawns. Havelok ate up a whole loaf, then Grim made him a fair bed, undressed him, and put him to sleep.

In the morning, Grim the fisherman went to Godard and said: "I have drowned the boy, having first tied an anchor round his neck, that he should not float. Give me now my reward." But he was sent away with hard words and fierce threats. Grim sold all his corn, his sheep with wool, his kine with horns, horse and swine, geese and hens; he tried well the strength of his boat, put in a good mast, strong cables, stout oars and sail, and when there wanted not a nail more, he put into the boat young Havelok, together with his own wife, her three sons, and her two daughters, and escaped on the high-sea. When they were a mile from land, there rose a wind from the north, called *bise*, that drove them to England.

Grim landed in the Humber, in Lindeseye, right at the north end, and there he made a little earthen hut for himself, and his household, and his boat; and, because he was harboured there, for that reason men will, until doomsday, give that place the name of Grimsby.

Grim was a clever fisherman, who earned his living well with net and hook. He made stout panniers, in which he and his sons carried their fish for sale, through town and country round about; and they never came

home without bread or dough in their shirts or coats, beans and corn in their bags. When Grim caught the great lamprey he carried it to Lincoln, and brought home wastels, simnels, his bags full of meal and corn, neat's flesh, sheep and swine's flesh; and hemp for the making of more lines. Thus, for twelve winters they strove and throve; but it grieved the young Havelok that Grim and his sons should work to get his meat, while he lay idle at home. He thought to himself, "I am no longer a baby. I can eat more than Grim gets me; I can eat, by Heaven, more than Grim and all his five children. I must work for my living,—it is not a shame to work. I will go forth to-morrow."

On the morrow, when it was day, Havelok set forth with a pannier; and, for his load, he carried more fish than the other four. He bare it well, and sold it well, and brought home all the silver, for he would not keep a farthing of it back. So he went forth every day.

Now, there befel so great a scarcity of corn and bread, that Grim could not devise how he was to feed all in his household. He was afraid on behalf of Havelok, for he was strong, and ate more than could be drawn out of the sea. Therefore, he said, "Havelok, dear son, I ween that we must die, for we are hungering, and have no meat. It will be better for you to go hence; you know the way to the good borough of Lincoln; thither you had better go, for there lives many a good man of whom you may earn a living. But, woe is me! You are so naked. I must cut you a dress out of my sail, lest you take cold." He took the shears off the nail, and made of the sail a coat, which Havelok put on. He had neither hose, nor shoes, nor any other kind of garment; and barefoot he walked to Lincoln, where he had no friend to go to. For two days he went up and down fasting, because nobody would give him food for work.

On the third day he heard a call of "Porters! porters! come hither, all!" Like a spark from a coal Havelok leapt forth; he shoved down nine or ten men, and pressed forward to the cook, from whom he took the Earl's meat that had been bought at the bridge, and, leaving the porters strewn upon the ground, he carried the meat to the castle; there he got a farthing wastel-leaf.

Next day he looked out for the cook upon the bridge, and saw him with many fishes by his side, which he had bought for the Earl of Cornwall. When he cried "Porters! porters! hither! quick!" Havelok knocked down, and made a heap of sixteen stout lads, who stood in his way, and took up on his head a full cart-load of fish. Then he spared neither toes nor heels till he came to the castle, where men took his burthen from his head. The cook stood and looked at him, thought him a stalwart man, and said: "Will you

serve with me? I shall be glad to feed you, for the meat is well spent that you eat." "Dear sir," said Havelok, "I ask no other hire. Give me enough to eat, and I will fetch you fire and water; I can break sticks, kindle and blow the fire; I can cleave billets, skin eels, wash dishes." Quoth the cook, "I want no more. Go sit thou yonder, and eat bread and broth at will."

Havelok ate and worked. He carried mighty burthens gaily; he was always blithe of speech; the little children in the meadows took him for their playfellow; high and low, knights and children talked of his strength, and of his fair form, and of his gentleness. But he was almost naked. He had nothing to wear but a coat that was not worth a fir-stick. The cook, sorry for that, bought him span new clothes, with hose and shoes; and, when he was clothed, hosed, and shod, he was the fairest under God. At the Lincoln games he was taller by the shoulders than the stoutest who came thither.

In these days, Earl Godrich had all England in his power, and he brought into the town of Lincoln many earls and barons, champions, bondsmen, the young and old, the strong and weak. One day, the strong men in that assemblage played at putting of the stone. Havelok, commanded to try his strength, lifted the heavy stone, twelve feet and more, over the heads of all the champions. The talk of his strength and of his meekness travelled through all England. Godrich's knights praised it in the castle-hall, and Godrich, when he heard how perfect the youth was, thought to himself: "Through this boy I shall have England. I swore upon the mass to my king Athelwold that I would wed his girl to the best man in all the land. Havelok shall have Goldeburgh." But this he thought with treachery, supposing Havelok to be some churl's son who would degrade the princess from her queenly right to possess England. Therefore he brought Goldeburgh to Lincoln with great ringing of bells, and said to her that he should give her to the fairest man alive. She vowed, in answer, that no man should have her but a king, or a king's heir. Godrich was wroth, and warned her that she was not to be queen and lady over him, but on the morrow he should marry her to his cook's knave.

Next morning, when the day-bell was rung, that Judas sent for Havelok, and said: "Master, wilt wive?"

"Nay," quoth Havelok, "by my life, how should I manage to keep a wife. I cannot feed, or clothe, or shoe her. I want horse and cot, and stick and sprout, and bread and cloth, except a bit of an old sail. These clothes that I have on are the cook's, and I'm his knave."

Then Godrich beat him, threatened to hang him,—to put out his eyes,—and so compelled him to be married. By threatening to burn

and hang, he forced also Goldeburgh to the altar, where the two were fast married by the Archbishop of York.

To save his wife from shame, and to avoid the manifest hatred of Godrich, Havelok resolved instantly to leave Lincoln. And whither could he take his bride for food and shelter but to faithful Grim and his three sons? So Havelok and Goldeburgh went to Grimsby, where they found that Grim was dead, but his five children were living, and they came out joyfully to greet their foster brother, bringing him constant love and homage. Horse and cattle, boats, gold and silver, Grim had left them. They said,—

We have sheep and we have swine,
We give them, lord, and all are thine;
Thou shalt be lord, thou shalt be sir,
And we shall serve both thee and her.

Their sisters should wait upon Goldeburgh and take her for their lady. They brake sticks, and they spared not goose nor hen, to make a wedding festival.

In the night, as Goldeburgh lay sorrowing for her hard lot, she saw a bright light in the room, and found that it shone out of her husband's mouth; she saw also a noble cross of red gold on his shoulder, and heard the voice of an angel: "Goldeburgh, lay thy sorrow by, for Havelok, who hath espoused thee, as the fair cross betokens, is a king's son and heir. It betokens more; he shall have Denmark and all England. Thou shalt see it, queen and lady shalt thou be." Then, in her gladness, she kissed Havelok as he slept, and he awakening said to her, "Wife, sleepest thou? I have been dreaming a strange thing." He had dreamt that he was in Denmark, on a high hill, and saw all the land; that he stretched out his arms to it, and that they grew so long as to embrace it all, and when he sought to draw his arms back, castles and towns clave to them, and keys fell at his feet. Then he dreamt that he crowned the sea, and in likemanner compassed England. Goldeburgh interpreted the dream for him, and counselled him to go at once to Denmark, taking with him Grim's three sons? In the morning, Havelok, when he rose, went to the church and prayed for strength against Godard, his sisters' murderer; then he told his beads, laid his offering upon the altar, and prostrated himself before the cross. When he went home, he found Grim's three sons ready to go fishing, but he called them to him, Robert the Rede, who was eldest, William Wendath, and Hugh Raven, told them his story and his purpose, and promised each of them, if they went forth as his companions, ten castles, with their lands and towns.

Havelok and Goldeburgh, with the three brothers, having reached Denmark, there travelling as strangers and foreigners, asked Ubbe, a great Danish earl, for leave to trade about the country, and assured his friendship

by the gift of a gold ring. Ubbe bade him to meet at his castle, and there entertained well and honourably, both him and his wife. After dinner, he sent them for lodging to the house of the best man in the town, named Bernard Brun. There, when they were set to supper, the house was beset by sixty strong thieves, with long knives and swords. They broke the door through with a boulderstone; but Havelok leapt up, and taking the bar from the door, threw it open, pulled up the doorpost for a weapon, and slew three at his first stroke. He made the right eye of the fourth fly out of its hole before he clapped him on the crown, he struck the fifth on the shoulders, brake the neck of the sixth; but they all set on him like dogs, and some with swords, and some with clubs, and some with stones, struck at him, till from twenty wide wounds his blood flowed, as water from a well. Every crown that he could reach Havelok cracked, and soon had twenty dead men lying round him. Raven, hearing the great din, looked out, and saw men beating upon Havelok as smiths upon an anvil. "Robert! William!" he cried, "where are ye? Gripe each of you a stout club, and follow me."

"Ya, leve, ya!" quoth Robert soon, "We shall have full good light of the moon."

Robert gript a staff, and William a tree, and Bernard held his axe, and they leapt forth like wild men. They broke arms, they broke knees, they broke shanks, they broke thighs; they made crowns break and crack, of the brown and of the black; they made backs swell as round as bellies, and they thrashed the thieves as easily as children that a mother beats. They killed the sixty-one.

Now, in the morning, when Ubbe heard of this, he went to see the bodies as they lay at Bernard's door, and to hear on the spot about the prowess of the stranger. A leech pronounced Havelok's wounds curable, and Ubbe took him to his own castle, to a room opening upon his own chamber. In the night, Ubbe saw a light bright as daylight shining from the chamber in which his guest lay. "At this hour," he thought, "only thieves and gluttons watch. I must go see what this light means." He went into Havelok's room, and saw where he slept beside Goldeburgh, the sunbeam shone out of his mouth, and as he lay half-naked, a cross on his right shoulder glistened like a carbuncle. Ubbe knew that these were signs of royalty, and when he looked closely at the sleeper's face, he knew also that he was King Birkabeyn's son, for never was there in Denmark likeness between brothers greater than that between Birkabeyn and his heir. He fell at his feet and kissed them, toes, nails, limbs, a hundred times, till Havelok awakened, and suspecting treachery, could hear his acknowledgment of fealty. On the morrow he would knight him,—on the morrow homage should be paid to him from all the country round. In the morning, therefore, Ubbe

summoned all the people, told them the tale of Havelok, and of the treachery of Godard, and was first to bow the knee to him. All the barons, thanes, and knights who were in that town, served Havelok. Then Ubbe, whose power was known and dreaded throughout Denmark, wrote far and wide to summon knights and sheriffs; and when they were assembled at his castle, he presented to them their king's son. So Havelok was made king of Denmark, and there was jousting, wrestling, putting of the stone, harping, piping, and romance-reading. Gestes were sung, and gleemen played upon the tabor, and the boars were hunted. There was a feast for forty days; the king made Robert a knight, and William Wendath, and Hugh Raven, he made them all three barons with land, and twenty knights each for attendance.

Then the good King Havelok and his barons swore an oath that they would find Godard, and Robert was the first who came upon his track. Godard fought terribly, and after his own knights had fled from him, he slew and wounded twelve of the king's men. But he was taken and bound, roaring as a bull tied up to await the fight with dogs. Havelok delivered him for trial to Ubbe and a council of the earls and barons, burgesses and knights, and when they had doomed him, they said to the king, who sat still as a stone: We doom that he be quickly slain, and then drawn to the gallows at a scabby mare's tail, a strong nail through his feet, and there be hanged in two fetters with this writing upon him:

This is the swike that wende wel
The king have rest the land it del,
And hisse sistres with a knif
Bothe reste hire life.

And this was done. We pity him not. He was false. His lands and goods came to the king, who gave them into Ubbe's hand with a fair staff, saying: "Here I seise thee in all the land, and all the fee."

Then vowed Havelok to build for Grim a priory of Black Friars, and he did that in the town where Grim was buried, and which after his name is called Grimsby. Of Grim I tell no more.

But when Earl Godrich of Cornwall heard how Havelok was become king of Denmark, and that his princess, the right heir of England was, with her husband, come to Grimsby, he commanded all his fighting men to join him at Lincoln on the seventeenth of March; whoever disobeyed the summons, he and his heirs should be thrall for ever. They came, and he showed them how the Danes were at Grimsby, threatening the English. Which of you, he cried, will stand by me while his arms last?

The lef the! quoth the Earl Gunter,
Ya! quoth the earl of Chester, Rayner.

All leapt upon their steeds, and hurried to find the enemy at Grimsby. Then was a great battle fought, and doughty deeds were done. Ubbe bore down upon Godrich, Godrich upon him, both were unhorsed, they rose and fought with swords, every blow that they dealt one on the other would have shivered a flint. The sweat poured from their heads. The fight between them lasted from morning until sunset. A thousand knights were slain on either side, every coat dripped blood. When he had sorely wounded Ubbe, Godrich fell upon the Danes, and struck them to the mire on every side, till Havelok came driving down upon a steed. Godrich cleft Havelok's shield in two, and victory was doubtful until Havelok struck off the sword hand of the traitor, then he took him by the neck, bound him in fetters and sent him to the queen, commanding that no man put him to shame, because he was a knight, until his brother knights had judged his cause. Then the Englishmen saw that Havelok was just, and learnt that the fair Goldeburgh, who was the king's wife, was right heir to their kingdom. Therefore they came to the king with their homage, six earls went to the queen as her servants, and brought her with great honour before the people, and the Englishmen knelt to her as Athelwold's daughter, and cried out that the traitor should be hung who had held wrongful possession of the country. Havelok bade them await the judgment of his peers. They doomed him to be led to Lincoln bound upon an ass with his face to the tail, and so led through the streets of the borough to a green that yet stands south of it, where he was to be burnt at a stake for warning against treachery. And Goldeburgh was glad, and thanked Heaven when this judgment was executed on the man who would have brought her into shame.

Then Havelok took oath of fealty from all the English. And he made, by Saint Davy, Gunnild of Grimsby, who was one of Grim's daughters, the Earl of Chester's wife. And when Gunnild was brought to Chester with high festival, the good Havelok did not forget Bertram, that was the earl's cook, he made him Earl of Cornwall, and possessor of all Godrich's broad land. Furthermore, when he had knighted him, he gave him for wife Grim's other daughter, Levice, courteous and fair as flower on the tree. They lived together happily a hundred years. Then Havelok enriched his Danes with land and cattle, but after the feast of his coronation, he permitted them to go to their own land, where he appointed Ubbe to be ruler in his name.

After this, Havelok and Goldeburgh reigned sixty years in England, so bound to each other that the people had one word for both; they never were apart, there was no wrath between them, and their love was

always new. They had fifteen sons and daughters, whereof every son became a king, and each daughter a queen.

Now have you heard the story through
Of Havelok and of Goldeborn.

MY LONG LOST CHEE-YLD!

It is truly a crowning mercy that sentimental comedy is no more: that it has been waked, carried out, and it is to be hoped, laid to rest for ever. Mr. Thomas Morton, the tender-hearted, is no longer with us to round off those fine moral speeches of his, and distribute virtuous thoughts plentifully from the mouths of repentant fathers of families. In his room we have Mr. Thomas Morton, the facetious, taking aim at flying Folly and bringing her down upon the stage with fluttering and flapping wings. This neat cabinet work is infinitely more relished than the sentimentalist's heavy furniture. Our fathers used to go and listen to the elder playwright at the Theatres Royal Covent Garden and Drury Lane, crowding in tumultuously on first nights of new pieces; and ladies of distinction in the boxes moistened many kerchiefs with their gentle tears. He had the whole house with him: all weeping copiously over the guilty husband who has forged a document—say a will—and who struggles through five long acts, felon like in all his movements, striving to conceal his crime from her who is legal moiety of his bosom, and should be sharer of all his sorrows. Who that had a spark of sensibility could restrain his emotions when the wretched man came on at the close, with hair streaming wildly; and, in reply to his moiety's remonstrance as to his demeanour, shrieks to her: "Hide me from the world, from myself! I found Cleveland's will—here it is. It placed me beyond the reach of Fortune's malice; but a paper fell from it, which blasted all. I thought of home, of liberty, of you! Hope died within me, and with it, fear, and with it virtue! I—O look more mildly on me—I concealed the fatal paper here, in this tortured bosom." That man, we say, is not to be envied, whose throat could remain free from a certain huskiness, as all is made straight at the close, and another gentleman coming to the footlights, thus improves the occasion:

"While I view with transport this happy termination of our sorrow, this domestic compact of increasing love and amity, a sigh will force its way for the distracted world. O be those days not far removed from us, when mad ambition shall bow the neck to justice and humanity, and the weary world repose again in peace."

As the curtain comes down slowly, the distracted world which sits in the pit and boxes, and for whom the sigh forces its way, can do no less than applaud handsomely.

To such melancholy pointers of morals be all honour; also to such well-meaning clergy-

men as the Reverend Reuben Glenroy, who take the trouble of bearing their pulpits about with them. Nay, let the tear of pity fall for the woes of that gloomy baronet who has done a deed of blood in early life; and has laid by the knife and bloody cloth very incautiously in a chamber in his castle; where, curious to say, it is discovered by the son of the murdered party, who has been stolen in early youth by gipsies. Even for this tedious and misguided man, let there be indulgence and compassion; but none, not a grain, for those low-life preachers,—those canting agriculturalists, from Yorkshire mostly—whom the late Mr. Morton has created, and petted, and fattened up into overbearing familiarity. Thank heaven, we are done with him; with his uncouth dialect, and his forward, overbearing ways. Who could tolerate that race of gentlemen with agricultural names,—Messrs. Ashfield, Oatlands, Broadcast, and the rest, whose habitual costume was (*vide stage direction*), "Drab coat, scarlet waistcoat and breeches, short smock-frock, and blue worsted stockings," making their way into your drawing-room and even more private apartments, and there speaking his mind to you with perfect freedom and familiarity. Life would indeed become a burden, if one were to be often subject to such visitors, thumping your carpets with their heavy sticks, and striking you vigorously on the chest, with notice that: "Thee hasn't it here, I tell 'ee!" Vile jargon! distracting excursionists from the Ridings! Had they not died out with the school of Sentimental Comedy, an act passing through both houses, and receiving the royal assent, must have been our only protection from the nuisance. Mysterious dispensation of Providence that our fathers did not weary sooner of the breast thumpings, the scarlet waistcoats, and smock-frocks; the "feythers," and profane "dang its!" What was the meaning? What was the fun of it? Why should the tedious provincial have been privileged with this licence,—this freedom of danging persons and things? Why should the rude clod-hopper, on occasions of marriage in his family, or of wrong being made right, or of his sister's being made an honest woman of, generally burst into a tolde-rol-lol burden with hob-nail accompaniment? What amusement was there in such tricks? Was it not a lamentable trial of patience to have to hearken to him responding affirmatively to the tune of, "Ee zur," or addressing his sire in such weary fashion as this: "Says I, 'Feyther, he bean't the man will gi' thee a brass farden.'"

Who sympathises with the conflicting emotions of the virtuous clown on finding a purse, and being prompted by his evil nature to appropriate it to his own uses? Is there anything peculiarly affecting in the following mental struggle?—(Takes it up with caution, says stage direction.)

"It be cruel tempting! Nobody do see I. I wonder how it would feel in my pocket." (Puts it with fear into his pocket.) "Wouns! how hot I be! Cruel warm, to be sure. Who's that? Nobody. O, l-l-lud! I ha' gotten such a desperate ague all of a sudden, and my heart do keep j-jump, jumping. I believe I be going to die." (Falls into a chair.) "Eh! eh! mayhap it may be this terrible purse. Dom thee, come out. (Throws it down. After a pause—) "Ecs, now I is better. Dear me, quite an alteration. My head doan't spin about soa, and my heart do feel as light, and do soa keep tipputing, tipputing, I can't help crying."

And with that he falls to a-blubbering in the spasmodic repulsive fashion popular with his tribe. Again and again give thanks for his happy removal from off the face of the stage. His ghost may, even now, be said to walk on certain remote, unfriendly, solitary, and slow provincial boards; where he may still evoke the feeble sympathies and milder laughter of a farming population.

Although this sentimental treatment of the theatre-loving public may be taken to be practically extinct, there are certain other dramatic elements which, by a strange dispensation, are endowed with a mysterious vitality. They were in being long before Morton and Company and their sentimentalities. They enjoy a healthy but unaccountable existence up to this hour: and it is not improbable that the theatrical voyager, hot from New Zealand or other flourishing dependency, when taking that uncomfortable seat of his upon the broken arch of London Bridge, with purpose of sketching in the ruins of old Drury or Covent Garden, will have left behind him in his own country, these old sentiments still ever green and flourishing. No other, indeed, than the sulphuric, blue fire, terrifically combative, sanguineous, agonising composition, known as the Melodrama. The melodrama transpantine, or over-the-water! It still lives, and is racy of the soil. Still flourishes in the dark, gloomy forest where young noblemen, returning from their studies at the college of Salamanca attended by comic valets, are perpetually losing their way.

Still flourish, undeterred by fear of law or of the civil arm, those unlicensed brigands in pointed hats and green velvet jackets, whose chief proves eventually to be the eldest son of a noble house, but who unhappily can never come into his property, being shot just as the discovery is made. The misguided youth is usually made to give up his ghost in the palace of his noble father, the marquis, surrounded semi-circularly by his next of kin. They have fired at him through the sliding panel. "He is hit! He staggers! He falls!" says the aged steward of the house. "What have you done?" say two bystanders, to the noble marquis. "My duty," answers that person. "Society is avenged." "So is Olympia!" loudly remarks a bystander,

pointing to the picture. "Olympia!" the noble marquis answers. "She was his mother!" bystander says, impressively. Marquis, with a cry of horror: "My son! my son!" (Falls into the arms of his servants, E. C. Re-enter ex-brigand, wounded, from the garden, C. F.—he attempts to rush forward with a dagger in his hand—he staggers and sinks—two or three of the bandits appear among the trees at the back—the soldiers point their muskets—tableau!!)

Still flourishes that treacherous edifice,—to the eye, a peaceful windmill, whose sails gyrate innocently to the music of "When the wind blows, then the mill goes," but whose millers are no other than bloody-minded highwaymen. You may see them in their millers' frocks, bending under their sacks—of flour? and of rich spoils, jewels, plate, and, horrible! perhaps a lifeless victim! Terrible caverns under ground, where they have a maiden lady locked up, now for many years back. She is distraught, poor soul! and is a great inconvenience to the captain miller, who has had no experience in treatment of the insane. "Avenging powers!" says the distraught woman, at the close of the piece, being now about to fire the train and blow up the whole institution. "Avenging powers, I thank yer! R-r-r-r-ev-venge at last is mine." (Laughs fiendishly.) "Tea-remble, tyrant and oppressor, and think of Lucinda, the betrayed, the lost one!" (About to apply the match, when the miller captain rushes in.) "Hold, traitress!" says that desperado, catching her by the arm. "She-devil, what would you be at?" "Monstar! Fiend! 'Ellound!" rejoins the distraught woman, which becomes instant signal for unseemly struggle, in the course of which the miller is pistolled, and mill blown up. Tableau! Still flourishes that near connection of his—the gentleman who was given in early life to stopping folk on the king's highway, but was afterwards reformed, and became so successful in his agricultural pursuits as to be known in the neighbourhood as the Golden Farmer: which soubriquet he would have undoubtedly retained until the hour of his death, had he not in an evil hour suffered himself to be seduced into a night's sport, to oblige a gentleman of the same profession. The unfortunate man is taken, and just before the curtain falls, passes across the stage on his way to execution. Not, however, without a sentiment and improving of the occasion. Awful warning, as the farmer testifies with bitter compunction, against the danger of being led astray and yielding to those small beginnings, which only too surely prove the road to final destruction!

Still flourishes that mysterious music which always strikes in when melodramatic emotion is waxing strong. What more natural, when the lion-hearted sailor (who is so droll all through, so ready at the cry of female distress), when he engages in that truly terrific combat,

at unprecedented odds—seven to one—what more natural than that his feelings should be translated by hurried and agitated music, by fiddle gallopade and scamps of bows? Again, what so natural as that when smugglers, or robbers, or captives trying to make their escape, should, when moving lightly on tiptoe past the unnatural tyrant's chamber, be kept in time by certain disjointed and jerking music, with a grasshopper or robin-redbreast rhythm? Again, what more desirable than that when the grey-haired count in the braided frock, whose early life will not bear much looking into, turns to the villagers; and, in tones that seem to come from the region of his boots, says that "Adela is indeed his chee-ild!"—what so becoming as what is called "A chord!" of a startling character, making listeners jump from their seats? Still more in keeping is that slow, agonising strain which steals in when all the guests are crowding into the drawing-room, with horror and consternation in their countenances, and gather slowly about the lady in white, whose father, husband, lover, or brother has just disappeared, or been shot in a duel, or absconded. Sad uplifting of hands—characteristic grouping, and effective tableau, as the drop-scene comes down slowly to the agonising music, closing in all decently!

All these primitive elements still endure, with a vitality most unaccountable. Not only endure, but are positively rejuvenescent: and, like wicked Doctor Faustus in the play, are ever changing their grey hairs and stiff joints for hale and vigorous youth. No signs of decay or extinction from over-longevity in that transpontine region. They are as Shakspearean weeds, of idle growth.

After a short rest, they seem to have taken in an additional lease of healthy life. All the old elements are there, only mixed hot and strong and spiced with inflammatory drugs, just as they season people's drinks alcoholically at distinguished gin palaces. And to certain mysterious compounds which have lately seen the light with approbation in countries, as well as in transpontine, we would crave attention, as being gems in their peculiar line.

Room at first starting for a bleeding, frantic, shrieking thing bearing the title of Ada the Betrayed; or—hard enough to lay on extra horrors after this, and yet it has been done—or the Murder at the Old Smithy. The murder at the old smithy! Apt and fitting locale for the horrid deed. Learmont senior is abroad, has property, and is likely to come home. Learmont junior, known as the Squire (about as wicked a monster as ever trod the boards) being unmistakably related to that Sir Rowland who was so cruel in regard to the Children in the Wood. He has ruffians in his pay like that baronet—one of evil nature, and the other of a softer species, being altogether an improper

instrument for the purpose. The job, as it is called, is to be done at the old smithy, where, curious to say, the venerable Learmont intends to put up at in preference to a hotel. And here he is discovered sitting wearily after a long day's travel with his little daughter, which is the first appearance of Ada the Betrayed. Says the child to her aged parent:

"Father, I can't help looking on this place with horror. It is dark and silent as a tomb."

To her Learmont senior:

"Your chee-yldish fancy is disturbed by long tee-ravel. Kneel, my chee-yld, and pray that the sainted image of thy murder may watch over and gee-ard thy slumber-r."

To which succeeds this striking picture:—Ada kneels in prayer; gradually her head drops upon the couch; father and child sleep; blue fire; soft music; spirit of Ada's mother rises, waves her arms in benediction over her, and descends; short pause; stage dark; murderer enters through the folding-door cautiously; he is masked; carries a stiletto and lantern; approaches the couch and gazes on the sleepers. The strong man's heart is softened: we have all that tender corner in our hearts.

"My poor old master," says the mild ruffian, "is it thus I am about to reward your many years of kindness? No! no! I cannot do it."

Neither does he; for the fellow ruffian appears opportunely, and, after an interchange of epithets, undertakes the task himself with so inconvenient an instrument as a great forge hammer. So effectually is the work accomplished, that Learmont senior has only time to make the following remark:

"Ada, my chee-yld! bless—bless—bless—"(dies).

The cruel ruffian (also, it is evident, lent from the Children in the Wood) is about what he calls stopping the mouth of Ada the Betrayed; but, at that instant, the spirit arrives opportunely in company with blue fire, and puts a stop to further iniquity.

But inscrutable are the ways of Providence. Who would dream of there being an insane woman, known as Mad Maud, going at large in the village, who has a hoarse sea-captain's voice, and knows by a mysterious instinct, that some villainy is afoot? The Old Smithy is a-fire, and the cracked lady heads the mob rushing to the scene. Says Mad Maud (wildly):

"Hark to the death-cry! See, the blood flows in torrents!"

Wicked ruffian rushes at her.

"Idiot!" he says, "what do you mean by this croaking? Silence! or, I'll make you!" Make her what?

"There is blood upon your hands," continues Mad Maud. "It will cling to you through life, and send your black soul to perdition."

"Beldam!" answers the unpolite ruffian, "take that, and haunt me no more!"

Seizes her, and strikes her to the earth.

Shame! shame! but only to be expected from one of Sir Rowland's men. Ada the Betrayed is suddenly thrown out of a window, and comes rolling down the roof of a shed. Good ruffian comes after. "Falls senseless," adds stage direction. Red fire (this time); grand tableau; act falls. By the way, why should the act fall?

The rest may be conceived. Squire comes into his ill-gotten gains, and, as usual, is preyed on by remorse. The wicked ruffian spends his time in extracting monies from the wretched man; but, in his turn, has a most inconvenient follower in the person of Mad Maud, who never loses sight of him, and has always plenty of hoarse Cushman diction for him. Naturally enough under such circumstances life becomes a burden to him. He falls out with his fellow ruffian, the whole business is discovered, and Ada the Betrayed, now grown into a fine young woman, is restored to her rights. The Squire protesting he will not die a felon's death, seizes Sir Francis's sword and stabs himself, giving up the ghost with this profane remark: "My deep curses on you all." The wicked ruffian, in trying to make his escape, falls clean from the roof into the street, and, strange to relate, walks in to where the company are assembled, only just in time to meet Mad Maud, who sees him through to the last. Everything may be therefore said to end happily, leaving only one thing to be accounted for—why the young person known as Ada the Betrayed should be fitted with so awkward an epithet.

But playwrights over the bridge have gone further. Not content with the fiery ingredients proper to themselves, they have cast about for purer elements, which they have broken up profanely, and mixed altogether in the melodramatic cauldron. Works of fiction have been violently dragged across the bridge, and cruelly handled, distorted, and altered beyond possibility of recognition.

It is a little startling to meet with a work entitled *Dombey and Son*; or, *Good Mrs. Brown the Child-Stealer*. A Drama in Two Acts, from the Pen of the Inimitable Charles Dickens, Esq. From which title it is plain, that, on the lady bearing the name of Brown, would be thrown the chief burden of the piece. The action proceeds with extraordinary rapidity. In the third scene the Child-Stealer comes on, and does her part handsomely; and, shortly after, a very curious interview follows between Mr. Dombey and an inspector of police. "You say, sir," that official remarks, "that on Wednesday your son was lost. What was the age of the boy?" To him Mr. Dombey makes the following extraordinary communication:—"Five years and two months I've advertised in vain. I

feel assured my boy has been stolen, from what I can understand. It appears that on Wednesday, my servant, Susan, took the children into the park. The boy had on some very expensive clothing. It must have been his clothes that attracted the attention of the thief. I would cheerfully part with my fortune to recover my boy. In him all my hopes are centred. My bright vision of the future, which I had pictured to myself, are all crushed (sic) by this unforeseen circumstance, and occasioned, too, by the stupidity and neglect of a servant."

In nowise mystified by this extraordinary address, and even by the curious ignorance of his native tongue exhibited by a gentleman of Mr. Dombey's station in life, the inspector replies with cordiality, "I will make the case known at the various stations, and if the boy has been stolen by any of the gangs that now infest the metropolis, you may rest assured he will be restored safe and unharmed; as the clothes he had on, and the subsequent reward offered by yourself, solely induced the base wretches to secure the boy's person. For my own part, I will use every endeavour to recover him."

To him, Dombey, winding up with a sentiment:—

"You have my thanks, sir; and, if the curses of a parent can descend on a mortal, they will fall heavily on the wretch who could thus destroy my comfort and happiness." (Exeunt.)

But, what is this to the next stage in the piece, where another violent wrench is given to the original plot. Good Mrs. Brown, the Child-Stealer, has gotten the youthful Dombey into a wretched cellar in Smithfield, where a conversation follows, ingeniously adapted from old Fagin in *Oliver Twist*.

"Drink, my dear, drink (pouring out half-a-glass of gin). It will send him to sleep, and that's what I want." Stage direction:—She empties her wallets of its contents, and gazes at them with a greedy, fiendish grin.

"Not a bad day's work," the Child-Stealer says, looking over some silver spoons; adding, in language plainly superior to her station, "the servant's credulity was easily imposed upon."

Suddenly, the inspector of police appears. "So Mother Damnable," says that vigilant, but free-tongued officer, "we've discovered your haunt at last. You march off with me to gaol for child-stealing." (Seizes her.)

Mrs. Brown remonstrates.

"What! go with you? Oh, dear, no!"

Strange to say, the aged woman then knocks down the inspector, bolts the door within, opens the trap, and descends. Policemen force the door, and raise the inspector—Dombey senior, and crowd following. Inspector, who has been raised, suddenly exclaims:

"The hag! Ah! she has escaped. Where's the boy?"

Auxiliary policeman steps forward, and communicates, after the manner of the Greek chorus, the following startling epitome of his fate:

"In his anxiety to escape," says he, "he ran up-stairs, and gained the roof; his foot slipped—and—he was dashed to pieces!!!"

Dombey senior (claspng his hand). "Death to my ambitious hopes! My poor boy is dead!" a conclusion logically drawn from the policeman's intelligence. Tableau!!! Scene closes in.

There is more to come. Walter Gay is shipped for Sierra Leone in due course, which leads to a scene thus briefly epitomised:

SCENE IV. Exterior of Mr. Dombey's house. Tableau. The wedding-party. Edith Grainger comes home from church. Mrs. Brown the spy. Church bells ringing. Closed in. See tableau in the work. Which leads again to Carker's office; where, curious to say, two chairs and a candle are burning. This wicked person, having just received a note from Walter Gay, announcing his return, addresses his own intellectual perceptions with—"Brain, serve me now!" and proceeds to lay a deep train of villainy. "What a nice, plain signature," he says, reflectively, "we will see how it looks upon paper for a large amount. You have escaped the vengeance of the sea, but not mine!" He then places one of the papers for a large amount against the window-pane, and traces Walter's signature. The deed is done, that young man's acceptance is now at foot of a note-of-hand for the round five thousand pounds, at a short date.

The young man, Gay, enters presently as a midshipman, "slightly care-worn and dejected," at whose service villain Carker places a sealed envelope, containing the paper to a large amount. With a strange lack of grateful feeling, the midshipman merely remarks, "Bless you; you are, indeed, a friend!" Presses his hand, takes packet, and exit.

Midshipman Gay and Florence meet presently, but are interrupted by an indecent knocking at the door, and ringing at the bell. "O, ma'am," says Susan, running in, "it's Mr. Carker and a whole mob of people." Which includes villain Carker, Mr. Dombey, and many more. The midshipman is denounced at once, and the paper to a large amount torn from him.

"I have policemen ready," the villain says.

"O, well-laid plan," bursts out Mr. Gay—"plan of a demon—for such you are. Where shall I turn now for one kind look—where shall I find a friend?"

"Here," says Mrs. Brown, the Child-Stealer, entering at the very nick of time. At whose threats, however, Mr. Carker laughs. But now the most marvellous denouement is approaching, for presently Edith Grainger, escorted by Captain Cuttle and Mr.

Gills, arrives. "Come in, good old heart," says the last named gentleman. "You wanted friends, Walter—you have them now, Walter, loving friends. Walter no more—stranger no longer—long, long parted—never to part again. Come to your mother's heart!"

Altogether: "His mother!"

Not at all surprising this start from the assembled company. Mr. Gills gives us some details.

"Yes, he was picked up by me off Fal-mouth, having been upset by a boat, and his nurse was drowned. I advertised vainly."

"Carker," Mr. Dombey says reproachfully, and in a tone of mild remonstrance, "what could have induced you?"

"Ambition! love for her!" I plotted—executed—it has failed. Hag! you have triumphed!"

Which last observation is addressed to the child-stealer. But the child-stealer ripostes cleverly:

"I have got what you have failed in—revenge!"

Carker grins (sic), and is led out by servants. He will probably be indicted for conspiracy at the next assizes. Then, strange to tell, everybody turns facetious of a sudden, including the disdainful Mrs. Dombey. Mr. Gills draws out a bottle, goes to Captain Cuttle, and shows it.

Cuttle. "Walter, the bottle!" (holds it up triumphantly). "True to his pledge, Uncle Sol has brought the last of the old Madeira."

Edith. "And, conquering. We will now drink success to—"

Cuttle. "Dombey!"

Edith. "Son!"

Dombey. "And Daughter!" (He joins their hands.)

Picture. The curtain falls.

Which most ingenious tag brings the piece to a close. Hard it is truly to reconcile oneself to this undignified turn of thought on the part of Edith. The notion of finding high parentages for Walter, however, was bold, and not a whit less ingenious that device of fitting him so neatly in the tag, as Dombey, Son, and Daughter. He thus becomes allied to that house by a left-handed process not to be too nicely scanned. In this fashion do they profanely use the drama over the water.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

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EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES.

So much has been said of the great earthquake which occurred in the kingdom of Naples in the month of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, that the subject may appear almost to have been exhausted. An unexpected freshness, however, has been communicated to it by the narrative of an English gentleman, who, impelled solely by motives of benevolence, visited the afflicted districts, and lived and laboured amongst the poor inhabitants for more than ten weeks. The details which he gives are of such an interesting and extraordinary character, afford so much insight into the actual civilisation of localities he visited, as well as into the system of government pursued here, that I shall not make any apology for giving them as I heard them from his own mouth.

On Mr. Major's applying to Monsieur Bianchini, the Minister of the Interior, he found him rather put out by the indisposition which the English had manifested to entrust their contributions to the government for distribution. Without, however, prohibiting him from visiting the scene of the disaster, the minister would do nothing more than promise that no obstacle should be thrown in his way. General Winspear, who is at the head of gendarmerie, gave him an especial order to be accompanied by gendarmes wherever he went; and, with such guarantees, he left Naples on the thirtieth of January, about six weeks after the earthquake occurred.

From this time I shall conduct the narrative as though Mr. Major were speaking, and as nearly as possible in his own words:—

My first resting-place was Salerno, where I visited the Intendente, Mr. Ajossa, who received me with great kindness and attention, giving me letters of recommendation to the Sottintendente, and a circular letter to all the gendarmes, which enjoined them to assist me; and, moreover, sending one officer to accompany me during the whole time of my journey.

A lovely and a well-constructed road leads to Auletta, where the ruin occasioned by the earthquake is first apparent. A great quantity of planks had been put together for churches, barracks, and public offices.

So also was it in Polla; where a handsome barrack had been erected for the Sottintendente, of expensive deals, and had been lined with blankets. It consisted of a saloon, ante-chamber, sleeping apartments, and all the other conveniences belonging to tranquil life. At Sala, too, he had another temporary house built of Petersburg timber. The judge and all the principal people were similarly accommodated; but, for the poor, only a few barracks had been put up. Indeed, wherever I went the same feature was perceptible; the authorities took good care of themselves; and it was obvious that they endeavoured to prevent the people from having access to me. I had means of making the inquiry, however; and ascertained that scarcely anything had been done for them. The government had sent a few blankets, articles of clothing, and deals, but they were insufficient, and had been used principally for the churches and authorities.

On my return in the month of March I found that the temporary church in Polla had been covered with zinc. Convinced that I could do but little for humanity in the province of Salerno, where, what had been done was by the road-side for the sake of show, in case any of the princes came down, I hurried on to Basilicata, where I arrived on the thirty-first of January in Padula. The earthquake had not committed so much injury here as in other places, but little had been done to repair it, for it was not on the high road. There was a fine old monastery here, which had been broken all to pieces. The Syndic of Padula received me well, and, leaving with him sixty ducats for the relief of poor, I went on the next morning to Saponara.

There was no road to this place, and my route lay over the mountains, a heavy snow falling all the time. In some parts the earth was cracked with deep fissures. Saponara I found had been nearly destroyed. On the side of the hill had stood a nunnery, which was now in ruins; the very foundations had been thrown up; of a large church not an atom was left; beds for apartments below in another story with men and children in them, had been thrown into the rooms of nuns; two such instances I observed in Saponara. Dr. Mallet explained the phenomenon

by saying, that it must have happened in consequence of a change in the position of the upper and lower beams of the two stories; but, I still hold that it was produced by the immediate and violent action of the earthquake, and Humboldt records similar facts as having taken place in Quito. What was to be done? I asked. Barracks for the poor people were wanted, I was told, and that evening I set to work. The population had fled to a monastery, the walls of which had been thrown down. Some portions, however, remained; and, inside, some huts had been thrown up of board and straw, and covered over with clothes, but the wind and the rain beat fearfully into them. The authorities had had some made expressly for themselves. The government officials, too, had erected some of sticks, lightly covered over with linen; they looked just like umbrellas, but no one would go into them. My first dispute here was with the monks, who would not allow me to erect barracks within the precincts of the ruined monastery, as females, misled, might possibly take refuge there. The vicar-general and the priests, too, urged that it would amount to a violation of the cloister, and would be a mortal sin. "It has already been broken," I insisted, "for some huts have already been erected here." "Absolution must be obtained for those who have already got in," was the answer; "but, were others now to obtain admission, absolution could not be procured for them." I then asked, ironically: "if it were really true that it would be a mortal sin to break the cloister thus?" On which a young priest undertook to prove that it would be a tremendous sin; and I simply observed, that the earthquake had first broken the cloister, and had occasioned all the ruin. It was of no use, however, to argue. I built my barracks outside the monastery, and the wind swept away the government umbrellas.

I remained in this place ten or twelve days, feeding all who came daily, with kettles of maccaroni or beans; and, on one occasion, I purchased and cooked a pig, and distributed it. No one who applied was sent away without food, and the cost of all this did not exceed thirty-six ducats. Besides this I housed twenty-two families in temporary barracks, so built as to admit of their taking their looms with them. The cost of this amounted to two hundred and fifty-six ducats, seventy grains.

This will be the proper place to speak of a misunderstanding which I had with the bishop, on pecuniary matters. At Salerno I had been cautioned not to place money in the hands of the priests. "They will put it in their pockets," I was told. The administrators of charity collected amongst the great body of the English, had, however, placed fourteen hundred and fifty ducats in the hands of the bishop, who, on the twenty-fifth of January, had assured them

that a thousand ducats had already been distributed, and that the remaining four hundred and fifty ducats would be so directly. On the first of February I arrived at Saponara, and found the bishop's vicar-general distributing the money in the name of the bishop. From him I ascertained that it was a portion of the thousand ducats which it had been asserted on the twenty-fifth of January, had already been distributed; and his orders were, to give a hundred ducats to a hundred families. As soon as the people learnt that the money had been given by the English, and not by the bishop, they flocked round us, showing their paper packets containing, not ten, but eight, or even six carlini; his reverence having mulcted the people to the tune of ten or twenty per cent. The vicar-general then ordered the people to be driven away; but, as several gendarmes were under my control, I could prevent this. My next step was to write to the bishop, and ask for the second sum of one hundred ducats which had been intended for Saponara. His excellency sent it with much confusion, and added, in a postscript, that his vicar might distribute a hundred ducats in Viggiano, and two hundred ducats more in another place. Accordingly, I sent a trusty messenger, but he returned empty-handed,—in fact, the bishop endeavoured to keep back three hundred ducats, and it took me two months to get it out of his hands; but I informed him that, until I had done so, I should not leave the province. The bishop then wrote to the archpriest, to get an assurance that ten carlini had been given to each person, and many signed it; but the archpriest himself told me that only eight carlini had been distributed to each person; at the same time I had a paper drawn up by the notary, declaring that the people had been robbed, and this paper was signed by many respectable persons.

During my stay at Saponara, I went one day to a small town called Sarcone, the history of which possesses great classical interest, and I shall speak of it when I have given a report of my visit. My object was; to distribute money, but so offended were the authorities at my undertaking to do it myself that, after the Syndic had given me a list of names, they left me unprotected, and told me that I might go into the church, and give the charity there. Of course the whole population followed me, and I found myself in the midst of them without gendarmes, and abandoned by the leading people; indeed, I may tell you, that with one or two exceptions I was very ill received, and much neglected by all the civil local authorities. A huge fat priest met me in the church, and attempted to dissuade me from taking the list which the Syndic gave me; but, on running it over, I found that the names were principally those of women, and one of his flock shouted out, "Don't take his list, he will give you fifty

such," winding up with observations à propos to such insinuations.

I had distributed fifty ducats, according to the best of my judgment, and had placed twenty piastres on the ground by my side, when, all of a sudden, my fat clerical friend had got on my shoulders, and was making a long arm to get at my money. The people, too, like hungry dogs, were all crowding upon me, had pulled off my cravat in their greedy anxiety to get something, and had torn the buttons out of my shirt. A man in the crowd called out, "You are in danger." I directly made a snatch at my money, jerked the priest off my shoulders,—for you see I am a strong man,—and made a rush for it, knocking down forty or fifty people in my way. On getting out of the church I drew a six-barrel revolver, and called out, "Keep off, or I will fire," and in this way made myself master of the position.

Hearing of some noble ladies who were reduced to great distress by the earthquake, I got a man to accompany me to their ruined dwelling, a vast crowd of poor, of all grades, following. On arriving, I found an elderly and a younger lady almost without clothes. The latter was one of the most beautiful persons I ever met with, and it went to my heart to see two well-born and well-educated ladies thus seated, almost amidst the falling walls of their house, and willing to accept the relief which I offered them. I could not help reflecting, as I left Sarcone, what the Roman Catholic religion had done for its inhabitants during fifteen centuries, and I told them, "You are fierce animals; you are not Christians."

I alluded above to the classical interest which surrounds Sarcone, for two thousand years ago it belonged to the old city of Grumentum, of which various authors, as Pliny and Livy, speak. The latter, in book twenty-seven, chapter forty-seven:—"Not to meet the Romans in the Bruzz, Hannibal passed into Lucania, and particularly to Grumentum, hoping to recover some cities which had passed to the Romans. The Consul Claudius Nero, following him, besieged him. Hannibal had encamped under the walls of Grumentum; the army of the Romans, about five hundred *passi* distant from the Carthaginians. * * * The Carthaginians began to fly, and being followed, left eight thousand dead on the field, seven hundred prisoners, nine standards, four elephants killed and two taken!" A great variety of articles belonging to both armies had been found in this neighbourhood, and the Notary of Saponara speaks, amongst other things, of an elephant's tooth having been turned up. Whether the people have made any advance since the day when they routed Hannibal may well be doubted, for they are in a half savage state, despite the light of what is by courtesy called Christianity, and of the exertions of an all-powerful priesthood. A specimen of that

body I have given you, and I might repeat his likeness over and over again.

From Sarcone I returned to Saponara; and, before leaving this place, I must mention two or three of the distressing cases. The judge had been buried under the stones of his house, with his wife and child, but he managed to make his voice heard, and one of his people procured assistance, and endeavoured to dig him out. His body had been cleared as far as his middle, when his young wife was found lying across his knees. As soon as the rubbish had been cleared, the poor judge took her in his arms, but she was already dead. Unlike an Italian, his manner was utterly unemonstrative—he seemed to be crushed; looking at her, he only said: "Eleonora, cara, tu sei morta!" and a groan escaped him. His child, too, was killed. When I saw him, perhaps about a month after, he had never spoken of the event to any one, nor had he ever smiled. He did all the duties of his office, however, punctually, and took my part manfully against the monks. I took his hand and expressed my deep sympathy with him, but he answered not a word—he only returned my pressure. The Notary of the same place took me into a corner of his hut, and related his own story. It was as follows: He had been a man of considerable property, living in a good house, one part of which was occupied by himself and his second wife, and another part by two daughters by the first wife, who were much attached to him. When the first shock of earthquake came he was asleep in bed, and waking up, he called to his wife. They had heard no previous sound. Then came a second shock, and all came down. "We fell close to a door which opened into the street," he said, "and it happened to be open. I could have got out, but my wife held me back, and thus both were saved under the arch of the door. The noise of the falling of the house was that of a tremendous crash, like the rushing of a cataract, and this was followed by the stillness of death. The street itself was obscured by a cloud of dust. I called for my daughters," he continued, "but there was no answer. I scrambled towards their part of the house, but everything was buried, and when they were found, they were seated in their chairs, for they had not yet gone to bed. I thought the day of judgment had come. In a half dreaming, half waking state, but utterly confused, I called again and again for my children, and then I listened for the crowing of a cock, as if to mark the time, but during that night no cock crowed!"

In Saponara alone two thousand persons had been buried.

Thence, resumes Mr. Major, I went on to Montemurro, where six thousand persons had been buried, and a melancholy sight it presented, indeed. There was nothing left. The stench from the dead bodies was almost insufferable, for they had been but slightly

covered, so that the pigs dug them out and ate them. I saw one devouring the leg of a man.

Some soldiers had been sent down by the government; but they gave themselves up to plunder and drinking. They broke into the cellars of Montemurro, drank the wine, and then they and the poor plundered right and left. One man, who happened to be walking with me, was arrested for stealing four thousand ducats. One of the great sufferers in Montemurro was Baron —. His house had fallen, and he had been buried in the ruins, and his right leg rendered useless. The first shock had buried him up to his shoulders, but two beams above had kept the house from falling upon him. He heard the voice of his daughter up-stairs, lamenting and calling out for him, but he answered, that he could not move! "The second and the third shock came," he told me, "and threw the beams upon my head, crushing me to the ground. An opening was, however, left before my mouth, just sufficient to allow me to breathe, and speak to my daughter. The next shock closed up even this aperture. Not a limb could I move, and the only member of my body that I could use was my tongue. With this I worked at the ground, and blew the dust away, until I managed to re-open the communication with my child. For three hours I heard her dying voice, and finally her very last tones." The Baron was got out safely, and so was his wife; but the daughter and two sons were killed.

In this place I distributed one hundred and forty-five ducats, and left ninety-six ducats behind me. By my orders, some agricultural instruments, too, were made at Spinosa, which I distributed, as also some working materials for shoemakers. I was, however, deceived by a genteel-looking woman coming to me one evening, and crying and asking for assistance. I gave her ten piastres; but afterwards heard that she had five thousand or six thousand ducats in her possession. On hearing this statement I went and asked her for what I had given her, and she restored it. So few people had been spared by the earthquake in the mountains, that it was useless to attempt building, and I advised the authorities to get the people away. They were occupied, however, in erecting a great wooden church, and in digging for an old wooden Madonna, which, on its being found, was carried in procession, and stuck up in their church.

The next place I visited was Viggiano; which, like all the others named, may be found on a good map of Italy. One thousand people had been destroyed here, but as a considerable population still remained and all their houses were broken, I saw the necessity of building huts. For this purpose, I rented a piece of ground for two years, at eighteen ducats a year; built over a part of

it; and accommodated twenty-eight families. Here I remained a month, three weeks of which I spent in my barrack, ill with fever, and keeping the money under my pillow. For eight or nine days I ate no food, and was in a barbarous country, without any one to assist me; but my good constitution helped me through. Whilst staying in Viggiano, I sent some people to inquire into the state of Spinosa, and two hundred persons came over to me, and received relief. I sent money also to Marsiconnovo, and to Brienza; but as the authorities would not put their names to the list of those who were to receive it, the money was brought back again to me. In Tranutola, I distributed three hundred and forty-four ducats to the poor. In Viggiano, I distributed six hundred and twelve ducats, whilst the whole cost of housing twenty-eight or thirty families was not more than five hundred and sixty ducats, or one hundred pounds. During this time, too, I never ceased to feed the people, and on one day I fed not less than five thousand persons, and thousands on every day that I remained. The cost of feeding them did not exceed one hundred and thirty-two ducats. On leaving Naples, I brought with me five thousand one hundred and forty-nine ducats, and I took back one thousand nine hundred and ten ducats. Small sums I had, however, lent to some reduced persons, at five per cent. interest, for there were some offering it at twenty or thirty per cent. To the people, I stated that I was ready to take as many orphans as they would bring me, and receive them into my silk factory, in Sant Torio, near Portici. Twenty were offered to me. It is my intention to go back to this part of the country in a few months, and build some model houses of stones, with vaulted roofs. One room and one kitchen, I calculate, could be built for one hundred ducats, or eighteen pounds.

Viggiano has a special interest of its own, as being a city of Troubadours. From the middle ages, the inhabitants had wandered over Asia and Europe, with their harps and violins, and after the lapse of many years they come back with their thousands sometimes, and build or add to the family house. Every generation adds something; thus, in the very architecture of the place there was a quaintness. As many, too many are abroad, the population is of a varied character; and I found here men with wives from Spain and Germany, England and New York. Poor fellows! they had lost everything. Their dwellings on the top of a mountain had been all thrown over. I bought a harp for one, and shall assist others in like manner. When Grumento was destroyed by the Saracens, the inhabitants fled to the tops of the mountains, and there erected Saponara, Montemurro, and Veggiano.

It was whilst I was in this latter place that I was visited by the Intendente of Basilicata, a gentleman who distinguished himself by his

activity, benevolence, and good sense, during these trying times. He came to my barrack, accompanied by all the authorities of the district. I offered him a chair, but not the others, who had abused and neglected me. He threw down his cap on my bed, and, looking round my hut, exclaimed, "Bravo, Signore Major!" Then, turning to the authorities, he said, "You have taken good care of yourselves; but little of the poor." Many of the poor presented petitions to him, which he presented to me, at the same time telling the people, "You have a gentleman here who knows what is best for you." "At Saponara," he said to the authorities, when speaking of me, "we had not such a man to show amongst us." This must have been a great rebuff to them; for they had recommended the population not to take anything of me, or they would be put in prison. This may sound like self-laudation, but these incidents belong to the case.

After having fulfilled my mission amongst those people, I prepared to leave; and, to their honour be it said, when I bade them adieu, they manifested the greatest gratitude, and shed tears.

It remains for me to make some observations which I could not well insert in my narrative; but which will, perhaps, be of interest to the reader. The agricultural state of that part of the country, where I spent most of my time, was very bad and primitive. There were no olive nor fruit trees, but a good deal of grain was grown, and is exported from the province of Basilicata. A day field-labourer will earn in these parts a carlino (or fourpence) a-day, and this not always in money, but in kind. For myself, I paid all who worked at making huts, two carlino a-day. With the exception of the great road which runs through to Calakia, and on to Tarentum, there are no roads, and everything is transported on mules. Thus, from Saponara to Portenza, a distance of, perhaps, thirty or forty miles, it will take four days to make the journey by the same means. Provisions are, consequently, cheap; for there is no market for selling the produce. I observed a very marked difference between the character of those who lived in these parts of the country, which were traversed by roads, and that of the population of those districts which were less favoured. Nowhere, however, were they contented with their government; and, in many parts they were greatly discontented. If I were to describe the state of the population, I should say, that they are in a state of semi-barbarism; perhaps very similar to that of the English several centuries ago. Nor do I observe anything in the ecclesiastical or civil administration of the country at all likely to elevate them. As for the religion, it is a modified form of paganism: the worship of Venus under the figure of the Madonna. There is a large statue to her honour which remains on a high hill near Vig-

giano for a great part of the year; and, in the month of September it is visited by fifty thousand people. The masses are as superstitious and as ignorant as they can be, though now and then, perhaps, persons may be found who read more than men of the same class do in Naples; but, it is a reading necessarily confined to the past, and has nothing to do with current or modern literature.

As for priests in these districts, I do them no injustice in calling them debased and ignorant; I abstain from a number of odious anecdotes which would prove it. On the lists presented to me, I observed attached to the names of many, Progetti and Muli; and, the interpretation given to me was, that they were the priest's children. The community contributed to the support of the children until they were twelve years of age, when they were turned on the streets, unless a nurse became so attached to them, as to adopt them. Several such children were brought to me, not knowing themselves by any other name than that of Muli. I spoke to a priest about it, much regretting the state of things, and his sole observation was, that he thought it a very good arrangement, as the children would be otherwise destroyed at their birth; but at present their souls were saved by baptism.

Of the officials with whom I met, I can speak in no other terms than as swarms of hungry thieves who rob the inhabitants: whether they be clerical or civil officers, my description is still the same; and, during the whole of my sojourn amongst them I met with only two priests who even spoke like honest men. It is only just, however, to add, that amongst the civilians I found several authorities who were willing to face the thievish underlings. In an especial manner I must speak of the Intendente of Salerno and of the Basilicata, who fully impressed me with the idea of their being honest and able men.

With regard to myself, a daily report of my movements was made to the police: for this country is not so tranquil and prosperous that a man can be suffered to wander freely about with a bag of money at his free disposal. It is very possible that the gendarmes who accompanied me, were sent as much to watch me as to protect me, though they served me well. In fact, except to the local and humbler authorities, my best thanks are due for the facilities accorded to me in my work of charity.

Different statements of the numbers who perished by the earthquake have been given. I believe the following to be correct. In the very centre of the disaster there perished at Montemurro six thousand; in Saponara two thousand; in Viggiano one thousand; and perhaps a thousand more in scattered villages in the same neighbourhood. If to these

be added ten thousand more, we certainly shall be within the mark.

Here, for the present, ends the interesting report of Mr. Major. Let his exertions be a lesson to each and all, as to what ONE man can do, and let every man properly estimate his power and his duties.

THE ETHER.

WHAT is there in the open space which intervenes between the earth and the rest of the planets? What is there in the immeasurably greater interval which extends in all directions, right and left, before and behind, upwards and downwards, between us, the planets, and the stars called fixed? Is the gulf which separates one heavenly body from another, a plenum? that is, is it occupied, and so far filled, with any material fluid, however rarified may be its substance? Or is the said wide gap an absolute vacuum, perfectly empty of every, the thinnest, the most fine-spun expansion or dilatation of gas; is it void even of matter in a state of atomic subdivision, in comparison with which the residuary contents of the receiver of an air-pump, after we have pumped our utmost, and can pump out no more, would be regarded as a medium gross and dense? Such is the mysterious question which has vexed natural philosophers for centuries.

Descartes, and after him Fontenelle, supposed that the planets were maintained in their orbits by whirlpools of an extremely subtle, transparent matter, which, eddying rapidly round the sun, carried them with it in its impetuous vortex. Similarly, each planet had a smaller ethereal vortex to itself, sweeping around its own proper sphere as a centre, which thus caused the attendant moon or moons to revolve around their respective principals. In those days, therefore, a plenum was the hypothesis in vogue.

Descartes' theory was all the more plausible, because of the support it received from the palpable fact that the earth, as well as the majority of the planets, is surrounded by an atmosphere. Nevertheless, rational as it seemed, it was upset by Newton, who made the sun the seat of a force of attraction, or a centripetal force, capable of retaining each planet in its orbit; that is to say, the centripetal force was exactly counterbalanced by another force, the centrifugal,—the force which makes bodies fly off from the centre at a tangent to the circle in which they revolve, or rather to obey a law of motion by continuing to move in a straight line forwards, like the drops of water from a twirling mop, or the splashes of mud from a carriage-wheel. The sun's attractive force on a planet varies inversely as the square of the distance of that planet's orbit from the sun. That was the law which Newton discovered; but the source, or cause, or origin of the force, re-

mained to him a mystery. He only professed to make use of the word attraction, to signify generally any force in consequence of which bodies tend towards each other, whatever should hereafter be discovered to be the cause of that tendency. It might be weight, or electricity, or magnetism, or chemical affinity; he did not pretend to say what it was; but his Attraction abolished Descartes' whirlpools, the firmament was swept clean of the subtle, all-pervading matter, and the planetary intervals were reduced to empty space. Moreover, Newton's hypothesis of a vacuum was justified by an astronomical fact, which apparently settled the question in his favour. The planets, whose proper movement had been calculated on the supposition of the complete emptiness of celestial space, had always punctually kept the appointments which astronomers had made for them beforehand, on the assumption of a vacuum. The plenum was unanimously rejected on the faith of an established fact. Vacuum remained master of the field.

But there is a little comet which whisks round the sun very rapidly and very eccentrically, completing its revolution in three years and four months; it appears in the heavens like a milky cloud, like a dim nebula through which the stars are seen to shine without the least diminution of their brightness. Nevertheless, this speck of white vapour has a diameter of some twenty-two thousand miles. It was first observed in sixteen hundred and eighty-six, and found again in seventeen hundred and ninety-five, in eighteen hundred and five, and in eighteen hundred and nineteen. Astronomers, noticing its continual change of form and position, believed they had discovered four different comets; but Monsieur Encke, of Berlin, whose name it now bears, proved that their observations were simply applicable to four different revolutions of the same body, and predicted its return for eighteen hundred and twenty-two.

Encke's comet did return; but in a situation where nobody expected it. The same thing happened in eighteen hundred and twenty-five and in eighteen hundred and twenty-eight. A portion of its variation was caused by the influence of the planets. But the amount of perturbation due to them is calculable; there remained another influence to account for, perfectly independent of the planets, which led to the discovery, or the assumed discovery, of one of the most important phenomena connected with the mechanism of the heavens. Cautious reasoners will certainly doubt, and have a fair right to be allowed to doubt, whether the superstructure which has been raised on this observation of the shortened period of Encke's comet be not of rather disproportionate magnitude with its basis, a small and isolated fact. The fate of other deductions and of previous systems warns us not to shout too

loudly that we have, at last, found out the veritable and undeniable and final truth.

Monsieur Encke, on comparing the intervals of time between several complete circuits of his comet and the sun, discovered that the length of the ellipse described by its orbit was shortened in a slow but regular manner; at every successive return, from eighteen hundred and nineteen to eighteen hundred and thirty-two, its actual position has been remarked to anticipate, ceaselessly and uniformly, its calculated position by about two days; that is, its return happened two days sooner than it should have done according to the strictest calculations. Its orbit, therefore, is diminishing; its mean distance from the sun is constantly decreasing, and it must finally fall into that luminary, were it not for the repulsion exercised by incandescent surfaces, which repulsion will probably shoot it off again in the form of an excessively rarified vapour.

The perturbation experienced by the comet could only be attributed to the existence in the celestial space which it traverses of a highly-divided very subtle matter which constantly impedes the rapidity of its progress. The resistance which this rare medium opposes to the progress of the comet, would also diminish its centrifugal tendency by the very act of diminishing its velocity, and would therefore increase the sun's power of drawing it towards itself.

From the ever-abbreviated course pursued by Encke's short-perioded comet, Arago argued that a new element ought henceforward to be taken into consideration: namely, the resistance which an excessively rare gaseous substance which fills celestial space (and which it has been agreed to denominate The Ether, and which, of course, is perfectly distinct from the ether of the chemists) offers to the passage of bodies which traverse it. This resistance produces no appreciable effect on the planets, on account of their considerable density; but the comets being, for the most part, mere heaps of the lightest vapours, may be notably retarded in their progress through space. To prove the justness of the distinction here made between dense and rare bodies, in respect to resistance, it is only necessary to compare the inequality of the distances traversed through the air by three balls of lead, of cork, and of eider-down, even in the case when projected from a gun-barrel by equal charges of powder they would have the same initial velocity.

In the last century, the presence of the ether in the midst of the celestial spaces was strongly suspected; at the present day, it is considered impossible to maintain the Newtonian theory, that the heavenly bodies perform their orbits in the isolation of an enormous vacuum. Mr. Grove, in his able *Correlation of Physical Forces*, remarks that the tendency of matter to diffuse

itself is so great, as to have given rise to the adage, Nature abhors a vacuum; and that the apriorism, which has been made the butt of a considerable amount of witticisms, nevertheless contains a profound truth, precisely enunciated, although in a metaphorical form.

We may now very naturally inquire,—what, in short, is this wonderful ether? Is it a fluid, transparent, impalpable body, which penetrates throughout and everywhere? Is it composed of matter which is equally subtle and rarified at all the points which it occupies? Is it exactly the same in the neighbourhood of a voluminous planet as in the midst of an immense open space entirely empty of solid bodies? In a word, does it differ essentially from the most rarified portion of the planetary atmospheres? All these points are open to controversy. In the opinion of learned men, whose expressed belief merits deference and attention, the ether differs only in its extreme subtilty, from the much more highly condensed matter which constitutes the atmospheres of the planets,—a definition that has been ventured is, the ether is the simple of which atmospheres are the compound; in other words, atmospheric matter results from the condensation of a certain amount of ethereal matter; or, finally, ether is the elementary matter of which all other things are formed.

This notion is not very far removed from that entertained by Mr. Grove, who believes that the ether possesses all the qualities of ordinary gross matter, and particularly the quality of weight. If this matter, on account of its extreme rarification, can only manifest the properties with which it is endowed on a scale of infinite minuteness,—on the other hand, at the surface of the earth it attains a degree of density which we are able to measure by experiment. The ether, or the extremely rarified matter which fills the interplanetary spaces, is thus believed to be an expansion of all or several of the atmospheres of the planets, or of their most volatile elements, and would thus furnish the material necessary for the transmission of those modifications of motion which we designate by the names of light, heat, and so forth. And it is held to be far from impossible that attenuated portions of these atmospheres, by gradual changes, may pass from one planet to another, thus forming a link of material communication between the distant monads of the universe.

The ether, then, is an imponderable, or unweighable, or, rather, an unweighed fluid, endowed with perfect elasticity. It fills not only the planetary spaces, but also the intervals between the elementary molecules of solid bodies, and even the molecules themselves, as those of the gases which are assumed to be hollow and spherical. In short, the ether pervades everything, and is everywhere; in the most elaborately-formed

vacuum, as well as in the densest substances. But the mind cannot admit the existence of an imponderable fluid; for, if it is a fluid, it is a body. Now, all bodies are ponderable; therefore, the ether is ponderable. We certainly know that the ether has not been weighed, but we have no right to assert that it has no weight. The ether is the essential principle of all bodies; it is their primordial state; it is matter in a condition of extreme tenuity, which prevents its being palpable, seizable, or weighable. Hydrogen is the first material body, in respect to density, of which we are able to take cognisance; hydrogen is ether condensed, tangible, and ponderable. Dr. Prout propounded the hypothesis that matter is uniform in its nature, and that all atomic weights are multiples of the weight of hydrogen. It would now appear that the weight of hydrogen is a multiple of that of the ether, or of unknown intermediate bodies, which are themselves multiples of ether. Several gases have been reduced to a liquid, and even a solid form, by the application of great compression and extreme cold; azote and hydrogen have hitherto resisted the efforts even of a Faraday to make them liquid. The last gaseous substance which will be liquefied by human agency is, doubtless, the ether.

Whence comes the matter of which the heavenly bodies are composed? It is generally called cosmic matter; that is, universal matter; but does this universal matter differ from what may be called universal ether? Many natural philosophers believe that atmospheric matter is produced by the condensation of ethereal matter. But if the ether is capable of condensation so as to form the atmosphere, the atmosphere in turn may be capable of condensation so as to form solid globes, such as the planets with the animals and plants which live on them. But the existence or non-existence of the ether derives its great importance from its intimate connection with the speculations that have been put forth respecting the nature of light. It is the all-pervading presence of a medium, which forms, throughout space, a material communication to the very distantest visible bodies, which serves as the fundamental hypothesis of the theory of undulations. Whether this medium be (as seems probable) or be not, a continuation of our own proper atmosphere, the fact that there is such a medium derives great support from the powerful arguments which are now brought forward in maintenance of the undulatory theory. It would be desirable to solve the problem, What is the absolute density of the luminous ether at any given point of space? But the data hitherto attainable are insufficient for its solution. It may be remarked, however, that, according to the law laid down by Boyle, the luminous medium is incomparably denser than our atmosphere would be were it extended to the interplanetary spaces.

The ether may also be perhaps regarded as the propagating agent of electricity and magnetism as well as of light. At the beginning of the present century, the discoveries of Young, of Fresnel, of Malus, and Arago, proclaimed to the world several optical phenomena which were inexplicable on the supposition that light was the effect of luminous corpuscles shot out from the sun with immense velocity, while they were easily explained by the admission that celestial space is filled with an excessively-rarified elastic gas.

In this latter case, the sun, not having to dart in all directions molecules of light and heat which are to travel with inconceivable swiftness, may cease to be regarded as a monstrous planet everlastingly devoured by fire. The part which the sun has to play, on the modern hypothesis, is simply to impress on the matter which fills all space, a powerful vibratory movement which extends, in the form of luminous waves, as far as the most distant planets and farther, thereby supplying them with light and heat. These luminous waves, or undae, are the reason why the system is called the undulatory theory.

The views respecting the nature of the ether, of which we now conclude our sketch, are what are entertained, to a greater or less extent, by almost all the scientific pioneers of the day; notwithstanding which, it is not yet completely proved that the ether itself has any real or actual existence in nature. The grand quarrel of Plenum versus Vacuum, which mounts to a respectable antiquity and had already attained importance in the time of Pythagoras, can scarcely be said to be even yet a settled question. There is little more than circumstantial evidence in proof of the allegation. It is consequently still so interesting a subject of debate, that the five classes of the Institute of Paris, at their annual meeting in August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, decreed their grand triennial prize to M. Fizeau, whose works have for their object the demonstration of the falsity of the hypothesis of a vacuum, the establishment of the presence of the ether throughout heavenly space, the proof of the undulatory theory, and the measurement of the velocity of propagation in light.

WHITE WASHERTON.

No man loves the metropolis more than I do. I cannot go so far in my admiration of Fleet Street as certain eminent literary authorities, nor can I altogether admit that beyond Hyde Park it is a desert; but I will support any man who boldly asserts that you can get everything in London that you can get in the country; and get it a hundred-fold better. Yet, I must reserve one peculiar and important exception; and that is, the metropolitan organization for the relief of insolvent debtors.

Not that I mean to assert that the judges of Portugal Street are hard upon the embarrassed tradesman, or the involved young gentleman whose ignorance of the world and refined tastes have led him into temporary pecuniary difficulties: common gratitude, if no higher feeling, restrains me from spreading such an erroneous and unjust impression. Portugal Street is good, but—and I speak from experience, for I have tried both—White Washerton is better. I should not recommend Harrogate for medicinal waters; I should not recommend Melton Mowbray for pork pies—Banbury for tarts—Epping for sausages—or Chichester for rumpsteak puddings; but, for a perfect, easy, and rapid relief from a mass of insolvent debt, combined with rural life, field sports, and the advantages of neighbouring marine bathing, I know of no place like White Washerton under the sun. To call the judge who presides over White Washerton insolvents, kind, gentlemanly, and lenient, is to use terms too weak to convey the proper idea of his treatment of them. He is thoughtful for the debtor; sympathising for the debtor; and fatherly to the debtor. It may be—and report says it is—that he has himself suffered from the obtrusive competition of trade, and knows how difficult it is to resist the overwhelming flood of wines, clothes, jewels, and cash, that sweeps over the young man of position. In every dashing young insolvent who comes before him, he sees a reflected picture of his own youth; in every opposing creditor, a copy of the two-faced harpies—fawning on one side, snarling on the other—who alternately wheedled and threatened him when he was a petitioner in a similar court to that in which he now presides as a judge. It may be, that the receipt of a large annual salary for little work, develops the benevolent side of a man's character, and causes him to serve out large quantities of that unstrained mercy which blesses the giver, without taking anything out of his pocket. Any way, explain it how we will, or leave it unexplained, White Washerton, in addition to all its various local advantages, possesses an insolvent commissioner whose Christian charity requires only to be fully known, to leave Portugal Street a barren waste, and the metropolitan Dracos biting their solitary nails in the awful silence of a deserted law-court. I may be unwise in communicating my knowledge to the indebted public in general; but a strong desire to benefit my fellow-creatures has overcome every selfish consideration, and I record my experiences regardless of the results.

At ten, thirty, A.M., this morning, I stood in the streets of White Washerton a debtor to the extent of from forty to fifty thousand pounds. At six, thirty, P.M., this evening, I am sitting waiting for dinner, in the bow window of the Racket Club, as free from debt as the crossing-sweeper before the door.

There has been no personal annoyance from the idle curiosity of friends; there is no irritating report in the copy of the evening newspaper which I hold in my hand: I have drunk the legal waters of oblivion, far from the prying eyes of obtruding witnesses, in the tree-shadowed Court of the rural city of White Washerton; and as I left an altered man, in a first-class express carriage in the middle of the day, I saw in an over-due Parliamentary train, the stern faces of some of my dilatory creditors, who had made up their minds to oppose at the eleventh hour, when my examination had closed soon after the tenth. The way in which all this was arranged shall be immediately explained.

When I was in a most embarrassing position; with so many writs served upon me, that I could not distinguish the several suits; those for wine, from those for jewels; those for money debts of my own, from liabilities entered into to oblige obliging friends—my eye rested, one morning at breakfast, upon the following advertisement in the columns of a leading paper:

TO THE EMBARRASSED.—How many a noble-hearted young man has sunk into an early grave under the oppressive load of accumulated debt, and all for the want of a little timely advice and assistance! Let all those who are suffering from pecuniary embarrassments, and who wish to be relieved without publicity or personal annoyance, apply at once to Mr. Ledger, negotiator, No. 2, Paradise Gardens, Gray's Inn Lane.

I need scarcely say that I applied at once to Mr. Ledger, and found him a very shrewd, affable, agreeable, comforting, business man. I laid a plain statement of my affairs before him, and we soon found that everything was on what he called the debit, and nothing (except just enough to pay expenses) on what he also called the credit side. That night (this is only ten days ago) I went down by arrangement to White Washerton, and took prepared lodgings at the house of a brother of Mr. Ledger's—Mr. Erasmus Ledger, Solicitor, Tin Square. I found everything very elegant and comfortable. Miss Ledger sang Italian songs, and played German sonatas to amuse us of an evening; and, in the day, I took exercise with the cricket-club, or joined pic-nic parties with the young lady and her friends. How different was all this from the gloomy Jewish sponging-houses of Chancery Lane! I had all the comforts of society and a home, while I was acquiring by residence the rights of a White Washerton citizen.

Two days of this agreeable life was sufficient to complete the first stage in the Ledger process; and, at the end of this time, it was necessary that I should be arrested. I was arrested at the hands of an intimate friend, and lodged in the clean, well-ventilated gaol of White Washerton for five days; which

period I chiefly passed in smoking my cigar on the roof of the prison, enjoying a splendid view of the surrounding country. At the end of this time bail was provided by the thoughtful and systematic Ledgers, and I returned once more to the refinement and luxuries of Tin Square.

In driving or riding about the town and the outskirts during the next three days, I saw a number of men, whose gay, easy, dashing manners and town dress made me suspect that they were, on a visit to White Washerton, for the same purpose as myself; and I found, upon inquiry, that my suspicions were correct. They were all clients and lodgers of Mr. Erasmus Ledger, sent down from London by his energetic brother, and parcelled off into other lodging-houses belonging to the solicitor, because they were second- and third-class insolvents, while I ranked with, and paid for, the accommodation of the first. They enjoyed the excursion as much as I did; joined in the field sports; hired open carriages to visit local spots of beauty or interest; examined the architectural and antiquarian features of the city; and even made short journeys to the neighbouring sea-coast. They dropped up to town, one by one, as their examinations came off, healthy in body, relieved in mind; and making room for other visitors, who arrived to take their vacated places.

Three more days of this easy life carried me to the morning of my examination, and I went before the fatherly judge, with no assets, but an elaborate schedule accounting for the disposal of the property I had consumed. I was supported by Mr. Erasmus Ledger, who had got the ear and the confidence of the Court. I was opposed by only two creditors—one for wine, the other for accommodation-bills. Mr. Ledger laid my plain, well-varnished, candid statement before the judge. He admitted that I had been imprudent—perhaps extravagant; but it was less my fault than the fault of the London tradesmen; who will tempt young men with credit, with a perseverance that sweeps all resistance away. I had not had sufficient moral strength to resist; few of us have (nod of approval from the bench); I had sunk under a weight of temptation and debt; chance had brought me to that Court for relief; blood could not be had out of a stone.

Mr. Ledger knew that this last commonplace never failed in its effect upon the judge. There is something so simple, yet conclusive about it. Blood could not be had out of a stone. What a world of argument and mental exertion this axiom saved! It was not inscribed as the regulating maxim over the façade of the court; but the judge had it always in his mind, always before his eyes, always ringing in his ears, and every judgment that he gave was governed by it.

My wine creditor attempted a feeble oppo-

sition; but the inferior quality of his wines, and the exorbitant prices charged for them, were properly placed before the judge, and that tradesman received a severe judicial rebuke for attempting to ruin the constitutions of young men, by selling them a wretched, poisonous, fiery port, at five pounds the dozen.

The accommodation-bill holder next made an attempt at opposition, much damaged by the ill-success of his companion, the wine-merchant. The first question that he was asked from the bench was, what were his rates of discount? His reply was, that they varied according to circumstances. This answer was not satisfactory. What were his average charges? What were his charges in this particular instance? Sixty per cent. (the judge was indignant); that is, sixty per cent. per annum. He was called a usurer; a discounting vampire, sucking the blood of the unwary and inexperienced; he was not allowed to explain that, notwithstanding his high rate of interest, he was a loser of several thousand pounds; he had no right to stand in a court, the judge of which could never allow himself to listen to any man who exacted sixty per cent.

I passed gently and smoothly through the painless ordeal. It was, however, sufficiently trying to keep up a wholesome excitement in the nervous system. As I shook hands, a free man, with Mr. Erasmus Ledger, before stepping into the carriage which drove me to the railway station, I whispered in his ear that I hoped it would soon become as fashionable to visit White Washerton for the Benefit of the Act, as it used to be to visit Cheltenham for the benefit of the waters.

THE GALLEYS.

Vinoco, in his most impudent, but most amusing Autobiography, in which he is as demonstrative of his vices as other men are of their virtues, describes with great unction the sensation that a long chain of prisoners bound for the galleys of Marseilles creates in the streets of a French town. "Come, Jeanette! come, Fanchette! here is the longest chain we have seen for many a month," is the cry from door and window, as the red-capped men tramp along, grinning, singing, and thinking of the file hidden in a snug box in the belt of their rois-rasi, at night to "fiddle" off their chain.

But, terrible as the galleys even now are, I would invite my reader's attention to a few facts, about those galleys of Louis the Fourteenth, in which he shut up the unhappy Protestants of the Cevennes.

The galleys were long, shallow, flat, decked vessels, with two masts, seldom able to use their broad fan-sails except in gentle, blue summer weather: trusting rather to their broad wings of oars, except when out of

sight of land and fearful of being surprised by sudden gusts that lash the Mediterranean to madness. They were fair-weather birds, were those galleys, and, in a storm, were like so many butterflies caught in a gusty April shower. There were five slaves to every oar, and in all three hundred slaves. The top-sawyers, or upper end rowers, were generally shaven Turks, who were willingly granted the honour, since the place was the most laborious in the vessel. Honour would not be so much envied, if it were known with what labour it was burdened. To keep down these three hundred chained demons, each galley had a crew of one hundred and fifty men, including officers, soldiers, seamen, and servants. Men who shouted orders, who reefed and clomb, who dragged out guns and fired from the rigging, and boys and varlets, who ran here and there with dishes and salvers, were unchained slaves. At the stern of each galley there was a covered chamber, rounded like a cradle, in which the captain lurked at night, or in foul weather, but in the daytime it was frequented by the officers and chaplain, who repaired here to swear and quote their texts, while the subaltern officers had also their several lairs and haunts; while all the rest of the crew sweltered by day in the full glare and blaze of Neapolitan and Genoese suns, or the damp and moon hours of Corsican or Marseillaise nights. There was, indeed, a sort of tent or awning suspended by a long cable slung from head to stern, that afforded some thin shelter, but only in bright, fair weather; for in the least cap-full of wind or puff of storm it was taken down, being dangerous overweight for a boat like a barque; so that, after blood-sweats of passionate rowing, whether pursuing the English or flying from the Turk, the wretched slaves, off Morocco, often found their broad backs coated with snow, till they could reach the open arms of a friendly port.

The slave's yearly allowance for clothes was two coarse canvas shirts, and a little red serge jerkin, slit up on each side to the arm-holes, to give their brawny arms full play. The short loose sleeves did not reach to the elbow. Every three years they received a coarse frock, and for their shaved bullet-heads, a little red Phrygian cap, that the Revolution afterwards rendered so terrible. Sick or well, their only bed was a board a foot and a half broad; the sleeping places most dreaded were those nearest the officers of the galley, for if the vermin roused the slave, so that his chains rattled and awoke his neighbour, he was torn to pieces with the gashes of rope scourges.

The fatigue of lifting the great oars of a galley, though pleasant to read of in the *Odyssey*, was extreme. The slave rose to draw his stroke, like those men we see struggling in a coal barge against the stormy tide of the Thames, and they then fell back with

a bumping jerk that would have astonished an Oxford or Cambridge puller. In all seasons, hot or cold, the perspiration trickled down their harassed limbs; and, when they began to grow faint and flag, one of the three comites (the comites were boatswains) ran down the gangboard which intersected the ship, to find out the rascal who did not keep touch and time with the rest. Weak or lazy, dying or worn out, they did not care—he might be a sapless boy, he might be a decrepit old man—down came on his bare shoulders the large centurion's rod; which was so long, generally, that the two or three nearest rowers also felt the blow, which left triple scars and red letters on every back on which it fell. To scowl, or swear, or groan, was only to draw down fresh sorrows, and fresh blasphemies and threats. Renewed toil was the only received mark of submission.

Reaching port brought no end to the slave's labours, for rowing ceased only to bring fresh toil and grief. The comites prided themselves on dexterously casting anchor; and, while the cable ran out, their lash went faster as the prisoners' arms moved quicker.

To support these hardships, the slaves received every morning at eight o'clock a portion of good biscuit, and at ten, a porridge of hot-water soup, with some rancid oil, musty peas and beans floating at the top. When on duty they had handed round a *pischione* (two-thirds of a pint) of wine, morning and evening. When quiet at anchor in any Mediterranean port, all the slaves who had any money were allowed to have a jubilee, and to buy meat; and the Turk who commanded the oars, that is, who pulled at the end, and was not chained, was the agent to the meat market, and was also employed to watch it dressing in the cook's room. When the cook was a sullen villain—villains not being rare cattle in the galleys—he would sometimes, in a brutal passion at the trouble or hindrance, break the poor men's earthen stewpot, and throw it overboard to the fishes; while the poor fellows, chained by their ankles, fainting for want of food, were unable to murmur or complain.

The officer's table, however, was all this time well furnished both for plenty and delicacy, the smell of the dainties giving the slaves a more exquisite sense of their misery, by seeming to scoff and deride their poverty and hunger. Sometimes the galleys were lying in the ports of Morocco or Nice during the full swing and hubbub of the carnival. Then the prince or doge, with all his retinue, armed, comes on board, as Don Quixote boarded the galleys floating on a stream of music, with a rustle of perfumed feathers, and a fluttering of long flags; there was mirth, and song, and revel, while the slaves sat doubled-up upon their benches, ready to burst their chains, and cut every honourable throat, if they could or dared. They were

hungry, wretched, hopeless. They had, indeed, come to help in the ceremony; for, when the great man's gilded feet touched the deck of their flying ship, the comites would give two shrill whistles;—the first was for attention; on hearing the second, they gave a lamentable, piteous howl of welcome, which must have been most dolorous and terrible to hear.

When the waves were rolling up in green alps, snow-capped, and threatening—the galleys could not put to sea; and, such slaves as had trades, took to working, planing, shoe-making, weaving, and painting: such poor serfs as had none were taught to knit coarse stockings, the comites supplying them with yarn, and paying them for all they did half the usual price; and that not in money, but in broken meat and watered wine. To be caught sending for wine from the shore, was to be turned up, and bastinadoed incontinently. The most touching sight of all in these wet, stormy, dark days, was to see the poor, low-browed boors, who knew no trade, and could not even read or knit, busying themselves, and trying to make themselves useful and acceptable, by cleaning their comrades' clothes, or freeing them from the torments of parasitical life; for even the beggar has his courtiers.

Such perpetual toil, imprisonment, and bad diet, was already breaking out in fever and sickness. For the sufferers there was a snug hospital in a close, noisome, dark corner of the galley's hold, to which light and air came only in a Rembrandt sort of way, through a miserable scuttle, two feet square. At each end of this room was a fanlar, or scaffold, on which the sick were thrown, without beds or pallets. When the scaffold grew full, the slaves were laid out on the cables, sometimes as many as eighty at once, stench and pestilence ruling supreme, and tormenting them in various ways. The chaplains, who came into this den of death to confess the dying, wore a night-gown, to protect their clothes from the vermin. In this dreadful hole there was only three feet space between the scaffold and the ceiling. The confessor had to throw himself down on his stomach at the dying men's sides, so as to listen to the groans of their confessions. The place was so horrible, that the sick preferred to die straining at the oar, rather than sink into the stinking darkness.

There was a surgeon kept to attend to these lazars of humanity, but how could he fight against such invitations and bribes to pestilence and death? There was also a supply of the best drugs furnished by the French Government; but the surgeon generally considered these as mere perquisites.

Every one preyed on these poor wretches. For instance:—during sickness, the king ordered every man in the dark hold to have a pound of fresh bread, a pound of fresh meat, and two ounces of rice, every day; but the

steward stole the allowances, and let the slaves die unheeded, generally contriving to make a fortune in about six campaigns. Seventy sick men would be fed on twenty pounds of bad, cheap meat, soaked in hot water. At these frauds the surgeon and steward connived. Sometimes a simple-minded, warm-hearted chaplain would astonish the silk-coated minister of marine at Versailles by the narrative of these horrors, and obtain a promise of redress, forgotten as soon as made.

There were in the galleys five sorts of persons,—seamen, Turks, deserters, criminals, and Protestants. The Turks were brought as stout-limbed gladiator-men, to manage the stroke-oars, and were called *Vogueavants*. They had the same allowance as the soldiers, and were ranked with the upper slaves, who pulled in the *Banc du quarta*, or the *Camille* and *les Espaliers*. They were generally very stout men, who wore no chains, but had a ring round the ankles. They were servants to the officers, and were eminently honest and trusty. When they arrived at any port, they had liberty to trade, so that some of them were worth three or four hundred pounds, which, to the shame of Christians, they generally sent home to their wives and families. They were very kind and charitable to each other, and very strict in their religious observances: natural enough; for exiles keep religious by the pressure around them of a repugnant faith. These Turkish rowers, especially at the Ramadan fast, the first moon of the year, never ate or drank from sunrise to sun down, in spite of all the toil and labour at the oars which they pulled, looking faint and hollow-eyed as ghosts. If a Turk were imprisoned, his companions always interceded, in a turbaned mob, with the captain for him. If one was sick, the rest clubbed to buy him meat, or purchase him drugs, or tonics. In short, as an eye-witness says, the Christians in the galleys seemed to turn Turks, and the Turks to turn Christians. They were very obdurate against any chaplain who tried to convert them, declaring they would rather turn dogs than be of a religion that was so cruel as to suffer so many crimes.

These Turks, during mass, were put into the *caïque* or long boat, where they smoked, talked, and scoffed; safe from the last of the comites. In spite, however, of their being so well treated, they sighed for liberty: the very name of a galley being terrible to them. They generally remained slaves for life, unless when they grew very old and unserviceable, they meet with friends who would buy them off.

Pops in the *Palais Royal* used to tell stories of men who, when released, would not quit the galleys: we now may judge how far these stories were probable.

The *fançonniers*, or deserters, were generally poor peasants who had committed the unpardonable offence of buying salt in some

illegal district, such as Burgundy or Doubs, where it is cheap. At this time (Louis Fourteenth's) four pounds of salt cost three shillings and sixpence; so that some poor families could not often eat their soup for a whole week together for want of this precious condiment. If discovered buying it in a cheap district, they were instantly sent to the galleys. It was a cruel sight to see a wife and children watching a poor rustic being bound with chains for the humble offence of buying salt in a distant country contrary to some miserable custom law. The fançonier's term of imprisonment was generally only for five, six, or eight years, but the misfortune was, that if strong or robust at the oar, and a useful workman, he was never released.

The mere deserters, though generally brave young countrymen, driven to despair by a cruel conscription for unrighteous and foolish wars, were a lower class than even the fançoniers. At one time they used to cut off their ears and noses; but, because this led to noisome diseases that made them the dread of the crew, they continued the practice of merely slitting them. Many of these patriots were men of education and birth. A still more degraded class were the criminals, felons, sharpers, or highwaymen. These wretches soon took courage, striking up friendship with old friends in chains, telling over their rogueries and boasting of their crimes. They generally grew more desperate, hopeless, and wicked, the greatest villain passing among them for the greatest hero. If a stranger came on board, gaping and timid, hey presto! away went his handkerchief and snuff-box—pinch from hand to hand, all down the benches. The rogues forged titles, engraved false seals, counterfeited handwriting, which they sold to knavish friends who came to see them.

When they were released they returned to the world twenty times worse than they went in. When they were attending the minister, they poured out oaths and blasphemies that set the chaplain's hair on end. Sometimes they would show the blue stain that the ropes had left round their thievish necks, boasting that still they were no cowards; but that on their reprieve, had robbed the first person they met, and that now, not being known to the judge, they had only been sent to the galleys, where they rejoiced they had bread and good company. Even in the galleys they committed the most horrible of crimes.

The slaves were sometimes, when old, quiet, and, highly favoured, allowed to keep shops about the port, and work, sell, and even walk in the town upon giving a penny to the Turk with whom each of them was coupled, and eightpence to the pertuisane or partisan leader who guarded them. They were also allowed to receive letters and money from their friends—only if they

were criminals, but not if they were Protestants.

The galleys were much used in Mediterranean sea-fights, to guard the level line of coasts, rock, or sandbank; to convoy merchant-ships when they were in danger of being set on by the Duke of Savoy's brigantines. They were used with their long stern-chasers, or howitzer guns, to sink the flaming fire-ships, and to tow along disabled men-of-war. They would also attack a becalmed ship, working at her fore and aft, to avoid her sweeping broadside, and occasionally overpowering her with a howitzer shot between wind and water. A ship, however, needed but a little breeze to crush five or six galleys. These sea-hornets carried five eight-pounders on the fore-deck; and a coursier, which took a six-and-thirty pound ball. There were twenty-four galleys at Marseilles, and six at sea. Each vessel had six small rooms under deck, namely, the savon, the sandclat, the campaign, the paillo, the tavern, and the fore-room.

When a Protestant slave refused to kneel at the elevation of the mass, he was sentenced to be bastinadoed on the coursier gun. The chains were first taken off, he was then stripped naked by four Turks, and stretched on the gun. A Moor then beat the wretch with a tough cudgel or a knotty rope's end dipped in brine. Vinegar and salt were then thrown on his wounds, and he was dragged into the hospital, seldom reviling, but piously calling on God for help.

When a prisoner was a Saint, or obnoxious in any way to the comites or officers, either because he did or did not complain, they placed him next some ribald thief, who would annoy and taunt him, or chained him near the pump, or invented work for him. Then they would make him serve round water to all the benches, or beat him for concealing letters, or lashed him for leaving open, unchained, or for breaking a water-barrel. Then they would set him to carry cordage, or clean iron balustrades; or would keep him without food till noon, and cut it small, to prevent his selling it. Monsieur le Fevre, a French advocate, eighteen years in the galleys for being a Protestant, says, "There were some who, to make themselves sport, beat me continually; but chiefly our captain's steward, who called it painting of Calvin's back with cudgels, and then asked, scoffingly, whether Calvin gave strength to work after having been laden with so many blows; and when he had a mind to begin again, he asked if they would not give Calvin his commons, and it was his delight to see me cast down daily with blows and fatigue. The wheedling officers that would please him, made use of that means, as if they tickled him, to make him laugh. When they saw me lift up my eyes to heaven, he said, God does not hear the Calvinists, they must suffer their due until they either die or change."

This is what the Jesuit Revocation of the Edict of Nantes led to. This is what the Grand Monseigneur tolerated.

THE PIXHAM EXPLANATION.

WE had a grand gathering of townfolk here at Pixham, a few evenings ago, at the Queen's Assembly Rooms, to receive the explanations of the sitting member with regard to his misdeeds in Parliament. Mr. Carelittel, Member of Parliament, is only a warming-pan for the son of Viscount Firstshop of Pixham Park, at present a minor, but he could scarcely behave more cavalierly if he had the borough under his thumb.

He has voted in favour of the bill for the suppression of dog-driving, by which several thinking costermongers and one influential toffy and Albert-cake man had been compelled to give up their establishments and put down their carriages; in favour, too, of diminishing the tax upon wines, through fear of which enactment Messrs. Druggoon and Company of the High Street, had almost delirium tremens; of teaching the dangerous classes to read and write, and of an educational suffrage, whereby it was urged from dinner-table and pulpit, universally, that Pixham would be unchristianised and the constitution subverted. He had vexed Mr. Cash, our banker, by not doing something about Limited Liabilities; he had, according to Mr. Smallbehr, the brewer, trifled with hops; and, lastly, there was neither man, woman, or child in Pixham who had got any office nor emolument whatsoever in consequence of Mr. Carelittel's election. All which facts, save the concluding one, had been placarded in red, white, and blue (to the exclusion of the honourable gentleman's own colours) upon our walls, set forth in largest type in the local journals, and sung to popular airs, for a fortnight at least, beneath the drawing-room windows of the house which had secured to him a qualification, and was therefore, very fallaciously indeed, supposed to be his own.

Never had the Queen's Assembly Rooms witnessed such a meeting as this; never had its galleries been crowded by so many patriotic and indignant citizens. It had had its public balls, from time to time, with the Dowager Lady de Larkyn and party, and the top of the room and the Smallbehr connection uncomfortably near the door; it had had its Wizard of the West upon a raised scaffolding, and its Hungarian echo-producer concealed under its boards with a sax-horn; the cylindrical-pillar family had stood seven piled within it with their step-brother at the top; the American amphibite had walked upon its ceiling like a fly—but never, I repeat, had it exhibited from roof to basement so striking a spectacle as on the occasion to which I am now alluding.

I myself, being of humble extraction, had placed myself in that portion of the building

which has been since denominated by the country papers the Body of the Magnificent Hall, amid some five hundred of my fellow mortals, packed as closely as the lowest section of figs in a drum; another grade of the community clustered upon the stairs like bees; and a still less distinguished order clung on both window-sills, outside, in a manner, as far as I know, without a parallel. The orchestra was filled with the reporters for the public press (with a little square table and candles all to themselves, as though they were to conjure or play at cards), with ten-pound householders, with agrarian gentlemen in top-boots and top-coats, with lawyers' clerks, and with one or two temporary officials, doorkeepers, and the like, who gave themselves all the airs of aides-de-camp and ministerial placemen combined.

Another department—the very penetration and stronghold of dignitaries—upon the platform, was separated from us by a rail, behind which sat the magistrate, the officers of the dépôt in the town, and the clergy; and in the centre of these and in front of them, at another very small table, all to himself, was our mayor, the chairman, with Mr. Fitzblazer, Queen's Counsel, on one side, and Colonel Chuttybung, Honourable East India Company's Service, on the other; of both of whom (I say it with pride) Pixham is the native place. Fitzblazer is the most eloquent person of the present age, it is believed, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Kossuth; while the colonel, save and except the Rothschild brothers, is perhaps the richest. They are, too equally influential not to hate one another immensely; but public wrongs and a common grudge against Carelittel had brought them on the same side for once. Poor Razon, the mayor, a weak-minded grocer, placed between those eminent personages, cringing to the one and grovelling before the other, without a hope of conciliating either, from seven P.M. until eleven, seemed like an unhappy Faintheart passing an uncheerful evening between the two Lions of the Gate, or some helpless non-conductor of electricity with a couple of galvanic batteries playing savagely across it.

Below this gentleman, but in a most prominent position, was a little pen, or pound, with an arm-chair in it, wherein Mr. Carelittel was presently to take his place as in a prisoner's dock, and answer, in person, before that mighty concourse for the high crimes and misdemeanors which were laid to his charge.

Expectation had been already half-an-hour upon tiptoe for the honourable gentleman's appearance, and it had begun to get not a little tired of that position. For thirty-five minutes the grandees on the platform had been making believe to talk together (like people at the back of a stage scene) in an off-hand manner, and with vacant and uninterested looks, as though they were unconscious of being the

focus of five hundred pairs of impatient eyes: for thirty-five minutes the colonel and the Queen's Counsel had been clearing their throats at intervals, and suffering their burning eloquence to escape them inarticulately—by a beautiful arrangement of Nature for the relief of choleric persons—through the safety-valve of a curious kind of snort: for thirty-five minutes the chairman had been arranging his double gold eye-glasses—borrowed, I suspect, for the occasion, since they did not fit his nose by any means—and wiping them nervously with his pocket-handkerchief, but still the coming of Mr. Carelittel, Member of Parliament, seemed as far off as ever.

His absence was the more remarkable as so many Pixhamites in my neighbourhood, from the first, said that he had arrived in the town a week ago, incog.; the evening before; that very afternoon, by the five o'clock train; that he was looking careworn and anxious, they thought (as well he might); that he had been warm and friendly to them individually, but complained bitterly of the conduct of certain other persons. Fellow burghers in my vicinity, I say, had been boasting aloud—for an M.P. is an M.P., even when he is only an unpopular warming-pan—of how they had been closeted that identical morning with Carelittel, or had been taking a confidential walk with Carelittel in the suburbs, with the intention, upon the honourable member's part, of soothing their exasperated feelings, and of persuading them to give him their very influential support that evening, only they had remained steadfast and firm, and undazzled, as became men whose feet were set upon the path of public duty. But, when the honourable gentleman "kept on not coming in this sort of way," these assertions began to be less and less boldly made, and in particular the alleged personal interviews got shaded off into proposed interviews, or interviews which somebody else had had with Mr. Carelittel—beyond all moral doubt—still only depending upon the credibility of witnesses. When three-quarters of an hour had passed away without our seeing the expected victim, a number of persons who had never before opened their mouths, except when greedily drinking in the most vague and floating pieces of intelligence from every quarter, became one by one, in their turn, oracles and repositories of facts. Mr. Carelittel, they had reason to state, had never been within fifty miles of Pixham that day, or that month, since he was elected a year and a half ago; that he was at present in London; that he was in Paris; that he was on a bed of sickness, and that he had started the day before yesterday to the East, in company with their first cousin by the mother's side.

At all events, it was abundantly manifest that the pen, or pound, would remain unoccupied, and that the member for Pixham declined to make his appearance among his constituents. In his place, however, there arrived a letter from him, which was read aloud to

us by the mayor, and affords a very tolerable specimen of the style of the honourable gentleman who has represented us for the last eighteen months in parliament:—

MY VERY DEAR RAZON,—

Ironical cheering, and a cry of "What is gammon a-pound, old Sand-and-Sugar?"

I received some time ago, but inadvertently omitted to acknowledge—

O O! and groans.

—the pressing invitation of yourself and others of my constituents to attend a meeting to-morrow evening in your beautiful borough Hall.

Approbation from the local architect upon the platform, drowned in a torrent of hisses.

With regard to my past conduct as your highly honoured representative, it is possible there may be some among you—

"There are!"

—whom it may not altogether have pleased; but, *Fiat justitia ruat cælum,*—

Cries of "What does that mean?" and "None of his French!"

—our duty must be done at all risks; and it is my comfort to feel that, whatever passing unpleasantness may have been created in other hearts, the Mentor in my own is satisfied. Discussion, my very dear sir, you must perceive, would, under these circumstances, where private opinion is involved, be utterly futile, and I am sure that I am consulting all our interests—painful as absence from the town of my adoption must always be to me—by keeping away from Pixham just at present.

Tremendous groaning.

Whether myself for my opponents are right, time alone can show; and, by the bye, I perceive, upon again glancing over your letter, that besides a reference to the possible expediency of my resignation (suggested, doubtless, to your friendly heart by some fallacious report, such as we public men are so subject to, about the state of my health), there is some mention made respecting the term of my representative duties being nearly expired; this, as well as an obscure allusion to Viscount Firstchop, I confess I do not at all understand.

"O, don't he though?" and, re-iterated disapprobation.

It is possible, from your official situation, my dear Mr. Mayor, that you may be in possession of political information of which I am wholly ignorant; but certainly I have observed no intimation of an appeal to the country being likely to be made before the usual time, which will be exactly five years, six months, and one day of twenty-four hours, from this present time. By your laying so much stress upon the approaching majority of the heir of Pixham Park, I suppose there are going to be grand doings upon that auspicious occasion, and that you and your fellow-townsmen may enjoy yourselves at the noble lord's festivities in my earnest hope. I suppose the young man will travel on the Continent for a year or two, before entering the diplomatic profession, for which I

understand he is intended. In case your little meeting—

Tumultuous disapprobation.

—comes off as intended, I know that you will make it your friendly business to be present,——

“Money makes the mayor to go,” and hisses.

—in order to remove any misunderstanding that may have arisen with respect to my parliamentary conduct in the minds of those for whom I have, notwithstanding, the most unfeigned regard.

Howls of indignant incredulity.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Mayor,
With my best compliments to Mrs. Razon,

“O, bother her !”

Your faithful representative,
ANDREW CARELITTEL.

It was at the conclusion of this epistle, and of the storm of disapprobation which followed it, that the high pressure under which Fitzblazer, Q.C., had been so long dangerously labouring, could be maintained no longer, and that that eminent counsel started—burst—to his feet (his five feet one-and-a-half), with a “My Lord ; that is to say, I mean Sir.”

Not more swiftly is the too triumphant note of some monarch of the poultry-yard echoed by some rival chanticleer fluttering over the paling which divides their respective empires, than were the first accents of Fitzblazer replied to by Colonel Chuttybung, East India Company’s Service.

“By your leave, Mr. Fitzblazer,” he cried, letting fall a glance of contempt from his elevation of seven feet in his shoes (where such a number is not common) upon the head of the diminutive lawyer. “Mr. Mayor and fellow townsmen, I think it is my place to address you first.”

“What, sir,” cried the aggrieved Q.C., gathering up his coat tails as though they were the skirts of a silk gown, in preparation for a flight into the highest latitudes of legal invective, “WHAT, sir, ——”

“You said that before,” exclaimed a voice from the body of the hall, in a tone most singularly distinct and quiet, “you did, indeed, old spitfire.”

If a bombshell had burst precisely in the centre of us, it could scarcely have produced more astonishment, nor indeed, as it turned out, much greater mischief, than did this ridiculous interruption. There is a Fitzblazer party and a Chuttybung party in Pixham, of course ; and, when the Chuttybungers saw their chieftain smile, as if in spite of himself, they broke into a derisive cheer.

“Colonel Chuttybung,” cried the lawyer, pale with passion, and delaying upon the name, as a bird delays upon its twitter, only

with the quaver of fury, “is this, sir, is this your doing ?”

“Go it, little one !” said the voice again, in the tone of a patron.

“I protest,” exclaimed the colonel, “upon my most sacred word of honour ——”

“O, yes ; WAKER !” cried another voice, in a tone of disbelief, and proceeding, this time, from the seats immediately behind the speaker ; “we ain’t agoing to believe that, kurnel, neither.”

It was now for the gallant Chuttybung to turn a shade or two yellower than Indian suns had made him. “Only let that man stand forth,” cried he, “who spoke those words, and I’ll ——”

“Chutty, Chutty,” interrupted a voice, reprovingly, from the reporters’ table, “you are intoxicated ; you know you are ; you have had more than is good for you.”

The whole assembly, with the exception of the object of this sarcasm, was here convulsed ; the habits of the Eastern potentate being too well known in Pixham not to make the remark exceedingly piquant.

There were three reporters at the little table in the orchestra, and the colonel furiously insisted that the offender should be thrown down to him at once for immediate execution. In vain all three protested that neither of them had uttered a syllable ; that they were convinced of his present sobriety, and that his habitual temperance had been a proverb among them for years : the representative of the Pixham Independent—which had cast aspersions upon Chuttybung with regard to this particular subject before—was singled out by a body of the colonel’s admirers for the sacrifice. They seized upon him incontinently, and had his legs over the balcony in a twinkling ; in another moment he would have been cast upon the platform into the arms of his gigantic foe, as some unhappy martyr in old times might have been introduced into the arena occupied by a dinnerless lion.

“It was the True Blue,” cried an unknown voice, denouncing, “it was Jones of the True Blue, who did it.”

The Fitzblazer faction only wanted an excuse to wreak, in their turn, their animosity against the conservative journal ; losing sight of the obvious absurdity of an attack upon his own chieftain having been made by the scribe of the Chuttybung paper, they rushed upon this maligned individual and bore him away to the opposite side of the orchestra, in order to drop him likewise.

The tumult baffled all description. The spectacle viewed from beneath was the most striking which these eyes have ever witnessed. The enraged colonel, with his back to us, looking up anticipative of his helpless prey, but yet unwilling that so plump a carcass should fall, as it was almost certain to do, immediately upon him. The mayor, who

had crept under his own little table, was looking out between its legs, trembling like a whipped monkey in its cage, and ejaculating in a piteous voice, "Gentlemen!" and "Order!" at unequal intervals. Fitzblazer was adjuring his friends not to drop the Tory reporter upon any account—and, especially, not upon him—until the enemy had first let fall the Liberal gentleman; because, in the action for damages that needs must follow, it would be everything to be able to prove the other party the aggressors. The two victims hung above, in air, frantically clinging to their supporters with as much eagerness as if they had been their friends. While, between the two, the third and untouched litterateur was busily employed in taking notes for a humorous description of the events which were occurring to his brethren. From eight o'clock until ten—at which hour the meeting was advertised to close—continued interruptions from voices, sarcastic, antagonistic, and ludicrous, put all political business out of the question. In remonstrance, recrimination, and, in more than one instance, even in physical conflict, all idea of the primary object of our assembling, all thought of Mr. Carelittel and his parliamentary misdeeds, were clean forgotten.

BOSCOBEL.

TURNING off at the little tavern (or hotel, as they love to phrase it in the old romances) at Ivetsey Bank, midway upon the highroad from Lichfield to Shrewsbury, and wandering across country for about a mile further southwards, one comes upon the ancient tenement of Boscobel, just as Charles Stuart came upon it for the first time in the grey of a celebrated September Saturday morning. It remains there to this hour intact, looking still like nothing else than a quaint old forest-lodge—with this sole difference, that its former chequer-work of black timber and white plaster has given place to the less picturesque appearance of a house uniformly cemented. Situated in the vicinity of Cannon Chase and Tong Castle, immediately upon the borders of Shropshire, and closely adjoining Staffordshire, this romantic and historical dwelling was secreted then in a lonelier site than it occupies in these more populous and more civilised times, being insulated, two hundred years back in what was then a mere wilderness. A windy, hilly, sandy common, forming the centre of the demesne, was surrounded by pleasant woodlands of considerable extent; the beauty of the whole sylvan solitude being sufficiently indicated by the Italian bosco-bello, otherwise fair-wood, giving the origin of its melodious designation. Ah, dear old Boscobel! I delight to haunt thee: clambering up the steep, ramshackle staircases, peering through every dingy lattice, rapping the wainscots for

the sliding panels with knuckles of untiring inquisitiveness, prying again and yet again into the secret places—the Priests' Holes—just as they were of yore in the days when Boscobel was the abode of Catholic recusants.

It signifies little enough to me, as I maunder about the place dreamily, who chances at the moment to be my cicerone, provided only I know my guide by long acquaintance to be thoroughly trustworthy.

No better-beloved attendant in a stroll at Boscobel have I, than Mistress Anne Wyndham of Trent, provided that very charming lady comes to me irresistibly in her rustling silks—the bearer of her one literary offspring, her queer, little, old-fashioned, prattling Claustrum Regale Reseratum! Supposing her ladyship to begin especially with one delicious sentence—a sentence I have come long since to know by heart—wherein she explains the reason of her turning bookmaker, to be, her loyal solicitude "that the truth of his Majesty's escape might appear in its native beauty and splendour; that as every dust of gold is gold, and every ray of light is light, so every jot and tittle of truth being truth, not one grain of the treasure, not one beam of the lustre of this story might be lost or clouded; it being so rare, so excellent, that Aged Time, out of all the archives of antiquity, can hardly produce a parallel."

There is something consolatory, remembering how Charles afterwards, when monarch, allowed the Dutch war-ships to ride insolently at anchor unmolested in the Thames, while he himself, by a more deplorable abnegation of his kingly authority, degenerated into the craven pensioner of Louis the Fourteenth—there is something consolatory in the recollection that here at least, in the flush of his early manhood, Charles Stuart displayed personal valour and dignity. I rather like than otherwise to hear all about what one may call the heroic taking in which the young king was at the close of that desperate fight under the walls of old Worcester. I like to watch him, then, as he returns dusty and breathless from leading that last bootless charge of the cavalier troopers at Perrywood, and when with dented breastplate, and a broken plume, he was constrained, by reason of an overturned ammunition-waggon, to dismount at Sudbury Gate, entering the city on foot in the midst of the general confusion. There—putting off his heavy armour, and taking freshly to horse—do I not catch glimpses of him riding up and down the streets half-distracted? Imploring men and officers—vainly, vainly—to turn even then, and stand at bay in very desperation! "I had rather you would shoot me dead," he cries out at last in anguish, "than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day." Fruitlessly, all this: the die is cast—the doom is spoken. And, by six of the clock on that autumnal evening, King Charles, heart-sore and dispirited, rides out of

Worcester city by Saint Martin's Gate, in the midst of Lesley's cavalry, from which, however, his Majesty separates soon afterwards at Barbon's Bridge, about a mile on the road towards Kidderminster. Accompanied from that point by nearly sixty of his principal adherents, a gorgeous retinue, including among them dukes, and earls, and other high patrician soldiers, the stripling monarch presses onward until some half-a-dozen miles from our Brummagem Brussels; when, drawing rein suddenly at Kinver Heath, the whole royal party halted, bewildered in the darkness as to their whereabouts. Thence it is that a certain stalwart cavalier, one Charles Giffard, Squire of Chillington, undertakes to conduct the king towards a secluded tenement of his, an abode already favourably known to his Majesty, by repute, as the recent hiding-place of his valiant servant, the Earl of Derby, now a prisoner in the hands of the victorious republicans—to wit, the old wood lodge of Boscobel. An after-thought of precaution, however, slightly alters the direction taken by the fugitives. Having passed stealthily about midnight through the sleeping and shuttered town of Stourbridge—unnoticed even by a troop of Roundhead cavalry then stationed there—the king and his jaded escort arrive, towards daybreak on the following morning, Thursday, the fourth of September, at another little property of the Giffard family in those parts, the now famous house of White Ladies, so called from having been formerly a monastery of nuns belonging to the white-robed order of the Cistercians.

For safety's sake, the horse Charles rides is led clattering into the hall at White Ladies, and there, assisted to alight, the king takes leave at length of his devoted and disconsolate followers. Monarch now no longer—his last vestige of a court dispersed—the anointed fugitive finds himself committed by Squire Giffard to the care of a handful of his humble retainers, a family of poor labourers, mere woodwards, earning their daily bread by toiling with bill-hooks in the sylvan demesne of Boscobel. Previously to this judicious departure and dispersion of his splendid retinue, however, have I not remarked the unfortunate sovereign riding himself in all haste of the dangerous symbols and evidences of royalty? Hurriedly, he has divested himself of his buff-coat with its emblazoned star, the cuffs and bosom crusted over with heavy embroidery. He has unbuckled the garter with its device in brilliants. He has doffed the blue ribbon, and unslung from his neck the radiant George of diamonds. The George he has committed to the care of Colonel Blague; his gold he has distributed among his grooms and equerries; his jewelled watch he has given into the safe keeping of Henry, the Lord Wilmot, afterwards better known in one sense, and worse in another, as the gay and licentious Earl of Rochester. And now

—vanished the king, scattered his court—there enters (after a pause) into the hall at White Ladies, where there are still visible the miry hoof-prints of the steed his Majesty has just ridden from Worcester, a very different figure indeed from that of the youthful sovereign—Charles Stuart no more: but simple Will Jones, another of the woodmen of Boscobel, a plain country-fellow. Altogether, about the squalidest figure well presentable. His flowing hair has been cut off any-how. He has rubbed his hands upon the back of the chimney in the little room which has been the scene of this singular and impromptu transformation, and afterwards has smeared his sooty fingers over his face by way of effectually completing his disfigurement. His dress is of the poorest and the raggedest. A green cloth jerkin, or jump-coat, so worn and bare that the threads here and there appear actually whitened. A pair of ordinary green cloth breeches, so long at the knees that the ends of them hang down below the garters. Over the threadbare jerkin, an old sweaty leathern doublet with pewter buttons; under it, a coarse noggin shirt—or, as the village-folk thereabout call them, hogging shirts—frayed at the collar and patched at the wrists; a garment supplied from the wardrobe of one Edward Martin, a lowly menial at White Ladies. Will Jones retains still upon his feet his Majesty's white flannel boot-stockings, the tops of them snipped off, for being gold-corded and clocked with rare embroidery. But over the decapitated boot-stockings are cunningly drawn a footless pair of green yarn stockings, darned at the knees, and otherwise disgracefully dilapidated. Besides all these disguises, woodman Jones has for shoes the oldest and rustiest procurable—slashed at the sides for ease, but destined through those comfortless gashes to let in the mud and gravel abundantly. For head-covering he wears a very greasy old grey steeple-crowned hat, unadorned with either band or lining, the brims turned up, the battered circumference marked to the depth of two inches with perspiration. In the girdle of this lamentable spectre of a man there is thrust a wood-bill—token of his craft. In his filthy hand he carries an ugly thorn-stick, crooked three or four ways, and altogether perfectly well suited to his own distorted and miserable appearance. Looking askance at this wretched figure, I don't wonder in the least (though I have no admiration whatever for the gentleman himself), when I hear my charming familiar, Mistress Anne Wyndham, exclaiming dolefully, in allusion to King Charles's arrival, even in somewhat improved apparel, a fortnight or so afterwards, at Trent, that there "The passions of joy and sorrow did a while combat in them who beheld his sacred person; for what loyal eye could look upon so

glorious a prince thus eclipsed, and not pay unto him the tribute of tears?"

He is led out by a back-door, about a mile in the grey dawn into a little adjacent wood called Spring Coppice, by those brave-hearted wood-cutters, the Penderells, armed with unsightly bill-hooks. Thomas Penderell—dead, fighting valorously for King Charles the First either at Stowe or Edgehill—had left five brothers. George had opened the door to the royal party on their approach to White Ladies, being a servant in that household. Humphrey, the miller, ground his corn at the old windmill in the immediate neighbourhood. John shines out upon us conspicuously among the whole fraternity as the one reputed to have taken the most trouble in behalf of the king, according to the account furnished to us by the faithful pen of Father Huddleston. Richard, surnamed Trusty Dick whenever he chanced to be spoken of afterwards, kept house with his aged mother, old Dame Joan, at Hobbal Grange. William Penderell, as tenant of the Giffard family, residing, with his wife, young Dame Joan, in the old weather-beaten house of Boscobel. The king, as dirty Will Jones, was conducted by the two latter Penderells into Spring Coppice about sun-rising on that lamentable Thursday—"and," saith Master Blount, "the heavens wept bitterly at these calamities." There it was that, seated in the drenching rain under the shelter of a tree, upon an old blanket, the king devoured the mess of buttermilk got ready for him in the adjoining cottage of Francis Yates (brother-in-law of the Penderells) at Loughtown—the sole refreshment the luckless Charles had tasted since his flight from Worcester, save a crust and a cup of canary, snatched during a momentary halt at a little tavern on the outskirts of the borough of Stourbridge.

Following the king at the close of that disheartening first day of drizzling and mizzling, I cross with him the threshold of Trusty Dick's abode at Hobbal Grange, a little after nightfall. There Will Jones having heartily quaffed a tankard of ale and devoured a morsel of coarse bread, we start with him upon his first expedition: bent upon crossing the river Severn, by means of a ferry-boat, somewhere about Madeley, a village situated half-way between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury; hoping thereby to escape into Wales, and so at some early opportunity away on ship-board for the Continent. At Evelin Mill where, unknown of course to ourselves, a party of cavalier fugitives are secretly carousing—forth comes the dusty miller, bawling valiantly into the darkness:

"Who goes there?"

The challenge is altogether too much for us. Another minute, and we are scampering down the nearest turning, a miry byeway, the very Slough of Despond, where we flounder on distractedly over a veritable

quagmire of ruts, until we pause at last, panting with chagrin and exhaustion: Will Jones, seating himself wearily under the hedgerow, declares he can go no further. Passing onward, however, in our dreary night-march, we creep at last by a back way into the house of one, Mr. Francis Woolfe, a respectable old cavalier gentleman of Madeley; who, through fear of his residence being searched by the Puritan militia—two companies of whom, chance to be quartered upon the inhabitants of the locality—finds himself constrained to lodge his sovereign in a cosy barn. There we watch throughout the whole day following—Friday, the fifth of September—during which Jones luxuriously reposes his aching limbs upon a litter of straw behind the corn-sacks and hay-bundles, sheltering him from casual observation. Evening returned, we—on finding bridges and boats upon the Severn alike exclusively in the command of the Republicans—retrace our miserable footprints, again under Trusty Dick's guidance. Cunning-handed Mistress Woolfe previously applying, it should be observed, the finishing artistic touch to the general degradation of the king's appearance, by staining his face and hands of a reeky colour, with the juice of walnut-leaves, rendering his Majesty independent from that time forth of mere soot-marks, by imparting to him the acceptable mask of a permanently tawny complexion. Through a wholesome dread of the terrible miller of Evelin, we ford, at a convenient distance, the stream that turns his mill-wheel; Charles, by reason of his being the most adroit swimmer, acting as pioneer. At John Penderell's cottage, where Richard looks in for a moment in passing, unexpected news is learnt, putting an end to yet another of the king's projected enterprises: the design by which his Majesty and Lord Wilmot had mutually proposed to journey by separate ways to London, there to meet at the Three Cranes in the Vintry, each asking for the other by the name of Will Ashburnham. It appearing, moreover, that my lord has happily found a secure asylum at Moseley Hall, Charles determines to delay no longer in pressing onward to the sheltering bocage of Boscobel, the place of his original destination. Moseley Hall being but eight miles from Boscobel: William Careless, also, the Hero of Worcester, deeming his own paternal home of Brom Hall, in the vicinity, somewhat unsafe, has taken to the leafy covert about Boscobel with the resolution of a bold freebooter. Companioned still by his trusty henchman and my ghostly self, Charles hurriedly completes that dismal trudge of seven miles from Madeley—reaching the immediate neighbourhood of William Penderell's dwelling at the Great House, about five o'clock on the morning of the sixth, being Saturday. Leaving his Majesty outside, Richard cautiously enters his brother's

house-place to reconnoitre, speedily returning thence; accompanied by honest William and by gallant Careless, who at once bring the monarch within doors and there offer him the homage of their homely but not unwelcome attentions. One tenderly bathes his galled feet in warm water. Another partially dries the soddened leather of his shoes by holding red-hot cinders inside them with the fire-tongs. Goodwife Penderell the while appeasing the royal appetite with a slice of strong cheese and a hunch of brown bread, mixing thereupon a posset for him, made of thin milk and small beer—this, quoth the historian quaintly, as an extraordinary. Refreshed to some extent by these primitive luxuries, forth into the early morning sallies the king, together with Colonel Careless and the two Penderells.

It is the culminating point in the progress of the star of his Majesty's fortunes, the climax of these his romantic adventures. I follow these four figures watchfully, breathlessly, to their preconceived rendezvous. It is the Royal Oak under the shadow of which they are now passing—at the distance of about two hundred yards from that old mansion of Boscobel—close to the common pathway, in a verdant meadow-field. It is a bushy, umbrageous, pollard oak, of rather considerable dimensions. Into this the two sturdy foresters help Colonel Careless first, the king afterwards. Charles drops one of his rusty buckets of shoes in his ascent, so that it has to be flung up after him for his dexterous catching, knocking down a shower of acorns and dry leaves, in the face of Trusty Dick Penderell. A cushion is fetched from the house and tossed up adroitly afterwards, by the aid of which the king contrives at last, with something less of discomfort to dispose himself in a half-recumbent posture among the branches, his head resting upon the lap of Careless: the pockets of both of them crammed with bread and cheese, besides a flask or two of thin ale for the day's consumption. Everything arranged before daybreak, and the Penderells gone on their customary avocations, there the two secret watchers remain effectually hidden from passers-by, wiling away that livelong day for the most part in silence: poor jaded Will Jones dozing off at intervals, at the hazard of a tumble. If they talk at all, they speak only in stealthiest whispers; looking out vigilantly, ever and anon, from their impenetrable lair among the foliage, over the wide expanse of open ground.

Frequently, as the dreary hours drag on, they observe the glint of steel in the neighbouring thickets, and the gleam of scarlet through the gaps of the green brambles: patrols of the enemy searching eagerly in the covert for stray cavaliers. The wearisome noon lengthens into evening, while Charles and Careless—not much unlike the Charles and Careless of the School for

Scandal—sit there high up in the oak-tree, munching their bread and cheese, and gurgling small beer out of their ale bottles; laughing silently in their sleeves as they note their baffled pursuers; amused, though anxious; ever vigilant. At length, when twilight is sufficiently deepened into obscurity, their cramped forms are relieved from durance; and, in a few scrambling steps they have descended. A substantial supper rewards them on their once more crossing the porch of Boscobel House; where, after supper, I assist mine host, honest thumb-fingered William Penderell, in shaving his Majesty, and in cropping whatever hair remains on the crown of his head, as close to the scalp as the scissors of Dame Joan will lie. After a comfortable night passed in a secret closet, five feet square; coiled upon a pallet less resembling the Bed of Ware than the bed of Procrustes, his majesty comes down the next morning betimes into the little farm-house parlour; and there, to the dismay of the king's rustic courtiers, the royal nose falls a-bleeding. I am amused now-a-days, to recollect, after the lapse of these two centuries,—when the once popular superstition about the regal touch is almost as a mystery clean forgotten by the general multitude—to remember, that long years afterwards, the tattered handkerchief then drawn by Will Jones from his greasy pocket, a handkerchief, very old, very torn, very coarse in its materials, and lamentably daubed with blood from the king's nose, was religiously preserved as a Sovereign Remedy for the King's Evil.

It is Sunday morning, the seventh of September, and already the buccaneering colonel has celebrated the sacred day by sallying forth to an adjacent sheep-cote, upon—a hanging feat in those times, and indeed, for that matter, long afterwards—a memorable exploit of sheep-stealing. This expedition having proved eminently successful, thanks to the keen dagger and the broad shoulders of Careless, his Majesty falls to with knife and trencher; and, having sliced the mutton into collops, and pricked it delicately with the knife-point, himself, with his kingly hands (the royalist narrator of the circumstance almost fainting in the record of it) cooks the meat cleverly with a frying-pan and butter, and afterwards eats of it heartily for his breakfast. Throughout the remainder of the day Will Jones is either reverently engaged in his devotions (with the Colonel's matin felony upon his conscience), or busy reading in a pretty summer-house in the garden; the stone table of which is still shown to this day as a most precious relic in one of the quiet rooms of old Boscobel House. Brief time, however, has the king now for much indolent enjoyment. With the return of darkness the king's rovings have recommenced.

Quitting Boscobel with a hobnailed body-guard—consisting of the five Penderells and

Yates, their brother-in-law—Charles Stuart, mounted upon the mill-horse of bluff Humphrey, sets forth. Leaving Boscobel, his advance from that time forth is almost uninterruptedly equestrian. His escort now conducts him by lonely bye-lanes to Penford's Mill, below Cotsall. Poor Will is nearly worn out by the rough jogging of the mill-horse: to the groaned-out complaint of whose jolting paces has not Humphrey, simple miller though he is, replied in those ready and courtly words of extenuation, "Can you blame the horse, my liege, to go heavily when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?" Dismounting at the point last-mentioned, Charles stumbles with a diminished suite across the midnight fields, until, after a toilsome tramp of three miles, through hedge and ditch, he arrives at a meadow called Alport's Leasom. Thence his servants are led away from him to the buttery-hatch of Moseley Hall by the owner of that mansion, Mr. Thomas Whitgreave, formerly a lieutenant in the army of the late sovereign. Meanwhile, Charles himself is making straight for a light in my lord Wilmot's chamber in that great house of Moseley: my lord, with a lighted taper in his hand, awaiting his Majesty's approach at the stair-foot leading to it, and thereupon conducting him up to his room, delighted. Here King Charles in his sordid disguise is introduced by Lord Wilmot as "his master, and the master of them all," to the loyal host himself; and, with him, to a personage who, like himself, had originally been a gentleman volunteer in the late monarch's army,—one Father Huddleston, then a secular priest, afterwards a Benedictine monk, ultimately one of the queen's chaplains; and now generally reported to have been the priest who, thirty-four years later on, was smuggled by Chiffinch into the royal bed-chamber at Whitehall during the King's last moments, and who there administered to the dying monarch the last rites of the Roman Catholic religion. Having received the obeisance offered to him, the weary wight of a prince is refreshed with sack and biscuit. They lave his blistered feet—extracting from between the toes, little rolls of paper cruelly put there by some ill advice, to prevent the galling they have only grievously increased. They exchange his wet clothes for others in every respect more comfortable—giving him in lieu of the old hogging shirt, a warm flaxen one belonging to Father Huddleston. Solaced by these then unwonted enjoyments—his heart glows anew, his hopes rise again within him as he sits musingly by the cheerful wood-blaze, watching its reflection in the Dutch tiles lining the hearth of that quaint old fire-place still preserved at Moseley Hall unchanged. "If it would please Almighty God," he says, with the sack yet relishing upon his lips, "If it would please Almighty God to send me once more an army of ten

thousand good and loyal soldiers and subjects, I should fear not to expel all the rogues forth from my kingdom." With the walnut juice yet freshly embrowning his face and hands, with the black thorn stick leaning in the chimney-corner there against the mantel-piece, with the billhook on yonder chair—his only weapon offensive or defensive—he still meditates wresting his subjects and his kingdom from the strong grasp of Oliver and his Roundheads! Shortly afterwards he has laid that close-cropped roundhead of his own upon the pillow vouchsafed to him at Moseley, and is dreaming calmly, perhaps, of having been victorious instead of vanquished in the fight at Worcester.

Having sojourned a couple of days under the hospitable roof-tree of Mr. Whitgreave,—during which interval of anxious repose his Majesty has been constantly attended upon by Father Huddleston, while the chaplain's three youthful pupils, by name, Francis Reynolds, Thomas Palyn, and a boy-baronet, one Sir John Preston, have kept watch and ward from the garret-windows, unconscious of his dignity, yet calling themselves his life-guard—Charles at length, in the dusk of Tuesday evening, the ninth of September, resumes his perilous journey coastwards. Mistress Whitgreave, the venerable mother of the Squire of Moseley, filling the royal pockets with the oddest refection for a flying sovereign; even almonds and raisins, and sweetmeats.

Munching some of these condiments, as he mounts the saddle, and giving his hand to be kissed by his late devoted servitors—country gentleman and recusant priest, there kneeling in the grass by his stirrup to offer him their farewell reverence—Charles Stuart rides out of the orchard-gate, muffled in a warm cloak lent to him for the occasion, with a kindly thought, by Father Huddleston. Colonel Lane has now become the king's guide and sole attendant; the colonel's country-seat of Bentley Hall being then their immediate destination. There the two wayfarers arrive, in due course, towards the middle of the night, and thence they take their departure again at daybreak on the following morning—his Majesty having here undergone in the interim his more respectable transformation. Colonel Lane, however, and King Charles journey onwards from this point by different though parallel routes to the more remote destination, the residence of Mr. George Norton, situated some three miles beyond the city of Bristol, and known as Abbotsleigh.

Thither pretty Mistress Jane Lane, the colonel's sister, is wending her way on a visit to her friend, Mistress Norton, under a pass available for herself and a single male attendant. That attendant being now impersonated in the character of the yeoman's son, Will Jackson, by the ready-witted sovereign. So accounted and so designated, Charles sets

forth on that Wednesday morning, with his bonnie mistress behind him, on their double-saddled charger, accompanied, after a similar fashion, by the lady's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mistress Petre of Buckinghamshire. These being attended, moreover, by another relative, a royalist officer, named Lascelles. Colonel Lane meanwhile canters across the meadow fields skirting the highway in company with Lord Wilmot. Neither of them more elaborately disguised than by carrying each a hawk upon the wrist and a lure by the side; while, clustered at their heels are two or three gay little yelping spaniels. It is eminently characteristic of that most refined voluptuary that-was-to-be, Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, that he resolutely disdained any other disguise whatsoever; protesting, that he would look frightful in it. Nevertheless, during one brief interval of their subsequent wanderings, his lordship, I remember, condescends so far to a little temporary masquerading as to assume the patronymic of one Mr. Barlow. And a sufficiently preposterous conjecture as to the Christian name selected, at the same time, may very naturally result from a recollection of the invariable prefix of Will to the royal pseudonyms of Jones, Jackson, and Ashburnham.

Rapidly following in the wake of the fugitives, I observe throughout, with increasing zest, the more notable incidents chequering the progress of the young king's adventures. I am at his elbow chuckling inaudibly as he stands by the little village forge in Warwickshire (his mare having cast a shoe) and holds the hoof for the garrulous smith, who gossips with him as he files and hammers, about that rogue Charles Stuart, protesting that the fellow deserves hanging more than the rest for bringing in the army from Scotland. Another while I hearken again to that mysterious warning-cry of the old beldame gleaming among the barley stubble by Wotton—"Master, don't you see a troop of horse before you!"—just as I come clattering, cheek-by-jowl with the king, through the midst of a squadron of Republican cavalry halting there to refresh their chargers by letting them crop the grass by the wayside. I am in the kitchen at Mr. Tombs's of Long Marston, four miles beyond Stratford-upon-Avon, when the cookmaid rails at my liege for his awkwardness in fumbling over the meat-jack; she having asked him to lend a hand in winding. I tarry together with Mistress Norton's maid, Margaret Rider, by the bedside of stripling farmer Jackson, while he leans there, propped up on the bolster—pale with fatigue and seemingly to my companion just recovered from the ague—sipping the carduus posset she has brought him as a sudorific. I am momentarily dismayed myself, upon the discovery of the king by sagacious Mr. John Pope, the butler at Abbotsleigh, though

speedily reassured, it is true, by the candid fervour of his protestations of faithfulness.

After a delightful night's repose at Mr. Edward Kirton's mansion of Castle Cary, near Brunton, I am exhilarated by a refreshing gallop through the sweet morning air over to Colonel Windham's house, at Trent. I peer over the king's shoulder out of the window of his hiding-place, there remarking with him the boisterous assemblage in the churchyard below us, where the Puritans are broaching casks of ale and lighting bonfires tumultuously in celebration of his supposed demise, hearing him sigh to himself, as he turns from the lattice, Alas, poor people! I am startled hardly less than he himself, when the ostler in the inn-yard at Bridport greets him with, surely he has seen his face before, the varlet actually then, in truth, trembling upon the brink of recognition. Yet, more startled am I, however, when another tavern-groom (ostler at the inn at Charmouth) taking my Lord Wilmot's horse round to the neighbouring forge for the purpose of getting a cast shoe replaced, has his suspicions roused by that shrewd observation of the keen-witted artisan, Hammit, the blacksmith, "This horse has but three shoes, and they were all set in different counties, and one in Worcestershire."

I am still pertinaciously beside his Majesty, when under the guidance of Colonel Robin Phillips, he carries behind him, on the pillion, a new lady-mistress in the fair Juliana Coningsby; and, when stopping to dinner at the Mere, the presumed hobby-groom is challenged by jovial Boniface with the cavalier countersign, "Art thou a friend of Cæsar?" and answering as one might conjecture, "Yea!" is pledged to his own health roysteringly.

I pass the whole of one day of October upon Salisbury Plain, in company with Charles and Robin, entertaining ourselves, among other idle amusements, with reckoning up the colossal fragments of Stonehenge.

A week later, I am crossing those same downs a-foot with his Majesty, attended by burly Dr. Henchman, canon of Salisbury, pursuing our way with pleasant converse until we come by pre-arrangement upon a little group of friends at Clarendon Park Corner, there loitering about for us, with greyhounds in leash, under pretext of being out simply on a coursing expedition.

Finally, I am observantly entertained at the little inn, still discoverable by the curious, in the now most fashionable of all our brilliant watering-places, then no more than the small fisher-town of Brightelmstone—when vulgar-minded, honest-hearted landlord Smith, passing behind the king, and suddenly kissing his Majesty's hand, then resting by accident on the back of a chair on which he was leaning, whispers to his liege in a fluster: "God bless thee wherever thou goest! I doubt not before I die but to be a

lord and my wife a lady." Whereat his Majesty laughs, and to the end that he may stop that dangerous talk betimes, through fear of eavesdroppers, strolls away into another apartment.

Thence, from that humble tavern at Brighton, I go forth with the royal party about four of the clock on the morning of Wednesday the fifteenth of October, for the last brief march before embarkation. Having within the interval occupied by these adventures run the gauntlet of the enemy through eleven counties, having passed undetected more than two-score days and nights of perilous uncertainty, unbetrayed by more than two-score faithful adherents, staunch to the last, in spite of once of terror and temptation. Trudging along the coast-line as far as the little village of Shoreham, I watch the king, still in the sad-coloured suit of Will Jackson, and with him my Lord Wilmot, still to the end blazoning it out haughtily in velvets and gold embroidery—take boat about seven of the clock, the tide then serving, and so on board a tiny bark in the offing, a collier of no more than sixty tons burden, commanded by worthy Captain Nicholas Tattersall. A pleasant excursion across the channel with fair winds, and we are landed in Normandy, being taken on shore in the cockboat on Thursday the sixteenth of October, one thousand six hundred and fifty-one, at Feschamp, near Havre-de-Grace.

PASSING THE TIME.

EVERY man who in the course of his business existence has had the misfortune to be compelled to seek an interview with Mr. Proviso, the eminent lawyer, can tell a painful story of monotonous hours passed in the outer office of the great master of the law, awaiting the coveted favour of an interview. Mr. Proviso's business appears to lie amongst a class of people who are doubtless very influential and highly respectable, but who seem either to have no proper sense of the value of time, or who hoard up their legal grievances,—their actions and their defences,—until they assume such gigantic proportions, that half a day passed with their professional adviser is scarcely sufficient to clear off the accumulation. It may be that in the rank and file of clients who hang upon the wisdom and experience of Mr. Proviso, I hold a position rather below the general level, and am, therefore, treated to those broken scraps of time which can be spared from the banquet of more favoured, because more important, individuals. One thing is certain, that go on what day and what hour of that day I will, I am met with the eternal answer from the eternal clerks: "Will you have the kindness to take a seat, sir, for Mr. Proviso is engaged?" When I first heard these now too familiar sounds, I was weak

enough to inquire how long the engagement was likely to last, and was always met with the reply, intended to be comforting: That a few minutes would certainly be sufficient to finish the business on hand. Sitting patiently upon an old office chair, listening to the measured ticking of the office clock; taking a mental inventory of the faded office furniture; reading the not very interesting placards regarding the sales by auction of houses, leases, and lands, and varying this meagre meal of literature with the titles of blue-books, and the calf-bound treatises of the law, the precious moments of the short business day passed from me one by one, and at last I awoke to a sense of the utterly unreliable nature of the information given me by Mr. Proviso's clerks concerning their master's professional arrangements. After the first few visits I became reconciled to the existing order of things, and sank mechanically into my accustomed chair, to await the convenience and the pleasure of the great professor of the art of making a living out of the quarrels of foolish or wicked people. The distant mellowed hum of carriages in the street, the music of new quills gliding quickly over folio foolscap, the warmth of the office fire, and the general monastic gloom of the place, always produced in me a kind of torpor akin to sleep, in which the imagination was actively engaged in proportion as the body was indulged in idleness and rest.

It was on these occasions that I always found myself looking at the gaping mouths of the conversation tubes, which communicated with Mr. Proviso's private room, and the apartments above stairs; and, by way of passing the time, allowing my fancy to run riot upon all the probable uses and abuses of these ingenious gutta percha mechanical contrivances of modern times.

I saw in imagination young Pyramus, the youthful cashier of Mr. Proviso's establishment, when the other clerks were fully employed, whispering his tubical tenderness to his Thisbe—the housekeeper's fair daughter—up through intervening reception-rooms, and dusty receptacles of ancient records of folly, spite, and wrong; past the stern, pompous lawyer sitting amongst his wordy deeds; past the copying-clerks' garret, where old men and boys were writing over and over again the same old story of an ejection, until "whereas, and therefore, and inasmuch, and thereof," burnt into their dizzy brains, and nearly drove them mad; past all these things, until it reached the bower of the listening damsel, who sat with her needlework high above the house-tops, looking across the river at the pleasant Surrey hills. And then came Thisbe's silvery reply so gently down the tube,—past the copying-clerks,—past the dusty records,—past the old lawyer who had left his youth in his law books and his bills of costs,—until it found

its resting place in young Pyramus's ear— young Pyramus, who waited with a smiling face, like a child who hears the mermaid's song swelling from the hidden purple depths of an ocean shell. Then the dull office shone full of light, and the yellow parchment became pictured with the forms of fields and waving trees, for Pyramus had learned where Thisbe would walk in the sunset of a summer's evening outside the city walls.

Again, in imagination, the scene changes; and, from the heights of the romantic and the poetical, I sink to the depths of the real and the prosaic. This time the eye of fancy rests upon old Jolly Bacchus in the Office, whose face and general appearance give sure indication of a systematic indulgence in the dissipation of drink. I see him wandering into the office long after the regulation hour, with his face and hands only partially washed, his shirt dirty, and his clothes unbrushed, his eye glazed, and his speech thick, and a general sense of offended dignity, mingled with a determination to be steady, regulating every attitude of his body, every muscle of his face. When he makes his appearance he is received with affected cordiality by his fellow-clerks; and the smiles and winks that are exchanged at his condition are carefully concealed from his jealous observation. He takes his seat at his accustomed desk with some little difficulty; and, leaning on his elbows, he regards the smiling faces of the clerks immediately opposite him with a pursed-up mouth and heavy eyes. Such an opportunity for sport, of course, it is not in human nature to throw away; and the jocular clerk (there is always one in every office) commences the fun by a conversation with Jolly Bacchus, calculated to inflame the mind of that individual against his employer, Mr. Proviso.

"Mr. P., sir, has been inquiring for you half-a-dozen times within the last twenty minutes," remarks the jocular clerk, winking at the company.

"Wellshir," returns Mr. Jolly Bacchus, "and whatish—thater to you?"

"O, nothing, sir," replies the jocular clerk, "nothing to me; but a great deal to our respected governor, Mr. Proviso."

"That, shir, for Misher Provishe—o," returns Jolly Bacchus, with an attempt to snap his fingers, which produces no sound.

"O, come," replies the jocular clerk, "while we accept our salaries we must attend to our duties."

"Shir," exclaims Jolly Bacchus, now working himself into a state of drunken rage, "No man shall dictate me. Who's Missher Provishe—o, Ish like to know? I made him what—is—taught him, shir, all's law—and I can pull him down, shir,—pull'm down."

"Well, sir," replies the jocular clerk, playing upon the weakness of the intoxicated Bacchus, "you'd better tell him so up the pipe; he's in his room; tell him so up the tube, like a man!"

It is about twelve o'clock in the day, and Mr. Proviso is closely closeted with a most important client, an East Indian Director. Mr. Proviso is standing behind his writing-table, with his thumbs stuck in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and his fingers tattooing upon his chest, looking like a prime minister receiving a deputation. The important client, a man of severe aspect and unbending exterior, is seated in the large easy-chair, which stands near the mouth of the speaking-tube against the fire-place. The two men are trying to find their way out of the middle of a knotty discussion upon an intricate question of law and business, when a gurgling sound is heard to issue from the mouth of the speaking-tube, followed slowly by this address, the original thick pronunciation of which is considerably increased by the peculiar channel of communication:—

"Misher Provishe—o, shir, I'm not-going to be dictate—to by you. You're a hum'ug and an impos'er, shir, an' you know it. I've more law in my lill'e finger, shir, than—you have in — whole body, shir. I'm—"

What further abuse from Jolly Bacchus would have come up the tube no one can tell; for, upon the first sound of the familiar voice, Mr. Proviso, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon the startled East Indian Director, sidled with admirable coolness towards the mouth of the unwelcome oracle, and, continuing with some little incoherence in his tone, manner, and ideas, to carry on the important business discussion, as if nothing had interrupted it, he seized the stopper of the pipe, and corked up for ever the intoxicated flow of Jolly Bacchus's eloquence.

Such are some of the phantoms of imagination that I conjure up to fill that dreary pit of mental vacuity, which deepens and deepens, as I waste the precious mid-day hours, waiting wearily for the leisure moments of the great Mr. Proviso.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

WILL READ AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL:

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ON THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 3rd, his "Chimes."
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PARISH POOR IN LONDON.

It is a fine thing, of course, to keep every beadle tight in hand; for, if one beadle should ever get over his parish bounds, and so come to confront, upon his own territory, another beadle, Hector and Achilles! there would be a piece of work. Between them it should go hard but they would trample into pulp the British constitution. Before everything, let us preserve all the rights, and all the wrongs too, of the ancient parish. Let there be no concert between neighbours to secure a fair division of the work that parishes must do; but let every clan of ratepayers rally round its own bright beadle and defy all beadedom beside.

Some revolutionary persons have been making a preposterous suggestion. They say: Look at the London poor. We will not trouble you to go so far back as to the days of Alfred, since which time, you tell us, parishes have been what they are; but go back to only a quarter of a century, and you will find the London population to have been so distributed that there was a tolerably even division among ratepayers of the cost of maintenance for the destitute poor. And see, these centralising revolutionists go on to observe, see how, in one day, the London poor all crowd together into parishes of needy people, being driven out of the wealthy quarters of the town. From their much, therefore, how little is contributed by the rich; out of their little, how much do the poor give, under that strict system which compels the needy to maintain the destitute. Wealthy ratepayers in the squares and terraces of Paddington are only asked to pay, out of their superfluity, four pence in the pound for the few paupers burdening so rich a parish. Impoverished ratepayers in the lanes and small streets of Saint George's-in-the-East, are forced to pay out of their doubtful little incomes, three shillings and nine pence in the pound for the relief of the great mass of hopeless poverty whereof they form the upper part. This has to be ground out of them. It is, to so many, the gift of bread out of hungry mouths to mouths yet hungrier. In this one parish there are four thousand summonses for rates issued in every quarter. What can be more absurd and preposterous than an attempt to

modify a system working in this manner, so clearly a part of the ancient parochial system, so distinctly the birthright of a Briton, and a bulwark of the constitution? What more need be said to crush any such attempt than, that to ask the rich parishes to help the poor ones within the bounds of the metropolis, is to introduce the small end of the wedge? It is centralisation. It cuts at the root of liberty.

Of course it does! The three hundred thousand paupers relieved every year in London parishes ought to be paid for chiefly out of the small tradesman's till; and, if the inhabitants of wealthy parishes pay wages punctually to their footmen while they work, that is as much as can be reasonably looked for from them. When the men of plush sicken in service, and can no longer give a return for what they eat, it is quite time that they should be off and throw themselves upon the rates of the poor parishes, whence they were originally drawn. That was all properly settled by a merciful and wise alteration of the Law of Settlement in eighteen hundred and thirty-four; whereby hired servants ceased to become chargeable upon the parishes in which their employers live. Thirty-two per cent. of the inhabitants of Saint George's Hanover Square are thus devoted to the uses of the rich; and, till the judicious law was made that cast them out of the parish into other parishes whenever they fell into distress, the ratepayers of Saint George's Hanover Square paid two and six pence in the pound for the relief of destitution. Now they have thrown their burden, so to speak, over the parish wall into the premises of poorer neighbours, and pay six pence or seven pence against the ten shillings payable in Saint Nicholas Deptford, the eight shillings in Saint Nicholas Olave, the six shillings in Saint Ann's Blackfriars, the three shillings and nine pence in Saint George's-in-the-East.

The most preposterous part of a preposterous case is founded on the fact that, whereas pauperism costs the metropolis about three-quarters of a million yearly, and the property tax value over the same area is about fourteen millions, an uniform contribution from the London people for the London poor would hardly amount to more than a

shilling in the pound, and would be sufficient. Why, where's the principle of this? Principle says clearly, and proves by tables, that the poor ratepayers of Whitechapel, Bermondsey, Bethnal Green, and such places, shall pay actually three times as much as the ratepayers of Saint James's or Saint George's Hanover Square, for feeding and housing of the destitute, and that, moreover, when they have done that, they shall feed three or four mouths, where the richer parishes feed one, with every shilling that is raised. Three millions of property in four rich unions maintain six or seven thousand poor in-door and out-door. The same amount of property in twelve poor unions is charged with its six or seven thousand poor, and with yet seven and thirty thousand more besides.

These are not even their own poor in many thousand cases; not the poor men who work, when they do work, for the ratepayers by whom, when destitute, they are supported. When Saint Katherine's Docks were formed, more than a thousand poor men's houses were pulled down; the docks took possession of a parish, and dispersed their paupers and their labourers into the surrounding parishes of Whitechapel, Aldgate, Saint George's-in-the-East, and Shadwell. After five years, the people acquired their settlement, and now the Saint Katherine's Dock Company pays only seven hundred a-year in poor-rates, while the London Dock Company, next door, employing the same class of men, paid last year more than nineteen thousand pounds. The docks of one company happen to occupy a parish; the docks of the other company happen to occupy portions of four parishes—Saint George's East, Shadwell, Wapping, and Aldgate.

Not long ago, there was the case in the papers of a man summoned for non-payment of his poor-rates who was himself actually then in receipt of parish help; and the fact which we stated (and which we have taken with others from a pamphlet by the incumbent of Saint George's-in-the-East) that four thousand men are summoned for non-payment of their poor-rates every quarter, in the writer's own parish, shows how many there must be who are almost paupers, to whom we look mainly for the funds that shall support our London work-houses.

Alter this state of things, says the old-world politician, and you open the door to an irresponsible scattering away of money, to an unconstitutional and alarming loss of control, by the ratepayer, over the expenditure of rates extracted from him.

In all seriousness let us hope that this is not an unanswerable objection; that if it hold good against the proposal made in a certain bill which was brought before the notice of the House of Commons by Mr. Ayrton, on the twelfth of last May, in a speech that would have en-

sured the rejection of a better measure—it is yet within the compass of man's wit to prove that whatever is inseparable from the constitution of this country is allied not less closely to kindness and justice.

THE LADY ON THE MALL.

WHEREVER I go I carry with me my speculative fancies about things and people that I see. Perhaps it is a diseased or morbid state of mind superinduced by much solitude; but whether or no, I do not care to be delivered from it, as it is company for me, and engrosses me as completely as I have observed that most chronic physical ailments engross their owners. I am looking out upon the Mall at Oldport, the pleasantest walk in the outskirts of this garrisoned place, where I am located for a change and holiday. Its ancient trees form a dreamy shelter from the fierceness of the summer sun, which the lovely fields and open downs lack: Give me shade and the sun shining beyond for enjoyment; a glow just stirred by the air amongst the leaves; not the blinding tropical glare in which I see some people revel—one lady especially—a lady to whom, from her un-failing daily appearance there, I have given the name of the Lady on the Mall.

At one particular point of this public promenade, about half-a-dozen of the stately, full-foliaged elms have been removed—perhaps by natural decay,—but as probably by some violent storm; and all the blaze of noon seems to concentrate itself on the bare spot. It is a bit of arid desert in a land of greenness; the grass of the bank is scorched brown, the sandy path is parched and cracked; yet just there, when the heat is most fervent, and everybody else is glad to creep into any place for shelter, comes out the Lady on the Mall to bask and sun herself.

I noticed her from the first day that I entered on my lodgings. Soon after twelve had struck by the church clock which regulates all the clocks in Oldport, I saw her advancing slowly under the trees until she reached the open space; and there she sat down, and stared at the dazzling sky for an hour or so; after which she rose and walked back in the direction from whence she had come. That glowing atmosphere burnt on for a week, deepening in intensity daily; but regularly, as the hour drew round, appeared the Lady on the Mall. That week was succeeded by stormy weather; a terrible tempest broke over the district, and left behind skirmishing troops of clouds which dissolved in sudden showers of extraordinary violence. But the rain did not keep the lady in-doors. She was out on the Mall just as usual; only, instead of resting on the bank, she walked to and fro.

It was in the course of one of these heavy showers that I obtained my first close look at her face. I was sitting at the open parlour

window, (for the wet drove the other way,) when she came past and looked in. I do not hold with that popular delusion of my sex, that every woman who casts her eyes upon me does so with nefarious designs on my affections, or that a frank good-humoured manner is a guileful trap laid to catch my unwary hand; so, when the lady passed and looked in with a pair of remarkable eyes, instead of hastily concealing myself, I looked after her with some astonishment that she should choose such weather for her walk. She stopped and gazed through the iron railings across the bit of garden straight at me, and then I perceived that, in those large remarkable eyes of hers, there was no longer any charm for the heart of man: the Lady on the Mall was mad. Touched with pity, I called out to ask her if she would come in for shelter until the rain was over. She shook her head; but I pressed my invitation more kindly; yet she only smiled, sighed, and spreading out her hands with a gesture of indifference, replied, "Thanks, sir, but I can bear the rain. Still did I hear aright—that you asked me under your roof?"

I answered, Yes: that I should be very glad if she would come in and rest; but, after another prolonged stare, she smiled, sighed, and spread out her hands, again saying:

"O, I don't mind the rain at all. Thanks. Neither the wind nor the rain. I have been out in worse than this. Much worse than this."

She did not attempt to move on, but was obstinate about not sheltering. She stood and watched me through the railings until every garment she wore clung to her with wet. Perceiving that she was determined not to come in, I suggested to her the propriety of going home.

"I will go, when it is over," said she, shuddering.

I told her I did not think that it would be over for a long time; it looked like a day set in for wet.

"O, the rain? I did not mean that," replied she. "O, no; the execution."

She then made me a polite bow, and walked forward towards the town: as one o'clock struck she came back, and, stopping in the same place, said:

"Ah, sir, they have taken his body down—he is dead now;" after an instant's pause she grasped one of the rails, and shook it, exclaiming vehemently: "Jealousy is the Devil!" and then started off up the Mall.

Here was the germ of some mysterious tragedy, before the facts of which speculation recoiled, baffled. She seemed to be from forty to forty-five years of age, with a tall, graceful air and shape; her features were thin to emaciation, but regular; and her eyes were black as midnight, with an insane light in their depths, now dreamy, now glittering. Her hair was perfectly grey, and she dressed in plain, grave colours, like half mourning. She

had the general aspect of belonging to the educated classes of society, and spoke with a correct accent and rather pleasant intonation. When she clutched the railing, I had observed upon her hand the glitter of a wedding ring.

Most idle persons are inquisitive; I am inquisitive; but more, I think, from habit than nature: still the result is the same. This poor lady's ways, words, and appearance excited my curiosity vividly, and the next time my landlady made her appearance in my room, I asked: "Can you tell me who that lady is who comes out upon the Mall every day about noon?"

"O, she is crazy, sir; she is a Mrs. Bond; and folks do say that her husband was hanged as much as six-and-twenty years ago. I can't undertake to speak to the truth of it myself, but that is what I've heard. She is well enough off for money, and lives up at Doctor Cruse's. She came there a young widow as long since as I tell you—better than six-and-twenty years."

I had, I thought, no right to penetrate further; but, out of these prominent though slender outlines, my imagination sought to construct a complete and finished edifice. That white worn face became rejuvenated with the bloom of seventeen; those passionate eyes beamed with innocent love; that grey hair crowned the sweet brow with grape-like clusters; those dry haggard lips swelled with the rosy warmth of budding youth—above all, that maiden heart had not branded upon it, in unavailing remorse and sorrow, that key-note of her history, Jealousy is the Devil. I saw her happy in a happy home; the vivifying sunshine of the family; quick of temper; lavish of affection and exacting of it too; proud in character, brilliant of intellect, witty of speech, generous of hand; a beautiful human creature; faulty, but capable of great things, either for good or for evil as the temptations of life might turn. The grand crisis of woman's existence had not taxed her strength with any disappointment: she loved, and she had love at her desire. Happy days of courtship, whose slight showers only served to brighten the sunshine, floated over her in blessed calm. I have a tender sympathy for all young creatures dwelling in this sweet May-month of life; it pleases me inexpressibly to watch the shy delights, the quick alarms that tremble like sun and cloud on the opening flowers of love; I like to see them gathered tenderly and stored for their enduring sweetness in two hearts united; but to see them rudely torn up and scattered to the winds, or trampled down with reckless feet, or blasted by an east wind of pitiless misfortune, makes my soul shiver; rather let them blossom, as blossom all the passion-flowers I ever loved, upon a solitary grave.

Let me trace this girl's story on. No doubt remains with me that she gave her whole

soul with her love; hers was no stinting nature, as I read it in those gloomy eyes; it was bountiful, and warm, and mellow as July. Yes, I think once it was as a rich inexhaustible treasure, from which might have been gathered by a hand faithful as well as tender the heart-sustenance of a long, long life; but, it was a hand worse than wasteful, that could pull down its safe enclosure, and let in upon the ripened harvest such a sea-flood of suffering and wrong as had made her soul desolate for ever, as a land sown with salt. I see her passing forward from the gentle, all-hoping, all-believing time of maidenhood, to the fair, blushing bride, sweet, loving wife,—never, O! never a mother! That holy grace came not to her, else there would not be that fatal fire-mark on her heart to-day: Jealousy is the Devil.

A little while of the great, the intense happiness, and then, methinks, I see a weariness in the lover-husband, a distrust in the young wife, and a cloud rising, lightly, at first, but deepening and increasing until it becomes a blackness of darkness for ever. She is on the watch, always on the watch. Every bright, captivating woman's face he lets his eyes rest on for a moment is to her more dreadful than a basilisk's. At first, all women; then one woman in particular, is her deadly rival. He can mock at her pain; he can parade his power, he can show her others, and fairer than herself, dwelling on his words, courting his approval and admiration. He thinks it is a little thing to stab a wife's heart with pin-pricks every day; she will never die of the torture—women, wives especially, are so patient. Patient? Yes, patient, if they cease to love; but, where that survives,—Jealousy is the Devil!

Every tender sentiment, every gentleness of woman-nature, is scorched and withered under its deadly heat. Amongst their blackened relics, and under that furnace glow, but one plant will thrive and blossom,—that plant is Revenge, and its fruit is Death.

In her passionate heart it grew and blossomed fast. He had dangerous secrets: the law should be her blood-hound, and hunt him down. She, to whom he was unfaithful, she at whose remonstrances he laughed, would set it on his traces. He should be broken from her rival. He should be at her mercy. Revenge conceives designs quickly, and will not tarry ere it brings them forth. He is betrayed. She, who would once have died for him, is his betrayer. Did she think, I wonder, did she ever think, that she was betraying him to his death? In the name of womanhood, I hope not!

He is in prison now, and already repentance stings her. He will not see her when she goes to his cell. He will send her no message, and he will receive none. He knows who has wrought his destruction. She was pitiless for him, and he will be pitiless for her. The day of trial comes: she cannot bear witness

against him, or for him, but others have his secrets who can, and she may listen while each link of evidence is added on, and repentance harasses her in vain. It is over. They tell her he is to die. She hears the doom pronounced. Then and there only, do his eyes meet hers, and in them such an agony of dread, reproach, and misery lightens, as she cannot endure to see. She is seized with a sudden frenzy, and cries: "I have killed my husband: Jealousy is the Devil."

She entreats that she may kneel at his feet, and be forgiven; but his answer to her prayers is always, "No." Others he will receive, but her he repels with detestation. The terrible interval is past, the death-day is come. She has not seen him. She is in despair. She escapes from those who watch her, and hangs on the skirts of that awful crowd. She is quite, quite mad now. She can bear to listen to the bell that tolls for the dying. She can bear to listen to the coarse comments. Who could, that was not mad? For the penalty of her great sin, every day at noon her diseased imagination reproduces the scene of her husband's death, with no ghastly detail omitted.

What his crime was, speculation passes over: he died thus, and her jealousy killed him. Her punishment is by far the more terrible, and her sin was the greater.

Ah me! what sorrow there is in the world! How pale and colourless are these shadows I have made from fancy of this grand tragedy of a woman's life. We see the rack; but our limbs must lie on it, wrenched and broken, ere we can estimate its torture, as our soul must writhe in remorse unavailing, and the quickest pangs that human feeling can endure, ere we can appreciate that daily outcry of the Lady on the Mall.

SPIRITS OVER THE WATER.

AMERICAN religionists have long since left their Emerson and their Ossoli far behind in the great race after spiritual truths, as being too common-place and simple souls to "thrill in harmony with the secret sympathies of the universe." The denizens about the Great Salt Lake may indeed express their devotional feelings vulgarly enough, as in their well known invitation to camp meeting, addressed to their poorer brethren:

Come wretched, come filthy,
Come ragged, come bare;
You can't look too horrid,
Come just as you air;

or in their little less celebrated compliment to the sagacity of Providence:

You will have to rise up airy
If you want to take in Heaven;

but it is a comfort to feel that upon the same great continent there is also a

very large party to counterbalance them. It has been not untruly written, that a genius requires something of a genius to appreciate and translate him to others; and, similarly, the circles of American spiritualism seem to demand a medium of a supernatural kind, in order that they may be "understood of the people" in Great Britain.

A number of the Spiritual Age newspaper is before us, the objects of which journal are not less obviously and perspicuously proclaimed by its allegorical frontispiece, than by its lucid and elaborate prospectus. The frontispiece exhibits a man in the costume of a stage brigand, without his hat, climbing up a mountain during a thunder-storm, with a roll in his hand (of parchment) and ejaculating the words of the dying Göethe: "Light, more light!" although there is a considerable thunder-bolt bursting immediately over his unprotected head. The prospectus declares this newspaper to be the ablest possible exponent of the philosophy and practical uses of the grand spiritual reformation now in progress; to be devoted to the elucidation of the nature, laws, relations, and functions of MAN; to the mysterious casualties and adventures of departed human spirits; to the rational philosophy of spiritualism; and to the reduction of the accumulated spiritual elements to a scientific and demonstrative form.

The Spiritual Age (for it says so itself, and surely it ought to know best) is free, liberal, rational, and religious; catholic, fearless, searching, and critical in its analyses on all subjects; righteous in its judgments of men and things. The miscellaneous department contains mythic and spiritual stories (and there is one in this particular number to which we are bound to say, no other adjectives could be with fitness applied), in which the subtle elements and panics of the spirit-world, and the most thrilling actual soul-experiences of the living world, are brought out in the most attractive form. These are copiously emphasised by innumerable capital and italic letters. There are no more italics throughout the long remainder of the prospectus, save at the end, where we are informed, that the Spiritual Age is published every Saturday at number fourteen, Bromfield Street (up-stairs), Boston, Massachusetts, at the small charge of two dollars per annum, Invariably in Advance. This extreme distinctness as to money matters, at the end of so much spiritual vagueness, does, we confess, rather jar upon our feelings, as partaking in some degree of the nature of a bathos; nor do we find, upon examination of the Age itself, that the Almighty Dollar is altogether lost sight of, even by folks "devoted to the highest interests of mankind."

Mrs. E. T. French, for instance, clairvoyant physician, New York, advertises in good bold type (miraculous as her powers are, and

yearning as her heart continuously is to effect the permanent cure of the whole suffering human family), that it is useless sending "a lock of your hair, and at least one of the prominent symptoms" of your complaint to her, without an accompaniment of five dollars. This lady seems to be in some sort the property of a Mr. Cuthbertson, subscriber (?), who also "feels it a duty he owes to suffering humanity," to supply at the same price, six bottles securely boxed, of Mrs. F.'s Lung and Cough Syrup, External Fluid, and other wonder-working compounds, to invalids in all sections of the country. Any suspicions which might arise under other circumstances, of a quack doctor playing into the hands of a quack apothecary, are of course set at rest at once, in the case of a Healing Medium and a Subscriber in constant intercourse with angels.

There are about forty of these blessings to civilisation, who advertise in the one sheet; each of whom, as we read on, seems to be possessed of powers more supernatural than the preceding. Psychometric delineation of character is imparted at forty-five, Bond Street, Salem Mass. for,—when we consider the advantages arising from such information,—the ridiculously small charge of a dollar and a-half. A. C. Styles, independent clairvoyant, gives accurate diagnosis of any disease, according to a sliding scale of charges: thus, when the patient is present, two dollars; when a lock of his hair only is present, and prominent symptom is given, three dollars; when lock of hair is present, but prominent symptom is not given, five dollars. Which seems as if, without a leading feature of the case, Independent Clairvoyant is somewhat subject to error. To insure the attention of Mr. Styles, the fee and postage-stamp must be in all cases paid in advance.

The most common charge is from one to five dollars for answering or deciphering sealed letters. Clearly, if the letters were the property of those who bring them to these mighty seers to be read, the easier as well as cheaper method would be, for the proprietors to open and read them for themselves; and therefore we cannot divest ourselves of an impression, that the clients of these gifted spiritualists must needs be prying persons, who have temporarily abstracted letters intended for the post-office, and who wish to become possessed of their contents without incurring the felonious responsibility of breaking the seals.

Dr. W. T. Osborn, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, who dates from the Home for the Afflicted, cures, in common with many of his brethren by the simple act of Laying on of Hands, a long list of chronic diseases, extending from consumption to paralysis. Dr. H. B. Newcombe disclaims this power as well as the use of stereotyped medicines, but enjoys in place of those advantages the following privilege: his prescriptions are given

by a spirit, formerly an ancient English physician, and medicines are thence prepared for each individual case. What sins could any eminent physician have possibly committed to justify such a fearful punishment in the other world as this? To become the medical adviser, and that without fee, of all the afflicted fools who go to Suffolk Place, Boston, for help.

Not only are there Medium apothecaries, whose "spiritual, clairvoyant, and mesmeric prescriptions are carefully prepared," and highly gifted butchers, bakers, and candle-stick-makers of all kinds, anxious to secure the patronage of the spiritual public; but even lawyers are touting for transcendental clients.

Counsellor at Law, Jabey Woodman, of Portland, who practises in the counties of Cumberland, York, Oxford, and Androscoggin, and in the courts of the United States, trusts that the friends of truth in Boston and New York will see to it that he does not suffer in his professional business, because his testimony has been freely given in relation to the evidences of life and immortality that have occurred in the present age.

Courtney and Payne, attorneys, also follow, with only a shade little less assurance upon the same side.

Spiritual phenomena of the medium kind are grown so common in that enlightened country, that furnished apartments are absolutely advertised upon the ground of their suitability for clairvoyant pursuits.

ROOMS FOR MEDIUMS! To let, at No. 6, Warner Square, two parlours, furnished in handsome style. Will be leased singly, or together. Also, an office on the first-floor suitable for a Healing Medium.

In Montgomery Place, Boston, there is, we suppose, Asiatic accommodation, for there Mr. N. C. Lewis, Clairvoyant Physician, "keeps an Indian spirit of the olden time for examinations and prescriptions."

Here follows a striking circumstance, which even in the columns of the *Spiritual Age*, may be well denominated A Remarkable Test:

At the sitting of a circle a short time since, Dr. Charles Main being present, and having at the time a patient under his care that had long baffled his medical skill, inquired of the Spirit Intelligence what medicine it would prescribe for the case in question. The spirit gave his name (as having formerly been well known as a celebrated physician in the earthly sphere), and replied, "Go to Dr. Cheever's, No. 1, Tremont Temple, Tremont Street, and procure his Life-root Mucilage." This was done by the Doctor, and used with complete success. At that time, the Doctor, the Medium, nor either of the circle, knew anything of Dr. Cheever, or that there was such a medicine to be had; and since Dr. Main has formed an acquaintance with the proprietor, he has informed him of the fact, and here gives him the full benefit of it. One dollar per bottle for the Mucilage, or five dollars for six bottles.

Among some dozen public notices of the

same character, we learn that Miss Sarah Magoun, trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, or any other time; also that Mr. Frank White's supernatural services are at anybody's disposal, upon the usual terms, as a writing and rapping Medium. Mr. John Hobust, too, receives calls to lecture upon spiritualism, is prepared to present the subject in its phenomenal, biblical, and philosophical aspects, and, above all things, desires a public discussion with any honourable disputant, who may be disposed to oppose him.

Several public discussions upon this matter are reported in the *Spiritual Age*, in all of which the opponents of the spirits get raps over their knuckles, and are clawed up with apparent ease. One Sunday at one of the Melodeon meetings, Mr. H. B. Stover, from Connecticut, trance-speaker, ascended the desk, and presented to a numerous company the views of an unknown spirit upon the love of adventure and its uses. The invisible speaker declined to give his name, alleging that the world had been influenced by great names too much already; but, dropping some remarks about Icy Regions, and referring incidentally to his having recently quitted these earthly diggings, he led many of the audience to believe that they had been listening to no other than Elisha Kent Kane!

A **CIRCLE** is held for Medium Developments, and Spiritual Manifestations, at Bromfield Street, every Sunday, morning and evening, admission five cents; and every Sunday afternoon, admission free.

Under these circumstances we very much fear that the Circle will scarcely find time to go to church. They lean, we fear, in the unorthodox direction of Mr. George Stearns, the talented Author of the *Mistakes of Christendom*, who will answer calls in any direction.

At the Evening Star Hall, in Main Street, the Sunday forenoons are occupied by Circles; the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to spiritualism; and the evenings to speaking, by Loring Moody, whose reputation is, of course, European.

One lady (who resides over a dry goods store) has the advantage of thirteen other more or less gifted female advertisers in being a rapping, writing, trance-speaking, and test Medium combined, as well as possessing the more ordinary and common-place power of clairvoyance.

Nor do these persons reap only the five dollars or so, which they have all such a strong inclination to see in advance: sometimes Surprises are given to them. Under this head we learn that a number of persons brought their own food with them, unasked, and picnic'd in Clairvoyant Newcombe's house on Saturday evening, with much agreeable interchange of sentiment. They left behind them afterwards, not only spiritual (that State is not afflicted with a Maine law) but

substantial tokens of their regard for the gifted doctor.

A young lady Medium was also similarly Surprised one Thursday evening by a considerable party, among whom were many members of the legislature. There is not indeed one single paragraph in this paper which does not strike us as being at once novel and unreasonable, from the account of the portrait-painting Mediums, who do not choose to execute more than two full-lengths a-day, down to the snake five feet long and half an inch, which was alive when removed from Mrs. Hayes's stomach (of Day, Warner county, N.J.), but did, unhappily for the interests of science, die soon afterwards. The lady—and no wonder—had not taken food for eighteen months.

The following is the first information which we remember to have received of a spirit being endowed with a sense of humour :

A SPIRITUAL ANECDOTE.—A few evenings since, as a private Circle of Spiritualists in this city (Boston) were receiving communications from the other world from a little child, recently deceased, the Old South rang for nine o'clock. The spirit hereupon ceased to communicate ; but after repeated solicitations, it came back, and in infantile language said, "There's a good deal of difference now, than when I was on the earth. Then my dear mamma used to tell me little children should be scen, and not heard ; now little children must be heard, and not seen."

A Mr. Boody informs the editor of the Age of a somewhat curious phenomenon lately exhibited by the spirit of his wife's brother, who had frequently been at his house representing to the family that he had been drowned at sea in eighteen hundred and thirty-seven :

It took control of a Medium, and wrote, that if the Circle would sit back from the table, only allowing their fingers to touch it, he would try and identify himself to them. They did so, and immediately the table began to tip on one end, and to pitch forward with a rocking motion, very like a vessel at sea ; at the same time, the lashing of waves, creaking of timbers, rattling of shrouds, were distinctly heard by all present, and continued for several minutes.

Let us conclude with an extract from an article, headed Spirit-Healing—is it Faith ? wherein this remarkable experience is gravely described :

My oldest son, about twenty-two years of age, had been afflicted with sores in his ears from his infancy, which had resulted in the entire deafness of the left ear, and nearly the same of the right. While sitting at dinner, I found my right arm was becoming charged unusually high with some fluid or force, but did not know the object. I soon ascertained that the aim was at my son's ears. Not being a reliable healing Medium, I did not expect much done, and my son was not a believer, nor did I apprise any one of what was going on. As soon as my arm was charged highly enough to suit the unseen operator, it rose, and made one pass at the ear which was entirely deaf. In about half a minute, my son started up suddenly, saying that there was a sharp noise in the ear, like that of a pistol-shot,

and in less than one minute his hearing was perfectly good.

This physician in spite of himself, was horror-stricken at the thought of being thus used, and begged not to be so employed again. He was entered into, however, by the spirit of a doctor—who had recently decamped to Kansas, insolvent, and there died—and made to effect divers other cures. When the conversation turned upon folks not paying their debts and sloping off slick to distant diggings, "the spirit seemed to participate with great interest and pleasure in our remarks."

JOURNEY TO THE MOON.

QUI a voyagé, voyagera. He who has travelled, will travel again. The Gadabout family are incorrigible ; it is impossible to convert them from their peripatetic ways. Vagabondism ; seeing the world ; a restless desire of change of place ; an insatiable craving after new faces and fresh scenery ; a mission for discoveries in Central Africa, or Central Anywhere ; a passion for clearing back woods and penetrating virgin forests ; a taste for continually retreating further into the bush before the advances of formal, cut-and-dried civilisation ; an uncontrollable impulse for pushing on, either corporeally or intellectually, either in person or spirit, into regions hitherto untrodden and strange ; are instinctive propensities which it would be scarcely wise to suppress, even were it possible, seeing that the world is very much indebted to such reckless spirits as cannot sit at home at ease, either in their comfortably snug little parlour or in their peaceful and narrow range of knowledge.

Ulysses, no doubt, greatly preferred encountering the hardships of his Odyssey to leading a quiet life at Ithaca, and teaching little Telemachus his alpha-beta. We cannot conceive bold Captain Cook confined to the round of London clubs and evening-parties, instead of discovering Otaheite and meeting with a great navigator's death from the hands of the savage Sandwich Islanders. To Davy, his toils in the labyrinth of metallic chemistry ; to Herschell, his nocturnal search into the profoundest depth of the firmament, were pleasures and delights, not pains and penalties.

We confess to a sympathy, in a humble way, with vagabonds and strollers, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, above all when we can combine the two modes of running to and fro. Consequently, it is with no small pleasure that we hang on to the skirts of a travelling companion who will help us to make an agreeable tour through a track unbeaten by the multitude. Now, M. Lecourturier, the head Rédacteur of the Musée des Sciences at Paris, has lately started an excursion-train to visit the principal stations and the most interesting points of view in

the department of Planetary Astronomy.* The entire trip is much too lengthy to be taken without halting for rest and refreshment by the way; so we will content ourselves with the briefer treat of a short half-hour's drive,—a little lunar episode,—at the same time availing ourselves, by the way, of other guide-books than those kindly furnished by M. Lecouturier himself.

We are arrived, then, at the surface of the moon, and a sublimely terrible scene lies before us. Nought but silence and desolation reigns throughout our short-lived satellite. Although far younger than her mother, earth, who still continues vigorous and green, she is already stiff, stark, and inanimate. That the moon is considerably junior to the earth, is no modern phantasy. In ancient times, the Arcadians, who wished to be considered the most ancient of all existing nations, conceived the clever idea of enriching their coats of arms and heightening their nobility, by claiming descent from ancestors who lived at an epoch when the earth had no attendant moon. They assumed the title of Proseleni, that is, anterior to the moon.

That men dwelt on earth before the birth of the moon, is more than doubtful; it is highly improbable, for several forcible considerations, although certain terrestrial plants and animals might have enjoyed a pre-lunar existence. The latest teachings of modern science tend to prove that while chaos reigned, while the earth was without form and void, the atmosphere was so heavy, deep, and thick, was in such a state of density, laden with innumerable matters which now form part of the crust of the globe, that light could not penetrate its murky veil. Darkness was upon the face of the deep. Afterwards, when the vast atmospheric laboratory had fulfilled its office, and had deposited, amongst other things, all the water which now fills the seas, there was light. But a calm was far from being established on the surface of the globe when it was first covered by the primitive waters. The vibratory movements of the earth's incandescent mass did not cease then, and have not ceased yet. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and upraisings of mountains, must have been frequent. Then appeared the primæval plants, developing themselves with extraordinary vigour in the hypercarbonated atmosphere; then, came the monstrous reptiles and the numerous races of marine animals, whose remains we find petrified in strata of flint and calcareous rock. The marvellous preservation, to this very day, of their minutest details of structure, proves the deep tranquillity which reigned in the ocean at the epoch when these creatures met their death. There could be no tides in the antelunar seas, since the tides

are owing to the moon, and the moon as yet was not. The majority of fossil animals remain so complete and uninjured in their organisation, that they look as if they had met with sudden death, by some general cause of suffocation, in the midst of the profoundest quiet of nature.

And then came the most fearful catastrophe which has ever occurred on the face of the earth. Will a similar cataclysm ever take place at any future time? Several very powerful arguments tend to prove that it may and will. The stupendous event was no less than this. An explosive eruption of inconceivable extent and violence shook the whole frame of the earth, and she relieved herself by shooting out into open space a mass of matter in a state of fusion, in the midst of which mass were carried away portions of the solid crust of the globe. The projected heap of fiery substance was naturally arrested at the point where the sphere of the earth's attraction ceases and that of the sun's preponderance commences; it was then carried away by the earth as she advanced in her orbit, and became henceforth her satellite. The volume of the material torn off by this fearful explosion was equivalent to, and is still equivalent to, the forty-ninth part of the earth's whole mass. This fragment of the globe was blown away from the part of the world now covered by oceans. A deep abyss was hollowed out; it filled rapidly. The waters under the heaven were gathered together unto one place, and the dry land appeared. The earth assumed somewhat of its present aspect; it brought forth grass and fruit-trees; and, above all, there rode in the firmament the lesser light to rule the night. All pre-existing animals must have been smitten at once with death; they were intombed in mud and mummified in sandstone, leaving their place unoccupied and clear for the new creation which was to follow them.

Three facts of a different nature (geological, hydrographical, and astronomical) are alleged in evidence that the earth was once without a moon. Geology proves that the majority of the strata which intervene between the primitive and the diluvian formations were deposited at the bottom of perfectly tranquil waters which almost entirely enveloped the globe. But, if the seas accompanied the earth in its rotatory and progressive motion without being subject to the slightest disturbance, the reason is, that the flux and influx of the tides were still unknown; in other words, the moon did not exist.

Again; the real basin of the ocean is far from having the precise extent and configuration which we behold when we walk along its shores. In the neighbourhood of low lands, the depth of the sea gradually increases up to a certain distance, when you suddenly come upon a precipitous submarine cliff, which plunges perpendicularly, and the waters

* Panorama des Mondes, Astronomie Planétaire. Par M. Lecouturier. Paris, 1855.

beyond it are bottomless ; that is, the bottom becomes impossible or difficult to fathom. In other localities, at the foot of lofty sea-washed cliffs composed of primitive rock, these immeasurable depths are immediately met with. The space inclosed within these gigantic walls of granite constitutes the veritable basin of the ocean. The fact is inexplicable on the theory of a gradual upheaving of the earth's outer shell ; because the edge of the ocean's basin is not inclined, but vertical. Its sides are exactly like the broken edge of an exploded bomb. A portion of the terrestrial crust has clearly been either forced out or knocked in ; but it cannot have been driven in, because its borders would be oblique and not perpendicular ; they would offer a resemblance to a chain of mountains overthrown. But if this very large portion of the earth's shell has not been crushed in (and it is most probable that it has not), but has been blown out and away ;—where has it gone to ? We behold it shining overhead.

Thirdly ; if the moon be a confused agglomeration of solid and melted substances violently discharged from off and out of the earth, it ought to be bristling with mountains proportionally loftier than our own ; and such is the fact. It ought to have a volcanic aspect ; and such is the fact. Containing heaps of pumice-stone and ashes exploded pell-mell, its density ought to be less than the earth's ; and such is the fact.

But now that we are on the moon, let us take advantage of the opportunity and look around. It is the abomination of desolation, a solid, desert, silent heap of ruins, never refreshed by a drop of moisture nor fanned by a breath of air. The monotonous black sky is never overspread with mists nor traversed by the lightning's flash. The hills never echo the pealing of thunder, the cries of wild animals, nor the howling of tempests. There is a perfect stillness and a perfect immobility to which that of the tomb offers no comparison. There is no atmosphere, no respirable air ; there are no seas, lakes, nor rivers ; no clouds, rain, nor dew. No change of seasons ; no showers, hail, nor snow, since there is no water.

An atmosphere is the link which connects animals with vegetables ; what the one give out into the air, the others absorb from it ; in point of fact, it may be said, that, as far as their organic elements are concerned, plants and animals, deriving their substance from the air, are nothing else but condensed air. But the moon has no atmosphere, and consequently no plants or animals. There is not the slightest trace of vegetation, not even the grey or yellow lichens which are found on the sunburnt rocks of an African desert. There is no heaped-up pile of materials which is not due to unaided chance ; there is not the least apparent symmetry of form which can indicate any purpose on the

part of an operator. There are only lofty barren mountains, the fragments of our exploded globe, cemented together by volcanic lava or split into unfathomable chinks and crevices. The land has the aspect of a volcanic country ; it merely bears the impress of its birth. There are vast circular crater-like hollows ; but they are merely concavities and depressions produced by the contraction of the moon's substance during the process of cooling. We see others like them, on a smaller scale, in a multitude of matters ; in metal, rosin, fat, and wax, which gradually pass from a liquid to a solid state by the loss of heat. The moon has become torpid by the radiation of the whole of her native warmth. She has died of cold, if you will ; she is frozen to death.

On earth we have no veritable death, like that which reigns throughout the moon ; we have only change of form and constitution. We have not that condition of absolute repose, that unalterable stillness, that unchanging rigidity, that sterile, atmosphereless, arid state of fixed solidity, which constitutes the death of the moon. What we call a dead body, is not dead ; an ancient Egyptian mummy tries hard to attain a real death, in vain. Were it truly dead, it would remain the same as it was at the moment when death seized it, for thousands and thousands of years ; it would continue the same dead body for ever. But it corrupts ; it decomposes. Now corruption is a force, a potent agent, which is the harbinger of life to come ; and thus the corruptible puts on incorruption, and the mortal puts on immortality. In the moon, there appears to be neither life, nor death, nor change, nor renovation ; there is stable equilibrium—a negation of every vital movement—and that is all.

Only one face of the moon is visible to dwellers on earth, namely that which is constantly turned towards us. This face has been carefully mapped, and names have been given to all the most considerable mountains (for whom the greatest philosophers have stood godfather), as well as to numerous plains and hollows, which were called by the first observers, seas. Of the mountains, one thousand and ninety-five have had their height accurately measured. Thirty-nine of them are loftier than Mont Blanc ; six are higher than Cotopaxi ; and two reach an elevation only a little inferior to that of the topmost summits of the Himalayas. The satellite is therefore comparatively a much more mountainous country than the planet ; to carry out the same proportions, the height to which our mountains tower would have to be very nearly quadrupled. Only fancy a magnified Mont Blanc of four times the perpendicular altitude of that which overlooks the vale of Chamouñi !

At the foot of the lunar mountains there generally exist cavities of prodigious depth ;

thus, Mount Newton, situated near the north limb of the moon, overtops an abyss which remains in perpetual darkness; it never receives either the direct light of the sun or the reflected light of the earth. Close to the Peak of Aristarchus there must be a chasm which is unparalleled by anything on earth. A Spanish naval officer, Don Antonio Ulloa, observed during the total eclipse of seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, a luminous point which shone successively like stars of the fourth, third, and second magnitude. Ulloa explained what he had seen by supposing the sun's rays to have penetrated through a fissure in the lunar globe, whose entire depth, according to Lalande's calculations, could not have been less than two hundred and fifty miles. Ulloa's hole, although astronomers refused to acknowledge it, was again seen during the total eclipse of eighteen hundred and forty-two by Don Pedro Vieta of Barcelona, who stated the additional circumstance that the hole was crooked. While observing the same eclipse, Monsieur Valz, the learned director of the observatory at Marseilles, saw, during the total obscuration, several brilliant luminous points of the solar disc through cracks or perforations in the moon. The stream of light exactly resembled a ray of sunshine darting into a darkened room through a hole in the shutter. In this case, the moon must have an open chink three hundred and fifty miles long from one aperture to the other.

But enough of these colossal horrors, which have neither life nor variety to recommend them. There is a monotony in the desolation reigning in the moon, to which scenes of earthly sublimity have but a faint and distant resemblance. Let us change the direction of our lunar prospect; let us look up to the sky—or what ought to be the sky—and there we behold the noble aspect of the earth shining overhead—an enormous globe, almost stationary in respect to its position in the heavens, although presenting the same phases of crescent, full, and waning earth as the moon displays every month to us, only on a scale just thirteen times larger. What a marvellous panorama is exhibited by the earth viewed from the moon! Verily, if there really be no Selenites, or moon-men, hidden in the depths of her valleys, it is a great pity that such a magnificent spectacle should not have constant admirers, instead of being only peeped at now and then by occasional enthusiastic travellers like ourselves. It may be a good thing, however, for us that there should be no moonites in existence; for if they took any offence or bore any grudge against us, they might contrive to do us considerable damage. The weight of any substance at the surface of the moon is about five times less than it is on earth. From this datum, Lagrange and Laplace calculated that if the moonites had sufficient industry and manufacturing resources to fabricate

large pieces of artillery, they might easily shoot the earth, by taking good aim, without its being even possible for us to have our revenge by returning their cannon-balls and shooting the moon.

The aspect of the earth beheld from the moon, always gorgeous, is never the same. Before it floats, a flickering drapery adorned with moveable ever-changing spots, which are continually disappearing, to give place to others of fresh form and pattern. Cloudy belts are drawn in certain directions by the agency of monsoons and trade winds. Stripes diverging in other directions are the traces of the polar gales, which rush towards the temperate zones, sweeping the heaving masses of mist and vapour before them. The freaks and violence of the untamed winds give to our planet a more singular and changeable aspect than that of Jupiter as we behold him striped across with transverse bands or belts. In consequence of these continual alterations of the outer veil, it rarely is possible to catch a complete view of the configuration of our continents or of the exact limits of our wide-spread oceans. Lunar students of terrestrial geography, unable ever to obtain at once an entire view of either of our hemispheres, might nevertheless construct an accurate map by noting down the details of various countries as they presented themselves from time to time, and then combining the fragments into a whole. It would simply be an exercise of the same mental powers which a child exerts when he fits together his puzzle map of England, finding its proper place for every one of the counties which have been mingled pell-mell in the box. Selenite members of the Geographical Society enjoy the great advantage of having a full view of localities which are all but inaccessible to us. They are able to inspect Central Africa with less fatigue than Doctor Livingstone, and they can form an idea of what the North Pole is like without sharing the sad fate of Franklin.

But while the outlines of the earth's disc are vague and difficult to determine, her colouring is decided and strongly contrasted. At each pole of the shining planet is a vast white spot which offers a singular phenomenon. Although perpetually there, and never effaced, they periodically vary in size, re-assuming their original appearance, after the completion of the three hundred and sixty-five revolutions on its axis, which constitute the terrestrial year. In proportion as the white spot on one pole diminishes, that of the opposite pole increases; it is as if one of the rival powers reconquered a portion of ground exactly equal to that lost by the other, so that they advance and retreat reciprocally, maintaining, on the whole, between the two, an equal amount of territory. Nevertheless, the northern white spot is always considerably smaller than the southern. To Selenites, who have no notion or knowledge of water and ice, the variations of these two white

spots must remain an impenetrable mystery. We, who observe the same phenomenon in the planet Mars, can easily account for it.

In short, the earth's complexion is brilliant, coming and going as her sentiments, her passions, and the state of her health vary. She turns brightly pale when and where it is winter, and blushes tenderly green under the influence of spring. The divers colours of the different parts of our globe change, like the hues of a magic lantern, according as they are reflected from an arctic circle or a torrid zone, a continent or a sea, a sandy desert or a leafy forest, a mountain or a plain, and even from an Old World or a New. The regular return, once in every four-and-twenty hours, of these richly-tinted spots, to the same position, demonstrates at once to moonite philosophers what has given men so much trouble to establish, the fact of the earth's revolution on her axis. It does more; it provides sojourners on the moon with the most magnificent clock that was ever imagined. It is gigantic, permanent, and keeps perfect time; it never stops, and never requires winding up. The rotation of the earth in four-and-twenty hours replaces the hand which travels round the dial plate. Every fixed spot, situated at a different terrestrial longitude, is a number which marks the hours and the minutes, as it passes over this or that lunar meridian. The spots which at any given moment make their appearance at the edge of the earth's disc, will be situated, six hours afterwards, exactly on the straight line which passes from pole to pole, through the centre of the disc; and six hours afterwards they will have reached the opposite edge of the disc, and will then immediately disappear. Every spot takes exactly four-and-twenty hours to return to the lunar meridian which it has passed. In order to ascertain the hour and its divisions by looking at this admirable clock-face, all that is required is to know the time it takes for the different spots to pass from one meridian to another. The appearance of a spot, as well as its disappearance, also suffice to tell what o'clock—or rather, what on earth—it is. A visitor to the moon would reckon the hour of the day by watching the passage of the earth's spots over the lunar meridian, by exactly the same method as he employs at home, when he lays down the rule that fifteen degrees to the east is an hour later, and fifteen degrees to the west an hour earlier than at the place where he happens to be. Thus, when it is noon on the meridian of Paris, it is one o'clock on that of Upsal, and two o'clock on that of Suez.

Unfortunately for residents on the moon, the earth is visible from only one of its (the moon's) hemispheres. That hemisphere is specially privileged; it knows no real night. When sun-shine fails, the earth-shine supplies its place with a light equal to thirteen

times that of our full moon-light when the sky is at its clearest. And the earth benevolently beams not light only, but also warmth. It has at least been ascertained beyond doubt that the rays of the moon do transmit a feeble but observable amount of heat; the larger and hotter mass of the earth must dart on the moon considerably more than thirteen times the heat reflected from our satellite under the most favourable circumstances. Moonites, then, might well be excused for worshipping the earth in the amplitude of her splendour. Those who dwelt on the hemisphere whereon their queen-like planet is invisible, might be supposed to perform pilgrimages, at least once in their lives, to adore so magnificent a luminary. The journey, after all, is of no extraordinary length from the most distant central point—nine hundred miles; not nearly so great as faithful Mussulmen undertake, from the extremities of Asia or Africa, to visit Mecca, where they are rewarded by the sight of a big black stone of (it is said) no remarkable pretensions to beauty.

But the resplendent, open-countenanced earth, who shines so benignantly on the pallid moon, still shines in vain, as far as the moon is concerned; because hers is the pallor of inanimation. The illuminator and the illuminated are separated by the width of the fathomless gulf which forms the boundary between life and death. Now that the equilibrium of heat is established throughout our satellite, her whole mass remains inert and motionless; she is a mummified corpse; whereas the earth is still lively and vigorous. In her time, she has proved herself even dangerously energetic, and may so prove herself again. We are treading on very tender ground when we walk over her surface; as will be clear if we believe her interior to consist of a spheroidal mass in a state of igneous fusion, whose diameter equals one hundred and twenty-five times the thickness of her solid crust. Certainly, it is within the bounds of truth to say, that the earth's shell offers, in strict proportion, no more resistance than that of an egg. All the phenomena of past ages, as well as all the phenomena occurring in our own times,—that is to say, the whole force of analogy,—are opposed to the opinion that the actual surface of our globe is in a state of perpetual stability. The earthquakes which swallow up villages and towns, and the torrents of lava which boil from the lips of volcanoes, to spread themselves over the calcined fields, inculcate a very different idea. With the future fate of the crust of the earth is involved the fate of the races of animals sustained by it. We may live, therefore, mentally secure and confident; but we must not forget that we are not in perfect and certain surety, and that a new satellite may one day be shot out into space from the entrails of the earth, and

may destroy, in one single instant, by that convulsion, the whole audacious race of Japhet.

Is it possible to calculate the epoch of any new break-up of the present state of things? And can we guess in what way it is likely to take place? To the first question, a negative reply must be given. We cannot predict its date. It would require a multitude of new geological observations and discoveries to resolve the problem in a manner at all approaching to be satisfactory. Meanwhile, it must be allowed that the awful phenomenon may take place to-morrow, as likely as a thousand, or a hundred thousand, years hence. The second inquiry may be answered; by the help of analogy, with considerable probability of being approximately true. The animals at present existing on the earth may disappear, in consequence of the action of subterranean fire. The burning spheroid, which constitutes the major portion of our globe, might explode and shoot out a second satellite into empty space, without the solar system's suffering thereby the slightest momentary disturbance; but not without the earth's receiving a terrible shock, which would reduce every town, and every human edifice, to dust; which would utterly destroy mankind by the outbreak of internal fire, by the crash of ruins; or by the overwhelming sweep of outpoured oceans. Either the concussion might be sufficiently violent to break up the earth into fragments and to give birth to new telescopic planets, like Juno, Vesta, and the rest of them; or, she might resist the violence of the blow, and our spheroid might melt and then solidify against the shell at present existing. In that case, its centre of gravity would be invariable, and the earth would probably have a rotatory movement round the sun, similar to that of her satellite round herself; namely, an endless summer and an endless day would fall to the share of one hemisphere, while eternal night and winter would envelope the other hemisphere in ever-during shade. But in which ever way this fearful catastrophe took place, its necessary consequence would be the total extinction of every existing race of animals. Would other races succeed to them? And would the human race, in particular, be replaced by another set of rational beings less imperfect than our own? Analogy answers, Yes! but the Great Ruler of the universe alone can tell whether analogy suggests a true or a false belief.

Very many learned men have made themselves perfectly easy respecting the future condition of the earth. Its present state, they take for granted, will henceforth remain invariable; the grand cataclysms, which have broken it up at former epochs, will never occur again, and human intelligence has nothing to do but to develop itself regardless of the future; for what the earth is to-day,

it will remain for ever. Such an opinion of the stability of the actual order of earthly things is doubtless consolatory, and is well adapted to tranquillise our minds respecting the lot of future generations; but the optimists must allow others to differ from their views. It is scarcely a logical conclusion to deduce future tranquillity from repeated antecedent convulsions; and therefore Monsieur A. Passy, in his "Geological Description of the Department of the Seine Inférieure," is justified in asserting, that the causes which produced the first crust of the earth, and which have repeatedly broken up its second envelope, although restrained in their action, are nevertheless far from being exhausted. And Monsieur Elie de Beaumont states his belief, that it is impossible to be assured that the period of tranquillity, apparently so stable, in which we live, will not one day be interrupted by the sudden apparition of a grand chain of mountains; another savant ventures to add, and by the birth of one or several satellites. And thus, the boldest deductions of modern science accord with the declarations of Holy Writ, that the earth shall one day melt with fervent heat, and that there shall be new heavens, and a new earth.

DUST AND ASHES.

BETWIXT your home and mine,
O love, there is a graveyard lying;
And every time you came,
Your steps were o'er the dead, and from the dying
Your face was dark and sad,—
Your eyes had shadows in their very laughter,
Yet their glance made me glad,
And shut my own to what was coming after.
Your voice had deeper chords
Than the Æolian harp when night winds blow;
The melancholy music of your words
None but myself may know.
And, O, you won my heart
By vows unbreathed,—by words of love unspoken;
So that, as now we part,
You have no blame to bear, and yet—'tis broken!
How shall I bear this blow, how best resent it?
Ah, love, you have not left me even my pride!
Nor strength to put aside, nor to repent it:
Twere better I had died!
You came beneath my tent with friendly greeting;
Of all my joys you had the better part;
Then, when our eyes and hands were oftener meeting,
You struck me to the heart!
No less a murderer, that your victim, living,
Can face the passing world, and jest and smile!
No less a traitor, for your show of giving
Your friendship all the while!

Well, let it pass! That city churchyard, lying
Betwixt our homes, is but a type and sign,
Of the waste in your heart, and of the eternal dying
Of all sweet hopes in mine!

THE EVE OF A REVOLUTION.

For a period so near to us as that of the great French Revolution of seventeen hundred and eighty-nine—upon which a few octogenarians can even now, as it were, lay their hand—it is surprising what a dim veil of mystery, horror, and romance seems to overhang the most awful convulsion of modern times. While barely passing away, it had of a sudden risen to those awful and majestic dimensions which it takes less imposing events centuries to acquire, and towered over those within its shadow as an awful pyramid of fire, blinding those who look at it. It requires no lying by, or waiting on, posterity for its proper comprehension. It may be read by its own light, and by those who run; and is about as intelligible at this hour as it is ever likely to be. It is felt instinctively: and those whose sense is slow, may have it quickened by Mr. Carlyle's flaming torch—flaring terribly through the night. He might have been looking on in the crowd during that wild night march to Versailles, or standing at the inn door in the little French posting town, as the sun went down, waiting wearily for the heavy berline to come up. Marvellous lurid torch that of his. Pen dipped in red and fire, glowing like phosphoric writing. His history of the French Revolution, the most extraordinary book, to our thinking, in its wonderful force, picturesqueness, and condensation, ever written by mere man. There is other subsidiary light, too, for such as look back—light from tens of thousands of pamphlets, broadsides, handbills—all honest, racy of the time, writ by furious hearts, by hands trembling with frenzy and excitement—hands streaked with blood and dust of the guillotine: read by mad wolfish eyes at street corners on the step of the scaffold by lamplight. Hawked about, too, by hoarse-mouthed men and women, to such horrible tune as *Le Père Duchesne est terriblement enragé aujourd'hui*. An awful, repulsive cloud, darkening the air for such as look back at it. Vast shower of ribaldry, insane songs, diatribe, declamation—all shot up from that glowing crater. An inexhaustible study!

In several numbers of this journal an attempt has been made to throw a little light upon the details of this eventful period, more particularly upon the strangely quiet eve of the convulsion, when the high nobility were sleeping placidly in their gilt fauteuils looking for anything rather than for so vulgar and plebeian an exhibition as a revolution. That state of unnatural calm, like enough to the quiet in camp when the storming party are gathering in the trenches—that insane care-

lessness and complete sovereignty of the *Quem Deus vult perdere* truth, have been before spoken of in these pages, with more especial reference to the social view of the times. How this same cracked nobility smirked, and fiddled, and played the gallant, and dealt out their quips and cranks to the virtuous court dames, and looked out from the mansard windows at the roll of fiery lava that was coming down the mountains, never dreaming it was to come their way. How they made jokes on the fissures opening in the earth around them, and passed about witty bon mots on the queer noises and earthquake rumblings: how they became as Mr. William Hogarth's drunken fellow, sawing away the signboard on which he is astride. These things offer the strangest problem. The most marvellous historical nut for cracking to historical inquirer. Never did ancient saw come truer than that one of *Quem Deus vult perdere*, and the rest of it, for this time at least!

—What a curious thing to have had a peep—just one peep—at that bright lustrous city, before the eruption came, in that year of seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, when all the fiddling, and salaming, and posturing was going forward. When they were holding their beds of justice and rank mummeries. When there was for music distant roarings, like the wind in the forest—ungrateful, no doubt, to Corinthian ears. Though the period is so near, still, as was said before, it seems to be remote from us by ever so many long years. Impossible to conceive that the resplendent Paris of to-day was that same Paris through which our octogenarian sire—then for the first time on his travels—walked admiringly, looking down the shining river at the bright buildings all as yet undefaced, at the purple velvet coats and powdered wigs of the nobility, at their jewelled sword-hilts and snuff-boxes, at their canes studded with diamonds (as set out in a jeweller's list of the day). Well might he look and wonder, might wander up and see guard relieved at the Bastille, or stop at the Tuileries gate and admire the sturdy Swiss on duty there, in red coats like the English at home. Then see a great coach or berline roll by, that would hold six conveniently inside—ladies' hoops and all—with Royal family inside—roll, to his exceeding wonder, without loyal acclamation, such as greets Great George our King at home: rather with a cry incomprehensible to him, of *L'Autre-Chienne* shouted not with bated breath. Perhaps he has noted at the window of the great coach the face of a handsome man, terribly worn; that of a certain Irlandois, known as *Le Beau Dillon* (so they spelt it there), or more likely that of a certain Coigny, well-known and gallant Count. If he turn to those scowling fellows in blouses, muttering with one another, they will help him to some of the precious scandal of the day. Their lips will foam as

they run him off upon their fingers an unholy bead-roll—one, two, three, four, up to the dozen even—all concerning *Cette Autr-r-re-Chienne*. Most likely he will have purchased for himself, from a hawker going by, one of those terrible pamphlets to be had so low as three sols or three pence—impudently sung out through the streets—bought up eagerly by scowling men. They will make him tremble as he reads, especially if he fall in with that awful production, entitled, *Historical Essays on the Life of Marie Antoinette*, set down with matchless effrontery as being printed at Versailles, at the house of La Monteusier, Hôtel des Courtisanes, or with that other on the life of the Duke of Orleans, set down as having come from the printing-press of Saint James, London. Only conceive the greedy readers of these foul things, sitting along those bright boulevards, and lifting their eyes as the great coach with the Royal arms emblazoned, went by! But this was *L'an de la liberté Française*, seventeen hundred and eighty-nine. Not *L'an premier*, or first year, with attendant jargon of *Frimaire-Ventose*, and the rest of it, which had as yet to be thought of.

Terrible times those must have been, and hugely perplexing for the worthy subject of Great George our King, then abroad upon his travels.

Not so long since the writer of this article, wandering along the *Quai Voltaire*, a book-hunting, fell in with a little diamond almanac and memorandum-book of the date of this very first year of liberty. It was clearly belonging to a person of quality, being done up handsomely in morocco with inside lining of blue silk, having, besides, bound with it a copy of that well-known almanac royal, which no person of quality should then be without. I do believe that was the last almanac royal that came out. In despite of its long term under so many Royal Louis's, and its full and flowing lists of the great people who were of the *Maison du Roi*, and of His Royal Highness's and Madame's, and Monsieur's, and of the Bed-chamber folk, and the Chaplainry, and Grand Marshals, and First Huntsmen, and Prickers, and the rest of that rotten sham. In despite of it all, I think I suspect it died out that year of liberty.

Well, taking it then that this belonged to persons of quality, it is very strange indeed, to run the eye down the calendar where it will find certain days marked with crosses—red letter days—and then to turn to the memoranda for explanation. These prove to have been so many days of distinction—being august evening parties at Versailles—chronicled with pride. On the eighth of May there seems to have been an *Assemblée Mineur* at that palace. On the twenty-second a large one, and on the twenty-sixth a reception at the Archbishop's house. Then are set down the stages of a little tour in the

provinces—answer from M. Caffarique of Calais, and return to the capital on the sixteenth of June. In the mean time the person of quality is attracted by the political discussion of the time, and, on the eighteenth of May, sets down a mem: "look into *Contract social*." He has also time to think of a wonderful invention, just out, entitled, *Plumes tachégraphiques*, and is plainly bitten by the *Anglomania*, for he makes another mem: of one M. Franchant, traiteur à *L'Anglaise*, who resides in the *Rue de Notre Dame*. Poor Cook after the English! what befel him and his cookery in other wild scenes that followed? Then an entry, concerning one *Mademoiselle Curchod*, living in one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three, it says, in the city of Ayre, near to Geneva—sounds some-way connected with Edward Gibbon, Esquire; then mere setting down of a distinguished name with a huge asterisk—no other than that of *Duc de Montbazou*. Then, in pencil, a hasty ill-written burst of loyalty: "*Vive Louis Seize, Père des François et Roy d'un Peuple Libre!*" Poor, ardent *Constitutionalist!* writing down that after-dinner sentiment full of sanguine hopes and dreams of a golden age! *Diarist*, whoever he was (at the close there is signed in red letters the name of *Target*, advocate, who defended Louis hereafter) saw not what was coming, being busy with his august Versailles receptions, and sham English cookery. He might, after all, have had a dim suspicion of what was coming. For he soon sets down "that he has sent on his mails to London." Doctor John Zeluco Moore was abroad about that time, and walking about those fair Paris streets. That heavy personage and immortal toady had finished his tour in company with his Grace, and was now among the French, takin' notes hereafter to be prented. His most noble Douglas, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, Marquis of Douglas, &c. &c., had been left safely at home, having driven that noble chaise of his (with a place inside, kept for the travelling physician) from court to court, and seen every margrave and elector under the sun. The D— of H—, as the Doctor mysteriously puts it, was made much of at all the little German towns. Their Serene Highnesses having him up to tea now and again to take a hand of cards with her Serene Highness. Of course the Doctor contrived to be let in under the wing of my noble patron the D— of H—, and looked on from afar off at the tea and cards. All the while, of course, takin' those famous notes which are now in prent, making up the five slim volumes constituting the *View of Society and Manners*. But on this second occasion, when the most noble Douglas, Duke of —, &c. &c., had had sufficient travel, what was to be done? Providence fortunately turned up my Lord of Lauderdale, then Paris bound, and wanting a chaise-companion; and Doctor John was taken up the regular beaten road

—by Calais and Abbeville— at which place my Lord Lauderdale was constrained, through ill-health, to sleep the night, and set down in Paris then all in a ferment. Conceive of the poor Doctor what troubled time he must have had of it, walking about nervously during that hot, fiery month of August, and picking up what he could. How many times was he caught in the midst of fighting mobs along the quays Mazarin and Voltaire, while gazing down the river and admiring the buildings. How many times jostled by rough Citizen Somebody in a red cap—and unsavoury cap—who would growl at him for an aristocrat. How many times was he woke up of nights by shots in the street below, and desperate clanging of the tocsin, and shrieks, on which, dressing himself hurriedly, our doctor would go out very cautiously, leaving my Lord Lauderdale still dozing in his handsome chamber.

What might not a random bullet have done for Doctor Zeluco! And yet how curious it seems to find oneself reading of these prosy notes, written by this prosiest of hands, from the thick, as it were, of the Pandemonium,—written, as one would write home to one's friends! Documents, historic records, and pompous speculation, set out and balanced formally, are all so much dry bones and dust. Here, and as in the little memorandum-book, is out-speaking life. Conceive him describing easily and without pomp, just as one or other of us might tell of a stroll down into the City, how he set forth,—he and my Lord Lauderdale,—one busy day, for the Hôtel de Ville,—with the purpose of obtaining passports. How he and that nobleman were elbowed by the screaming fisherwomen about the place, and fellows with scarfs about their waists: liberty, equality, and fraternity fellows—all Jacks in office, about the door. How they got up into Mayor Pétion's room,—he writing; up to his eyes in business,—being led in by a mysterious Englishman, who seemed to have entrée everywhere. Exceeding civility on the part of Mayor Pétion, who gossips pleasantly with them on the state of things, but has a little difficulty about the passports.

"I have a notion," says Maire Pétion to milord and the Scotch Gentleman, "that in a short while Paris will be the safest place for a man to be in!" How comically does that notion read now, set down quite innocently by the Doctor!

Why, even to look at one of the two-sous pieces the Doctor must have emptied out of his purse when quitting the country, it had its own tale to tell, and tells it better than M. Thiers, *ex cathedra*; that is, from his Historic Chair. Here it lies before us, well worn by blood-stained fingers,—here is that good, puff-cheeked, sheep-faced countenance, with the fat chin, and hair gathered back into a foolish pig-tail,—on the other side the fascès (they were busy acting romance

then) with absurd Caps of Liberty and such mummery, with an inscription which should be noted to this effect,—The Nation, the Law, and (at the tail of all) the King! Poor King, how significant this touch!

Mr. Arthur Young, agricultural tourist, was likewise on his travels during these times. Not with very much concern for the rights of man, or prerogative, or kingly veto, which jargon speeches were rising every day, like so many kites; but with a true bovine eye,—an eye to fat crops, and so many quarters of wheat. Arthur Young, Esquire, the well-known agricultural tourist, who had made those well-known journeys through Ireland and England, who was so great at cattle-shows and farming dinners,—even that agricultural eye of his was caught by the awful shadows of coming events, lying thick before him on the Paris pavé. He, too, had a person of quality to look to, no other than his Seigneurie, the Duc de Liancourt, who took him down to his estates, and showed him his noble farming, and standing crops which were most likely never to be got in. The king's own agriculturist, also, was extraordinarily civil to Arthur Young, Esquire; but still that bovine eye was looking to those forecast shadows. No wonder, indeed; for when he went out of an evening for a lounge in the Palais Royal, it was curious all those crowds about every coffee-house door, straining their necks eagerly, and pressing on each other's shoulders. Mr. Young, pushing his Briton's figure forward, gets within sight and earshot. A man upon a table or chair in the coffee-house, declaiming frantically, gesticulating, and foaming; all on the favourite song of Rights of Man, Sovereignty of People, and the rest of it, with noisy orchestral accompaniment from bye-standers and bye-sitters,—of bravos and jingling of glasses and coffee-cups. Astonished Mr. Young walks away, not knowing what to make of it, and goes to the French Theatre, to hear the Earl of Essex and the Maison de Molière.

Neither does he well know what to make of that pamphlet avalanche before spoken of, which has been roaring down the mountains all this while: "Thirteen out to-day," says he, quite mystified, "sixteen yesterday, and ninety-two last week." Stockdale's or Debrett's great pamphlet emporia at home are sheer minnows to M. Desseins', the Paris bookseller.

But two or three years before this date, the most delightful gossip and choicest scandal-monger had made a trip over, and filled his note book. Nat. Wraxall, as he was known at the clubs, had been at the French Court, furnished with letters to distinguished people, and had kept his eyes and ears open. With such a wallet of wicked stories as he had brought home from those other tours of his in Germany, and round the Baltic, was it likely that Nat. Wraxall would pick up nothing

at Versailles and the *Ceil de Bouff*? Dear, delightful fellow—and eternal shame to have put him up in the King's Bench for that good thing concerning her Majesty of all the Russias!—which, if not true, was well found. Readers who love such company as Thomas Raikes, Esquire, and Thomas Moore, Esquire, and the Lady Charlotte Bury, must be forever beholden to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, Bart. "But about the Queen," say the clubmen, gathering round him, when he comes home from Paris,—“how about *Dilon le beau*, the descampatives, or romps among the bushes, eh?”

“Now, upon my word,” says our dear gossip, shaking his head—“upon my word, this is too bad. A model, sir, I do assure you,—a model wife and mother. But indiscreet; oh! so indiscreet! That business at the ball quite true, sir; quite true. I had it from a person at Court. *Dilon* had to join his regiment!”

“Ah!” say the club men.

“A noble woman, sir,” continues the baronet, “exemplary in all duties. Burke is cracked about her. But if there be one man more favoured than another; if there be a lover en titre at all—whisper, whisper—it is *Coigny*, or *Vaudreuil*. I had it from a person very high at Court! Mark you, I say, if—”

Prolonged whistle from the clubmen.

“I thought *Dorset*, the ambassador,” says a panting clubman.

“H'm,” says our gossip. “I can tell you *Dorset* showed me a packet of her letters, neatly tied up. H'm! Indeed, they seemed to be mostly about commissions for the English millinery. But, *Dilon*, sir—pah! he was as ugly as a mulatto! But a fine figure, sir. She liked your fine-looking men, sir, like *Whitworth!*” with more to that tune. Prince of gossiping fellows!

Well! he saw the city, like the others, when the mountain was smoking, and the lava beginning to flow. How fair it looked, and shone in that evening light, before being buried, and given up to fire and convulsion; what resource there was for diversion and fiddling and amusement, is worth considering, as it has been scarcely considered before. On which head there is something to be told, which had best be told in another paper.

To take up, then, that mysterious subject of Paris sleeping unconsciously on the eve of eruption—dim, strange vision, that makes one hold the breath, and brings up thoughts of that ten minutes' suspense before the criminal comes out upon the drop—and turning to the fiddlings and disporting that went forward while that smithy light was seen through the chinks. It is surprising in the midst of what gay, sprightly rioting and bacchanalian festivity that day of wrath surprised them. It was *Belshazzar's* feast over again, and the handwriting on the wall. The

king was on his throne, and Paris population feasting merrily, and sight-seeing—such, at least, as were coming fast to their last sous. To have taken a walk then through the city, with eyes and ears open, would have been only helping one to the conclusion, that this was a well-kept, thriving, light-hearted, innocent people—if ever there was innocent people on the earth. No pandemonium in posse here; no hell broken loose, or likely to break loose; but everything with a bright carnival aspect.

Gay Parisian men and women, too light of heart, too busy a pleasure-hunting to think of such coarse ideas as blood and massacre. Pah! Only conceive those lively-spirited *petits maitres* in conjunction with such rough notions. It were impossible. How was it, then, with this fair city on its surface, or upper crust, as it were, on the eve of the great eruption?

Let us take a fat, good-humoured provincial, one of those heavy, unsophisticated gentlemen *M. de Kock* brings on so comically, and set him down in the heart of the bright city, to stare curiously at all things about him. He has come either by diligence, cabriolet, coach, wagon, chariot, little car, long wain, pannier, imperial, berline, express, *malle-poste*, for he might have had his choice of all these conveyances, and has been set down in due course with his mails at the great office in *Rue Notre Dame de Victoires*. Then, having found a house of entertainment suited to his means, let our curious provincial go forth into the streets, and look about him.

At this time the famous *Tuileries Gardens* had fallen out of fashion as a place of promenade, and the fields called *Elysian* were crowded every evening with gay throngs. Provincial wandering along will see disposed on the light seats portly dowagers, smooth abbés, heavy shopkeepers with their families about them, mincing grisettes, ladies of more equivocal quality, and altogether about as strange a contrast to his own settlement at home as could well be fancied. But if he wish real diversion let him turn his face to the *Boulevards*; and of all days in the week of a Friday.

Friday was the fashionable day at this time: and on that day all the persons of quality drove up and down in long files. Such a show of exquisite equipages and noble ladies reclining in them—such a cloud of costly *vis-à-vis*, berlines, *désobligeantes* (*Mr. Sterne's désobligeante* was lying at this date in *Dessein's* courtyard at *Calais*), all fashioned like glass-coaches, were enough to dazzle our poor Provincial utterly. Those noble ladies so reclining were duchesses, marchionesses, and very many indeed, as may be imagined, suggestive of the fruit *M. Dumas* the younger has christened *Pêches à trois sous*. Of which, however, innocent Provincial has no thought, they being all beautiful ladies of

quality to him. Let him have a care, however, while he stares. There are terrible dangers in these same streets of Paris. For it is customary to drive at full speed, and his ears will be deafened with an eternal *Gare! Gare! look out!* M. le Prince comes thundering along with six horses. He used to have two couriers running on in front, whose white silk stockings some way never showed a speck; but now the mode is to have dogs, monster dogs, bounding in front, howling, barking, and certain to overthrow every unguarded passenger. Poor Jean Jacques was once knocked down by a huge Danish dog on the Meuil road, and was left there while the owner of the carriage passed on. It had grown to be a dangerous nuisance this furious driving and couriership of dogs. Daily were the canaille being spilt in the gutter, there being no trottoir for walkers. The light conveyances known as diables, carrying people to business, or to keep appointments, did grievous bodily harm. So, too, did the vinaigrettes, or little basket carriages. Should Provincial be run down, his chance of redress will altogether depend on the wheel that has done the mischief—say, broken Provincial's leg. The coachman has only to look to his fore wheel. The larger one he is not accountable for: so he may with comfort bid an unholly person take that hindmost. The canaille's broken limbs were to be paid for, if payment should be pressed for, by a fixed tariff hung up at the Police. Was there not here something to help us to the unravelling of that terrible discontent and murmuring below the surface?

The paving of that good city was not over much attended to. For after heavy rains, there would be broad rivers intersecting the streets—so cutting off all progress, as it were by a trench. The diables and berlines dashed through without impediment; but how was it to be with our pedestrians, for whom there was no flag-way? Utter stoppage, unless for the good offices of certain ingenious cripples, whose trade it was to carry about a couple of planks, which, for a sou, would be turned into a flying bridge. Towards the hour of dinner, then three o'clock, many a hapless diner out, who could not compass the charge of a fiacre, or devil, was to be seen in pumps and buckles, and speckless white stockings, hovering on the edge of the river, looking vainly for a cripple and his flying-bridge. Such pedestrian diners, from long practice, would bring in both pumps and stockings without a fleck,—such skill did they acquire in picking their steps. Other dangers were there, too. Awful fogs, lasting for whole days, would come on of a sudden; and all Paris in the streets thrown into inextricable confusion. With remedy here, too,—from the blind, this time, as before from the cripples.

Blind men rose to a premium on such

occasions, and five louis per diem was the least for which one was attainable. You took hold of him by his coat, and he led you safe to any part of the city; which would do well enough for the street, but to find the house, either in or out of the fog, must have been a hard thing in those days. Certain reformers had tried to set on foot a scheme for numbering of all houses; which had to be abandoned from the violent opposition of noble proprietors. Too proletarian a notion, that, by half. And so the stranger had to grope among a myriad of cordons bleus, and silver beards, seeking the sign of his particular house.

Wonderful indeed were the toilets to be seen through the glass windows of the berlines belonging to the persons of quality; some of those airy head-dresses being known as windmills, sheep, and running brooks. One favourite piece of art went by the name of the Huntsman in the Grove. The modistes would tell you it was their newest thing in that line. There was a sweet tone introduced in speaking of such things by the artists. The cap might be balanced on each side by two surpassing attentions, and be garnished with folded sentiments. You might have caps à la Grénade, à la Thisbé; or, if preferred, à la Boston, à la Philadelphia, à la anything. Provincial will see with wonder these tall structures suddenly sink as madamé enters the glass coach, which would be too low to tolerate them. There is a spring and ingenious mechanism inside, which produces this result.

There is a singular variety in men's hats, to be noted by Provincial, as he goes by. The prevailing tone of the day has set in for white,—white millers' hats, just as the ladies rejoice in caps à la windmill. Nothing fluctuated so much as the aspect of the brin: one week the taste leaning towards a narrow edge, hardly sufficient to lay hold of; the next, the world going about with terrible Guy Fawkes leaves, which were slouched down conspirator-like, or bent up, and twisted comically into the likeness of a boat. Then Anglomaniacs—legion now—had peculiar coverings, which they called Hats à la Parc Angloise; with what likeness to that English fashion may be well conceived.

This same Anglomania was then rampant. The young men of ton, and even of no ton at all, went about in large drab coats of three capes; and with great cravats swathed thickly about their necks. The hair must be cut close to be like the English; and there was actually a peculiar gait known as, "Trot à l'Anglois," and which consisted in stepping out sturdily, keeping the back well bent—very much affected by citizen Father o' Families. The redingote then first came upon the town, precursor of that famous grey garment, the great military chief was hereafter to take delight in. All along the

boulevards were magazins Anglois, and English eating-houses, where that tongue was spoken, and where the gentlemen in the capes and redingotes might have Punsch, if they were so minded. Shakespeare, burlesqued by M. Ducis, was being given at the theatres; and, above all, there were Les Jockeis, and the races at Vincennes. Which taste might be said to have come in some thirty years before, so a French writer tells us,—with Milor Poscool. Who this nobleman was, or what place he held in a peerage of that date, it would be hard to ascertain now; but it is certain that Milor Poscool waged that he would drive in from Fontainebleau to Paris—good sixteen French leagues—in two hours. There was intense excitement consequent on this bet becoming known; and his Majesty was gracious enough to interest himself in the matter, ordering the road to be kept clear during that period of all vulgar vehicles, and such impediments. It is on record, that Milor Poscool, whoever he was, won easily with several minutes to spare. But in those later times—before spoken of—le sport was all the rage; and in one of the comedies of the day, a countess is put up as prize for a race. “*Veux-tu recourir la comtesse?*” asks one of the leading characters, “*Will you enter for the countess?*”

There was a craze, too, abroad, for jewellery—unpaid-for jewellery, that is. At a famous shop on the boulevards, known as *La Petite Dunquerque*, persons of quality were never weary of laying out their money—credit rather. You might purchase there the most exquisite nicknacks,—little caskets, enamel snuff-boxes, cane tops, tortoiseshell toys of extraordinary beauty and variety. It was flooded with nobility from morn till night; so much so, that at particular seasons guards had to be placed, to keep the passage clear. Jewels of fabulous cost were to be had here; diamonds of priceless water. Gentlemen in these times fastened their collars with a lustrous brilliant,—a false one, if they could not compass the cost of a real one. Ladies were fond of wearing a *Saint Esprit*, or star, together with a cross—both of diamonds—on their neck. “*O,*” exclaimed a preacher of the day, “*what a place for the emblems of all love and holiness!*” Nothing short of two watches would content your *élegant*, or swell—each profusely jewelled. Your real men of ton furnished their laquais even with a pair of watches. Extraordinary madness and extravagance which must have ended in that convulsion!

This laquais fever was then raging too, and every person of quality kept up a cloud of retainers for no profit or use in the world beyond standing in rich liveries in their masters’ halls for pure ostentation’s sake. Unpaid, most likely, according to the golden rule then flourishing; never likely to be paid. Our farmers-general—the only folk at

that time with full money-bags—kept four-and-twenty footmen, not counting coachmen, cooks and their aides-de-camp, to say nothing either of Madame’s six ladies-maids. These gentlemen wore jewellery like their masters. If Madame should need to have her head dressed, she must send for one of the six hundred hair-dressers of the city, incorporated into an august body known as the Academy of Hairdressers, the assistants of which society amounted to the astonishing number of six thousand. Work in the good city of Paris for over six thousand artists! To which fraternity doubtless belonged that Leonard who was secured so opportunely on the famous night Madame du Barry was presented at court. Heavy pains and penalties were decreed against all who should employ any save the licensed artists. Extraordinary structures were raised on ladies’ heads through their agency—of startling elevation—known popularly as towers, but fraught with terrible pains and penalties for the fair wearers. For, of rights, it was customary to fasten up the unwieldy fabric by a triple band, to keep pins, cushion, false hair, and all together; and this not unnaturally resulted in weakness of the eyes, in erysipelas, affections of the nerves, and of the teeth and gums. The fine long hair, too, that was built up so handsomely into the tower fell away by degrees, and drove its owner to false locks, thus bringing with it fatal retribution.

What was a Paris day like in those times? What was its order of distribution at this momentous volcano eve?

At about nine o’clock the day may be said practically to begin, and whoever may be walking abroad at that hour is pretty sure of being jostled by myriads of hair-dressers, all tripping along with wig in one hand and curling-irons in the other—they hurrying to be in time for Monsieur and Madame’s toilet, who are just done sipping their chocolate. There is another crowd of boys carrying coffee, all hot, who are also in a prodigious hurry, for there are many ladies and gentlemen that are waiting breakfast, and who have it supplied to their rooms from the *cafés*. Ten o’clock, being court hour, sends out numbers of black gentry, speeding along to the *Châtelet*, with sacks and bundles of papers. At twelve o’clock people muster on ‘change; at which hour is crowded the *Faubourg Saint Honoré*, where dwelt all persons of quality and such as were in office; and all who had suits or petitions mustered here fast and furious. Most of the ambassadors were to be found in this region.

But at two o’clock the curious observer would note another class and another costume crowding the streets—folk very smartly powdered, dressed, and stepping on their toes for fear of soiling those snowy stockings. At which hour not a vehicle is to be had.

There is even violent contention for stray fiacres—two individuals often getting in together, and rendering necessary the interference of the police. The whole secret of this is, that Paris is then dining out, and on its way to its entertainers. There is profound stillness for the next two hours or so.

At a quarter past five the hurly-burly bursts out afresh. Again the cabriolets are hurrying in all directions. All the streets are choked. Plays and operas are just beginning. Cafés are filling fast. From that time up to nine there is the most perfect repose abroad. The whole city might be taken to be enjoying its siesta. But at nine it wakes again—carriages are rolling once more. Persons of quality are now paying short visits. At eleven all the world is busy supping. This ends the Paris day—a busy, bustling day.

CHIPS.

WORKERS IN KENT STREET.

We find that our visit to the poor in Kent Street* was made under the guidance of a worthy labourer on their behalf, who fixed his mind and ours—with very pardonable zeal—a little too exclusively upon his individual working ground. It is fit and necessary that the heart of a minister of the church should be intently fixed on his own duty; but our duty is—as opportunity permits—to work with *all* good Christians, in every good cause. We learn that, apart from the Church of England, there are men labouring with all their hearts in and about this particular street, on behalf of Turpin's corner. Although the ragged school formed in connection with the church has been quashed by the loss of its room, there is, close by, in Lansdowne Street, a set of ragged schools forming an institution, prosperous as regards efficiency, although in need of funds; professing itself to be "entirely unconnected with any church or chapel. Christians of various denominations," says the last year's report, "form the band of teachers; and, on them, falls the onerous duty of collecting funds for its support." There is a Sunday evening school with an attendance of two hundred and more, a day school with an attendance of more than a hundred, a boys' evening school, an elder girls' class, a class for the instruction of mothers, a clothing club, and a penny bank.

The district contains also a large school-room used as a Sunday school in connection with the Surrey Chapel.

Upon one or two other points, also, we are glad to be set right. The general desolation, the foul drainage, are all as we saw, and as we smelt; but, outside the field of work that may be occupied by the incumbent,

although still within bounds of his district, we learn that there are men able and willing to be of substantial service to their neighbours. Among the poorer tenants of the Kent Street houses, are several who find premises in that district convenient for wholesale business, and some shopkeepers by no means destitute of worldly substance.

We are told also that among workers in Kent Street are too seldom to be reckoned those on whose behalf the plea of destitution is urged oftenest. Everywhere, that is true to some extent. We have no pity for idlers, as such; we hold all men to be degraded who remove their hands from honest work that they can do; but—setting aside the moral influence of an unwholesome life upon the character,—there is a depression fought against by means of drunkenness, a physical state begotten by inhaled poison engendered in foul air that helps in abasing into almost hopeless indolence, the laziness begotten first by ignorance and its attendant laxity of principle. We must not be stern judges of these things. Happy the man who can tread, erect and firm,

from morn till eventide
The narrow avenue of daily toil
For daily bread,

who in that avenue can find the narrow way of life, and make his daily work a daily worship of Him who has worked from the beginning. But can such a man—or anything like such a man—come very often out of the rank homes that see the beside our undrained lanes and alleys? There are millions to be taught, and millions to be cleansed, before we shall know all the work that is to be got out of the energies of Englishmen.

A HUMAN WAIF.

LAST summer, being at a small watering-place on the coast, at daylight one morning I went out in a small lugger manned by four men, for a sail to the Goodwin Sands. It was blowing rather fresh, and about four miles from the land there was a heavy sea running. Suddenly one of the men called out, "What's that?" and pointed to some object a short distance to leeward, and riding on the crest of a wave. On nearing the object, it was discovered to be a chest, made of dark wood, and measuring about two feet in length by sixteen inches wide, and as many inches deep. This chest, which was corded and nailed down, and was very heavy, was, with some little difficulty, got into the lugger, whereupon the crew, myself included, became very curious to know its contents. On taking off the lid three large pieces of coal were found. These removed, a layer of linen, a sheet, presented itself to view: beneath the sheet was a lady's dressing-gown in which was wrapped, very carefully, a little infant, a girl, of about five months old! It was a very pretty child, as white as marble. I never saw a

* See Turpin's Corner, Household Words, No. 424.

human being so white, and though it must have been dead for some time, it was not in the least decomposed. It had upon its head a little cap trimmed with lace, and a night-dress of fine material.

The chest and its contents were at once brought to land, and placed beneath a shed. A surgeon of great experience examined the little body—an operation in which, at his request, I assisted him. We found no marks of violence. Nothing to warrant a suspicion that death had ensued from other than natural causes. On the contrary, the cause of death was apparent, and there was no occasion for sending for the coroner, whose place of abode was twenty-one miles distant.

The little body lay in the shed during the day, guarded by one of the men who had picked it up, and meanwhile preparations were made for the funeral, which was to take place in the afternoon, at six o'clock, in the churchyard of the parish, and about a mile from the watering-place.

The visitors of both sexes, and of all ages, went to look at the Dead Baby—not in a mass, but in groups of twos and threes. I took up a position in a loft over the shed, whence I could see and hear without being seen.

One lady, whom death had doubtless robbed of a little one, wept very bitterly at the sight which had seemingly made her heart bleed afresh, and it was with difficulty that her husband removed her from the scene. Several other ladies also wept: amongst them a governess who held by her hand a little girl of about nine years old, and whom she informed that it was just like a little baby of her sister's, who died when it was five months old. Another English lady remarked to her companion that the dressing-gown in which the infant was wrapped, as well as the child's clothes, were not of English material or make; and that the child must have been born of French parents. This remark induced me to examine minutely the lid of the chest, and upon it I found a slight indentation in the shape of a cross. But whatever was the child's race, or whatever their religion, it was carried to the graveyard by brave and honest English boatmen, and received Christian burial.

It would be in vain to speculate who were the parents of the child, or what part of the world they were going to, or coming from. That the little one had died far far at sea, and out of sight of land, there could hardly be a doubt, and that the chest (which the coals were not sufficiently heavy to sink) had been washed up the Channel. Had it not been picked up that morning, abreast of the Goodwin Sands, it might have found its way to the River Thames.

As it was—beyond a passing notice in a country journal—no mention was ever made of it. I have seen extracts from Household

Words, in Indian, Australian, Cape, American, Canadian, and other journals. My chief object in detailing the above facts is, that they may become known to those to whom the little one was dear. The ashes of the Little Unknown repose in the graveyard of Saint Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet, Kent, England. Even should this knowledge cause the child's relatives a renewal of their griefs, it cannot fail to afford them some consolation.

I cannot conclude this little narrative without alluding—and I do so with something like national pride—to the respect which an English seaman pays to the dead. When we were getting the chest into the lugger, and before its contents could be guessed at, there was no small amount of jocularity touching the nature of the prize. And when it was fairly aboard a scene ensued that amused me vastly. A little gambling went on, and the reader must bear in mind that these men who, every winter, man life-boats, and risk their own lives to save those of others, are not particularly refined in their expressions, when they are amongst themselves, and have some business to settle. My presence did not operate as a check upon their tongues. They had known me too long; and I had often witnessed their daring deeds. Sometimes, when an oath was rapped out, they would beg my "pardon for such a rudeness;" but then there was always a smile playing over the lips of the speaker, which more than half destroyed the force and effect of the apology he intended to offer me.

"Well, what about the shares—whatever it may be?" said the captain of the lugger, when the chest was about to be opened. "Share and share alike?"

"I saw it first," said one of the men; "I ought to get a share and a-half. But—look here—who will buy my share, on chance?"

"I will!" cried out the other three men.

"What will you give? Bid!"

The bidding commenced. The fourth share of the value of the chest and contents unknown, was started at eighteen pence, and was eventually knocked down after a spirited competition, for three shillings and sixpence, the purchaser being quite satisfied that it was a carpenter's chest of tools, or a box full of nautical instruments. While the lid of the chest was being removed, there was also a good deal of joking, and the expression of many hopes and fears. Gold, rum, sugar, tracts. No sooner, however, was the truth manifested, than their conduct was entirely changed. Not an oath was uttered on the way back to the harbour, nor a word spoken that did not betray some very good feeling, or some very tender thought; and when we came alongside the old wooden quay, the captain of the lugger said to the youngest of the crew in a low, reverent voice:

"Ned, run up to the harbour-master, and ask him to send down an ensign to throw over the poor little darling."

THE WATERS ARE OUT.

GUNDAGAI is a small settlement in the interior of New South Wales. It is situated on the banks of the Murrumbidgee, one of the principal feeders of the Great Murray River; and the high road from Sydney to Melbourne passes through it. The surrounding country consists, for the most part, of valleys, so broad that they may almost be designated plains, dotted with occasional isolated mounds of small elevation.

When I first settled there my residence was a little verandah cottage, built of wood. At the rear was a large garden devoted to kitchen produce, and in front there was a wilderness, which we liked to call a flower-garden. Flowers there were, truly, but so utterly neglected, that they looked more like overgrown weeds. There were thickets of geranium, tangled masses of pinks and carnations, and hedges of straggling rose-bushes.

The cottage itself consisted of four rooms, all on the ground floor; and it seemed a little singular that it should have been built on piles, raised three feet above the level of the gardens; but subsequent experience showed me the necessity of this arrangement.

Altogether the place wore such a thoroughly wretched aspect, that I almost feared to bring my wife up from Sydney to it. When she came, however, I was agreeably disappointed. Esther was an ardent floriculturist, and the task of reducing the flower-beds to order was to her a delightful prospective amusement. Under her skilful supervision the flower-borders were trimmed, the overgrown plants thinned out, and the rose-trees carefully pruned and trained. Many new varieties were also introduced, and soon a manifest improvement was perceptible. Roses and honeysuckles, dolichus, and native ivy, in sweet profusion, shaded the verandah; and young, mimosa trees formed an impenetrable screen around the borders of our little homestead. The luxuriant Australian climate facilitated these results. I have known rose-trees to send out shoots exceeding fifteen feet in length in a single season, and the indigenous acacias will grow from the seed to the height of eight or ten feet in the same period.

One morning—I remember the date well, it was the last day of March—I left my pleasant home to visit a settler on the Tarcutta Creek, about thirty miles distant. I had several calls to make on the road, so that it was past mid-day before I arrived at my destination. Business over, I was not averse to accept the proffered hospitality of my host; and the more readily, because both myself and my horse were sorely in need of refreshment. Agreeable conversation caused

the time to pass unheeded; and when I at length rose to depart, the declining sun indicated the near approach of darkness.

The morning had been somewhat warm, yet not unpleasantly so, for—as often happens towards the end of the Australian summer—a soft westerly breeze mitigated the fierceness of the unclouded sun. But the evening was the reverse of all this. The wind had quite died away, and the atmosphere was close and stifling, so that it seemed difficult to breathe; and, without exertion, the perspiration oozed from every pore. All nature was ominously still. Not a blade of grass stirred, not a leaf waved on the trees; yet ever and anon a low sullen sound—which could only be likened to the hoarse roar of distant breakers surging around a rocky shore—issued from the neighbouring forests. In the west the blood-red sun was rapidly setting in a mass of swollen purple clouds, which came rolling up with equal velocity, and soon submerged the orb of light in their gloomy folds. As his rays departed, a lurid shadow seemed to creep over the earth, covering it as with a pall. An involuntary tremor, such as I have often experienced when the atmosphere has been highly charged with electricity, pervaded my frame, and I knew that a thunder-storm was at hand.

Putting spurs to my horse, I sought to fly before the coming tempest. The clouds accumulated in solemn piles; dense darkness overspread the earth; and now and then the thunder muttered threateningly. Yet I rode on over the hard dry road in safety and quietude until within a few miles of Gundagai.

Suddenly the intense gloom was dispelled by a vivid flash of lightning, and a terrible peal of thunder awoke the slumbering echoes of the valley. My frightened horse, snorted and plunged violently, then stood trembling in the road. Another blinding flash, another loud peal quickly followed, and the terrified animal started forward at full gallop.

And now the rain came down in such force and volume, that it was as if the floodgates of the deep had been opened. The wind howled amongst the tall gums, and swept in fierce gusts athwart the path, levelling many a goodly tree, and denuding others of their branches. The lightning flashed with scarcely a moment's intermission; now in broad sheets of livid flame, and now in red and jagged darts. And the awful thunder!

Bowing my head nearly to the horse's neck, I gave him the reins. He needed no other bidding than that of fear to hurry onwards. With straining eyeballs, and ears laid back, he sprang onwards at the top of his speed, and in a few minutes stood panting at the stable-door in Gundagai.

I found Esther anxiously awaiting me, and much agitated. It was the greatest thunder-storm she had witnessed since our arrival in New South Wales; and I think that nothing in my subsequent experience at

all equals it. For myself, I will candidly admit that I was appalled; and my efforts to smile were such miserable and transparent failures that I abandoned the attempt, and could only reply to my wife's whispered fears by silently pressing her to my breast.

The storm, as is usual in Australia, travelled in a circle, passing from west to north, thence east, and so round again. Sometimes it would nearly die away in the distance; then suddenly the dark clouds would wheel up again with wondrous rapidity, and overspread the vault of heaven. Again the angry glare of the lightning would usher in such tremendous thunder-shocks that the very earth seemed to quiver with the concussion. Meantime the rain poured down incessantly, in one unbroken discharge. The elemental din was deafening. The howling of the wind, the rattling of the rainfall on the shingle-roof of the cottage, and the roaring of thunder, all combined, were so entirely overpowering that the human voice at its utmost pitch, failed to be heard at a distance of twelve or fourteen feet.

In the midst of this uproar a more than usually heavy thunder-clap was followed by a sudden and profound calm. The rain ceased to fall, the wind to blow. Stepping out into the verandah I perceived that the clouds hung motionless, whilst in the south-eastern horizon was a clear space wherein twinkled a few silvery stars. The storm-rack was heaped up in portentous masses; and I fully anticipated a more violent outbreak of the tempest, thus arrested, as it were, in mid-career; but presently the dark clouds moved back on the track they had so long pursued, and with gradually accelerated motion drifted northward. A few pale flashes, feebly gleaming from the gloomy canopy, enabled me to perceive that some strong force, as yet unfelt on the earth, caused the clouds to pursue this retrograde course. The surcharged masses seemed to tumble over each other in their flight, and the bright stars were one by one unveiled. At this moment the scene was sublime.

Presently a soft breeze from the south stirred my hair. It increased, and soon blew hard—so hard, indeed, that I was glad to return to my own fireside, and snugly seated in my easy-chair, to listen to its fury.

By degrees I distinguished another sound, so alike and incorporated with that of the rushing wind, that, only half convinced, I once more issued into the open air. It was the roaring of the Murrumbidgee River, and of numerous extemporised feeders, for the suddenness and force of the storm had temporarily converted every gully into a torrent. By the light of the stars I could perceive that the stream had overflowed its banks; but this circumstance created little surprise, inasmuch as slight floods were of frequent occurrence in and around Gundagai during the winter months. I therefore felt no alarm,

but listened to the turbulent song of the foaming current with positive pleasure. Shortly afterwards we retired to rest.

I fell into a deep slumber—a perfect oblivion of the senses. By a sudden transition, the terrors of the day were repeated in my dream, and with increased effect. First I dreamed of the deluge. I was climbing a perpendicular rock, and ever as I climbed the waters rose equally, so that it always covered my shoulders. Presently my muscles relaxed, my nerves failed, I lost my hold, and fell—fell—down unmeasured depths. Then, without warning I was in the midst of a battle-field, amidst the rattle of fire-arms, the dull, heavy sound of distant artillery, the shouts of armed men, the shrieks of the wounded!

At length my wife aroused me. The sounds of my dream still rang in my ears, and it was some time before I could comprehend matters.

When I became thoroughly conscious, I was alarmed at the extent of our danger. The storm was raging more wildly than ever, and the rush and roar of mighty waters was added to its other sounds. Hoarse shouts, too, mingled with the din; and cries of distress were borne to our ears. I became aware, too, of a violent knocking at the door, and a voice exclaiming: "Master, master, get up! Be quick, for any sake! The waters are out!"

I did not fully understand this warning, till, leaping out of bed, I hastily opened the door, when the whole truth burst upon me.

Far and wide over the township one vast sheet of water gleamed in the red glare of the lightning. Many of the houses in the more immediate vicinity of the river were entirely submerged, and the inhabitants were flying for dear life—bare-headed some—others almost destitute of any clothing. Aroused too late to linger one instant lest destruction should overtake them, were men, women, and children of tender age, all heaped together in the storm. At the rear of the township a little rising ground afforded comparative security, and thither all were hurrying.

Our cottage, as I have said, was built on piles, and the flower garden was arranged in the form of a mound, gradually descending to a level with the roadway. The waters already surrounded the house, and reached the level of the verandah; but there was yet time to escape, my friendly monitor averred. How brief that time was I might have guessed by the speed wherewith—his warning task performed—he sprang away in the direction which all were now pursuing. But it was my first experience of an Australian flood.

My household consisted of Esther, two children, and a domestic named Martha. With the latter slept our little Rose, whilst the baby occupied a cot in our own room. Thus much is necessary to enable the reader to understand what follows.

On re-entering the house, I found my wife more calm than I had dared to anticipate. She had heard, and comprehended all, and was hurriedly dressing. In a few minutes we were both ready. Truly, there was no time to lose. The floor was already under water.

As we were passing out, my wife suddenly drew back.

"Frank," she said, "where are Rose and Martha?"

Leaving my wife in the verandah, I flew to the servant's room, to find it empty. There was no response to my call, and the lightning revealing the disordered state of the bed told that its occupants were gone.

I searched through every room in vain. As I was returning to the verandah, the back door swinging to and fro, arrested my attention. On examination, I found that the wooden bar had been removed, and the key had been turned in the lock; yet I had myself secured the fastenings on the previous evening. Evidently they had passed out that way, but whither?

My search was hasty, for I felt the necessity of instantaneous flight; but brief as it was, the water was several inches deep in the house, when my survey was completed. Another delay occurred from the unwillingness of Esther to leave the cottage without another, and more minute search for her child; at length the danger became so imminent, that, having ascertained that she held our infant securely, I lifted her in my arms, and sought to bear her to the crowded refuge on the slopes.

When I arrived at the bottom of the garden, the water was breast-high, and a strong rushing current nearly carried me off my legs. I made another step or two, and then I was obliged to acknowledge my inability to proceed.

"Esther, dear, we must return," I said.

Not a word did she utter in reply, as with a beating heart I retraced my steps.

With difficulty we regained the shelter of the house. For a time,—short indeed,—the bedstead served as a platform to keep us out of the ever-rising waters. The desolating storm still raged. We were surrounded by all the horrors of the Great Deluge, and our hearts sank within us, as we contemplated our fate.

The flood was still rising, and it became necessary to devise and execute some prompt plan of safety and escape. We were imprisoned in the cottage, and our only hope lay in the cessation of the storm, and the consequent subsidence of the waters. Meantime, it was necessary to elevate ourselves above their reach; and how to effect this I knew not, till Esther's ready wit suggested an expedient.

The ceiling of the cottage was constructed of white calico, as is frequent in a country where labour is the dearest commodity in the market. To remove this would be easy; and could we but reach the joists, we should gain

an increased altitude of nearly twelve feet; and the width of the valley rendered it very improbable that the flood would attain that height.

I piled box upon box until I could reach the ceiling, in which I quickly made a sufficient opening. Then, wrenching off the folding leaves of a square mahogany table, I placed them on the joists, platform-wise. A few odd articles of clothing, and some pillows, rescued from the bed, were hastily arranged thereon. My wife, with but slight assistance, climbed up; not as cheerfully, perhaps, but as quietly, as though she were stepping into a carriage. The infant was then handed up; and, lastly, I also, was compelled to fly from the rapidly rising waters.

Here, then, in darkness, illumined only by the flashing lightning we sat. Supporting my wife, who trembled slightly with suppressed emotion, I whispered words of peace and cheerfulness, although I felt neither; and spoke with assumed confidence of the morrow. O, how eagerly I longed for the coming of that morrow's light.

The water gurgled underneath, like a monster seeking its prey; and as it rose higher, higher yet, I began to fear that it would yet sweep us from our elevated refuge.

After about an hour passed thus, the storm gradually died away; and the stillness that followed, rendered painfully distinct the roaring of the mighty flood which now filled the entire valley of Gundagai. But we knew that, unless the storm again returned, a reaction must speedily take place, and therein lay the germs of ultimate safety.

As if to shatter our easily-excited hopes, a new fear soon took possession of us. A heavy, splashing sound, apparently near at hand, was succeeded by an unusual turbulence of the waters, which swayed to and fro in the chamber beneath us. Too well I guessed the cause; but unwilling to be fooled by trusting to a single sense, I stood up, and removing a few of the shingles, looked out through the aperture thus formed in the roof.

My apprehensions were but too well-founded. The next house had quite disappeared—swept away by the waters. What, if—the foundations sapped—our own cottage should also be destroyed? The thought was so terrible, that, cold and wet as I was, the perspiration stood in great drops on my forehead; and even now as I write, I cannot recall the sensations of that hour without painful emotion. It is one thing to meet death under the influence of keen excitement; it is another to face him when caged and helpless,—to see him coming, to hear every footfall of his slow approach, and to be unable to struggle or to fly. Yet such was really our condition.

Daylight broke at last, and found us anxiously watching. When my strained vision penetrated the depths below, I saw with a joy proportioned to my previous suffering, that the waters were subsiding.

There could be no doubt of it; above their present level, I could trace on the walls a higher water-mark. Then, we knew that we had been mercifully preserved, and our feelings found expression in fervent prayer and thanksgiving to Him who holdeth the winds and the waves in the hollow of his hand.

Soon the sun was shining in a clear bright sky. The waters receded more rapidly than they had risen, and scarcely covered the floor; but when I looked through the hole in the roof, all around was still a wild waste of waters. Many houses lower down the valley were yet invisible; some which should have appeared had been destroyed; of others nothing but a few fragments remained. Upon the slopes at the rear of the township covered numbers of the wretched fugitives, amongst whom I fondly hoped to find my darling Rose.

Another hour and I could walk in my verandah; another, and the garden was accessible. Garden, did I say? It was a scene of thorough desolation. The flower-beds were covered with heaps of drift-soil and gravel, and the beautiful plants which Esther had so tenderly reared, were torn from the earth, and washed hither and thither in unsightly masses.

It was some time before I could venture to pass the minor valley which intervened between our cottage and the hills. When at length I succeeded, I went with scarce a doubt of my child's easy recovery. I failed to obtain any tidings of her. In vain I went from group to group eagerly inquiring for my lost treasure. No one could give me information. What could we suppose, save that our child and the girl Martha had been whelmed in the flood? I spent the day vainly seeking to discover some trace of them.

Several lives had been lost, the sorrowing survivors were many of them homeless, and more than half the township was in ruins.

On the following morning I was about to set off on foot—for my horse was drowned in the stable—when a dray halted at the door, and the driver inquired if that was the residence of Mr. Frank, naming myself.

"Did you wish to see me?" I asked.

"Why, yes, sir;" replied the man. "I hear that you have lost a child."

"Yes, yes, I have. Do you know anything of her?"

"Just step this way, sir, for a moment?"

I followed in eager haste. He went straight to the cart, and, lifting a coarse rug, disclosed my darling.

She was fast asleep, but startled by my exclamations, her blue eyes opened wide, and soon her tiny arms were clasped around my neck, and her laughing voice, which I never thought to hear again, saluted my well-pleased ears.

As I avoided dwelling on our sorrow, so shall I leave our joy to the imagination of the reader.

Rose's preserver was a small settler residing about six miles off on the Sydney road. It appeared that early in the morning which succeeded the storm, he was surprised by hearing the cries of a child; opening his door he found a young woman lying near the garden-fence in a state of insensibility. In her arms was a baby, so securely wrapped in blankets that the rain which had drenched her bearer, had failed to penetrate the thick folds of her own covering. He carried the helpless couple into the house, and administered to their necessities as he best could.

The kind soul fed the child, and placing the girl in his own bed, set off to a station near at hand for womanly assistance. This was promptly rendered, and these Samaritans of the bush had the satisfaction of seeing their older patient restored to consciousness, whilst little Rose, herself unharmed, loudly crowed her approbation.

I said to consciousness, but the terrors of the night had shaken the nerves of the poor girl, and for some hours she raved wildly. Towards night, however, she sank into a sweet sleep, and awoke in the full possession of her faculties. Then she told who she was, and whence she came.

Aroused, she said, by the violence of the tempest, she had wrapped her infant charge in the bedding, and had escaped from the house. Affrighted by the combined terrors of flood and storm, she failed to strike the rising ground, on which the inhabitants were already taking refuge; and pursued the main road, until she perceived a house near by. She remembered reaching the fence, and seeking for an entrance.

Martha was long ill. It was at one time even feared that she would become a hopeless idiot. But, spring saw her perfectly convalescent, and in the summer she took up her abode for life in the home of her preserver.

Successive floods subsequently visited the township; and the colonial government were at last compelled to remove the settlement to a higher and drier site than the frequently inundated valley of Gundagai.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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PERSONAL.

THREE-AND-TWENTY years have passed since I entered on my present relations with the Public. They began when I was so young, that I find them to have existed for nearly a quarter of a century.

Through all that time I have tried to be as faithful to the Public, as they have been to me. It was my duty never to trifle with them, or deceive them, or presume upon their favor, or do any thing with it but work hard to justify it. I have always endeavoured to discharge that duty.

My conspicuous position has often made me the subject of fabulous stories and unaccountable statements. Occasionally, such things have chafed me, or even wounded me; but, I have always accepted them as the shadows inseparable from the light of my notoriety and success. I have never obtruded any such personal uneasiness of mine, upon the generous aggregate of my audience.

For the first time in my life, and I believe for the last, I now deviate from the principle I have so long observed, by presenting myself in my own Journal in my own private character, and entreating all my brethren (as they deem that they have reason to think well of me, and to know that I am a man who has ever been unaffectedly true to our common calling), to lend their aid to the dissemination of my present words.

Some domestic trouble of mine, of long-standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected, as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement, which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been,

throughout, within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it.

By some means, arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentations, most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel—involving, not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart, and innocent persons of, whom I have no knowledge, if, indeed, they have any existence—and so widely spread, that I doubt if one reader in a thousand will peruse these lines, by whom some touch of the breath of these slanders will not have passed, like an unwholesome air.

Those who know me and my nature, need no assurance under my hand that such calumnies are as irreconcilable with me, as they are, in their frantic incoherence, with one another. But, there is a great multitude who know me through my writings, and who do not know me otherwise; and I cannot bear that one of them should be left in doubt, or hazard of doubt, through my poorly shrinking from taking the unusual means to which I now resort, of circulating the Truth.

I most solemnly declare, then—and this I do, both in my own name and in my wife's name—that all the lately whispered rumours touching the trouble at which I have glanced, are abominably false. And that whosoever repeats one of them after this denial, will lie as wilfully and as foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie, before Heaven and earth.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE NURSE IN LEADING STRINGS.

It is worth while to notice how we English people hold by the word Nurse. A nurse is a nourisher, one upon whom helpless infancy relies for subsistence. As soon as the French child has left off suckling, its attendant ceases to be a nourrice and becomes a *bonne*; the German Amme then becomes a children's-waitress, and so on. We call the attendant still, a nurse; the little one needs sustenance though of another kind; it is still helpless—still in want of love—we nurse it still; we don't, as they say abroad, "take trouble for it" (why should we name the trouble, nor do we lay the stress of language on the fact that we amuse it—jump it; the main thought is that we still nourish it with love; still, therefore, we say that it is nursed.

In France, they take the matter in a frivolous way, dwelling generally on the amusing and the jumpy. In Spain, they are philosophical, and look upon the early management of children as creation—to nurse is *criar*; in England we are simply human and domestic. We transfer our homely word with its fond meaning, to the occupation of those who should cherish and sustain the sick by their good offices; we talk of nursing the sick, but the French talk of watching them; the Italians talk of having care about them; the Germans talk of waiting to perform their duty by them, and bring into use that honest root of theirs which expresses not only (*pflicht*) duty, but a relish for the doing of it.

We abide still, by the home thought, and say that, in the days of helplessness, our sick are nursed. Also we know a better title than wise woman for her who shall aid and comfort the young mother in her first weeks of prostration.

Out of England a man hardly could say that he nursed his knee without seeming to mean that he suckled it; and in England we hold by the word so pertinaciously that our commercial men are sometimes to be found nursing concerns. Even an ironmonger, when he gives a daily rub to his bright grates to keep the rust away, will tell us that he nurses them.

There is no nursing in the wide world equal to that of the English mother by the bedside of her suffering child. Busy and fond, and exquisitely thoughtful are the daughters of an English house when there is sickness in it; boundless is the devotion to her duty of an English wife when there is a sick husband to be tended. Sickness becomes a luxury in a well ordered English home. But that which is in the home a luxury, what is it in the hospital? How is it with the sick among us who cannot afford to make in their own homes a luxury of pain, or who have not in their households mother or sister, wife or daughter, eager with the incessant service of

affection? The hired nurse enters, and too commonly presents as her substitute for the unbounded generosity of love, incarnate selfishness.

Doubtless it cannot commonly be a welcome office to a stranger, to perform many fatiguing and repulsive duties for a man who was unknown in his days of health and cheerfulness, and who is seen only in the fret and disorder of his mind and body. We English people, be that as it may, have among us the best nursing for love and the worst nursing for money that can be got in Europe, though our women are all nurses born. We need not name the English lady who has in these days been the devoted nurse of the English soldier. Before her noble deeds of mercy during the Crimean War, gave her a fame she never sought, and made of her an example that awakened sleeping power in her countrywomen, this lady spent some little time at the Institution of Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, where under the guidance of good Pastor Fliedner teachers and nurses of the poor are trained in the expert performance of their duty. Upon her return she urged, in a little pamphlet, what she felt, and told what she had seen. The pamphlet was issued in the year of the Great Exhibition, and we proceed to give here a brief summary of its contents.

It sets out, with reference to the old legend that the nineteenth century was to be the "century of women." It is not, says the writer, man's fault that the prophecy is unfulfilled. He no longer denies her room and space enough, and in her intellectual development the Englishwoman has accordingly made extraordinary progress. But her education for action has not kept pace with her education for acquirement, and yet it was for the increase of wisdom, even more than knowledge, that David prayed, — for wisdom is the practical application of knowledge. "Not what we know, but what we do, is our kingdom," and woman, perhaps, feels that she has not found her kingdom. As the world stands, young Englishwomen are justified in their dread of being left to die unmarried: not because they seek the pomp and circumstance of marriage, but because a life without love and an activity without aim is horrible in idea and wearisome in reality. Many good women marry, and are happy with husbands for whom they do not particularly care, because they find a sphere for their activity, "though," says the pamphlet, "it might be asked, whether it were not better to take care of the children who are already in the world, than to bring more into existence in order to have them to take care of." They do not know how to put into the common form of visiting the poor, a life that satisfies their souls. An occasional hour in the Sunday school relieves days spent in the family by daughters who do not know what to do with themselves.

Then, it is asked, if many women live unmarried and so many more live through a third part of their lives before they marry, and if intellectual occupation be not meant to be their end in life, what are they to do with that thirst for action, useful action, which every woman feels who is not diseased in mind or body?

The answer sets out with evidence that in the first days of Christianity—long before there was a Roman Catholic Church—women were employed in the service of the sick and poor. Luther was mindful, too, that, as he said, “women have especial grace to alleviate woe, and the words of women move the human being more than those of men.” The Pilgrim Fathers carried deaconesses with them in their exile; their deaconess was obeyed like a mother in Israel, and it is especially said also, that she called upon the young maidens for their services, when there were sick. Long before Saint Vincent de Paul established the order of Sisters of Mercy, women among Christians of every denomination, tied by no vows, lodged in no cloistered cells, served in the Church as friends of the sick and of the poor. Perhaps that worthy custom would have fallen less into disuse if there had been established any systematic training in the duties of sick nursing and teaching. But, such training is now common in Prussia. It may be had in Utrecht, Strasburg, Paris, and, as we shall see presently in London: the establishment of Kaiserswerth being the parent of them all.

There used to be a manufactory in the small Roman Catholic town of Kaiserswerth upon the Rhine, which gathered about its walls a Protestant colony of workmen. In eighteen hundred and twenty-two, the bankruptcy of the manufacturer deprived these people of the means of supporting a pastor. We quote now from the account written by Miss Nightingale in eighteen hundred and fifty-one. “M. Fliedner being then only twenty-two years of age, and just entering on this cure, would not desert them. In the two following years, he travelled through Holland and England to collect funds sufficient to maintain a church in his little community. He succeeded, but this was the smallest part of the results of his journey. In England he became acquainted with Mrs. Fry—and his attention having been thus turned to the fact that prisons were a school for vice instead of reformation, he formed at Düsseldorf, in eighteen hundred and twenty-six, the first German society for improving prison discipline. He soon perceived how desolate is the situation of the woman who, released from prison, but often without the means of subsistence, is, as it were, violently forced back into crime. With one female criminal, with one volunteer (Mademoiselle Göbel, a friend of Madame Fliedner), who came without pay to join the cause, he began his work in September, eighteen hundred and thirty-

three, in a small summer-house in his garden.” Care of the one penitent woman in the summer-house, a quarter of a century ago, was the beginning of a work that has grown and prospered in a way wonderful to all who do not know how much may be accomplished by the help of good will and unbounded industry devoted to the achievement of a right end.

During the first half of the next year Pastor Fliedner received nine other penitents, of whom eight had been more than once in prison. In two years and-a-half an infant school was opened under a first-rate infant schoolmistress, Henrietta Frickershaus, who when Miss Nightingale was at Kaiserswerth still managed that department of the institution, and had not only taught the young herself, but trained more than four hundred women in the art of guiding little ones aright.

Within six months after the foundation of his infant school, the active Pastor Fliedner began to work practically at the provision of a new field of labour for the true-hearted women who worked with him in his first institution, and who still had time and energy to spare. He opened a school for nurses by establishing an hospital in the empty manufactory, and began his hospital with one patient, one nurse, and a cook. During the first year, seven nurses were received, and became members of that part of the establishment, each after a six months' probation. More patients were taken. In the first year of the hospital, sixty sick persons were nursed in the institution, besides twenty-eight at their own homes.

Now, there is at Kaiserswerth a large hospital, the old manufactory, with court, out-buildings, and an acre of garden; and beyond it, a row of houses in which other branches of the institution—infant school, penitentiary, orphan asylum, normal training school—were established as they arose. Pastor Fliedner's house and the office (which employs two clerks) belong to the same row. Further on, nearest the river, are the parish school, church, and vicarage; care of which the Pastor found it necessary to resign. Behind the buildings, are about forty acres of land which supply vegetables, and yield pasture for eight cows and several horses. In the Rhine are baths for the whole establishment. There is no architecture, there have been no annual dinners under the auspices of noble chairmen, no distinguished members of committee; there has been no sort of fanfaronade. Simply, quietly, but with devoted energy, step after step was won till the Kaiserswerth Institution became, not only a power in itself, but a centre of activity, scattering its influence abroad into hospitals, parishes, and poorhouses of sundry German and Swiss towns; making its beneficent activity felt both in England and America; and sending a deaconess out, even to Jerusalem.

The Kaiserswerth Hospital now contains

above a hundred beds, and is divided into four departments,—for men, for women, for boys, and for children, including girls under seventeen, and boys under six. The wards are small; none of the female wards have more than four beds; they somewhat resemble in their character and discipline well-ordered private chambers. A spirit of delicacy and refinement governs every arrangement. Nothing is done for worldly gain: the chief worker lives as simply, and remains as poor as any one of the subordinates. The sisters, who in the hospital are trained to nurse, have nothing provided them but mere food and clothing, with the opportunity of spending labour in good work. Before they are called deaconesses they are received for a period of from one to three years on probation, being every day free to quit their occupation if they find imperfect satisfaction in it. When they become deaconesses, they receive a solemn blessing in the church; and, if their course of life do not remove them afterwards from the establishment, they are paid with a simple maintenance in health, and sickness, and old age. A deaconess engages to remain five years, but she does this with the understanding that "should marriage, or her parents, or any important duty claim her, she is free; she is never held fast to conclude the term of years. The institution," says Miss Nightingale, "may thus be said to be a school for wives as well as for sisters, as no one can suppose that these women are not the better fitted for the duties of wives and mothers by their education here."

London has a training-school for nurses in the St. John's House at Westminster. Founded like that of Kaiserswerth in a religious spirit, it is associated closely with the Church of England. Its declared purpose is "to improve the qualification and to raise the character of nurses for the sick, by providing for them professional training, together with moral and religious discipline, under the care of a clergyman, aided by the influence and example of a lady superintendent, and other resident sisters." In many respects, this training institution, which is now but ten years old, follows the path taken by Pastor Fliedner. The religious basis of the effort is not less firmly defined, although defined of course according to the English manner. The president of the St. John's House must be the Bishop of London, and none but members of the Church of England may sit in its council, or serve any of its offices. Its officers are a master, a lady superintendent, and two orthodox physicians. The master must be a clergyman in priest's orders, married, or a widower, exclusively devoted to his work. He is answerable for the good order of the establishment, for daily prayer, weekly catechising, and the discharge of the duties of secretary and treasurer. The lady superintendent has immediate control of the sisters and the nurses. The physicians,

having passed them for admission, take charge of their health.

The inmates of the institution fall into three classes, — sisters, probationers, and nurses.

Sisters are ladies who wish to employ themselves in attendance on the sick and poor, and in the education of others for those duties. They must be communicants of the Church of England. If they be under thirty and unmarried, they must come to their work with the sanction of parents or guardians, and in every case they must bring a certificate of baptism, and a testimonial from a clergyman. The engagement they make they may break suddenly, with the approval of the council, for any adequate cause; or they may give three months' notice of withdrawal. They pay for their own cost, according to their means, and subscribe if they please to the funds of the institution from their yearly incomes, while they remain members; but they may only subscribe out of the year's income; the institution will not accept from them any gift of property.

Probationers are women who are being trained for work as nurses. When they come to the St. John's House they must be not younger than twenty-five, and not older than forty, and able to read and write well. They must produce certificates of baptism and character; also, if they be widows, a certificate of marriage. They receive board, lodging, washing, and medical attendance. If she be not discharged as unsuitable after the first month's trial, the probation of each woman is continued until she is competent to be admitted on the list of nurses.

Nurses of St. John's House, therefore, are probationers whose training is complete. They are under the authority of the master and lady superintendent. They receive board, lodging, washing, medical attendance, four pounds a-year for clothing, and fixed wages on a scale rising from ten guineas to twenty pounds during the first five years of service, with a gratuity of three pounds ten at the end of the fifth year, and five shillings a month extra pay when in attendance on the sick. Their earnings belong to the funds of the institution, and they are forbidden to receive from patients or their friends, any gratuities in money or clothing. Whoever, being thankful for the service of a nurse from the St. John's House, desires to pay more than the fixed charge of a guinea a-week and all expenses, is requested to send his gift to the master, who will add it to a general fund for the benefit of deserving nurses, more especially for those who have bestowed care on the poor, and for the superannuated. For sick nursing of the poor there is, of course, no charge.

Finally, there is a class of associate sisters, meant to comprise any ladies who are able and willing to be generally helpful to the institution, and who will communicate the

results of their industry to the lady superintendent, at least once a quarter.

Such is the kind of effort made in London for provision of trained nurses for the sick. We should be better pleased if good women of every sect were asked to share in it; but, on the other hand, it is indisputable that the Church of England has, or ought to have, a power within itself for organising practical and wholesome work of this kind, and that she is never less to be reproached as narrow and sectarian, than when she makes a wise use of her strength for the bettering of help to the sick and sorry, of all ranks and of all creeds.

At Kaiserswerth, the Training School in which the nurses live, is the hospital. The Saint John's House is an hospital, and the probationers used to go from it daily to be put to rough training in doubtful association with the nurses of the old school, in this or that one of the hospitals of London; there they, of course, had to fight with many a prejudice in single fray, detached from the support of the main body of their little force, and beyond hearing of its captain's voice. But, in due time what might have been expected, happened. There is in London one great educational establishment connected with the Church of England, through which active leaders in the Church, labour indefatigably to associate a religious principle with the supply of whatever want of the day a college and a hospital can meet. They train young men in arts, in medicine, in any science that begets a business of life. When military education was demanded, they were ready with a military department; when the arrested cultivation and the ill-spent evening of young men at work all day in offices and houses of business became felt, they opened for them evening classes in which they could receive the aids and privileges of a systematic college education. When the counsel and example of Miss Nightingale prompted much talk and some action towards the improvement of the character of nurses, they had not far to look for a good practical idea. King's College Hospital wanted a set of nurses equal to the requirement of the day, and capable of being maintained in distinct connection with the Church of England. On the other hand, the sisters of Saint John's House were in want of a hospital alive to their own purpose. Between the two institutions marriage was contracted.

There was a second fact which made the match very eligible. The hospital is breaking down its old home in a cast-off workhouse, and building up a new home as wholesome and convenient as wit and the zeal of friends, who in about fifteen years have already provided eighty-five thousand pounds towards the building fund, can make it. It hopes to be the best-appointed home for the sick poor, in London. Now, while it is building and fitting, it can easily

adapt itself to the accommodation of a class of nurses who, except in regard of obedience to all medical orders, claims to live as an independent colony within its walls. It seems to have been provided in the marriage settlement that the master of the nurses' house should also occupy the post, which was then vacant, of chaplain to the hospital. He lives, therefore, in the hospital, with sisters, nurses, and patients, alike placed under his spiritual care. Rooms are provided, also, for the lady superintendent; and an entire corridor, or section of a corridor, with the rooms opening upon it, has been given to the sole use of the nursing staff.

In London, therefore, King's College Hospital has, for about the last two years, been doing, for all practical purposes, what has during many years been done at Kaiserswerth. The effort to supplant Mrs. Gamp, with a trained nurse who understands and likes her work, and who has the best motive for being faithful in it, is being made in the central hospital of the metropolis; and the influence of kind and skilful nursing is there freely enjoyed, not by the poor of one parish in London, or indeed of London only. As many as one-fifth of the patients received into that hospital, come from the country, while its central position, near the city and the river, brings within its walls the sick from beyond the bridges, from every part of London and the suburbs, and from the city unions. They come freely. Four-fifths of those who come, produce no letter of recommendation; their disease is a sufficient passport. How much they enjoy good nursing when they come, we need not say. Let any one who cares about these matters thread the narrow maze of streets in which the hospital and the New Rolls Office, and one or two other noticeable structures, patiently wait for the promised thoroughfare on which their architects have reckoned (the handsome frontage of the New King's College Hospital now forms one side of Grange Court, an alley very few feet wide), and let him find at their work the lady superintendent, and the six lady nurses, and the staff of busy, handy women, who are there comforting distress and easing pain. What is to be the future of these handy women? They are here, under careful oversight, to receive education in the duties of a nurse, and when they are perfect in the work they will be written in the list of nurses, and will be ready to come, even to our own homes, when we shall need their services. Each of them will have been trained to the strict military obedience essential in one who is set as a sentinel over disease. She will have learnt how life may be saved through steady nursing, which will not grudge patience to the half-hourly administration of medicine or food; how it may be saved also, through skilled observation and a shrewd report

to the physician of essential facts. She will have learnt that she must compel the surgeon or physician to make plain to her, and must compel herself to understand, her exact line of duty in each case. She will not, through mistaken prejudices or a false tenderness, leave the sleep of the sufferer to cancel every duty she may owe him until it is at an end, or be unused to join decision to her gentleness. Finally, she will order her speech wisely, and will know how to live with the household out of the sick room as a faithful, humble friend.

ETHICS OF BROADCLOTH.

I do not often talk Latin; but I must today be a little pedantic and give a translation from that crabbed old tongue which has its roots of birch and cane, and all its derivatives compassed by rulers and impositions. In Ainsworth's Dictionary you will find the word *cotricula*. *Cotricula*; first, a little whetstone or grindstone; second, a touchstone to try gold. Now, translated as a hybrid, and according to sound, *cotricula* is a little coat, or jacket; according to Ainsworth a whetstone, and a touchstone to try gold: and there is more affinity between the two interpretations than appears on the surface.

The first jacket or *cotricula* is an important fact in the life of childhood, not surpassed even by the first full-grown and long-tailed coat; for then the bloom of perfect novelty has been rubbed off the butterfly wings of the soul, and it is the second time in his life in which the boy's heart has swelled with pride and throbbed with ambition. His memory turns back to the day when he was invested with his first jacket; and great as are the glories of tails and stick-ups they do not exceed those of waistcoats independent of waistband buttons, and jackets with real pockets capable of infinite extension, on that day of *cotricula* investiture the boy first awakened to the condition that he was a progressive somebody, an individual one, an integral unit; not an incomplete atom, as heretofore, smothered in the congregation of larger atoms, a conservative infant destined to perpetual frocks and trousers. When Rienzi heard himself proclaimed Tribune by the universal shout of Rome, he was invested with his *cotricula*. Massaniello, and our own Cromwell; Napoleon, when he placed the iron crown of Milan on his head, and trod on dynasties and nationalities as though they had been Kidderminster carpets spread before him; Marius, when the purple was flung across his breast; Darius, when his horse neighed out the oracle of the gods; Cæsar, when crowned in the Capitol—all these, and more than these, only consolidated in their manhood the boy's golden haze of hope when his first *cotricula* lay untried and unsoiled before him. For with the first coatee or coating rose up dim grand foreshadowings of

the mighty things to come; floating visions indistinct through their colossal magnificence; majestic imaginings; delicious anticipations; compared with which even the reality of hope fulfilled and ambitious endeavour attained seem faint and poor. There is a legend in the Talmud that an angel visits the unborn child the moment before its birth, and reveals to it all the events of its future life. The jacket of modern days may stand in place of that Talmudic angel, for by the feelings and conduct of the youthful wearer may be predicated the whole of his after career. This is no strained analogy; it is the very thing I have undertaken to show.

I well remember my first coatee. It was dark blue, and had shining yellow buttons, which I, in my callow simplicity, did actually believe to be plates of solid gold. My feelings were beyond the range of cold, starch, stiff-backed words: I wanted the language of angels for my speech: for I was now a thing of consequence—an embryo man seeing the daylight of maturity through the thinning eggshell in which I was still imprisoned, and the future was too great for the tiny present to comprehend or express. It has been always so. Through life I have lived on hope and nourished my soul with dreams, believing in no evil to come, and trusting all to the dim chances of time and luck: as I did on the day of my first jacket. For had I then known of all the ill of which that blue and brass garment was the harbinger, I had not strutted so proudly, nor talked so big and loud. I had grand foreshadowings and blissful anticipations truly; but schools, birch-rods, canes, and days of faghood found no place therein. Yet I have historic companions, for neither did Marius know that the purple folds behind him were trailing into a Minturnæan dungeon, nor did Napoleon read Helena in the welded lines of the iron crown. Yet perhaps it would be good sometimes to know the future of our fate. If we must fall, surely it would be well to fall from as low a height as is convenient.

I was the youngest of the household; and this, as every family knows, is the earnest of kingship. But on the eventful morning of my change of garb a strange woman brought into the nursery a mysterious-looking bundle, and this was baby-brother. Now baby-brother was a myth and a usurper in one. I never could understand his existence at all, nor why he had so suddenly dethroned me from my royal place. I had been the nursery autocrat; first attended to because I cried the loudest; threatening the old nurse and over-mastering my little sisters; but now I was suddenly gathered to the world of boys, and baby-brother reigned in my stead; I was torn from the loomspun sanctuary of petticoats, and sorrow, disguised as pride, made a grip at the *cotricula*.

Again I inscribe the text; *cotricula*, a grindstone or whetstone. A grindstone maketh

steel sharp, pebbles bright, and fitteth instruments for their appointed tasks. A grindstone is a useful thing. Some call it adversity, others the world, and others, more wisely, action and work. Be that as it may, he who has been longest held down to that circular stone is sure to rise up the best featured man of his day. Would Dante have ever struck so bold and true a chord—would Camoens have spoken such sweet, sad, noble words, unless they had learnt by heart the worth of work and suffering? So with us all. The grindstone of work and sorrow is our noblest stepping-stone to heaven.

My first domestic trial had yet to come. It was caused by baby-brother. When were brothers of any good? From the days of Jacob downwards they have brought little else except confusion and desolation to a household; as now one brought to me. Invested with a jacket, the next step was school; the one is the corollary of the other; but so long as I had remained youngest I should have known neither. Therefore I say again, the cause of all my after woes was that helpless bundle of white, known as baby-brother, who first made my mother understand that Master Jackey was too old for petticoats and home. A jacket induces school; and cotricula is a grindstone.

Little did I sleep on my initial night in a school-bed; and glad was I when getting-up bell rang, and I was bolstered out of bed. Marvellously small basins and water doled out like hippocrene, fragmentary squares of diaper with rich fringes round central hiatuses, and odds and ends of a hard white saponaceous preparation were the whole accessories of the toilet of some thirty boys. With a heavy heart and swollen eyes I sullenly performed the various duties of the time and place, till I came to the jacket. For a moment the brass buttons were again golden amulets; for a moment bright-haired visions and cherubic anticipations floated round each stitch and seam; for a moment only: when a sharp blow from a bilious usher roused me to my senses, and I found that this cotricula was in very truth a grindstone and a whetstone, which, by means of schooldom, was to sharpen and to brighten. Extend the application, and it is not only boys who wear jackets and go to school.

Cotricula has a third meaning: touchstone, a thing to try gold. Blue cloth, then, is moral aqua fortis, testing the value of moral gold by the strange life, self-dependence, loneliness, and the strife of will against circumstance, which are its elements and conditions. In a school—that miniature world of men—that small kingdom of wrong and tyranny, and hopes, and joys—we find out the properties of the human gold before ever society has set her hall mark on the link; we test its purity, weight, ductility, and fusibility, for what vessel it is best suited, and of what size might be the mould: we

know all that can be known, and the future only indorses the judgment of the present. School is the crucible, the boy is the gold, the cotricula is the test, and man is the result. The weaver and the tailor are thus the veritable rulers of man's destiny, the scales wherein lie the destinies of a generation. Take the school hero, the golden boy of his time, and keep him at home. Let his energy expend itself in mischief, his strategic genius in the capture of birds' nests, his naval ambition in floating the best old china punch-bowl on the duck-pond, his patriotic zeal in the extirpation of stray poultry, and the stoning of strange dogs, and his diplomatic genius be evidenced in smothering his young soul between two featherbeds of lies, to conceal his misdoings; let him, in fine, be in moral frocks and trousers, and the gold tarnishes, its essence evaporates, and at last it is transmuted into the basest of brass. But place him under the hands of a tailor, induce him with a coatee, then thrust him into the crucible of school, and you will soon bring out the hidden wealth and eliminate the worthlessness of the superficial alloy.

On the other hand, a boy who, at home, shines in all the lustre of the purest gold, standing like an obelisk of old Egypt, for all men to see and admire, comes to school expecting to be gold there too. He is touched with the cotricula, and found to be but worthless copper badly gilded over. I once knew two boys who came to my school under these conditions. The one arrived with all the prestige of an honourable name, a fine gilt-shining boy, gold-done to the hand, patent to all the world: the other brought his own rope in his pocket, and was ticketed base Corinthian metal. The cotricula was applied—that unerring test of school criticism; and the home gilding turned black under the touch, but pure gold was found underlying the dishonoured brass. The whole world is full of these metallurgic revelations, and history itself is nothing but a series of experiments by means of the cotricula of life.

CHIP.

THE GOLIATH AMONG BRIDGES.

WE know something of the Leviathan among ships; let us know something also of the Goliath among bridges.

A bridge of unequalled size is now being built over the Saint Lawrence, half a mile west of Montreal, and a short distance below the Lachine Rapids. Its engineers are Mr. Robert Stephenson, to whom photographic reports are sent of the progress of the works, and Mr. A. M. Ross, engineer in chief of the Grand Trunk Railway, to which railway it belongs. The object of the bridge is to complete the Canadian system of railways, of which otherwise the line of communication would be severed by the Saint

Lawrence from all ports on the east coast of the Atlantic between Halifax and Boston. Without the bridge, a Canadian railway system is a local affair; the bridge destroys the insulation of the province, and provides free way for the outpouring of her commerce. It will cost a million or two of money, and be worth all that it costs.

It is a tubular bridge, like that over our Menai Straits; but the Britannia Bridge is a doll's bridge, one thousand eight hundred and eighty feet long, compared with this, the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. Five Menai Bridges, or seven Waterloo Bridges, one beyond another, would not complete the measure of Goliath, whose length from bank to bank will be only one hundred and seventy-six feet less than two miles.

There will be twenty-four piers leaving twenty-five spans for the tube, the centre span being three hundred and thirty feet wide, each of the others two hundred and forty-two feet wide. The piers will be fifteen feet wide, those in the centre wider, and they will all turn a sharp edge to the current, as well as a smooth and solid surface to the battery of winter ice that sometimes piles near Montreal to the height of more than forty feet and damages stone buildings on the quays. The masonry of the bridge will exceed two hundred thousand tons, in blocks of stone weighing from seven to ten tons each, all clamped with iron, and having the interstices filled up with lead. The weight of iron in the tubes will be more than ten thousand tons.

On each bank of the river the abutments of the bridge are about two hundred and fifty feet long and ninety broad, approached by embanked causeways: one of seven hundred, one of fourteen hundred feet. It is only between the centre piers that the river is navigable by the steam vessels which ply through the Lachine Rapids. The height of the floor of the bridge above the ordinary summer level of the water in that central part, is sixty feet. The height of the tubes of the bridge, varies from nineteen feet to twenty-two feet six inches. Each tube is to be nine or ten feet wider than the rail track it encloses.

Such is the nature of this wonder among bridges, which has been loyally named Victoria by the Canadians. A model of it may be seen in the Canadian department of the Crystal Palace. By the close of next year it will probably be finished.

THE BLOOD OF THE SUNDONS.

I.

SEATED, one dark December night, in the room known as the Amber Room, at Holm Hollies, with shelves of pedigree, and charts of pedigree, and titles of honour and emblems circling me about; with every step in that golden and ivory stair which led

me back up to the Conqueror's day, made out brightly and distinctly, I dreamt of the glories of the House of Sundon, of which I, Piers, was the last surviving representative. Last, indeed, of a line of noble gentlemen and peerless ladies, whose pictures hung below in the old dining-room, and whose broad lands, won by their good swords or brightest smiles, stretched away for many an acre—fairest prospect from the window of the Amber Room. On the shelves were Memoirs with noble prints by Strange and Holder of the Sundon Worthies: men who had done as famous service to the State in politics, as in armies and navies; whose blood had never been contaminated by mean alliances. "The purest stock in England," my father said many and many a time over; and never with such satisfaction as when he turned his back upon a dazzling manufacturing alliance, freighted with two hundred thousand pounds. Those moneys would have come in usefully enough: the wild animal known as the Wolf having even then presented himself with terrible frequency at the door. But my father kept his face steadily away from the manufacturing Dalilah.

There had once been such a thing as a Baron Sundon, of Holm Hollies, in the county of Dorsetshire; which title of honour had, by a cruel heraldic trick, slipped away from us long since. With vain trying to lure it back again, many a broad acre and tall tree had slipped away after it, and so had given encouragement to that wolf. In fact, this fruitless striving had left me sitting in the Amber Room, well nigh a poor man; but wealthy enough in that one hope: that faithless ignis fatuus, or Will-o'-the-wisp. More broad acres, more timber, had to go for feeding and keeping alive of that fire. Poleaxe, Herald and Pursuivant at Arms, was working the thing for me, and was never so confident as now. If I could only help him a little by speaking to some of the great ones! Ah! if I could; but the great ones were not my friends. I was too stately a chief for that; and the pure blood running in my veins would not let me come down to such wooing. So Poleaxe must work it through of himself. I knew nobody; saw nobody. The Sundons of the olden time were company enough for me. I knew well enough what the folk about, thought of me. A stiff, proud churl, who was setting himself over his neighbours. They were not good enough for him, forsooth! Nor were they. Had they come to my board, I should have set every man of them below the salt. Well, no. There was one person who was not to be set below the salt. Sir Thomas Hackleton the newly-made Baronet, and retired merchant. Newly-retired also—I must say it—from the leather business. In spite of their impure blood, neither he nor his little daughter was to be set below the salt.

II.

For this simple reason. He had bought and paid for a high place, and could therefore sit as high as he liked. He might come in at his own hours and strut through my rooms with his vulgar hands behind his own vulgar self, and mentally appraise the old pictures on the walls, the old furniture, the old plate in the chests below. That is to say, he had full claim and title to do this; for he had advanced money, and had bought off hostile people who would have verily sacked the place, stripped the walls, and melted down the wrought gold and silver. But for him there would have been auctions of the handsome furniture and effects. The drawing-room furniture, of exquisite design and antique pattern, the rich hangings, the unrivalled collection of articles of virtue (for which the well-known taste of the proprietors was a guarantee, &c.) the fine buhl cabinets, the matchless porcelain,—all these articles, set out in sweet and unctuous periods in the catalogue, would have the honour of being submitted to public competition by their obedient servant, Provincial Rostrum. Such an opportunity for collectors of choice objets d'art might never occur again. This went within a hair's breadth of being the anthem at Holm Hollies. The nobility and gentry went near to being summoned by sound of bell at the gate and choristers in green baize aprons.

The ugly wolf had actually made entrance disguised in a Jewish mask, with a red comforter on, and thick knobbed stick under his arm, and was busy, pen in hand, making inventories, and setting his mark on all things. He was for eating up all things in the house, that scowling Israelite, and was not to be put off this time. Writ, sir, signed by high sheriff of the county—*feri facias*—*levari* issued—a *distringas*—and the rest of their jargon.

I was running about distractedly—being then young in years and fresh from school—not knowing whither to turn, with my father lying sick up-stairs, almost in the extremity of death. The wolf was busy with his work, and had well nigh run his ink-horn dry; when, of a sudden, there entered, quietly, this newly-made baronet, who took the creature with the red comforter to one side, and spoke words to him. There was no vulgar obtusion of his money; no ostentatious thrusting of his purse upon me. The thing was done as though a gentleman had had the handling of it.

The wolf went his way satisfied; but we had only shifted masters. We had only gotten a smooth upstart, instead of wolf Moses: a common trick, you see, with all these fungi, that have sprouted from the night before only. They know full well we would not—could it be helped—let one of them within a rood of us; and so, 'tis likely enough, they

will take this shabby fashion of laying us under obligation to help them to rub skirts with gentle blood.

There were no reciprocal hospitalities, or even courtesies, in my father's time: but an unaccountable cloud of reserve. It was as though there had been the ghost of some ancient family feud hovering between them: a ghost not yet laid, or likely to be laid. My father would growl to himself as he read in provincial prints of provincial honours paid to mushroom dignity; of chairs being taken by mushroom dignity; of subscription lists being capped munificently by mushroom dignity. In contrast to which, that old excellence of birth, unballasted by money-bags, was held cheaper: people, gently pushing past him with excuses to reach to the better man of the two. This was all so much gall and vinegar to the man of pure blood; but pure blood without money at its back. The more so, as there came to be no immediate means of getting the chain from our necks. Once, indeed, full half of the debt had been gathered, and then a bank broke. Said my father, at last, when I importuned him: "Let the fellow wait like other tradesmen!" Still we had to welcome him cordially, and get up abundant show of smiles and hearty taking of his plebeian hand. And here, again, in all honour and fairness, must it be written, that this person showed no sense of his hold on us: no familiarity or undue presuming: never putting in claim for that money of his, save indirectly by this coming over to look after his debtors. It made my father rage and grind his teeth with fury, that periodical coming up the avenue; and, I do believe, the last and sweetest act of his life was one little bit of triumph over this Leathern Baronet. There had been a fund raised for operatives in distress and out of work; and it was said Sir Thomas Hackleton, Baronet, would head the list with one hundred pounds. No doubt he would. It was no more to him than one hundred halfpence.

Now, to us had been coming importunate letters from certain carriage builders who had furnished us, some years before, with a state coach, blazoned out with armorial bearings, as was fitting persons of our quality. This thing had been done by way of patronage to certain provincial builders plying their trade in the neighbouring town: and the provincial builders must break or go to the wall, they said, if they were not helped. Still these were loathe to inconvenience so noble a family. Therefore with difficulty had been got together—scraped from Heaven knows what sources—some two hundred pounds or so, which was to go to the whining builders. When, lo! comes this news of operatives out of work, and Sir Thomas Hackleton, Leathern Baronet, heading the list! My father, ill in bed of his last sickness, went nigh to dying at once of it; but, during a tossing night,

he lighted with triumph on the notion of diverting the coach builders' monies to the extinguishment of Leathern Baronetcy, and so it was done. Builders went to the wall, true to their word—being swamped in the crisis—but the blood of the Sundons was glorified through the length and breadth of the county. For it was there, to be read in the local prints, that plain Piers Sundon, Esquire, headed the list with two hundred pounds—which last act sent him away from this earth quite contented and happy.

III.

ALICE was the name of the merchant's daughter. A fair-haired, blue-eyed damsel, with a strangely spiritual expression; with finely cut features, very hard to conceive as having come of plebeian parentage. She nearly resembled those inspired faces which a famous French artist (by name Airy Schœffer), who has painted Dante and Beatrice, has the gift of fixing upon canvas. A very sweet, quiet-tempered child, full of gentleness and trust. In short, I had been in love with her from the first day I saw her.

This had been at full work long before my father's death: so there had been fine room within me for play of two contrary feelings. Rare tugging there was between them which was the stronger. I inherited to the full aversion to mushroom baronetcy sprouting where it had no title to sprout; but not so much personal hatred of the man. And then there was that golden-haired maid—delicate shoot, growing in lithe wind beside him, and flowering over all that crookedness. She was always, as it were, between me and him. And so I brought myself to tolerate his company—rather his sphere. For he seldom obtruded himself; being a man of little speech and mostly busy with his place and improvements. A worthy man, all the country gentlemen called him; of sound sense and long head. That is, all save Continental Lord Willoughby, who sneered at the man perpetually—that is, when he came home for short visits from foreign parts. He made himself pleasant on the Leathern Baronet's house and general taste. "Beautiful paint, sir," he would say. "Like the red houses in the pantomimes. You and I, who have fine clarified blood, could not so much as conceive such monstrosities. See what these plebeian souls generate!" With that he would go off to foreign parts again (he had a villa somewhere on some Italian river), and would not come back for a year or more.

The Hackletons lived in a staring spick-and-span country house, of dazzling vermilion, and as like a small factory as can well be fancied. It shone with plate glass and white picking-out upon the vermilion, and went by the name of the Villa Reale; a name snatched up in Sir Thomas Hackleton's little foreign touring. The plebeian tone of the man slipped out unconsciously at

every turn. It was never Villa Reale to me; but always The Factory, in plainest terms.

Yet, with that humble manner of his, and unobtrusive carrying of his baronetcy, I felt, on the occasion of my poor father's death, that it would be no disparagement to pure blood, to accept his pressing offer of a week's stay at the Factory.

I was glad to be set free from the house of mourning: glad, too, to be free from distracting persecution of bills pouring down on me, in a flood. People in the hall; people at the gate; surly, and talking loudly. To say nothing of the daily post. So my heart was heavy enough, in all conscience, and a change of that kind would be welcome. Besides—and he suggested this humbly—I might like to talk with him concerning the disentanglement of my affairs; which were in a very cheerless condition; and, he being pretty well used to business, I might, perhaps, find him of some little use. So he put it, hesitatingly. To say the truth, I had been shrinking away from bold, unassisted, looking of money difficulties in the face, which had now become absolutely necessary,—if the depopulation of noble aristocratic timber was ever to stop. So, I shook his hand thankfully, and said I would go to him to the Factory for one week.

The Vermilion Factory was all gilt inside, wherever there was a projecting point to hold gold leaf: cornices, frieze, doors, windows, stair-balustrades, all blazing in the sun. Golden-legged chairs, golden-legged tables, and mirrors by the rood. Prodigious gardens: a prodigious extent of greenhouse-glass, covering in the rarest exotics. There was a pedantic Scotch gardener with numerous assistants. All these glories were shown to me by the yellow-haired maiden in her own silent undemonstrative manner; the merchant baronet scarcely appearing at all. A strange influence was shed upon me from the golden locks as I followed; not so much from voice as from manner. Those pale eyes were looking out eternally with the French painter's divine light. And so I followed all day long, from plant to plant, wherein she delighted most: from picture to picture, and from book even to book. It was a snatch from that old story, which is as old as the world. She was wonderful for a plebeian maid.

IV.

On the second day I thought we might try a little business; and the tin boxes, which had come over on a visit, were brought out and explored. These boxes were labelled outside, with the style and title of the Ancient Family; and there were disgorged upon the study floor, mortgages in great bundles, deeds of trust, settlements and indentures, between Hebrew Levi of the one part (needless to say who was of the other part) accompanied by a light flotilla of

post-obits, bills, and their brethren, bonds, with judgments in the penal sum of double the amount, duly confessed and marked in High Courts. The humble plebeian had his spectacles on, and went at the work bravely for as much as three good hours; while I roamed in and out uneasily; dividing myself evenly enough betwixt the tin boxes and the yellow-haired maiden. The end of it was, he could not see his way, in the least; but, from mere dim suspicion, and a sort of surface glance, he could gather enough to say that things were dark, very dark indeed.

Some one came to dinner. A hook-nosed, sleek-haired fellow, with a strange likeness to the merchant; at whose entry I fumed and scowled. Because, forsooth, I let myself out on a visit to those below the level, is there to be unfair advantage taken of such condensation, and is such fry as this to be brought in to stare, and help the host's glorification? It was only his own brother, just come for a dinner; a long-headed, man, I was told. He was a solicitor, and talked of his trade openly, and in a smooth way. It irked me exceedingly to find myself compassed about by such company. I was fallen low enough, indeed—enough to wish that my poor father might not be looking from his fresh grave.

"By the way," said the baronet, after dinner, in the most natural way in the world, "here is my brother, a lawyer, who can set you right about those papers. He has extraordinary experience. He is concerned—confidentially—for my Lord Willoughby of the Park."

My father had revered my Lord Willoughby's family from a child, and had made me reverence it too. I looked on the hook-nosed with a certain interest now.

His advice and experience were at the service of such a friend of his brother's as I was; unprofessionally, be it understood. This offer was scorned, as was only fitting it should be. No offence; there was no offence, he said, intended. As I was such a friend of his brother's family, he merely thought there should be no stiffness, or anything of that sort—that is—

I coloured up, to flaming tint. This fellow, then, had been let into the secret of the debt: what was to be expected from the precious plebeian keeping it had got into? "Brother," said Sir Thomas, from the other side of the table, "you must not put things in that way. Mr. Sundon and Mr. Sundon's father have known of me for some years back. But I have no claim on Mr. Sundon or Mr. Sundon's father for such high consideration as would entitle me to the honour of what you call intimate friendship. So please do what you are required to do, in the way of business."

The flaming tint, on this, subsided. That very night the tin boxes were turned up-

side down again, and the attorney went in head foremost among the papers. All that night he was at the work, and came up late with news that he would give an answer on the morrow.

The tune of that answer was something to this effect.—When the threatening company of mortgages, bonds, judgments, came to have their heads set together, and were duly polled, and placed in their order, the upshot was: Say, in round numbers, one hundred thousand pounds of liabilities, all pressing relentlessly with foreclosure power; besides smaller fry that could be staved off for the present. On the whole, about the net value of the estate, if sold. Sold it must be presently, said Hooknose smoothly,—under foreclosure power.

V.

THIS was a blow, the like of which I had not reckoned on, in the worst hours of despondency. I was a pauper at that moment; but an aristocratic pauper. Hebrew gentlemen and wolves innumerable (not troubling themselves with sheep clothing now), would be down upon me presently. One ugly Foreclosure, the result of a bill filed in Chancery, was actually in force at that instant. Hebrew Levi had only to cut the thread, and the sword was down upon Damocles. I could have fallen at full length on the rich carpets of the baronet. I might come upon the parish at once, an unredeemed pauper. Then, that rare notion of working out the extinct peerage! Why, at that moment there was a letter lying in my pocket freshly arrived from Poleaxe, herald at arms, full of wonderful hopes and encouragement, but craving money earnestly for the searches. In fact those same searches would, he averred, be at a standstill for evermore, unless alimony were forthcoming promptly. What precious likelihood there was of it now!

That very night, out of this trouble of mind and brain-racking, was born a sort of light fever, which kept me tossing in bed for several days, uttering wandering talk concerning paupers and Union Workhouses; with a disturbed view, at more composed intervals, of a golden-haired maiden drawing near and fading off into clouds; now bringing drinks and doing other angel's work. But it was only a light fit after all; lasting but three or four days. Then, strength came back, and I was abroad again. There was a peck of Hebrew letters lying waiting for me, with one ugly missive from Ben Levi, stating that Foreclosure, Esquire, was on his road down, unless indeed I should stay him on the journey. Equity of Redemption would stand to me, and might beard Foreclosure still. But how was he to be bought?

Hooknose was on the ground, accidentally it would seem, and was had into council. The mushroom Baronet was not present. Hooknose said it was growing serious, and

that he had looked again through the papers. He had been rather under, than over, the figure, had Hooknose. It was very, very bad—about as bad a case as had come within his professional experience; and, for the life of him, he could not see his way to extrication. By compounding and proper paring, something over the debts might be got out of the sale.

"That is your comfort, Mr. Hackleton;" I said, "but your cure?"

"Wait," said Mr. Hackleton, "there is more to say. You have a good name and good blood. Precious refined blood. Taking it at so much per drop—and I believe the human form contains a very large quantity—you might go with it into the city and get money for it," quoth Hooknose, dryly.

"And eternally corrupt it!" I said.

"No," Hooknose answered, reflectively, "I don't see it in that way. Seriously, sir, you might improve it. Mankind is pretty much under the same laws as other animals. Judiciously crossed, the breed improves. Perhaps the English aristocracy owes its good physical condition to frequent intermarrying with the commonalty. Look at the old French nobility! they married in and in amongst themselves, until they got to be a sort of species of human spider. Here is rank heresy for you, outspoken from the mob!"

My lips curled at this speech of the low man. The man was familiar. But I had need of him.

"Improve by deterioration!" I said, with a kind of scoff. "Unlikely chemical process!"

"Most true, Mr. Sundon," he said. "But this chemistry of blood has the queerest laws. Now, only think! For my brother and myself—who I really believe have come in direct line from those gaol birds whom Romulus got together for his Rome—for us to have thoughts on pedigree and descent, and blood, seems ridiculous. Yet I often turn such things over in my mind, when at work—say, when making out a bill of costs!"

I should like much to have known, was this man sneering or in downright earnest? Bill of costs! true plebeian illustration.

"Yet," he continued, making a hollow cup of both his hands for his chin, "yet, if I could make out a tree up to the gaol birds, should I not be an out-and-out patrician? The finest blood in the country. Come! There's logic for you!"

What odd notions were these concerning gaol birds and pedigree! What was the man at?

"As I take it," Hooknose continued, "it is the pure ascertaining—the bare holding out of a torch to light all the steps of your pedigree, that makes the thing so glorious: how queer, then, if his torch showed a man—say my Lord Willoughby's furthest ancestor—swinging from a gallows. Perhaps

Sally, the scullion below, has about as good a lineage as my lord; only, poor soul, she can't afford to have it traced!"

I felt the old curl upon my lip. The broad, coarse way he had of putting the thing!

"We had best return to business," I said; "we were speaking of money."

"O, certainly," he answered, with extraordinary humility, "certainly! certainly! These are not topics for such scum as mere Hackletons: folk born under a counter. But to come to business again. There is that barony of yours—barony in nubibus—supposing you came into it: you could have that bill done in the city too."

"There must be money," I said.

"Your chances are fair enough, I am told," Hooknose answered; "but rest assured that this is the only plank left to you."

Hackleton said no more; but his words left their mark.

Without travelling up so far as the city, what if I looked round me within a circle bounded by the Hackleton domain? This I spoke to myself, sinking into a chair in the spick-and-span Factory study. Take hold of the plank! Take hold of the plank, held out by a saffron-haired mermaid, who has now floated past the window!

That morning from my own confidential attendant I had heard abundant details concerning her conduct during my three days' weary tossing. How she had been hovering about, with anxious tearful eyes and saddest expression. Could the clouds have been parted for the sick man, he would have seen the face wrought by the divine painter, looking out with gentlest sympathy. Take hold, Hooknose said, take hold of this plank. Take hold of it! said also scowling Foreclosure. Foreclosure might be expected at any hour; nay, at this moment he might be on the ground in possession. The bare notion set me all a-trembling. And yet, outside, among the garden bowers, might be found balm and panacea for all troubles. Rescue from difficulties—salvation—cure! What if there was one little grain of truth in those odd, strange, ridiculous speeches of Hooknose? Take hold of the plank! And with that cry within me I slowly rose, and passed out hesitatingly into the garden.

With trembling and astonishment Golden-Haired heard my heart-sent, earnest vows. With even something like a cry, too, hastily suppressed.

"Have you thought well over this?" she said. "O have you thought well of it?"

She was quite scared and dazed: "It cannot be," she exclaimed, and was for flying away. There is a programme usually on these occasions, so I took this to be a first step in the business, and stopped her.

"You love another," I said, thinking of the old hackneyed form.

No, it was not that, she could assure me, still ready to sink upon the walks. She

never looked so like to the divine painter's faces as then.

"Better not to mention it at all to her father," she said. "Forget the words I had spoken altogether. That dazzling lineage of mine—the great ancestors——"

Ah, yes! I had nearly forgotten them altogether. The maiden of low degree had swept them away from my brain.

Shall it be confessed that, as difficulty seemed to show itself, I seemed to see Foreclosure standing behind with his arm up, quite infuriated? A sudden terror of him filled me, as I found this last chance of escape slipping from me.

It was incomprehensible. Such a wooing garden scene was never thought of before. There was some one coming down the walk most inopportunately.

A servant with a letter: having ridden over from Holm Hollies with word that I was badly wanted there. A sudden coldness at my heart. Had Foreclosure come? I departed hastily, promising to be back on the morrow. It left that garden scene a riddle unguessed.

At the Holm Hollies what I had been wanted for, I found to be gone. Certain strange men had wanted speech of me, who, not finding me, said they would look for me over at the baronet's.

VI.

THE shape of the Amber Room was octagon, and there were large squares of faded silk, once of a rich golden yellow, let into panels all round. There was abundance of black oak framing about these panels; sprouting in knobs and foliage here and there, and converging in a huge boss at the centre of the domed ceiling. There was an old chair and an old oak escritoire, where I sat and wrote; and where, too, my father sat and wrote; and where, too, those who had been before him had sat and written also. There were shelves laden with pedigree books; and there were great oak chests open, on the floor; whence overflowed more pedigree documents, deeds, and patents—a great heraldic litter. Fronting the escritoire at which I was sitting, late at night, was a portrait of the last Baron Sundon, of Holm Hollies, a fine dignified gentleman, in a flowing periwig, green velvet coat, and star—the pillar and glory of the family; great in the state, greater in the county—with an aristocratic curl on his lips, and full, smooth cheeks, made fuller by the wig; bluish, aristocratic fingers nestling under his lace frill. Those bluish fingers advanced out of the rich lace frill, only to touch the fingers of the nobility; for he was conscious of our prodigious purity of blood, and would have borne that his precious family flesh should be torn with hot pincers, sooner than have it defiled by plebeian touch. And now, for some century and a half, had he been looking down out

of his mellow-toned background at those who came after, and sat at the oaken escritoire. Perhaps he might be taken as watching eternally, lest any of his race should go astray, and slur the stock he had been so precious of.

Well, it was now late at night; and, in this very Amber Room I had been sitting in the darkness, until the time had crept on very close to midnight. What had been my entertainment during those weary hours would not be hard to conceive; dismallest fancies and heaviest forebodings; sad thoughts of how this precious birthright was departing from me, being basely sold, in fact, for money. There I sat, in the darkness, until the clock began chiming outside, preparatory to striking the hour, and then it pealed out slowly twelve o'clock.

I went to light the lamp, lit it, and came back again to the old escritoire, sitting down fronting the first Baron Sundon, in his green velvet coat and ruffles. The dull light of the lamp played upon the smooth, full cheeks, and showed him looking down placidly and unconsciously upon (it was not too hard a word) his unworthy descendant. Then I fell to thinking if I should have chanced to have been son of his, or had he lived up to this night, and I had the task before me of breaking to him news of this foul blot; I began thinking how the fair, placid cheeks of the first Baron Sundon would have been contorted with rage; how he would have gone high to bursting a precious blood-vessel; how he would have torn those spotless white ruffles; how he would have cursed me, and turned me out of doors; how he would, in all human probability, have died of it. For that matter, there was my poor father, now in the Family Vault; and I could speak for a certainty as to how it would have affected him. It would have sent him down to the Family Vault prematurely. Why, even I could see the old Lord of Sundon frowning down on me, just as the clock chimed two quarters past twelve.

VII.

Sundon village church was full of Sundons. It was worth coming miles to see. It was a perfect heraldic panorama: every aisle and corner being crowded with tombs and effigies of dead Sundons. There were Sundons in armour, and Sundons in flowing wigs, with their hands in praying postures on their breasts, lying out stiffly on great stone tombs: there were Sundons kneeling on cushions in pairs together, and with frills about their necks, all wrought out in snowy white marble.

All that august company lie together beneath the low-roof church, which has a short, thick tower outside, heavily cased with ivy; and whose walls slant outward quite out of all shape. The long roof seems to start almost from the ground, those old slanting

walls being not beyond a few feet high, save, indeed, where they rise suddenly to make room for a tall window, filled-in with coloured glass of pale faint tint—faded saffron and green—over which, too, the ivy has straggled pretty thickly, and has stopped such light as there ever was. It ill became a Sundon to stray down there, having got the keys from the sexton, when the moon was streaming through the window, scattering that green and yellow phosphoric light mysteriously on the pavement, making strange ghostly patterns, out of which rise the stiff, sleeping figures, looking as cold and white as though cut out of snow.

There is an old organ,—one of the fine old organs that came from Holland two centuries before,—ripe and mellow in every tone; and at this moment it is playing softly, rolling swelling music up to the chancel, over the sleeping Sundon figures,—the praying knights, and the full-wigged barons; up to the porch where I stand, with my dismal heart in my hand, looking in timorously. So it plays on, as with pipes of silver, and the moon streams in through the diamond panes, bringing with it to the floor the pale saffron tints; bringing out very distinctly a figure that I seem to know pretty well, and which leans upon one of the white tombs. A figure in full green velvet coat, and flowing periwig; with bluish fingers nestling in among his lace frilling, and with smooth, placid cheeks. He leans against the tomb easily enough, and moonlight from the old window comes through the straggling ivy and diamond panes, right upon that star of his. All this while, the organ is playing away softly. He rises up at length, and walks round among the tombs, stopping before each in a musing sort of fashion.

Before the praying knights, and the knights on cushions, and the dames with frills; before the men in flowing robes and wigs, the bishops, dignitaries, chancellors, and soldiers, whom the great house had provided to the State; before the noble ladies of the house, the peerless beauties, who had intermarried with other great houses, whose commemorative tablets were there, fixed in the old grey walls—he stops, and reads the inscription, those full smooth cheeks of his relaxing complacently. It was gratifying, no doubt, to read off that roll of high deeds and higher titles, all so gorgeously emblazoned. His race had not been unworthy of the first Baron Sundon. And so he goes from one to the other, always with that placid smile, the old Dutch organ still playing in the gallery. At last, he stops, not two yards from me, and begins reading a fresh tablet, newly let into the wall, with two busts over it. Thereupon his eyes sparkle, his smooth cheeks wrinkle up, and his teeth nearly chatter; so that, from pure curiosity, I steal out from under the porch, and come softly behind him. Then I read over his

shoulder what was written on the new tablet.

It said (and, by some of that saffron light which came through the old diamond panes, it might be fairly read), that here lay the body of one Piers Sundon, Esquire, with all his style, titles, and virtues, and of Annie, his wife, who has no style, title, or virtues whatever; no descent nor dignity; no honours; no family; no pedigree. O, now I see at last with a horrible agitation at heart, and terrible conviction of its truth, what has so moved the placid ancestor in the green-velvet coat! Now, do I begin to see what that trembling finger—at last withdrawn from the lace-ruffle—is pointing at. Well might the smooth ancestor turn round at that sharp cry of grief, still pointing his trembling finger at that fatal blot upon his line—and fix one living glance of rage and hatred on me!

With that despairing cry, all things seemed to melt away; grey church, saffron moonlight, white sleeping figures on tombs, old window and diamond panes, and the soft music from the old Dutch organ. All things departed, except the first Baron Sundon, in his green velvet coat and star.

VIII.

Mr Lord Willoughby, as has been said before, lived mostly in foreign parts, coming home now and then for short spans. They have fine blood in Italy—princes by the hundred: so he usually kept to that villa of his on the Arno, where he was held in much esteem by the princes. My Lord Willoughby's whole gospel lay in that little word, Blood. "You and I," he would say to me, "are the only persons of condition in the county; the others are mere gutter-bloods, and that fellow Hackleton is their prime Don!" For he hated that fellow Hackleton from his soul. He was now over on one of his visits, but was to tarry some time, it was said: having brought home a daughter and many retainers.

My lord called over at Holm Hollies that next morning, and was rejoiced to see me looking so well, and then fell off into rambling talk about princes and marchesses and high things, and courts, and that villa of his on the Arno. All which came acceptable enough after that long drought of such matters over at the spick-and-span Factory. It was comforting to find myself in the atmosphere of a person of quality, and of such quality as my lord. Then rambling home to the county, "By the way," he said, "you have been with Hackleton—prince of gutter-bloods I call him—I wished to speak to you about that. Sit down, and don't be disturbed."

What was this beginning to portend?

"You know," continued my lord, "that I never could endure the Parvenu. I always said he was a gutter-blood, and would do a dirty thing. Well! What do you suppose this dignified workman, this baroneted cur, has

been busy with, while entertaining you? Don't be disturbed; but I thought it right to let you know——"

"What?" I said, in much trouble.

"Why buying up your incumbrances—exchanging places with your creditors. I know he has a hankering after your acres. A rare plot, and worthy of a gutter-blood!"

I was astounded. "Are you sure?" I said.

"Can this be true?"

"Stay!" continued my lord, "he has a daughter, has he not?—a fair seducing thing—placed well in the centre of his spider's web. A better plot still. Don't you see it all now, my poor friend? Turn of the mortgage screw with one hand; with the other, seducing daughter. Take your choice. That's the game!"

That was the game! So it was, and blind I must have been, not to have seen it long since. Here was the secret of that interest in my affairs—that rummage among the tin boxes and papers, which I had so foolishly privileged. Here was the fruit of that laying heads together of the two brothers, and of that cunning embassy of the Hooknose, and of his quiet suggestion for admixture of plebeian blood. A low juggle, indeed, and most clumsy plot!

For my lord threw out the broadest hint, for the confounding of it.

"You and I," he said, again, "being the only true blood in the county, should stand to one another. If he shake his deed in your face, don't be afraid of him; there is one who will back you. This tender wench has not been angling for you: you have not been committing yourself! Gracious! Don't tell me that!"

I was turning crimson, and I thought I saw a look of repulsion in my lord's face.

IX.

This was what I said to the mushroom Baronet in the plainest terms (he and his long-headed brother were together in the study):

"Sir, you have behaved unworthily—unworthy of your station and the title you bear. But your scheme has failed. Do your worst. Ruin me if you please: but not all your power will bring me to degrade my name and blood, by such an alliance."

His pale cheek was suffused with colour, and his fingers trembled. Hooknose was smiling.

"Your ambassador," I went on quite in a fury, "did his work well this morning, striving skilfully to depreciate this poor faith of mine in noble blood, now the only estate left to me. But thank Heaven it has failed!" And here, in the excess of my excitement, I clasped my hands together. Hooknose smiled again.

The baronet's cheek grew paler. He was unprepared, he said huskily, for this, quite unprepared. But he understood it.

It was not worth while setting himself right; for, though of humble birth, he had his dignity as a man to look to. He had been misjudged, but would leave all to time.

With that he rose and gathered together his papers. My heart smote me cruelly: it was scarcely patrician to have spoken so to him.

"Give Mr. Sundon," he said to his brother, "those papers." Then turning to me, he said again: "Sir, I leave all to time. You will see your injustice one day." With that he passed away from the room.

"I hand you the mortgage deeds," Hooknose said, "pursuant to instructions."

"I know the price wanted for them," I answered scornfully, and left the house.

X.

So had I thus cut away, all that bound me to the baronet—cut away, too, what had bound me to his golden-haired daughter. I had passed from them with aristocracy colours streaming! Proud blue blood was triumphant. It had vindicated itself grandly. The plebeian dragon was grovelling in the dust. Yet my breast had a heavy weight on it all the while, from early morning until sundown: heaviest, too, on waking at midnight with weary vision of golden-hair and of the pale plebeian's face and trembling fingers—with lurking suspicion, too, that my nobility had asserted itself in something too rough and unmanly a fashion.

When I was at home the week following, busily arranging matters, news was brought in that my Lord Willoughby was coming up the avenue. That purest of Corinthian blood was coming to pay me a visit. Nay, for that matter, aforesaid blood had come the day before, and the day before that again, being seemingly very anxious to have speech of me. Such eagerness was unaccountable to me. My lord desired to know more of me; as it was only fitting that two such noble stocks should be brought much together. His lordship was a person of awful consideration and extreme nicety in "mixing," as it was called.

My lord was rejoiced to see me, wringing me very cordially by the hand. He must see more of me in future. By the way, he had something to tell me. And my lord took out a letter.

"I got this," said my lord, "three days ago from a noble relation in the Upper House. He tells me that your Barony is almost secure; but a little trouble and a word or two from persons of interest—"

My breath came and went. "You mean?—" I asked, trembling.

"I mean," said my lord, jocularly, "that the thing only wants a little pushing. Come to-morrow and dine, and we can talk it over. By the way, you have not seen my daughter, Constance, since she came home?"

The Barony within grasp! Was it credible? What did it mean? How laughable the

notion of such a title borne by insolvency : with the Union Workhouse for its family seat.

"Pooh, pooh!" said my lord, the next day, in the drawing-room as we waited for dinner, "what's an incumbrance here or there? We might push you through that. There are many with odd thousands to spare who would not grudge it to a young man starting in life."

Here entered the daughter, Constance: white-faced, but with an air of true aristocracy—with a stately bearing as of a queen. Blood always makes itself so felt. The poor saffron-haired damsel always came in, gently and timorously, as if uncertain what treatment she might encounter. Constance had a noble arch in her neck, as if she were born to command. How gracious she was to me all that night, as was also the noble lord her father, I will not dwell on now. There were fresh particulars concerning the Barony. Nay, my lord had need only to lift up his little finger and the thing was done.

Poleaxe was a botch. Leave it to my lord. But he would take leave to say one thing: Young men of noble blood, starting in life, should think of settling down, and of having done with wild oats. To one conclusion, however, he began to point without disguise: to his own pure-blooded, white-faced daughter; and, as to that matter of pressing mortgage and money difficulty, why, who would not have a pleasure in helping on a young man who had come to such straits by no fault of his own?

XI.

I GREW into favour with the white-faced maid; and paid her court, all to that end which I thought my lord had hinted at. I grew into favour with her: but it was a cold suit: the very corpse of wooing. No blandishments of that piece of quality could warm it up. No, not in the least. I have written it down, that I had cast off violently all that bound me to the baronet and to his. All! I fear me all this while those golden threads are still drawing, drawing me gently back again. That pale saffron-hair is in a fearful tangle about my heart! More weary, weary nights and heavy thoughts! O this nobility!

XII.

BUT how about Foreclosure, Distress, and Levy, and their attendant harpies, all this while: and specially about the strange men I had been sent over to meet? My lord would nod and wink strangely as I mentioned this—would try and turn off the matter; but never wholly denying participation. But, what led the fellows over to the spick-and-span Factory? There was something always whispering to me that there was a certain mysterious connection between the Factory family and

that staving off of cruel Fi-fa, Levari, and Company.

But again my lord winked and looked knowing—would tell nothing—no, not a word.

"Come over to-morrow evening," wrote my lord, "I have something serious to speak of to you." It needed not an *Œdipus* to guess what. So it was incumbent on me to set out at his bidding, even through that dark December evening, when there were signs of a storm coming on. Right cheerfully in olden days would I have ridden forth in another direction. But that was over now.

Never was my lord in such cheerful humour. He was all points and pleasant turns; positively gay as a lark. Those shining false rows of teeth of his were always on view, and he was full of the liveliest notions on human things generally. He was pleased to say he took great delight in my humour—which, to say the truth, was of the dimmest. His walnuts went cracking off under his aristocratic fingers to the music of his own happy quips and light talk. The noble white-faced lady, too, was fitted out gorgeously, and was filled with an overflowing graciousness and extra sweetness.

The walnuts went cracking on, and the light talk kept pace with them. Strange to say, all that night long my lord made no allusion to that matter of blood—a word seldom five minutes absent from his talk. I recollect that, distinctly, and it struck me at the time as being a curious thing.

The walnuts went cracking on. The talk fell round on my concerns. How pleasant a thing it would be, he said, if I could be set free and straight upon my legs. No incumbrance, no mortgage, no risk of Ca-sa, Fi-fa, and Company. Which tune he sang for a good long spell: then, turning suddenly on me, he would know had I been thinking of the way I was in?

To which I replied (in an absent fashion, for I was thinking of other things), that I had been thinking of it deeply, but could see no mode of extrication beyond one. At this beginning of business talk, Constance rose and retired.

"Pah!" said my lord, with all the teeth on view at once. "I will help your thoughts for you. Between persons of our high rank, and especially between persons of our relative ages, there should be no beating about the bush. I have not had my eyes shut all this while. No, no!"

Crack went a walnut again, and his head went back upon his shoulder to survey me with his knowing look. Then my lord went on to say, over again, that he had not had his eyes shut all that while—that he had seen what had been going on—that we had managed it cleverly, very cleverly, very cleverly indeed—in short, I should be set free and clear to start with: there should not be so much as a pound outlying against me. To

all of which I could only answer that I was very grateful to him for all his goodness—the usual song in short.

But my lord had not done yet. There was something to add which seemed very hard to make its way out. "You see," said he, still smiling so pleasantly, "what a fine position this will be for you. Young men are not so started every day. Constance, too, so amiable and good! Likes you, on my soul I believe to distraction! Bear in mind, too," my lord added hastily, "that you may have the barony within a month from this date. My honour as a nobleman you may!"

My lord's lips were all this while opening and shutting nervously.

"By the way," he went on hastily, "I should tell you—for between us persons of rank and so intimate there should be no concealments—and a young man in your position should not be too thin skinned—"

Here he stopped to pick out a walnut.

"Not too thin skinned, I say."

What was he driving at?

"You see, my dear Sundon, we are all frail creatures, even the best of us, at one time of our lives. Young men will be young men to the end of the world. Yes, we will have that barony for you. My wife, poor soul (you never knew her) died long since—long before Constance up-stairs was born."

"What," said I rising up, "do you tell me that—"

"Precisely," said my lord, showing his white teeth, "you understand me I see. But the barony recollect!"

I could not believe what I heard, but he spoke even more plainly. I lost all self-command. To think me capable of being bought with such a lure. It maddened me. I struck him across his white-toothed mouth with my hand. Then rushed from the house. The night was dark and stormy, and I scarcely knew the road. But I could not rest until I was free of that hateful place. The wind howled, and there were great drops of rain falling at intervals. I scarcely heeded them. The bitter feeling that my faith in the pure honour of aristocracy was too cruelly shaken to feel aught else.

All this, as I struggled through the storm along the high road to Holm Hollies.

If I had been so deluded in the one respect, what safeguard had there been against my going astray in another? There was the pale face of the baronet now visiting me reproachfully. All was perplexity—all darkness. All had come of the promptings of that specious well-born villain, and who should tell how much of truth or falsehood lay mixed together! And she of the golden hair!—despised, abandoned—cast from me like a weed of her own sweet garden. O fool! fool! noble blooded, aristocratic, deluded fool!

But it was not too late. There were sounds as of wheels approaching—the carriage

that was to have taken me home, going for me to Lord Willoughby's. Nothing could be so opportune.

XIII.

It was not more than ten o'clock when I drove up to the Villa Reale. The unexpected visitant made his way in and told his tale to the quiet baronet and to the golden-haired. It all came out as I had thought. Noble blood and aristocracy had descended even to imposture and to telling of low lies. It was the baronet, indeed, who had received the strange men and sent them away satisfied. "I told you," he said, in his gentle way, "I would leave it all to time."

Later on, when I had asked and found forgiveness for that cruel misjudging of mine, both from him and from the golden-haired;—when I was striving to win my way back to that old footing I well nigh hopelessly lost—he said to me in his old, quiet, melancholy way, "I have never had thoughts of lifting my poor child into a station above her own. Since coming to riches, this is what I have laid out for her and for me. I do not believe in that bettering of one's condition by a lofty marriage. We shall all do best in that walk wherein we have been placed. And so, at that season when you were so harshly judging of us, it was my firm resolve never to sanction such an alliance as you were then seeking. In this humble creed I have brought her up; and she holds to it as firmly as I do now. In this humble creed I hope to live and die. We have our little plebeian honour to hold by, as well as the nobler classes. Therefore, sir, we will never come back again to this subject."

These were the words of the Baronet; every one of which dealt a sharp pang. O! the golden-haired was gone from me for ever!

And so it is left to me to drag on a life of bitter sorrow and vain yearnings. Yearnings after what my own wild folly has taken from me. If nothing else, it has been a school of bitter teaching.

Whether, in course of time, which works great marvels, the golden-haired will ever be given to me again, is yet in a deep cloud. So I drag on my weary life with some light figment of hope before me. I look to the future. My faith in the past is broken utterly.

WATER MUSIC.

'Twas in summer—glorious summer—
Far beyond the smoky town,
Weary with a long day's ramble
Through the fern and blooming bramble,
Needing rest, I sat me down.
Beetling crags hung high above me,
Ever looking grandly rude;
Still there was some trace of mildness
In this scene so weird; its wildness
Might be sought for solitude.

Birds and flowers, song and beauty,
 Seem'd this rugged realm to fill ;
 That which was my soul's entrancing
 Was the music and the glancing
 Of a rock-born plashing rill.
 Lingering there, I was delighted,
 Musing on the days gone by,
 Watching its bright spray-pears sprinkled,
 Every silvery tone that tinkled
 Touch'd some chord of memory.

'Twas as if sweet spirit-voices
 Threw a spell around me there :
 Now, in lightest notes of gladness,
 Now, in deeper tones of sadness,
 Wafting whispers to my ear.
 Memory, hope, imagination,
 Seem'd to have usurp'd my will ;
 And my thoughts kept on a-dreaming
 Till the bright stars were a-gleaming
 To the music of the rill.

What a world of strange reflections
 Came upon me then unsought !
 Strange, that sounds should find responses—
 Where e'en mystery ensconces—
 In the corridors of thought !
 Then emotions were awaken'd,
 Making my heart wildly thrill,
 As I linger'd there and listen'd,
 Whilst the dew around me glisten'd,
 To the music of the rill.

STEPHEN GIRARD, THE MONEY MAKER.

ABOUT the year seventeen hundred and fifty, in the environs of Bordeaux, in France, there lived an old sea-captain, named Pierre Girard, with Madame Larfargue, his wife. They had already four children,—no matter whether male or female, for they lived and died in the obscurity in which they were born. But in the year seventeen hundred and fifty, on the twenty-first of May, another child came into the world—a boy, named Stephen Girard.

Up to the age of ten or twelve, there is no record of the life and progress of this boy. At that time he was found, with one eye, embarked as a cabin-boy, with no other acquirements than an imperfect knowledge of the elements of reading and writing, on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. His one eye was made the subject of ridicule amongst his companions, and his temper was thus early soured for life. With this physical deformity, without friends, patronage, or money, he was thrown upon the world.

He did not remain long in the West Indies, but bound himself apprentice to a shipmaster, in whose service he first set foot in the port of New York, about the year seventeen hundred and sixty-four. Morose as Stephen Girard was, he gained the confidence of his employer, and he was made mate of the vessel in which he sailed, and afterwards captain, when his master left the sea. He voyaged several times

successfully to and from New Orleans. In this position he first began to accumulate means, and to trade on his own account, and he soon became part owner of the ship and cargo, which he commanded. A large gap in the minute progress of his history now occurs, but in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine we find him an obscure, plodding, quiet, thrifty trader in Water Street, Philadelphia.

At this period he took a liking to one Mary, or Polly Lum, the daughter of an old ship-caulker, who lived in a water-side house down amongst the vessels that traded to that city. The girl was plain, but comely, and employed as a domestic servant in a neighbouring family. Stephen Girard does not appear to have been looked upon with favour by the parents of the girl, for they forbade him the house for some time. They were eventually married, but the union was not a happy one. She was neglectful of her duty: he was morose and austere. One child was born, which died. At length he applied to the legislature of Pennsylvania for a divorce, and obtained it.

He still continued to rent the small house in Water Street, to which he had taken his wife when they were married, and he industriously pursued his combined occupations of sea-captain, shipowner, and merchant. About this time he entered into partnership with one Isaac Hazlehurst, of Philadelphia, and purchased two vessels in which to trade to the Island of Saint Domingo. The brigs were captured by British men-of-war, and sent to Jamaica: a misfortune which dissolved the short partnership. There is another gap in the story of Stephen Girard, extending from seventeen hundred and seventy-two to seventeen hundred and seventy-six. It is probable that during this time he continued his old business, trading as shipmaster and merchant to New Orleans and Saint Domingo.

The war put an end to the sea enterprises of Stephen Girard, and he was compelled to turn his attention to the land.

He opened a small grocery store in Water Street, joined with a bottling establishment, where he worked hard with his own hands at the occupation of bottling claret and cider. About the year seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, upon the alleged approach of the British to Philadelphia, he purchased a small tract of land from his former partner, Mr. Hazlehurst, on which there was a house, to which he removed his business; employing his time, early and late, in preparing claret and cider for the market, and selling them at a large profit to the American army, encamped near his residence. Here he remained until seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, sometimes making a voyage in a boat as a water-pedlar to Philadelphia, to dispose of his wares. His appearance was not much in his favour. His skin was dark and dingy; his form was short and thick; he

was coarse, rough, vulgar, and ungainly; and his one eye glared ominously upon his customers. He met with jeers and taunts from every side, which he bore with great taciturnity and composure. He had but one object in view, which he followed with all the steady energy of an iron will. That object was, to make money.

When Philadelphia was evacuated by the British in seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, Stephen Girard was again found in Water Street, this time occupying a range of frame stores upon the east-side. He was no more than twenty-nine years of age, but so plain, grave, and repulsive in appearance, that he was known as "Old Girard." His business could not have been very prosperous at this period, considering the disturbed and depressed state of the country. He was quietly biding his time. His store was well-filled with old blocks, sails, pieces of cordage, and other materials useful for ship-building.

In seventeen hundred and eighty, Stephen Girard again commenced the New Orleans and Saint Domingo trade. In two years he had progressed so far as to be able to purchase a ten years' lease, with renewal, of a range of brick and frame stores, one of which he occupied himself. The rents were low at the time, and the purchase very advantageous—perhaps the turning point in his fortunes.

In seventeen hundred and eighty, his wife, Mary Girard, from whom he had been divorced, was admitted an insane patient into the Pennsylvania Hospital. Here she remained shut up, twenty-five years and one month, while her husband was busily pursuing his one object in the world; at last she died in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen. On being told of her death, Stephen Girard selected her burial-place, and requested that he should be called as soon as all the arrangements for her funeral were completed. She was buried in the manner of the Friends. Her husband was there, glaring with his one tearless eye, silent and unmoved; after taking one short look at the remains, he departed, saying, "all is well." He returned home, and began to give largely to the local charities and hospitals from this day.

A circumstance occurred at this period which materially aided Stephen Girard in his cherished determination. He was engaged in the West India trade—particularly in the Island of Saint Domingo—and at the moment of the well-known outbreak of the slaves, he had two vessels lying off the port. The affrighted planters rushed to the docks, and deposited their most valuable treasures in those ships for safety, returning to secure more. They were nearly all, with their families, massacred. Stephen Girard advertised liberally for the owners to the property, but very few claimants ever appeared, and it was transported to Philadelphia to swell the store and increase the

power of the one-eyed capitalist, who commenced the building of those large ships engaged in the trade with China and Calcutta, which were, at that time, the pride of America.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three, a fearful pestilence broke out in the City of Philadelphia. The yellow fever left whole streets tenantless; the hearse was the vehicle most frequently seen in the streets; those who wore the badge of mourning on their arms, were avoided even by their friends; and the fumes of tobacco and camphor filled every house in the city. While the pestilence was at its height, a square repulsive man boldly entered one of the most crowded hospitals, and bore out in his arms a victim in the last saffron-coloured stage of the disease. For days and weeks, this man continued to perform the same terrible office of attending upon the sick and dying, discharging the most painful and dangerous duties of the lowest servant in the place. This repulsive-looking Samaritan was Stephen Girard, with his strong will, his bodily energy, his stout heart, and his one eye. The hard, griping trader was not so selfish after all. When all the paid attendants, all the visitors of the poor were either dead, dying, or had fled; when no offers of money would purchase that labour which was required for the re-organisation of the pest-house hospital at Bush Hill; two men nobly volunteered for the forlorn task—Stephen Girard and Peter Helm. On the afternoon of the same day on which he offered his services, Stephen Girard, a merchant of growing wealth and influence, a foreigner with no ties of country between him and the afflicted city, entered upon his dangerous task with all the perseverance and decision of his character. He soon established order and cleanliness; provided accommodations, and procured supplies; and, for sixty days continued to discharge his duties at the hospital.

In eighteen hundred and twelve, Stephen Girard, the one-eyed cabin boy of Bordeaux, purchased the banking premises of the old Bank of the United States (whose charter was not renewed), and started the Girard Bank: a large private establishment, which not only conferred advantages upon the community greater than the State institution upon which it was founded, but, while the public credit was shaken, and the Government finances were exhausted by war, the Girard Bank could command large subscriptions of loans, and put itself in the position of the principal creditor of the country. In eighteen hundred and fourteen Girard subscribed the whole of a large Government loan from patriotic motives, and, in eighteen hundred and seventeen, he contributed, by his unshaken credit and undiminished funds, to bring about the resumption of specie payments. In eighteen hundred and thirty-one his operations were so extensive, that when

the country was placed in extreme embarrassment from the scarcity of money, by reason of the balance of trade being against it, he was enabled, by a single transaction with an eminent English firm, to turn the exchanges, and cause specie to flow into the States.

Stephen Girard began his remarkable trading career with one object, which he steadily kept in view all his long life—the making of money for the power it conferred. He was content, at starting, with the small profits of the retail trader, willing to labour in any capacity to make those profits secure. He practised the most rigid personal economy; he resisted all the allurements of pleasure; he exacted the last farthing that was due to him; and he paid the last farthing that he owed. He took every advantage which the law allowed him in resisting a claim; he used men just so far as they would accomplish his purpose; he paid his servants no more than the market price; when a faithful cashier died, he exhibited the utmost indifference, making no provision for his family, and uttering no sentiment of regret for his loss. He would higgler for a penny with a huckster in the streets: he would deny the watchman at his bank, the customary Christmas present of a great-coat. To add to his singular and deficient character, he was deaf in one ear, could only speak broken English, never conversed upon anything but business, and wore the same old coat, cut in the French style, for five years together. An old ricketty chair, remarkable for its age, and marked with the initials "S. G." drawn by a faded horse, was used when he rode about the city. He had no sense of hospitality, no friend to share his house or his table. He was deferential in appearance, to rank and family. Violent and passionate; only to one man—an old and faithful clerk named Robergot. His theological opinions were heterodox in the extreme, and he loved to name his splendid vessels after Voltaire and Rousseau. He was devoted to the improvement of his adopted city and country: he was a determined follower of ostentatious charity. No man ever applied

to him for a large public grant in vain, while the starving beggar was invariably sent from his gate. He steadily rose every morning before the lark, and unceasing labour was the daily worship of his life.

Thus he attained his eighty-second year. In eighteen hundred and thirty, he had nearly lost the sight of his one eye, and used to be seen groping about his bank, disregarding every offer of assistance. Crossing one of the Philadelphian roads, he was knocked down by a passing waggon, his face was bruised, and his right ear was nearly cut off. His one eye, which before opened slightly, was now entirely closed; he gradually wasted away, and his health declined. On the twenty-sixth of December, Stephen Girard expired in a back room, on the third floor of his house, in Water-street, Philadelphia, leaving the bulk of his large fortune, upwards of a million sterling, to found charities, and to benefit the city and the country in which he had acquired it.

He left his monument, in the "Girard Cottage;" that marble-roofed palace for the education and protection of the orphan children of the poor, which stands, the most perfect model of architecture in the New World, high above the buildings of Philadelphia, visible from every eminence of the surrounding country. Every detail of the external and internal arrangement of this Orphan College was set forth clearly and carefully in his will; showing that the design upon which he had lavished the mass of his wealth, was not the hastily-developed fancy of a few hours or days, but was the heart-cherished, silent project of his whole life.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

WILL READ AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL:

On WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 9th, at Three, his Christmas Carol.

On THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 10th, at Eight, The Story of Little Dombey.

Each Reading will last two hours.

PLACES FOR EACH READING:—Stalls (numbered and reserved), Five Shillings; Area and Galleries, Half-a-crown; Unreserved Seats, One Shilling. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, Publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre.

THE END OF VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

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