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JAMES BURN

THE BEGGAR BOY



AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Recd

Friends University, Indiana

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JAMES BURN;

THE "BEGGAR BOY."

AN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

RELATING THE NUMEROUS TRIALS, STRUGGLES, AND
VICISSITUDES OF A STRANGELY CHEQUERED LIFE.

WITH

GLIMPSES OF ENGLISH SOCIAL, COMMERCIAL,
AND POLITICAL HISTORY, DURING
EIGHTY YEARS, 1802—1882.

London:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLXXXII.

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HAZELL
WATSON
&
VINEY

18/11/90
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Dedication.

TO

THOMAS BAKER, Esq.,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

DEAR SIR,—In dedicating my *Memoirs* to you, I am afraid that anything I can say will but ill mark my sense of your great worth, or express anything like the amount of gratitude I owe you. Your unsought friendship was to me an unlooked-for honour, and your disinterested kindness and generosity turned the tide of my adverse fortune by your having obtained for me a comfortable situation.

I only wish the literary merit of the book had been worthy of your approbation, but I know you will think more of the vicissitudes through which I have passed, than of my manner of relating them.

In conclusion, I beg you will accept this humble acknowledgment of my sincere gratitude for your kindness as a friend and benefactor, and my esteem for your character as a man independent of the “Guinea Stamp.”

Believe me,

Your faithful and obliged Servant,

JAMES BURN.

LONDON, October 1st, 1882.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Author has been induced to publish this volume, from a consideration that a perusal of the numerous trials and hard struggles of his life may have a tendency to stimulate young men to an endeavour to overcome the obstacles and difficulties which may surround their early positions in the world. This brief history of an eventful and highly chequered career, he thinks, cannot fail to impress upon the youthful reader a lesson of useful import. Men in their daily intercourse have frequent opportunities to study each other's history, but as they cannot keep up the connection in the regular order of events, their narratives necessarily become disjointed. There is also another consideration of still greater importance to the proper understanding of a man's character, which is a knowledge of his motives. Could we but see the hidden springs which prompt men to action, we should often be less liable to judge harshly of each other's conduct, and, instead of censuring, find it our duty to praise.

The first division of the book will introduce the Author in the character of a wandering vagrant. It will be seen, that when he was cast upon his own resources, he was placed in circumstances of extreme danger, being exposed to the twofold temptations of poverty and bad company. It may be said that he overcame the diffi-

culties of his critical position by the energy of his character.

The second division will show the reader the mis-directed efforts of an uneducated man, whose ambition was fettered by the want of early training. In this part of the work the Author has endeavoured to open up the whole volume of his mind, and thereby expose its most secret springs. It will thus be seen that many of his commercial failures have arisen from a pure want of caution, and like many a well-meaning man who has split upon the same rock, instead of looking for the sources of his numerous mishaps in his own want of judgment, he has frequently attributed them to causes which never existed.

The third epoch of the Author's life may be said to have been ruled by a series of conflicting circumstances, over which he appeared to have had little or no control; however, the reader will not fail to observe that the same determination of character which saved him from moral shipwreck in early life, still enabled him to weather the storms of adversity in more advanced years. On the whole, the narrative will be found to be a series of natural incidents arising out of their various causes, and the Author has made no attempt either to heighten their colour, or enhance their importance. Much of the reflective matter in this volume will be appreciated, or otherwise, according to the preconceived opinions of those into whose hands it may fall. The Author has only to add, that his notions of men and things, whether right or wrong, have been produced by much rubbing with the world, and in the meantime, they are the honest expressions of his mind,

JAMES BURN,

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HISTORY OF STRIKES—1879. (Heywood, London.)

CHAPTER I.

THE following pages will give the reader an account of my early history, as faithfully as my memory will allow me to do ; and I have made up my mind to do this in the hope that my numerous trials and difficulties, and the somewhat strange experience of my chequered life, may be of service in guiding the steps of youth in the path of duty. As a general rule, it may be taken for granted that the life of a mere working man can be of very little interest to the public ; of course there are marked exceptions to this rule. When a man has worked up from the obscurity of humble life by the force of genius, as some of the sons of toil have done, the histories of their lives become valuable contributions to the literature of their country. Biography is considered by many people to form the most pleasing part of history. It sets before us the character of such men as may have become eminent for their virtues, or notorious for their vices ; by it we learn, too, the motives which led them to aspire to deeds of glory, or the delusions which carried them into the snares of vice. In reading the life of a man of marked character, if honestly written, we are placed in a favourable position, whereby we are able not only to observe his actions, but we can also see the whole machinery of his mind, the workings of his various passions, and the strength of the regulating power of his judgment. The man who either writes his own life, or has it written for him, may be said to be withdrawn from the crowd of his fellows, and placed to a certain extent naked upon an elevation, as an example either to be followed or shunned.

2 CIRCUMSTANCES FORM THE CHARACTERS OF MEN.

In thus giving the world the history of my life, I will endeavour to furnish a faithful narrative of the whole chain of events which have acted and reacted upon me ; keeping in the background only those things which are trivial, or otherwise unworthy of notice. It is true that I have never achieved any act worthy of public notice : the relation between my name and fame has been as distantly remote from each other as the Poles. But as a set-off for the want of bold adventure, deeds of daring, and noble enterprise, the reader will find much that is worthy of reflection, and in some instances my conduct may be found not unworthy of imitation. Like a large number of my own class, I was born in the cold shade of poverty, nursed in sorrow, and reared amid difficulties, hardships, and privations. When we know the numerous petty shifts and dishonest subterfuges which characterise the conduct of a large portion of those members of society whose position places them above want, we cannot feel much surprised at the dishonest practices of that miserable class of beings who hang as it were on the outskirts of civilization. The man who can *dine* is very differently circumstanced to the poor wretch who, after he has had one meal, has no idea when or where he may be blessed with another ! Those members of society who are fortunately blessed with a regular supply of food and raiment may be said to be the antipodeans to the accidental feeders, and their modes of thinking are, in every sense of the word, as opposite as their ways of living.

Nearly all the people now living with whom I am acquainted have only known me since I became what may be termed a free man ; or, in other words, since I became an independent member of society, by the application of my energies to honest industry. To attain this position, humble as it may seem, was with me a work of years of toil, anxiety, and ardent hope. The great majority of young men who are put to trades or professions are generally prepared in some measure before they are sent to masters to pass their probation for the

duties of life; the reader will learn, as he proceeds, that my case, upon entering into the busy arena of the world, was very different.

Where or how I came into the world I have no very definite idea. The first place I found myself in was a large garret in Dumfries, with sloping roof for side walls, and it had the recommendation, in a natural history point of view, of literally swarming with rodents, known more commonly by the name of rats. I can well remember my mother having to keep a switch by her side when we were taking our food; otherwise I believe they would have had the lion's share of it. This tenement was situated on the west side of the mid steeple opposite the stone bench which in those days was used as a fish-market. This was about 1804; and though so far back, I can call up before my mind's eye both the shape of the room and the domestic appliances it contained. An old postless bedstead was on the right hand of the entrance; a small deal table stood near the fireplace, which latter convenience was on the hearth; an old unpainted chest was honoured with a berth near the single window which lighted the apartment; this was made to answer the purpose of a dresser and plate-shelf, and was furnished with a few white earthenware basins, two brown unglazed porringers, four common-ware plates, and two long-handled horn spoons. These articles, with a small tub and two three-legged stools, filled up the catalogue of our furniture.

My mother was then earning her bread by carding hatters' wool, which, I believe, was a very laborious business. Poor woman! she had been unfortunate in placing her affections in the keeping of my father, who had deceived her, and left her with myself in her arms as a recompense for her lost honour and slighted affections. Shortly after the event of my birth she must have left the north of Ireland, and migrated to Dumfries by the way of Port Patrick. While in Dumfries she frequently took me with her to Mr. Beatties' hat manufactory, where the men in their frolicsome moods hailed her

4 MARRIAGE OF MY MOTHER AND STEPFATHER.

as the giantess and wee Jamie as the dwarf! The manufacturing appliances are very different now to what they were in the morning of the nineteenth century. There was not a single carding machine in Dumfries, and as a consequence all the wool required, both for manufacturing and domestic purposes, had to be carded with hand cards. The hat trade in those days was a very important branch of industry in the town,—indeed it may be said to have been the staple business. My visits to the hat factory made the odour rising from the plank kettles familiar to my sense of smell for many years. At that time little did my mother or her dwarf of a son think that he would become a member of the fraternity of *Jolly Hatters*.

Among the first remarkable events in my early history was that of having been taken to see an execution in the front of the then new jail in Dumfries, in 1806; the name of the man who suffered was "Maitland Smith." He had murdered and robbed a cattle-dealer who had lodged in his house the previous evening, Smith having kept a tavern.

The next event which clings to my memory was my mother's marriage with a discharged soldier, whose health and constitution had been sacrificed before the altar of patriotism and glory in the Peninsular War. This gentleman's name was William McNamee. What sort of a figure he made in the war I know not, but I am fully aware he was no ordinary person in the estimation of all who had the honour of knowing him. In height he was upwards of six feet, and as perpendicular as the gable end of a house; his bones were so poorly covered with anything in the shape of muscle, that he looked like the frame of a man just set up. The first time I saw him, and indeed as long as I knew him, he wore buckskin smalls (a part of the uniform of the foot-guards); his limbs were so small that he put one in mind of Burns's inimitable "Death and Dr. Hornbook." Whether it was the fashion to wear the hair long at that period I am not certain (though I am aware that the cue was worn by some elderly gentlemen,

and that it was common in the Navy), but Mac wore his hanging down upon his shoulders; the colour was that of a dark chestnut, and it hung in graceful curls. When in the vigour of health he must have been a very good-looking man; his face was still prepossessing, and his bearing was characterised by a commanding military air. The marriage was celebrated by a son of Vulcan in the village of Springfield, about half a mile from the then celebrated Gretna Green. One of the incidents which took place during the marriage was my having a sound thrashing during the absence of the wedding party. One of the vagrants, who was a fellow lodger, was a little hump-backed woman who by her snarling ill-temper had made herself disagreeable to the rest of the lodgers; she was therefore not invited to join the wedding party, and while she was sitting brooding mischief I happened to climb upon the back of her chair, and this act gave her a pretext to let loose her feelings of revenge. But if she could have seen a little before her she would have taken no notice of my boyish trick of chair-climbing. When the wedding party returned, the poor creature was taken out of the house and held under the spout of a pump until she was half drowned, and though the act was a very cruel one, the whole of the rest of the lodgers enjoyed it as a pleasant treat.

How long the marriage festivities were kept up I cannot say, but this I know, that after the event the world became to me a scene of continual vicissitudes and hardships for many years. It is true I had a reversionary interest in it; and how I turned this patrimony to account will be seen in the sequel. My new step-father, and good mentor, was a man who possessed a large share of common sense; he had seen a good deal of service while in the army, having been in several general engagements, and was with the Duke of York in his memorable Dutch campaign. His scholastic attainments, I believe, were limited to reading and writing imperfectly. He was a member of the Church of Rome, and a rigid observer of all its forms. Poor man! he had one failing, but this one

was followed by a long train of others; when he once tasted intoxicating liquors he had no restraining power to close the safety valve until he was either thoroughly worn out or his finances were exhausted. Getting drunk with him was a very simple thing, but the sobering process was a serious matter. When he was in his sober moments, McNamee was as well-conditioned and as honest a man as the sun could shine upon, and, strange to say, when under the influence of drink he was quite the reverse. The most dangerous of his drunken foibles was an everlasting propensity for polemical discussion, accompanied by an obstinacy of character like that of Goldsmith's village schoolmaster,—

“For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.”

This superabundance of religious zeal often caused him to receive treatment anything but in keeping with the charity of the Gospel. Like the majority of his countrymen (his name will indicate that he was an Irishman), the mind of my stepfather was largely surcharged with strong feelings of religious prejudice. It will be remembered, however, that people professing Catholicism in those days were marked with the hateful brand of the national stigma produced by the penal laws; they were therefore continually labouring under a painful sense of their unmerited wrongs. The members of the Church of Rome, though British subjects, and contributing to the national wealth by their industry, as well as submitting to all the conditions of society, were debarred from nearly all the rights and privileges of common citizens. They were not only continually subject to the gross and brutal attacks of the ignorant, but their wrongs were frequently used as stepping-stones to State preferment by the rich and powerful. It was thus that the deadly embers of religious animosity were kept alive, and one class of society was continually made the football of the other. I have no doubt but my stepfather's mind must have been soured by the overbearing conduct of his comrades while in the army; who took occasion to prove

their sense of religion by a system of heartless persecution, which at that time was certain to find favour with many of their superior officers. Of course this was no justification of his foolish conduct, and I merely mention it as a palliation. Men who are goaded by the unjust treatment of their fellows, seldom regulate their conduct by the principles of reason: unmerited wrongs are pretty sure to produce a spirit of revenge; and, in my opinion, he would be more than a man, or less than a man, who could passively submit to such degradation. From the above traits in my stepfather's character, it will be seen what manner of man he was, and it may therefore be readily imagined that a mind so formed would necessarily exercise no small influence in the building up of my own.

McNamee had never learned any trade or profession, having gone to serve his country when he was little more than a boy. After he found himself unfit for duty he unfortunately took his discharge on request; by which means his long service of twenty-eight years was unrequited. When my mother put herself under the protection of this gallant defender of his country, he was making a living by appealing to the charitably disposed members of society. My mother had been making a living, as a travelling merchant, by retailing to the public such small wares as she could carry in a basket.

Shortly after the marriage it was mutually arranged that my mother should continue her business until my stepfather could save as much as would set him up in the same line. In the meantime I was to go along with him; being rather a prepossessing-looking little fellow, I was considered a pretty good subject to stimulate the kindly feelings of all good Christians. My existence up to this eventful period may be said to have been in the dreamland which, to a certain extent, lies beyond the confines of memory. It is true I recollect some few landmarks, which left their impress upon my memory, some of which may be chronicled in due course.

In the course of a few years after this, I had passed through

a life full of hardships and romantic adventure. What I mean by romantic was the being placed in strange positions and in unlooked-for places or situations. Within the short space of two years I had been an inmate of every jail in the south of Scotland. My poor stepfather's love of drink, and his religious dogmatism, continually embroiled him in scrapes, and being his squire, of course I came in for a share of his treatment. I have still a pretty vivid recollection of nearly being made food for a colony of rats in the Tolbooth of Moffat. I remember, too, having been fed upon brose, with brose as a condiment, during fourteen days in Dunse jail; and I am not without some reminiscences of the "gude toun of Hawick," having been boarded and lodged in the Tolbooth there for the space of seven days. This circumstance arose out of the following little incident. McNamee had been on the "fly" in that town during eight or nine days; and when both his money and credit were gone, he sallied forth into the country upon a begging excursion. The first place we landed at was a farmhouse a little out of the town, upon a rising ground to the south. I remember this house well, and when in Hawick a short time ago, I had the curiosity to visit the locality in order to see if the old house was still standing. I found it not like the "ruined cottage where none shall dwell"; after upwards of sixty-five years I hailed its thatched roof and dingy walls, little altered since my first visit.

My good stepfather McNamee had only been in the house a short time before he had fairly enlisted the kindly sympathy of the farmer "by fighting his battles o'er again." After the subject of the wars had been sufficiently exhausted, my good mentor wound up with a religious disquisition; on the whole, the good-hearted farmer seemed much satisfied with the abilities of the old soldier, and rewarded him accordingly. When we were passing out of the lobby, or rather passage, which separated the dwelling-house from the byre, my stepfather's evil genius tempted him to steal a tether or horse-

hair rope, which hung temptingly against the wall; the farmer, following us out at the same time, caught him in the act. Poor McNamee's boasted sense of religion was like Paddy the piper's music; when "a hole was made in his bag, his music flew up to the moon." The event sobered Mac in a minute, and the consequence was our having had the honour of the board and lodgings I have noticed above. At that time Hawick was a very different place to what it is now, and a number of French prisoners of war were then living both in the town and neighbourhood on parole.

About nine months after the Hawick escapade, we were located in a small village in Annandale of the name of Hightee, in the neighbourhood of Lochmaben; and at that time our social condition had been considerably improved, in consequence of my mentor having abstained from drink during some six months. We were then dealing in hardware, and had so far climbed the hill of prosperity that we were enabled to keep an ass! It would have been well if it had been the first in the family! In consequence of being out of an assortment of goods, it was arranged that three of us were sent off to Dumfries to obtain the required stock,—I mean McNamee, myself, and the *cuddy*. Burns has said truly that "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang oft a-gley." So it was with Mac; he owed himself a treat for his past good conduct, and of all the men in the world he was the last to allow a debt owing to himself to go unpaid. With the high resolve of liquidating this obligation, he called a meeting of his creditors, and so relieved his mind of all further anxiety about the matter. Small matters will occasionally produce great consequences. This passing over the line of total abstinence into the region of drunken revelry was owing to McNamee's having accidentally met with an old military acquaintance, both of whom were glad to see each other. After three days and nights, the ass, his panniers, and myself were all that remained of our worldly effects. There is a climax to all worldly things. So, like the immortal Tam

O'Shanter, the time arrived when we required to "tak the gate"; like him, too, we set out upon our journey when bordering upon the midnight hour. It was fortunate that the season was propitious, it being the summer time. Our way lay through Locker Moss and over a high hill, the whole of which was moorland, without anything in the shape of a regular road. When crossing this moor I was seated on the back of the ass, but having been fairly worn out with the want of sleep, and being jaded with fatigue, I tumbled off Neddy's back somewhere about the middle of the moor; and as the night was pretty dark, the ass and his travelling companion journeyed on without me. Having fallen on the soft turf, I lay as soundly and as comfortably asleep as if I had been in the best bed in Dumfriesshire. I lay on this moorland couch for a considerable time, when McNamee, after a good deal of trouble in finding me, picked me up and flogged me well for parting company without leave.

I can well remember the horse-track over the moor, from Hightee to Locker Moss, with the lane leading from the village by a gentleman's house which stood on the slope of the hill within a short distance from the summit; and I can see in fancy the lilac and laburnum trees overhanging the lane, which I had oftentimes admired as things of great beauty. It was in this lane, too, our donkey, after tumbling me over his head, nearly broke my spine, by having caught me by the small of the back.

In those days the village of Hightee—or Hytoe—was a regular rendezvous for vagrants. I remember one very ludicrous scene, which was likely to have ended in tragedy. Among the swarms of beggars, tinkers, and gipsies, there was a woman who had been in the neighbourhood for a considerable time. This lady was short of the senses of speech and hearing; at least she made it convenient to be so. She had successfully levied black mail upon certain of the fair sex, under the pretence of telling them what good things the Fates had in store for them. It had come to pass that the

oracles of this Sibyl had always either been wrongly interpreted or not true. Upon the occasion in question, a large number of the villagers, after having consulted the *Lynch Code*, carried the poor deaf and dumb lady to a pond of water that embellished the village green, and, after having bound her with a horse halter, by way of trying the hydropathic cure, they dragged her body back and forward through the water. For some time her complaint seemed hopelessly incurable; but as she was determined not to go to the other world by water, she at last allowed the water to do for her what it undoes for many others; and when the villagers found that they had rendered the woman such a service as that of restoring her hearing, and, what was of still more importance in a female point of view, the use of her tongue, they landed her on *terra firma*. The woman was all but drowned, and it was long before she was restored to animation. I have often seen her, after that occasion, as comfortably deaf and dumb as any lady fortune-teller could wish to be. In those days Hightee was a regular rendezvous of one of the two gipsy families who plied their industrious habits on both sides of the Scotch border, and Sir Walter Scott's Meg Merrilies was no doubt a member of the Hightee family; for these people were not only thoroughly acquainted with the geography of the country on both sides of the debatable land, but they were less or more acquainted with almost every family's history in the district over which they travelled, and they had the address frequently to turn this knowledge to a profitable account.

People who look down from the comfortable eminence of social life will necessarily imagine that all class distinctions will cease to exist among the wandering nomads who live upon the charity of the well-disposed. In this they are very much mistaken. In whatever walk of life men are placed, talent will always take the lead. Among beggars, the members of whose fraternity the world considers to be upon a dead level with each other, there is an aristocracy as exclusive

as any that prevails among the higher orders of society. The difference between a common beggar, who earns his daily bread by cadging for *scran*, and the genteel professional, who is known by the title of a Highflyer, is as marked as the distinction between a peasant and a peer. The highflyer is a man of great fertility of invention, and he is frequently a person of much intelligence, with easy manners and good address; persons of this class can afford to live like gentlemen, while the lives of the others are made up of a dull round of drudgery. Vagrants are not wanting in ambition, and the genius of one successful member is frequently the cause of stimulating the energy of some of his compeers. I have known men made up for the charity market in a hundred different ways, and have seen some adepts in the profession who were able to personate half-a-dozen characters, and by that means impose upon the feelings of the benevolent successfully in each.

Among the wandering tribes in those days there were a great many of the humbler class of beggars, who carried the "meal poke." Many of the farmers' wives kept what was called an *awmous* dish; this was a small turned wooden bowl, and when used was filled in keeping with the generous feelings of the donor. The people who did not keep vessels of this description were in the habit of measuring their alms either by a single handful or by a double handful, which was styled a "goupen fou." Some people gave alms in oatmeal, and others in barley-meal. The oatmeal, however, was always preferred by the beggars, inasmuch as they could always find a ready market for it, and at a better price than could be had for the barley-meal. The altered condition of society, by the onward march of social progress, has been the means of producing considerable changes among the vagrants, both in Scotland and Ireland, since the times I am writing about. There was one class of beggars which was peculiar to both these countries; I allude to the Hand Barrow Mendicants. These miserable creatures were

a source of infinite trouble to the people in the wild sequestered parts of the country. The manner in which these dilapidated and crumpled-up fragments of humanity were transported from one house to another imposed no small tax upon the time, patience, and kindly feelings of all who were honoured with a visit. These creatures were either seated upon their barrows or they reclined on bundles of rags; and when one of them was set down at a farmer's door, it required two able-bodied people to remove the living lumber to the next house. This was frequently no easy task, inasmuch as the weight of the occupant of the barrow was often considerably increased by the size of the meal pokes. It often happened, too, when one of these creatures was planted at the door of a farmhouse, especially in the summer season, when there would only be a single female at home, he or she, and the barrow, would have to remain until the servants came to their meals, and that, too, irrespective of the condition of the weather! In many instances these living loads had to be carried a considerable distance before they could be deposited at the door of another farmhouse. I knew one case where a woman of this class was made to find the use of her limbs by two young fellows, who had the charge of removing her, having treated her to a cold bath in the river Esk, which they had occasion to ford on their way to the next house. Her ladyship, instead of "taking up her bed and walking," arose from her bed and ran! It would be next to impossible to conceive the misery, hardships, and privations this class must have suffered: some of them suffered from spinal diseases, and others either had no limbs, or they had lost the use of them. The new poor law has provided both for this class of people and another which was allowed to go at large in Scotland and Ireland; I allude here to the idiots and imbeciles who were found in almost every village and clachan in both of these countries. The able-bodied class of imbeciles in Scotland were kept in food and clothing in many places by going the round of the parish;

the farmers and millers taking them in turn for a certain time, during which they got out of them what labour their condition of mind would admit of.

During the time we were in the valley of the Annan, when out with my stepfather we had occasion to cross a burn which was much swollen with heavy rains that had just fallen; the stream was bridged over by the trunk of a tree, rudely flattened on the top side, with a hand-rail on the down stream side. McNamee had just crossed this rude bridge when he heard a splash, and on looking down he saw me in the torrent on the broad of my back, with my arms stretched out. He had just time to catch hold of the tip of the forefinger of my right hand; had he missed that chance I should have been carried into the boiling vortex of a whirlpool immediately below the bridge. In the course of less than eighteen months I had three other escapes from drowning. While in Greenock, I fell over the quay, and was fished out by a sailor; and I was rescued from the river at Aberdeen by a fisherman, when we were passing through that town after a tour through the Highlands. Upon another occasion, when the family were lodging in a lonely cottage in Liddisdale, I was sent out upon a peddling excursion, my stock-in-trade being a few songs (ballads) in slips, and a dozen penny story books. I was directed to go the round of a certain district; I had, however, a will of my own, and one too which was continually involving me in difficulties. Instead of going in the direction I was told to do, I took it into my wayward head to cross the Liddel. On the opposite side of the ford I was about to cross was a blacksmith's shop and a dwelling-house, both of which were pleasantly nestling at the bottom of a bank covered with trees, and the clear stream of the Liddel in the front. I had managed to get about half way through the river, when my centre of gravity was changed from my heels to my head, and I was carried down the stream for a distance of about a dozen yards, when I was brought up by a large boulder. I had no sooner lost my

legs than my sense of consciousness followed, and when I found myself I was seated in the house of the blacksmith. I was little the worse for my involuntary bath, and while my clothes were being dried I was regaled with a lump of oat-cake and a basin of milk. I had, however, lost the whole of my literary wares, and this loss, combined with disobedience, conjured up to my susceptible imagination the certain infliction that awaited me when I should reach home.

The blacksmith's people were very kind to me ; they raised a few pence for me to make up for my loss, and sent me across the water on horseback. I reached home in the gloaming, and, as I had anticipated, I got payment in full of what was owing for disobedience of orders. Before this I had missed pretty narrowly going to the other world by other means than that of drowning. I was passing over Shap Fell with my mother, on her way to join my stepfather at Kendal, and being both footsore and wearied my mother asked a carrier to give me a lift, which he was kind enough to do. The man's cars were loaded to a considerable height, and the property in them was protected from rain by thick woollen covers. I was placed on the top of one of the cars, and had been there only a short time when I was fast in the arms of the drowsy god ; I had not been long, however, in this comfortable state of oblivion, when I must have fallen off, and it was not until I was left fully two miles behind that I was missed. It is a curious circumstance that though I fell from such a height and on the hard macadamised road. I was really very little the worse. Some few months after this event, while passing into our place of lodging in the company of my stepfather, the weather was exceedingly stormy, in fact it was blowing a hurricane, and the slates and tiles were being blown from the roofs of the houses. Before passing under an archway which we required to go through, I was caught on the frontal bone with a slate, and was carried into the house for dead. That slate left an impression upon the outside of my head which was

long remembered in the inside. That accident happened in Longtown upon the Esk, the last and first town in England. At that time, the industrial classes were nearly all employed in hand-loom weaving, for the Carlisle manufactures. I may mention here, as indicating a somewhat strange feeling, that whenever I was in any place where there were weavers I was under a continual dread lest I should meet my own father, who was a weaver named McBurney. I had never seen him, and had no reason to dislike him, yet I could not bear the idea of meeting with him. I shall have more to say upon this head by-and-bye.

While my stepfather continued sober he treated me with all possible kindness, and not unfrequently evinced as much real affection for me as if I had been his own son: but unfortunately when he was in drink, and of course got into trouble, I was continually made his scapegoat, and no small share of his sins were visited upon my devoted head. About six months after the Dumfries expedition, McNamee had been drinking for some days in New Galloway, a small town in the wilds of Kirkcudbrightshire. After he could remain no longer in this place, he sallied forth late one stormy night in October, and he knew not whither he was going. In the course of a short time we arrived on a wild desolate moor; the face of the sky was covered as with a pall, and the rain fell in torrents. I can never forget how he dragged me along the dreary waste without his knowing where he was going. His tall, gaunt figure was frequently brought into fearful relief by the flashes of lightning and the fitful claps of thunder which followed; and he looked like the genius of the storm with a young victim in his hand ready as a peace-offering. During that awful night we floundered on through its dreary hours, and had so frequently measured our lengths amid the bogs and swamps of the moor, that we actually became a part of it. By daylight we found ourselves in the neighbourhood of a lonely shepherd's cottage. The inmates of this house received us kindly; we were both

completely exhausted, and I believe if we had not met with this relief at the time we did, we should have both perished. As it was, I could not be removed for eight days, in consequence of having been seized with a fever; and McNamee, after having been sobered, suffered both in mind and body, and he made a thousand resolves for the future to avoid drink as he would the devil.

During the whole of this time my mother had been very industrious; but the great misfortune with her was, she had no sooner accumulated a little property than her thoughtless husband squandered it in dissipation. Poor fellow! there never was a man in the world with a better set of good intentions; but as a set-off to these unfinished virtues, he possessed a stock of evil ones which were like Pharaoh's lean kine—they continually devoured the good ones. Being a creature of impulse, his whole life was a continual round of sinning and repenting, and I firmly believe that he was as honest in his resolves of amendment, as he was industrious in crushing his good intentions. In consequence of his frequent rounds of dissipation he was subject to fits of *delirium tremens*. At that time I had no idea of the cause of this fearful malady, and as a consequence was often nearly frightened out of my life. The first circumstance of this kind occurred at a place called Wark; this is a small village upon North Tyne, twelve miles from Hexham, in Northumberland. McNamee had been drinking in this place for some days; whether he was obliged to leave the place surreptitiously, or did so upon his own account, I cannot say; but this I do know, that I shall never forget the occasion as long as I live. We left Wark between ten and eleven o'clock at night, in the middle of winter; he had made up his mind to go to Hexham, but instead of taking the direct road by Chollerford, he forded the Tyne, and took the road by Barrisford, which was at least three miles further round. How we got safely through the river I cannot imagine, but it must have been attended with no small danger; all I

now remember is that we were both as wet as water could make us.

We had not proceeded on our journey more than half-a-mile after having forded the river, when McNamee brought up in the middle of the road. Up to this time he had been talking to himself a great deal of incoherent and disjointed stuff. This was an ordinary occurrence with poor Mac, when under the influence of the *jolly god*. The moment we came to a dead stand, he pointed his hand to the devil, who was standing in the middle of the highway, at the comfortable distance of about five yards in advance of us. We stood still for a couple of minutes, during which time he seemed resolving the matter over in his mind as to whether he should retrace his steps or go on. At last he crossed himself, muttered a short prayer, and we moved forward. The devil, in the most friendly and accommodating manner, did the same. In order to satisfy himself of Satan's identity, my friend made an attempt to pass him; but, however fast we walked, we were not able to lessen the distance a single inch, or, however slow we paced the ground, our relative positions remained unchanged. My poor little heart fluttered like a new caught bird in a cage, and I was in a condition of the most indescribable fear; I did not see the devil, but I imagined we were in the company of thousands. McNamee was a person who, under ordinary circumstances, possessed a large amount of moral courage; but he must have been more than mortal who could encounter the devil single-handed, and that devil a blue one. For some time the perspiration exuded from every pore of his skin, and every now and again he crossed himself, cursed, or mumbled a prayer! All this time he grasped my trembling hand with something like convulsive energy, and I clung to him for my very life, and was afraid to turn my eyes either to the right or the left. Although the night was extremely cold, and my clothes were saturated with water, the powerful emotion of fear must have sent my blood galloping through my system; otherwise I must have

perished. Our journey home was one of continual mental suffering. Every bush and tree, and every gust of wind, were to me as many devils, and during the whole time, my mentor continued talking to himself and blackguarding his satanic majesty, who still acted as pilot. In this unenviable condition we passed through the dark wood at Chipchase Castle, along the lonely shady lane to Barrisford, by the ivy-covered little church at Chollerton; there was no sound of life in Barrisford, and the only light we saw was one through the chinks of Phipp's shutters, the only public-house in the village.

We next passed Chollerford, and saw the old posting inns at the end of the bridge, standing out against the morning sky, a great black mass; and as we moved on through the single lonely street of the village of Wall, the hanging signs of its two public-houses were creaking in melancholy chorus to each other by the action of the wind. The devil still kept moving ahead, and we followed as if he had been our guide; but when we arrived at Hexham Bridge our unsocial travelling companion silently took his leave of us, after having accompanied us over a distance of fifteen miles of a lonely road. It would be impossible for me to describe my own sufferings during that dreadful night. My poor deluded stepfather continued to see and hold converse with the devil for some days after, and it was more than a month before he recovered from the effects of his debauch, and his nocturnal journey with the master of the Blues!

Upon another occasion, some time after this, McNamee had been drinking in Lauder, a small town in the south of Scotland. We were obliged to leave this place in consequence of some of the active habits of his unamiable drunken propensities. When we left Lauder, my mentor was in a state of insane drunkenness. We took the Edinburgh road, I should think by chance, for he seemed not to know where he was going. This road at that time passed over a desolate moorland country. How far we had

travelled I cannot say, but during the night we lay down upon the moor by the way-side. We had not been long there when a continual succession of stage coaches began to pass and re-pass us. The whole of these vehicles were laden with a strange set of passengers. Some of the passengers were ugly grinning demons of every possible shape and form; some were merry imps, and others mischievous rascals. They all seemed to know poor Mac. Some of them invited him to take his place as an outside passenger; others grinned at him with horribly distorted faces. Some were for hanging him; others preferred the amusing method of drowning. Some suggested roasting, while others demanded a show of hands for boiling him. For hours these infernal coaches kept rattling past us, and my step-father kept my horrors alive by directing my attention to what the devils were saying. It is true I did not see any, but I heard my companion attending to their strange remarks, and when he saw them it was quite enough for me,—I could feel more than sufficient without ocular demonstration. During the whole time this coaching parade of the devils went on I clung to my stepfather, and as far as I could buried myself in the skirts of his old military overcoat. I believe that, up to the date of our encampment on this spur of the Lammermuir, the road had never been honoured with anything in the shape of a coach nearer in character than a rude country cart. I have an idea, too, that at that time there were few, if any, stage coaches in Scotland! But McNamee's blue devils were quite able to fill the roads both with coaches and passengers.

I have cause to remember another occasion when these blue fellows held him in their hellish thrall for six days and nights. This was while we were storm-stayed in a lonely ferry house in the island of Skye. I think he suffered more upon that occasion than he did upon either of the former. He was surrounded by legions of

devils, who tormented him in every imaginable way; and during the whole of this time I was in a continual state of wild terror, and, what made my condition one of continual unmitigated suffering, I had no one to sympathise with me. We had left my mother on the main land, and the people in the ferry house were as ignorant of English as if it had never existed.

Drunkenness is a fearful disease, and is a most fruitful source of all the worst crimes in the catalogue of sin. In this country the foul and brutal demon of intemperance has done more in defacing the image of God in large masses of the people, than all our other vices put together. It is certainly a pitiful thing to see a man voluntarily come down from the god-like dignity of reason, and leave his moral nature behind him, that he may revel in madness. Intemperance is a fearful vice in men, but in women it is a hundred-fold more hideous. When women are worthy of good men's love and admiration, they are both the best and most beautiful of all God's created beings; but when debased by drunkenness they are the most shamelessly disgusting.

I have frequently thought, when I have seen people in this country, with the instincts of self-preservation, prepare to defend themselves against an attack of cholera, or some other pestilence (and with what anxiety they endeavoured to ward off the dreadful malady), that had they taken the same pains to stay the ravages of intemperance, which is a thousand times more fearful in its consequences than any plague, or indeed than all the combined scourges that have ever afflicted humanity, they would then have been doing a duty to themselves, their country, and posterity. I know there has been much pity expended upon the victims of this dreadful scourge, and we have periodical displays of excited feelings, and the ventings of honest indignation; yet fire-water sweeps on in deadly torrents through the fair fields of humanity, and carries thousands annually into the gulf of eternity. That we may see the deformity of this monster in a clearer manner,

let us imagine three hundred thousand drunkards, male and female, all congregated together in one locality, so that their united actions could be observed. I ask, would not their madness make the very angels weep, and humble the thinking witnesses of the revel to the dust? Depend upon it, the £50,000,000 the people of this country spend annually upon intoxicating drinks and narcotics, is quite sufficient to manufacture this number, large as it may appear. The statistical returns of our huge criminal department prove that 150,000 human beings annually pass through our gaols. From my own experience, I would say that the great majority of these have been initiated in crime by passing through the cursed portals of the gin-palace. If we could only watch the melancholy but transient career of these poor self-devoted victims, and see them reeling over the precipice of eternity with fearful rapidity, how should we shudder with all the pity, fear, and horror of our natures! The historian and the moralist may paint the revolting horrors and direful calamities of war; but I am satisfied, that the blood-stained sword of Mars never produced so much human suffering as alcohol has done.

When we come to reflect upon the awful penalties this vice frequently imposes upon its victims, we cannot but feel surprised at the self-immolation of so many thousands of human beings. With the drunkard, the infatuation is as blind and reckless as the retribution is almost sure to follow,—and few are able after entering the gulf-stream of dissipation to check their headlong career until they are totally wrecked.

I have said that my stepfather's health had suffered much while he was in the army. All the time that I knew him he laboured under a severe asthma, and was subject to continual attacks of coughing; and his breathing was often so laboured, that one would imagine his machinery was fairly worn out. I often think, when I reflect upon the matter, that, considering the brutal manner in which he used himself, if he had taken even ordinary care he might have prolonged his life

much beyond the date of his death. In the latter part of 1810, McNamee took it into his head to visit London, to see if he could obtain sufficient recommendation to pass the Board at Chelsea, in order to become an out-pensioner. By this time my mother had increased the muster-roll of our family by two, a boy and a girl; we therefore numbered the round half-dozen. A journey to London in those days was no trivial matter; however, as wandering was our destiny, it mattered little where we roamed. After we crossed the Border, my stepfather made application for a pass in Carlisle, which was readily granted by the magistrate when he learned the object of our journey. This pass enabled us to get relief in the various towns and villages through which we had occasion to travel. As this turned out a profitable speculation, we embraced nearly all the towns over the half of the kingdom on the way up. This journey initiated us into the genteel mysteries of vagrant life in England; and when McNamee could afford to keep himself sober, we could save money, and live like fighting-cocks into the bargain. I can well remember the marked difference in the etiquette of the English and Scottish beggars; at that time, the manners and habits of these strollers were as different as it is well possible to conceive. The English beggars were then characterized by an independent, free-and-easy style; of course the distinctions of class were rigidly maintained on both sides of the Border, but in all cases the Scotch were far behind the *genteel civilization* of their southern neighbours. The manners of these people, I imagine, are formed upon the model of people who hold a much higher social position in the community. Honesty may be said to be the basis of human virtue. This consciousness, however, of what is right is liable in the minds of some people to an amazing amount of latitude. In some men the perception of this principle "becomes small by degrees and beautifully less."

Upon comparing men's actions and motives, it will be found that the difference is frequently only in the degree;

for instance, we were lodging in a house in the city of York upon the occasion of the races, in which there were not less than fifty vagrants, male and female; among this heterogeneous group of all ages, conditions, and nationalities, there was one jovial young fellow who had found himself inconvenienced by the possession of a very pretty girl of about nineteen years of age. This pair of young turtle doves had been freely inebriating themselves for the space of three days. At the expiration of this time, the gay Lothario, either sated with love or full of generosity, kindly transferred his lovely nymph to the keeping of another gentleman, and he improved the value of the gift with half a gallon of beer. The real cause of this separation was, in all probability, incompatibility of taste or temper, or perhaps both. No doubt the manner in which the business was effected was exceedingly vulgar, immoral, and seemingly heartless. But, keeping the beer out of the question, the same sort of thing is frequently being done in our modern divorce courts.

There is a good deal of difference, or rather I should say there was in the time I am writing about, between the vagrants in Scotland and England. In Scotland the *Paddings Rans* were all private houses; and in England, with very few exceptions, they were all public-houses. The Scotch beggars, true to the taste of their countrymen, when they wish to *wash their necks* it is with Usquebaugh (whiskey); the English, on the other hand, swill beer or sip nectar made from raw grain whiskey,—vulgarly called gin. There are few scenes more interesting than to see a room full of cadgers cooking their evening meals. Some go about their business in the most systematic order, and do up their little dishes with taste and cleanliness; others are less fastidious, and cook what they have in the most ready manner; but the roughs go to work like savages.

After a good many vicissitudes and two incarcerations, we arrived in London, and took up our abode in that sylvan retreat where the motley inhabitants spoke all tongues, from

Kerry to Constantinople—Church-lane in St. Giles'. "Sad thy tale, thou idle page!" The ruthless hand of progress has swept this place of a *million* memories, and many a thousand dark deeds, from the map of the world! If I remember correctly, we paid ninepence a-night for one bed in a large barrack of a building, the proprietor of which kept a provision-shop. This fellow was both as ugly and as dirty as if he had been made to order! The very atmosphere of London, or else its *gin*, very soon produced an exhilarating effect upon the nervous system of my mentor. In the course of a few days his libations had reduced us to the most miserable state of destitution, and, to add to our hapless condition, we were left among strangers, many of whom were brutalized into heartless grinning savages by drunkenness. McNamee's discharge was backed with an excellent character. The commanding officer under whom he had last served was then an officer of the Tower.* As soon as he got himself into full marching order, by being free from the influence of drink, he presented himself before Colonel Cook and was very well received. The colonel kindly promised to use his influence in his behalf, and, in the meantime, made him a present of two pounds; as I was with him at the interview, I was introduced as his own son. The colonel also made me a very handsome present, and requested that McNamee should introduce my mother upon his next visit. For some time after this all went "merry as a marriage bell." The colonel was an old bachelor,—that is, if my memory does not fail me; he took a very strong liking to my little person, and was very anxious that my mother should *invoice* me over to him, in order that he might train me up in his own way. What obliquity of feeling or false sentiment made her cling to me, by which means my fate was to continue to be chained to the car of evil destiny, I know not. As a proof that the colonel had no idea of how we were living, he purchased me a splendid suit of clothes, made in a sort of half military form, with an

* Probably keeper of the Regalia.

immense number of gilded bell buttons. Poor old man! he little thought he was dressing me like a puppet for the charity market!

After we had been a month in London, my step-father obtained an interview with the Duke of York. I cannot say whether he promised to interest himself in McNamee's favour or not; however, he made him a present, and, on leaving us at the Horse Guards, he patted me on the head, and inquired my age. Passing the Board proved an utter failure, which I believe was entirely owing to the everlasting drinking propensity of the man. When all other resources failed for raising money, he used to make charity sign-posts of himself and the other two boys, along with me. Human sympathy is a strange thing—it binds men of all ages, countries, and conditions, in the god-like bonds of universal love. To those who have not got occasion to think upon the subject, it would be a matter of surprise to learn the amount of real charity which exists in London. If my friend had taken care of the money he had given him during his begging campaign in London, I am satisfied that he could have gone into some business, by which means he would have been enabled to have rubbed the vagrant rust off his character, and become a respectable member of society. The hungry devil in his stomach seemed ever ready to swallow up every good resolve the poor man could make.

I need not say that my mother's life was one of continual misery. When left to herself, she was a woman that could always make a living, both for herself and family, but unfortunately, the proceeds of her industry went to swell the river of our calamity. London soon became too small for her reckless husband. During the time we were in town, he had wantonly, and repeatedly, abused the kindness and generosity of Colonel Cook. During some of his escapades there, I had the honour of three nights' confinement with him in the old guardhouse; of course he was put there to keep him from a worse place. During these small events, which went to make

up the history of McNamee's life, my own years were increasing, and impressions were being made upon my undeveloped sensibility, which stamped themselves upon my memory, or passed like shadows.

I was a thing without a mind, and might be said to have had neither body nor soul of my own; that plastic part of my nature, which was shortly to become my only patrimony, was moulded under influences too frequently of a degrading character, and subject to examples anything but fit to be followed.

It is true, and strangely so, that whether McNamee was drunk or sober, he never forgot to offer up his morning and evening prayers to his Creator; and it was a good trait in his otherwise wayward character, that whether in prosperity or adversity he never forgot the duty he owed to his family, in an endeavour to impress upon their minds their dependence upon God, and the necessity of leading virtuous lives. I never think of him but with the most kindly feelings. I know that with him there must have been frequent hard struggles between duty on the one hand and the fiery cravings of his stomach on the other!

The difference in physical organization between a fool and a philosopher is often very small; if my stepfather's duplicate bumps of caution had been a little more developed, he certainly would have been a very excellent character. The want of this single element was the cause of all the other faculties of his mind living together in a state of continued disorder. This insubordination among the servants of his system set his judgment at naught; so, poor fellow, he had to march through the Coventry of life with a pack of real ragamuffins.

CHAPTER II.

SEVENTY-TWO summers, and as many winters, have cast their broad lights and deep shadows over the face of the earth, and millions of human beings have performed their parts upon the stage of life and made their exits, leaving room for others to run the same routine, since my first sojourn in London. The irresistible logic of time is change. To-day only is! Yesterday has passed into the greedy gulf of eternity, and all our futures will rapidly hurry to the same goal. While time whirls past with surprising velocity, and man pushes forward on the highway to the outer boundary of both time and space, the endless chain of cause and effect continually keeps unfolding new combinations in the magic kaleidoscope of Nature. Amid the universal transformation of things in the moral and physical world, my own condition has been a good deal like a dissolving view; the fact is, I have been tossed in the blanket of Fate to such an extent that my life is a mystery to myself, and often a puzzle to my friends.

In looking back from my present position, I have only a very faint recollection of London in 1810. Still, there are many circumstances and places which yet live fresh in my memory. The character of the locality in which we resided, and the many strange scenes there, will ever retain their hold upon my recollection. The St. Giles's of my youth, with its stirring memories, huge sufferings, savage life, and innumerable crimes,* is now a respectable locality of comfortable-

* There is still a small part of Church Lane left standing,—and it is true to its old character for the moral and social condition of its people.

looking houses and civilized inhabitants; while the dark deeds of the past are only to be found pictured in works of fiction, or recorded in the exciting narratives of the Newgate Calendar. Change has, therefore, swept over this once living hive of heterogeneous humanity like a mighty wave, and washed away all traces of its very existence. St. Giles's is not the only place in Modern Babylon that has been sacrificed to the levelling *genius* of progress. St. Catherine's was another of these dark spots in the wilderness of London where vice and crime flourished in tropical luxuriance. I have often been taken through Swan-alley, which was then looked upon as being one of the most consummate sinks of iniquity in London, and I have frequently feasted my juvenile eyes upon the savage male and female patrons of the "Black Boy and Tankard," where the first gentleman of the age was wont to enjoy himself in the refined society of coal-heavers and other amphibious denizens of that *ultima thule* of civilization. One of the principal differences between these two saintly localities was to be found in their respective *vernaculars*; in the one you had the blackguard slang of landmen of all nations, mixed up with the technicalities of prigs and professional beggars; while in the other you had the benefit of the jargon of salk junk and the "Fo'-castle," refined with coal-dust and the elegant vocabulary of Billingsgate. This modern Gomorrah has been changed into pools of water; St. Katherine's Docks and a range of huge warehouses now cover the site of the whole locality. In those days Tower-hill was honoured with the title of Rag-fair, and the traffic of dilapidated garments, impressed with the fashions of a preceding age, was divided between the Jews of the stock of Jacob and those of St. Patrick. And at that time Rosemary Lane held much the same character as a market for *handme-downs* and the produce of *prig* industry, as Petticoat Lane now enjoys.

I can well remember the Tower Moat then lay stagnant and green, sending up its sweet effluvia as a sanitary offering

to the surrounding district; at that time the roar of the lions, the glittering tinsel, rubicund faces, and party-coloured dresses of His Majesty's showmen in the Tower were well calculated to fill a young mind with awe, wonder, and admiration. There are still a few of these gentlemen, who were formerly known as His Majesty's beef eaters,—and they certainly did look as if they were well acquainted with the Bovine family. The poor fellows who yet remain, like living fossils, seem as if they were ruined by the luxuriant rankness of their pasture and the onerous smallness of their duties. I remember the tidal industry of the water-wheel at the north-west end of London Bridge. The present London Bridge is like a young colony,—it has not seen sufficient human misery to have a history! Waterloo and Southwark Bridges were then snugly sleeping in their quarries about Aberdeen and Falmouth. The two sturdy blacksmiths in front of St. Dunstan's, in Fleet Street, hammered the passing hours with equal industry, to the amusement of the green family from the rural districts. The Post Office, the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Holborn Viaduct, the Thames Embankment, the new palace in St. James's Park, and the Parliament House, have since then become national monuments, and indicate our growing prosperity. Several men who were then climbing the slippery hill of fame have long since gone to the home of silence, but I observe that their names and their country's gratitude have in several instances been perpetuated in marble or bronze, and calf or russia.

Many of the old-fashioned narrow streets, with their dingy and dropsical-looking wooden frame houses, have been displaced by spacious streets and palatial places of business. In my time London slept and had its food at home, but now the city may be said to live out of town,—that is, when it is not commercially employed, or amusing itself at the opera, or one of its thirty theatres.

In 1810 the mail-coaches, stage-coaches, and stage-

wagons were the only means available for the great majority of His Majesty's subjects by which they could have themselves transported from one locality to another, if we except a few lumbering hackney-coaches, sedan-chairs, and the boats on the river. A few years ago there were one thousand omnibuses, and somewhere about eight thousand cabs, with steamboats plying between London Bridge and Westminster every two or three minutes. During the period intervening between 1866 and 1873, a great portion of London has been undermined, and railways formed by which hundreds of thousands of people of all classes travel daily beneath the city and its ever-bustling activity. And in addition to cabs and omnibuses the street travelling appliances have been enlarged by the introduction of tramways and cars upon the American plan.

During the last forty-five years, centralization has been the means of entirely changing the old order of things. The numerous modern facilities for travelling must have greatly contributed to swell London into its present gigantic proportions. The continual multitudinous ingress and egress of strangers must have been the means of producing a gradual change in the social condition of the people, as well as contributing to the general prosperity of the town. In the early part of the present century travelling was a thing of rare occurrence among the great body of the people. I have known scores of respectable country people who were never fifty miles from home in their lives; among the same class of people in the present day, it would be difficult to find men who had not visited the principal towns in the kingdom, either upon business or pleasure. Within the last forty years the rail has set the whole world in motion; from this state of human locomotion, it must be evident that a large portion of the London people must be continually employed in ministering to the wants of their country cousins. Amongst the numerous changes which have been effected by the innovating march of progress, I find that the *Cockney* phraseology of

my young days has lost much of its primitive simplicity; a married lady is now no longer a *wife*, and the *osses eds* have generally become embellished with Hs; a *wessel* now *veighs* anchor after the W has relieved the V from the dog watch; but it must be remembered that times were then *werry ard*, and *weal*, *vine*, and *winigar* not *werry* comeatable,—still the good people swilled their *arf* and *arf*, whether *ot* or cold. The natives of London have also been divested of much of their one-sided views of men and things, and the consequence is, that they have left much of their old-fashioned prejudice behind. When I was a boy, a north countryman was sure to be branded with the title of a Scotchman, which then implied half savage, half knave; and all Scotchmen were supposed to have been fed upon *brose*, *braxy*, and *oatmeal*. Our growing commercial relations, and the consequent fusion of the people, have done much to effect a revolution for the better in these matters; and if we are not more religious, we are at least more charitable, which is certainly a move in the right direction.

While my stepfather was endeavouring to pass the Board at Chelsea, he learned that an old comrade was encamped with his regiment down somewhere near the town of Woolwich. In those good old times there were neither steamboats, railways, nor omnibuses. A walk was no joke for such a trifling specimen of humanity as I was. When we got below Greenwich, the old soldier relieved the monotony of the way by showing me certain decorations on the embankment of the river on the south side; the objects in question might be pleasing or otherwise, according to the frame of mind of the beholder. There is an old proverb which says that “dead men tell no tales;” but, like many of the other wise sayings of the ancients, this may be either true or otherwise; one thing is plain, the decorations mentioned above told of certain practices in connection with our criminal law which could only be tolerated in a barbarous age. I do not now remember how many gibbets there were with subjects dangling from

their arms, but I fancy there must have been more than a dozen. There is no doubt that these dead men did tell tales. I saw their bodies swinging to and fro, and heard the grating sounds from the rusty hinges on which the chains were hung. Gibbets at that time were not new to me; those, however, I had seen before were of a solitary character; here they formed a little colony, and when occasion offered they danced in concert to the music of their own Æolian harp! I wonder if the people in those days, who sniffed the putrid air from these bodies, were inspired with a higher respect for the law, and a more exalted veneration for the judges who consigned these bodies to gibbets, than if they had been quietly laid in the bosom of mother earth.

Much of that journey is now a blank to me. I have hazy recollections of seeing a forest of ship masts, mingled here and there with trees, and vessels sailing up and down among the green meadows. It must have been out of a due consideration for the sanitary condition of the men who were sent to camp in the nice malarial marshes below Greenwich, rather than that they should be exposed on any of the breezy downs in the neighbourhood of London. That was the age of pigtailed and leather inexpressibles; the one was calculated to generate a breed of parasites, and the other to promote rheumatic affections of the limbs. The good people in those days were not so sacrilegiously presumptuous as to try and set aside the laws of God by boards of health and that sort of thing. If men died by inhaling noxious vapours, they died by the visitation of God; and those who died by their own hands in many cases had their bodies interred at cross roads.

The Government in those days got a large number of men for the army at a very reasonable rate; it is true that not a few of them were second-hand soldiers, but, like the Jew's old watches, they were "better than new." I have known as much as a hundred pounds paid for a substitute for a man who was drawn for the militia; and when it is known how *humanely* the men in the service were treated, the large bounties

given to avoid it will not appear strange. According to law, a militia regiment could not be sent out of the country. This law, however, was comfortably evaded by having the men so unmercifully drilled that they were glad to find relief from their slavery by volunteering into regiments of the line. That was one of the methods by which the British army was recruited; but the naval authorities had a more direct method of getting men for the service. I have witnessed several instances in which press-gang crews furnished proof that their patriotism was a long way in advance of their humanity. While lodging in a cellar in one of the slums beside George's Dock in Liverpool, I saw a working-man dragged out of his bed from his wife and family, and I can never forget how that poor frantic woman clung to her husband in an agony of desperation, and how the savages beat her off and mocked her womanly sufferings.* My stepfather, too, would have been carried off if his discharge from the army had not been forthcoming. Britain, in those days, was said and sung to be "the land of liberty, and the home of freedom." If the people were satisfied with the liberty they had dealt out to them, that was their business; but I think such statements were merely poetical, and that we now know better what is due to ourselves and our country than the people did sixty years ago.

I cannot say what understanding was come to between my stepfather and mother before leaving London; it is certain, however, that some arrangement was made, which I believe was in no friendly spirit, in consequence of his continual dissipated conduct while in town. My mother took the whole of the children into her own charge, and made application at the Mansion House for a pass as a soldier's wife, which she had no difficulty in obtaining. This official document was

* The members of press-gang crews, with very few exceptions, were mere professional ruffians, and always ready for any act of brutality connected with their detestable service,—in fact, they were civilized savages.

made out to obtain us relief at the various parishes in our route between London and Hexham in Northumberland ; and with it we visited nearly all the towns on the east coast of England.

It is interesting to observe how the most unlikely things come to pass in the lives of some men. While in the ancient town of Ipswich, we lodged in the house of a Jew, who as far as I can remember was a man of venerable appearance, and from what I witnessed he was in very comfortable circumstances. This old man took a very decided liking for me ; he frequently got me to walk out with him ; and upon more occasions than one he showed me some of his valuables, which consisted of jewellery, among which were two gold watches, one of which was ornamented with diamonds ; and he told me if I would remain with him the whole of what I had seen should be my own. He had several consultations with my mother, in which he used all the persuasion he was master of to induce her to turn her eldest son over to his keeping, in which he pledged himself to be more than a father to me ; but his pleading was of no avail. It was in this town I had the pleasure of seeing the first chairing of a newly-elected M.P., and a savage exhibition it was ; the opposing parties, inspired with beer and patriotism, belaboured each other with the most praiseworthy gallantry, and the business of the day was wound up by the chair and its gaudy decorations being torn into pieces, and carried off in triumph by the victors. The principal reason why I mention this place here is, that sixty-three years after that time I had become a resident there, and held a comfortable situation in the town in connection with the Great Eastern Railway Company.

During the time we were afterwards, on this same journey, in Scarborough, I had another chance of being transferred into the keeping of a stranger. While disporting myself on the sands of this pleasant watering-place, I was engaged in conversation by a little hump-backed gentleman, who seemed to take a great interest in me by treating me to

sweetmeats, and he eventually persuaded me to accompany him to his residence, a very handsome isolated house in a garden. I was treated by my new friend with the greatest possible kindness; the day wore away without note being taken of it by myself; and such being the case, I was induced to remain all night by a promise that my mother should know where I was. This promise was not intended to be kept; the consequence was that my poor mother was in a sad way about me; both herself and several of the people who were lodging in the same house sought me late into the night, but could hear nothing about me. Yet I was a conspicuous object, in consequence of my neat-fitting dress with the pretty bell-shaped buttons. Two days passed away, and no tidings could be had of me, and all this time I was pleasantly situated in the house of my new friend, who continued to treat me as if I had been a beloved son. I was made easy in my mind by being told that my mother knew where I was, so the time passed by almost unheeded. My mother, after having used almost every available means to find me, was at last told to send the town bellman about with a description of her lost son. The advertisement by the town crier was sent out by the authority of the mayor; during the whole time this functionary was out on his mission my mother was in a condition of the most painful excitement; and the matter caused a most interesting subject of gossip both among the lodgers and the people in the immediate neighbourhood. I think the bellman's mission would have been fruitless if it had not been for a girl who saw me taken into the house of my new friend. It turned out that this little man was a master sweep, a bachelor and well-to-do in the world; and having taken a fancy to me, he had a desire to appropriate my little person to himself. He made an offer to adopt me, give me a suitable education, and make me his heir; and at last, when he found these inducements were not sufficient to make my mother part with me, he offered her a hundred pounds down if she would turn me over to him and forfeit all claim to me ever after;

but my mother spurned his offer and his money too. It is said, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken," etc. If there be any such thing in the affairs of boys, my affectionate mother in three recent instances evidently stood between me and the flood which leads on to fortune. Be that as it may, it appears that I was neither destined to be the pet of Colonel Cook, the companion of the Ipswich Jew, nor the heir of the lonely but loving hunchback Scarborough sweep.

Our vagrant journey thus far must have been very profitable, and I believe my father's to have been equally so. I do not remember what plan he adopted, but I believe he operated upon the charitably disposed with his discharge, and the certificates he had obtained to enable him to pass the Board while in London; however, a re-union between him and my mother took place while we were in Yorkshire. After they had compared notes, and agreed upon their plan of future arrangements, we proceeded to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The begging trade, with its gross deceptions, to say nothing of its dangers, I believe was somewhat repugnant to the feelings of my parents; whether they left the business from conscientious scruples, or from a feeling of independence, I really do not know, but after our arrival in Newcastle, we became transformed into respectable travelling merchants, or what were then regularly termed "pedlars." Our stock-in-trade was composed of a medley of hardware and small ware goods. For a considerable time we made Hexham our chief *rendezvous*, and travelled, as it were, in a circle; in the course of a short time we cultivated a very general acquaintance, and we also obtained no small share of confidence and respect. While we travelled in the rural districts our expenses were very small; the inns we put up at were the farmhouses, where our quarters were free, and we invariably had our victuals into the bargain.

Before our journey to London, I had been the constant companion of my stepfather. Whether he was drunk or sober,

like Sancho Panza I was sure to be at his heels, and if the Don was honoured by being tossed in a blanket, I was sure to come in for my share. My brother Robert was now grown to be a fine active boy, but at the same time a very headstrong one. Affections are things, I believe, people have very little power over; be that as it may, any little hold I formerly had upon McNamee's good graces seemed to be waning, and a transfer to be gradually taking place. This change was daily being facilitated by Robert and myself always being in each other's way. In consequence of this unfortunate change of things the house became divided against itself; the childish quarrels of my brother and myself were magnified into matters of importance; every offence was deemed an act of malice; and I was always made the scapegoat for both his sins and my own. My mother, therefore, took me under the wings of her kindly protection, and every quarrel between the young ones was sure to cause a rupture between the old ones.

Some little time after we left Newcastle, my brother and I happened to quarrel about some trifling matter. I had bled his nose, whether by accident or otherwise I do not now remember, but he had sufficient tact to make the most of it in representing the matter to his father, as he knew I should be well punished; the consequence of this little escapade was likely to be rather a serious affair, inasmuch as I escaped with my life almost by a miracle. My stepfather was in the habit of carrying a pocket knife, with a long Spanish blade, as a life-preserver: in his passion he stabbed at me with this weapon three times in succession; how the blade missed finding its way into my body, considering the power with which it was wielded, I cannot imagine, but the only injury I received was a slight cut on my side little more than skin deep. The first stroke cut the side of my jacket open, and the second severed the waistband of my trousers, while the third cut open the brim of my little felt hat; any one of these blows, if rightly

directed, would have spoiled my music, and precluded this biographic sketch.

It was only a short time after this, while we were at home in Hexham, I had been plagiarising time, and making use of it for my own special amusement, by bathing in the river Tyne. I had been absent without leave from seven o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon; I remember I was sporting in the water like a young dolphin, when I beheld the gaunt form of McNamee, with a smile of satisfactory vengeance curling about his mouth, coming towards me with giant strides; like a lamb in the presence of a wolf my little soul felt all the alarm of the coming danger. As he neared me, I observed that he had a new-cut switch in his right hand, which he endeavoured to conceal behind his back. I lost no time in making for the river bank as speedily as possible; I knew if I could only clear the water before he came upon me, I could soon enlarge the distance between us on the land, in consequence of his short-windedness. Notwithstanding my good intentions, however, before I got fairly landed I had half-a-dozen welts between my head and my hips, each as thick as an ordinary finger, and as lively in the colour as a ripe cherry. Before I could reach home I had to run fully three-quarters of a mile, and to make my journey pleasantly exciting, one-half of the distance was through the leading street in the town. It was somewhat amusing to the natives to see me scampering naked along the public street, like a young American Indian, with my back scalped instead of my head, and my merciless tormentor following behind with my toggery under his arm. I imagined that when I should gain the citadel of home, I would escape all further punishment; but this was an idea I did not realize, inasmuch as I received satisfaction in full. I will leave you to judge whether my punishment was anything like proportioned to the offence, when I inform you that I could not suffer my clothing to be put on for nine days, and during the greater

part of this time was confined to my bed. These little things would not be worth notice, only in as far as the severe treatment to which I was subject might have a certain influence over my own conduct in after life. I know that my stepfather never used me with cruelty without regretting it afterwards; in the whole course of my life, I never knew any man who was more a creature of impulse: I have known him to kick and caress me in almost the same breath. One hour he would be all sunshine, and the next, his whole being would be swelling with rage; this storm would very likely be caused by some trivial circumstance; and if he was depressed by small things, he was equally liable to be comfortably excited by mere childish matters. McNamee sober, and McNamee under the influence of drink, was like Philip,—he was not the same man; but it happened very unfortunately for me, that whether he was drunk or sober, I had no appeal from his authority, and the punishment he awarded me when under the maddening influence of drink could not be repealed when he was sober. Although I was continually subject to capricious severity and unmerited suffering, still my life was not without its sunshine; every storm is succeeded by a calm, and the smaller our power of reflection the more transient our sufferings.

During the time we were engaged in travelling, my duty was to carry the rags, horsehair, and other articles which we received in barter for our merchandise; when our bags were made up of these materials, I have often laboured under my burthen until my heart was like to break, yet with the buoyancy of youth, when the day's labour was ended I have enjoyed myself in the very fulness of soul; if in the summer season, by wandering by some *wimpling* burn, or through the woods and dells, where nature revelled in her own wild beauty. I can now, after the lapse of seventy years, call to remembrance many of the occasional haunts of my boyish days. I knew every farm-house from Hexham

to Keelder Castle, at the head of North Tyne, and from Redsmouth to the Carter Bar. While travelling our rounds, we had certain farm-houses we honoured by taking up our lodgings in, where there were children of my own age, and I was as much at home with them as if I had been one of the family, and of course entered freely into all their juvenile sports and pastimes. When I was a pedlar-boy, I received as much real kindness, and found myself as much on terms of equality with the sons and daughters of respectable farmers' children, as if I had been one of themselves. Amid all my sorrows and sufferings, I cannot look back upon my wanderings in Northumberland without feelings and emotions of real pleasure; and I can never forget the hospitality, and in some instances the more than parental kindness, I experienced from the unsophisticated natives. I have eaten many a *whang* of barley-bannock, buttered with the *gude wife's thumb*, and I have been frequently consoled with the application of the homely adage, "That *nae* body could tell what a rugged *cout* (colt) or a ragged *callant wad* come to."

In the winter of 1811, when lodging in a place a short distance from Keelder Castle, I was honoured for the first time with a sight of the great comet which was to be the precursor of the end of the world. The night on which I saw this celestial wanderer was cold, clear, and frosty, and innumerable worlds in the dark blue firmament sparkled with diamond lustre; and amid these lamp-like globes a little to the north of the zenith, the meteor, with its superb tail, sailed along his own highway in the immensity of space in fiery majesty!

A circumstance occurred a short distance from Keelder, at a farm-house near the junction of the Liddel and the Hermitage, which furnished proof of the strong hostile feeling which then existed among the people on the Scotch side of the border against anything savouring of Catholicism. My mother and her family had taken up their lodgings in an

empty stall in the byre belonging to the farmer, by permission, on the Saturday evening, after having been sadly drenched with rain. We were served with a plentiful supper and breakfast of porridge and milk, and were seemingly in a comfortable way until Monday. After breakfast, on Sunday morning, my stepfather went into the kitchen to get a light for his pipe; and during the time he was there the farmer came in and got into a conversation with the old soldier, and in a short time appeared to become pleasantly interested. While thus engaged in a friendly chat together, the farmer asked my stepfather "if he ever gaed to the kirk?" "Yes," he replied, "he never missed going when there was one near at hand." "Weel," responded the pious farmer, "ye'r no far frae yin the day;" but my stepfather observed that being a Catholic he only worshipped in his own church. The word Catholic transformed the farmer from a kindly, good-hearted man into a petty tyrant. "So ye'r a Papisher, ir ye? Awa wi' ye, bag an' baggage! I'm no gaun te hae ony o' the followers o' scarlet baggage about my hoose." The consequence was we had to shift our quarters, and find lodgings as best we could elsewhere. I have no doubt the farmer was in the main a very good and amiable man, but he had sadly mistaken notions of the religion of Christ.

I may here relate another case of Sunday travelling, which was attended with serious consequences. Our family on one occasion had late on a Saturday night left our quarters, one of the outbuildings of a farm in the upper ward of Teviotdale. We crossed the high moorland that divides the valleys of the Teviot and the Esk. For many miles there was neither road nor habitation; and it was far on in the evening when we arrived in the upper part of the valley of the Esk. In going down the vale towards Langholm, the turnpike road lies along the side of the moor, and at that time neither side of the way was fenced; indeed we had some considerable distance to travel before we should reach the cultivated part of the valley. When we struck into this road it would be

somewhere between ten and eleven o'clock at night. We had not gone more than a mile, when we were joined by a man who seemed to have come out of his way to keep us company. Neither my stepfather nor my mother seemed pleased with the attention of their new travelling companion; he was a great strong, ruffianly-looking fellow, and carried a formidable stick, which appeared to constitute his sole stock-in-trade. Both parties had measured each other, and my stepfather and my mother had mentally concluded that the fellow had an intention to relieve them of their property. The old soldier had been on the sober tack during several months, and having been both frugal and industrious he had saved a few pounds, and at that time we were on our way to Carlisle, where he could renew his stock of small wares at Mrs. Sewell's. After having travelled with our new companion for about half-an-hour, and getting near the habitable part of the valley, he turned sharply round, and with a savage blow of his staff he floored my stepfather. Both himself and my mother were heavily laden; they had each a large square basket, as well as a wallet, in which they carried their articles of barter. From these circumstances I have no doubt the highwayman had calculated upon doing his business in a very off-hand manner. The blow had scarcely been struck which floored my stepfather, when my mother let her basket fall from her arm, and with the agility of a tigress seized the ruffian by the lower extremities and hurled him upon the broad of his back in a deep ditch which skirted the lower side of the road. Before the fellow could recover himself she caught her husband's good blackthorn staff, with which she so belaboured the rascal that he roared a thousand murders,—and by the time the old soldier had gathered himself up, she had pretty well squared accounts with the prostrate robber. If a neutral person could have witnessed that strange moorland scene, it would not readily have passed from his memory. After the blow was struck, my mother was like an enraged lioness defending her young; the

children, myself among the rest, were squalling in concert, and the highwayman bellowed like a bull as the blows were rained upon him by the aid of my mother's strong right arm. When it is known that my mother was five feet eight inches in height, and that she would weigh not less than fifteen stone, it will be seen that with a will and determination equal to her strength, she would be a dangerous person to encounter in anger. The fact is, this was not the first time she had handled a stick to good purpose. When a young woman—in service—she saved the life of her master's eldest son, who had been attacked by three men on his way home from Downpatrick fair. Upon that occasion she floored two of the young man's assailants, and the third took to flight in consequence of two men coming upon the scene who were returning from the fair.

If the robber's action had not been so sudden, McNamee was well prepared for him, inasmuch as he carried in his right hand a long-bladed Spanish knife ready for use. The blow he received kept the right side of his head uncomfortably warm for several weeks; and if the fellow had not been so near his victim, it is very likely he would not have required another to have finished him.

After having gathered up the scattered contents of the baskets, which strewed the ground, and leaving the scene of victory, we made our way to the nearest farmhouse, which was at least a mile distant. Although I have never been in that locality since that eventful night, I could yet find the isolated farmstead in the hollow of the valley by the side of the river Esk, and about a hundred yards down from the road. When we arrived at this house, the inmates must have been in bed from two to three hours, and for a considerable time there was nothing to be heard but the disagreeable noise of an army of dogs barking in chorus. After considerable waiting, the farmer came to the door, and having heard the cause of our travelling on the Sabbath day, and our encounter with the robber, he showed us into the barn, in which there

was plenty of clean straw, a winnowing sheet, and a number of sacks. On the following morning McNamee and the farmer went to the scene of the previous evening's engagement, to look after the dead or wounded ; but the beaten foe had been able to retire from the field. The place where he had got the pounding was easily discovered, by the marks of blood he had left behind ; this was so much the case, that the farmer was fully convinced of the rough work which had taken place on the spot.

In the early part of the present century robbery on the highway was a matter of common occurrence ; at that time the protection afforded to life and property was not like what it is now ; Sir Robert Peel had not then organized his police force, and a county constabulary had not then been dreamed of.

About the time of this occurrence, a pedlar boy had been murdered on a moor on the English side of the Border. The fellow who took the lad's life must have been a mean, pettifogging scoundrel, inasmuch as the boy's whole stock-in-trade was not worth more than a few shillings.

It was about this time, too, that Richardson, the Dumfries detective, identified the then far-famed David Haggart in a jail in Ireland, and brought him back to Scotland to answer for having murdered the governor of Dumfries jail with a stone in a stocking. This man was the most daring and clever, but at the same time the most brutal and heartless, highwayman of modern times.

Up to 1812, we had travelled over nearly the whole of England, Wales, and Scotland, sometimes in the capacity of beggars, and at others as itinerating dealers, and in consequence of McNamee's unsteady habits, continually exposed to ever-changing vicissitudes. While we were in Northumberland, there was only one thing to prevent him from saving as much money as would in a short time have enabled him to open a shop ; but after we had obtained a comfortable standing, and a good stock of merchandise, he opened the

greedy trough of his stomach and swallowed all ; and after the wreck of our fortune, we removed over the border to the Scotch side. During the next two years we continued to travel in the valleys in the south of Scotland, but our circuit was chiefly confined to Eskdale, Liddesdale, and Teviotdale ; and when we required to renew our little stock of goods, we had to go either to Dumfries or Carlisle. After our removal from Northumberland, McNamee once more put the rein upon his intemperance, and we were again upon the highway to prosperity.

During the severe winter of 1813 and 1814, we were located at a little town in the south of Scotland of the name of Langholm. Although travelling was both a dangerous and difficult business during that memorable stormy winter, yet we were able to turn our industry to good account ; hare skins were then in great demand, and it was generally admitted that the skins produced in these vales were the best in the kingdom. At that time the article had obtained its maximum price ; the skin trade was then regulated by the *Backend* Fair, which was held annually in Dumfries, and at that time full skins were bringing thirty-six shillings per dozen. In consequence of the severity of the winter, the poor hares had little chance of escaping with their lives, and it was no unusual thing for a farmer to have two or three dozen skins hung up in his chimney corner. The trade-manner of casting skins was by arranging them into whole, half, quarter, and pelts. Of course, the country people had little knowledge of these technicalities of the trade, and the dealers were sure to have the advantage. During the course of this winter, McNamee and my mother made a good deal of money, but in doing so they encountered no small amount of hardship.

While travelling with my stepfather across the moorland country which lies between Langholm and Newcastleton, then better known by the name of Copshawholm, we were overtaken by a severe snowstorm, accompanied by a blinding drifting wind. The houses in this wild district are few and

far between, and as the moor was trackless we had nothing to guide us in the way we should go. After floundering on the moor for a considerable time, we had the good fortune to stumble upon a walled-in sheepfold. It was somewhere about three o'clock in the afternoon when we found this place of refuge, and we battled with the drifting snow and the cold in this roofless fold until a little after daylight on the following morning. In consequence of the snow filling up the more exposed parts, we had several times to change our positions in the fold. We both suffered severely, but as I covered myself up with the tails of his coat I was less exposed to the cold than he was. It was a fortunate thing for us that we were discovered by a shepherd's dog early in the morning, and when we found where we were, we discovered that we were within less than half-a-mile of a moorland farmhouse. I was so benumbed with the cold that I had to be carried to the house, and it was as much as poor Mac could do to get his limbs to carry his body that short distance. The people in the house did everything which kindness could dictate to bring us round. It would be a difficult matter to describe our sufferings during the long dreary hours of that stormy night; the fact is, McNamee did not think that we should be able to weather it, and when the dog discovered us in the morning he hailed him as an angel sent to rescue us. We were storm-stayed in this house during three days, and were all that time most hospitably entertained. While we were thus absent from Langholm, my mother was in a condition of the most painful suspense; indeed she had concluded that we must have perished in the snow.

Shortly after this event, I was out with my mother in Eskdale, a few miles above Langholm, when we had a very narrow escape from being swallowed up in a snow wreath; indeed, if it had not been for the timely assistance of a shepherd we should both have passed out of sight, and when found could only have been of use for anatomical purposes. I remember having seen several cottages com-

pletely blocked up with snow, the inmates having to cut their way out in the morning ; and during that unprecedented stormy winter, there were several lonely houses on the borders where the inmates had to burn no inconsiderable part of their furniture to keep themselves from perishing with cold. Although McNamee and my mother were very successful in their bartering business during this severe winter, it was at the expense of much suffering both from cold and fatigue, and not unfrequently from the pain of hunger.

We were better known in the valleys of North Tyne, Reed, and Coquet, than any other part of the Border country ; and while we travelled in the district we made both Bellingham and Hexham centres of our trading operations, and looked upon either place as a home when there.

People who may have seen Bellingham seventy years ago, if there are any such, may wonder what any sane man can have to say about a place so unmistakably uninteresting ; or about its inhabitants, whose primitive rusticity must have been their only recommendation to notice ! It is true the village was wanting both in the arrangement of order and in architectural beauty ; the houses were rude in their construction, and in many instances had been erected by their proprietors without consulting the taste, comfort, or convenience of their neighbours. In one place a shop might be seen with ostentatious presumption sticking its gable end and little bow window into the street ; while a neighbouring house with some pretension to respectability was left in the background. Then, again, two rows of houses had been built in the open space, as if for the laudable purpose of throwing those previously erected into the shade.

But though the village was in reality as unpicturesque as any old Border hamlet might be expected, yet it possesses one building worthy a passing notice. The little unassuming plain Gothic church, which stands upon a rising ground overlooking the river, is not only interesting as a house of prayer, but it is highly so from its peculiarity of structure.

The roof of this church is formed of a number of stone slabs overlapping each other, and resting upon a series of slender ribbed arches about three feet apart, and abutting on the side walls. There are no records of the age in which this little unpretentious temple was erected, but from repairs which have lately been made, the effects of fire have been discovered on the walls; originally there had been two side aisles; these, no doubt, have been destroyed by the sacrilegious raiders who burned the building. The gentleman who is the incumbent, the Reverend P. Powell, is deserving of much credit for the pains he has taken in restoring the church to something like its original character, after it had been allowed to become unsafe from decay. Like many of the old ecclesiastical edifices in the country, this church had undergone a process of vandalism by having its interior decorations plastered and daubed out of sight by a system of whitewashing; these barbarisms have been removed by Mr. Powell's instructions, and the weak parts in the walls have been strengthened by buttressing. The history, too, of some of the Bellingham people, in my time, was not without interest. The Rev. Mr. Smith, who officiated in that little church, was like him of the "Deserted Village."

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ever changed, nor wished to change his place."

The contrasts which frequently constitute both the beauty of a picture and mark the phases of character in men, existed in the very fulness of opposites between Mr. Smith and his clerk. The one was a large John Bull-looking man who seemed always on good terms with himself and in good fellowship with all the world beside. His voice when doing duty was full, clear, and sonorous. Mr. Baty, his ecclesiastical factotum, was a tall, slim, wiry-made man, and his voice, as heard in the responses of the Church service, when com-

pared to that of the parson, was like the attenuated sound of a child's whistle to the deep full sound of an organ.

Mr. Baty, however, was no ordinary man; he was master of several useful professions; and when he passed away he left a blank behind him which neither time nor circumstances are ever likely to fill up. During considerably more than a quarter of a century he taught the young men and women of the district the graceful art of disposing their limbs to the action of music. He had the misfortune to lose his practice in this business, by having taught a young girl, the daughter of a Tyneside herd, to excel himself as a teacher of the Terpsichorean art.

The farmers' wives for many miles round Bellingham were *unco sib* with Mr. Baty. Like the Gaberlunzie man of old, he amused them with his harmless gossip, and excited their curiosity by retailing stray scraps of small scandal during the time he was engaged *whipping the cat* in their moorland homes.

In consequence of his twofold official character in connection with the church, being both clerk and sexton, he was in at all the christenings of the undeveloped sprigs of humanity, the hymeneal knot-tyings, and the final consignments of both old and young who made their demise in the parish. During many years Mr. Baty and his fiddle were part and parcel of all the fairs and hirings, merry meetings, and kirn suppers, which were held in that part of the country. There seemed to have been a peculiar appropriateness in Mr. Baty's last official act, for he literally made his own grave. While he was excavating the last resting-place for the remains of some parishioner, the earth gave way, and he was entombed alive. He thus yielded up a life which had been long singularly useful, and he left behind a character free from even the whisper of reproach.

During many years in the early part of the present century, there were three clergymen in Bellingham—two were Church of England parsons, and the other a Catholic priest—who

were quiet, amiable men, good citizens, and exemplary Christians. The Rev. Mr. Harrison was a man over whose head the bleaching influence of many winters had left a snowy impress. He did the duty of a curate in the little isolated church of Corsonside, near Woodburn in Redsdale. This place is at least five miles from Bellingham, and in those days could only be arrived at by a scarcely visible beaten horse track over a wild open moor. There was something exceedingly ludicrous in the contrast between the sage and venerable appearance of Mr. Harrison and his travelling companion. His horse belonged to the Highland Sheltie breed, and though he looked as wild, ragged, and dirty as a Leith carter's pony, he was as quiet, docile, and subdued as a pious slave. It mattered not how the seasons changed, or whether he travelled in fair weather or foul; that trusty servant of the pious pastor was never known to alter his pace! I daresay there may have been a sympathy of feeling between the two; the easy equable pace of the pony may have been in harmony with the quiet temperament of the good parson. As a general thing, the winters in the morning of the century were much more stormy than they are now; yet I do not think Mr. Harrison ever missed a single journey in consequence of inclement weather. Many a time when he opened the sacred volume in his *wee muirland Kirk* there would not be half-a-dozen worshippers present. He resided in a modest dwelling in the row, which was kept for him by a silent old lady. I never knew any person who visited either the parson or his maid; in fact, each seemed to live in noiseless worlds of their own, the master in the front ground floor parlour, and the maid in the culinary department.

The Rev. William Turner is the second of our clerical trio. I can imagine now when I have called him to mind, that I can see him before me as I was in the habit of seeing him between sixty and seventy years ago, with his black, well-fitting inexpressibles, long gaiters to match, strong, well-rounded limbs, healthy florid complexion, and full manly

frame. When Squire Charlton of Hesleyside, to whom he was chaplain, was from home with his family, Mr. Turner's duties were light, being confined to his small flock in the village. At that time there were not more than some nine or ten Catholics in Bellingham; these were occasionally reinforced by pedlars and vagrants, who made the village a sort of Sunday home. His time was therefore much at his own disposal. In order, however, that he should not be without profitable employment, he farmed a little ground, kept a couple of cows and a pony, and when he tired of out-door labour he said his *office*, attended the confessional, or occupied his head and hands by spinning yarn for his own sheets and shirts on the *wee* wheel.

When first he went to the village to reside, he made an effort to avoid the occasion of scandal by his choice of a housekeeper; the lady who filled that situation was all but repulsive from the manner in which her face had been disfigured by the small-pox. Nancy, though thus terribly disfigured in the face, possessed a well-formed body, a good heart, and an amiable mind, and was both a good and faithful servant.

But notwithstanding Nancy's unattractive appearance, sly insinuations occasionally went the round of the maids and matrons of the village concerning the undisturbed repose of certain kitchen utensils, where no such utensils should have been! Everybody knew Mr. Turner; he was affable, kind, and courteous to all, but he could scarcely be said to be familiar with anybody.

The Rev. Mr. Smith I have already alluded to; he was less reserved than either of the others; in fact, though he was a clergyman, he was to all intents one of the people; good-natured, free and familiar with all sects and conditions, he was at home with everybody, whether rich or poor. I believe he did duty in the village church over a period of forty years.

In those days, when steam horses and telegraphic genii were not dreamed of, the every-day life in Bellingham was

made up of a dull round of industry, a little tipping, a little card-playing, a little cock-fighting, a little idle tittle-tattle, some quarrelling, and a little small scandal. But these foibles were wedded to a people who possessed warm hearts, large benevolence, cheerful hospitality, and an easy frankness. During the fairs and hirings the every-day life of both Bellingham and its inhabitants was thoroughly changed. Upon these occasions the almost death-like stillness of the village gave place to the noise, bustle, and confusion consequent upon such gatherings, and both young and old from the moorland districts of the Tyne and the Reed water held happy carnival. The rustic swains in their holiday clothing, at the hirings with their half year's wages in their pockets, became inspired by the exhilarating influence of rum punch, and won the affections of the moorland maids by softening their hearts with drops of brandy, lumps of gingerbread, nuts, candy sugar, and oranges. The village was thus enlivened with a life which was none of its own, and the three dancing rooms were made to vibrate to the measured motion of many scores of pairs of willing limbs. The sound of music died away late,—or rather early on the mornings after the fairs or hirings; the old calm settled down on the village, and the world again wagged as it had done before.

There are many reasons why I should remember Bellingham; among the rest I may relate the following little serio-comic incident. When I was a little fellow, I had occasion to be sent to a farmhouse called the Blakelaw, at a distance of better than a mile, for a halfpenny worth of skim milk. In going to this farmhouse I had to pass a lone cottage, which was occupied by a working man, his wife, and a family of young children. I was at that time full of play, and sufficiently thoughtless for anything. In going past the cottage, I had the questionable fortune to meet with a posse of Mrs. Mason's children, who were playing close by the wayside; and with the freedom of youth, and my usual want of prudence, I became one of themselves. The milk I was sent to get was for the family's supper, and I

should have returned in the course of little more than an hour; but as I was highly interested in the company of my young playmates, I neither "thought of home nor duty." It was only when I was on my way back with the can of milk that I was brought to a state of reflection; it then became a matter of unpleasant speculation as to whether my sin of disobedience would be punished by my stepfather or by my mother,—or whether I should not have to run the gauntlet of them both.

When I arrived at old Margaret Seaton's lodging-house, I soon learned more than I wanted to know. I was quickly flogged to everybody's satisfaction but my own; that sort of thing, however, was a matter of common occurrence, and when my eyes were dried the storm was past. But there were other consequences to result from my milk journey, which I could not have anticipated. After the flogging, and having dispatched a basin of crowdy, like Richard I was myself again; but while the lodgers were communicating their day's experience to each other, or spinning yarns, a noisy mob was heard at the outside of the door. Before they had time to think of what was going to happen, the woman with whose children I had been playing rushed into the house perfectly foaming with rage, and all the lazy-corner people of the village as a bodyguard at her heels, and ready for any amount of lynch law the circumstances of the case might demand. The poor woman was so much excited by the violence of her passion, and the idea of the great wrong she had suffered, that it was some time before she could make the inmates of Mrs. Seaton's hotel understand the cause of her trouble; it turned out at last that she charged me, in the most unmeasured language she could command, with having stolen a pair of clogs "belonging te yin o' her callants." Some of Mrs. Mason's bodyguard were satisfied "that laddies like me wad steal onything that cam i' their way." My stepfather and my mother knew that I had brought nothing home with me but the milk, and the lodgers bore similar testimony, but

this denial of my guilt seemed only to make her more violent and determined for justice; the members of the mob on hearing the matter discussed by my stepfather became divided in opinion. Some of the judges, after having thoroughly inspected me, said they "wor sure that the callant didna look as if he wad steal onybody's clogs;" others said they "wadna lippen other clogs or shuin te me." One old lady, who seemed to possess a greater amount of judicial discrimination than any of the rest, said that "if the laddie had stealt the clogs they wad hae been o' nae use to him, as they wad hae been far ower big." The boy to whom the clogs belonged being present, it was soon clear that one of his clogs would have held both my feet. After a number of opinions had been advanced on both sides of the question, Mrs. Mason left with a full determination to have me before a magistrate on the following day.

I had been pretty familiar with the insides of jails, but my incarceration had always been in the character of a companion to my stepfather; and I had no desire to become the inmate of one on my own account. Being a member of the vagrant fraternity, my denial before a magistrate of the woman's unsupported charge would not have saved me, and if she had carried her threat into practice I certainly should have been consigned to the limbo of a prison. At that time the magistrates were more impressed with the idea of inflicting punishment upon such poor people as were brought before them, than in rendering impartial justice between the accused and the accuser. It was not long before this event that my stepfather had been made to feel the salutary effects of a justice's justice. While lodging in the little border town of Lochmaben in the summer of 1807, a rough, raw-boned, ill-conditioned lad, much older and bigger than myself, took a fancy to exercise his pugilistic powers on my little person; my stepfather, who, though he occasionally gave me the benefit of a warming, took very good care that nobody else should enjoy the same privilege, took me from the young

fellow's grasp and gave him a blow with his open hand. I was streaming with blood, and several of the natives said "it was a shame to ill-use the laddie i' that fashion."

It happened that the father of the boy, a big burly mason,* saw McNamee rescue me from his son; this was the cause of another match as unequal as mine had been. The great cowardly fellow beat my stepfather most unmercifully, knocked him down several times, and otherwise maltreated him, and to add to his brutality gave him in charge to a constable for having ill-used his laddie; and the result was that my poor ill-treated protector got six days in the black hole.

To return to Mrs. Mason's charge against me. The following morning had changed the whole of her intended plans. She had found the missing clogs covered up under some straw beside a pool of stagnant water close to the cottage. It was at this pool I had spent my time with her boys swimming bits of wood and some kitchen utensils about. I was in a fit condition to carry out my navigation purposes by the freedom of my nude understandings; the boys, seeing my advantage in the sport, had cast aside their clogs; hence my trouble and poor Molly's great excitement. As soon as the missing clogs were found she lost no time in making the *amende honorable* by coming down to the village and stating the fact, as well as apologizing for her hasty rudeness.

Mrs. Mason was quite a character in her way; at home she was in every sense a drill sergeant, and managed her domestic duties with a masculine authority. She was gifted, too, with an amazing volubility of tongue; and it only required a very small cause to set her lingual machinery in motion. She possessed other qualifications, however, which contrasted pleasantly with these. She was untiringly indus-

* This man was one of the six brothers Carlyle, known over the whole of Annandale as the "Six fighting masons of Ecclefechan." The oldest of these men was father to the Tub Philosopher of Chelsea, Thomas Carlyle; himself probably the hero of the story!

trious, frugal, and cleanly in her habits, honest in her dealings, and both generous and good-hearted. The little incident of the clogs was a second edition of "All's well that ends well"; for Mrs. Mason became my fast friend ever after, and I believe if I really had done a dishonest act she would have been the last to have credited it. Poor woman! she had a hard battle to make ends meet with her large family and small means; but with all her difficulties she aye managed to keep her bairns' backs and bellies in healthy order. Peace to her shade!

Up to the period I am treating of, my mother had given birth to five children, two of whom died while on our journeyings in the south of England; one dear and pretty little girl found a last resting-place in the quiet and sequestered churchyard of Staindrop in the county of Durham; and the remains of the other, a little boy, lie in Gainsborough in Lincolnshire. The time is now drawing nigh when my own condition in life is about being materially changed; but before leaving this part of my history, I cannot help making a few remarks, or rather reflections, upon the state of society on the Border in the early part of the present century. I can still look back, through the somewhat hazy vista of over seventy years, to the happy days I spent among the primitive but kind and hospitable natives. The inhabitants of the numerous sequestered valleys on both sides of the Border were then really an unsophisticated class of people. Almost every house on the border at that time was a welcome home for the wayfarer; the beggar was treated kindly, and bountifully supplied with food; he had his bed for the night comfortably made up in the barn or the byre; and in many farm-houses bed-clothing was specially kept for this class of wanderers. The *pedlar*, or travelling dealer, was treated somewhat differently; he was lodged in the house, and generally took his meals with the family, and found himself as much at home as if he had been at his own fireside. In these times the farmers

were content to dispose of their produce at the market towns which were most easily come at, and they occasionally sold their stock to factors, who paid them periodical visits from the large towns: this was the manner in which the sheep farmers disposed of nearly the whole of their wool. In the Lowlands, travelling merchants purchased the butter and cheese in the same way, others bought up the poultry and eggs, and the butchers of Newcastle and Carlisle were wont to scour the country for calves and such cattle as they could not obtain at the regular markets.

Travelling, among the country people in these secluded districts, was then a thing of rare occurrence, and they knew little of what was passing in the busy world, except what they obtained from hearsay. The times were then quite as exciting as they are now. The French war was then carrying desolation over a large portion of Europe, and there were few of the people even in these lonely and sequestered valleys who had not occasion to mourn some dear relative who had fallen in the service of his country. If these people had not heard the martial sound of the bugle, or the roar of the murdering cannon, many a loved one was missed from the family circle, and the homely but social board, and many a tender loving heart was left with an empty void which might never be filled. There were few newspapers in these days, and it was a thing of rare occurrence for any of them to find their way into these regions. The various classes of people who made their living by travelling among these wilds were then the real newsmongers, and, of course, were always welcome guests at the *ingle* of the farmer or the cotter. When my stepfather kept himself sober, no man in his position ever found a more hearty welcome, or could receive kindlier treatment from the country people upon whom he was in the habit of calling. The fact was, his information was generally looked upon as good change for their hospitality. His knowledge of the seat of war, and the operations of the contending parties, with the general intelli-

gence he brought to bear upon his subjects, caused him to be looked up to as no mean authority. He was equally *au fait* upon religious subjects; his mind was well stored with historical gleanings, and in polemical debate he rarely found his match. When he was sober he was cool in argument, and patient as a listener. I am aware that much of his knowledge was of a very superficial character, yet the manner in which he used it made him frequently pass as an oracle. Oft has he

“Talked o’er his tales of sorrow done,”

and if he did not

“Shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won,”

many a time he has held the farm circle in breathless suspense, while delineating the havoc of the battle, or the dreadful carnage of the siege, the clash of arms, and the horrors of the sacked town.

In the course of my vagrant wanderings on the Border, I had learned much of its legendary lore and romantic history. Often while we occupied the chimney nook of a moorland farm-house in a winter’s *nicht*, the daring deeds of some border reiver would be related in the broad vernacular of the district, or tales of ghosts, witches, and fairies would go round until bed-time. Many a time my hair has been made to stand erect at the recital of some tale of blood and murder; and often has my young imagination been filled with wonder at the fairy legend of a by-gone age. At that time the people on the Border were proverbial for their superstitious notions. I have known scores of people whose illness was caused by supernatural means. Such complaints as were not common, or where the causes could not be probed by the limited understandings of the natives, were sure to be produced by evil eyes. Children were then said to be cured of the whooping-cough by being passed nine times under the belly and over the back of an ass, or being dipped nine times in a south

running stream. In these times, the poor innocent cattle were frequently made to suffer for the sins of their owners. Some people were proof against the power of the evil one in their own persons; when such was the case, their live stock were sure to suffer. I remember we were once lodging at a moorland farm-house between Moss Paul and Hawick, where we were to stay over Sunday; on the Saturday one of the cattle belonging to the farmer had been bewitched, and the poor animal went mad—it was in such a rabid state that it was found necessary to kill it. The farmer was quite aware to whom he owed this act of devilry. The old lady who had used her spell lived in the neighbourhood—but the best of the matter is yet to come. On the Sunday we had a part of the identical cow served to us along with broth for dinner. I don't know whether McNamee and my mother were too saucy to partake of this fare, or that they were afraid of the sanitary consequences; however, be that as it may, we made our dinner of the potatoes, and the beef and broth were destroyed. The most noted places for witches and fairies that I remember, and where they lingered longest in the face of civilization, were *Canobie* and *Bewcastle*; the latter place is a wild moorland district in the most northerly part of Cumberland, and I believe has been famed from time immemorial for the *honesty* of its cattle dealers, and the superstition of its rude Saxon natives. At the time I am writing of, there was not a glen, a homestead, a mountain-stream, or a valley, but had its ghost story, or some attendant genius in the shape of a good or evil-disposed fairy. In those days, it was quite a common thing for one of the *wee* folk to assist in doing the necessary work of a farm-house; and in order that they might perform their labour without interruption, it was always done when the inmates were in the arms of *Morpheus*. One of the common methods in which the witches were in the habit of exercising their infernal art was by casting their *glamour* over the *kirn* of the farmers' wives to whom they owed any little debt of revenge. When the spell rested upon

the milk, all the churning in the world would not produce butter. This species of credulity very frequently led to serious consequences. I have known several instances where females who were suspected of being witches were all but sacrificed to the godly fury of innocent believers; the fact was, that to be sceptical upon this subject was tantamount among the country people to disbelieving the Bible. The Witch of Endor, and the command that a witch should not be suffered to live, were looked upon as unquestionable authority upon the subject, and there were few at that time who had the hardihood to call these divine truths in question.

The people for many miles round Whitby were, I recollect, once kept in a feverish state of alarm in consequence of a hideous ghost that was said to haunt the road leading to Robin Hood's Bay. In the course of a few weeks a number of people had not only been frightened out of their senses, but in all cases those who had any property in their possession were relieved of it in a way they could not tell how. The superstitious fears of the people for a time prevented proper steps being taken to learn the true character of the ghost; but some of the wisacres, after due deliberation, came to the very rational conclusion that a spirit could really have no use for all the property which had gone a-missing. Those people who had seen the thieving ghost, through their fears were convinced that it was no other than the devil himself. They saw his horns, his tail, and the sulphurous fire issuing from his infernal jaws; it was therefore no wonder that the people were alarmed when they heard such descriptions related by eye-witnesses. Ultimately his ghostship fell into a trap; a fellow of determined character had himself made up as a female with a good-sized bundle, and set out on his journey after nightfall on the road to Robin Hood's Bay. He was not long before he encountered the ghost; he let his bundle fall and bolted; instead, however, of running away, as the self-confident ghost imagined he would, he watched the

demon-looking object seize the bundle and march off with it; but before his ghostship had moved many paces, the seeming lady was by his side holding the muzzle of a pistol close to his bovine head, with a demand that he should divest himself of his upper garment without a moment's delay, on pain of instant death. The ghost found himself in a fix, and though it was a delicate thing to undress before a lady, he complied with the demand as a case of necessity. That was worse than doffing a lion's skin and covering his recreant body with an ass's hide. When the fellow was unmasked, he turned out to be a well-known indolent ruffianly scamp, and his covering was a cow's hide with large horns, and, in order to sustain the Satanic character, he had used brimstone lights, which were so fixed that they seemed to issue out of the devil's mouth.

Having received a considerable part of my education in such a romantic school, it would be strange indeed if I could have escaped without being subject to the impressions consequent upon such a course of training. Since I have attained to manhood, I can assure you it has frequently required all the little philosophy I possessed to keep the invisible agents of the other world from regulating my affairs, and directing my conduct to suit their caprice or convenience, and many a sturdy battle my reason has had with my fears upon their account. I think, on the whole, I have been able to overcome the numerous busy tormentors of my youth, and whenever my fears become alarmed, judgment is sure to come to the rescue; however, I must confess that the battle is sometimes little better than a drawn one. I am not sufficiently master of psychology to understand how the lingering impressions of supernatural agencies should continue to alarm us after the reasoning faculties of the mind have passed judgment upon them, and found them mere creatures of the imagination, unless it be that Mr. Imagination, who acts the part of a vigilant sentinel, by being always upon guard, and easily alarmed, should be necessary to keep Mr. Reason in healthy

employment, by lending Fear the use of his aid and counsel in all cases of real or imaginary danger. I believe there are very few men who are not less or more liable to be acted upon by supernatural fears, and yet they are conscious that such feelings are mere dreams. When ghosts, fairies, and witches cease to live in the belief of a people, the character of such a people must lose much of its poetry. The age of superstition is one of ideality, in which imagination takes the lead of reason. The mind of a nation is in a continual state of transition, and the farther it flies off from the superstitious element, the more utilitarian and the more sceptical it becomes. A few centuries ago criminals were tried by ordeal; in the early part of the last, respectable females were roasted for witchcraft, and the age of ghosts is only just passed away. It must not be supposed, however, that because we cannot believe in these things, imagination has ceased to hold its empire over us. The loss we have sustained has been of late partially compensated for in other supernatural and electrical agencies. We have now our table turning, spirit rapping, and mesmeric *clairvoyance*. It is said by sensible people that the devil is the agent in these things; but if people are pleased to have the aid of the devil in ministering to their amusements, I really don't see why any one should find fault: for my own part, I think that his majesty might be much worse employed.

CHAPTER III.

THE first two chapters in the history of my life can be of little interest to the reader, except in so far as they show the character of my monitor, and the sort of teaching I received. Their principal value will be found in their connection with after events. Every man's life is made up of a chain of causes, some of which produce direct or immediate effects, while others would seem to act upon us in remote periods of our existence, and exercise an influence over our very destinies. I am not a fatalist,—at least I think not,—yet I have often found myself led and acted upon by feelings and influences which I could not account for by any little philosophy I possess. This short-sightedness may arise occasionally from attributing certain acts and circumstances in our lives to proximate, rather than to distant causes,—or *vice versâ*. As the reader proceeds he will observe that my life has been one of epochs, or, more properly speaking, I have been carried forward by a succession of trade winds, without any seeming directing power of my own. I may here advert again to my father,—and though the circumstance is trivial in itself, it will prove that we frequently labour under feelings and impressions and hold ideas which we cannot account for upon any rational principle; at least, such was my case.

From my earliest recollection I was imbued with a feeling of the most unmitigated hatred against my own father: when, how, or where such a feeling took hold of my mind I have not the most remote idea. I therefore knew not what sort of a man he was. I had never seen him, rarely heard his name mentioned, and yet hated him with a downright honest

hatred. It is said that "coming events cast their shadows before." Whether this be the case or not, the reader will learn by the sequel this was intensified by after events,—events which could not have been foreseen.

In a beautiful warm day in the latter end of May 1815, while travelling in the valley of North Tyne, between Falsestone and Thornyburn, our family being all together at the time,—we were resting a little past the middle of the day by the river side, my brother Robert and myself were amusing ourselves in the water,—when a young man on horseback came up and introduced himself without any ceremony, by requesting to know if they would allow the *auldest callant* to *gang* wi' him to herd *nowt* for *twa* or three months. A short palaver was held between my stepfather and mother; I was recalled from my aqueous sports and was requested to dress, not for dinner, but for a journey. I had a second shirt folded up in a piece of paper, was told my mission, helped on to the horse behind the young man, and away we went. Our destination was a shepherd's cottage near the head of Warkburn: the distance from where we set out might be somewhere about twelve miles as the crow flies. The name of my new home was *Cauldrife*, and no name could possibly have been more appropriate. The house stood upon a wild moor, completely isolated from the civilized world. I had my instructions that night, next morning was called up at four o'clock, and while I took my breakfast my new mistress packed my dinner up ready for me to "*gang* to the hill." My dinner consisted of barley bannocks, a *whang* of skimmed milk cheese, facetiously denominated *Peg Walker*, from the peculiar cohesive character of its particles. This, with a tin flask of milk, was a sample of my *stereotyped* dinners. After breakfast I went off to the hill, which was distant about a mile and a half; my charge was a large herd of oxen, which were sent up to graze from the low country in the summer months, and were returned at the end of the season, in order to be fed for the winter market at Morpeth. I went on pretty well

in my new avocation, until the novelty of the thing was past. After I began to reflect upon my position, my lonely and dull monotonous employment was like to break my heart. I rarely ever saw a human being from one week's end to another, except the inmates of the cottage when I went home in the *gloaming*, which was generally about nine o'clock at night during the time I was there.

I endured this monotonous life for three months, and during the whole time I never either saw or heard of McNamee or my mother. While I was in this place my mind was continually filled with all sorts of uncomfortable reflections, and as the term of my servitude drew near, I had made up my mind that I was cast adrift upon the world, and my childish prospects were, as you may imagine, anything but cheering. During my sojourn in Cauldrife, I witnessed a little incident of rather a peculiar nature: one night I was lying awake in my bed, there being other two beds in the same room; one of these was directly opposite mine, and contained two men who were *mowing* for the season. About two o'clock on the morning of the night in question, both these men simultaneously arose in their bed, and sat upright, and carried on a regular conversation for nearly half-an-hour concerning the French war, which was about being brought to a close; during the whole of the time the men remained asleep. After they had thoroughly discussed the question, they both lay down as if by mutual consent. What was very singular, neither of the men knew anything of the matter when questioned about it in the morning.

A herd's life, such a one as I endured for three months, is a dull monotonous round of existence; it may be that the minds of some people who are engaged in this solitary business become inactive, and that they pass through life with few cares or troubles; such, however, was not my case, for my little mind was continually in action.—While at Cauldrife, I had a faithful friend constantly at hand, my collie dog, who shared my meals and lightened my duties. We had one

inconvenience to put up with,—whether the weather was foul or fair we had no shelter; and both were glad when the hour of supper-time came, after which my companion took up his quarters by the ingle, and I was shortly off to my comfortable oblivion!

At the expiration of my time I bade adieu to Cauldrife and travelled over to Bellingham, which was about nine miles distant; as good fortune would have it, I found my stepfather and mother, and my clothing being in a sad state of dilapidation, he took me down to Newcastle and rigged me out with second-hand toggery, upon which he spent the whole proceeds of my three months' servitude, which amounted to fifteen shillings. If I could have torn the veil from the future, it would have humbled my innocent pride; these same garments covered me when I was frequently steeped to the very soul in grief. It is often well for us that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

My stepfather had by this time continued a faithful disciple to the cause of temperance for two years, the consequence of which was, that my mother and he had accumulated a considerable amount of property; and instead of carrying their packs, as they were wont to do, they had wisely enlisted the services of a pair of asses, so that they had really become respectable pedlars.

McNamee, as I observed before, had left home when he was very young; he had left several brothers and sisters behind him, and had never heard anything of them during all the years he had been away. Finding that he was in comparatively comfortable circumstances, he made up his mind to visit the land of his birth. Whether he had any idea of remaining in Ireland or not I never learned; however, everything was prepared for the journey, and in due course we arrived in *ould* Ireland without any incident worthy of notice. As we journeyed to the residence of my stepfather's relations, we required to pass through Killyleagh, in the county of Down, and while in this place my mother learned that my

own father was married and living there. Here then I am on the eve of another change in the wheel of my capricious fortune. My mother had an interview with my father, after which I was duly consigned to his care. I cannot describe my feelings at this sudden unlooked-for change. My stepfather, with all his faults, on the whole had been a kind and not unfrequently an affectionate mentor to me; on the other hand, my own father was an utter stranger, and I went to him with my mind surcharged with a living hatred of his very name. I have observed that he was married—he had a family of three children, the oldest of which was a boy about five years of age, and the two younger were girls. I therefore lost my own mother and a stepfather, with three brothers as dear to me as if we had all owed our being to one father. In place of these I found a stepmother, by whom I must naturally be looked upon as an unwelcome intruder. My new-found brother and sisters were strangers to me, and from the peculiar circumstances of our left-handed relationship, and the unlooked-for nature of my introduction, it was very likely we should remain strangers to each other, at least in feeling. If you will imagine to yourself a number of people obliged to live upon short allowance of food, and forced to receive an additional member without a corresponding provision, you will be able to form a pretty correct idea of my reception in the ungenial home of my father. My stepmother was certainly placed in a very unpleasant position; before my unlooked-for appearance she was not aware that any other duplicate of her dear husband existed except her own loved boy. After I was introduced, the poor woman did not know how to treat me, and I knew she never could love, if even she could bring her mind to tolerate me.

From the peculiar sensation my presence created, I could observe that my father found himself in no very comfortable position; I was there as a living memento of his perfidy, and while under his roof, I was a standing reproach to him for the faithlessness of his conduct. My stepmother was a very

quiet, easy, thriftless sort of a person; when she was ill-natured, or in a passion, she told the object of either the one or the other the nature of her feelings through the medium of her eyes instead of her tongue. My father was a peaceable, industrious, sober, and well-meaning person; he had nothing marked in his character, if I except a strong hatred of popery. At this time, he was in humble circumstances, and his young family required all his industry for their support. His trade was that of a corduroy weaver, and in consequence of the deranged state of business arising from the peace, which had then recently been concluded between England and France, employment in this branch of industry was both scarce and badly paid for. I was then fifteen years of age, but I was small in make and low in stature; however, as a set-off to these natural deficiencies I was both sharp and active. As may readily be supposed, I was not likely to be allowed to eat the bread of idleness, so I was set to the business of winding pirns (bobbins) for my father; and as he had no accommodation for me to sleep at home, it was arranged that I should lie with my uncle John, who had then only returned from the army, where he had seen some service; he was lodging with my paternal grandfather and grandmother, whose dwelling was next door to my father's. The old man rented a small piece of land, by the cultivation of which he contrived to earn a scanty living. The proceeds of his early industry had been swallowed up by rearing a large family,—who were all married except one young woman then living at home, and my uncle, who, like all the rest of his brothers, had learned the weaving business.

The first out-door employment I had was in gathering potatoes for my father when he went out to dig by the day, which he was in the habit of doing in the season; his wages were not such as a man could get fat upon; he was paid at the rate of tenpence per day, and I was rewarded with a five-penny piece—that was nine years before the assimilation of the currency.

When my father settled down to his loom again, I was honoured with a new employment; in addition to winding bobbins, I was made caterer for fuel for the house. Sometimes I was sent to the Moss for turf; this place was fully three miles from Killyleagh, and what turf I got I brought home in a bag; it may therefore be imagined the quantity of this material I could carry such a distance. When I did not go to the Moss, I was sent into the fields and woods to gather sticks. By this time the winter had set in, and I was neither inconvenienced with shoes or stockings; the pair of brogues my stepfather had purchased for me on coming into the country had long ago been worn out. In consequence, therefore, of frequent rambles through woods and fields, my clothes were reduced to a very ragged condition,—indeed no young urchin could have had a better suit for ventilation, and, what was more, I had numerous *live stock* that made a hunting ground of my body, and in addition to this I was kept warm with the itch! In those good old times there were very few of the humble classes in Ireland who were free from one or other of these inflictions, if not both.

During the winter my feet were hacked into innumerable fissures, from which the blood was continually starting; when I washed them at night before going to bed (which was as seldom as possible), my sufferings were intense; added to this, my heels were as elongated as any black man's, with the action of the frost, which caused me either continual pain or an itching, which was nearly as bad to bear. Notwithstanding my hard lot, neither my father nor step-mother ever noticed me, unless to do their bidding; the fact was, I was a complete stranger in my father's house, and continually treated with marked coldness and neglect. Had it not been for my grandfather and grandmother, and my uncle and aunt, who always treated me with uniform kindness, I should have frequently suffered from hunger. My uncle was at that time rather a rakish young fellow; he occasionally broke the dull monotony of my existence, by taking me with him to some of the rustic

dancing parties he was in the habit of attending. The only Irish wake I ever had the pleasure of seeing was in his company. I believe the Irish character is nowhere to be seen to better advantage than at a wake or a fair, for in both cases the whiskey brings it into bold relief. The peculiarly excitable nature of the Irish temperament seems to know no medium, the transition from fun to fighting is often instantaneous. At that time it was no uncommon thing to see men shaking hands one minute, and industriously breaking each other's heads the next.

During my sojourn in Killyleagh, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing those outbursts of feeling which arise from party spirit. This infatuation has been a national curse to Ireland; the idea of men killing each other for the love of God has something in it so extremely repugnant to common sense, that did we not know the weakness of human nature when labouring under strong prejudice, we could not believe in such a state of things among people who were even half civilized. I am aware that Ireland has suffered much from English misgovernment arising from an illiberal and short-sighted policy. Until lately, our rulers have uniformly endeavoured to keep alive a spirit of antagonism among the people; in this conduct they have evinced a very small philosophy, and a still smaller Christianity. But however much the English have been to blame, the Irish people have ever been their own greatest enemies; there are few countries blessed with so many natural advantages; and I am certain that no civilized people could have done less to develop its numerous resources. Instead of extending the commerce of their country, cultivating the soil, and adding to their social comforts, their time and energies have been wasted in party feuds, and savage forays upon each other. From this state of things, the Irish character had become a problem to the rest of the civilized world, and neither statesmen nor philosophers could find a key to its solution. There is another trait in the Irish character which has ever been a

drag upon her prosperity; I mean the want of national independence. Her people, instead of depending upon their own energies, courage, and industry, have vainly looked forward to their country being redeemed by Acts of Parliament. O'Connell had frequently edified his countrymen by quoting Byron's saying,

“Who would be free themselves must strike the blow;”

but had he impressed upon them the truth, that a nation that would be great must be united and industrious, it would have been more applicable to their condition. In my opinion “the love of savage justice” which has always characterized the Irish people, would long since have died a natural death, had it not been for the religious feuds which so long continued to divide the nation against itself.

In the early part of the spring of 1816, my father went out to the herring fishing, with a party of men who, along with himself, were joint proprietors of a boat and net. The party had been at sea all night, and early in the morning it came on to blow a gale; the weather continued so stormy that great apprehensions were felt for their safety. The friends and relations of the boat's crew were in dreadful alarm, and by break of day the beach was covered with a crowd of the townspeople, anxiously looking out to sea. During the whole of my life I cannot say that I ever felt a feeling of revenge; on the contrary, such a state of mind seems foreign to my nature. What I am going to state may seem both unnatural and unholy; yet, upon that occasion the only fear I had was, that my father should *not* be drowned. The chance of escape from bondage such an event would give me was the all-pervading feeling of my soul. If the half of the world must have been wrecked along with him, the feeling would have been the same. The dreadful consequences to the families of the men who formed the boat's crew never entered into my mind; my only thought was to be free. During the fearful suspense and the vacil-

lating hopes and fears of those interested in the safe return of the party, my condition of mind was a solitary exception to that of every being in that anxious crowd. The circumstance was just one of those which was well calculated to bring charity to the post of duty, but all my best feelings were covered as it were by a mountain of selfishness. Until the boat reached the beach in safety, my hope was against every other hope, and when the hope of the people was realized, mine was blasted. Up to that time my feelings had never suffered with such intensity; if they had been steeped in the devil's molten furnace they could not have been more hellish. His safe return kept me in chains, and restored my anxious stepmother her husband!

I have often thought if my father had treated me with even a small amount of kindness, he might have been able to subdue my hatred. My young heart yearned for something to love, but that feeling required to be drawn out by a kindred one. I knew my stepmother could not love me—it was not in the nature of things for her to do so; my father had deceived her in hiding my existence, it was therefore no wonder that she treated me with so much coldness. My father's harshness and want of duty to me may have been greatly regulated by the opinion she would form of his conduct to me, and the favourable contrast she might be able to draw of his fatherly treatment of her own children.

During the whole time I was with him, he never once called me by name; his uniform manner of addressing me was by the withering and degrading title of "sir!" Had he but known how truly I hated him, and his unmannerly term, he might have acted more in accordance with the character of a father. The affections of young people cannot be outraged with impunity; it is true they may be trampled upon, but duty never can supply the place of affection and gratitude. I have reason to think that my father has often reflected in the bitterness of his heart on his cruel conduct to me.

Had he done his duty to me as a father, I might have been able to repay him when he most required the dutiful attentions of a son. If he had sent me to school, which he could have done, and assisted me to go into the world with only an ordinary education, he would have saved me from being the football of fortune, and leading the life of a wandering vagrant for years. He was frequently in the habit of taunting me with the old soldier, as he was pleased to call my step-father; had he known how immeasurably he fell in my estimation in the comparison, he would have been more cautious in his observations. He had learned that McNamee was a Catholic; this of course with him was an unpardonable sin, and he frequently told me, with much bitterness of feeling, that if he thought there was a particle of Popery in my body he would cut it out! Poor man! from what I could observe, his hatred of Catholicism, like that of many of his countrymen, constituted no small part of his own religion. The progenitors of my family were originally an importation from Scotland, and being Cameronians, the deep hatreds and strong prejudices of that sect seemed to cling to them through their generations.

The opinion I had formed of my father was a distorted one; he was known to be an honest, sober, industrious, and thoroughly domesticated man, but as I had hated him before I had seen him, that feeling was not subdued, or even modified, while I was with him.

I often think it strange, when I reflect upon the matter, that during the whole time I was in Ireland I had never cultivated a boyish acquaintance, nor had a single playmate, if I except a little girl, the daughter of one of my father's neighbours—I was drawn to her by pure kindness. We never met but she had a smile and a kind word of greeting for me; she was first drawn to me by pity, and then she loved me. This dear little creature was like a good angel to me, and I loved her with the fondness of a brother. We often met when going errands, and upon such occasions we were never

at a loss for conversation. I frequently told her of my travels and the strange sights I had seen, until her little innocent mind was filled with wonder. Even now, after the lapse of so many years, I can picture her little dumpy form, red face with the dimple in her chin, and the sweet pleasing smile playing about her small mouth, as if we had only parted yesterday. I remember upon one occasion, while we were upon some message together, I was reciting some of the tales of my travels to her, when she interrupted me by inquiring, What sort of a town England was? Since then I have had similar questions asked by older heads than hers. Some time ago I was in Aberdeen, where I lodged with a very kind and amiable old lady. One evening I was making inquiry of her as to the position of *Nairn* and its distance from Aberdeen, at the same time wishing I had a map of Scotland to refer to. She observed that she could *sune gie* me *ane*. The dear old lady was as good as her word, for she presently supplied me with a map or lithographed plan of the seat of war in the Crimea! I laughed at her good-natured simplicity, and observed that her geography was confined to the latitude of the teapot. "'Deed," quoth she, "ye may say *dat*, for in my young days there was *nae 'sic* new-fangled things *thought o'!*"

The winter of 1816 had passed away, and spring with its glorious train of vernal clothing, sunshine, and flowers, had once more decorated the face of nature. But in the face of returning gladness to the earth, my spirits were steeped in sadness, and summer and winter were all the same to me. When I have been in the fields gathering my daily load of firewood, I have often envied the joyous lark, as he poured forth his full flood of song, his glorious freedom. A being in my situation could have very little sympathy with external nature: my sores made me savage, and my isolated condition turned all my thoughts upon myself. Since then, I have often thought that the man must be callous indeed who can listen to the joyful strain of these sweet warblers, as they hail the early morn, without feeling in his soul emotions of

heaven-born pleasure. That is a beautiful poetic fancy of Tannahill's, where he describes the "Laverock *fanning* the *snaw*-white clouds." I have often thought that the delightful warblings of this *prima donna* of the feathery choir was well calculated to draw men's souls from earth to heaven: many a time I have felt their music act like a soothing charm upon my troubled mind. I sometimes think when men's souls are not in harmony with the love and sympathy of nature, that they cannot feel the true enjoyment of life. There is many an honest John Bull to whom a daisy is just a daisy, and nothing more: this, however, is the bliss of ignorance. In bringing this reflection to a close, I am obliged to admit that there is one condition necessary to those enjoyments which spring from a proper appreciation of the beauties of nature. I confess it is a vulgar one, but not the less necessary—I mean an *orderly stomach*.

In the middle of April, 1816, my father took me with him to assist some neighbouring farmer in making his turf. It seems to be a regular practice in that part of the country for the neighbours to assist each other in getting in their winter's fuel; this operation always takes place in the early part of the season, in order that the turf may be thoroughly dried through the course of summer. Two little circumstances occurred to me upon this occasion, which would not be worth notice but for the after consequences of one of them. The one was having enjoyed a good dinner, and the other having my right foot severely wounded on the instep, by the tramp of a horse. I have already observed that my feet were in a very bad condition in consequence of being always exposed to the weather; my new wound was therefore a very unacceptable addition to my catalogue of sorrows.

As the season advanced, my yearnings for liberty increased, and my resolves began to assume something like a tangible form. One day in the early part of May, I was sent to the Moss for a bag of turf; this was after I had done winding bobbins for the day; the wound on my foot was extremely

painful, and what made it more so, I had no commiseration shown me, and no one seemed to care whether I felt pain or pleasure, so long as I could perform my tasks. I had got to the Moss, had filled my bag and got my load resting on the highway; this was the direct road from Killyleagh to Belfast. After standing reflecting with the mouth of the bag in my hand for a few minutes, my final resolve was made; I tumbled the turf out on the road, put the bag under my arm, and turned my face towards Belfast, and my back to a friendless home. I had no such feeling as Jacob experienced when he left his father's house; my mind was made up that whatever might be my lot in life, no consideration should induce me to return. From the moment I made up my mind, I threw myself boldly upon the world, and for ever broke asunder every tie that connected me to the name I bore. I had neither staff nor scrip, nor money in my pocket. I commenced the world with the old turf-bag. It was my only patrimony. Thus I wandered forth into the wide world a fugitive from kindred and from home. I had no fear but one, and that was of being followed, and taken back. I travelled sixteen Irish miles that afternoon. The excited state of my feelings kept down the pain I otherwise must have suffered from the wounded foot. That night I found an asylum in a cow-house in a suburb of Belfast, and the next morning I was off by daylight for Donaghadee. My reason for going there was that it was the port I landed at when first coming to Ireland. On my way I called at a farmhouse and begged a little food. I reached Donaghadee about ten o'clock in the morning, and found that the packet was not to sail till late in the evening. For fear I should be discovered, I hid myself among the rocks on the sea-shore until the sailing of the vessel. When that time arrived (which I thought would never come), I stowed myself in the fore-castle until the vessel was a good way out to sea. I cannot express the joy I felt when I found myself safe. The captain badgered me when he found I could not pay my fare, but this was soon over. We arrived in Port-

patrick harbour about two o'clock in the morning, where I had the honour of another good blowing up from the boatmen who put me ashore—that, too, passed by without giving me any trouble. I thus landed in Scotland a penniless wanderer, but with a mind full to overflowing with real joy at my escape from bondage. No officious porter importuned me to carry my luggage; nor did any cringing lodging-house keeper invite me to accept of his hospitality. After looking about me for a few minutes, I observed a gentleman's travelling carriage standing before the head inn; with a light heart I took up my quarters in this comfortable abode, where I slept soundly until I was unceremoniously pulled out by a servant in livery about half-past six in the morning.

The reader may be curious to learn what were my future plans and prospects when I had got thus far. To tell the truth, I had no definite idea of what was to become of me, only that I was determined to fly to England. All my happiest childish associations were centred in the valley of North Tyne, in Northumberland, and I was, therefore, continually attracted in that direction. The distance from Portpatrick to Bellingham, which I looked upon as my destination, would be about 150 miles. The distance gave me no trouble—indeed, if it had been 1000 miles it would have been all the same to me. I took the road for Dumfries, and travelled about twenty miles the first day. I begged my way with as good a grace as possible; all I required was food and lodging, and I had very little trouble in obtaining either the one or the other. The day after I landed, I went into a farm-house on the way side to solicit a little food. The good woman observing my *bag*, naturally imagined I was one of a family, and kindly gave me a quantity of *raw potatoes*, which I could not refuse. These potatoes gave me no small trouble, as I could not make up my mind to throw them away; so I carried them to the end of my second day's journey, and gave them to an old woman in Ferry Town of Cree, for liberty to lie before her fire all night. Poor old creature! she gave me share of

her porridge in the morning, seasoned with sage advice. Next day being Sunday, I took my time on the way, and travelled until nine o'clock in the evening. Seeing a farmhouse a little off the road, I went and asked for lodgings. At the time I called the inmates were engaged in family worship; as soon as they had finished I was inundated with a shower of questions, to which I had to reply by a volley of answers. The gudeman *thought* I had run *awa'* frae me place, saying "it was an *unco* like thing to see a *laddie* like me *stravaging* about the *kintra* on the Sabbath-day; he was *shere* I belanged to somebody, and it was a pity, for I was a weel-faured callant, he wad warrant I was hungry." After this he ordered the gudewife to gie me some *sipper*; I had, therefore, an excellent supper of sowans with milk, and bread and cheese. After my repast, the good farmer made me up a bed in the barn, with the winnowing sheet for a cover. In the morning I had a good breakfast, and before leaving, the good man gave me a world of advice. Up to this time I had been so elated with my escape that I had not had time to feel the wound on my foot; but the novelty was now beginning to wear away, and my foot began to assert its right to attention as a useful member of the body corporate, and to make me feel smartly for my neglect of it. A great part of the instep was festered, and the pain became so great that my whole limb was affected. I had, therefore, to limp along, and nurse it as I best could.

On the morning of the day I arrived in Dumfries, and just as I was leaving a farm-house, where I had lodged all night, in the neighbourhood of Castle Douglas, I fell in with a man who was driving a herd of cattle to Dumfries market, which was held on the following day. Seeing that I was going in the same direction, he invited me to assist him in "driving the *nowt*, and *whan* we *gat te* the *toun* he *wad* gie me a *sax-pence te me sel'*!" I was certainly in a bad condition for such a task; the money, however, was a tempting inducement, so I accepted his offer. It would be impossible for me to give

you anything like an adequate idea of my sufferings in performing the duty of a dog over eighteen miles of a partially fenced road. When we arrived in Dumfries I was fairly exhausted, and like to faint from sheer pain. To mend the matter, the heartless savage discharged me without a farthing of recompense. The monster excused himself by saying he had *nae barwbees*. There I was ; hungry, lame, broken down with fatigue, and without a place to lay my head. The toll-keeper, at the entrance of the town, who had witnessed the brutal conduct of the drover, and heard my statement, tried to shame the wretch into a sense of his duty, but he was just one of those animals, in the form of a man, who could afford to put up with any amount of abuse if he could save anything by it.

The toll-keeper being a man who could feel for the sufferings of others, kindly invited me into his house, where he not only supplied me with a hearty meal, but he also got his wife to wash and dress my wounded foot. This man was a Good Samaritan indeed. On leaving him I endeavoured to express my grateful sense of his kindness in the best manner I could.

I had some idea that there was a person living in Dumfries with whom my stepfather had been on terms of intimacy ; I therefore sought this man's residence, in order that I might obtain a night's lodging. After making inquiry, however, I found that he had left his country by authority ! So I had to seek quarters elsewhere, and after some little time I got a lair in a hay-loft belonging to one of the inns.

The man above referred to was for a considerable time a porter in the leading grocer's establishment in the town. Both himself and his wife were from the wilds of Galway, and they had scarcely half-a-dozen English words between them. They had both got to love whiskey, and in order to pander to their vitiated taste he had made free with his master's property, and paid the penalty by being expatriated.

This good old border town is associated in my mind with

many childish amusements. When a wee fellow I have often admired the three coloured glass globe-shaped bottles in the window of the chemist's shop under the Mid Steeple; many a time I have played at pitch-and-toss with buttons (when their relative value was regulated by the number of times they were gilt) under the shade of the Haymarket; and many a thoughtless hour I have spent with other youngsters among the logs of wood at the saw-pits on-the sands, and revelled in the enjoyment of laving my little limbs in the clear waters of the Nith—beneath the auld Brig.

CHAPTER IV.

THE man who has made up his mind to push his way through the world must be content to take men as he finds them. I am glad to say that the conduct of the heartless ruffian I described in my last chapter is an exception to the humanity of my experience. This man's humanity was a thing of pure selfishness, which he could no more help than he could fly. In some natures there is a living feeling of generosity, which is easily called into action at the sight of human misery; and if it cannot afford relief, it at least sympathises with the sufferings of the victim; while, on the other hand, there are men whose feelings are doomed to dwell in the frozen regions of uncharitableness, and no amount of misery can set them free. Although I have had to fight my way through a busy world, where all classes of society were continually engaged in looking after their own affairs, I am happy to bear my humble testimony to the general diffusion of that God-like feeling which so closely allies man to his Creator.

The next morning after my arrival in the *gude town* o' Dumfries, I went down to the sands, where the cattle-market is held, and I soon got engaged to tend a herd of oxen for the day; my remuneration for this service being twopence and a *barwee scone*. In consequence of the restlessness of the animals, I suffered very much with my foot during the day; and as the herd was unsold, I was kept on the sands until late in the evening. When I got my liberty I took the road to Carlisle. As I went limping along, numbers of people were returning to their homes from the market, and among the rest, I observed a man with an empty cart, who appeared to be

going in my direction. I requested this person to oblige me with a ride, which he readily complied with. After we had travelled a distance of three or four miles, the man stopped his horse and went over a stone fence into a field; and in the course of a few minutes afterwards he nearly filled his cart with new-cut clover, and there is no doubt that he had made up his mind to the appropriation in the morning. For some time before this, I had been driving the horse; he now took the reins in his own hand, and bade me lie down among the clover, which I was very glad to do, and, being much wearied, I was scarcely down before I was sound asleep. When the fellow arrived at home, he left me in the cart all night. In the morning, he invited me to breakfast, which was by no means unwelcome. On the previous evening, during our journey, he had made himself master of my history, and therefore knew my condition. This man was a small farmer in Dumfriesshire, and the greater part of the land he rented was uncultivated moor, while here and there a patch was being reclaimed. After breakfast, he asked me if I *wad* bide wi' him and herd the *kye* through the *simmer*. The fact was, that I was very glad of the offer, and at once made an unconditional tender of my small services. I had little idea of the nature of my duties: otherwise I should have walked on.

I have observed that his cultivated plots of land were laid out in patches on a moor. These little sunny spots were invitingly open to the cattle, as none of them were fenced. I may observe that cows are just like other animals, whether of an inferior or a superior class: when they once taste forbidden fruit, they are sure to have a desire to repeat the dose. The ground I had to travel over in the performance of my duty was thickly covered with stunted heath. If I could have carried my unfortunate foot in my pocket, I might have got on swimmingly; but, as it was, every move I made was attended with the most excruciating pain, and, while the stolen bites of green corn were sweet to the cattle,—like the

story of the boy and the frogs,—the exercise was death to me. Frequently, when I had to run after the beasts, my very heart was like to break with the painful sensation caused by the heather rubbing against my wounded foot. After I had been at this place a few days, the mistress of the house hunted out a pair of old clogs which she said *wad* keep the heather *frae* my *fit*. These clogs were a world too large for me, and the very weight of the one on my wounded foot was an aggravation of the evil I was enduring: I had therefore to dispense with these wooden understandings. On the eighth or ninth day of my servitude in this place, when in the act of coming home to dinner, I observed the Dumfries mail coming up on its way to Carlisle: in an instant I made up my mind to a second run away. With much difficulty I caught hold of the hind part of the coach, and hung on by it for a distance of more than a mile: when I let go my hold I was fairly exhausted, and had to rest a considerable time before I could resume my journey.

That night I slept in Annan, in a house where there was a beautiful but heart-broken young wife. Her husband was then lying on his death-bed in the last stage of *delirium tremens*. I have witnessed many cases of human suffering, but I think this was the saddest and most distressing I ever beheld. Poor unfortunate fellow! his bed, which ought to have been a couch of ease and a place of comfortable relaxation, was to him a living hell, full of tormenting devils! I know of no more truly melancholy sight in nature, than that of seeing a strong man suffering the pains of the damned through his own folly. I believe this dreadful scourge to be the severest infliction the law of nature can impose upon those who wantonly violate it. I can never forget that poor heart-stricken woman: in her sorrow she was willing to forget the past and cling to hope for the future. The fervour of her love made her oblivious of her own sufferings, and she was willing to go through the world with her wrecked husband in beggary, if he could

only be restored to her. God help her, poor woman! her hopes were vain; his madness and his pain would soon be over! When I left, he was sinking into the arms of death.

On the evening of that day I had got hirpled as far as Langtown: there I had a horse for my bed-fellow—at least, we occupied neighbouring stalls in the same stable. It may well be said that poverty sometimes gives us strange bed-fellows. The next day I took the road for Newtown, and on the way I offered a trifling sacrifice at the shrine of cleanliness by washing my ragged shirt in the river Liddel, and I had also the pleasure of exchanging my jacket with a customer who gave me all my own way in the transaction. The odds were not much on either side; however, the *scarecrow* had the worst of the bargain.* That night I travelled until about ten o'clock, when I arrived at one of those old-fashioned feudal keeps, or castellated buildings, which were common on the Border at one time. When I had rapped at the door, a young lady came out whose features were an index to a kind and amiable disposition. After I told her my tale she invited me into the house. The only other inmate was a venerable-looking old man, with hair as white as flax. When she introduced me, the good old gentleman, putting a speaking horn to his ear, heard my tale with much seeming interest. Soliloquising to himself he said, "Poor bairn! poor bairn! One-half of the world does not know how the other lives!" And looking at me he observed, "*Wha* kens but this poor ragged laddie may be a braw chiel yet?" After this he requested the young lady to prepare me some supper, and while this was being done he addressed me in the most kind and fatherly manner. "Mind, my little *mannie*," said he, "aye put your trust in God, and be sure and keep *yoursel'* honest, and never tell *lees*. If you do these things God will love

* That little exchange was effected in a field at a short distance from Netherly Hall, the residence of Sir James Graham.

you, and be your Helper and Protector, and you will gain the esteem o' a' that ken you." I was served with a really comfortable supper, after which the young woman dressed my foot with as much care and tenderness as if I had been her own brother. How true it is, that in our hours of illness women are our ministering angels! I lay with the old man, and slept as soundly, and rose as happy, as if I had been a lord's son. What a truly happy provision in nature it is that our capacity for the enjoyments of life are to a great extent regulated by our condition. With a little kindness, a belly-full of food, and a good night's rest, my mind was as much at ease as if I had no earthly want to provide for. In the morning I received the same kindly attentions; and when I was preparing for my journey both the old gentleman and his daughter pressed upon me to remain with them for two or three days, until my foot should be healed. I thanked them sincerely, and would gladly have remained, but I knew I could only have a short time to stay with them; so I bade them adieu. As I left, I wished in my heart that the young woman had been my sister; I thought in my mind how I should have loved both her and her father. The wish was a selfish one; but it must be remembered that many of our best actions spring from selfish motives. The desert of life has many bleak and barren passages, over which numbers of the human family must pass; yet there are many sunny spots, where the virtues spring up like beautiful flowers to make our hearts glad. The gall we drink by the way is too often the produce of our own folly, and the real honey of life is a firm reliance upon the goodness of God, and a kindly regard for all His creatures.

The following night I slept in a farm-house at the junction of the Liddel with the Hermitage, and the next morning I crossed the ideal line which divides the two kingdoms. The day was warm, clear, and beautiful, and smiling Nature was in her loveliest mood; the sheep were listlessly feeding on the fell, and the valleys below were filled with a thin, trans-

parent haze. The lofty hills of Keelder were standing out in the warm sunshine, and throwing their shadows far over the valleys where the Tyne and the Keelder were creeping along in summer indolence. On a jutting promontory between the Tyne and the Keelder I could see the turrets and embattlements of Keelder Castle peeping out from among the rich foliage of the surrounding trees. As I cast my eyes over the landscape before me, my heart was filled with unspeakable emotions of joy. I knew every hill and dell from this place to Hexham, a distance of about thirty miles. I had enjoyed the hospitality of nearly every house between the one point and the other, and Keelder Castle had always been a kind home to my mother's family. If I had been going to my own home, from which I had been absent for years, my feelings could not have been inspired with a more lively hope in the warmth of my reception. It may be asked what interest these people could have in me, or what claim I could have upon their kindly regard? My answer is, that they could have no interest in me, excepting what was dictated by the innate goodness of their generous natures, and my claim was founded upon the knowledge of such goodness.

During the time that the elder John Dag kept Keelder Castle, there was no house on the Border whose portals were so open to the stranger and the wayfarer. There the poor were kindly bid to stay, and the rich man found a congenial home. I drew near to the castle with a palpitating heart, and I was full of contending emotions,—hope, joy, and fear alternately filled my breast. Since I had been there before, I had navigated many of the bays and creeks of the stormy sea of life, and I knew the harbour I was sailing into could only be a temporary one, but still I had much cause to hail it with delight. Mr. Dag's family received me with their usual kindness, and their first care was to unrobe me, after which I was put into a full suit of young Mr. Dag's clothes. My old dress, even to the shirt, was consigned to the dunghill, and my unfortunate foot soon grew well under their tender

care. For five weeks I continued a playmate to the younger members of the family, during which time all my misery was buried in oblivion, and the present time was full of joy, with no cankering thoughts for the future. One little incident will prove the familiar terms I was on with the family. One day when I was out in the hay-field, while some of the young men were romping with the girls and bearding their rosy faces, I too held an innocent gambol with one of the Misses Dag, her brother holding her down while I performed the manly operation of bearding her face with a hay wisp in my mouth! Keelder Castle was a paradise to me while I remained, and when I left it was with a sad and sorrowful heart. I was again lonely in the big world, and as I journeyed on my way my mind frequently became a mere blank. Oh, how gladly I could have bid adieu to the busy world, and spent my days in the bosom of that quiet secluded glen. I think if I had been desired to have remained, I would never again have wished to roam beyond its peaceful retirement. I daresay Mr. Dag's people would have willingly given me the home I so ardently desired, but they knew too well the wandering life I had led, and like many others who would gladly have served me, they had no confidence in one who had been tossed about the world under so many changing phases. They imagined that there would be no possibility of taming my wild nature. This impression followed me like an evil genius, and made me the victim of circumstances over which I had no power. It is rather a curious fact, that notwithstanding my lonely condition, I never felt any desire or had a thought of meeting with my mother and stepfather; the only reason which I can assign for this want of feeling in their regard is, that when they parted with me I must have been impressed with the idea that it was for life.

On the evening of the day I left Keelder Castle, I arrived at a farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Bellingham, called Riding. This place had been one of my mother's friendly places of call; the farm was occupied by a family of the name

of Richardson, which was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, an unmarried son and daughter, and a bachelor brother of Mr. Richardson's. This gentleman was about seventy-six years of age, and must have made a serious mistake in allowing himself to be dragged into the nineteenth century. According to his own ideas of the fitness of things, he had out-lived the age of rationality, and all things were changed for the worse. The new fashions were then *unco* like sights, and the world was getting fou' o' pride; blacking *shoon* was just the way to wear the leather, there was nae *sic'* tomfoolery when he was a young man. Tea and sugar were abominations, and he *couldna'* tell what the world wad come to! John was not the only man I have known who had the misfortune to live beyond his time. Notwithstanding these peculiarities, few men could button a coat over a better or a kinder heart. The whole of this family could not have been cast in better moulds for real benevolence of disposition if they had been made to order. Mr. Richardson was one of those men who could do half-a-dozen good actions before he had time to describe one; and his wife was not only a mother to her own family, but she was also one to all who stood in need of her assistance. When I made my case known, I found a welcome home at the Riding, and was employed in doing all the little messages, and such matters as I could manage on the farm. My mind was once more at ease, and I had no longings as to the future; I was also in the only part of the world I had any desire to be in. I may fairly say that while I was with Richardson's people, my life was like a pleasant dream. I may mention two or three little circumstances which in some measure varied the pleasing routine of my existence. In the first place, I narrowly escaped losing my life by the running away of a young horse, while I was in the act of riding him home after watering. I only missed having my brains knocked out against the stable door by tumbling off the animal's back the moment before he reached it. My next little escapade was in driving a pair

of horses home in an empty cart—the above young horse being the leader; after passing through a gateway, I was standing in the cart when the leader suddenly shied off the road, and the counteraction being so quick, the cart was turned upside down, and I was, like the turkey, *whomalled* under a tub. When I was relieved my memory and senses were in the land of *nod*.

Mr. Richardson's oldest son was the Bellingham carrier, and he went once a week to Newcastle, with three, and sometimes four horses; I was allowed to go with him at his request as an assistant in a small way. During one of these journeys, on our way home we required to come up a very steep bank out of a ravine named Houxsty, and in coming up this ascent the horses had to take the road at angles, and required to rest frequently. Upon this occasion Mr. Richardson had a hogshead of rum for his brother-in-law, a Mr. Charlton, who kept the head inn in Bellingham, and there were several carriers in company belonging to other villages. In sailor phraseology, the admiral was tapped, which was a usual thing when any of them had spirits aboard. After each of the party had had a draw through the quill, I was invited to have my share; being green in paying my addresses to Bacchus, either in that or any other form, like Paddy at the gallows, I had my whack. Before we got to the top of the hill, we had all three pulls a-piece. After walking about a hundred yards after my last draw, I fell down on the road as if I had been shot, and I knew no more about the history of the world for forty-eight hours, and all the parties interested but myself imagined that my rum-drinking was over. However, the doctor being anxious to prevent a coroner's inquest, pulled me back from the world of spirits.

While I was at the Riding, an incident occurred to me which had some little influence over my mind in reference to ghosts. My master's young son, who was at home, was very fond of card-playing, which was then one of the leading vices of the country people. Upon the occasion in question, he

had been from home much beyond his usual hours, and I was sent down to the village, which was distant rather better than a mile, to see if I could find him: I left home about eleven o'clock at night. Before getting into the village, I had to pass through an avenue of trees, whose branches nearly covered the road for about three hundred yards. I had called at the various houses where I knew my young master was in the habit of putting up, but was unsuccessful in finding him. The night was both dark and windy, and on leaving the village for home, I felt some symptoms of fear rising about the region of my stomach. The road I had to pass along was a first-rate place for restless spirits to patrol in. The church, with its graveyard, stood at the entrance of the avenue, the bell hung suspended in a little open arch, and in case of high winds, it did not require the aid of the sexton to bring forth its melancholy notes, and on this eventful night its unmusical tongue was sounding in fitful ding dongs. As I re-entered the avenue, the branches of the trees were lashing each other as if in sport, and the whole covering of the avenue was dancing to the rude music of the gale. The unnatural sound of the bell, the hoarse noise of the wind—the proximity to the graveyard, and the darkness of the night with the witching hour, were well calculated to inspire me with fear. I endeavoured to keep a good look-out, so that I might not be seized unawares, and tried to whistle my waning courage into a feeling of defiance. When I got about half way down the avenue, I became virtually petrified with horror, by seeing the devil standing in the middle of the road. The hair on my head partook of the general alarm of my whole system and stood erect, my knees smote each other, and every part of my body seemed alive and on the watch but one—my heart was drowned in terror. At last, when I had power to reflect, my first thought was to run back to the village; my second was, that the devil could beat me at that game; and my third was, the magnanimous resolve to pass on. With a large amount of determination dragging

my fears along, I encountered his satanic majesty in the shape of a cow quietly pulverizing her food, and apparently indifferent to the howling of the wind or my fears. As I made the best of my way home with my scattered senses, I gave many a suspicious glance over my shoulder for fear that the cow should assume some other shape. When I came to reflect upon the matter in something like a rational way, I could not help thinking that my conduct was extremely childish in converting a poor innocent cow into the devil. I therefore made up my mind to be very sceptical about seeing the devil in future.

A short time after this I was witness to one of those serio-comic circumstances which is sufficient to supply a whole countryside with gossip for at least nine days! About three miles from Bellingham, at a place of the name of "The Carrith," lived a person who went by the name of Johnny o' the Carrith; this man was a small farmer, and he occasionally employed himself as a common carrier. Report, which is at all times a very reliable authority, said that Johnny did a little in the smuggling way. I may mention that smuggling was then a very common practice along the whole of the English Border, and was looked upon as a very venial offence by the people. Salt was then salt indeed, and if the farmers could not obtain the article, their pork and winter's beef would have to go uncured. Some *weel* disposed *freen' o'* Johnnie's laid an information against him to the village exciseman. This gentleman made a goodly seizure at the Carrith, and the whole spoil was put on one of John's own carts. While the exciseman and the smuggler were bringing the cargo down to the village in order to have it placed under his Majesty's broad R, they had to ford the river Tyne; before coming to the ford they had to pass down a steep embankment which ran parallel with the river. The road down this bank was composed of a light gravelly soil, and was full of springs. At the time of the occurrence there had been a very severe frost for some weeks, the

consequence of which was, that the river had been frozen over, and was at the time sufficient to bear almost any amount of weight. The road down the embankment was also one sheet of ice. Now, the gauger was a man whose height was at least six feet and a half; like one who knew his duty, and was not ashamed to do it, he led the way, and, like a drum-major, walked in front of the horse, while John, with *canny* caution, kept hold of it in order to prevent the animal from slipping. They had only commenced the descent of the hill when the exciseman measured his full length in front of the horse's head, in consequence of which the animal stumbled, and the wheels going off the straight line, the horse and cart and Johnny tumbled down over the precipice, a distance of some ninety feet, and landed on the ice on the river. In the descent the whiskey casks were stove in, and somewhere about 100 gallons of *gude peat reek* was left to find its level on the ice. In the course of ten minutes after the accident taking place, all the shoemakers, cloggers, tailors, blacksmiths, cartwrights, and lazy-corner supporters of the village were on the river. It was seldom that the villagers had such an opportunity of getting a surfeit of whiskey at so cheap a rate. Some went upon their knees and lapped the nectar dog-fashion, others shovelled it into them with the palms of their hands, some used the heels of their clogs, and others used such vessels as they could most readily lay their hands on. There was no time for the social ceremony of drinking each other's healths, so they made the most of their time in saving as much of Johnny's whiskey as the circumstances would admit of. In about half-an-hour after this exciting event, the little quiet village of Bellingham presented a scene at once ludicrous and disgusting—young and old were rolling about like as many maniacs let loose from some lunatic asylum. If any of the parties who were on the ice had had a particle of common sense, poor John Turnbull might have been saved eighteen months' confinement in Morpeth Jail. Along

with the whiskey which had been seized there was a large bag of salt; the penalty for smuggling this article was much greater than that on whiskey; I suppose the reason of this would be that it was an article of common use. When the cart came in contact with the ice, it made a considerable indentation, and during the whole exciting scene the salt lay upon the very edge of the water, and only required a friendly hand to put it in.

I could almost fill a volume with the numerous smuggling incidents I have witnessed: the following, however, will give a pretty good idea of the dangers consequent upon this calling, and the reckless daring character of those who were engaged in it. When I was in Bellingham there were two families who ostensibly made their living by carrying coals into Scotland from the neighbouring pits, upon pack-horses. One of the parties had as many as thirty of these animals. This business could only be followed in the summer season, in consequence of there being no regular roads; the country over which they had to travel was all moorland, and the horses were allowed to feed by the way. One of the men who followed this business was named Turnbull, and it was pretty well known to the initiated that he made more by smuggling than coal-carrying. Mr. Gash, the exciseman, had long had his eye upon this person, but never could catch him in the act. Turnbull knew his kind intentions towards him, and determined to give him an opportunity of serving his master. In order to carry out his laudable purpose, Turnbull got one of his friends to lay an information against him. Upon a specified day and hour Turnbull was to be found in a certain locality, in the act of bringing his cargo into the village. Gash swallowed the bait, and acted upon the information. The place where Turnbull was to be found was in a secluded lane, rather better than two miles from the village. According to the advice in the information, Gash met his man with a five-gallon cask slung over his shoulder in a sack; he made the

seizure in due form, after which he invited Turnbull to carry the prize to its destination; the smuggler, however, was too much a man of the world to comply with the exciseman's good intentions; he therefore allowed him the honour of bearing the prize home upon his own Herculean shoulders. The day was very warm, and when Gash arrived in the village the perspiration was raining off him. They were met by a number of the inhabitants, who were always ripe for a row. In passing to his own house the exciseman had to go close by the door of Turnbull's; when they arrived at this point Turnbull very civilly requested Gash to prove his prize before giving himself any more trouble; he was morally certain as to the contents of the cask, but as a mere matter of courtesy he laid down his load, and taking a gimlet from his pocket, he spiled the keg; the result of this kindly compliance was perhaps the most mortifying to him of any circumstance during his whole life. Instead of a stream of pure mountain dew following the perforating instrument, one of un-reduced buttermilk met his astonished gaze. The laugh and the cheers which followed were loud and long. That stream of buttermilk sealed poor Gash's fate in Bellingham, and I have no doubt but it would cling to him through life.

I remember being witness to a very exciting race between a smuggler and a supervisor. There was a person in Hexham who followed the business as a regular profession. The excise had long watched his movements, but he had always contrived to evade them. This person kept a splendid horse, both strong and fleet of foot. Upon the occasion I allude to, he was coming into town, on a fine summer's evening, with two five-gallon casks slung over his horse's back, and he was snugly seated between them. About half-a-mile before he came to Tyne Bridge, he observed the supervisor close behind him. The officer was quite sure of his man; however, it will be seen that he calculated without his host. The smuggler gave his horse the spur, and when he crossed the

bridge, instead of taking the high road into the town, he turned sharp round to the right and took a footpath along the side of the river. This path led to Hexham Green; but before he could arrive at this place, he required to clear a stone wall and a deep ditch on the other side of it. The officer was a very short distance behind, and he knew the wall would check *his* career, and imagined he had his man too in a regular *cul de sac*. Never was any man more mistaken in his calculations. The smuggler cleared both the wall and the ditch at a bound. The officer had no alternative but to wheel round and make for the town by the regular road; and he still imagined that it was next to impossible for the smuggler to escape. When he got half way down Gilligate, he met his man riding quietly up the street, as if nothing had occurred in which anybody could be interested. The fellow coolly asked the officer if he was *gaun* to seek the *howdie*, he was in *sic'* a hurry? I need not say that the whiskey was *non est* by that time! The ride cost the exciseman many a joke, which he would much rather had been cracked upon anybody else—as he piqued himself upon being a sharp fellow. In those days nothing could please the people better than to see an excise-officer outwitted.

The life of an officer of the excise on the Border was both precarious and full of danger, as the smugglers were generally a determined set of fellows; the fact was, they cared very little for the value of life. They looked upon their calling, in a moral point of view, as legitimate as any other; and in this they were borne out by the opinions of many who had no interest in the matter. About as smart a trick as any I know of, took place in the neighbourhood of *Kirkwhelpington*, and not far from *Cambo*. A smuggler was quietly riding along with a load of two ten-gallon casks. Each side of the road was lined with a plantation, and it was quite a lonely place. As he came up to a sharp angle of the road he met an excise officer full in the face. The smuggler was a known fellow: he took the matter quite coolly. He observed to the officer

that it was the first time he ever met with a loss, and he could *verra weel* afford to let him *tak'* it, an' welcome! The officer lost no time in proving his prize, and when this was done the smuggler requested that he might be allowed to *hae a mouthfou'*, as it *wad* be the last he should see o' it. The officer seeing that he had met with such a condescending sort of a fellow, readily complied. After the smuggler had taken what he wanted, he observed that it was just a *drap* o' as *gude whusky* as ere *cam'* o'er the Border; at the same time, he blandly invited the officer to *tak'* a *sook*, saying it was *na* money o' the trade that bought *whusky* at the price he *gied* for 't. The innocent exciseman stooped down to try the flavour of the spirits, but it was late in the evening of that day when he was removed from the spot, and it was more than nine months before he was again fit for duty. The smuggler sold his cargo in Newcastle the same night, and oft related his friendly meeting wi' the exciseman to his companions o'er a wee drappie o't.

There was often a good deal of ingenuity displayed by the smugglers in evading the vigilance of the excise. I have seen a company of melancholy mourners following a rude country hearse, filled with *aqua vite* instead of a dead body. I knew a gentleman who carried on a very profitable business in the smuggling line, in the guise of a commercial traveller. His turn-out was really splendid, and he had all the appearance of being the representative of some first-rate London house. His vehicle was so contrived that he could carry forty or fifty gallons, and in order to disarm suspicion he varied his route each journey. I believe he carried on this business successfully for several years. At that time Scotch whiskey was not admissible into England under any conditions. This unnatural prohibition was to protect the producers of our colonial rum, which was then made by slaves!

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER change is now about taking place in the eventful drama of my chequered life. Shortly after the occasion of my *rum dose*, a Mr. Turnbull, who was then proprietor of Hesleyside Mill, wanted a young lad to ride round the neighbourhood to bring the farmers' *batches* to be ground and take them home when made into meal. As Richardson's people had no real use for me, they advised me to accept the situation on their recommendation. While I had been with this family I knew no care, and was perfectly happy. Such was the serene state of my mind that I rarely ever thought of the past, unless it was called to my recollection by some joke of my young master, who occasionally made merry at my expense. The future I seldom thought of, and my mind was fairly made up to a country life. I accepted the miller's situation, and left my benefactors with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. I liked my new berth very well, but as I had not had much experience in the management of horses, I was very likely to get into some awkward dilemmas. The pony I had charge of was both a cunning and a stiff-necked animal. The most of my journeys were over moors, and in many places the houses lay very wide apart. About a fortnight after I had entered my situation I was sent to an isolated farmhouse for two sacks of corn. In coming home I had to cross a moor, over which there was no road, and the distance was better than four miles. I was seated comfortably on the top of the corn-sacks, and was getting on very quietly, but before I arrived in the middle of the moor, my *Bucephalus* spilled the sacks and myself among the heather. My companion, when

he found himself free, kicked up his heels and set off for home. Supposing he had remained I could not have lifted the sacks on his back, so I was forced to follow him home with the tear in my e'e, and get one of the servant men to return with me for the grain. Upon another occasion, my tormentor took it into his head, while fording the Tyne, to lie down with me and his load in the middle of the stream. This brute was my *publie jock*, and often gave me much annoyance; but on the whole I continued to like my situation, and as I grew stronger I felt better able to manage my companion.

I had only been in my new situation about four months, when on coming home one evening, I was nearly surprised out of a year's growth by the unlooked-for appearance of my mother. She was now a widow, having buried my stepfather about three months before this, at Doncaster, in Yorkshire. She had also the addition to her family of another boy, who was then about nine months old. She had learned where I was when in Bellingham, and could not believe the fact until she could see me with her own eyes. In spite of all I had suffered since she handed me over to the tender mercies of my father, I was much improved. Whether her affection was resuscitated on again seeing her firstborn, or whether she thought she could turn me to her advantage, I cannot say, but she strongly pressed me to leave my situation and go with her. At first, I had little notion of leaving, but on being pressed, my heart once more warmed to her, and the evil star of my life was again in the ascendant. I was again a vagrant, and continued so against my will for years. When I joined my mother, she had only a few shillings' worth of small-ware, in a basket, and for six months after this we lived a sort of a scrambling existence.

The year 1817 was one of peculiar hardship for the lower orders of the people; the cereal crop was a failure over the whole of the United Kingdom. I remember that much of the corn had to be cut in December, and of course was only fit to feed cattle. At this time, and for several years subse-

quently, the people were in a very uncomfortable state of excitement. The six acts of Sidmouth and Castlereagh were in full force, and the *Magna Charta* may be said to have been virtually suspended, as far as the rights of the people were concerned. I am firmly convinced, that if the conduct of the British people had not been characterised by the greatest forbearance, this country might have witnessed many of the sanguinary scenes which disgraced the French Revolution. Notwithstanding the rigid character of the laws that were passed to keep down the expression of public opinion, the government did not pass without being exposed. The French war had fairly crippled the energies of the people, and its effects hung like a deadly incubus upon the commerce of the nation. At that time the pension list was filled with the names of both men and women whose conduct, instead of being an honour to the nation, was a disgrace to humanity, and the court of the Prince Regent had become a reproach to the country, in consequence of its licentiousness and brutality.

The *Black Dwarf* was then being published, and widely circulated; this periodical found its way into almost every town, village, and hamlet in the kingdom, laden with the sins of the aristocracy. I cannot give a better illustration of the strong antagonistic feelings which then existed between rich and poor, than by relating a little circumstance which came under my own observation:—There was a young man in Bellingham, named George Seaton, who had served his apprenticeship with a Mr. Gibson, a saddler. Seaton was a person of studious habits, and an enquiring turn of mind: he was also a very good public reader. For some time after the *Black Dwarf* made its appearance in the village, Seaton was in the habit of reading it to a few of the more intelligent working people, at the old-fashioned cross which stood in the centre of the village. It must be borne in mind that this Seaton was a person of unblemished character, and both sober and industrious in his habits. Notwithstanding these moral qualifications, when it came to be known that he had imbibed

a spirit of radicalism, there was scarcely a farmer in the district would employ him. This person was a lineal descendant of Seaton, Earl of Winton, who had to fly his country for his loyalty to the Pretender in 1715; and he made some little stir a few years ago in certain circles, when he laid claim to the title and estates of his family, and though he was unsuccessful, I have reason to believe that he was the lawful heir. The title is now in the keeping of the Eglinton family.

While my mother and family continued to travel in the valleys of the Tyne and Redwater, we made Hexham our home. We occupied a small house on the Battle-hill, but in consequence of spending so much of our time in the country, we were seldom in Hexham more than a few days at a time. Upon one occasion when we were at home, I accidentally met with a gentleman of colour, called Peters I believe he was a native of India. He was living at that time in a lonely cottage, rather better than a mile from Hexham. This eccentric gentleman took a fancy to me, and invited me to go and live with him as his servant. There was a novelty about the situation that suited me, so I accepted his offer, much against my mother's wishes. Mr. Peters was quite a gentleman, but full of strange eccentricities. I believe Mr. James, of Newcastle, was his guardian; whatever property he may have possessed at a former period, he must have got pretty well through it when I went to him. I lived with him in his solitary mansion for nearly six months, and acted the part of cook, slut, butler, page, footman, and *valet de chambre*.

One fine morning, when I was in the act of making ready to go to town upon some message, a pair of suspicious-looking gentlemen inquired if my master was at home, stating at the same time that they wanted him upon particular business. I knew the men, and was fully aware that any business they could have with him was sure to be particular! The consequence of this to me unlooked-for visit

was the loss of my situation and the removal of my strange but really kind master upon a warrant for debt. While I was in his service, I had been much benefited in more ways than one. I was improved in my manners, and considerably polished by having the rusticity rubbed off me, and my clothing was such as I had never worn before. A few days after Mr. Peters' removal, I paid him a visit in gaol, where he received me in the most kindly manner and made inquiry as to my future prospects. His altered condition seemed to make no difference in his general buoyancy of temperament, and he appeared as happy as if he enjoyed the most perfect freedom. Poor fellow! I never learned what became of him. With all his peculiarities, he was really a kind, generous, and warm-hearted man. He was an excellent scholar and a most accomplished gentleman: indeed, there seemed to be nothing wanting to fit him for the highest rank in society, so far as his manners and education were concerned.

When I returned home, I had to begin my old trade of hawking, which I did with much reluctance. Since my mother had settled in the district, she had regularly continued to increase her property, and by this time she possessed a large stock of goods. In the beginning of the year 1819, my mother took it into her head to visit Ireland once more. What were her motives, I never could truly learn; but, in my opinion, it was just one of those false steps frequently taken by people who are well off and don't know it. How long she had been preparing for the journey I cannot say; but there is no doubt she must have been concocting the scheme some considerable time.

I am now about relating another of those mysterious impressions which were doomed to exercise an extraordinary influence over my life for several years, and, in all probability, over my destiny itself. At this time there was a little girl who resided on the Battle-hill in Hexham, who was somewhere about my own age. She was not pretty, nor was she

particularly good-looking, and she had nothing attractive either in shape or dignity of mien: her eyes were inclined more to the grey than the blue; her make was decidedly dumpy, and, to all intents and purposes, she was a very plain and commonplace-looking little lassie. No matter, she was perfect mistress of my soul, and, what is more, she never knew it. I loved her in all the purity of my young and unsophisticated nature. We had never exchanged words; but, unobserved and in silence, I have looked volumes of my heart's best affections at her. She, too, was in humble circumstances; but her relations were honest working-people, and I was a strolling vagrant. Even then, with our bettered condition, I felt the deep degradation of my situation. My feeling in this girl's regard, which was pure, holy, and lasting, has been to me as great a paradox as my hatred of my father before I knew him. In a psychological view of the case, the subject may be looked upon as a mere matter of human sympathy. I am aware that people are frequently drawn to each other by kindred feelings. But this is one of the common laws of affinity; whereas in my case, the attraction was all on her side, and I have no doubt but that the repulsion would have been in myself, if it had been tested. As to what may have been the cause of the impression I laboured under, I am fairly lost when I come to reason with myself upon the subject: all I know is, that I was chained by an invisible power, and wherever my destiny led me during three years, her idea never ceased to operate upon my mind, and wherever I wandered her image was with me, sustaining me under my trials and attracting me towards her.

In due course of time, everything was prepared for our ill-advised journey. Like Paddy O'Leary in love,

“The place where my heart was you might roll a turnip in!”

We passed many of the scenes of my happiest earthly associations, and, as we travelled on our way, I took many a long lingering look behind. Had my mother continued in Hexham

and proceeded with her usual industrious habits, she would soon have been able to have placed both herself and family in really comfortable circumstances. I had often wished her to put me to some trade; but she obstinately refused, nor would she even allow me to go to school. In consequence of her folly, both my brothers and myself were allowed to fit ourselves to play our respective parts on the stage of the world without the incumbrance of education. When we arrived at Portpatrick, my mother took a lodging for us, where she left us in charge of each other while she went over to Ireland. She came back in the course of a fortnight; but after her return, I observed that she was much altered in her conduct to her family, and more particularly to myself. I was satisfied in my own mind that I was an uncomfortable inconvenience to her in some way. Six days after her return from Ireland, I made up my mind to leave her, and when I communicated my determination to her, she seemed relieved, as it were, from a heavy burden. If I had had sense, I might have known that a lad of my years could be no pleasant incumbrance to a widow not much past the prime of life. My brother Robert, seeing my determination to leave, requested me to take him along with me; which I readily consented to do. We were fitted out with a few goods from the stock, to the amount of three pounds, and with this little fortune we sallied forth into the world. I would gladly have gone back to Northumberland, but my mother had left a *stigma* behind, in the shape of certain unpaid accounts. We made the best of our way into England, and wandered like a pair of pilgrims following a blind destiny. In the course of about six weeks we arrived in Yorkshire. Robert was not able to lend me any assistance, and I was a very poor man of business; either my pride or my dislike to the trade totally unfitted me for making a living by it; and the consequence was, that our stock of goods became small by degrees and uncomfortably less. At the end of six months our little pack was totally perished. At this crisis of our affairs Robert got home-sick.

Seeing, therefore, that he was anxious to return to his mother, I gave him the only money I had, which was three shillings and sixpence; and with this small sum he set out for Scotland, where he arrived safe, as I learned afterwards. I was once more alone in the world without friends or money. I made application to a gentleman in the hardware business in Beadale, from whom I had made some little purchases while about that place; he very kindly lent me assistance, and employed me to go with him to the fairs and markets in the North Riding of Yorkshire. As this gentleman did not require my services, I was only upon sufferance; however, one day while I was attending Ripon Market, I met with a gentleman who offered me a situation to travel with him at a salary of five shillings a-week and my board and lodging. No offer could have been more welcome, and I therefore engaged with him on the spot.

I had now entered upon a dangerous career, and had my good fortune not saved me, the consequences might have been of a very serious character. This man's name was John Rooney, but he was better known by the title of Cheap John; he was a native of the north of Ireland, and one of the most consummate vagabonds ever manufactured into the shape of humanity. In height, he stood five feet seven inches; well built, broad shoulders and a little round; strong, well-shaped limbs; his complexion was fair and ruddy, and he was slightly marked with the small pox. His usual dress was a blue coat with gilt buttons, cord smalls, and quarter boots, and he invariably wore a parti-coloured silk handkerchief about his bull-like neck tied in sailor fashion. In temper he was a savage, and he knew honesty only by name; he was as illiterate as a boor, but what he wanted in education was fully compensated for in low cunning, and he possessed a most retentive memory. I have been particular in describing this man in order that you may fully comprehend the danger of my position. When I went into his service, he had a large quantity of goods, chiefly composed of linen and silks. After

I had been with him a short time I learned the whole of his history. The fact was, he made no secret of his knavery, and I learned from himself that he had had to flee his country for killing a man in some party row. His assumed title of Cheap John was not without being well founded, inasmuch as he could dispose of his goods at thirty per cent. below cost price, and have the remaining seventy per cent. as a small profit to himself. The goods he had on hand when I went to him were the residue of property he had bolted with from Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His manner of victimising wholesale houses was carried out upon a regular systematic plan; he was never without plenty of cash, and took every opportunity of exposing it to advantage. When he had an intention of honouring a house with his patronage, his first essay was to feel the pulse of the proprietor, and if he found the party suitable to be operated upon, he would make a few goodly purchases from time to time, and after he had disarmed his man of all suspicion, he would write for a small parcel of goods as it were to sort his stock upon credit; the payments for these goods were sure to be punctually made; having paved the way in this manner, he made his final *haul* and *sloped*.

I believe there are few counties in England where there were so many pickpockets as in Yorkshire; the reason of this, I believe, is, or was, to be found in the numerous markets and fairs which are held in the different divisions of the county. Rooney was upon terms of intimacy with a number of these free-and-easy gentlemen; I remember a very smart trick being done by a highwayman upon one occasion while in Beadle. We were lodging in a house which was a general rendezvous for travellers, and while there three highwaymen made their appearance late one evening; the fellows formed a *trio* of nationalities,—one was Yorkshire, another Scotch, and the third Irish. The following morning was Beadle Fair; during the course of the day, these three worthies disagreed about the division of the spoil

of a robbery they had committed the day before in Westmoreland; in the arrangement of the booty, the Irishman conceived that he had not had justice done him; the consequence was, that he made up his mind to teach the honest Yorkshireman and the canny Scot a lesson. About eleven o'clock at night, a posse of constables came to the lodging-house with a search warrant; they walked straight into the bed-room occupied by the highwaymen, and found a large bundle of clothing which had been taken from the head inn a few hours before; the Yorkshireman and the Scotchman were both sent off to York Castle next morning. The Irishman, in order to gratify his revenge, had stolen the articles, and lodged information where they were to be found, and at the same time implicated his two companions as the thieves. What became of them I never learned, but I saw the Irishman afterwards skinning the natives aboard of the Hull and Gainsborough steam-packet.

After I had been with Rooney about six weeks, he picked up two other stray sons of misfortune; one of them was a fine intelligent and good-looking young man who had fled from his apprenticeship in a draper's shop, in Shrewsbury; he must have been very respectably brought up, he was an excellent scholar, and in every way a genteel young fellow. From his own statement, he had got into bad company, and in order to keep up his unlawful wants had robbed his employer. The other was in every way a most extraordinary person; his name was Thomas Evans; however, I imagine it was only assumed for the occasion. He was a native of the south of Ireland; in age he might be twenty-four, and in his person he was as fine a looking man as ever I beheld; he must have had a first-rate education, and it was evident from his manner that he was accustomed to society of a very different character to such as he was then in. No one could ever draw from him a single syllable, either about himself or his connexions. There was evidently a mystery about him; when he was in repose he seemed continually talking to

himself, as his lips were seen moving rapidly. Immediately after his joining us, I was drawn towards this man as it were by a spell, and as long as I remained with Rooney we clung to each other like brothers; he was as honest as the day is light, and perfectly sober in his habits, and as simple-minded as a child. Rooney frequently used these young men very badly; when he was in his cups, which was by no means seldom, he was in the habit of giving them practical demonstrations of his pugilistic proficiency. I have often seen him battering them about for his amusement for half-an-hour at a time, in the most brutal manner. It may be asked why they did not leave him rather than suffer such tyranny; my answer is, that he had them in his toils, and they were both much afraid of him, as they knew his reckless character. I believe my diminutiveness saved me many a beating, for he really never used me ill in this manner, with the exception of twice. The life I was then leading was in every sense repugnant to my feelings: when I had a few shillings due to me in wages, he always contrived to rob me of them by getting me to play at cards with him; the fact was, I had neither taste to learn nor inclination to play, but upon such occasions he forced me into the game, and as a matter of course won my money. I have no doubt he used this policy in order to keep me in his power.

Hand selling was a very common practice at that time, and Rooney was quite a proficient in the business; the fellow could talk a horse blind, and he could string nonsense together by the mile;* but a great portion of his language was entirely without shame, and he was completely regardless of the consequences of his conduct. The class of hawkers I was in the habit of meeting when I was with Rooney was very different from the primitive strollers on the Border. As a specimen of the former, I cannot illustrate their character better than by a little anecdote. One day, after I had been standing in

* At a sort of mock auction, where the auctioneer reduces the price to suit the purchaser.

Richmond market, and had just completed the packing of my goods, a fellow came up to me, and in the most bland and familiar manner asked me how I was. I had never spoken to the man in my life, but had often seen him with Rooney; he insisted that I should go and have a drop of the *crater*. I did not like to be rude with him, so I went and had a glass of ale, and he had one of rum; after we had finished, he insisted we should have another go. I positively declined having any more; when he found how the land lay, he slapped me on the shoulder in a friendly way, and said, "My boy, you'll have to stand this, for, by jaspers, I hav'n't a *meg*, and I'll stand the next *budge*."

While I was paying for the drink, a number of farmers came into the room; he speedily introduced himself to a group of them, who were seating themselves together in one company. He said his brother was a merchant in India, who occasionally consigned large quantities of rich and costly silks to his care, in order that he might dispose of them. In the meantime he pulled out a five-quarter checked and twilled cotton handkerchief, with gaudy colours, such as were then selling at nine shillings per dozen wholesale. "Now, gentlemen," he observed, "if any of you wish to have eternal sunshine at home, here is an article whose magic will produce the so-much-desired effect. You observe these colours, gentlemen,—these living shades and glorious tints were produced by the fabric being steeped three months in the Ganges, after which they were passed through a succession of rainbows! You must remember, gentlemen, that this article cannot be purchased in the regular market, as all such goods are prohibited; of course I have them under the rose! The value of this Thibet shawl in India is ninety *rupees*; which means six pounds in our money. The fact is, gentlemen, I am a wild devil-may-care sort of a fellow, and have been on the fly and am a little short of cash; if, therefore, any of you want a bargain, here it is. I have plenty of money, but you know it is not always convenient to be counting the hours in waiting for a remittance from London."

After this peroration, he quietly slipped the handkerchief into the hands of one of the gentlemen, telling him at the same time to expose it as little as possible, as he did not wish to come in contact with His Majesty's Exchequer,—and whispering into the gentleman's ear, "You can take it for thirty shillings." Suffice it to say, he sold the ninepenny handkerchief for ten shillings. I have frequently seen simple-minded and credulous people done out of their money in this manner. At that time it was a common trick for a fellow dressed as a sea captain to carry a sample bottle of French brandy, passing it off as smuggled and selling it at a pound a gallon; the article was generally made up in five gallon casks, and when the stock and the sample were compared, the transaction seemed all right; these casks were made with tubes to fit through the centre, and only contained about a quart of brandy—the rest of the contents being water; and as the buyers were as bad in the eye of the law as the disposers, these acts of swindling were kept pretty quiet.

Rooney had done a good deal of business with base money; however, I never knew anything about this matter until one day we were standing in Lincoln Market; when we were going home to our lodgings he gave me two shillings to purchase beef-steaks with. I thought it somewhat strange at the time that he should give me money when he knew I had plenty of change in my pocket. In paying the butcher, I gave him two shillings which proved to be both bad; the man looked at the money, and then he carefully examined me from head to heel. I could almost have wished the earth to have swallowed me alive; he sent for a constable immediately; when the officer arrived, I told him what appeared the truth to myself, namely, that I must have taken the money in the market, and to convince the people of my innocence I turned out all the money I had upon me, which amounted to four pounds some shillings, and all proved to be good; this, with my innocent manner, enabled me to get clear off. Had I been detained, the consequence would have been serious to me, as I would

have told who I was with, and I learned that Rooney had a large quantity in his possession; nothing could therefore have saved me from being punished as an accomplice. After this I was in continual dread of some impending evil; he had used all his endeavours to initiate me into his own roguish practices; the reason why I did not comply with his hellish desires was, not that I was so much guided by principle, as that I had a natural dislike to the barefaced character of his dishonesty, and perhaps fear had no little to do with my conduct in the matter; besides this, I hated the man for his blackguardism, and however long I should have remained with him, there never could have been anything like congeniality of feeling between us.

The time I am now writing of was towards the end of the year 1819; during that year the whole country was in a state of feverish excitement. The Prince Regent had used every exertion to blast the character of his wife, and hand down her name to posterity with infamy. This event called forth one universal feeling of indignation in the public mind against the Prince and his sycophantic abettors. I am not aware of any circumstance in my time wherein the English people gave such unequivocal and unanimous proof of their love of justice. The fact was that the more thoughtful members of the community saw that the national character was being compromised, and I believe their unmistakable protest was the means of saving the honour of the nation. From this date up to the year 1832, the country was in a dangerous state of transition. Commerce was crippled in almost every possible way, and the taxes hung like a dead weight upon the industrial energies of the people. The legislative functions were solely in the hands of men who were wedded to aristocratic notions, and government patronage flowed in one muddy and corrupt channel, while the members of Parliament, instead of representing the feelings of the nation, continued to serve their own sinister ends at the expense of the people.

The introduction of machinery was then creating a panic among the working classes, especially in the manufacturing districts. Men who had spent their time and wasted their energies in the various occupations, were doomed to see their labour superseded by an entirely new power. The working men had not then learnt the science of political economy; and even if they had, it would have afforded them little or no relief. Men with hungry bellies have small thought to spare upon abstract principles of speculative philosophy. Under all circumstances, and in all countries, the necessities of the time among the great industrial masses must produce the ruling feeling of the hour. To live has ever been, and ever will be, the great battle of the people.

In reviewing the critical position of the country at that time, and reflecting upon the severe ordeal through which the people have passed, we have much reason to be thankful that the national barque has weathered the storm. It is true that the people were occasionally guilty of trifling excesses, but it must be borne in mind that in many instances they were goaded into acts of insubordination by the greatness of their sufferings. The manner in which the unoffending and defenceless people were treated at *Peterloo*, in Manchester, in 1819, afforded a melancholy proof of the utter disregard of the men in power to the feelings and wants of the industrial classes. The circumstances connected with this cold-blooded event will remain like so many foul stains upon the page of England's history.

I may observe that in the early part of the nineteenth century the middle class element was only in its infancy, and it was not until the wonderful discoveries of Watt, Cartwright, and Stephenson were brought into operation that this useful body in the State began to assume its proper position. During the last thirty years, the extraordinary energy and directing power of this body have attained for it a moral force unprecedented in the history of the country; and I think it may be justly said, that whatever social advantages

we now enjoy over those of the preceding age, are in a great measure due to the well-timed exertions of this now powerful class. If the signs of the times are to be interpreted by their own manifestations, I certainly think we are upon the eve of one of those social changes which will entirely alter the political aspect of affairs in this country. After repeated trials, the aristocracy have been found wanting in the management of the State; as business men, they are proved to be not up to the mark; and it would appear, from the broad expression of public opinion, that John Bull, while he is both able and willing to pay his servants, is determined to put his affairs into the hands of men who can manage them in a business-like manner. In all cases where men are invested with power, it necessarily follows that a good deal of it must be discretionary and irresponsible; in State affairs this is particularly so, and I think the more such a condition of things can be narrowed within the limits of a responsible system, the better for the nation. A system may be made to approximate perfection, though it be not in the nature of man to arrive at such a state.

CHAPTER VI.

MY time with Rooney was now drawing to a close ; the affair at Lincoln caused me to be continually in fear for the ungodly transaction, and from that time I had made up my mind to leave him whenever a fitting opportunity offered. I knew quite well that he was a dangerous fellow to break with. For some time I took the precaution to retain my salary in my own hands. I communicated my purpose to Evans, who warmly entered into my feelings and seconded my views. When we got down to Hull, Rooney went on the fly, and continued so for some days, during which time I made my escape. When I left I had twenty-five shillings to begin the world again with ; many a one would have made a fortune out of that sum ; the case, however, was very different with me. Although I had been accustomed to a wandering life from my infancy, nobody could more heartily despise the calling than I did. My great desire was to learn a trade, whereby I could be looked upon as an honest member of society, but my great difficulty was to find a person who would venture to take one who had led such a vagrant life.

When I regained my liberty, Kitty Dawson's image invited me to Hexham ; but my better feelings opposed my going there, so, after much reflection, I made up my mind to visit my mother,—I had neither heard of her nor my brothers since leaving them. I therefore purchased a few small articles and set out on my journey. While I travelled on my solitary way, my mind was frequently filled with the most conflicting feelings,—longing to see my mother and my

brothers, but having no certainty of finding them where I left them. After an uninteresting journey of some twelve days I arrived in Portpatrick, and had the mortification to find that my mother had removed to Girvan in Ayrshire; and when I reached that place, I had a second disappointment in being introduced to a second *stepfather*. This little family arrangement made me a stranger in what should have been a home to me. I think if ever a poor wretch was the football of crooked circumstances, such was my fate. I had been blessed with *three fathers* and two mothers, and I was then as comfortably situated as if I never had either one or the other, excepting that I was a living monument of the folly of both father and mother. I knew little or nothing of Fitzsommors, the name of my new *pa*: from what I could learn he was a very decent man, but there was a certain mercenary meanness in the connection which I could not digest; he was then a young man in the prime of life, and my mother had passed the *rubicon* some years. I think there can be nothing more contemptible than a young man allying himself by matrimony to a female much above his own years for the sake of her property; the lion and the lamb may lie down together in harmony, but age and youth can never be bound together by affection. My mother was then trading between Ireland and the west of Scotland, and her husband occasionally worked at the hosiery business; I was induced to take two trips to Ireland with the old woman; but I only remained three weeks at home, and when I left, I took my brother Robert with me at his own request.

I was now being carried along by one of those tidal currents whereon my frail barque was in continual danger of being shipwrecked. You may suppose that I was impelled by a restless desire for change; such, however, was not the case,—I had already seen too much of that; instead, therefore, of wishing to see new scenes, I was anxiously looking for a resting-place that I might become a recognisable member of society. My brother and myself went to

Glasgow, where I purchased a few shillings' worth of goods to renew our small stock. From this place we travelled to Galashiels, Peebles, Kelso, and on till we crossed the English Border. Our little fortune had vanished a second time, when, by good fortune, I got Robert into a situation with a small farmer. Although I was my brother's senior by several years, he was much bigger than I was. After this, I got employment in a coal-pit, during the time a boy who had filled the situation was confined by an injury he had received by the falling in of a part of the roof. My wages for this sub-soil labour were hard work and eightpence a day. I continued at this employment until I was superseded by the return of the convalescent *putter*. My next employment was hoeing turnips for a farmer, at a place called Monkridge in the neighbourhood of Elsdon; I had only been in this place a week, when I had a most agreeable surprise by meeting with my old friend Tom Evans. He was still the same quiet, self-communing, and mysterious being I had left him. We were both happy at the meeting. Poor fellow, he was something like myself, as poor as a church-mouse. He said he could raise twenty shillings from an acquaintance in Morpeth, and if I would go with him, we would try the smuggling. I agreed to his proposal, and he returned in the course of a few days with the cash for our venture. We went up to Carter Bar, and made a purchase of five gallons of Scotch whiskey. We carried this load between us a distance of forty miles, and as we required to avoid the high roads, we had to travel the whole distance over trackless moors, and a great part of the way by night. Before we could dispose of our mountain dew, we were both heart-sick of it, and all the time we had it in our possession we continually laboured under the apprehension of capture. If either of us had been known in the places where we offered it for sale, I have no doubt we could easily have disposed of it; as it was, the people were afraid to buy the article from strangers, who might

take their money and lodge an information against them immediately afterwards. I found that Tom's visions of making a fortune were not to be realized; besides, neither of us were fitted for the business. After vainly pressing upon me to give it another trial, I left him and went back to Elsdon, where I got employment in making hay.

Shortly after this, I met with a person, a native of Yorkshire, who was then residing in that part of the country: this man persuaded me to go with him to the harvest, to which I readily agreed; so, when the hay season was finished, I went down with him to see a farmer for whom he had worked the previous season. The farmer engaged Smith (which was the person's name); but he demurred to employing me, as I looked so very unlike the work. However, Smith made this all right by kindly offering to take me as his partner. Our journey that day was the hardest day's work I ever had in my life: when we got back to Elsdon, we had travelled sixty-two miles. When the grain was ready for reaping we went to fulfil our engagements. I had never cut corn before, and suffered most dreadfully during the first week: however, with the assistance of my kind and good-natured partner, I managed to give satisfaction. We were employed for three weeks, and had our board and lodging in the house, both of which were excellent in quality. We had each a guinea a-week, and had the good fortune not to have a single broken day. When the harvest was finished we went to Newcastle, where I spent a good part of my money in clothes. When I went back to Elsdon, I got employment during another week in shearing; after which I went to Hexham, in the expectation of meeting with some tradesman who would take me as an apprentice. On arriving there, I went to a person of the name of Ralph Dodd, whom I had known when we resided in the town. This person allowed me to job about his place of business for a few weeks, for which he gave me my food. During the time I was with him I studiously avoided being seen by the little angel of my adoration.

I was still ashamed of my position, and was afraid, if she should see me, that I should lose—what I never had, namely, her affections!—a blind and a stupid fellow is love!

I daresay Dodd would have readily taken me as an apprentice, but he had no confidence in me; he could not bring his mind to believe that I would allow myself to be chained so long to one place. This misfortune of having been kicked about the world was, therefore, held as a reason that, like Van Wooden Block's cork leg, I should continue to wander on.

After I had been in Hexham a few weeks the Northumberland militia was about being raised. At that time the men required were balloted for. Several militia societies were then in existence, and when any of the members were drawn substitutes were paid for out of the funds. Some of my acquaintances persuaded me to take the bounty; I was then beneath the standard height, which was five feet six inches. This, to me, apparent difficulty was got over by a young man, a tailor, who made me all right by padding my stocking-soles. I daresay I am not the first who has been elevated to the army by fictitious means. I passed the doctor, and was duly attested to serve my king and country according to the conditions. My bounty was nine pounds. The first thing I did was to purchase a few shirts and other necessaries I stood in need of. I then laid out six pounds in the purchase of tea: I had been advised to this step by several of my friends. With this stock I was on a fair way to become a regular travelling merchant. I was then certainly in a better position than I had ever been during my whole life: I was full of hope, and saw before me a bright future; and in all my calculations my sweet little mistress came in for her ideal share. The fortune and pleasures which I had conjured up in my sanguine imagination were doomed to share the same fate as those of the young man in the *Arabian Nights*. Just as I was about tasting of the sweets of fortune's cup, it was ruthlessly dashed from my lips. I took my cargo of tea upon

my back, only dreaming of the pleasant reception I should meet with from my old acquaintances among the country farmers. I was respectably dressed, and was sure of having my honest endeavours well supported. When I had got about two miles on the road, I met a gentleman going into the town. He inquired what I had in my bundle. Without the least suspicion I told him. He then asked me to let him see my *permit*. I did not so much as understand the nature of such a document: so, seeing that I could not oblige him in this matter, he said he would be under the necessity of seizing it in the name of the king. The truth of the matter now flashed upon my mind like a death-knell. My poor heart became full, and I felt a choking sensation about my throat. For some moments I could not speak. When I had time to think I thought I was doomed to misery. Again desolation stared me in the face. I mentally resolved that I had better been struck dead by some invisible power, than be ever thus the sport of a wild and hapless fortune. Whatever I thought, I said nothing: the fellow asked me to carry the parcel back into the town, for which act of condescension he gave me a shilling.

Never was there a wretch more innocent of the sin of smuggling than I then was. I had no idea that tea bought in a regular market required in the first place a permit to remove it, and in the second, that I required a license to be allowed to sell it. I therefore lost my all and had no redress, and was again thrown penniless upon the world. To console me for my loss, several of my friends said that I must have been informed against, and that the person who sold me the tea knew the necessary conditions, and that if he had been an honest man he would have given me proper information how to act. This of course was making my case no better, and I could not believe that any person could have been so heartless as to do me such a gratuitous wrong: I had never injured any one, and therefore no person could harbour revengeful feelings against me.

Once more I had a stormy pilgrimage before me, and like a vessel at sea without a rudder, I was cast adrift to steer my course upon the ocean of life. I could see nothing before me but a dreary wilderness, nor could I tell which way to fly from my impending doom. It is a fearful thing for a human being to stand alone in the world; cut off from all sympathy and fellowship with his kind. Such was my sad and cheerless condition. I know there have been thousands placed in similar circumstances; but I also know that many have suffered shipwreck under the pressure of their misfortune; while only those who have been buoyed up by hope have been able to weather the storm. If my mind had not continually aspired to something above my lowly condition, I should have sailed down the stream of life in my vagrant craft, until I was eventually brought to in a jail or at the hulks. After this sad misadventure, I could not remain in Hexham; so I made up my mind to push my fortune elsewhere.

A few days after my commercial shipwreck, I went down to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and offered my services to several tradesmen as an apprentice. I found two parties who would have taken me, if I could have got any person to become security for the faithful discharge of my duties, but this, of course, with me, was out of the question. After wandering about for some days without either food or a resting-place, I made application for employment to a gentleman who had charge of a large stone-quarry in the neighbourhood of Bishop Auckland. When I presented myself before this person, he looked at me with a good-natured smile, and asking me a few questions as to my previous employment, he said, "My lad, you look more like standing behind a counter than working in a quarry, you would be no use here." He gave me sixpence, and advised me to look for employment more suitable to my condition. From this place I went down to South Shields, where I called upon a small hat manufacturer, whose relations I knew in Hexham.

I found I had no chance there, as he was just parting with a young man who had been some time at the trade. I remained in Shields two days. The young man who was leaving was going to Liverpool, and advised me to go with him, and depend upon the chapter of accidents. This lad was a native of Frome; his father was a retired navy-lieutenant; his name was Bird. He was a very fine young man, but I believe he had been very wild. As drowning men catch at straws, I embraced his offer, and we set out together, like a pair of young pilgrims. We were both without cash, but as my partner had served two years at hat-making, he was enabled to call upon the apprentices in the towns we passed through where the trade was carried on; and we managed to box our way as far as Oldham, in Lancashire, without any mishap. Before going into that town, Bird requested me to lend him my bundle, in which were my shirts and other necessaries. These things were tied up in a blue and white spotted silk handkerchief. The reason why he wanted my bundle was, because he had nothing but what he stood in, and he remarked, what I knew to be correct, that he would look very unlike being on tramp without some change of clothing. I therefore readily gave him my bundle, and we agreed that I should wait for him at the end of the town leading to Manchester. We parted about ten o'clock in the morning, and neither of us had had any breakfast. I went to the place appointed, fully expecting that he would not be more than two hours. I waited patiently until four o'clock in the afternoon; after that time, the hours crept slowly and sadly away. I lingered on until eleven o'clock at night, hungry in both mind and stomach; still the "Bird" of hope did not arrive. I knew it was of no use to go in search of him; and I had therefore no alternative but to move on. The distance to Manchester was seven miles; and when I got to Market-street it was one o'clock. You may well imagine my situation was not a comfortable one. I really did not know what to do. In

going down Market-street, I met with a tradesman who was finding his way home. I inquired of him the road to Liverpool; this person was curious to know what I wanted with the road to Liverpool at such a time of night. I told him my situation, and he kindly took me home with him to his lodging; saying he could give me a share of his bed, but as he had been out of employment for a considerable time, he could afford me nothing more. The fact was, the poor kind-hearted fellow had no food for himself. As it was, I was very grateful for his generous conduct.

Next morning I took the way for Liverpool. I had not lost hope of meeting with Bird, as I had every confidence in his honesty; and I made up my mind that he had been detained by some circumstance over which he had no power. I therefore lingered the whole of the day between Manchester and Warrington, and enquired of every person I met on the way if they had seen a young man dressed in sailor's clothes with a bundle, which I described. The day was beautiful for the season, but there was a heavy cloud upon my mind, and whichever way I turned my restless thoughts, my prospect for the future was cold and cheerless. Late in the evening, as I was going into Warrington, I fell in with four working-men, and as they were going in the same direction as myself, I got into conversation with them, and told them my circumstances. These poor fellows gave me all the money they had upon them, which was twopence, and told me where I could have supper and a bed free of charge. They directed me to the Mendicity Office, where I was treated as they foretold.

If I had not thought I should meet Bird, either on the road or in Liverpool, I had no business there. Indeed, it was quite immaterial to me where I wandered; for whatever might turn up in my favour, I knew must be a mere matter of accident. However, I made up my mind to push on, and rose early in the morning with the intention of being in Liverpool by mid-day. When I had got about half-a-mile out of Warrington, I observed a cottage in a garden on the wayside,

with a sign over the door, on which there was labelled, "Bread and milk sold here." I had the twopence that the labouring men had given me, and I made up my mind to have a breakfast, if I should never have another. Going into that house proved a fortunate circumstance. The first object which caught my attention was my bundle, lying on a table before me as I went in; and I found my "Bird" making himself comfortable over a breakfast of boiled milk and bread by the fire. Our surprise was mutual, and we were glad to see each other again. He explained the cause of his delay quite satisfactorily to me. *Oudham rough Yeads* had made him drunk, which would not be difficult to do upon an empty stomach, and after leaving there he had used his best endeavours to find me.

Apropos of Oldham. This town was at one time, and that, too, not very long ago, one of the most uncultivated places in England. The following anecdote will give a very fair idea of the character of the town. Upon a certain occasion, a pair of married ladies happened to have a social quarrel, which resulted in their being cited before the sitting magistrate. When the case came on for hearing, the worthy magistrate could not make out which of the dears was in fault; however, one of their husbands being in court, and being known by the bench, the magistrate said, "John, *yaw con* tell us *au abeawt* it." "I," he said, "a *con. Yo segn Jon o'th Top o'th Loan's wife thrut* a stone at *ma* wife, and if *oo'd it hur* as *ard* as *oo it hur, oo'd other* killed *her* or *hur hur!!*" "I," said the magistrate, "that's plain *eneuf*."

Bird had raised four shillings in Oldham and Manchester, so we set out for Liverpool with light hearts, and we arrived there early in the day. Our four shillings soon found their way into other hands; and we spent several days in searching for employment, but all our endeavours were vain. In the meantime, I had to dispose of most of my little wardrobe to pay our lodging and keep our jaws in something like healthy exercise. On the morning of the fifth day Bird was

shipped aboard of a vessel bound for New York, and as the vessel was to sail by the afternoon tide, we bid each other adieu. As we parted my heart was full, and the tears started into my eyes. Short as our acquaintance had been, I felt a warm regard for him; he was really a good-hearted, amiable, and intelligent lad. He had been at sea before, and I think he was inclined to make the ocean his home, and I have no doubt but he would rise in the profession.

Once more I was alone and in the wilderness of a large town; my case was almost a hopeless one; and I felt the sadness of despair creeping over my feelings. I wandered about for two days after I parted from Bird, with my mind almost a blank. By that time all my little things had been disposed of. About the middle of the third day, I found myself staring at a large handbill posted on a wall somewhere about London-road; and during the time I was gazing at the bill, a soldier came up and tapped me on the shoulder and requested to know if I would 'list. The friendly voice of any human being was welcome to me. I said I had no objection. This was certainly a cheering ray of hope, from a quarter where I least expected it. I gladly went with my military friend to a public-house. Like a man who knows his duty, he opened up his military budget, and pointed out the fame and fortune which awaited me when I should join the Royal 5th Queen's Own. While he was running over his splendid catalogue of inducements to a life of glory, my mind was with my little angel in Hexham; but I suppose this was in consequence of the connection which has always existed between love and fame. I took the magic shilling which was to cut my civilian tie with a world which had been very uncivil to me. After this I had as much bread and cheese and ale as enabled me to drive the horrors from my empty stomach. Eating is certainly one of the most vulgar occupations in life. But, O ye gods, what divine luxury there is in even a crust of dry bread to a hungry stomach! Poets have sung of love and glory, and all those feelings which

prompt men to noble and generous actions; but I have found that the love of the stomach outlives all other love! Taking the shilling, and eating his Majesty's bread and cheese, was only a preliminary step to two others—I was taken to pass the doctor. You will see that although I had taken the token I was not a soldier yet: it so happened at that time that my skin under my clothes was covered with something like a scorbutic eruption—from what cause I am not aware. After the disciple of Æsculapius had examined me, he quietly put me to one side, while he passed three other young men. The doctor had made up his mind that though I could eat bread and cheese and drink beer, I should not do for a fighting man! Since then I have often thought he was a very sensible fellow. The sergeant who 'listed me was a good deal piqued, as he thought me a very likely lad. Notwithstanding my forlorn condition, I looked upon this escape from the army as a providential interposition in my favour. The food I had got dispelled the gloom from my mind, and lent me fresh energy.

As I found that I would not do for the army, I made up my mind to try the navy; so I went down to the Docks and offered my services to several sea-captains. At last, I was fortunate in finding a vessel bound for London, and the captain agreed to take me on a trial-trip. We cleared out of the port on the afternoon of the following day. In the course of a few days I could make myself pretty useful aboard. We had plain sailing until we were off the Land's End, when a fearful storm set in and continued to blow a very heavy gale, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and rain, and during the night we had our decks nearly swept clear. About midnight, I had a narrow escape from being cut in two: the lightning cut one of the chain topsail sheets, and the loose end, which was attached to the sail, swept past me, so near that I felt the wind from its motion. About daylight, in the morning, I had a hydropathic immersion, which was nearly being my last: the vessel shipped a heavy sea upon her quarter which

would have carried me over, had it not been for a counter-plunge that she made. The only injury I sustained was being severely stunned: the mate had me carried below, where I soon recovered. In the morning, the *Fame* was rolling about like a drunken man. As the vessel had sustained a good deal of damage, the captain found it necessary to put into Scilly roads. As we entered the mouth of the bay, we received a pilot on board. The captain of the *Fame* was a cross-grained, stupid, dogmatical, ruddy-faced old tar; instead of giving the vessel in charge to the pilot, he would not leave the wheel. Headstrong men generally get more than they bargain for, and such was the case in this instance: there were several vessels lying in the roads, that had put in through stress of weather, and as we were making for anchor-ground, our jolly old captain ran the *Fame* foul of a brig, carrying away a considerable portion of her running rigging, as well as her jib-boom: our own vessel being nothing the better of the collision. This little act of seamanship cost our self-willed commander more than a month's wages.

After we had got snugly moored, the captain required to go ashore for repairs; he took seven men and myself in the boat with him. We landed at St. John's, and, as the captain had to remain a considerable time, the boat's crew had plenty of time to indulge their curiosity in looking over the island. While in the act of strolling about the town, we came to the garrison gates, at the entrance of which there was a large board of caution, warning strangers not to trespass on the garrison grounds. The place termed "the grounds" was a sort of barren wilderness, mostly covered with furze or whins. Seeing the nature of the ground, we paid no attention to the caution. After we had been strolling about for some time, one of the party saw a duck quietly waddling out of the whin-bush close beside him. As soon as he had an opportunity of examining the place, he found a nest of some fourteen or fifteen eggs. I was the only person near him, but did not pay any attention to what he was about, until he asked me if I had

a pocket-handkerchief. I gave him one, and inquired what he wanted with it. He replied that he had found a wild duck's nest. I observed that I thought the wild ducks had more sense than to build their nests within the range of the garrison guns. Immediately above the garrison grounds there were a number of people engaged in planting potatoes. Some of these people observed my companion bagging the eggs, and before we well knew where we were, we had about a hundred of the natives down upon us, like so many Philistines. The poacher was soon made to redeposit the unlucky ducks in embryo. The day was both cold and raw; but before the boat's crew got clear of the garrison yard, we had the satisfaction of being as well warmed as any set of Christians could desire. The rabble pelted us with stones and mud until our personal identity was out of the question: during the whole of the time we were thus doing penance, the mob poured a continual round of the most unmeasured Billingsgate into us. This was the first time I was honoured with Lynch Law, and I assure you I have never longed for a repetition of it. After being shuttle-cocked about for some time, we at last found refuge in a public-house. The excitement had been too good for the mob to give us up so easily; so a large number of the more unruly continued to howl before the house we were in.

We remained in the Roads until our repairs were completed, which took us four days. Our voyage to London was now plain sailing, as we had very fine weather. As we were passing through the Downs, one of those little circumstances occurred which are calculated to distinguish individual character. The man who had signalized himself in the egg affair, requested me to put his pannikin on the caboose fire to be ready for his breakfast when he required it—my own breakfast being getting ready at the same time. While the pans were warming I was going about my duty. When I went to see if they were ready, the first salute I got was the contents of my mate's pan on the under part of my face. The fellow when

he went into the caboose saw that my pan was boiling, and he imagined that his had not had fair play. The fact was, his was just on the point of boiling, but being covered with fatty matter it kept the steam down. I was very much scalded. This unmanly act of cruelty brought the fellow's vindictive character into bold relief; the crew were indignant at the brutal outrage, and the captain threatened to have him punished when we arrived in London. I would not have noticed this little incident had it not been for this man's previous conduct towards me. I was a sort of a favourite with the whole of the crew, for I had never failed to serve them when desired; but with this man I was a special favourite. I believe he was an excellent seaman, and had seen a good deal of the world, both in the merchant service and the navy, and I had not been aboard of the *Fame* three days, when he seemed to take a strong liking to me; if I had had any education he would have taught me navigation,—indeed, there was nothing he knew but he would willingly have taught me. One thing is evident, he must have been a man with a most ungovernable temper; and I have no doubt that if he had had a knife in his hand at the time, instead of the pannikin, he would have used it, even if I had been his own brother. This vindictive spirit may have been a part of his education: he was a native of the North Highlands, where the idea of passing over an injury, or an insult, without being revenged, was looked upon as an unmanly act of cowardice, not so many years ago.

Before we left Liverpool, the captain had picked up a pair of lads who had each been at sea for some considerable time. They were both Toms by name; the one being a tall red-haired bony rascal, and the other a stiff dumpy little fellow; they were much about the same age, which might be seventeen. I think there never was a pair of more consummate young vagabonds afloat in the same ship. They were both lazy as sloths, and crammed full of every species of black-guardism. When we arrived in London we were moored

alongside of some wharf in Horselydown. On the second day the captain went ashore early in the morning, and did not return until late in the afternoon. After he had been down in the cabin he inquired for the boys; but no one had seen them since they had left in the morning, on the pretence of going to a washerwoman with some clothes. The mate inquired if there was anything wrong; and the captain answered by saying that the young scoundrels had robbed him of his money, clothing, and ship's papers. Every means were taken to get hold of them, and parties were sent in the evening to the different theatres. On the second day after the robbery, the captain learned that they had booked for Liverpool with one of the heavy coaches. One consideration prevented him from pursuing them, which was, if he should get hold of them through the means of the criminal officers, he would be bound over to prosecute them, and his vessel had to be cleared out in a fortnight. They were, therefore, allowed to escape in consequence of the very law which existed for preventing criminals escaping from justice.

The following day, when the captain had had time to cool down, I asked him if he would allow me money for an outfit, as he was going a voyage to the Baltic, and I could not think of going there without at least some clothing fitting for the climate; his answer was, if I thought proper to go, he would allow me ten shillings a month until we came home again; after which, if I behaved myself, he would introduce me to the owners, who would not only give me the necessary outfit, but would also give me an opportunity of learning navigation, and under these conditions he seemed wishful that I should go; but from the state of my clothing I found it would be madness for me to undertake such a voyage. I cannot say that I had any objection to the sea, but I certainly had no predilection for the fore-castle. If the sailors who are aboard of the same ship are not agreeable with each other, they are continually in one another's way, and consequently lead a regular dog-and-cat life as long as they are together. Humble

as my own lot was, I possessed a spirit of independence which could not succumb to the unmanly system of repaying one injury by the infliction of another. And although my poverty could scarcely sink me lower without degrading myself by crime, my ideas of what I considered right were as dignified as those of any lord; and I think I may safely say that whatever good fortune I have had in life has been entirely owing to this species of manly independence.

I left the vessel on the sixth day after her arrival, with fourpence in my pocket, and two ship biscuits. The captain was ashore at the time, otherwise I believe he would have given me some small trifle. My case was hopeless enough. It was true I had a small quantity of brains, but the fact was my head was not *screwed* on right to enable me to turn them to my advantage. The first night after leaving the vessel I slept in a common lodging-house. When the landlady was showing me to bed, she very kindly cautioned me to take care of my money and clothes, for that a young man who had lodged there the previous night had been stripped to the shirt by his bedfellow. Neither the good woman's caution, nor the occurrence, gave me much trouble: when a man is without property it sometimes saves him a world of anxiety. I soon found out a mystery which has been solved by thousands before me; namely, that London was far too large for me. I was fairly lost in a wilderness of human beings; I was a mere atom in a huge mountain of humanity; and, as it were, an unclaimed particle of animation—a thing that belonged to nobody. In fact, I looked upon myself as one of the outside links in the chain of civilized society. If I could have become a part of the monument, somebody would have looked at me, and have set their wits to work to find out my use.

My remaining biscuit, and the pump, served the second day. As night came on I felt my spirits sinking with the declining day. I seemed to fall into that hopeless state when the mind becomes benumbed, and loses its action over

the system. The first houseless night in London passed away, and still I strayed about like a ghost without a home. When the morning was breaking I was wandering along the dull hazy streets. Through the course of the second day I continued walking on, and sometimes unconsciously found myself at the same place from which I set out. I had no aim, and I must have been looking for a miracle. The second night came, and I shivered along the long, cold, dreary streets. I passed men who were reeling along after having left their senses and their money in the taverns. I saw scores of females who had graduated down to the lowest depths of human misery; and young men haggard, and prematurely old, creeping along the streets like shadows in genteel rags. No man can form the most distant idea of the misery and human suffering that wanders the streets of London in silence during the cold, dark hours when the provident and fortunate members of society are enjoying the sweets of calm repose, unless, like me, he has had to commune with his own feelings while wandering to leave time behind him in the *loud* silence of the night in the largest city of the world!

On the morning of the third day, I made up my mind to leave London. My good mentor seemed to draw me to the north. Kitty Dawson's image came to my relief, and by an invisible power drew me in that direction. Somewhere about ten o'clock I found myself in Islington; I inquired the road for Barnet, and left the huge piles of brick and mortar behind me. When I had got about three miles clear of the town I came to an aqueduct where there was a toll of a penny to pay: when I told the man I had no money he let me pass on; if the fellow had used his eyes, he might have easily seen that I was perfectly valueless in point of cash. After I had passed the toll about a mile, I had the good fortune to meet a miracle at last. There are few men who have passed through life, but have met with some good angel in their dark hours of adversity; and such was my fate upon this, to me,

memorable occasion. As I was going along the road (which was a bye one), I met a clerical-looking gentleman coming in the opposite direction. I inquired if he could oblige me by directing me the nearest way to the Great North Road: he very readily gave me the proper directions, and while doing so seemed to take an interest in me. He inquired where I was going. I told him to Hexham. He then named several gentlemen who lived in the neighbourhood of that place, and asked me if I knew any of them. I informed him that I knew the whole of them by name, and their places of residence. He seemed satisfied with my answers, and as I was leaving he gave me half-a-crown. I expressed my gratitude to him in the fulness of my heart, and with tears in my eyes. As I passed on I inwardly thanked God; for if ever there was an angel of peace came across the path of any human being in distress, that man was one to me. Before I met him I was sinking into despair, I was weak with hunger, and both my mind and body were in a state of miserable dejection. This noble and generous act of an entire stranger dispelled the dark clouds which were brooding over my spirits, and filled me with hope, bright, elastic, and cheering. As I went on my way with renewed vigour, I had only one drawback to my complete happiness, and that was the degradation of my situation, which required to live on the bounty of others instead of my own industry.

I shortly arrived in Barnet, and my first care was to propitiate my gnawing stomach. I bought a twopenny loaf of bread, after which I went into a small public-house, and called for half a pint of porter, which cost me another penny. While I was feeding in the tap-room, there was a solitary individual seated in a corner opposite to where I was; this man was evidently amused at my industry with the loaf, and my economy with the half-pint. I may observe that I only used the liquid to send down the partially masticated solids in what the Scotch call *bite* and *sup* fashion. Whatever the fellow thought, he had the good sense to remain silent until

I finished my labour of love. I really believe that eating is the only positive pleasure a man can enjoy alone, and it is not surprising that it should be so, when we know that the vital part of the food becomes a part of our existence. All other pleasures would seem to require a species of co-partnery, and feed upon sympathy, which makes its way to his heart through some of his greedy feelings. When I had finished my repast, I was as contented in mind as if the house had been my own. Since then I have had my limbs under mahogany covered with the most delicious viands, and the choicest wines, but the accumulation of three days' *sauce* gave that humble meal a zest I have rarely enjoyed. When my sleeping partner saw that I had finished, he observed that I appeared to have been hungry, and inquired if I was on tramp. I answered him in the affirmative; he then said that he, too, had been on tramp, and that it was no pleasant business, unless a man had sufficient money to make himself comfortable with. I agreed to this proposition; he continued his observations by saying he had been on the *fly* for a fortnight, and had spent all his money, and now the landlord would not trust him a pint of beer; but he said it is the way with the whole of them, when they get your money you may go to the devil! After asking me a number of questions, such as only a half-drunken man would ask, he put his hand into his pocket, and, with a solemnity fitting the greatness of the occasion, he put a good old-fashioned farthing into my hand. "Here," said he, "my lad, take this, it is all I have, but if it had been more you should be welcome to it." I could not help appreciating the man's kindness; his farthing was like the widow's mite—it was his all. I knew a circumstance, wherein a political acquaintance of mine had a five-pound note sent to him while in jail, by a gentleman holding a political creed of an opposite character; he was so much gratified with the generous act, that had his pecuniary wants not been greater than his gratitude, he would have had that note framed. In this instance, the case was similar with my-

self; if I could have afforded it, I would have retained the farthing as a memorial of the poor fellow's kindness. These two events were the preludes to a turn in my fortune for the better.

When I left Barnet, I had three hundred miles before me, and even when I should arrive at the place I had in view, I had nothing more to depend upon there than any other place in the wide world. My going in that direction was a thing I seemed to have no power over, for I felt as if I were impelled by an irresistible influence; so I allowed myself to drift down the stream of fate. With the two shillings and threepence farthing in my pocket, my heart was as light as a strolling player's with the proceeds of half a benefit in his possession, and his *bills* unpaid. I went down the country by the way of Cambridge. As I was going into that town, it was on a Sunday evening, and beautiful spring weather; I met a number of young men and their sweethearts enjoying each other's society during their evening's walk. The sight of so much human happiness, which ought to have gladdened my heart, plunged me into profound grief; the contrast of my own unhappy condition stared me full in the face, and I felt my mind full of wild thoughts as I hurried on. I was determined to husband my small stock of money; so I found quarters generally in some farmer's out-house. I remember the day I passed between Cambridge and Ely. After having crossed one of the Cambridgeshire *flats* or marshes, I observed something like a sign-board fixed on the gable-end of a small cottage; the inscription on this board, instead of being "Licensed to retail tea and tobacco," was, "Therefore the name of this place is called *Golgotha* unto this day." I could not imagine what that little old-fashioned house could have to do with skulls; perhaps some dark deed had given it historical significance.

In Ely I slept in a common lodging-house, and while there I had a very flattering invitation to join two genteel young men in the regular *cadging* trade, both of whom had success-

fully passed their probation in the profession. After we had gone to bed (there being some fourteen or fifteen persons in the same room), the two youths fully initiated me into the mysteries of the business, and each of them told me his history. One had been an apprentice to a cabinet-maker, and having been entrusted by his master to lift a twenty-pound account, he cut with the money, and when it was all spent he took to begging; he had often been in *quod* (gaol), and could make plenty of *tin*; when one *dodge* failed he tried another. This hopeful young man was a native of London, and the son of a respectable tradesman. According to his own showing, he had often skinned the old *cove*! The other young man had robbed his father of thirty pounds, and bolted; he had tried the priggging, and had been *nabbed* four times, and had been twice on the mill: he didn't care anything about it. I have no doubt but both these poor lads had been induced to acts of theft by parties older than themselves.

The second day after this, as I was travelling between Lynn and Boston, I had to cross long *Sutton Wash*. I was told that this place could be forded by foot-passengers at low water. Immediately before I got to the Wash, I met a countryman on horseback, and inquired of him if I could ford it; his answer was, he thought I might. When the tide is in, this place is crossed by a ferry-boat; and at low water, foot passengers are carried over on horseback, the price charged in either case being sixpence. I had no such sum to spare, and therefore tucked up my trousers and took to the water. I got on quite smoothly until I arrived about the middle of the stream, when I was carried away with considerable violence. I thought my journey was about being ended; however, I struck out and swam in a slanting direction with the current. I was swept down the river for a considerable distance, and was pulled out by two of the ferry-men quite exhausted. These men took me up to the ferry-house, and after I got round a little, they gave me a glass

of hot brandy and water. After my bath I travelled fourteen miles, and lay in a barn among straw all night.

Before I could get to Hull there was another difficulty before me; I required to cross the Humber from Great Grimsby, and the fare was then two shillings and sixpence. On the morning when the packet was to sail there was not a breath of wind sufficient to fill a lady's glove. The want of *Boreas' bellows* was a god-send to me. I got my passage on the condition that I should assist at the oar; this I gladly embraced. The distance we had to sail was twenty miles; there were several passengers on board, among which there was one gentleman who kindly gave me a shilling, another followed his example and gave me sixpence, and during the time I was aboard the boat, the men supplied me with plenty of food. This was a most timely and fortunate supply.

Little better than a day's journey from Hull there was a sunny spot before me, where I was sure of a day's rest and good treatment. I therefore lost no time in making for Helmsley. This is a small market town in the East Riding of Yorkshire, about thirteen miles from Malton. At that time there was a Mr. Thomas Corbitt, who was head gardener to Mr. Duncombe. I was upon most intimate terms with Mr. Corbitt's family, who resided in the neighbourhood of Hexham. When I arrived in Helmsley I was kindly received by Mr. Corbitt, although he had never seen me before. The fact was, he treated me more like a brother than a stranger. I was very badly off for clothing, and my shoes were in the last stage of decrepitude: the latter he kindly replaced by a new pair, and he supplied me with several necessaries I stood most in need of. When he found I had a desire to learn the hat-trade, he introduced me to a gentleman in town, who was then a small manufacturer.

My new master was a kind, quiet, and good-hearted man, and while I was with him he treated me more like a father than an employer. I had not been in my new situation more than about five weeks, however, when I told my benefactor

that I had resolved to leave and go to Hexham. I had never been in any place I liked better than Helmsley, nor had I ever been so well treated by strangers. I was therefore extremely sorry in leaving my kind employer, but was impelled to go forward and could not do otherwise.

The little insight I got into the business while in Helmsley was sufficient to introduce me into the trade. I took the road for the north, and called upon the trade as I went along. The morning I left Darlington I had a very hard day's work, having travelled fifty-four miles. On the evening of the third day after leaving Helmsley I came in sight of Hexham. I can never forget the thrill of delight which ran through my whole system as I looked down upon the town from a rising ground. I imagined that the dream of my life was about being realized. The only being in the world I cared for was there; for three years her very name had been a charm to me, and her secret influence had never ceased to draw me like a magnet of attraction. The sad history of my past life became a blank, and I looked forward to the future with the high-charged feelings of a slave in the hope of obtaining his liberty. I cannot express how I hated the life I had led. Up to this period I had been the slave of circumstances, and my whole life had been a continual round of strange vicissitudes. The Fates had tossed me about in the blanket of adversity and bodily suffering, until I was frequently sick of my existence. I had narrowly escaped going to the other world by water no less than six times, and also from being killed by a fall from the top of a high laden waggon in crossing *Shap Fell*. I had been more than once lost and kidnapped. Twice I had been within an inch of death by accident, twice by violence, besides the chance from McNamee's knife, and twice nearly frozen in the snow.

It may appear somewhat strange to those who have not studied human nature, and observed the various *idiosyncracies* of men's minds, when I say that I was often the victim of a natural bashfulness; but such was the case. This feeling

has frequently been a serious drawback to me, but I have no doubt that it has also saved me from much evil. My bashfulness was pretty well compensated for in a large stock of pride, and no little ambition: the latter feeling frequently prompted me to action when supineness must otherwise have existed. I had also a sufficient amount of self-esteem to inspire me with a proper regard for my person; and my love of approbation enabled me to value the good opinion of others. I feel satisfied, from my experience of human nature, that men owe much of this to their peculiar organization, as well as the directing influence brought to bear upon their opening passions.

When I was with Rooney, if I had had a strong, or even an ordinary tendency to dishonesty, he would have been the very man to have directed and matured it. If I had been naturally inclined to gambling, he would have drilled me into its mysteries with all the care of a father: and if my combativeness had been large, he would have given me frequent opportunities of exercising myself in the delightful science of pugilism. It was, therefore, so far fortunate that the peculiar combination of my own moral and physical elements saved me from the destruction which otherwise must have been the consequence of my connection with that unmitigated knave! Although I have worked my way up from the substratum of society, and have been enabled to take my place among the industrious members of the community, I know that my life was frequently upon the turning-point, when the merest accident would have made me a vagabond without redemption. There are many thousands of human beings in this country whose destinies to all appearance have been cast for them at their births; and I am aware that in numerous instances, if they had had the desire to change their positions, there could scarcely have been a possibility of their being able to effect it. You will therefore observe, that it is an easy thing for men to fall in society, but a very difficult matter to rise.

I may here mention, that I had two little circumstances connected with my person which were often opposed to my interest, whereas they should have been in my favour. I always carried an air of gentility in my personal appearance when I was young; my address was good, and my tongue was free from anything in the shape of provincialism. The consequence was, that these little things, which under different circumstances would have told in my favour, were only calculated to raise an unjust suspicion against me. In many instances, I have been taken for the son of respectable parents, and was supposed to have had a good education, and therefore must have been a *scapegrace*. I need not tell you that we are generally liable to judge from appearances, but in doing so we very frequently make serious mistakes.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAVE now arrived at what may be termed the second grand crisis of my life. I had floundered through *nonage* in a manner somewhat strange, and in some instances not without being tinged with a sprinkling of romance. I am now, however, upon the eve of entering upon the real voyage of life with something like a man at the wheel!

The little I learned of the hat-making business in Helmsley I knew would be sure to procure me a situation as an apprentice. When I arrived at Hexham I learned that there was a young man just about out of his apprenticeship: I therefore made immediate application for the opening, and was accepted. I entered upon trial, and remained so for three weeks. My new employer very unfortunately laboured under the *sin* of poverty. By the rules of the trade I required to be bound at the end of a month from my first entering. The stamp for my indenture would cost a guinea, not to mention the filling it up with the conditions! Here, then, was a serious difficulty at the very onset; and if I had been turned inside out I was not worth two shillings in the world. I believe when a man has fairly got into the stream of fortune there is no staying his onward progress. While I was on my probation month there was a young lady, who was then verging into that equivocal age where love lingers between hope and despair. This maiden had formed a sort of forlorn attachment to my humble person. Being a near relative of my master's, she kindly aided me in riveting my chains without compromising her maiden delicacy. Poor girl! I was obliged to her both

for her cash and affection; the first I hoped to be able to repay, but the latter was just one of those things I had no power over.

On the evening when I was bound there was an old lady present, the widow of a late hat-manufacturer. She was then carrying on the business by the assistance of two of her sons. She had known me for a long time, and was therefore fully aware of the sort of life I had led. While my indenture was being filled up she said, "*Noo, Jeemie, ye'r about entering into an engagement ye'll never fulfil. Tak' my word for't, ye'll never see the end of a seven years' apprenticeship as shere as I'm a leeving woman! I ken,*" said she, "ye've seen ow'er *muckle o' the warld, an' been ow'er muckle* your ain master to undergo the drudgery of a hatter's apprentice. But," she continued, "if ye be a *gude* lad, and stick to yer *wark*, I'll do *ony* thing for ye that lies in my power." The good old lady fulfilled this promise whenever I gave her the opportunity of serving me. I had the pleasure of falsifying her predictions, but she did not live to see the end.

I have mentioned that this sort of feeling continually opposed my settling down in life. There was not one in a thousand who knew me but would have expressed the same opinion. This sentiment was strengthened materially by my age; and when you reflect upon the drudgery and menial duties of a hatter's apprentice at that time you cannot feel surprised. Being the only apprentice in the house for two years, I had all the water to carry from a considerable distance. Twice a week I had to collect stale lant from a number of places where it was preserved for me: I carried this fragrant liquid on my head, and had often the agreeable pleasure of having it stream down my face. When I was bound I knew all my duties, but I had firmly made up my mind under every trial to conquer, and I may say, that firmness was not the least prominent trait in my character. About a fortnight after I had entered upon my new duties the harvest set in, and as my master was not busy, I got

liberty to spend a fortnight in reaping. The money I earned at this employment enabled me to purchase such clothing as I stood most in need of. When I tell you that my salary, after being boarded and lodged, was only one shilling a-week for the first year, with a rise of an additional sixpence each year, you will agree with me, that the produce of my harvest labour was a very acceptable relief. Small as this sum was, I could have managed with it very well; but poor Rutherford (my master's name) could very seldom afford to allow me to be cashier of my own money.

It was in this year (1822) that that exemplary monarch, George the Fourth, paid his Scotch subjects a royal visit; and while the natives of *Auld Reekie* were bowing their loyal knees before their virtuous king, the unsettled state of the monetary system was crushing and paralyzing both the commerce and industry of the nation. About this time, too, Castlereagh had quietly given himself a passport to the other world; and there were some among the people who thought there was something like retribution in the act. From this date up to 1832, the working men of Great Britain continued to take a lively interest in all the great political questions of the day. George the Fourth had broken faith with his Irish subjects upon the Emancipation question; after which Dan O'Connell formed the Catholic Association. This combination rallied to its standard some of the most brilliant talent which Ireland could boast of, and many of the peals of thunder which shook the walls of Conciliation Hall vibrated throughout the length and breadth of the nation. The artillery of the association continued to pour the red-hot balls of its eloquence into the camp of the enemy; and such was the efficiency of its practice, that the Government required, upon more occasions than one, to fortify the State garrison by special Acts of Parliament. Notwithstanding these precautions, O'Connell continued to demolish both the entrenchments and the batteries of the enemy as fast as they were formed. At one time the

Government imagined that the wily lawyer was completely hemmed in by a line of *circumvallation*: even then he slipped through their meshes, and set their power at defiance, and, as a consequence, rose higher in the estimation of his countrymen. From this time forward, for many years, Cobbett continued to expose the shortcomings of the Government, and point out to the people the numerous abuses which were allowed to exist. His terse Saxon style of language appealed to the sense and understandings of all classes. *Blackwood*, then in the zenith of its Tory power, tried to put the plebeian down, but the Corinthian lance only "dirled on the bane." *The Black Dwarf*, too, thundered away at the State paupers, and made the character and condition of a large portion of the proud aristocracy pass in review before the people. About this time the British press was beginning to assume a tone of something like independence. The trial of Muir, Palmer, and Skirving, combined with the Peterloo affair in Manchester, had roused a feeling of indignation in the minds of many men who were not of any party or political creed, against the tyrannical conduct of the governing party; indeed, it seemed evident to the minds of a large portion of the thinking community, that corruption and misrule had become intolerable, and that it was time the nation should be allowed to breathe the air of freedom!

So far as my new condition was concerned, I may say that my existence was just as unvaried and monotonous as that of any ploughman. I certainly had to put up with many inconveniences, and suffer much hardship; but I knew that most of the difficulties I had to encounter were the common lot of all the apprentices in the trade; I knew, too, that the battle of life was before me; and I had firmly made up my mind to overcome every difficulty. My conduct made me many warm and generous friends, who really took a pleasure in serving me; and when I had a holiday to spend, I never wanted a home in the most pleasant meaning of the term.

You will agree with me, that there is something strange and unaccountable in what I am going to relate. After I returned to Hexham, the being who had exercised such a mysterious influence over my life and actions for such a length of time passed from my memory like an indistinct shadow in a dream. It seems to me now, when I reflect, that her guardian spirit had fulfilled its mission, and quietly withdrew! When I had frequent opportunities of both seeing and speaking to her, I passed her as I would an utter stranger. How this cold insensibility in regard to her took possession of my mind I never could say. For three years she had held me in the most delightful bondage. For her, I had aspired to the position of a free and independent member of society, and when I was about realizing the glorious dream of my life, the magic of her mysterious power vanished; the sweet spell was broken by some strange power, and she faded from my memory like a thing that had never rested there! Twice I had been the subject of strong embodiments of unaccountable thought: the one was pure and unalloyed hatred, and I never knew the cause; the other seemed love in its most dreamy and holy sense,—indeed, there was not a particle of dross in the desire. Before I had seen my father I knew not what sort of a man he was, either in person or character, and yet I hated him as if he had been my most deadly enemy. It was certainly a strange idea for one so young to have been possessed with an ill-will against a person he never knew, and more particularly when that person was his own father. There was something in my love, too, if I can call it by such a name, which was equally unaccountable; and the vanishing of that feeling without any apparent cause was a crowning mystery. When men begin to analyze their thoughts, I believe they will find many feelings, and even lasting impressions, which are calculated to exercise powerful influence over their actions, baffle all their philosophy to account for them by the ordinary rules of investigation. It may be, that there are certain occasions when we are liable to receive impressions from invisible

agencies, or perhaps such things may arise from the peculiar idiosyncracies of our nature : there is also a possibility that we are sometimes acted upon by sympathetic susceptibilities, the origin of which lies veiled in the impenetrable *arcana* of the Divine will !

The time is nigh at hand when my suspended affections are again to be brought into action. When I had been in Hexham about twelve months I was accidentally introduced to a young woman whose name was also *Kitty*. We shortly became mutually attached to each other, and all the feeling I had had for the other returned, with its train of pleasing anxieties, and were concentrated in my new love. After this I continued to do my duty, and perform my ordinary avocations, *minus* my heart, for nearly three years. This young woman was a servant to a maiden lady in the same street in which I lived ; her parents were honest, industrious people ; and as to herself, never a more single-hearted, amiable, and virtuous woman adorned the home of a working man. The first *Kitty* may be said to have been an ideal creature of my affections ; but in the other I found the realization of my most sanguine dreams.

After I had been with Rutherford between three and four years, he was compelled to relinquish his business. For some time he had manfully struggled against a strong spring-tide of pecuniary difficulties, and at last was fairly stranded upon the lee shore of insolvency. For about three months before he yielded up the commercial ghost we were frequently without food, or the means of obtaining any, so that we may be said to have been regularly starved out. On leaving, or rather having been left, I obtained another employer in the town without loss of time, and one whose position was very different to that of my late employer. When I entered upon the duties of my new situation I found my condition materially altered for the better, and I had no cause to complain either of lack of work or scarcity of food.

In the year 1826, the Northumberland militia was called out

for a month's drill. Mrs. Ritson (my employer's wife), with the regard and affection of a mother, sent me to my military probation with every necessary, both for my comfort and personal appearance.

My first appearance in the character of a soldier was certainly the most ridiculous you can well imagine. The clothing for the men was served out to them without any regard to the principle of adaptation. At that time I was very slender in form, and of course did not require any great quantity of material to cover my person. I had my wardrobe bundled into my arms *sans* ceremony from the regimental store. The shoes were so capacious that, with a little enlargement, and a *Siamese* union, I might have gone on a voyage of discovery in them! The chapeau, instead of being a *fit*, was an extinguisher, and when I put it on I required to bid the world good-night! The longitude of the trowsers was of such a character that I could not find my bearings in them, and the coat was of such ample dimensions that if I had had a family it would have made a cover for the whole of us. I daresay you have some idea how an ordinary sized man requires to be made up for the representation of Sir John Falstaff; my case was something similar. The hat was flattered to remain on my head by being padded to such an extent that it looked like a *capital* accidentally placed on a wrong pillar, and I was obliged to hold my head as if I was balancing a pole on the top of it. The coat required two or three others as companions to keep it from collapsing and burying me in its folds; and the trowsers put me in mind of two respectable towns in France, being *Too-loose* and *Too-long*! The shoes were the only part of my *uniform* I could discard without a violation of military rule, so I studied economy for the State by wearing my own. When I found myself fairly encased in my new military costume, my identity was completely *non est*. In this guise I made my *début* on parade, in the character of a defender of my country. So

far as appearance was in question, I think you could almost have made a better-looking soldier out of a bundle of parti-coloured rags, with a monkey stuffed into the middle of it.

During the first week of my sojourn in Alnwick, nearly the whole of the men might be seen running to and from each other's quarters, changing coats in one place, hats in another, and trowsers where counterparts were to be found. On the whole, I never remember to have seen such a set of grotesque figures and truly fantastic-looking beings. The tall, raw-boned fellows were moving about with their wings protruding through the sleeves of their coats, and their legs a full day's march beyond the natural boundaries of their *bitruncated* hose. Many of the stout men were like big boys pressed into little boys' cast-off clothing, and the little fellows were like babies dressed in their fathers' garments. By the end of the first week most of the men got themselves bartered into something like soldier fashion.

I then passed muster as a front-rank man during the four weeks of my peaceable duties, and returned somewhat improved in the use of my *understandings*.

I may mention that the summer of 1825 was both the warmest and the dryest in the memory of man. The grain crop was very good; but there was little straw, and in some cases the oats had to be pulled up by the root. During this year one of the severest parliamentary election contests ever witnessed in England took place in Northumberland. The county was then represented by two members, and upon this occasion there were four candidates—two Tory and two Whig. Matthew Bell and the Honorable Thomas Liddle were the exponents of the good old stand-still principle; and the Whig, or Liberal creed, was supported by Lord Howick (now Earl Grey) and Thomas Wentworth Beaumont. The election cost the contending parties somewhere about £190,000. Mr. Beaumont's share in the expense of this foolish contest amounted to upwards of £90,000. A very

large portion of the money spent upon this memorable occasion was paid to tavern-keepers for brutalizing the people! Many of the bacchanalian scenes I witnessed were a disgrace to all the parties connected with the affair. During the fourteen days which the polling continued, the county remained in a state of feverish excitement: the constant and unlimited use of intoxicating liquors kept the mad passions of a great number of the people up to the boiling point. Religion, too, was dragged in to sanctify the unholy proceedings, and strengthen the claims of the two gentlemen who had the honour of supporting the Church and State. This was the good old system by which our virtuous legislators gained the portals of St. Stephen's, through the stomachs of their moral and religious supporters. It is true, we are not much better in the management of these things yet; but it is so far satisfactory to know, that some of our modern legislators have either got ashamed of the beer-barrel, or they have been seized with the "damnation o' the expenses;" so it is just possible we may have our elections conducted upon a more rational principle in future. I sometimes think that nothing could afford a better proof of our real English love of liberty than a contested parliamentary election. During these patriotic occasions the people were allowed the humane privilege of breaking each other's heads to their hearts' content. I have often seen bodies of men as industrious at this sort of employment as if it was the only real concern of their lives. It is true, the opposing parties were paid for their labours. I merely mention this to show that however *con amore* the unwashed went to their work, the honourable candidates were no less interested in the brutal conduct of their partisans.

At this time the pocket boroughs existed in all their accommodating usefulness, for the special protection of certain landowners, and the support of the Church and glorious Constitution! There were numbers of men in those days who

were so innocently green, that they imagined the equilibrium of the world depended upon the inviolability of these sacred vested rights. To have removed one rotten stone from the State, in their estimation would have brought the whole fabric of the Constitution to the ground, and reduced the world to chaos once more. Since that time the machinery of the State has been tinkered a good deal, and on the whole I think has been considerably improved. Nevertheless, old Mother Church holds on by her *golden* connection, and the Constitution, though it occasionally requires patching, is something like the Jew's old watch—"Better than new."

When I had been about five years at my trade, I began to have certain notions of manhood. During three years I had been labouring under a continual state of counter-irritation. The fact of the matter was, that I was ten thousand fathoms deep in the indescribable regions of love, and I had some vague idea that matrimony would be the only legitimate cure. My prospects for keeping a wife were certainly of a very hazy character; but I had a world of hope, and my intended had an unlimited confidence in me. My firmness had frequently dragged me through the mire of difficulty, while poor helpless Caution, instead of being a leader, was left to follow in the wake of her more reckless neighbour. Indeed few men with so much experience could have been blessed with a smaller amount of calculation, or a better stock of real sanguine dreamy speculation. If ever there was a man who should have realized a fortune by building castles in the air, I am that man; but I shall have more to say upon this subject by-and-by. Suffice it to say, that I made up my mind to merge the lover in the responsible character of a husband. For this purpose, I went through the dutiful ordeal of obtaining the consent of all the parties who were interested in the matter, and I became the happy husband of a good and virtuous wife. My employer allowed me ten shillings a week, and with this sum we were "surpassing rich;" if not in worldly *gear*, we certainly were in the best affections of the heart. If we

could have lived upon love, we could have gladly left the dull insipid world behind us. We soon found out the disagreeable fact, that those who are yoked in the traces of humanity, however much they may seem spiritualized, must continue to draw their earthly vehicles along the highway of time, during which the machinery must be carefully oiled. Love is no doubt a very pretty poetical passion, but unless it be fed upon something more substantial than mere sentiment, and dreamy hope, like a wick without oil it soon loses its sweet flame. After I had been married a short time, I had a quarrel with my master's son, and having been put on my defence by his unmanly treatment, I returned him payment in kind such as he had not anticipated. Had I remained longer, after having humbled the principal manager in the business, I knew my position would have been anything but comfortable; I therefore demanded my indenture. I never regretted this step, and I was fully borne out in the act by the whole of my friends. The young man I quarrelled with was an ignorant, presuming, petty tyrant, and as long as he kept his hands off me, I could very well afford to put up with his empty declamation.

Up to this time I was not able to write my own name, and while I was serving my apprenticeship in Hexham I had no opportunities to learn. Thanks to my stepfather, I could read a little, and never failed to turn it to account when I had the opportunity. During my stay in Hexham I had no means of seeing anything in the shape of literature; neither of the families in which I had lived possessed the most distant taste for reading, and as far as my memory serves me, I am not aware of having seen a book read in either of their houses. In the latter end of the year 1826, a friend made me a present of an old edition of Chevalier Ramsay's *Life of Cyrus*. This little volume opened up to my enquiring mind a rich field of useful knowledge. The appendix to the work contained the *heathen mythology*: this part of the work completely fascinated me, and for a considerable time became my constant companion. I had now a continual craving to pry into the mysteries

of literature; heretofore the glorious world of man's thought had been a sealed book to me, and I longed most ardently to hold communion with those master-minds who had scattered the beautiful flowers of their intelligence in the garden of humanity. My mind had a decided intellectual bias, but, unfortunately, it was firmly chained down in the dungeon of ignorance, and I had none to assist me in breaking the fetters. I believe there have been many men who have become ornaments to society, and benefactors of their kind, whose difficulties were greater than mine; but if I ever possessed the capacity, it was never properly directed, and, on the whole, I think I had more taste than talent.

After I had made suitable arrangements as to my future line of conduct, I left the home I had so long sighed for. After my wife was properly cared for in my absence, I made up my mind to go to Dublin; so I travelled to Whitehaven, and took my passage aboard of a collier, and had the pleasure of being tossed about in the Irish Channel for seven days, and as many nights. When I arrived in the city where "O'Connell was spouting, and Lady Morgan making tay," I found there was no opening for a turnover apprentice. I spent three days in seeing the Dublin lions, and was much pleased with the public buildings and the general features of the city. The population of Dublin was certainly the most extraordinary I had ever witnessed. From the beggar to the peer, all was animation, and I certainly never had been in any place where a piously disposed person could procure blessings at so cheap a rate; a few coppers were sufficient to bring down a shower of the choicest benedictions upon the astonished donor; but, on the other hand, a crooked look, or a word of reproach, would be sure to inundate the imprudent wight in a torrent of imprecations! The Dublin beggars, in their unmitigated rags, are a unique specimen of the *genus homo*; amid their mountains of motley rags there is a world of *devil-ma-care*, light-hearted fun and humour, and their ready wit sparkles in exuberance from the fountain of originality.

The cabmen in all countries are a peculiar race of men, but the Dublin carmen exceeded all that I had ever seen, both as to their manners, habits, and dress. The furniture of the horses, and the clothing of these fellows, were of such a character that it was really dangerous for a man whose risible faculties were easily excited to look at them; and their mellifluous brogue and soft blarney were irresistible, when used in pumping the feelings of their patrons.

I remember a very good anecdote of one of these men while driving a gentleman past the Bank; the day was both cold and foggy; the gentleman looked up to the Bank, and observed to the carman that he thought there had been figures on the top of the Bank. "An' sure, your honour, so there are, when the weather is fine; but, bedad," said he, "they would be great fools to come out sich a could day as this is any how." In these times a *tinpinny* piece would bring forth the exclamation of "may your honour *niver doie* until I wish it." While a *fippinny* would produce an arch leer, full of the most bewitching roguery, with an inquiry at the end of it, wishing to know if the donor was the only one of his family, or if it was the first time his honour had "*iver* been in the company of a *gentleman*?" The warmth of Irish feeling is surprising; but it entirely depends upon the direction it takes, whether it be pleasant or otherwise; the difference between a smile of affection and the blow of an enemy is often as transient as a flitting moonbeam.

On the whole, I was delighted with my Dublin trip. On the fourth day I took my passage aboard of a steam vessel for Liverpool. This tub of a ship was freighted with one of the most heterogeneous cargoes of men and brutes I ever witnessed. The evening on which we sailed was cold and somewhat stormy; it was in January 1828. After we had cleared the bar it came on to blow a heavy gale from the north-east. Among the deck passengers there was a man and his wife with seven children; the whole of this family were like living mummies enveloped in rags. Before the

vessel had got out to sea, they had taken up their quarters in the front of the raised quarter-deck, which was nearly amid-ship. When the old lumbering vessel began to smell the strong head wind, she tumbled through the waves as if she *did not care a devil* for them, and she washed her living decks as if delighted at the misery she was causing. I think I shall never forget the truly ludicrous, and at the same time melancholy scene I witnessed with this poor family; the steamer had shipped a heavy sea, which rolled along her deck in all the fury of water seeking its level: when the rolling wave reached the quarter-deck it rebounded with violence, and engulfed the poor hapless family in its boiling yeast. After the poor man had regained his breath, he addressed himself to some of the sailors, with a look and voice of the most profound melancholy: "Och, boys!" said he, "can't ye take this *wather* away from us?" At the time the whole of the family were prostrated in sea-sickness. The sailors were too much accustomed to such scenes of human misery to feel for the sufferings of deck-passengers. Had the family been well dressed there might have been a little commiseration shown them; but as they were in rags, it was quite sufficient to shut the bowels of mercy against them. After some trouble, I got two passengers to lend a hand, and we placed the poor creatures aft the funnel, where they were partially sheltered from the storm.

After I arrived in Liverpool, I continued my journey until I came to Yorkshire. When I got as far as Bradford, I learned that there was an opening for a turnover in Otley. I, therefore, lost no time in making application, and was fortunate in being engaged with a Mr. Edward Walmsley, to complete the remainder of my time. The nature of my engagement gave me strong motives to industry. I was paid half journeyman's wages; and during the remainder of my apprenticeship, I made as much money as any journeyman in the place. Of course I had to work both late and early. I was only in Otley a short time when I was enabled to send

for my wife. I may look upon the time I spent in this little town as by far the best applied portion of my whole life. I had a kind and generous master, plenty of employment, good health, and a willing mind; and I was blessed with a loving wife, and was without care or anxiety for the morrow. During the first twelve months I was in Otley, I read all the historical works in the only circulating library in the place, which was then kept by a Mr. Walker. I also greedily devoured all the information I could obtain from the newspapers, by which means I became familiar with the leading topics of the time. On the Saturday evenings, I generally spent an hour or two in the bar-parlour of the New Inn. This room was regularly attended by a number of respectable tradesmen of the town. The consequence was, that I became easy in my manners, and improved my conversational powers in no small degree; and I can say without egotism, that while I frequented that house, I was looked up to as an authority upon many of the leading questions of the day. On the last day of 1828, I gave a hostage to the State in the birth of a son, and if anything was calculated to increase my happiness, this event could not fail to do it.

The year 1829 may be looked upon as one of the most eventful in the history of the first half of the nineteenth century. During a great portion of this year, the whole country was in an alarming state of excitement. The labours of the Catholic Association were about producing their desired effect. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel had opposed the Catholic claims with all the moral force they could bring to bear upon the question; but at length, seeing those claims could be no longer resisted with safety to the State, they made a virtue of necessity, and carried the measure, in the face of taunts and volleys of abuse from their former colleagues. During six months, the Anti-Catholic spirit was in a continual state of effervescence; and petitions and counter-petitions were poured into the Houses of Parliament in wagon-loads. All the trickery of low

cunning, and the malignancy of sectarian zeal, with no small portion of honest hatred, were brought to bear against the passing of this measure.

The first scene in the opening drama of religious toleration and social equality was enacted; and what is worthy of special notice, the leading performers were men who had all their lives strongly opposed everything in the shape of progress. The Test and Corporation Act, as a prelude, had been abrogated, by which means the national stigma was wiped away from the Dissenters, and men once more began to breathe the atmosphere of rational freedom. From this time forward, the Legislature received an infusion of new members,—I mean such as were not bound hand and foot to the aristocracy; but it was not until four years after that the House of Commons fairly began to be inoculated with the middle-class element. The Reform Bill, although it was only an instalment of the people's rights, produced a new era in our national history. When we take a quiet, retrospective view of the state of affairs in Great Britain in the early part of the present century, and compare it with the latter, I think it will be admitted, that as a nation we have much cause to feel grateful. The criminal code, which was a disgrace to us as a Christian people, has been revised and greatly ameliorated, by being purged of its sanguinary character. The fiscal regulations have also been modified, by which means many of the unnatural restrictions which crippled the commerce and industry of the nation have been wisely removed. It may be remarked, that every step the Legislature has taken in the right direction has resulted in the renewed energy of the people, and the extension of our commercial operations. Of all the men in existence, statesmen are the last to leave the beaten track of *routine*; and it may be affirmed with truth, that our law-givers have been dragged up to their duty, rather than prompted to it by a sense of justice.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM now about entering an entirely new phase of life. I have broken the chain which bound me for seven years. In the early part of my apprenticeship I had much to suffer; a great deal of which was made more poignant by my age. But I bore all without a murmur, and found consolation in hope, and a bright future. After I had been little better than twelve months in my situation, I got my brother Robert bound apprentice to the same business, with a hatter in the same street where I resided. This relieved my mind a good deal, as I considered myself responsible, in a great measure, for his well-being. By that time Robert was a big, raw-boned lad. For some time he continued very diligent and attentive to his work; but after he had served twelve months he left hat-making to those who were more disposed to the business than he was, having enlisted into the Twenty-fifth, or King's Own Borderers. When I learned what he had done, my first impression was, that he had been taken advantage of, and I was determined to have him off. However, when I saw him I found my mistake: he had fully made up his mind to the profession of arms. In the course of a few days he was sent off to the *depôt*, which was then in Edinburgh, and I saw no more of him for several years. From the time I left my mother in Girvan, I had never learned whether she, and the rest of the family, were living or dead. I might therefore say that all my family ties were severed.

My apprenticeship expired in November of 1829, and I remained in Otley until the 3rd of January, 1830, when I removed my wife and child to Sandhoe, where she was to

remain with her father and mother until I should be able to send for her. I travelled direct to Edinburgh, and reached there in a few days after leaving Hexham. When I arrived in Auld Reekie, business was in a very dull state. However, I obtained employment, and was able to send for my wife in less than six weeks. During the month of May, while in Edinburgh, we had an addition to our family, in the birth of our eldest daughter.

About this interesting and memorable period two little circumstances occurred, which were matters of gossip for the time being. The one was the coronation of William the Fourth, and the other was the death of Sandy McKay, in a prize-fight between him and Simon Byrne. Just twelve months after this, Byrne was repaid in the same coin by being killed in a pugilistic encounter with Deaf Burke.

In the early part of the year 1827 I had occasion to go to Morpeth upon business, and while there (which was from Saturday to Monday morning) I put up at a small public-house. I had for a bedfellow a little Scotchman, who was then carrying on business as a draper in a place on the east coast called Bamborough. On the Saturday night I could scarcely get any rest for the loquaciousness of this person; but on the Sunday evening we had a rather warm discussion upon a religious subject. The man was full of strong prejudices, and altogether evinced an unmanly and contracted disposition. During our argument, I had treated him with a feeling of pity for his peculiar littleness of mind. When we went to bed on the Sunday night, he never opened his ungodly jaws; having to rise early in the morning, I bade him farewell, but such was the vindictive character of the creature that he took no notice of me. This person was about the most self-righteous animal I ever met with. I had not long been in Edinburgh when there was a most brutal murder perpetrated in Haddington. The victims of the murderer were his sister-in-law and his niece. After he had committed the foul deed, he covered the body of the

young woman with a carpet, and threw that of her mother into a pig-sty alongside of the swine. The murderer suffered the extreme penalty of the law while I remained in Edinburgh. When *Hemans* came out on the drop, what was my astonishment at recognising, in the condemned felon, my Morpeth bed-fellow! He died as he had lived, a canting hypocrite.

I remained in Edinburgh until the first week in August, when I removed to Glasgow, in consequence of the slackness of trade. Those who can remember 1830 will know that commerce was in a miserable state through the whole of the United Kingdom. I obtained employment in Glasgow, where I worked until the 18th of October; having lost my work a second time through the slackness of business, I left my family, and went on tramp in search of employment. I travelled 1400 miles upon this occasion ere I could obtain work. At last I got shopped in Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. I remained in this place for rather better than two months, during which time I sent ten pounds to my family, and purchased myself a suit of clothes. My employer in this place was a very kind gentlemanly person, and was anxious that I should send for my family, and remain with him; however, I had made up my mind to go to London.

Before I left the west of England, the working classes were in a fearful state of suffering and excitement in that part of the country. During my short sojourn, the condition of the country was alarming in the highest degree; vast numbers of the agricultural labourers were in a state bordering upon starvation. When large bodies of men are reduced to suffering from the want of even the common necessaries of life, it cannot be supposed that they are in a condition to be reasoned with by men whose stomachs are well lined. These poor people had no clear idea of the cause to which they owed their misery; and what was still worse, they did not know where to seek a remedy. The consequence of this unfortunate state of things was, that the people did what they often do

under similar circumstances, namely, took revenge upon those who were more comfortably situated than themselves, by destroying their property.

In 1830 a very large quantity of farm produce was destroyed by the torch of the midnight incendiary. Of course, such conduct was worse than madness, and in the end was sure to rebound upon themselves. In passing through Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Dorsetshire, I frequently observed threatening notices posted upon public places. While I was in Sherborne there was likely to have been a fearful tragedy enacted. An agrarian disturbance had taken place in a neighbouring village about three miles from the town. This village being in Somersetshire, while Sherborne was in Dorsetshire, it required some special *routine* on the part of the authorities of the latter place ere they could send assistance into a neighbouring county. The road from Sherborne to the village in question passed through a deep cutting, and left a perpendicular wall of many feet on each side. The rioters had learned the time that a large posse of special constables were to set out, and they made up their minds that not a man of them should return to tell the tale of the result of their expedition. In order to carry their diabolical plan into execution, somewhere about a hundred of them posted themselves upon each side of the embankment with a quantity of large stones ready to hurl down on the heads of the constables. Somehow the infernal plot was discovered in time to save the lives of the men, and prevent the infamy of such a dreadful proceeding. I believe if the matter had not been discovered in time, that it would have been next to impossible for a man to have escaped.

These agrarian outrages were a sort of second edition to the disturbances which took place in Yorkshire and Lancashire in 1819, when the poor factory operatives were driven to acts of madness in destroying the machinery which was then being introduced into the manufacturing of textile fabrics. Some simple-minded people imagine that such lawless

aggression could not take place now, in consequence of the improvement of the moral condition of the working classes. I am free to admit that the people, on the whole, have been considerably improved in an intellectual point of view; but it must be remembered that the necessities of human nature are as urgent now as ever they were; and that philosophy and hungry bellies are as uncompanionable as they were at the siege of Jerusalem! Let us suppose either the middle or the upper classes in society exposed to the pangs of hunger, without the means of relief, while surrounded by abundance,—I would ask what would they do? It is the simplest thing in the world for men in comfortable circumstances to moralize upon the sins and weaknesses of human nature,—herein lies the difference between theory and practice. I feel satisfied that man's nature will ever remain the same, and that his conduct will be regulated by the various circumstances of his position.

I left Sherborne with some little reluctance, inasmuch as I both liked the place and my employer; but I found there was no dependence upon a continued regular employment. Immediately on my arrival in London I got shopped in Messrs. Mayhew and White's. After I had been in town a few weeks, I found that either the foggy atmosphere or the close confinement did not agree with my health; I therefore only remained between two and three months. The world of London has seen a few changes since then. At that time the new bridge was finished to the approaches, and I believe it was opened to the public about two months after I left. While I was in town, Mr. Hunt, the member for Preston in Lancashire, had a narrow escape of being lynched by a London mob, for the part he took on the Reform question; his life, however, was saved by the then new police, a body of men he had denounced only a short time before in no very measured language. The poor old Duke of Wellington displayed some uneasy feelings about this time, relative to the active character of the London unwashed, and, for fear they should pay him an unwelcome visit, he had his house

ornamented with barricades, which I observed have outlived his Grace.

When I left town I took my passage in a steam vessel for Leith; after which I went direct to Glasgow. I had been away from my family about eight months, my return had been anxiously looked for, and it was not without feelings of the most profound pleasure that I again returned to the bosom of my family. I have often realized the truth of the sentiment that "there is no place like home." Since I had become a loyal and independent journeyman hatter, my career, up to the time of my arrival at home, had only been so-so. Before I went to the trade my life had been like a feather on the stream, and I was being continually whirled along from one eddy to another. My own impulses had little or nothing to do in producing the various colours in the ever-changing views of my living kaleidoscope. Notwithstanding my altered condition,—when you might suppose that judgment, matured by experience, should have taken the helm, and quietly steered me along the ocean of life, avoiding the quicksands of dissipation, and the misty headlands of speculation,—I am sorry to say you will find that my life still continued to be the mere sport of fate, and instead of regulating my feelings by the rule of reason, my passions dragged me headlong through the by-ways of folly. I do not wish you to understand that I was guilty of such conduct as would affect my character or position in society by indolence, roguery, or dissipation; on the contrary, I was both temperate and industrious, and I can say with the confidence of truth that I never lost half a day from my employment through drink as long as I continued the servant of another man. My follies were of quite a different character, which the reader will observe as he proceeds with my narrative.

I obtained employment as soon as I arrived at home, and for some time diligently applied myself to my work. In this year (1831) the agitation for a reform in the House of Commons was gathering strength over the whole of Great

Britain, and all the manufacturing towns were beginning to show unmistakable symptoms of a determination that would not submit to a denial. Meetings were being held in Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. These meetings, though generally composed of the working-classes, were supported by several members of the aristocracy, many of the Liberal gentlemen, and more especially by large numbers of the influential merchants and manufacturers.

A short time after I returned home meetings were being held by the working-men in all the districts of Glasgow. The hatters, as a body, had never made themselves conspicuous by identifying themselves with any political movement; however, upon this occasion they became infected with the common feeling, and a general meeting of the trade was held in order to co-operate with the other public bodies. By this time the Radicals of the west of Scotland had appointed a central committee. This body of men had the power of calling general meetings of the combined trades, and also of organising large meetings of the whole working population; they also suggested the rate of the levies, which were made from time to time, in order to carry on the war. At the meeting of my own trade I was appointed to represent the hatters at the general meetings of the delegates from the various bodies in the west of Scotland. My maiden speech at the first general meeting I attended got me elected a member of the Central Committee. Here, then, I got into the gulf-stream of political agitation, and was carried onward with amazing velocity. I was seized with a wild enthusiasm, and for the time became politically mad; my pride, too, was flattered by being made a leader in the camp of the people. From this date I took an active part in all the proceedings of both the Whig and the Radical parties in Glasgow for several years.

The Trades' Committee was entirely composed of working-men, and many of them would have done honour to the

highest rank in society. Among them were several very excellent public speakers, who could acquit themselves in a becoming manner upon almost any subject. The fact was, the Committee was an excellent school for young beginners in the science of oratory and public debating, and many of the members made no small proficiency in the art. The gentleman who was chairman for this Committee for several years (Daniel Macaulay), was a small man with a large mind; he was both fluent in speech and quick in debate; and he possessed most excellent tact in keeping order in public meetings. There was also a Mr. John Tait, brother-in-law to the chairman, who was looked upon as the Moses to the Radical camp. This gentleman drew out all the petitions, attended to the literary department, and exercised a general directing superintendence over the whole business of the Committee. Some of this man's literary compositions were an honour both to his head and his heart. His style was chaste, easy, and fluent, and he was quite at home upon almost every subject within the range of our business. Mr. Tait conducted the *Trades' Advocate* newspaper for many years, and during the whole time he stood deservedly high in the estimation of all classes in the community. The Committee had also its Poet Laureate, in the genial, honest, warm-hearted Sandy Rogers. This gentleman's political squibs frequently went the round of the British press. The social qualities of Mr. Rogers were of the most pleasing nature, and the amiability of his mind was happily reflected in his broad *sonsie* face. Though some of his satirical effusions were exceedingly pungent, they were entirely free from the gall of personal bitterness. His well-timed squib upon the Edinburgh gentry, during the visit of George the Fourth, will still live in the memory of those who were in the country at the time.

There was also another gentleman of no mean poetical talent, a member of the Committee. This person's name was Mr. George Donald. I think it could scarcely be possible for any two men to be more dissimilar in their moral

and social characteristics; poor Donald's very soul seemed to dwell in the dark regions of misanthropy, and to look at his doubting, snarling face, one would have imagined that his mind had never been enlivened by a single ray of hope. Poor fellow! he became a moral wreck, and an outcast among his kind. During the time I was a member of the Trades' Committee several highly talented young men became moral shipwrecks; such was the nature of the temptations they were exposed to, that not one in a hundred could bear up against them for any length of time. The social habits of the Scotch people are, in my opinion, much more calculated to lead young men astray than those of the English; and as the general beverage is whiskey, it soon makes an inroad upon the nervous system sufficient to unfit men for business. I am not conscious of more than four members, out of all those who were actively engaged as committee-men, who did not become victims to the accursed vice of intemperance.

From the time I became a member of this body, until long after the passing of the Reform Bill, my mind was continually directed to some business connected with it. Indeed, there was rarely a single night in the week that my time was not occupied, either in sub-committees, or on the general committee. The most dangerous feature connected with these meetings was the everlasting adjournments to the taverns after business hours. In this little political squad every man was as full of self-consequence and legislative importance as if each were a political Atlas, and the battles of the committee were frequently fought a second time o'er the *gill stoup*. After I had been a member of the Trades' Committee about six months, I was also elected a member of the standing committee of the Reform Association. This body was composed of the resident gentry, merchants, and manufacturers of the Whig party. You may well imagine that if I was not a person of importance, I thought myself so. I know that nothing great can be attained by man without the salutary spur of ambition, and that he who would honestly serve his fellow-men must be

self-sacrificing. I dare say I was a good deal actuated by a true spirit of patriotism; but if I had done the same duty, with anything like the amount of zeal, to my family, I could now have looked back upon the past with a feeling of satisfaction very different to what I possess. In looking at my political career from my present position, I have reason to be thankful that I passed through the dangerous ordeal without sustaining greater loss. It was so far fortunate for me that I never indulged in drinking habits, and I never lost time from my employment.

During the year 1832, several open-air meetings were held on the Green of Glasgow. Some of these gatherings I believe to have been the largest political meetings ever held in Great Britain. The manifestation of public feeling displayed at some of these meetings produced no small effect upon the Legislature. The meeting which took place during the time the Duke of Wellington held the seals of office, and had the whole of the administrative power vested in his own person, gave such a demonstration of outraged feeling and disappointment, that the country became greatly alarmed, and the Sovereign was obliged to recall Earl Grey. During the whole of my life I never witnessed such a display of self-possessed determination. Many of the flags and emblems indicated the feelings of the people in the most unmistakable language. The portraits of the King and Queen were turned upside down, and burned amid the execrations of above 200,000 people. There was no boisterous mirth among that vast assemblage of human beings; all feeling of levity was checked by the serious symbols which were so numerous displayed. In various parts of the meeting brawny arms were seen to cling to weapons of death, and death's-heads and cross-bones gave the meeting a solemn import. I had the marshalling of the whole of these out-door displays, and in all cases they passed off with the utmost order; but upon the occasion of the one above alluded to, I was somewhat afraid that the leaders had raised a power they could not subdue.

During the latter end of the Reform agitation, Sir D. Sandford had made a favourable impression upon the working classes in the west of Scotland, and the members of my own trade were quite enthusiastic in his regard. In order to give a tangible manifestation of their feeling, the men decreed that he should wear their approbation in the shape of a superfine beaver drab hat. The *chapeau* was made, a committee appointed to wait upon him, and I was selected to present it, in the name of the members of the trade. Upon this mighty small occasion, the expounder of *Thucydides*, like a second *Hannibal*, swore upon the altar of his country never to cease from fighting the battle of liberty as long as a foe should remain. Since then the country has had frequent opportunities of being amused at the *Jim Crow* gyrations of high-sounding politicians.

In the year 1832, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who had made himself conspicuous during the Reform agitation, and who afterwards obtained no little notoriety from his questionable advocacy of the Charter. This was Dr. John Taylor. The first time I was introduced to him was at a large out-door meeting, held on the green of Glasgow, to receive the late Earl of Durham. There was a considerable degree of eccentricity in the doctor's conduct, which gave him an air of romance. At that time he wore a sailor's dress, with a sort of brigand hat, and the collar of his shirt turned down in the Byron style; in height he stood about five feet ten inches, his complexion was more of the Italian than British, his hair was jet black and hung upon his shoulders in graceful curls, and his eyes were large, and dark as coal. On my first acquaintance with Taylor, I was quite charmed with him; indeed, there was a fascination in his manner that was quite irresistible. Few men were better calculated to make a favourable impression upon a public meeting: he was not only a good speaker, but he possessed a large store of general information, and was therefore quite *au fait* upon every subject that came before him as a public man.

In 1833 the hatters of Great Britain found it necessary to remodel the constitution of their association. A delegate meeting of the trade was appointed to be held in Manchester. Scotland was represented by two members, one from Edinburgh and the other from Glasgow. I had the honour of being elected member for the latter place, and acted the part of vice-chairman to the meeting. At that time there were many tyrannical rules in the trade, which I was instrumental in having altered. While I was on this meeting, which lasted fourteen days, I had ten shillings a-day and my expenses paid.

During the time I was in Manchester, acting the part of a legislator upon a small scale, my memory more than once wandered back to my previous visit, when my friend Bird left me to run under the close-hauled topsail sheets of poverty, without a shot in my locker to balance my empty stomach. The difference between prosperity and adversity is only like that of sunshine and shower—the traces of our joys and sorrows are soon swept away by the brush of time, and thus the world wags. Men who sail down the ocean of life with their canvas filled before the trade-winds of affluence only know humanity in part. It is true they have their own little demons to battle with, in the character of their perverse passions; but it is very different with the numerous host who have to double the Cape Horn of poverty in vessels which are scarcely seaworthy at the beginning of the voyage; and it is still worse for those who are sent to sea without chart or compass to guide them on the voyage of life.

In the early part of the following year I was delegated on a similar mission to a meeting which was held in Liverpool. Shortly after this event I commenced business in Glasgow upon my own account. My capital was but small, but I had a large round of acquaintances, and had no fear of not succeeding. Strict application and industry were all I required to insure my getting on in my new calling. For the first two years I did very well, and would have continued to

have done so ; but I was for ever running in the face of my own interest by dabbling in politics. The fact was, I had been too long a leader in the ranks of radicalism to think of retiring. The consequence of this folly very soon told upon my business, and by my egregious stupidity I allowed dull plodding men to distance me in the race of enterprise ; like every other man who is blinded by self-conceit, I was surprised to see men who had neither the energy, talent, nor apparent aptitude I had succeed in business. It was certainly an uncomfortable reflection to one who was so full of self-importance to find that he was wanting in the commonplace ability of conducting his own business—but so it was. In 1836 I opened a retail shop in Nelson Street, and continued to manufacture my own goods. I soon found that this business was totally unsuited for me in more ways than one. I was troubled with a conscientiousness, or what will be looked upon as a false independence. I could not bear the idea of higgling with my customers. At that time it was a general custom in Glasgow for people in the retail trade to ask more for their goods than the legitimate price ; such being the case, no one thought of paying the price asked in the first instance. I looked upon this system as not only dishonest, but there appeared to me something in it highly contemptible and unmanly.

In the spring of 1837, I was engaged on Mr. John Dennistoun's committee, while he was standing for the representation of the city. This was the only time I had ever received anything in the shape of remuneration for my political labours : at that time the parliamentary agent made me a very handsome present. As the season advanced I found that I could not proceed with my business ; I therefore wound it up and entered upon a new line of life, perhaps the most dangerous of any I had ever been engaged in. I opened a tavern in King Street, under the auspices of the "Hatters' Arms." For some time after I opened this business, all "went as merry as a marriage bell." You will

shortly see that my want of business habits, and thorough independence of all calculation, made me the scape-goat of my own imprudence, as usual. At this time Dr. John Taylor was joint proprietor and editor of *The Liberator* newspaper (formerly *The Trades' Advocate*), and as the country was upon the eve of a general election, the little political bodies and cliques were in a state of lively excitement. The Radical Association held meetings in order to look out for a suitable member to represent their interests. After much canvassing, it was found that that body could not find a man with sufficient funds to come up to the mark. Several gentlemen of well-known liberal opinions were applied to, among whom were Mr. Aytoun, of Edinburgh, and a manufacturer belonging to the town, whose name has escaped my memory. I think Mr. Roebuck was one, and I also wrote to Colonel P. Thompson.*

When the time for the general election arrived, there were five candidates in the field, one of whom was Dr. John Taylor: I was a good deal surprised when I learned the circumstance. At that time the poor Doctor was bankrupt in fortune and character; I knew that he had no means of paying the election expenses; however, I soon found out where the money came from. Among the rest of the candidates there was Mr. Monteith the younger, of Carstairs, who came into the field under Conservative colours. This gentleman's friends, who were aware of the nakedness of the Radical land, and the hungry condition of some of the leaders, had made overtures to the Doctor, to cause a diversion in the Liberal camp by his standing, and procuring all the votes he could, which were ultimately to be handed over to Monteith. On the evening when this *ruse* was concocted, there was a meeting of the Radical Association, held to learn the result of the Election Inquiry Committee, and during the meeting

* Afterwards Lieut.-General Perronett Thompson, the prime mover in the repeal of the Corn Laws. He had served many years in India and Sierra Leone; was a vegetist, and became a nonagenarian.

there was a motion passed that the Radical Association should not lend its support to either of the Liberal members. As I was secretary *pro. tem.* at the meeting, of course I was required to insert the motion.

I know much interest cannot be found in this matter, nor would I have noticed it, if it had not been for the after consequences. The gentlemen who had entered into the dishonourable plot to play into the hands of the Tories by a side wind, on learning that I had declared in favour of the Liberal candidates, had my name posted over the whole of Glasgow, coupled with the resolution which was passed at the meeting above alluded to. Both my pride and honesty were at stake; I therefore lost no time in calling a meeting of the Liberal party for the following evening. This meeting was held in the Bazaar; I got a gentleman to preside who was well known to all those in the Liberal interest, both for his sterling honesty and straightforward character.* When Dr. Taylor had learned that I had convened this meeting, he called upon me and endeavoured to dissuade me from attending; he laid much stress upon the consequence which would result to my business, and when he found he could not move me, he appealed to my wife. I attended the meeting, where there were upwards of 5000 people, and cleared my character from the aspersion intended in the broadsides which had been so freely circulated. I also damned the Taylor party, and such was the indignant feeling of the meeting after my explanation, that neither the Doctor nor any of his party were allowed a hearing. On the following morning Dr. Taylor was taken upon a warrant for debt, and lodged in jail, where he remained until some short time after the election. I certainly was sorry for the Doctor; for I was aware that he was made the victim to the cupidity of a set of cormorants who had long lived upon the public. On the third day of his incarceration I went down to see him, and as I was entering the prison I met Dr. Bowring coming out from paying him a visit. During the

* David Walker, Esq.

time I was in Dr. Taylor's room a little circumstance occurred which is worthy of notice. A messenger delivered a small packet to him, and after he had examined its contents he unfolded a five-pound Bank of England note. "Here," said he, "gentlemen" (there were three of us present), "you see I am not altogether forsaken by the world!" The gentleman who sent that note was a Mr. Samuel Hunter, who was then, and had been for many years, editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and, of course, was a decided opponent to the Doctor in politics. The delicate manner in which he sent it, requesting Dr. Taylor to drink his health during his short captivity, was honourable both to his feelings as a man and a Christian.

Now again comes the winter of my discontent. The very party I had quarrelled with had been my principal supporters in my new business. Instead of the turmoil, noise, and bustle of a busy tavern, my house became as quiet and orderly as any private establishment in the town. By this time my family had increased to a goodly responsible charge, being five in number, which was composed of three boys and two girls. The old adage was being verified in my experience, that misfortunes never come singly. My wife was seized with typhus fever, and in the short space of seven days she left myself and young family to mourn her loss. This was both a serious and unlooked-for calamity. In her I lost a faithful and affectionate wife. In her temper she was quiet and gentle; she possessed a very passive character, with a very small amount of energy; but no woman could have a greater reliance upon a husband than she had upon me, and while we lived together I never abused her confidence. At the time of her death my youngest child was only eight months old, I had therefore to send it to nurse; the loss of its mother's breast, and probably the change of milk, so far affected its health, that in little more than two months he followed his mother to his silent home. The dark clouds of my fortune still lowered upon my devoted head. My brother Robert had returned from Demerara, and shortly after he came

home he took the same trouble of which his father died. Poor fellow! he lingered only a short time upon the threshold of death, until he too paid the debt of nature. Of course I had the whole of the expenses to sustain. These successive shocks rapidly altered my position, and cast a gloom over my hope for the time being.

My brother Robert's career was full of uncomfortable incidents. It was his misfortune to be ruined by kindness. Before he was nineteen years of age he was made sergeant, and intrusted with the charge of a recruiting party. While on this duty he was quartered at Banff, in Aberdeenshire, where he became acquainted with a young woman; shortly after which he deserted, and appropriated the money with which he should have paid the men in his charge. He was only absent about a fortnight when he was retaken; all the punishment he received for such a glaring breach of discipline was being confined to barracks for a month. He had no sooner regained his liberty than he repeated the misconduct in a second desertion; he was again brought up, and received similar punishment; and repeated the same conduct a third time, with the same result as to punishment. The reason why he was treated in this lenient manner was in consequence of Colonel Chambers having taken a strong liking to him. I certainly never saw a finer-looking soldier; in height he was fully six feet, he was also well made, and possessed a thorough military bearing. After all his wild escapades, his wife was allowed to go out to Demerara with the regiment. After they had been out about twelve months, upon an occasion of his coming off duty, he had the mortification to find an officer insulting his wife. He took summary revenge upon the man on the spot. After some little time he was brought to a court martial; the case was so fully brought home to the officer that he was cashiered. Colonel Chambers knew that Robert would not have much peace in the regiment after such an event, he therefore purchased his discharge; after which he paid both his and his wife's passage, and sent them home.

I never knew an instance where a young man had such a bright future opened up to him in the army, and sure I am it was not possible for any person to take more effectual means to damn his prospects. In every particular he was a *facsimile* of his father; he was a creature of impulse, and allowed his passions to hurl him headlong to destruction. Such was his life and such was his end.

By this time my brothers Thomas and William, whom I had not seen since they were mere boys, had got tired of living with my mother, and both enlisted into the Twenty-fifth. Thomas died while the regiment was at the Cape of Good Hope; and the other fell a victim to the cholera in India. They were both fine young men, and good soldiers. Thus, out of the whole of my mother's family, I was the only one left to toil on in the journey of life. And at the time of my writing I have outlived the youngest by over forty years; yet to have seen us when boys, the lives of any of them would have been taken for more than double the value of my own.

CHAPTER IX.

I DARESAY the reader will wonder in what new phase of existence he will find me next. He will see that my lot is somewhat like that of the Wandering Jew—doomed to wander on through continual changes. It is written that “Man never continueth in one stay;” and that he is “born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.” I know not whether I have had my full share of these accompaniments to frail humanity, but in my own mind I think I could have spared some of my sorrows, to help to balance the joys of others who have not been similarly tried with adversity.

In the year 1838 I again bound myself in the hymeneal noose. The young woman I married was a native of Carlisle, and was of a highly respectable family. I think no man was ever more fortunate in the choice of his partners. In marrying the second time I felt the emotions of love even stronger than the first; and in this case, as in the first, I was perfectly free from any mercenary feeling. In the whole of my experience I never knew a single instance where a young woman was brought in to do the duties of a mother to another woman's children, who so faithfully, so ardently, and so affectionately performed her part. The fact was, the children never knew what it was to have lost a mother. I was fully aware of my wife's warmth of affection for myself; but she bound me to her by the double ties of love and gratitude. I am aware that many of the discomforts of married life entirely arise from the imprudence of the men. When a man allies himself to a wife, it is both his duty and interest to make her condition as comfortable as his circumstances will admit of. When a

married woman sees her husband begin to treat her with coldness and neglect, she must necessarily feel, that if ever her husband had any affection for her, it has ceased to live in her regard; if, therefore, she forgets the duties of her position he has himself to blame. I have frequently observed that many men, after being married some time, have the misfortune to find that their wives are not quite the *angels* they thought them, and they have neither the sense nor the good feeling to put up with their little weaknesses. This is a grievous error in more ways than one. There is no human being free from imperfections; and those men who are the first to discover sore spots upon the character of their wives are generally the last who should "cast the first stone." One of the most common causes of matrimonial unhappiness in this country arises from great numbers of men spending their time in public-houses, instead of their own homes. When the society of pipe-and-pot companions is preferred to the sacred comforts of the home fireside, there can be no such thing as matrimonial happiness; and, as Huddleson Wynn says, such marriages are "not matches, but bundles of matches, filled with claws and scratches." I hold the man who spends his money and time in a public-house instead of his own to be one of the most selfish animals in existence, and unworthy the holy name of either husband or father.

I continued to struggle on in the Hatters' Arms until 1839, when I found that my business had become so hopelessly irredeemable that I was obliged to give it up. At that time I had some political acquaintances in Greenock, who got me persuaded to hang out my sign in that amphibious town. This was another of my false steps, which was purely caused by want of calculation. I removed my family to that place, after having taken a spirit-cellar in one of the low streets in the town. I very soon found that I had made a serious blunder in coming to this town. I know of no business in the whole catalogue of commerce so utterly contemptible and truly degrading as that of keeping a spirit-cellar in a poor locality; and

before I had been in this place a month I was heartily sick of it, and felt myself humbled to the lowest degree. The tavern business is sufficiently bad in all conscience; but when compared with the other, in a moral point of view, it is immeasurably superior. There is something truly revolting to every right feeling of humanity, to live, as it were, upon the degradation of the unfortunate members of society. It is true that this infamous traffic is legalized by the law of the country; but it is equally true that the law is one of blood, murder, and crime, which stains the black catalogue of our social condition. I could not for the soul within me apply myself to this loathsome business; and in my endeavour to make it somewhat select I tried to weed the wheat from the chaff of my customers, but in doing so ruined the business entirely.

While I was in Greenock I had in some measure identified myself with the Charter movement, but up to that time the agitation had been conducted upon something like rational principles, if I except the mad conduct of a few of the leaders. About this time the People's Parliament was holding its sittings, and its sage members, in the abundance of their wisdom, had propounded the sacred month.* If the devil had been legislating for the people, his satanic majesty could not have devised a better plan for their destruction. A meeting was held in Greenock, in order to carry this hellish suggestion into execution; and I was not only invited to attend, but was pressed to take the chair. At this meeting I told the working men of Greenock that if they wished to cover themselves with infamy, by assisting in bringing the industry of the nation to a stand, they would do well to proceed. I told them also that one of the immediate consequences of their conduct would be, to let loose the whole vagabondage of the country, who would rob, plunder, and murder the innocent

* The entire working population were to stand idle for a month, to force the six points of the Charter, viz.,—the Ballot; Universal Suffrage; Annual Parliaments; Payment of Members; No Property Qualification, and Electoral Districts. This sacred project, however, was found impracticable.

and defenceless members of society, and that the honest and well-conducted would have the credit of it. Such, however, was the infatuation of the more unthinking, that I had the pleasure of being branded with the character of a renegade and a traitor to the cause. I did not blame the working classes, who were then paying men to think for them, and in whose wisdom and prudence they had trusted the management of their affairs; but I certainly felt disgusted with the mercenary horde, who were not only deceiving them, but were also guilty of the treachery of misleading them. Perhaps there never was a greater farce played off upon the credulity of the working classes of Great Britain than that of the People's Parliament. I grant that there were a few honest men amongst the members of that august body, but I certainly think their judgment was of a very questionable character. On the other hand, the great majority of the members were a set of hungry knaves, who embraced the opportunity of turning their spouting qualifications to their own mercenary account. From what I knew of the character of some of these would-be leaders of the people, I had always been impressed with the idea that poor John Frost was a victim of treachery; in this idea, however, I was mistaken.

I was personally acquainted with many of the men whose names figured in these exciting times. My friend Dr. John Taylor, whether from some infatuation or design, identified himself with all the madness of the Chartist movement, and was among those emissaries who endeavoured to get the people to rise, and rush upon their own destruction. When these men were in Manchester and Birmingham, they told the people that the men of the west of Scotland were all armed and ready to rise in rebellion, and only awaited the co-operation of their brethren in the south; and while in Glasgow the same story was told of the people in the manufacturing districts south of the Tweed!! All I can say is, if these men were honest they must have been mad, and if not mad, no conduct could have been more infamous.

While Julian Harney, Bronterre O'Brien, M'Dowall, Taylor, and others, were inflaming the minds of the people, Feargus O'Connor was amusing the world, disgusting sensible men, and bringing scores of poor people to misery by his memorable land scheme! I am convinced that O'Connor was perfectly honest in his intentions, and that he was sanguine of the entire success of his strange abortion of a plan for the redemption of the people; and there can be no doubt that if he could have made his scheme a practicable one, it would have been the means of bettering the condition of a large portion of the population. The idea of possessing land, if it were only six feet by three, is a pleasing one. When we know that Sir Walter Scott plunged both himself and others into irredeemable difficulties from an insane desire to possess landed property, we cannot wonder at the alacrity with which numbers of the people seized upon the agrarian bauble, and it is well known how many of them have suffered for their honest credulity. I think I may affirm, without fear of contradiction, that not one in ten of the Chartist leaders escaped moral shipwreck. It is only a very short time ago that one of these gentlemen, whose matrimonial connection was surrounded with a tinge of romance, left his wife and family in a state of helpless destitution, and made his way to the diggings, where I believe he is existing as a wandering outcast. The great misfortune which befell many of these men was their falling into intemperate habits. Besides this, some of them, after leading lives of indolence, and assuming the character of gentlemen, could not lower their pride, nor allow themselves to return to their ordinary avocations. I believe John Collins of Birmingham, and Lovett of London, to have been two well-meaning honest men, and with them I may class Mr. Vincent: the two latter I knew more by report than experience, but I was intimately acquainted with Mr. Collins. Like every other respectable man who had passed through the trying ordeal of public agitation, he was a decided loser, both in a pecuniary point of view and in his domestic comforts. After John had retired into private life,

and was beginning to make a comfortable living for his family, some of his foolish friends carried him into the Birmingham town council, where he had not been long when he became divested of his reason !

The intended *emute* of 1848 is scarcely worth a passing notice, were it not that the Government made such a fuss about it. The leaders upon that occasion were utterly contemptible, and are not worthy a place in the history of small political events, or even to be named with the insane but honest leaders at *Bonny Muir*. At all events, they were not like *Ossian's* heroes,

“ Who never court the battle, nor shun it when it comes.”

I had only been about eight months in Greenock when I was fairly stranded on the lee-shore of poverty ; and to crown my misfortunes I was afflicted with a most terrible malady in the shape of *sciatica*. My family, which had increased by one in Greenock, I now removed back to Glasgow ; when I got there I intended applying myself to my trade. I knew I never could be badly off while I could work at my business. This hope soon vanished, and left myself and family in desolation. I got employment with Mr. Thomas M'Gregor. When I went to make an essay at my work, I utterly broke down, and was not able to stand on my limbs five minutes at a time. I shall never forget the crushed state of my feelings on leaving the shop, with the assistance of a staff : I had the greatest possible difficulty in getting along the street. While I was in the act of limping along, and enduring the most intense suffering, I met a gentleman with whom I had been on terms of intimacy, who, on seeing my unfortunate condition, exclaimed, “ My God, Jamie ! what is the matter with you ? ” I told him I was like to faint with pain ; he took hold of my arm, and assisted me into a public-house close by. Before we left, I had buried all my infirmities and the cares of life in whiskey. My friend and I had finished our imperial pint each ; and I went home in a state of comfortable oblivion, and my sufferings were *non est* until the following morning. You

may imagine that my prospects were sufficiently gloomy for any Christian man. However, my hopes became brightened once more; for while I was in the act of sinking, a friendly hand was extended to me. Several of my old acquaintances, when they learned my circumstances, subscribed the sum of twenty pounds, and made me a present of the money at a dinner-party. With this sum I bought the license of a public-house from a person who was leaving town. This transaction turned out very unfortunate; when I obtained the license, I found it was not worth a farthing, in consequence of the previous holder not having procured a magistrate's certificate for the current year. I purchased the license in May, and the certificate should have been renewed in April, in order to make it available. Here, again, I was in a dilemma, of a very uncomfortable character, and I did not know which way to turn for relief. I was obliged to leave the house, where I was not allowed to carry on the business. I therefore took a couple of rooms for my family; and as I was totally unfit for any employment, in consequence of my disordered limb, I made up my mind to go into the infirmary, where I was sure to have first-class medical assistance. The superintending physician ordered me to be put under a course of mercury, by which means he anticipated a cure from a change in the system. In the course of little more than a week I was reduced to the weakness of an infant; after this I was plied with *neuralgic* medicines. I remained in the house for five weeks, and came out no better than when I went in. At this time no man with his neck clear of a halter could have been in a more uncomfortable position. If my own fate had only been at stake, it would scarcely have given me a thought, but the idea of the condition of my wife and family pierced my heart with the daggers of burning reflection.

Before I had left the "Hatters' Arms," a lodge of Odd Fellows of the Independent Order of the Manchester Unity was opened in my house. This was the first introduction of the society into the west of Scotland, and in a short time it

spread its branches over the whole of that part of the country, which was in a great measure owing to my labours, as you will learn by-and-bye. I had paid a good deal of attention to the character of this institution, and was satisfied that if it was conducted properly it would be of signal service to the working classes, as it offered them the advantages of mutual assistance in case of sickness or death. I knew that many futile attempts had been made during the whole of the beginning of the nineteenth century, by the working men of Great Britain, to institute Friendly Societies, whereby they could make suitable provision against the hour of trouble. In nine cases out of every ten, these praiseworthy efforts ended in failure, in consequence of the societies being founded upon a wrong basis. The fact was, that in all these attempts the men were working in the dark, inasmuch as they had no data to direct them. Indeed, it is only within the last thirty years that public attention has been directed to this branch of political economy. During that time the labours of Neisom, and other actuaries, have furnished statistical tables, which are now used as infallible charts both for Friendly Societies and Insurance Companies. I took it into my head to give a lecture upon the character and objects of Odd Fellowship. After having arranged the heads of my subject, I delivered a lecture both in Glasgow and Greenock; after which I published it in the form of a pamphlet. I realized a few pounds from this labour, but during the whole time I suffered the most excruciating pain, so much so that in a very short time the hair of my head had changed from black to grey.

In the latter end of the year 1839, I was sent for by the Odd Fellows of Edinburgh, to deliver a lecture in the Freemasons' Hall there. I went as requested, but owing to my trouble it was with the greatest possible difficulty I was enabled to perform the duties of my mission. When I returned home, I was seized with typhus fever of the most virulent character; and to fill the cup of my bitter sorrow, my whole family, with the exception of my wife, were prostrated at the same time.

I never was the man to repine under affliction. The difference between life and death with me has always been a thing of small moment, inasmuch as I have always had an unlimited confidence in the goodness of God, and a just appreciation of my own infinite littleness. Upon this occasion, I owed my life to the medical skill, and unwearied attention, of my friend Dr. Archibald Johnston ; and while I am writing this I feel an inward satisfaction in thus giving expression to the lasting and grateful sense I feel of his never-to-be-forgotten kindness.

I have often had opportunities of witnessing the untiring zeal, anxious solicitude, love, and devotion of women, when ministering at the couch of sickness. But in all my experience I never knew a case of so much heroic devotion, self-abnegation, unwearied attention, and self-sustaining love, as that exhibited by my own wife upon this occasion. During nine days and nights she never had her clothes off, and she was the only nurse we had to wait upon six patients. The younger members of the family soon recovered, but I lingered for two months. When I was just sufficiently recovered to move about the house, the over-strained system of my wife gave way, and she, too, became prostrated. It certainly was a very fortunate circumstance, that she was blessed with strength and courage to see us all through our illness, before she was seized with the disease herself. I feel called upon in this place, both as an act of duty and gratitude, to state, that as soon as my calamity became known to the Odd Fellows' Lodges, several of them sent me various sums of money. "The Banks of Clyde," in Greenock, of which I was a member, cleared me on their books, and sent me three pounds ten shillings. I may here remark that I had long been out of benefit, in consequence of not being able to pay my contribution. One of the lodges in Edinburgh sent two pounds. One of the country lodges also sent the same sum ; and two of the town lodges sent five pounds between them. My sufferings, and those of my family, are very common-place things in the abodes of

poverty. My condition was therefore by no means singular ; but the manifestation of generous feeling, and the substantial proof of friendly regard I received from a large body of my fellow-men, was certainly something to feel proud of. You will therefore perceive, that though I have had my small troubles in passing along the rugged highway of the world, I have frequently had my path smoothed by the generous conduct of my fellow-men. Believe me, the choicest blessing of heaven to man is the truly godlike feeling of kindness. However unbounded our knowledge, the magnitude of our thoughts, or the profundity of our genius, if we have not the electricity of love in our hearts, sufficient to make us feel for the sufferings of others, the chief end of our creation is unfulfilled. The man who dries the tears of sorrow, and relieves the wants of suffering humanity with acts of charity, is the greatest among the sons of men.

After I had sufficiently recovered from my weakness, I was engaged as foreman to Mr. Robertson, hat-manufacturer in Paisley. It is a matter worthy of mention, that when I recovered from the fever my sciatica had also made its escape ; and the hair on my head, which had been bleached grey with pain, came forth on my recovery in all its pristine blackness ! The fever had, therefore, produced the effect which the medical men in the Infirmary failed in doing ; and I can assure you that I was much obliged to it for its valuable service. Ever since, my right limb has been a *pedesternating* monument to its profound skill in the healing art. It is said, that there can be no positive good without a partial evil. I am of opinion that the axiom might be reversed, and be equally true.

I found my situation in Paisley very comfortable ; and my family were as pleasantly settled as any working man could wish. While I was with Mr. Robertson, numbers of my old associates from Glasgow were in the habit of calling upon me ; among the rest, there was one very intimate acquaintance, who was a dashing, dare-devil, good-hearted fellow ; when he came to Paisley I had much difficulty in being able to mind my

employment for him, for he sometimes remained four or five days at a time. After I had been in Paisley eight months, my friend offered to lend me money to go into business in Glasgow. After some reflection I accepted of his generous offer. This little step once more altered the future tenor of my life, and plunged me into a train of circumstances as varied as it is almost possible to imagine. When I went into business upon this occasion, the commercial affairs of the country were in a critical state, and business in general was extremely dull. I therefore soon found that the capital I had borrowed was not sufficient to carry me through the difficult season. In the meantime my kind and generous friend had unfortunately got involved in a serious law-suit, the result of which completely changed his position in society. Seeing, therefore, that it was a very doubtful question whether I should be able to weather the storm if I should proceed, I concluded, under the circumstances, that it would be better to retire from the dubious contest. I at once sold off the property, and turned the proceeds over to my friend; and after our account was balanced, his loss amounted to about twenty pounds.

At this time my circumstances were again down to the freezing-point of poverty, and the trade to which I had served my time was in process of being virtually changed into a new business, so far as the workmanship was concerned. Since that time the whole character of the business has been transformed, and as it exists at the present time, is as unlike the old stuff-hat system as the difference between making wigs and ladies' bonnets. I must say that the public have got the only advantage by the change. Hats are not only much cheaper, as well as better in point of durability, but they are infinitely superior in the look as an article of dress; and what is a matter of no small consequence, the silk hat will retain its colour, which is more than can be said of the stuff one. I think the revolution which has been effected in the hat trade has tended in a great measure to diffuse it among a much greater number of manufacturers; by which means

the respectability of the profession has been greatly reduced. For instance, large numbers of men are continually getting into the business who possess little or no capital; and the consequence is, that so soon as they are enabled to get goods ready for the market, they must be sold at whatever price can be got for them. Of course, when men do a business with the profits on the wrong side of the ledger, somebody is sure to be the loser! In consequence of this state of affairs, many of the *wee* manufacturers are continually passing through the insolvent courts, where they are enabled to obtain absolution from their commercial sins. One anomaly has arisen out of the change in the trade, which is, that the journeymen are not able (I speak generally) to make half the wages they could do in the good old fuddling times of *short turns*, *maiden garnishes*, and a hundred other little imposts; and yet they are now decidedly a more respectable body of men than formerly in their general conduct! During my apprenticeship, many of the elder journeymen were little better than half savages; one part of their time was spent in working like slaves, and the other in drinking like madmen. I have seen as many as seven stand-up fights among a shop of men before noon in one day.

After I wound up my short-lived business, I scarcely knew what to do; and I was reduced to that state of lethargy that I depended more upon the accident of chance than on my own energy. I had been going about in this truly uncomfortable condition for nearly three weeks, when I met an old acquaintance, who offered to give me the chance of a new trial in the world by again furnishing me with the means of going into the tavern business. This gentleman thought that I had been the victim of circumstances, and he imagined that I had all the elements of success in my character and capabilities; with the folly of self-conceit I was of the same opinion, but you will see how egregiously we were both disappointed. I accepted of my friend's generous and truly disinterested offer, and readily obtained a house in the Trongate, which I opened under the sign of the "Manchester Tavern." This place was favoured

with no very happy *prestige*, inasmuch as the three previous occupants had been starved out, merely for the want of customers. This little matter did not deter me from the venture. The day before I went into this house I did not possess a sixpence in the world, and the only decent coat I had was in the care of *mine* uncle.

Before I left Greenock I had run the gauntlet of political folly, and while in that town I had got completely cured of my *monomania*. I was now on the eve of being infected with another species of insanity, in the shape of Odd-fellow-phobia. When I was in private life the members of the Order did not trouble me much ; but the case was now very different, inasmuch as my business made me patent to all. I was delegated to all the grand quarterly committees of the district, was appealed to in all cases of dispute, either between members or members and their lodges. I became Grand Master of the district, and was required to superintend the opening of all new lodges, and the formation of new districts. I believe many of the members in the country thought I had nothing else to do, while others conceived I was making a fortune.

At that time there was a wild enthusiasm among the whole of the members both in town and country, and there was a considerable rivalry among the lodges as to which should have the greater number of members. In consequence of this peculiar state of excitement my small services were constantly in requisition : I was sent for to all parts of the country, to lecture upon Odd Fellowship. The following list of towns will give you a good idea of my labours in this way : Kilmarnock, Troon, Stranraer, Maryhill, Kirkintilloch, Greenock, Dunfermline, Edinburgh, Crieff, Auchterarder, Dunning, Perth, Dunkeld, Stanley, Blairgowrie, Cupar, Angus, etc. In the end you will see to what advantage I turned all this popularity.

The members of the Odd Fellows' lodges in the Perth district had frequently written to me, requesting that I would go

down and give a lecture upon the character and objects of the institution. At last, when I found leisure to comply with their desire, I went, and was not a little surprised on my arrival to find that the Committee of Management had planned work for me which would have detained me at least fourteen days. In going for only two or three days I had put myself to a good deal of inconvenience ; it was therefore quite out of the question for me to remain so long from my place of business ; however, I met the committee half-way, and continued with them a week. I went down in the second week in June, when lovely nature was decked out in all her luxuriance ; the season of the year was therefore the most pleasant for enjoying the varied beauties of that really delightful district. "The fair city" is charmingly situate on the southern banks of the river Tay, between her two *Inches*, which form, as it were, a pair of lungs, thereby contributing both to the health and recreation of the inhabitants. The bold and rugged scenery round *Kinfauns* forms a really beautiful and romantic landscape to the background of the view from the southern side of the city ; while a little to the north-west the royal palace of *Scone* is seen sweetly situate in its quiet sylvan retreat, amid its wide-spreading lawns. The road from Perth to Dunkeld leads through a most delightful country. About two miles before the stranger arrives at Dunkeld, the character of the scenery changes, as if by magic, from that of an undulating and highly-cultivated country to one of bold romantic grandeur. On the right-hand side of the road the clear winding Tay rolls along over precipitous rocks, or quietly meanders beneath a number of umbrageous arcades. The scenery in this locality is historically associated with many stirring events in Scottish lore. It was here that the "Thane of Cawdor" learned the truth of the prediction of the "coming wood." The last tree of "*Birnam* wood" may still be seen, like the last rose of summer, alone ; and as the "fairies dance o'er heroes' graves" in the *mirk* hour, the lonely traveller may hear the wind sighing through its

branches, and keeping time to the murmuring of the stream below. On the left-hand side of the way a mountain rises in lofty grandeur, and as the stranger winds along the road its geological formation is frequently brought to view in a series of huge quarries of blue slate, which have been worked since heather went out of fashion as a covering for houses in that part of the world.

The town of Dunkeld is delightfully situate in the loving embrace of the surrounding mountains, and when viewed from any of the neighbouring heights, appears like a fairy town in the arms of its guardians. The principal objects of attraction to the stranger in Dunkeld are the church, the residence of the Duke of Athol, the pleasure-grounds belonging to his Grace, the Hermitage—a delightful romantic retreat, embosomed in the deep recesses of the forest, above the town about a mile—the inns, and last, though not least, the auld half-ruined cottage where *Neil Gow* was born,

“The man that played the fiddle weel.”

I should think, from the style of architecture, that the church is at least seven hundred years old: much of the ornamental work is yet in good keeping, and I believe that there are few better specimens of the florid style of architecture to be found amid the Gothic remains in the kingdom. Dunkeld is divided into the *auld* and new *touns*. The new town stands on the north side of the river; nearly all the buildings in this place are of modern date, and of course in keeping with the taste and requirements of the age. On the other hand, the Old Town, with the exception of Birnam Inn, is composed of a few heather-thatched cottages, which seem struggling with Time, and scowling upon the innovations of modern improvement. The road through the Old Town leads to the Hermitage and the North *Hielands*. As the stranger wends his way up the hill in the direction of the Hermitage, he is sure to be solicited by a number of persons of both sexes, who keep stalls by the way-side, to purchase

a *bicker*, a *quaigh*, a drinking *caup*, or *two* three horn *spunes* as *souvenirs* of his visit to Dunkeld. The grounds belonging to the Duke of Athol are well worthy of being seen by strangers, and are, like Mr. Wyld's great Globe, open to all who can afford to pay. Every visitor to these grounds must have the attendance of a guide, for which he must pay—the demand made upon me when there was one shilling. It is said that his Grace has the lion's share of the money obtained by his showmen. Dunkeld stands in the mouth of the North Highlands, and I know of no more delightful place in Scotland, for those who can appreciate the beauties of nature, where rude grandeur revels in wildness blended with the improvements made by the genius and industry of man, to spend a few days in. For my own part, I am not aware that I was ever in any place which appeared to me so full of poetical objects. The variety and sublimity of nature in this sequestered vale are well calculated to fill the mind with the most pleasing emotions. Burns's description of Aberfeldy seems to be peculiarly applicable to much of the scenery round Dunkeld, where he says—

“ The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
 While o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.”

The whole of this district is full of historical associations. Dunkeld formed at one time the ancient barrier to the Roman army under Agricola; beyond this mountain pass the daring and hardy Gael was safe in the fastness of his Alpine retreat. Between Perth and *Auchterarder* there is still to be seen a Roman fortification which must have been next to impregnable; its form is that of a crescent, and the rear is protected by the Ochill Hills; the name of this place is *Auchtertyre*. A few miles to the south of *Crieff*, there is the most entire Roman encampment in the kingdom;* and between this

* Ardagh.

place and Dumblane, to the left hand coming south, lies the battle-field of the *Shirra Muir*. This memorable battle was fought between the Earl of Mar for the Chevalier, and the Duke of Argyle for the Government, in 1715. The contest seems to have been of a rather dubious character, which is pretty well described in the old song *Shirra Muir*,—

“ There’s some say that we wan,
 Some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a’ man ;
 But one thing I’m sure,
 That at the Shirra Muir,
 A battle there was, which I saw, man ;
 And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
 And we ran, and they ran awa, man.”

After I had done the duties assigned me by the committee, the members of the Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity in Perth district did me the honour of presenting me with a very handsome purse, in which were deposited a goodly number of sovereigns, at a public dinner given upon the occasion. My first visit to Perth was in the character of a *wee* ragged beggar laddie, on which occasion I lodged in a common *Padden Kane*,* in a dirty close in the High; after the lapse of nearly forty years, I was the honoured guest of some of the first men of the city, when I put up at one of the first-class inns, and was lionized as a person of no small consequence! Such are the ups and downs of life.

I remained in my new place of business for two years, when I removed to a larger house. After I had been in this place about twelve months, the Odd Fellows of Glasgow were honoured with the meeting of the Grand Annual Moveable Committee being held there. Upon the occasion of this meeting, I furnished another convincing proof of my great capacity for making blunders. It has always been the practice at these meetings that the members of the district in which they are held should have the opportunity of

* Common lodging-house.

meeting the officers of the Order at a public dinner. The Committee of Management for the district did me the honour of proposing that I should provide the dinner; the charge was to be five shillings each for dinner, including a pint of wine. I was requested to prepare accommodation for 600. Now you will mark my simplicity. The providing for such a large number of people involved not only a considerable outlay of cash, but also a great deal of personal labour; and instead of acting as any man with his head screwed on in a proper manner would have done, I proved that my credulity was a long way in advance of my judgment, in acting on the advice of the committee without requesting any security for the fulfilment of their part of the engagement. In order that the dinner should pass off with *eclat*, I waited upon Sheriff Alison (the late Sir Archibald Alison), to request that he would do the members of the Order the honour of presiding at the dinner, which he very readily consented to do. I may mention that, while the meeting lasted, I performed the duties of a delegate as well as having the business of my house to attend to. The dinner came off with much credit to the Society, and a clear loss of thirty pounds to me, with all my labour as a set off! The following year I was elected to attend the G. A. M. C. which was held in Bristol, at which meeting I was elected a member of the board to superintend the general business of the Society for the ensuing year. The meetings of this body were held in Manchester four times a year. I am almost sick of relating my own folly; but the record of my strange life would not be complete if I withheld it.

My new place of business was a very out-of-the way sort of a house, and therefore only fitted for a sort of customer trade. Now this, above all others in the profession, is the most dangerous. If a man would succeed in this business, he would require an indestructible stomach, in the first place; and in the second, he should be able to put up with any amount of insolence, bullying, blackguardism, and insult,

which men in the act of ruining themselves at their own expense think they are entitled to confer upon the person they patronise. This characteristic of the business is decidedly worse in Scotland than in England, in consequence of the difference in the social habits of the people. If two or three Scotchmen go into a public-house to have a social glass together, one of the party is sure to pay for what has been called for; the consequence is, that the rest stand treat as a matter of course, and thus they injure themselves through their mistaken kindness. Whereas in England each man calls for what he drinks, and pays for what he calls. You can well imagine the case of a poor landlord who has the smallest possible respect for his health. The first customer who makes his appearance *speers* for the *gude* man, and if he is in, "Send him *ben*," says he. Now this person in all probability is some neighbouring tavern-keeper, who has made this call in order to relieve himself of the *dry bock* before he can meet his own customers; one glass, however, is not sufficient to bring his relaxed nerves into working order, so the two have a pair of gills. In a few minutes some other flying customer pops in, and as he is by far too independent to call for a glass for himself, he tells the *lassie* to bring a *bit gill*. These flying shots very likely continue the whole day, and when the evening arrives the landlord's face is distorted by Mr. Alcohol pulling the muscles in different directions, so he is ripe for anything except attending to his own business, and if he be a married man the duties fall upon his wife, whence she becomes exposed to every species of licentiousness.

While I was in this business I knew many well-meaning and sensible men, who were imperceptibly led away by moderate indulgence in the first instance, which gradually increased upon them until premature death was the result; and I have known scores of my own immediate acquaintances become the victims of *delirium tremens*, and tumble over the edge of the world, in all the appalling horrors of that sad

disease. So far as I am concerned, it was a very fortunate thing that I had a constitutional dislike to taking spirits in a morning, and I also flattered myself that I had an excellent command over my feelings in reference to improper indulgence in drink; however, I am bound to confess that for some short time before I left the business, I began to feel an uneasy sensation about the stomach when I was not getting whiskey regularly. I looked upon this as the most uncomfortable symptom I had ever laboured under, as it was most assuredly the forerunner of destruction if not arrested in time.

Since I had commenced the tavern a second time, my business had never been what may be called a paying one, inasmuch as it was full of uncertainty. Occasionally I was as busy as it was possible to be, and at others in the dead calm of neglect. But the truth of the matter is, I was not fitted for the calling. In the first place, I was above it, and hated it for its debasing character. In the second, I could not bear to see my friends franking themselves to ruin, without remonstrating with them for their imprudence. Had I been made of suitable materials for the profession, I would have acted differently, and my wife might have been a widow and my children fatherless.

I think it was in the year 1848 when Mr. John Dixon stood for the representation of Glasgow. At that time there were four candidates, viz., Messrs. Dixon, Dennistoun, McGregor, and Hastie. The two first of these gentlemen occupied my house for their committee-rooms for the district in which it was situated. When I made the agreement with the agents, they requested me to give the committee all suitable refreshments, and when the committees were in active operation, the agents dined at my house daily. Mr. Dennistoun's account was paid as soon as it was presented; on the other hand, Mr. Dixon's agent offered me thirty pounds for my forty-one pound bill. I was so incensed at the insult offered to my honesty, that I immediately put

the account into the hands of an agent. About this time I borrowed eleven pounds from an acquaintance, a gold-beater in Glasgow, and handed over Mr. Dixon's account to him; he was to sue for it in his own name, and pay me the balance when he brought the suit to a close. Mr. Dixon's agent litigated the suit as long as he could make a single reply. In the meantime the gold-beater had purchased a large quantity of stolen property, which had been taken from a jeweller's shop in the Arcade, twelve months before. The gold-beater was incarcerated, but got out upon bail to the amount of two hundred pounds. Shortly after which he became a fugitive, and fled to the United States. Two days after he left, my lawyer brought the suit to a favourable issue; but as the person in whose name it was prosecuted had become an outlaw, I lost the whole amount. This would have been a matter of little consequence had my business been in a healthy condition; but unfortunately it was just the reverse: so my reign as a publican came to a close, I was going to say an inglorious one. But this was one of my seeming misfortunes, which I now look upon as one of the most fortunate events in my life; and I think you will agree with me in the expression, when you know of my improved condition.

CHAPTER X.

I NEXT removed to our modern Athens, where the philosophy of Dr. Chalmers in some measure smoothed down the savage theology of John Knox. I was not far from the apartments where the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* was manufactured, amid the exhilarating fumes of *mountain dew*, vulgarly called whiskey toddy. A short distance from where I was located, the printer's devils handled the doubly interlined proof-sheets of the Great Magician of the North, who amused the present generations of the world by the resurrection of their forefathers, whom he commanded to act and speak in the language of ages long gone by. If I could see *Habbie's Howe*, I could observe the hill above it made warm by the rays of the sun. Down beneath me Sir Walter Scott sat in marble glory, under his canopy of pinnaced flying buttresses; and above me were the pedestrian statues of two men who hold very different positions in history—the one that of William Pitt, and the other George the Fourth of blessed memory. Auld Reekie has been the home of the muses from the time that George Buchanan offered false incense before their holy shrine, until Wilson tuned his lyre in "The Isle of Palms." It was here too that Hogg had his small ambition and smaller egotism flattered by two of the literary lions of the day; and it was here that the immortal ploughman bard, like a rustic meteor, became the observed of all observers for the time being. He stripped himself of the gown of his living fame, and went back to his plough; but since the days of old Homer no man has ever found a more lasting monument in the hearts and

sympathies of his countrymen. In looking to the south, I could observe the building where the Messrs. Chambers throw off weekly their tens of thousands of sheets of cheap literature, by which means they amuse and instruct hundreds of thousands of human beings in all parts of the civilised world. I think it is more than probable that I was in Edinburgh at the time when these enterprising publishers must have received the first idea of commencing their glorious career. In the year 1829, or early in 1830, a small periodical made its appearance in Edinburgh, under the very pretty and appropriate name of the *Cornucopia*; it was printed in a folio size, being the same as Messrs. Chambers' first series of *Information for the People*, and it was also the same in price. This little pioneer in the field of cheap literature contained many excellent original articles both in prose and verse; there was, however, one serious drawback to its success—it was printed by some person who was only possessed of old worn-out founts of type, and the impression was sometimes so bad that it was unreadable; besides this, it was printed upon wretched paper. I cannot vouch for the fact that the Messrs. Chambers took the idea from this work, but I do think it was very likely to have suggested it. I may mention, however, that the *Cornucopia* was not the first attempt made to supply the people with cheap and useful literature. As far back as 1827 there was a very neat little publication, octavo size, brought out in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and I believe it was published by McKenzie and Dent, of that place: the price was twopence. Since Chambers' people have been in the market, there have been many attempts to divide the public favour, or perhaps it may be more correct to say, to speculate in the same useful field of labour with themselves. In my opinion the *Penny Magazine* issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, published first in the same year with Chambers' *Information for the People*, and the *Dublin Penny Magazine*, were the only periodicals of the time that at all came up to

their standard of excellence either as to talent in the general character of their articles, or in the high tone of their morality.

Edinburgh has long held the proud position of being the first literary city in the United Kingdom, and her press continually sends forth to the world the living thoughts of men upon every conceivable subject in the round of human knowledge.

The first half of the nineteenth century had just passed away, and with it a whole host of men whose genius shed a halo of glory round their native land. When Walter Scott was composing his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Jeffrey, Brougham, and others were lashing poor Byron into poetical madness; but since the time Pope first steeped his pen in gall, never were critics more cruelly flogged with the instruments of their own punishment, and instead of crushing the rising genius, they called forth the latent powers of his master-mind. The muses have now to mourn the men who ere-while scattered their beautiful flowers in the paths of humanity, and offered their acceptable incense before the shrine of intellectuality. He who tuned his lyre to the *Pleasures of Hope*, is gone to realize its blessings in another world. The bards of the lake have crossed the dark ferry, and the bright scintillating author of *Lalla Rookh* has hung his harp on "Tara's walls." The author of the *Isle of Palms* has thrown off his *humanity*, and left his chair to put on immortality. The Border minstrel has left his *Legendary Lore* to amuse succeeding generations of men; Hogg, too, has laid aside his moorland reed, and Rogers' lyre is unstrung.

I have had a stroll through Holyrood Palace, once the seat of Scottish royalty. I passed through the suite of rooms which were occupied by poor Mary, and looked upon the bed where her repose must oft have been disturbed by the midnight visions of her sad fate. Poor Mary! I cannot help opening the fountains of my heart to shed a tear to thy

unfortunate memory. Thou wert cast among thy countrymen when their little civilization was all but extinguished in the madness of religious zeal, and there was not a man in all Scotland to be found that could pilot thee through the storm; and he who should have been thy protector was the miserable creature of an imbecile mind. Thy dear royal cousin was like the Turkish monarch—she could bear none other near her throne. She ended thy suffering career by murder, and covered the sin with the mantle of hypocrisy! The dilapidated state of those rooms, with their decayed memorials of an unfortunate family, forcibly impresses the mind with the truth, that man's power and greatness is all a dream.

I remember very little of my first visit to Edinburgh; but it was then half of a century since I worked in it as a journeyman hatter. The swiftly sweeping power of progress had made a complete transformation in several parts of the *Auld Town*. The West Bow, with its oak-ribbed buildings, projecting gables and overhanging attics, quaint devices and curious designs, have all been swept away. The Canongate had also been much modernized; here and there a new building had been introduced between a pair of old tenements, like a young man supporting two old ones. The Grass Market was still honoured with the quaint architecture of three hundred years ago. Some of these old veteran houses looked down upon their modern compeers as if in scorn at their upstart presumption. The *Tolbooth* yet graced the [*Coo*] Cowgate with a few frowning bars, which here and there ornament its gloomy front.

Amongst the various towns in Great Britain that have gone through a rapid state of change within the last sixty years, I think Glasgow may be placed at the head of the list. I remember quite well when the High-street, and the Salt-market, with a part of the Trongate, were embellished with piazzas and pillars, half Gothic and half Norman. The town was then bounded on the east by the Cattle Market, on the

west by Jamaica-street, on the north by the Old Thorn-tree, and Laurieston and Hutchieston were all green fields. The miles of splendid quays which have been erected of late were then sleeping quietly in their silent quarries. In my time several towns in Scotland which have since become places of consequence were but mere villages. When I passed Galashiels in 1821, it was, in Scotch phraseology, a mere *clachan*, in which there were a few small makers of coarse *wad*, blue-dyed cloth. Since then it has become one of the most thriving manufacturing towns in the country. Fifty years ago Hawick was a place of note for its hosiery; it is now a first-class manufacturing town for shawls and tweeds. When I knew Langholm first, the only manufacturing done there was in a paper-mill, about a quarter of a mile below the town. This building is now a whiskey distillery, and the town is kept alive by several large manufactories of shawls, tweeds, and hosiery. Sixty years ago the Prince's Dock in Liverpool was its boundary on the west. I should think there are docks now extending two miles below it. How many new ones there are on the upper side of George's Dock I cannot say. In my time Birkenhead has been conjured into a stately town by the magic of progress, and the town of Liverpool has swelled itself into more than double its former size. Manchester, too, has kept pace in the race of commercial enterprise. In 1822, when I wandered in loneliness, and almost in despair, down Market-street, it was only a narrow lane, full of old Elizabethan buildings, and the town was not then half its present size. When I was in Bradford, in 1819, it was little better than a village. It is now a first-class town; and Leeds has immensely extended itself. And such is the case with several other towns in the manufacturing districts.

In my opinion there is a comfortable idea in again renewing an acquaintance with an old town after the lapse of sixty years, and finding it unchanged. One of the beauties of this *statu quo* state of things is, that you are sure to find the

people equally primitive as their dwellings. By this means you are enabled to consult the living history of a bygone age, in the manners and habits of a people, who quietly allow the rest of the world to leave them nearly half a century behind. For my own part, I am always pleased when I can visit the little by-nooks of the world, where the people live, as it were, out of the stream of revolution. In 1854 I visited Dumfries, and had it not been for the innovation of the Railway-station, and the removal of the saw-pits from the sands, I should have found the town as unchanged, in all its physical aspects, after fifty years, as it was possible for a good old-fashioned people to have kept it. Carlisle, too, retains a good many of its old characteristics; but the stream of humanity has been turned from the centre of the town to the west side of the Castle, where the railway forms the means of transit between the two divisions of the kingdom. The Watling-street of the Romans is fast becoming obsolete as a highway of commerce, and ere long it will bloom as verdant as the surrounding hills.

There are very few towns that have undergone a more complete transformation in character than Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It is true the Side remains in all its ancient glory, being the most upright street in Europe. The Castle continues to frown like a hoary-headed cynic upon the surrounding innovations, and the *lang* stairs yet try the *puff* of many a valetudinarian. Mr. Grainger, up to 1848, had nearly modernized the whole of the upper part of Newcastle; new streets were laid out in all directions, and he designed and built one of the most splendid and capacious Market-places in the United Kingdom. The new Corn-Exchange was without a rival; this building has been converted into a Reading-room and a Commercial Exchange. But the railway acted the part of the great magician in its wonderful transformations. The high level bridge which spans the Tyne, in the novel character of a pair of bridges, is one of the greatest undertakings of the age. The old *brig*, which unites New-

castle and Gateshead, looks like an ancient pigmy beneath its modern rival. The fearful explosion which took place in Gateshead in 1854 was the means of opening up Pipergate and Millgate; these two streets were called into existence before carts and carriages were fashionable. On the whole, the Newcastle of 1855 was a very different place to what it was in 1809, when I was in it for the first time. Middlesborough, in the neighbourhood of Stockton-upon-Tees, has been conjured into a thriving commercial town within the last sixty-five years. Whitby remains *in statu quo*; but Scarborough has more than doubled its old proportions. Leamington is the production of the go-ahead principle, and though an infant it has attained the proportions of townhood. The Cliff at Bristol was ornamented with a few straggling mansions forty-five years ago; it is now a magnificent town, with streets, squares, and crescents, all laid out in accordance with the taste of the age. If Clifton continues to progress as it has done during the last twenty-five years, *Durdon* Downs will be a place only to be found in history, and the old *Folly* on the cliff will have given place to some new one, without a *legend*.* The members of the old corporation of Bristol had grown so great, in their own estimation, over the slave-trade, that they imagined Bristol would continue to keep the lead as a maritime port; but while they flattered themselves in their power, the glory of their ancient city was transferred to Liverpool, where commerce flourished under more liberal treatment. During the time some of our large commercial towns were opening up their improvements, the old-fashioned standstill corporation of Bristol commenced a splendid chain-bridge suspended from two towers, which remain as monuments of the industry and enterprise of the projectors of this wonderful undertaking. Malvern, with sunny slopes, isolated mountain in miniature, and hydro-pathic establishments, is fast rising into a goodly town.

* "Cook's Folly" is a tower built on the top of the cliff, with a very pretty improbable legend attached to it.

This is one of those delightful places where the dilapidated in health can be washed, dried, and mangled at pleasure, and returned to their friends regenerated members of society. The Harrogate of my young days, though it stood *A 1* in the world of fashion, was only a fraction of what it is now.

In the march of improvement, Nottingham has been transformed in no small degree. Forty years ago, the business of this place was solely confined to lace-making by hand. Since the introduction of machinery to the purpose of manufacturing textile fabrics, the character of Nottingham has undergone an entire change. In almost every department of the lace business, the article can now be purchased at considerably less than the price formerly paid for the labour. Several new branches of industry have been added, such as hosiery, gloves, shoes, and a variety of fancy trades. The town has expanded in its physical aspect greatly beyond its old proportions. The park has been laid out upon a modern plan for a new town; and a splendid pleasure-ground added to the town where the inhabitants both find health and pleasant recreation. Derby has also been much improved both in its social and physical character. This town was once famed for its manufacture of fancy articles in alabaster, the material for which is found in abundance in the neighbourhood. This business has been superseded to a great extent by the introduction of ornaments in Parian marble, or rather an imitation of that article. The leading business in Derby is now, and has been for some years, the manufacture in silk of various articles. This place has also greatly extended its ancient boundary, and the town has been embellished with a beautiful *Arboretum*. When I was in this part of the country first, there were a great number of houses both in Nottingham and Mansfield excavated out of the sandstone rock, and it was no unusual thing to see cows feeding on the tops of the houses. These primitive habitations have all been swept away by the rolling flood of modern progress.

In my recollection, Aberdeen has been ornamented with

one of the most handsome streets in the United Kingdom, and I am certain that it will be the most durable, as all the houses are built of granite.* During the last sixty-five years, Birmingham has undergone the process of an entire change in its physical aspect: the railways have disembowelled it with their subterranean passages and gigantic stations; while its proportions as a town have been more than doubled. During the last thirty years towns have been springing into existence at intervals along the whole of the trunk-lines, and the old towns and villages along the great highways of the nation are crumbling into decay.. The great north road is becoming an elongated desert, and the glory of Leamington is now no more. There is one class of towns which seem to set the laws of progress at defiance. Time may crumble them into decay, and their inhabitants may succeed each other like vegetables in their seasons; but the innovation of what is called modern improvement can never reach them—I mean the cathedral towns. How these relics of antiquity are preserved from the inroads of modern Vandalism I cannot say; but I am glad they are allowed to remain: in my mind they are invested with a melancholy grandeur, and as they battle with old time, they increase my veneration. I have always observed that there is a coincidence between the inhabitants of these towns and the sombre character of their old temples, which form, as it were, a bond of sympathy. It may be that these venerable piles, with their gloomy magnificence and stately grandeur, exercise a species of tranquil contentment over the minds of the inhabitants, that bids defiance to all ideas of change in their notions of the order of things. As the headlong current of change rushes on, and the mania of progress rages in its thousand forms, these old towns will continue to stand like as many castles seated on rocks in the ocean, defying the winds and waves. I would ask, who is there that has any feeling or respect for the memorials of the past, that would wish to see the old

* Union Street.

piazas and the galleries "above the rows" removed in the venerable city of Chester, or the old "gates" in York or Norwich substituted by modern streets? In my mind, the modern wise men of Carlisle have destroyed one of the principal beauties of that ancient city, by removing the north or Scotch gate, which in my time stood like a landmark between civilization and barbarism.

When I retired from business, it was into the private life of poverty. After having disposed of the tavern-property, and paid my debts as far as the proceeds would admit of, I was left without a shilling to commence the world in some new line. The poet has sung that "man never is, but always to be blest;" if rapid changes in condition of life, and strange transformations in my social position, were at all conducive to such a happy state of existence, I should have been doubly blest. However, I have proved the falsehood of poor Burns's misanthropical idea, that "man was made to mourn." My hope has at all times been greater than my misfortunes, and in my storms I have cheerfully anticipated the coming calms. A few days after descending from my inglorious throne in the unhallowed temple of Bacchus, I obtained a temporary engagement with an old friend, who carried on the business of an engraver and lithographer. I remained with this gentleman for twelve months; at the expiration of which time, in consequence of a number of unfortunate circumstances, his business had all but bid him adieu. Shortly after this, I entered into an agreement with another person in the engraving business who was bringing out a system of book-keeping for the use of schools; he wished me to introduce his new work in the midland counties of England, and to be in keeping with myself, I undertook to push an untried article into the market at my own expense, by taking the business on commission! If I had had the sense of the merest tyro in business affairs, I would certainly have allowed the person who was likely to have received the benefit of the speculation the honour of paying for its intro-

duction. You will therefore see that this engagement is another of my blunders, and one which completely turned the future current of my life into new channels.

During the time I was in Glasgow, which was close upon twenty years, I can confidently affirm that no man was ever blessed with a larger round of friends, and what is of still greater importance, they were not of that class of people who will eat a man's dinner, drink his wine, and give him the cold shoulder when he is without a dinner himself. I know it is impossible for a man in comfortable circumstances to steer clear of sycophants, who, as long as the sun of prosperity shines upon him, will ply him with the base coin of friendship, and when the tide of fortune ebbs, will fly from him like rats from a falling house. This class of people have their use in the social economy, and when fortune changes their conduct carries with it a useful moral lesson. I could name many gentlemen whose generous and disinterested conduct to me will hold a fresh place in my memory as long as that index of the past continues to exist. I do believe that no man ever disappointed his friends more than I have. I have always been an intelligent man, but my friends took me for what neither God nor nature intended me to be, namely, a clever one. This is the very subject upon which I misled my own feelings. I really imagined that I was a clever man! I may, therefore, say that my character through the best part of my life has been a living lie, and at the end of fifty years I was more disappointed in myself than I have been in all the world beside. I never had any trouble in analyzing my own mind, and could therefore put my hand on my weak points; but strange as it may appear, I have ever allowed my *pride* and *confidence* to retain the whip hand of my judgment. With all my numerous imperfections, I know that I am not without many of those feelings and virtues which lend a charm to our nature. Few men have a better appreciation of right and wrong, more enlarged views of the God-like principles of civil and reli-

gious liberty, a greater toleration for the weaknesses of other men, or can feel for the sufferings and misfortunes of their fellows more sensitively. This may be called egotism, but you will remember that I am endeavouring to give you a true history of my life; and if I did not show you the numerous springs in the machinery of my mind, which have from time to time prompted me to action, you might frequently arrive at wrong conclusions. I am aware that the great bulk of men give themselves no trouble in inquiring into their peculiar organizations, or the causes of their various impulses, and therefore they leave themselves as they are; but I certainly think it is a wise proceeding for a man frequently to examine the state of his own mind, and balance his little accounts. He will find, in commercial phraseology, that short reckonings make long friends.

I am now about entering upon an entirely new career, and the next five years became, perhaps, the most eventful in the whole of my chequered life. The gentleman I had entered into the engagement with buoyed me up with the flattering expectation that the commission on his business would be worth at least three hundred pounds a-year. "*The gude forgie me to believe him.*" I therefore sold off my household furniture, and removed my family direct to York, where I took a house with the laudable intention of making that city the centre of my operations. I went to work like a man who had made up his mind to be in earnest. I was full of hope, notwithstanding the advice and prognostications of many of my friends before I left Glasgow. My first essay was a failure, but that did not dishearten me: I imagined that I had not got on the right ground. I then swept the country in a goodly circle, when I had the cheering satisfaction to find that my undertaking was a dead failure. I had spent all my money in removing my family and paying railway fares, and in the course of two months I was brought to a dead lock. Towards the end of April, 1850, I removed my family to Leeds, where I took a small unfurnished room,

and all we had to put in it was our bedding. The first night we occupied this place was during a severe frost, and as our bed-clothes had not arrived, having been sent by rail, we were obliged to lie upon the bare floor; and to make the matter worse, my wife was within a short time of her confinement. For some days after being in Leeds, I really did not know what to do; there were five pair of jaws to find employment for, and I could see no possible way in which it could be done. In my worst times I have generally found something to fall back upon in my own resources; so after steeping my brains in reflection, I hit upon a scheme which relieved us for the time being. I remembered that I had an old friend in Bradford, so after I had arranged the heads of a lecture upon the character and poetry of Robert Burns, I went over to that place, and got my friend to lend me his assistance in disposing of a number of tickets, which he readily complied with. With his assistance, too, I took a hall for the purpose of delivering my lecture. The event came off at the appointed time, and I realized four pounds after paying the expenses. While in Glasgow I had published a small volume, being "A Historical Sketch of the Independent Order of Oddfellowship of the Manchester Unity." At this time I had one hundred copies of the work in my possession. I was personally known to most of the leading men in Leeds connected with the Society; so I made application to the district officer to purchase my stock of books. This gentleman brought the subject before the district committee, who readily agreed to give me one shilling a-copy for the whole I had on hand. I was therefore in clover once more.

After this I spent a few days in Leeds, in an endeavour to find some employment, but was unsuccessful. I left Leeds, and took my family with me to Liverpool. I had no more business in going there, than to other places I could have made choice of; and I can scarcely say now what motive prompted me in the selection of that place, in preference to

others more come-at-able. Whatever we may think of our free-will, there can be no doubt but we are often impelled forward in our careers by a directing power over which we have no control; and such seems to have been my case in this instance. I was therefore carried headlong into a stream of contending circumstances, and like a chip of wood amid the boisterous waves of a stormy sea, I was dashed hither and thither without any controlling power of my own. I knew several people in Liverpool who were in comfortable circumstances, but as they were only holiday acquaintances I did not make my case known to any of them. There was one gentleman, however, to whom I had rendered some little services while he resided in Glasgow. He was then holding the situation of a warehouseman to a large shipping firm, and he had the employing of the men who were required to do the work of the establishment as daily labourers. This gentleman offered me employment upon the same condition as others, which was, to take my chance for the work when there was any to do. This offer was coupled with a condition that I could scarcely ever account for, namely, that I should never speak back to him! Before he left Glasgow, he held a very comfortable, and at the same time a somewhat responsible situation, but like many others he had committed himself by abusing the trust reposed in him. The matter, however, was not serious, but being humbled in his own estimation he left the town. Like every other man who had not been used to hard labour, and unencumbered with a character, he had to pass through a severe ordeal before he could obtain a fresh standing in the world. This, however, he accomplished by dint of industry and steadiness. I am therefore led to suppose, that he was afraid that I might expose his previous conduct, which certainly would have been the last thought in my head. I was too glad to know that he had recovered his character to think of doing him an injury; indeed, I looked upon his conduct as worthy of all praise. I was well pleased to

accept his offer, as my finances were again exhausted, and my wife on the eve of her confinement.

The first work I was put to was that of turning grain, and I was kept at this for four weeks in succession. Now, turning grain, like any other manual labour which a man may be accustomed to, is very simple work. With me it was anything but simple. During the first three weeks I was at it I thought I should have virtually fallen in pieces. My loins and back were in a state of open rebellion, and every muscle in my body was in arms against the employment, and my spirits required to exert all their influence to keep the mutinous crew in order. During the first week I could not sleep in my bed at night, in consequence of a legion of aches and pains pulling at me in all directions. If I could have thrown off twenty years, which I found an actual incumbrance to me, I daresay I should have felt no inconvenience after the first few days. Age certainly has its advantages, but I found by experience that they were not to be realized in turning corn. It is one of the misfortunes of humanity, that men cannot keep the barometer of their minds up to the degree of equanimity under the pressure of different circumstances. One evening, as I was shuffling home, with spirits almost crushed, and my body in the most intense state of suffering, while I was passing along Lord-street, and going through a passage where there was a scaffold, erected for the repair of some house, I felt an irresistible desire that it should fall upon me and bury me in the ruins. I have more than once felt life a burden, but I never knew the desire to shuffle off the mortal coil so strong as upon this occasion. A few minutes brought a holier reflection; I knew that there were more deserving men than myself exposed to sufferings much greater than mine, and a hasty examination soon proved to me my own littleness, and I went home with the gloom off my mind. The second evening after this, on my way home, I met a gentleman I had known intimately while in Glasgow. This

person had been the shuttlecock of the fates to a surprising degree; a few years before this time, he was lessee and proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre in that place, and had been favoured while there with the sunshine of popularity in no small degree. It was nothing strange to see Mr. David Prince Millar at one time bounding over the waves of fortune, in all the buoyancy of happiness, comfort, and affluence, as if he were in his usual element; and at another, holding on by some wreck in the stormy sea of poverty. His difficulty in life was precisely that of my own,—he had talent for everything but business; and carried on his shoulders a world of experience, which was the same to him as a miser's gold, being neither of use to himself nor anybody else. Men seem to be created for all kinds of pursuits, but it frequently happens, that great numbers of them get into the wrong places, and therefore lose the opportunities of turning their peculiar talents to advantage. A short time before I met Mr. Millar, he had made a successful hit in Liverpool, by giving a series of entertainments in the Music Hall, in reciting "The ups and downs in the life of a showman." With the money he realized upon that occasion, he went a-starring into the surrounding villages, and, as usual with him, he came back to town penniless. We made mutual inquiries concerning each other's condition and prospects, and at the same time, neither of us were blessed with the most humble representation of majesty!

It would appear that Mr. Millar was cast upon the world when he was a mere boy, the consequence of which was, that he had to struggle through it as best he could. One little anecdote will suffice to show how the lives of certain classes of people hang upon the chapter of accidents. During his early peregrinations, while putting up at a common lodging-house in the city of Norwich, he met with a man who was making an excellent living by one of those little fortunate secrets which men occasionally get hold of who exist by their

wits. This man's secret was the precursor of the now universal lucifer match ; he dealt in little boxes filled with a composition of phosphorus and resin, which, by a little friction, produced an illuminating effect ; these boxes he sold at two shillings and half-a-crown each. Millar, although only a boy, was sharp enough to know that the material of which these boxes were made could only be trifling ; he therefore made up his mind to obtain the secret. With this idea in his head, he watched the man when he was going to purchase his materials at a chemist's shop, and shortly after he called at the same shop, as if he had been sent by that person to purchase a shilling's worth of the stuff, stating that he had forgotten the name ; the material was readily supplied, and without further instructions he commenced operations in his new business. Not having the means to purchase tin boxes, he procured wooden ones, and he disposed of his new unpatented illuminators for twopence each. It happened, as he was hawking his boxes through the public-houses one evening, he met with a person who belonged to that nondescript class of men who live by the honourable profession of assisting the magistrate in suppressing vagrancy, and otherwise supporting the laws. This gentleman made an attempt to pilfer one of Mr. Millar's boxes, but being caught in the act, he immediately had the lad up before a magistrate on a charge of selling a highly dangerous article ; he affirmed that the illuminating boxes were made for the express purpose of house-breaking, and other midnight robberies. The sapient magistrate required no further proof of Millar's guilt, and he characterized the crime as being one of a most heinous nature, and to mark his sense of it, and at the same time vindicate the outraged laws of his country, he sent poor Millar to improve his morals and his muscles on the tread-mill for fourteen days. In those days, common jails and houses of correction were the best of all possible schools for improving the morals of young men, and expanding their ideas in the principles of professional roguery ! If Millar was not benefited by his

fourteen days' training, it was no fault of the worthy magistrate.

I have often observed that there is a species of old *womanism* about many of the provincial magistrates that is really quite refreshing. In the discharge of their very important duties, they wisely take care never to err on the side of mercy! The peculiarly happy manner in which some of these gentlemen frequently apportion the punishment to the offence, is a proof that their virtuous feelings are more in keeping with the letter than the spirit of the law!! I have frequently been puzzled, while listening to some of these sage dispensers of justice, and have been confounded by their matchless wisdom, when moralizing upon some twopenny crime against property, by a juvenile tyro in roguery. Men who are filled with the importance of their office have a right to expose their dignity to the best advantage, whether they are adjudicating upon large or small matters; with them it is of the utmost consequence that *their own feelings should be satisfied in vindicating the law*. I have no doubt but the worthy Mr. Shallow, of Norwich, went home after consigning Millar to the house of correction with the self-satisfaction of a man who had performed a highly meritorious action! I have introduced this little incident to show you how much some men are the mere sport of fortune; if Mr. Millar had not been fully initiated in the principles of roguery before he was sent to the *mill*, I certainly think it must have been his own fault if he did not learn many useful lessons while there; and there can be no doubt but he returned to the world with pleasant notions of magisterial justice!

In reference to the phosphorescent boxes above alluded to, I have no doubt but the idea of our present lucifer match may have had its origin in that simple contrivance. I have heard it asserted that Jonathan Martin was the first who conceived the idea of a metallic pen, by having used a piece of tin instead of a quill. By-the-bye, I had the honour of being acquainted with this gentleman. My first introduction

to him was in 1825, shortly after he had made his escape from a lunatic asylum in or near Bishop Auckland; at that time he was selling an historical sketch of his life. Four years after this, I was a witness to the conflagration that immortalizes his name, and consigned his diminutive person to St. Luke's Hospital, where he ended his career.*

A few evenings after this, I met another old Glasgow acquaintance, who had jumped the Jim Crow of life under a number of phases; poor fellow! at that time he was cultivating an acquaintance with the last friend to suffering humanity! About five years before this occasion, he had gone out to the United States upon a commercial speculation, and while in that country he had the sad misfortune of nearly losing his eyesight; and, after spending all his money in an endeavour to have his vision restored, he returned to his native country, bankrupt in both health and fortune. Mr. Barlow was one of those men who carry with them a large amount of individuality; he possessed a bundle of the most kindly feelings imaginable, and his heart had room in it for any amount of affection; but I never knew a man who could hate with such an amazing number of horsepower. He possessed two ideas, which were to him the Alpha and Omega of his inborn affection,—his country had no equal, and his religion was without a rival! Like Paddy with his honour, a person might as well touch his life as disparage either of these subjects. We were equally surprised, and, after condoling each other for our misfortunes, in parting his last words were—"Keep up your heart, my boy, 'the darkest hour is nearest the light.'"

* Jonathan Martin imagined that he was deputed by Almighty God to pull down the Established Church, and reform the religion of the country. In order to carry out these views, he set fire to York Minster, in 1829, by which a great portion of the building was destroyed. He was brother to the late Mr. Martin, the celebrated painter and engraver, who held the same position among painters Milton does among poets. This gentleman died a few years ago in the Isle of Man.

Before the end of the month I had got pretty well inured to my new employment, but I found that my friend was anything but easy with me in the situation. I could understand that he was afraid of me as a rival; he knew that I was a steady man, and he took it into his head that if I were continued in the employment that I might supplant him. This was just the very last idea in my mind; moreover, if I had been desirous of doing so, I had not the capacity to fill his situation; and under any circumstances, I only looked upon my employment as one of a temporary character; however, he had become thoroughly imbued with the thought. When the first month passed, instead of employing me regularly he only gave me a day or two occasionally. Three weeks after we arrived in Liverpool my wife was confined, and having caught cold, she was unfortunately afflicted with gathered breasts. This circumstance entailed upon us an amount of misery which it would be impossible for me to describe.

There are a number of circumstances connected with the life of working men, which people in an independent sphere cannot feel—the smallest accident in the machinery of a family dependent upon labour is frequently sufficient to turn the current of life from one of comparative happiness to irredeemable misery. I have often seen the truth of this observation confirmed in others, and I have, also felt the serious consequences of having my own resources dried up under the hand of affliction, which was laid heavy upon me. My wife daily became worse, her breasts continuing to gather and burst in painful succession. Seeing we could not afford a nurse, I had to do the duties of one myself. There were six of us, and out of this number I was the only one that could wait upon myself. During eight weeks I had to nurse my wife, who was as helpless as an infant, to wash and cook for the family, and—the most difficult task of all—I had to nurse the infant. If we had had wherewithal to obtain the necessaries of life during this time, our case would not

have been so entirely hopeless, as my own health was good, but we had nothing to defend us from the overpowering storm, and thus it swept over us in unbroken violence. All our little necessaries of clothing, and other things which we could spare, went, one after another, into the hands of the obliging relation of the unfortunate and the improvident. I was often sick to the very soul to behold the sufferings of my prostrate but patient wife; her condition was almost hopeless. When our home was blessed with food, the sunshine of happiness was on the innocent faces of my children, but the gloom of melancholy was on my own heart. I did not repine at the fate that had overtaken us—I was satisfied that God knew best what was for our good, and was willing to bear whatever infliction He might send with becoming resignation; but I certainly did repine at my own folly, for having allowed so many opportunities of providing for my family to pass without taking advantage of them.

This dark passage of my existence passed away, and I entered upon life once more with chastened feelings. I may here mention a circumstance connected with the house we occupied in Liverpool. I have been in many places where a colony of bugs held joint possession with the human occupiers, but I never witnessed such innumerable swarms as infested that house; every place was living with them, and the very air was permeated with bug animation—they fell into our food, crawled in lazy indifference over our bodies, and, like vampires, sucked our blood. At night they made processions over our naked faces—travelled upon voyages of discovery round the orbits of our eyes—marched into our ears, and held revel in the groves of our hair, and became joint partners in our clothing. I don't know that I was ever out of temper with any of the lower animals before; but these vile insects certainly did try my patience.

Shortly after I was able to leave my charge, I was so fortunate as to obtain a temporary engagement with a gentle-

man who was selling off his stock of hats, previous to retiring from business. My salary was only small, but I contented myself with the adage that "half a loaf was better than no bread." I remained with this gentleman until the expiration of his term with his shop, which was in November, when my small services were again in the market. Before the end of the month, I had the good fortune to be again engaged with a gentleman in Liverpool, who was an agent for a Scotch house in the book-trade. My new duty was that of a deliverer, and the field of my operations was to be in Manchester and the surrounding country. At first I found this work pretty laborious, but I soon became used to it. Delivering serial works is by no means a pleasant business; and a man, to be at all successful in the profession, must be careful, and leave both honour and honesty at home—if he possesses such property. At the end of nine months, I was superseded by a gentleman who was sent up to Manchester by the firm in Scotland. So I was once more shackled with freedom! and, to add to the comforts of my position, the addition of another young one to my family.

CHAPTER XI.

BEING without money in civilized society is just about the same as a man in a savage state of existence being divested of his arms. There certainly are some men who can turn their wits to profitable account ; but in nine cases out of ten, their operations tend to the injury of other members of the community. The man who is always on the watch to take advantage of the weakness, credulity, or want of attention of his fellow-men, must frequently have opportunities of carrying his plans into action. The class of people, however, who live by chicanery and swindling by profession, are only few, when compared with the entire population of the country, and, under any circumstances, their lives never can be happy, inasmuch as they require to be continually on the watch. Morally speaking, I know that such people as these sustain no uneasiness from anything in the shape of conscience. Men who give themselves up to the violation of all principles of right, can have no check from such a monitor, and their lives are in continual antagonism to honour and virtue. Amid the struggle for existence in the ever-changing condition of the commercial population of Great Britain, there are to be found a very numerous class of people who have been plunged into difficulties by those little mishaps, or accidents, which are continually taking place in the social machinery. Many of these people have been accustomed to not only the comforts, but also the elegances of life, and when they find their level at the bottom of society, where men elbow each other without the politeness of an apology, in order to live, their condition is melancholy in the extreme.

Yet it is pleasing to know, that in humanity there is an energy which accompanies struggling nature, and, as it were, assists the sons and daughters of misfortune to adapt themselves to their new conditions. This is certainly a wise provision in providence; it may be looked upon as suiting the back to the burden.

After I lost my situation as a deliverer, I did not know what to do next, and my late situation was just of that character that I could not save a single shilling; so I was once more steeped to the lips in poverty, while my prospect for the future was full of gloom. With a mind ill at rest I made application to a Register Office in town, and paid the keeper the only two shillings I possessed. I was requested to call in a few days. In the meantime the wants of my family were beginning to be uncomfortably urgent. I commenced and wrote a series of puffs, and submitted them to a pushing house in Manchester, and was so fortunate as to receive fifteen shillings for them. After this I called several times at the Register Office, and was as often put off with false promises. I would not have ventured my two shillings in this place, had it not been for an advertisement the fellow had upon his board, which I thought would suit me. When I saw that the scoundrel was living upon what he could obtain from the most destitute members of society, I called, and in a very authoritative tone demanded my money back; he tried to shuffle me for a minute or two, but when I threatened a public exposure he returned me my cash. I know the infamous tricks of these leeches, and have not been backward in exposing them, which any one may find in my "Language of the Walls," etc. For the space of two or three months I tried the book-canvassing business. This trade may be looked upon as the last resource of fallen gentility. The man who embarks in it should have the following requisites, namely, a clean face, a suit of clothes sufficiently respectable to insure the wearer a passport into a tradesman's counting-house, an amount of cool confidence

that will take no denial, a temper which can put up with any amount of insult, and the smaller the stock of honesty the better. I am aware that if I could have given my mind to this business, I could have made a comfortable living by it, but I candidly confess, that I never went out to do a day's work in it but I felt myself degraded by the occupation. Although turning grain was a very laborious business, I certainly preferred it a thousand times to the other.

On the 7th of January, 1852, I was introduced to another new trade. I dare say you will think by this time that I have been truly "Jack of all trades and master of none." Should you do so, you are not far wrong in the conclusion. My pliability, I can assure you, was so far in my favour. If I had adopted the motto of *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, I should certainly have stuck fast in the world, and you would not have had the benefit of my enlarged experience. My next essay in the battle of life was in assisting in making a Commercial Directory for the good people of Manchester. I was employed at this business from January until September, with the exception of one month in the interval, during which I was employed upon Mr. John Bright's Parliamentary Election Committee, for which service I was both complimented and well paid. In September 1852, I was sent up to Guildford, in Surrey, upon another Directory-making expedition, in order to assist in taking the home counties. This speculation, however, turned out a failure, in consequence of Mr. Kelly, of London, having just completed and delivered a Directory for these counties. When the mistake was found out, I got the *route*, with seven others, for Hull, in Yorkshire.

I remained in this business until January 1853, when I was fairly starved out. My wages were so small that I could not manage to maintain myself and family. And what was still worse, I could not get my money when it was due. Having made myself *au fait* in this business to a certain extent, I felt pretty confident of meeting with a better engagement in some other house in the line. At the time I was leaving my

Directory situation there was a gentleman in Leeds upon the eve of bringing out a commercial magazine. I got the offer of an engagement with this person to assist in obtaining subscribers for the work among the commercial and manufacturing community. My first journey in this new business was down to Glasgow. From January to May I had introduced the magazine into all the principal towns in Scotland and the Midland counties of England.

In the month of May 1853, I was offered employment by Mr. Hill, a gentleman to whom I had been recommended by a mutual friend. The conditions of the engagement offered were more liberal than I had been accustomed to for some time; I was therefore not slow in accepting the offer. The character of the business was perfectly new to me; but I had every confidence in being equal to it, and soon both justified my own anticipations and the expectations of my employer. While in the business, I travelled over most of England and Scotland, and therefore passed over many of those scenes that were once familiar to me, and had many opportunities of comparing the past with the then state of things.

In September of 1854 I travelled from Newton-Stewart to Dumfries. This was within a few months of forty years after my runaway exploit. The old widow's house that sheltered me at the ferry-town of Cree had disappeared; but the farmhouse on the wayside where I slept on the Sunday evening was still unchanged. In several places, as I passed along, I found that the highway had been completely altered. Modern improvement was everywhere visible. I found villages where formerly there was not the vestige of a house; and in other places ruins where I had formerly seen cheerful dwellings. I could see no greater change in that part of the country than was observable in the condition of the soil; everywhere the hand of industry was abundantly visible in the improved state of the land. In one place, hundreds of acres of moorland were reclaimed; and in another, what had been a deep bog was drained, and bearing a rich harvest of grain. The cha-

racter of the modern dwellings in all the country districts is highly indicative of the improved taste and condition of the people. When I was journeying from Lockerby to Langholm, I saw several relics of a primitive age. Amid the ruins of one old moorland farm-house I found an old corn-mill in a state of excellent preservation. I allude to the hand-mill, which, I believe, was used in Scotland within the last hundred years. I also observed several spinning-wheels, both great and small: the large wheel was used for making yarn for stockings, blankets, plaids, etc., while the small one was used for producing yarn for the *sarks* and sheets.

The strength and hardihood of the northern fishwomen is remarkable. The burthens these lasses can carry "would make a chairman stare." I have seen a creel of fish, which required two men to place it on the back of a young woman; it is true she had only about a mile and a half to carry it, but I verily believe that not one man in ten could have stood under it over that distance. That was in a little fishing village called Fittie by the natives; it contains a small colony, and is rather better than a mile from Aberdeen, but the proper name is Dee Foot.

A number of females belonging to this colony are employed, from March to October, in trawling for bait along the shore. This occupation seems to be very unsuitable for females. There are two to a net, and their method of working is by going into the sea until they are up to the chest, each having hold of one end of the net with which they are trawling, and as many as engage in this way spread themselves along the shore, and it is not a little interesting to see them bobbing up and down to save themselves from being submerged by the heavy seas, which come rolling in from the northern ocean. With all their vigilance, they are frequently under water; but the force of habit enables them to treat these submersions as things of no consequence.

When I was informed that these women, in nearly all kinds of weather, during eight months in the year, were employed

in this unpleasant, dangerous, and laborious occupation, I could scarcely conceive how they could endure it without sacrificing either their health or their lives.

I was on the beach one cold morning when these sea nymphs were disporting themselves, reminding me of so many mermaids holding a saraband. Two of the fishermen being present, I expressed a feeling of surprise that females should be employed at what appeared to me such an unsuitable occupation. One of the men replied that the work could only be done by females, inasmuch as the men could not continue in the sea for any length of time with the water up to their chests. From this it would appear that the adipose lining of the muscles in women being more abundant than in men, from its non-conducting property it arms them with a defence against the cold which is wanting in men.

A great change has come over Hawick since poor McNamee and myself were inmates of the Tolbooth, between sixty and seventy years ago. At that time there were a number of French officers (prisoners of war) quartered in Hawick and its neighbourhood. The *Rubers Law* and the *Eildon Hills* cast their deep shadows over the adjacent landscapes, as they did fifty years ago; but the physical aspect of their respective localities is strangely altered. The sweet little town of Melrose, in consequence of the beauty of its position, the salubrity of its air, and the magnificence of its abbey in ruins, has become a summer haunt of the invalid, and a place of attraction to the student of nature. Abbotsford has become a shrine before which the lovers of genius delight to bend the knee. This strange conglomeration of all the real and imaginary styles of architecture is shaded in eternal gloom, inasmuch as the Eildon Hills stand like three giants between it and the sun. The din of machinery now resounds by Galla's stream, where erewhile all was still, save the murmuring of the limpid brook. Selkirk, too, has gone with the age, and become a manufacturing town. I observed when there, that Mr. Brown had erected one of the most splendid woollen mills in Scot-

land. When I was a boy, these valleys were as quiet as seclusion from the busy haunts of men could make them, and it was then an *unca'* thing to see a stranger within their border. How true it is that "time works wonders!"

On my journey from Galashiels to Lauder, I crossed Watling-street, the old Roman road, which formed the line of communication from London to the wall which divided the Friths of Forth and Clyde. Before steamboats and railways came into use, this road formed the common highway for the numerous herds of cattle which were then sent in droves to England. From my own experience and observation, I would say that the progress of transition has been more rapid in Scotland than in any other part of the United Kingdom. The social condition of the people is as different from what it was sixty years ago, as it is possible to imagine. The annual visits of Her Majesty within the last thirty years have made that part of her kingdom the regular resort of a large portion of the higher and middle class English. At one time, I could flatter myself that I was one in five hundred thousand, if not a million, of old George the Third's subjects who had made the grand tour of England and Scotland! Sixty years ago, a journey from Scotland to London was a very important undertaking, and the preparation for such an event was greater than would be now necessary for a journey to Hong Kong. I dispute that your modern traveller would manifest so much curiosity on witnessing the frowning batteries of Malta, the heterogeneous mixture of Eastern races in the dark dingy streets of Grand Cairo, the little old-fashioned dirty town of Aden, with its noise and bustle of landing and embarking passengers, or the tropical luxuriance of Ceylon with its herds of hill coolies,—as your traveller of sixty years ago would have done upon his first visit to Berwick-upon-Tweed, with its crumbling walls and narrow Gothic bridge;—Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with its "Side" resting on a comfortable travelling declivity, at an angle of forty-five degrees;—the quiet town of Durham,

with its zigzag streets and sombre cathedral ;—and the good city of York, with its narrow streets, double-ribbed houses, and splendid minster. But we must remember this is the age of the rail, electric telegraph, and a general desire for everybody to be everywhere.

I do not know what other people think, but I cannot help respecting men who evince a veneration for the past. All our antecedents are made up of so many yesterdays, and the morrow never comes !

CHAPTER XII.

FOR some time past my situation had been every way agreeable. I had my employer's entire confidence, and was treated more like an equal than a servant; and until within the last six weeks I felt my position perfectly secure; but I now learned that Mr. Hill's business had then unfortunately got into difficulties, and found, too, that he had made up his mind to dispose of it as soon as an opportunity should offer.

In the month of March 1857, I went upon a journey to collect accounts in Scotland, and during the time I was in Glasgow I was introduced to a gentleman who was engaged in publishing a bi-monthly journal, chiefly devoted to the interest of women. He was then in want of an agent for the sale of the paper and collecting advertisements in Dublin. This situation was offered to me, and being uncertain as to when Mr. Hill's business might be disposed of, I entered into an arrangement without consulting any one on the matter. The salary was an advance upon what I had been receiving, but what was of more consequence to me, the situation seemed to offer a permanency, as well as ulterior advantages. Under the ordinary circumstance of a mere business arrangement, the transaction, so far as I could view it, appeared to square with common prudence, and I had no reason to have any misgivings as to the result. But there is nothing more certain in human affairs than uncertainty! If I could have seen before me a few months, I would have allowed some other speculator, as a pioneer to a literary periodical, to have tried his fortune and his patience in the capital of Ireland.

After having sold off my furniture to the advantage of the broker who bought it, we sailed for Dublin in one of the line of steamers then plying between London and that port. I left London not only without regret, but with a lively confidence in my new undertaking. My wife, however, was impressed with feelings of a very opposite nature; whether it was that she did not like going to Ireland, or some other cause unknown to me, she insisted that the speculation would turn out disastrous. The following little circumstance will tend to show how much men are the creatures of passing events. In the male department of the second cabin there was a poor man whose passage had been paid for him by the parochial authorities in the district where he had been residing; he had been booked for his last journey for some time, as he was then in the last stage of consumption. We had been two days at sea, and he had not been able to leave his berth; but as my own berth was next to his, I had rendered him any little assistance in my power, and while conversing with him I learned that, should he reach Dublin, he had then eighty miles before him ere he could reach home. I had noted that my fellow-passengers were all something like myself, people in humble circumstances. The poor man's condition was so exceedingly helpless, and his wants of such an urgent nature, that, notwithstanding the seeming poverty of my fellow-voyagers, I made up my mind to appeal both to their feelings and pockets by sending a hat round among them. The collection turned out much better than I possibly could have anticipated, having realised seventeen shillings and sixpence. There was one man among the passengers I had frequently noticed for his quiet gentlemanly manner, who, while I was making the collection, modestly slipped a half-crown piece into the hat, evidently afraid any one should see the amount of his donation. From that time I felt a friendly feeling towards him, with a warmth equal to a brother's love.

I merely mention this little circumstance to show how

causes and their effects become linked together, and silently operate for good or evil in the fortunes of men.

When settled down in Dublin, and having got a few necessary articles of furniture into the house, I opened an office in Grafton Street, one of the principal thoroughfares in the city. I may here mention that a considerable part of the journal was devoted to the discussion of all those social questions which affect the moral and physical condition of women in Great Britain and Ireland; it was also made interesting to the general reader by containing original poetry, treatises upon art, social science, and literary gossip. These, however, were not found suitable to the taste of the Dublin people; the journal was therefore like the noble lord O'Connell characterised as of no commercial value, being "unmarketable."

There is no doubt plenty of religion in Ireland, but the people are so exceedingly susceptible about their theological views being meddled with, that it is a dangerous matter for a stranger to open his mouth upon the subject. From this state of things I soon learned that the *Ladies' Journal* was much in the same situation with the old man and his ass in the fable; though it was entirely free from both religious matter and questions of a sectarian nature, it was found, by both the parties who so amicably stand out in relief from each other on the road to heaven, to be inimical to both their notions of right and wrong.

One day a lady was induced to venture into the office, from having seen the heading of an article which took her taste, and purchased a copy. The article in question was a description of a juvenile reformatory under the management of certain ladies in the neighbourhood of Bristol; the females who had charge of this very valuable establishment were "Sisters of Mercy," and it was very evident from the writer of the article (a Protestant) that they had rendered no little service in the cause of humanity, by having rescued a number of young girls from lives of sin, misery, and suffering. In a

case like this the girls were not only saved themselves, but by withdrawing their contaminating influence from others, so much vice, if not crime, would thereby be prevented. My customer was evidently a person of superior education, and according to her own showing had travelled much both at home and abroad, and had taken considerable interest in the religious, moral, and social condition of the humbler classes. Notwithstanding the fact that she moved in what is termed first-class society, and had seen a good deal of life under its various phases, the rust of narrow-minded bigotry, like a deadly parasite, clung to her and distorted the more generous feelings of her nature. Getting her eyes on the paragraph in the article referring to the noble exertions of the ladies in this institution, she said she "was afraid the journal had a Popish bias; and that such being the case it would never succeed in Dublin." "The Protestants in Ireland," she observed, "were the only real benefactors of the country, and of course the only people who can support a journal of this kind; but before they will do so, they must be certain that it is free from Popish tendencies!" I replied that the paper was perfectly free from anything in the shape or character of sectarianism, and if the articles contributed to it were morally sound, the proprietors did not make it any part of their business to enquire whether they were written by Protestants, Catholics, or Hindoos.

On the following day I had the pleasure of having a lesson on the other side of the question. Two ladies, apparently mother and daughter, were attracted by the title of an article in the journal; this was rather a racy description of a new system of infant education of German importation, entitled Kindergarten (Child's Garden). The principal feature in this institution consisted in teaching the children through their expanding desires, so that when they were engaged in amusing themselves they were learning the rudiments of their education. This new institution was under the management of a lady and gentleman in London, of the name of

Ronge; they were said to possess ample means, and having no family of their own, they took a lively interest in bringing the system into active operation by superintending a Kindergarten of their own, and teaching their little pupils at their own expense. Scanning over the pages of the paper, and seeing the name of Ronge associated with the Kindergarten in London, the elder lady said, "If the names of people like those you have here are to be associated with the educational institutions of the country, and allowed to figure in your journal, I am afraid, sir, it is not likely to succeed in Ireland; perhaps, sir, you are not aware that this man, Ronge, is an apostate priest of the worst character? and that he is therefore both morally and religiously unfitted for the duty of teaching children." I replied by saying that I was afraid she was allowing her prejudices to cause her to judge the man harshly. "Not at all," she replied; "the man who has violated his vows to his God, broken his faith with men, and outraged public morality, cannot be judged too harshly when speaking of him as a public instructor." I had heard of Ronge, but knew little of his history, and whatever might have been the reforming tendencies of his character while in Germany, I believe he had lived quite retired while in London.

In speaking of this class of men, I must confess that I never knew an apostate priest, who became a public character, who was not really a bad man; during my time I have known a good many, and some of them were among the most unmitigated scoundrels within the pale of civilised society.

After the first month, my position in Dublin was one of continual anxiety and struggle with difficulties; I had gone with the view of bettering my condition, and more especially that I should be enabled to do justice to the younger members of my family; but I soon found that I had made a grievous mistake. The money I obtained, both from the sale of the journal and advertisements, was not sufficient to pay the rent of the office; and as to receiving supplies from the

proprietor, that was out of the question ; he had only recently purchased the paper, and had done so under the impression that he had made a good investment, but he soon found that he had been cruelly victimised.

While on my way home from the office one evening, I accidentally met the gentleman I have already alluded to as my fellow-passenger. When we parted on landing, it was with a feeling that we might in all probability never meet again. We were therefore mutually pleased, and adjourned to a house of refreshment in order to compare notes since our parting. Mr. Walsh had spent twenty years in the West Indies, in the Civil Service ; and having lost his wife when up in years he returned to his native country, in the hope of finding a quiet home among some of his surviving relations. But in this expectation he was sadly disappointed ; during two years before I met him he had been wandering about from one place to another in search of a quiet resting-place, and had only met with disappointment. When a man is cast adrift upon the world, with no other responsibility than that which his head covers, and no other sympathy from his fellow-men but that which is commanded by his pocket, his condition is not likely to be an enviable one. In my mind neither riches, power, nor fame can compensate for the loss of that duty and affection which end in the death of a beloved wife.

Before leaving London I had letters of introduction to several gentlemen in Dublin, and among these was one to a retired Dragoon Officer, who had lately figured as an author. His speculation in this way was anything but a profitable one ; indeed, he made no secret that his pleasure of authorship was more than counterbalanced by the loss he had sustained in printing and publishing at his own expense. He damned the publisher because he could not dispose of his book, and he damned the public because it had not sense enough to estimate the merit of the work and the genius of the author. This gentleman was a first-rate specimen of an educated half-civilised Irishman. When conversing upon the

most ordinary subjects the choicest adjectives were poured out in a rich Irish brogue; his patriotism was manifested in bursts of virtuous indignation against all the enemies, open and covert, of his country; he characterised the Irish Members of Parliament as a set of sneaking, place-hunting rascals, who like Esau would sell their birth-rights for so many messes of pottage. He gave the Dublin people credit for "pride, poverty, and dirt." Speaking of Scotchmen, he said "they were a disputatious set of whiskey-drinking hypocrites;" his opinion of the Bull family was equally flattering. "The fellows," he said, "had more honesty than the wily Scot, but they were so cursedly inflated with the pride of self-importance, that they looked down upon all the other offshoots of humanity with haughty contempt." It was quite a treat to listen to his words as they flowed from him, and though his vituperation was unmercifully severe, no person could hear his amazing volubility, and charming blarney, without being delighted; his blarney, be it remembered, was specially reserved for people with whom he happened to be in conversation. While in company with this gentleman, it would have been the height of madness to have attempted to discuss even the most trifling subject; in fact, there was not the shadow of a possibility of getting the thin edge of a word into an argument with him. But with all his eccentricity he possessed a rich fund of wit, and a mind well stored with the most varied information. If, however, he ever had anything in the character of logic, it must have deserted him before I made his acquaintance.

Before I parted from Mr. Walsh, after our chance meeting, he proposed to make one of my family upon conditions stipulated by himself. His terms were readily agreed to; he was highly pleased with his new home, and all the members of my family became warmly attached to him, both for the amiability of his character, and the uniform kindness of his disposition. With us, as he said, he found a genial home, and in him we found a warm and sincere friend; he was not

only ready to serve us, but was annoyed when he could not anticipate our wants. If I had had the means of making even a humble living in Dublin, my home would have contained a happy family, in every sense of the term, but the genii of my erratic fate decreed it otherwise.

As a place to reside in, I liked Dublin very much; keeping off polemical matters, the people are open-hearted, free and easy in their manners; and in their hospitality they are warm and generous to a fault. As a general rule the people have no great love for the English; indeed I do not see how they can feel otherwise disposed to the Bull family. England has been a hard task-master, and has frequently exhibited a mean spirit of jealousy, by preventing Irishmen from manufacturing goods, even for their own use. Up to the time of Elizabeth, the Irish were not only deprived of the protection of the law, but the life of an Irishman, if taken by a Saxon of the pale, was valued at a trifling sum in the current coin of the time. The English conquerors had neither the humanity of the Egyptians to the Israelites, nor the magnanimity and toleration of the Romans to themselves. As long as English history continues to be read, the penal laws passed against the Irish people by the British legislature will continue a lasting reproach to the country. Until lately the English Government always treated the Irish as a conquered—but unsubdued people. Why did they not leave Ireland, like Scotland, with her own laws, and Church government at her disposal? The answer will be found in the robbery and spoliation which have been effected in the country by the parties in power. It is only a few years ago when the Protestants, who were thinly scattered over the country, filled every post of honour and emolument, from the Lord Lieutenant down to the petty constable. It may easily be conceived how the favoured satellites of a corrupt government would lord over the despised and insulted race, who, though branded for their religion, adhered to the creed of their forefathers.

Mr. Smyth, who wrote of the condition of Ireland in 1273, says: "Subsequent to the English invasion the condition of Ireland exhibits little more than a rude account of the dispossession of the native chiefs by the English adventurers, who threw themselves fiercely upon the country, in quick succession, for many years after the event. A gradual course of systematic encroachment, at times insidious, but more frequently violent, enabled a few leaders to fix themselves to the land, and seize extensive tracts of it, with various rights and privileges, some real and others assumed, which may shortly and not inaptly be summed up as a general licence for unlimited oppression. Intermixed with the narrative are intricate details of inveterate rivalries, and exterminating feuds among the despoilers: for in proportion as the predatory knights succeeded in their attacks upon the inhabitants, they grew jealous and sought to overturn each other; hence the contests, as desperate and disastrous as were any of those which the English carried on against the Irish, sprang up among themselves."

I know every town of importance in the United Kingdom, —and a few elsewhere,—and have no hesitation in saying that Dublin, both for the morality and the temperate habits of the people, will rank above any of them; crime against property is of very trifling extent, and burglaries of rare occurrence.

Much of the scenery round the city is unrivalled for beauty and variety in landscape picturesqueness. The Dublin mountains, with their charming green slopes and dark woods, form a pleasing background to the city on the south; and the Phoenix Park, on the west, is teeming with natural beauties. The plains are covered with soft carpets of nature's weaving, and dyed in emerald; the fairy dells are fringed with ferns and wild flowers; here and there are shady groves and tangled wildernesses in which the furze, the yellow broom, and the sweetbriar are entwined. In one place you meet with an army of hawthorn trees, whose grotesquely-distorted

limbs seem to have been formed by Nature in one of her merry moods. Some of the foot-walks may be seen running round clumps of trees, and anon losing themselves in little woody ravines. The park, too, is intersected with handsome drives; these are often alive with jaunting cars, freighted with sightseers and pleasure-seekers. The Park and the Strawberry-beds were in those days places in which to see the Dublin people enjoy themselves in the full exuberance of that light-heartedness in which the cares and anxieties of working-day life are buried in oblivion. The man would be a cold-hearted cynic who could witness the Dublin people decked in their holiday clothing, and roaming with uncontrolled freedom through the park, or rollicking in innocent glee at Knockmaroon, or the Strawberry-beds within the sound of the Palmerston Cascade, without in some measure being infected with the pervading hilarity!

I know of no more charming walk than that which leads by the curving shore of the Bay of Dublin in going down to "Dollymount;" the view, as seen along the south side of the estuary, is made up of a number of delightful scenes, ranging from the Pigeon House to the base of Killiney-Hill, over a distance of ten miles. The "*Dunleary*" of my time,—but which became Kingston after the visit of the last of the Georges,—is a delightful watering-place; and the little romantic village of Dalkey is a sweet retreat, either for health or pleasure-seekers. I do not know any place that commands such a series of really beautiful landscape scenes and sea views as the Hill of Killiney. On a clear day the whole panorama is magnificently grand. To the east, south, and north the ocean may be seen swelling in gentle undulations, or lashed into foam by the breath of Boreas. Beneath the eye on the north side of the hill the little rocky "Cove" is seen, which at one time had the honour of being the Port of "Eblana," and the three ruins which yet remain of the seven castles, which in the olden time formed the storehouses of the Dublin merchants. Away to the south, over a level plain,

the prettily-situated town of Bray is seen nestling under the Wicklow mountains, whose cones rise in the air like huge sugar-loaves. It is among these hills in the "Vale of Avoca" where the "bright waters meet," and where the ruins of the seven churches remain, the silent historians of the time when Ireland was famed among the civilized nations for her piety and learning.

I do not know how it is that such a comparatively small number of tourists visit Ireland. So far as my experience and taste lead me, I think it contains more natural beauties, in the extent and variety of its scenery, than either of the other two divisions of the United Kingdom, and I am sure there is no more interesting specimen of humanity to be found, between the Poles, than the Irish Celt,—his ready wit, generous nature, and flow of animal spirits, even under adverse circumstances, make him superior to most other men.

I lingered in Dublin, between hope and fear, until I could hold out no longer; and, to make my case all the more trying, there was nothing for me there to do by which I could make a living. I had no means of removing my family out of the country, and whichever way I turned beggary stared me in the face. I had not told my friend Mr. Walsh how we were situated; seeing, however, that we were obliged to leave the house, in consequence of our furniture being attached for rent, I found it necessary to give him notice. That man was to us a good angel. As soon as he learned the state of my affairs, he offered to pay the rent due; I could not accept his truly generous offer, as it involved a responsibility I had not the shadow of a prospect of repaying. To live and end his days with us was to him a happy thought; and he dreaded parting with us as much as a bride would the being separated from her new-married husband. His friendship had nothing sordid or selfish in its nature; it was not exacting, nor had it any whims or niceties to mar its beauty or cool its genial warmth. I have known many men

in my time whose friendship I had much reason to value highly, but I am not aware of ever having met a man in whose friendship there was mingled such a small amount of human dross!

When Mr. Walsh found that there was no alternative for us but to leave, he lent me a sum sufficient to pay our passage to London, and we shipped on board of one of the London and Dublin steamers on the 22nd of December, he remaining with us until the last moment. Our voyage in this vessel was soon ended; we had scarcely got across the Bar when a violent storm of wind forced her on a sand-bank, where she lay at the mercy of the waves during twelve hours, with her bottom thumping on the sand. Ultimately we were taken off the vessel by one of the Company's tugs, and landed a second time on the quay of Dublin. As the vessel was considerably injured by having a part of her bottom stove in, we were obliged to take the Liverpool route, which involved a large additional expense. Our watchful friend had learned of the ship's disaster, and he was on the quay ready to receive us; and with his usual foresight he pressed me to accept a further sum of money, but as I did not see how I could meet the obligation, I refused the generous offer of another advance, with grateful expressions of a sense of his great kindness.

On the 24th we made a final effort to leave the country by having taken a deck-passage on board of one of the Liverpool steamers. After a stormy voyage, during which my wife and daughters suffered greatly, both from cold and seasickness, we landed in the Pool, in time for the parliamentary train for London. We might "hope for the good time coming," if that was any consolation to us, but there was not much of a cheering character in our Christmas Day's journey to London to inspire us with pleasant feelings,—yet we did not make our condition worse by useless repining.

Our first night in London was spent in a coffee-house opposite the Euston station, and when we discharged the little bill for our beds and breakfasts I had just one shilling

and sixpence with which to begin life in London, and when this sum was divided into equal parts, it amounted to three-pence per head!

Before leaving Dublin, it was so far fortunate that we were allowed to retain a considerable part of our bed-clothing—and with these and an empty room we managed to make a shift until the wind of our fortune should again set in in our favour.

The reader may be sure that under the circumstances my mind was ill at ease, or rather that it was not at ease at all; during three days I continued to build castles in the air, a business I had been well accustomed to. I grew hungry in the mind and wearied in the body, in that time, by wandering about in a fruitless search for employment.

On the morning of the fourth day, the temperature of my spirits rose from below zero to a genial summer heat, by a favourable turn in the wheel of my strange fortune. Mr. Hill, my old friend and employer, having learned that I was in town, and how I was situated, sent for me. He had quite as many hands in his establishment as his business required, but feeling for my position he made an opening for me, though against his own interest.

Here then was an end to my seemingly unfortunate Dublin speculation; I say seemingly—for it is hard to say what act in our lives, that is not done for an immoral purpose, is in itself fortunate or otherwise. I had looked forward, however, to the results of the Dublin situation with a lively hope that, if my salary had been paid, a certain amount of it would have been saved, and I flattered myself that in the course of a few years I would be able to go into business upon my own account. That dream, like many others which have visited my waking thoughts, vanished—but it still left me a dreamer.

Before taking leave of Dublin, I may remark that there are many things well calculated to produce reflection in the mind of an enquiring stranger in the city and its neighbourhood. It may be fairly presumed that the Custom House—

(which is by far the finest building of the kind in the United Kingdom) was erected to be a thing of commercial utility, instead of what it is, a mere architectural ornament. The Linen Hall, with its vast number of apartments, and silent corridors, has long been a stranger to even the echo of a human voice; and, with the exception of that wing of the building which has lately been converted into barracks, it is a place of desolation.

In my rambles in the vicinity of Dublin I was frequently struck with the number of manufacturing places of business I saw in ruins; at first I imagined them to be the monuments produced by reckless speculation, but upon more mature reflection I found that could not have been the cause. It is a somewhat curious fact, when taken in connection with the idea Englishmen attach to the unbusiness character of Irishmen, that in commercial speculation the men of business are decidedly more cautious than their neighbours, either on the south or the north side of the Tweed. In 1857, when the banks and large commercial houses were exploding in platoon order, both in England and Scotland, there was not a single failure of a bank or commercial house of business of any note in Ireland.

It is, therefore, not the reckless trading character of the people that will account for the ruined workshops and factories in the neighbourhood of Dublin; neither will this cause give us the means of solving the mystery which hangs about the lonely and all but deserted docks and ship-basins, whose stagnant waters are covered with a living vegetation. If, however, the reader wishes to know why this strange and anomalous state of things exists in Ireland, I would refer him to the Acts of Parliament which the British Legislature in its wisdom and magnanimity passed during the eighteenth century, by which the people in Ireland were prohibited from degrading themselves and bringing ruin upon their country, by cultivating art, manufactures, and becoming merchants and traders, instead of tillers of the soil.

It was surely very magnanimous on the part of the English lawgivers, when they insisted, with a friendly admonition which could not be gainsaid, that Paddy, instead of making money by the vulgar method of trade and manufacture, should mind his pigs, potatoes, and morals. This, however, is quite in keeping with John Bull's character; he is both willing and able to make knives, spoons, spades, and forks for everybody who can afford to pay for them: but he is too honest and kindly in his nature to allow Irishmen to injure themselves by competing with him, either in trade or manufacture.

In his own way he has been a wonderfully generous friend to Ireland; he gave the people a religion, with all the machinery for working it, which they did not want; and as a further boon made them pay for it out of their own pockets. In consequence of the many obligations which Ireland owes Mr. Bull, there is a curious bond of sympathy existing between him and Paddy; the fact is, the one never seems to tire in forcing benefits upon the other, which the other is always endeavouring to avoid receiving.

CHAPTER XIII.

I HAD often been impressed with the idea that my future, if I should have one, would be true to the antecedents of my past life—that as it had been, so it would continue, a thing of change. As previously recorded, I had escaped death in many ways. But the novelty of my position is that which arises from its transformations, and the escapes I was ever making from seemingly insurmountable difficulties. It would appear that I had a natural tendency to sink, and that I had only been saved in my downward career by some guiding Power beyond the influence of my own will. The only merit I possessed, if it may be called such, is that of a good and unflinching stock of hope, I was therefore seldom troubled with the gloomy forebodings of despair. I know there are thousands of men, who, if they had to pass through the same trying ordeals which have fallen to my lot, would flounder by the way; but on the other hand, there are numbers of others who would have turned many of the fortunate circumstances which I have allowed to pass to a lasting advantage. Sir Walter Raleigh's hesitation has been mine; the fact is, I possessed too much of the earth's dross to be a climber, and yet was too volatile to be a mere clod.

I often tried, I suppose, like the most of men when thinking about themselves, to analyse my own character, and as often failed. I had plenty of firmness, but being full of self-confidence, and with an insufficient amount of caution, I was continually being made the dupe of my own emotions and miscalculations. I was not of a particularly excitable temperament, but I frequently had a good deal of trouble to keep my judgment

on the whip-hand of my feelings. I sometimes think if men could wind up their mental machinery in the same way they do their timepieces, and thereby regulate their feelings to suit all sorts of contingencies, the journey of life would be comparatively plain sailing. If that, however, were the case, we should lose much of that surprising variety of character which now gives light and shade to human life, as well as those idiosyncratic traits which distinguish both men and families from each other.

It would be a difficult matter to describe the state of my feelings on the 29th of December, 1857, and the altered condition of both mind and body on the following day. On the first date I walked the earth as if I had been pressed to the ground with some dead weight. Upon the following day, my whole system had undergone a complete change; my mind became exhilarated, my body buoyant; and the pride of my nature was restored by my altered circumstances.

I was now about making a four years' voyage on, to me, the tranquil waters of the Pacific. During that time all my canvas would be spread before kind Fortune's gentle breeze; and my barque glide over life's untroubled stream under easy sail.

In the early part of January 1858, I went on a journey to Scotland for Mr. Hill, chiefly to collect accounts, and after doing business in Edinburgh I passed to Aberdeen, through Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, and Brechin. Many changes had been effected in the Granite City since the time I was fished out of the harbour, and saved from drowning the fourth time. From Aberdeen I made my way to Glasgow, by Perth and Stirling.

Glasgow is a very different place now to what it was between fifty and sixty years ago. At that period a few Jamaica merchants and eight or a dozen cotton manufacturers, principally spinners, ruled the civic roast, and divided the municipal places of trust and emolument among themselves, like decent respectable Tories of the "olden time."

The queen of the west is now full of merchant princes, who, like the Tyrian traders of old, send their merchandize to all parts of the world. The city itself is now one of the finest in Europe. Edinburgh owes much of her fame to the natural beauties of her situation; but though the site of Glasgow is comparatively tame, she possesses, in her noble river and estuary, some of the most delightful scenery in Great Britain. The fact is, the city now, instead of being bounded by the barracks in Gallowgate on the east, and Jamaica Street on the west, may be said to extend over a distance of forty miles down the river, in consequence of large numbers of her traders, professional men, men who have filled their flour sacks at Fortune's mill, and merchants, who have their princely halls, mansions, and villas scattered along the banks of the Clyde, or on the margin of the estuary. Within a few years, towns, villages, and hamlets have been called into existence by the rapidly-growing prosperity of the city.

In journeying up some of the lochs, not more than three hours' sailing from Glasgow, a stranger could have the pleasure of seeing some of the relations of the Mc'Callum More occupying huts inferior in their domestic accommodation to the wigwams of the Dogribbed Indians. Many of the families who are raised in the wild glens and mountain districts of Argyleshire are as well, if not better smoke-dried than the Findon Haddies in Aberdeenshire, by the peat reek preferring to make its escape by the doors of their cabins, instead of by the apertures in the roofs called "Lums."

In April 1858, my employer made a venture upon a new branch of business in Edinburgh, and proposed that I should take the management of it; an offer which I gladly accepted. After having my family brought from London, we entered upon the duties of housekeeping in "Auld Reekie" in a very humble way. Our furniture consisted of two chairs—whose constitution would not have passed a

medical inspection,—a deal table which was not our own ; four wooden boxes, and, not having a bedstead, we found our level on the floor. The small quantity of furniture we possessed gave us little trouble ; we knew we could enjoy the luxury of three meals a day, and that was a blessing to be thankful for. The only thing at that time which gave me any uneasiness was the repayment of the money I had borrowed from Mr. Walsh, to enable me to remove my family from Dublin and destitution. By the end of the year I managed, with strict economy, to relieve myself from this obligation, but though I had cleared off the pecuniary part of the transaction, which to me was a pleasant duty, I knew that no amount of money could ever repay the debt of gratitude I owed my generous benefactor. Shortly after having received a kind letter with an acknowledgment for the money I had remitted, I received the melancholy information that my friend had paid the debt of life suddenly in the home of a stranger. Peace to his shade ! I trust our friendship will be renewed in the sphere to which he has gone !

I had managed Mr. Hill's business in Edinburgh during two years to his entire satisfaction,—and in that time had received many proofs both of his kindness and generosity. At that time we were very comfortably situated. I may observe, however, that after our severe struggle we had had quite enough to do to keep the family patched up to the seeming respectability of our new position. It often happens that men holding nondescript situations in society, like myself, who are neither members of the working-class nor above them in their means, yet have to appear in respectable costume, have a hard struggle, with the greatest exercise of prudence, to make both ends meet.

In the summer of 1860, my kind and truly generous employer was unfortunately obliged through the pressure of adverse circumstances to dispose of his business. The event was a serious one for him, as it entirely changed his social

condition. To myself it was a sad loss. For some time past I had an idea that Mr. Hill's commercial position had been made secure; indeed he thought so himself. I therefore had reason to consider my situation quite safe, and to look upon myself as being a fixture in modern Athens.

When Mr. Hill disposed of his business, it was to a young man his kindness had enabled not only to rise from a position of obscurity, but to kick him from his own situation, and one, too, he had struggled hard to attain. One of the conditions in the transfer of the business was to the effect that I should be retained in the management of the Edinburgh office at a specified salary for twelve months.

As the terms of doing business were materially different from what they had been, the new system did not pay, neither did I think it would—indeed, I expressed as much before I entered upon my duties. I continued in the management of the office over eighteen months, when the proprietor thought to improve the concern by placing a young man in charge. Whether it ever improved under the new management I never learned. Mr. Stubbs, the gentleman who bought the business, was a most enterprising as well as a very clever man. In the course of a few years he had attained to a high social position, and was every way like to have gone on prospering, but in less than twelve months after my leaving his service he was hurried from the scene of his successful labours by an attack of typhus fever.

Although my family lived very comfortably, and were enabled to appear respectable while I held my situation in Edinburgh, it may be said that we jogged along at the easy and accommodating rate of from hand to mouth. I was therefore unable to save more than a mere trifle. When I left my situation I had the offer of a loan of a sum of money sufficient to enable me to begin business upon my own account, and as I was favourably known among the people with whom I had done business I thought the venture a safe one, and

so with the intention of availing myself of my friend's offer I made a beginning.

From circumstances which I could not have foreseen this small speculation turned out a failure; and what was even worse than the miscarriage of the business, it placed me in a false position. I required to print and publish a circular once a week, and in doing so had to pay cash not only for the paper and printing, but for a good deal of the matter of which the circular was made up. I carried on the business as long as the few pounds I had saved and the subscription money I had collected lasted, and when I wrote my friend for the offered advance, I had the melancholy satisfaction to learn that, in consequence of a serious pecuniary loss, he could not keep his promise!

This disappointment was galling to me in more ways than one. I had received eight pounds from my subscribers, and was unable either to continue to supply the circular or return their money. Eight pounds was certainly not much to be in debt, but the money being owing to a number of people made it worse, so far as my own character was in question, than if I had owed ten times that amount to one individual.

Stranded again on the lee shore of poverty, my mind full of a whole host of impractical projects, not knowing which way to turn, I at last resolved to proceed to the Big Town once more, and for that purpose sold off the best of my furniture to enable me to change the *venue*. I left Edinburgh with feelings of much regret. That, however, which annoyed me most was in being obliged to leave the subscriptions noticed above unpaid. After I had been in London a short time I refunded a few of the subscriptions, and was in the hope of being able before long of clearing off the whole; but in this my intention was frustrated by an unforeseen circumstance.

Edinburgh is a grand old city; she is full of historical records; the old town is yet, in its partly modernized state, a monument of the feudal age. Everything about it is full of

unexpressed poetry; and to the true observer of men and things there is a silent language in many of her quaint mediæval buildings which the eye can understand, though no sound greets the ear. Nature, in a burning passion, formed her site of molten lava; her Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, the Calton Hill, and the rock on which the Castle is seated, have all been sent up from the womb of Mother Earth to decorate the plain, and lend both beauty and majesty to the scene.

There have been many changes in the old capital of Scotland since David Lindsay, "the Lyon King at arms," edified his countrymen in homely Doric in his reply to the "Kings fighting," in which piety, poetry, patriotism and gross obscenity were jumbled together. The world, too, is older, if not wiser, since "Hume" brought the thunder of the Kirk and the maledictions of all the God-fearing old ladies about his philosophical free-thinking ears! And many social revolutions have passed over the community in Auld Reekie since the time the ploughman bard learned new lessons in the science of the civilised follies of the eighteenth century there. I have often cast my eyes upwards to the window of the room he occupied in St. James' Square, and I never passed the house in the Potter Row where Clarinda resided without recalling the love which united their sympathising natures, and the battles each must have had with their passions.

In connection with the name of Burns, I may mention that in the early part of January 1859, I was requested by a number of gentlemen, who were then engaged in forming themselves into a Burns Club, to become president of the society. I accepted the office as a mark of distinction, and became chairman of the club more for the honour of presiding at the centenary meeting, which was then about being held, than for any other motive; and I mention the circumstance to show that I do not agree with the majority of the poet's eulogists in reference to the manner in which he was treated by the public of his own time. The centenary

celebration of Burns caused quite a pleasant excitement throughout the whole kingdom ; and it is worthy of remark that the opinions expressed about the genius and character of the bard,—whether by the learned, the unlearned, the peer, or the peasant—were uniformly the same in substance. The following condensed report appeared in the *Scotsman*, and was copied into a volume of selected speeches delivered upon the occasion, and published by the firm of Fullerton and Co., one of the largest publishing houses in Scotland.

After some introductory remarks, the Chairman said :—Gentlemen, It may be argued that Burns was not a poet like Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, or many others we might name, and that his experience of men's social habits and modes of thought was confined to a very narrow circle. I grant such to have been the case, but though he could only survey the world of life from a very humble position, the extraordinary quickness of his perception more than compensated for his want of worldly education. And we must bear in mind that much of the wisdom he has left for our inheritance was the produce of inspiration rather than the result of worldly experience. Burns possessed the magic power of acting upon the living sympathies of man's nature, from kings to beggars, and he contributed most to our happiness when he told us the things we knew, but could not express. The impulses of men's minds are the secret springs of their actions ; and though all our passions and feelings are very simple things, yet simple as they appear, gentlemen, how few there are who can describe them as they really exist. Burns' power of imagery and truthfulness of description was of the highest order ; but it is in dwelling upon the mysteries of human thought and action in the daily concerns of life in which he excels. If in a sad hour of reflection he sang the melancholy lay that "Man was made to mourn," he has cheered our hopes and gladdened our hearts with his picture of happiness in humble life in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." Whether he strikes the lyre to love or patriotism, we are made to feel the force of his magic power ; in the one case his flame is the pure devotion of the heart, and in the other we have the ardour, courage, and determination of a man who would rather die in the defence of his country, than live on the ruins of her liberty. In the dialogue of

the "Twa Dogs," the ploughman shows a keen insight into the affairs of men in the various ranks of society, and in the true spirit of the poet and the philanthropist he never fails to plead the cause of suffering humanity, and claim for the sons of toil the rights of freemen. Who that has read the inimitable "Death and Dr. Hornbook" can ever forget the journey of the half-drunken man as he floundered on his way home in the dead hour of the night? How graphically he describes the different conditions of his mind as reason or whisky prevails, and how the courage of the toper and the superstition of the man battles for mastery! How playful the wit, how droll the humour, and how keen and cutting the satire when exposing the evils of quackery! We love Burns for his kind and generous sympathy with our nature, we admire him for his manly independence, and we are pleased with his sparkling wit and rollicking humour. In his moments of gladness he plays with our susceptibilities until he inoculates us with his own thoughts and feelings. The imagery, the wit and pathos, combined in "Tam o' Shanter," makes it one of the most unrivalled productions in our own or any other language; and if Burns had never written another line, this poem would have immortalised him. Gentlemen, I am convinced that no man can truly admire a poet until he has felt him; this is the great secret of Burns, the different states and conditions of his own mind are communicated to his readers, and whether our souls are tinged with melancholy over the dear departed shade of his "Mary in Heaven;" carried away by the full-flowing tide of friendship in "Auld Langsyne;" or dwelling in the misty delights between the late and early "wi' a wee drappie in our e'e," we are made to feel that the poet is a living part of our own nature. The ploughman bard had a mission independent of that of ministering to men's lighter enjoyments; he wielded the club of satire with the arm of a giant, and he made men feel the force of ridicule who were impervious both to reason and common-sense. Some of his satires upon the canting Pharisees and saintly sinners of his time were well directed, and, what is of no small consequence, they are as applicable to certain mistaken Christians, or double dealers, now, as they were seventy years ago. We have often heard the poet found fault with for the manner in which he lampooned the "unco gude," but the conduct of the parties he flagellated was a greater reproach to religion than could have been inflicted upon it by its worst enemies. Upon more than one

occasion some of the amiable Christians of his own country have endeavoured to brand his name with infidelity: this day has proved how far they have succeeded. My opinion is that Burns' idea of religion was far exalted above the narrow-minded, sectarian bigots he so justly exposed. I must confess, gentlemen, that I am not one of those who join in the insane cry that Burns was badly used by his countrymen while living. His literary career was of short duration, and the public had not sufficient time to sit in judgment upon his merits as a poet; and it must be remembered, too, that the newspaper press, the great organ of public opinion, was then only in a state of helpless infancy. No man in the present day, with anything like Burns' talents, could long go unrewarded; and we have good proof of what his countrymen would have done for him, if they had known the living man as well as they have since known the poet.

I continued to be chairman of this society as long as I remained in Edinburgh, and will always retain many pleasant recollections of the happy evenings I spent with the members during my intercourse with them.

While in Edinburgh I had occasion to write to a gentleman in Northumberland, who knew me when I was a very little specimen of humanity; his father's family have already been noticed as having been kind and generous to me when I was a fugitive from Ireland. The following is Mr. Dagg's reply, which will prove that nearly forty years had not erased me from his memory. And I may mention that he will scarcely ever pass from mine.

"GOWANBURN, *October 12th*, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your truly kind and welcome letter of the 16th May I duly received, and must apologize for my seeming neglect in not writing you sooner. I can assure you that I was much gratified to hear from so old an acquaintance, and one I had often thought about and wondered what had become of poor little Jamie! I had lost all trace of you until I heard of your excellent and highly interesting book, which I soon bought, and read with great interest." . . .

Having inquired about the other members of his father's family, a considerable portion of his long and kind letter is taken up with domestic history. In alluding to his only brother, who was then on a farm in the neighbourhood of Annan, in the south of Scotland, he says,

"Should you ever be in that quarter be sure and call upon him, and you will receive a hearty welcome by making yourself known. I may tell you that your letter to me has been often read with great interest, and enclosed and sent a great distance, and is now with my brother. Your contributions to the *North Briton* I have read with much pleasure, and should you have other copies by you I would feel obliged by your forwarding them to me. You are no doubt aware that we are getting a railway made close to this; it is not more than a hundred yards from my front door, and I doubt not but by next summer will be opened for through traffic from Hawick to Hexham. You will surely then do me the honour of a visit from you, when I will expect you to spend a few days with me and visit scenes familiar to you. I understand you have a family; should any of them have a desire to see this wild country bring them with you, and you need not doubt a hearty welcome.

"I can remember your brothers, mother, and stepfather as well and better than many things which only happened a few years ago, and even many of the scenes and sports we had when you were at Keelder Castle—even the bearding my *sister Peggy with the wisp* of hay in your mouth. When you have a leisure hour I shall be most happy to hear from you.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"Very truly yours,

"JOHN DAGG."

"P.S. Be sure you lay your account for paying us a visit when the line is through."

This letter called up many reminiscences of a pleasing nature, and nothing could have given me more pleasure than to have complied with the kindly invitation it contained, but at that time the nature of my business prevented me from

leaving home. Twelve months after receiving that letter I had no thought of ever being able to revisit the wild regions round Keelder.

After having been a short time in London I obtained a temporary employment from Mr. William Tweedie, the publisher. This act was a matter of pure kindness on his part, as he really did not require my services. Since I had known him first he had taken a kindly interest in my well being. Mr. Tweedie was a man of benevolent impulses, and I know that he has rendered many kind services to men in humble circumstances who had, like myself, tried their hand at authorship.

After having finished the little business I had to do with this gentleman I consulted my old and esteemed friend Mr. Hill, who had come to town to pay me a visit about bringing out a "Handbook of London," and as the plan I had formed seemed a feasible one, he was of opinion that the speculation would be successful. I therefore lost no time in making all the preliminary arrangements. During the daytime I occupied myself in canvassing for advertisements, and in the evenings composed the matter. I found, however, that in order to have the book brought out in time for the season, which was that of the second great International Exhibition, I would require the assistance of a professional advertising canvasser, for I knew that the success of the undertaking would depend upon the number of advertisements which could be obtained.

Having advertised for a canvassing agent, I selected out of a number a young man who appeared to be perfectly *au fait* at the business. This speculation, if successful, might be the turning point in my capricious fortune; the fact is, in my usual sanguine way of looking at things, I had no misgivings about it, and had it not been for my want of caution in the management of the business all would have been well. The young man I had engaged was extremely successful in his canvass; his vouchers appeared so plain and straight-

forward that I had no reason to doubt his honesty. In less than a week I had paid him ten pounds commission, and if all had been well, what between his advertisements and those I had got, I should have realised at least a hundred pounds independent of the sale of the book.

One morning he brought me a small advertisement, and requested the commission. Having paid him thirty shillings the previous evening, I thought for the first time that there was something wrong; instead, therefore, of paying him, I requested him to call in the course of an hour. I lost no time in calling upon the gentleman whose name was signed to the order form, and to my utter dismay learned that the name was a forgery. With a beating heart I speedily went through the whole of the people whose names he had returned, and found that they were all fictitious, or rather that their names were forgeries.

This man knew my circumstances. I had told him that I had borrowed the money with which I had paid him, and that I was depending upon the success of the undertaking to rescue myself and family out of difficulties. His professions of honesty, and the interest he pretended to have in the undertaking, were such as would be expressed by a well-meaning honest man, and of course I believed him. I do not know whether it is that females are better judges of character than men, or that they are liable to be more suspicious, but this I do know, if I had taken my wife's advice in this matter I would have saved both my money and reputation. But the fact is, I have always been going wrong through my want of caution; I am inclined to think that no amount of experience, however dearly bought, will save a man from his own imprudence who, like myself, is largely wanting in this faculty. For my own part, to be suspicious of either men or women who are strangers to me, would be doing violence to my own nature. Men can only work with the faculties Providence has endowed them with; these, of course, may be modified by special training, but their

nature will always show itself when occasion offers. Under the circumstances of my position, this man acted the part of a cold-blooded knave; but, bad as his conduct was, I feel satisfied that he carried with him no qualms of conscience for what he had done. While proving his orders I learned that he had only served me much in the same way he had done to others.

Men of business habits will necessarily blame me for not having proved the fellow's orders before paying him his commission upon them, and very justly too, but I only acted in keeping with my antecedents, and I am not sure whether I should act differently if the some sort of thing was to be done again.

Here, then, was another very crooked turn in the wheel of my fortune, and one, too, that led to consequences I could never have dreamed of in my waking hours. By the force of circumstances I had got into a fresh groove, and was, without knowing it, being impelled onward into a new phase of social existence.

In the month of June I received a letter enclosing an order for three pounds from a relation in New York, with a pressing invitation for myself and family to proceed to the United States without delay. From the tenor of this letter I was led to believe that the writer required me to assist him in the management of a well-established and profitable business.

After holding a family consultation it was agreed that we should make an effort to go out; but how to raise the means was a question much easier put than answered. In order to see what could be realised by the sale of our furniture I called in a broker to give a valuation. I found that what could be raised by this means would leave us £9 short; this sum, too, at last was raised, so that we were without further obstacle in taking our journey. These preliminaries being settled, I wrote farewell letters to a few of my most intimate friends, and received replies which showed that I was not beyond the pale of that sympathy which friendship alone

begets,—one especially from Mr. Hill. While I was in his service I found myself more at home—and certainly more at ease—than if I had been in business on my own account. Our friendly relations to each other had become so closely entwined by mutual confidence, that I became the recipient of much of the produce of his active mind, whether relating to business or otherwise. His own existence had been strangely chequered by a great variety of vicissitudes, and he had boxed the social compass under many severe and trying circumstances. During the exciting times of the Charter and Corn Law agitations he held a prominent situation, being the Editor of the *Northern Star*. In this capacity he exercised a powerful influence over the minds of the great body of the working people of Great Britain. And it may be remarked that the *Star*, under his editorship, attained to a circulation unprecedented in a provincial paper.

From the circumstances in which he was placed I did not expect to see him, and wrote him to that effect. He replied, but could not rest satisfied without seeing us fairly away; he therefore came up to town and remained with us until we were lost to his lingering gaze, as the train whirled us away, as we supposed for ever, from his sight. It is a sad duty to say a lasting farewell, and that, too, to one who is bound to you by all those feelings which endear human beings to each other. In parting, it was understood on both sides that if we should meet again, it would be beyond that dark rivulet where friends meet to part no more.

Another letter was from a very highly-esteemed friend in Edinburgh. We had known each other long before I went to reside there, but during the time I was in Auld Reekie we almost became a part of each other.

“EDINBURGH, *July 31st, 1862.*

“MY DEAR B——,—“I received with extreme sorrow your last letter. The thought of parting for ever is, to one like me, who does not affect passions, and love either wholly or not at all, is a serious

and painful thing. I do not think parting with one dying is so bad. If I could, I would have been in London to see you ere now, but I am completely fixed, and must forego that pleasure . . . Your departure is a severance in a sort of a double way. We have known each other long both in literature and social life: J. B. had become to me a sort of conventionalism as a name, and I shall miss the pleasant name and true-hearted fellow with whom I have so many feelings and sentiments in common.

“What remains but to say dear—good-bye! I shall mind you as long as I can anything. Don't write me till you have got to New York, and then let me know how you have all got on. God send you all safe across the sea.

“Believe me, yours most sincerely,

“WILLIAM GLEN.”

“John Carmichael was inquiring very kindly after you.”

This gentleman was one of the classical teachers in the High School of Edinburgh. Like Yorick he was a man of infinite jest; and his society was much courted in consequence of his hearty convivial habits.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE got to Liverpool, the port of our embarkation, late in the evening of the day of our departure from London, and were victimised, as all emigrants are sure to be, either in one shape or another, while passing through that town. An emigrant ship is like no other place in the world. Before she clears out of port all is wild confusion, and most of the passengers, from the novelty of their situation, scarcely know what to make of themselves. Some are forward and inquisitive, and are rudely repulsed by the sailors; others are gawky, and have not sense to stand out of the way of the men who are working the ship. In one place a swarm of children are crying because their little wants cannot be attended to, and in another men and their wives, instead of attending to the arrangements of their berths and luggage, are drowning their cares in the whisky bottle. Everything is new to everybody, and few have the most distant idea of life on the ocean. Some of the passengers who have few cares of their own are curious and interested about the concerns of their neighbours to whom they are entire strangers, and others, whose minds are wandering over the past, are oblivious of everything connected with their immediate condition. The old people look sad and thoughtful, while some of the more careless among the youthful seem as if they were determined to act upon the maxim laid down by Burns to look upon the "present moment" as their "ain," "the neist we never saw."

In due time I got both my family and luggage into sailing trim; and in two days after leaving the port the

goodly ship *Resolute* was breasting the rolling billows of the Atlantic, and the whole of my family were undergoing the painful process of sea sickness.

The colony of human beings on board amounted to rather more than three hundred and fifty, which, with the ship's crew, gave a total of three hundred and eighty. The passengers, with few exceptions, belonged to the lowest class of unskilled labourers; a few were from "Vaterland," but the majority were from the rural districts of Ireland.

Nothing could be more uninteresting or commonplace than the society of which, for the time being, we formed a part. The grumblers indulged in the luxury of fault-finding, and little quarrels and petty thefts occasionally called forth displays of passion; but a good stiff breeze, particularly if the vessel lay well over on her lee beam, was sure to make most of the passengers in the hold good Christians as long as it lasted. You may depend there is nothing like a smart storm at sea for making people, who are not accustomed to the music of Boreas, and the wild dancing of Neptune's watery sprites, feel that they are not exactly as they should be. I have always noticed that the class of men who only pray under the pressure of circumstances are generally the most expert cursers in fair weather; but the same rule holds good on the land, as well as on the water, as everybody knows

"The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
The devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

In men's actions there is frequently very little between the sublime and the ridiculous. In fact, the extremes of dignity and mean selfishness are occasionally seen jumbled together; and I think there is no place where the extremes of human conduct can be studied to the same advantage as on board an emigrant ship. The storm often reduces the fair weather bully to his true character of a sneaking coward, while, on the other hand, the timid and retiring, under ordi-

nary circumstances of every-day life, become brave, cool, and collected, and ready to meet death, when the inexorable hour arrives, with becoming resignation.

During the passage there was scarcely anything worthy of notice on board the ship; but a few hours before we entered the Gulf Stream I witnessed such a sky scene as I never saw before, and never will again. Before sundown the full sweep of the horizon ahead of the ship was covered with a series of apparent landscapes of the most varied character—indeed, there was scarcely anything that a scene painter could wish for but was there. In a short time these delightful views dissolved, and as they were passing away, one half of the vault of heaven, from the zenith to the western sky line, became tessellated in living colours of gold and blue. The sight was gorgeous in the extreme, and looked more like what the imagination might have presented to it in a fairy dream than a living reality. If any of my readers ever saw the dome of the “Alhambra” in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham lighted up by the rays of the noonday sun, they may form some faint idea of the glorious picture, by imagining half of the dome of heaven lighted up in the same colours, with the pattern of the pavement changing its form, until the whole had passed away from their rapt vision.

While the ship was passing through the Gulf Stream I was very much interested in witnessing the myriads of beautiful molluscs which for several days fairly covered a large part of the face of the ocean. These are what the sailors call “Portugese men of war,” and are known to naturalists as “Physalia.” They have the shape of the Nautilus without the shell, and are therefore a mere gelatinous substance. They possess a number of tentaculæ of a ribbon shape; these serve both the purpose of mouths for feeding and a stinging property for defence, and they also serve as ballast to steady them before the breeze when they unfurl their sails for a cruise. When the membrane which these

beings use for sails is expanded, nothing can really be more beautiful. The substance when seen in the sunlight is a clear transparency, and being largely impregnated with iodine, the rays of the sun bring out a thousand glittering and changing hues. For hundreds of miles these beautiful but humble forms of animal life may be seen cruising about singly or in shoals, attached to masses of drifting seaweed, a species of *Algæ* peculiar to the Gulf Stream.

On the morning of the thirty-fifth day after leaving Liverpool, the good ship *Resolute* was bumping her bottom on the sands in the Channel between Sandyhook and Coney Island (August 1862). It was fortunate that the weather was fine, otherwise the consequences might have been different. As it was, the returning tide set her free, and in less than four hours, with the assistance of a steam tug, we passed the battery at Staten Island, and brought to at the Quarantine, where we were boarded by a medical man and a Custom House officer. At this place the passengers were mustered, underwent a medical inspection, and had their luggage overhauled by one of Abraham Lincoln's servants. At this point I was highly interested with the magnificent scenes which the estuary and the surrounding landscapes presented. When I had time, however, to direct my attention to what was going on aboard the vessel I got quite a surprise. For some time I found myself at a loss to recognize a number of the people with whom I had been familiar during the voyage. The fact is, nearly the whole of my fellow-passengers had become transformed by having unshipped their sea togs, and encased themselves in their holiday clothing. The change from dirty rags to their altered condition, was what I was not prepared for, but I confess the surprise was an agreeable one.

The preparation for landing caused for a considerable time a complete babel of confusion, and to me much of the scene was both sad and amusing.

While everybody was trying to right himself, a Custom

House officer had worked himself into a passion, without any apparent cause; and that he might be understood every now and again sent out the unmeaning interrogatory, "say"; there is no mistaking the feeling which accompanies this query when it is intended to be insulting. A comparatively short time enabled the passengers to pass through the barriers at "Castle Garden"; and the people who had sailed together during five weeks, several of whom had become acquainted with each other's personal histories, and formed mutual friendly connections, took leave of each other on the threshold of the new world. Some had friends or relations waiting for them either in New York or the interior of the country, others made the venture because they had faith in the fate that awaited their honest endeavours in the land of the "Stars and Stripes." There were not a few of these poor people who had made up their minds that whatever fortune should attend their exertions, it could not be worse than that they had left behind them in the land of their birth.

In the course of little more than an hour (time being between seven and eight o'clock p.m.) both my family and their guardian, like so many statues, might have been seen standing, with our portable luggage at our feet, in the Park on the outside of the Battery. We were in a fix for the time being by not knowing our bearings.

I may here inform the reader that the "Castle Garden" and the Battery are one and the same place; originally the site of the Garden was that upon which a battery stood. The present erection is in the shape of a rotunda, and "Garten" being a German name for a place of amusement, this building became so denominated in consequence of having been used as such. It was there that Jenny Lind charmed the New York people with her sweet warbling. The building stands at the lowest point of the Island of Manhattan, and commands a full view of the bay and its ever-varying scenes, and, as a consequence, is a place of much resort for loungers.

As my relation resided in the city, we made up our minds to proceed direct to his address. This task, though seemingly simple, involved more considerations than one; in all probability it would be easy enough to find the place, but perhaps neither himself nor his wife might be at home. They might have changed their residence, have left the town, or one or other, if not both, be dead. The least of these contingencies would have been attended, so far as we were concerned, with the most serious consequences. Among the passengers, while on board of the ship, we were looked upon as people of some social standing, and therefore not likely to venture upon a journey across the Atlantic without the necessary means both for our immediate requirements and future contingencies. I am satisfied, however, that there was not a man on board the *Resolute*, though many looked destitute, but was better off, so far as the possession of means, to meet their immediate demands than I was. When we landed on the soil of America my funds amounted to the sum of twelve shillings and sixpence, which if divided equally among us would have given each member of the family twenty-five pence! If, therefore, we had been obliged to have gone to even a sixth-rate boarding-house our money would not have provided us with food and lodgings for a single night.

While standing reflecting as to what we had better do in the Park, we found we were neither of use nor ornament there. It is true if we had not made up our minds to go to our intended destination, we could have gone back to the Garden and found a refuge there for the night in a place set apart for the destitute; but if we had done so, we must have been treated either as knaves or fools. The people in charge of the institution could not have believed from our make up and general appearance that we could have left home to become paupers on our landing.

We made up our minds to move in the right direction at last, and on finding our way to the head of Vasey Street, we

got ourselves and baggage packed into an Eighth Avenue car. This conveyance set us down at the very door of our destination. As good fortune would have it we found our friends at home. They had gone to roost; we got them roused from their first slumber, enjoyed a good supper, with appetites which had been whetted by junk beef and uncrackable crackers, after which beds were extemporized, and we had our first dreams in the "beautiful land of the west."

After having rested a couple of days in order to get clear of that sea motion which generally clings to a landsman for some time, I went down to the Castle Garden for such of my luggage as I had left there. The bulk, however, of my things remained on board; being too large for the fore cabin, it was stowed away in a large crate in the hold. When I left the ship the captain had no idea when the ship would be berthed, neither did he know what wharf she would be taken to. This circumstance caused me both much trouble and inconvenience.

For several days I was on the look-out for something to do, but could find nothing suitable. If I could have foreseen what was before me, ere leaving London I could have had letters of introduction to two or three parties in New York who might have been of service to me, but as it was I found myself in a hopeless condition among strangers. If I had been an unskilled labourer I might have found employment, but nobody seemed to require the sort of services I had to dispose of, either for love or money, and I am not surprised that it was so.

My readers will no doubt feel curious to learn what had become of my relation, at whose request I had gone out to the country. The answer to this question is soon told. When he invited me to go to America, my friend (though pressing in his request) never dreamed that I would be such a consummate simpleton as to leave my own country after I had turned the corner of sixty years of age. I found I had been grossly deceived as to the social condition of my son-in-law,

for such was our connection. But even suppose all his statements had been true, we could never have worked in concert, because his habits were thoroughly dissipated, and mine steady and domesticated. So far as kindness was concerned,—that is, in having been treated as mere visitors,—we had nothing to complain of; but unfortunately both for himself and others who had an interest in him, he could not be relied upon for twenty-four hours. My poor daughter did all she could to render us such services as her circumstances admitted of, but she had little power to do anything beyond giving us her love and sympathy.

As a Yankee would say I was in a pretty considerable fix, nor did I see my way out of it; there was no use in looking back like Mrs. Lot, and looking forward seemed equally as hopeless.

When I had been rather more than a week in town I got twenty dollars from my son-in-law, with which I purchased a few second or maybe tenth-hand articles of furniture, and took a small shanty so that we might have a home of our own. While I had been wandering about the city I accidentally learned that the felt hat business was carried on to a considerable extent both in New York and some of the neighbouring towns. This, at all events, was good news. But though the knowledge I had thus obtained had a cheering effect both upon myself and family, there was one serious difficulty stood in my way, which I supposed could only be removed by my having to write to England and wait for an answer. I had not worked at the branch of trade carried on in America for nearly thirty years, and on leaving home going back to the hat trade was an idea I could not have thought of, neither did I know that the felt hat business was being carried on in the United States. Under these circumstances it was not likely that I should think of taking my trade credentials with me.

There is no trade or profession in the United Kingdom that has passed through such a radical change—both in the

material and the manner of manipulation—as the hat business has undergone during the last thirty years. It is a somewhat curious fact that the visit of Kossuth to America, in 1852, produced a complete change in the hat business throughout the whole of the United States. This circumstance was quite in keeping with the impulsive character of the people. Kossuth at that time wore a soft felt hat, and he no sooner left the country than the style of his *chapeau* became the prevailing fashion among all classes of the people, and remains so to this day.

Having called at a hat factory in 19th Street, I learned from a Kelso man I met there, that if I could find any one in the trade who could vouch for my being a seven years' man I could be asked for, and as this shop was full he directed me to one in 24th Street on the other side of the island. I met this poor fellow several times after; he was a "drouthy crony," and in a fit of delirium tremens he drowned himself in the Hudson. When I arrived at the factory in 24th Street I took a quiet stroll through the premises and listened to the voices of the men; I was not long in detecting that of a countryman, a broad Northumbrian. There is scarcely a possibility of mistaking a working man from Northumberland. I found the old gentleman was not only a countryman, but he was also a native of Hexham; and though I could not have known himself, I was intimately acquainted with a brother of his, as well as several of his relations. Having left the country nine years before I went to the trade he could know nothing about my servitude, but he was well acquainted with the man I had served my apprenticeship with. This meeting at the time, and under the circumstances, was a fortunate event, inasmuch as it was the means of getting me employment.

I had not been long in New York, when I met with several men who knew me in the old country; some of them had fallen a long way down on the social scale since I had seen them.

One day, while passing along South Street, I met a gentleman with whom I had been slightly acquainted. He expressed himself much pleased at our meeting, and invited me to dine with him at a restaurant hard by. While in this place I got a very unpleasant surprise; I saw a man behind one of the bars in the capacity of a servant, whose social position, when I knew him at home, was that of a gentleman. Poor man! his passions got the upper hand of his prudence, and as a *dernier resort* he sought refuge in America. I could not help reflecting upon the vast difference there was between the duty of watching over men's morals, guiding them in the way they should go, and that of ministering to their depraved desires and vitiated tastes in a New York porter house! New York is pretty well stocked with fallen angels. Numbers of the erring members of society in the Old World find their way there. Some few, by applying themselves to honest industry, are enabled to redeem their characters; but unfortunately the majority, instead of reforming, learn fresh lessons in villainy. It may be noticed that it is a matter of no consequence to men's moral or social standing in the United States what occupation they follow as long as they are successful. The great leading feature in the American character is independence. I have seen a hawker of dilapidated umbrellas comport himself with all the dignity of a duke; and, for anything I know, he may have been the son of one! The man behind the bar was a clergyman, but his duties in the tavern were not those indicated in the Rubric.

I have already stated that the bulk of our luggage was left aboard of ship. The vessel was not docked until ten days after her arrival, and it was not until the seventeenth day that I got my crate landed. It would have been well for both myself and my family if our things had been made up in small parcels, so that we could have had them under our own care. The stevedores who had the discharging of the cargo had opened the crate and taken every article of any value they could find. With the exception of the clothing

we were wearing, and a few articles necessary for a change, all our best clothes, boots, and bedding were gone; and as the crate formed no part of the ship's cargo I had no redress. This to us was an unlooked-for calamity, and what made it doubly galling we had no means of replacing them. The loss I had sustained was bad, seeing that the winter was coming on, and I had nothing but what was on my back; but the condition of my wife and daughters was still worse, inasmuch as all their best clothing was gone. If the fellows had robbed a church, or been guilty of the sin of witchcraft, either offence would have been venial compared with the villainous and heartless robbery they had committed. I can assure you these scoundrels caused more tears to flow in my poor hovel than their relations would have shed if the whole of them had been flogged to death at as many cart-tails.

CHAPTER XV.

I MAY here say truly that I was about passing through one of the most severe and trying ordeals of my life. Before I rejoined my own trade in New York, when I had anything to do demanding physical exertion I had both elasticity of mind and body in my favour. But the fact is, for many years my duties were both light and easy, and I never required to take off my coat to my work. When a man requires to train his system to the various conditions of a laborious profession with a load of sixty-two years on his shoulders, as was my case, he would find it no easy matter.

I went to work on the morning after my visit, and entered upon my second probation as a journeyman hatter. Everything about me was new,—the manner of doing the work, the tools, the material of which the hats was made,—all was new; and my shopmates were not like the men I had been accustomed to associate with in the olden time. No wonder that all was strange to me after having been absent from the business for more than a quarter of a century.

The first day passed under very uncomfortable circumstances so far as my own feelings were concerned. I found that I had not only a new trade to learn, but what was decidedly worse, I required to *unlearn* much of what was no longer useful. That, however, which had the most depressing influence upon my feelings, was the idea I attached to the opinion my shopmates were likely to form, for the men who were working alongside of me could not fail to see that I was not only green, but verdantly so; and knowing this, my imperfection was a source of both shame and misery to me.

When a man feels himself humbled through his pride, and is possessed of an ordinary amount of delicacy, his condition is anything but a comfortable one. Some of my shopmates were ready to show me anything I required to know, and there were others who were restrained from giving me information purely from a feeling of delicacy.

The business I was engaged in was that of sizing or waulking felt bodies. In the old country a workman only sizes one of these under his hand at a time, whereas in America, three bodies are felted in a cloth, and not unfrequently four at a time. The American system is decidedly the most expeditious, and the hats are equally well made. The cloth was a sad stumbling-block to me; its use was contrary to all my previous experience, and it seemed to fetter my arms when at work, whereas it was calculated to give more freedom if I had known how to use it.

I went home that night with my spirits a long way below zero, and I can assure the reader that the muscles of my face gave no very satisfactory idea of how I had fared. I did not tell my family about my difficulties or the state of my feelings, but they saw I felt humbled,—not by having to work (for they knew that no condition could be more honourable than that arising from honest industry), but perhaps by finding myself deficient at my work. At the end of the week I had realised the trifling sum of four dollars, out of which I had to pay one dollar and fifty cents, in providing a garnish with which to treat as many of my shopmates as felt disposed to partake of it. This is one of the old trade rules, which had their origin in the times of the close guilds, and which our countrymen carried with them to the new world. One of the immediate consequences of this garnish system is to encourage dissipation, and the man who pays it is robbed to the amount he has to disburse.

Seven dollars was the reward of my second week's labour, or rather the produce of my work; for if I had received seventy dollars my sufferings would not have been paid for.

The process of adaptation is both more slow and painful in a man who is up in years, than it is to one who has youth on his side. During many years the only muscles in my system brought into action were the flexor and extensor muscles of my lower limbs, but my new work required the long and sustained action of those of my arms, shoulder, and back. For a period of more than three months I suffered continually from a severe pain in my back, which was not alleviated even by a cessation from labour. In consequence of my bodily suffering, and a continual feeling of anxiety pressing upon my mind, my rest at night was disturbed by a species of nightmare; and when I was in this condition, which lasted at least for a period of six weeks, I was subject to nervous starts and twitchings. One feature in my dreaming was that of having a workshop in my brain, and the sizing going on there; and my difficulty was that I never could get the hats I was making into a proper shape. This very uncomfortable state of my health was caused by the physical powers having been overtaxed, and the mind thereby being reduced to an abnormal condition. Seeing the state of my health my wife endeavoured to persuade me to leave the business and try something else which would be less laborious. That, however, was out of the question; my mind was made up to go through with what I had begun, knowing that when my system should be sufficiently trained my labour would be lighter.

If the foreman in the factory had not taken a kindly interest in me I could not have held my situation as long as I did. In being clumsy at the business I was by no means peculiar; I certainly, in my own estimation, was stupid enough while serving my second apprenticeship; but I had met numbers of young men from the old country who were sufficiently green for anything.

It is a fact well worthy of being known by the skilled workmen at home, that there is not a single trade in America, common to both countries, in which there is not

a decided difference in the method of manipulation. Every near cut which can be attained by ingenuity or mechanical skill is taken advantage of by all classes of producers, and the division of labour is carried to its utmost limits. This, of course, is not strange in a country where both labour and talent are highly remunerated, and where the merchants and manufacturers are competing with the old traders in their own markets. More than this, the great pride, ambition, and constant aim of the American manufacturers is to whip John Bull both in designing and producing. The American people appear to me to be always ripe for any enterprise that promises a fitting reward. With them there is no halting, and they possess apparently any amount of mental energy—indeed, I have often thought the leanness of their bodies gave power to the mental activity of their brains!

When old country mechanics or artisans go to America, they are often a good deal surprised at the manner in which numbers of men continue to flit from one workshop to another upon their own account; this migratory action, however, depends a good deal on the state of trade. There are two reasons why the men thus keep moving about; the first arises from the disparity which often exists between the price of labour in different workshops in the same locality. The second reason may be found in the fact that numbers of young men have no taste for vegetating about their homes in cabbage fashion. To many of the Americans it is not a matter of any great consequence about the failure of the trade they are seen engaged in, inasmuch as they are ready to apply themselves to some other. Indeed, it is nothing unusual to find men with two or more trades on their finger ends. While in New York I worked shopmate with one genius who was a hatter, a watchmaker, a maker of *understandings*, and quack M.D. This diversity of business knowledge is accounted for by the easy manner in which young men can obtain situations as learners in almost any branch of business. I have known men who had boxed the compass

of almost every sort of employment in the country. One of my shopmates, a very quiet, gentlemanly fellow, had been some years in the service of the celebrated "Barnum," and he had also been engaged as an exhibitor in a travelling menagerie. Another shopmate was a church beadle, a schoolmaster, a book-canvasser, and a pedlar in Yankee notions. I have worked alongside of captains, lieutenants, sergeants, and a theatrical scene-shifter. The fact is, freedom of action, arising from notions of personal independence, is seen in the manners and conduct of all classes of the people in the United States.

The seasons in the United States differ very considerably from those at home; September, October, and November are styled the Indian summer. They are by far the most pleasant months in the year, and were it not for the changing colour of the foliage, would wear all the appearance of a most genial summer at home. Nothing can be more beautiful than the rich sylvan scenery in the United States during the Fall; the wonderful variety of hues seen in the clear sunshine in the living woods is magnificently grand. The atmosphere has a balmy breath; it is clear, dry, and bracing, and thereby well calculated to repair the jaded systems of the people, which have been depleted by the scorching heat of summer. In fact, during this season Nature would seem to be resting after the broiling fatigues of the previous two months. All living things, too, from human beings downwards, appear to enjoy the universal repose. In these months, particularly the two first, in the country districts, fruit, such as apples, plums, quinces, grapes, tomatoes, melons, squashes, and pumpkins may be seen in luxurious abundance. The wild forest trees, too, are shedding their fruits, which everybody may share who has either taste, time, or opportunity to gather them.

Independent of the hardships and sufferings I endured at my work, I had other difficulties to contend with. Both my wife and daughters grew home-sick; nothing could seemingly reconcile them either to the people or the country, and this

feeling increased with their extended experience. The manners and habits of the people were new to them, but it was only reasonable to think, from the pliability of youth, that the girls in a short time would be able to adapt themselves to the circumstances of their new position. With my wife I felt certain there would be no change; her habits and modes of thought had become too fixed by age to bend to those of a society in which we lived without being members of it.

When I left England it was with a certain idea of leaving my bones in the soil of the New World, yet, strange as it may seem, I had not been two months in New York before I became thoroughly impressed with the conviction that we should return home, although I could not see by the greatest possible stretch of imagination how the thing could be accomplished. If, however, I had speculated upon future contingencies by the past events of my life, there would have been nothing strange in the realisation of such a dream. Though my family continually yearned for the land of their birth, I was careful not to communicate my own impressions to them. On the other hand, I endeavoured to cheer their minds and raise their hopes—that as our condition improved they would be able both to see and feel the bright side of life in America. This advice covered my own thoughts, but it was very far from producing the intended effect. Seeing that I was obliged to make a living by hard work in my old age made my family more miserable than they otherwise would have been. They saw, in part, what I suffered, but they could not see all. It is a bad symptom when a man's labour, instead of stimulating the system to a healthy condition, and conducing to comfortable repose, weakens the one and destroys the other, which was the case with me during several weeks.

In the latter end of December I lost my employment, ostensibly through dull trade; but as the hands were being weeded, I had no doubt that the real cause was in my not being up to the mark. The circumstance was to me a serious matter, but I had reason to be thankful for past

favours. After hunting about for some time I got shopped in the establishment of Mr. Prentice in Brooklyn, but the young man who asked for me advised me not to go to work; he recommended me to go to Newark, in New Jersey, instead, and as I knew his advice was given in a friendly feeling I followed it. I therefore lost no time in making my way to that place, and had the good fortune of being successful in the first establishment I called at.

It may be noticed here that Mr. Prentice in Brooklyn, Long Island, is the largest hat manufacturer in America, or, I believe, in the world. Some time ago this gentleman was upon bad terms with his men, in consequence of his wanting to reduce the prices of his work below the standard given by the other employers in the trade. Being a man of capital, he closed his shop against the men in the fair trade, and filled it with anti-union men and an army of apprentices. It seemed from what I could learn that he had upwards of a hundred young fellows learning the trade in his factory at one time. He was, therefore, not only a hat maker, but he turned out journeymen almost as fast as some of the small makers did hats! From what I could learn from some of the men who served their apprenticeship, either wholly or in part, in this establishment, Mr. Prentice must have paid dear for his experience under the new system. He was not only robbed in a variety of ways, but his tools and large quantities of his material were constantly being wantonly destroyed. Such was the lawless condition of the youths in this factory, that the Brooklyn gaol was seldom without several of them as inmates. I have often heard young fellows, who had passed their curriculum in this model establishment, take credit to themselves for the manner in which they victimized their employer.

Brooklyn holds a notorious character both for the number and efficiency of its loafers, and when I was in the country not a few of these owed their training as rogues and ruffians to Mr. Prentice. This gentleman, instead of dis-

posing of his goods in the way our manufacturers do, sells them by auction in his own rooms in New York. These sales take place at regular stated times, so that the buyers know when to attend.

There is a marked difference between the working-men in America and those of the same grade at home. The Americans, as well as the Americanized, are decidedly more respectable in their personal appearance, and they are better clothed and more refined in their deportment. The men who have been brought up in that country are, as a general rule, better educated, and have therefore a better command of language than the same classes in Great Britain. I was most agreeably surprised when I began to have experience of the social condition of the men in my own trade. With few exceptions they were well dressed; many of them had their fingers decorated with gold rings, and not a few had watches and chains of the same material. As a general rule, there is no distinction between the man of substance and the artisan, so far as either manner or personal appearance is concerned. The majority of operative tradesmen in the United States is composed of Germans and Irish. The first are an industrious, sober, and thrifty set of people. They are, however, very clannish,—liberal to their own countrymen, but close-fisted to people belonging to other countries. I believe the late “John Jacob Astor” of New York, who became a millionaire, to have been a fair type of the selfish character of his countrymen. I have been told, upon seeming good authority, that that man never perpetrated a generous action beyond the circle of his own family connection during the course of a long and prosperous life.

The Germans, as a people, have been of great service to their adopted country in nearly all the branches of industry, but principally in the cultivation of the soil. They are fond of all those pleasures arising out of social intercourse. In their religion they are not much troubled with the dogma-

tism of the schools, for like most of the continental people they use the Sunday both as a day for religious observance and pleasurable recreation. In speaking of these people, there is one fact which Englishmen should know, which is this—the German industrial classes are far ahead of them in education. I have met numbers of working-men who could speak three languages!

The Irishmen in America are not less industrious than their German compeers, but they are sadly wanting in their quiet, inoffensive manners and saving propensity. They are more impulsive, and decidedly more generous and warm-hearted. There is no class of men in the United States who undergo such a wonderful transformation, both in manners and personal appearance, as the newly-imported young Irishmen do. They seem to have a ready method of adapting themselves to their new circumstances, and the conditions of a society perfectly strange to them; and what is somewhat remarkable, in a very short time they become more American than the natives themselves.

One of the worst features in American society is the almost universal habit of using profane language. This is a serious set-off against many of their good qualities. There is, however, one redeeming feature; their swearing and cursing is, to a large extent, free from the coarse, vulgar profanity of great numbers of our working-men at home, which no doubt arises from the rude and uncouth provincialisms which prevail—more particularly in the northern counties. This may be said to be a distinction without a difference; it is, however, the difference between having one's flesh lacerated with a saw, or cut with a razor! The misfortune in America is that the use of profane language is not confined to any class of the people. It may shock the sense of propriety in a well-disposed person to hear men in humble circumstances swearing, but it is decidedly more disagreeable and offensive to good taste to hear men of education degrading themselves by using foul language.

Taking the American people as a whole, they are decidedly more temperate in the use of intoxicating liquors than we are at home. I am aware that there is a great deal more spirits consumed in the United States than there is in Great Britain and Ireland; at least, that was the case in 1864, when ninety millions of gallons, beside cider and apple jack, were made and distilled for private use. How much rum and brandy during the above time was imported I had not the means of learning; but I am quite certain that the doctor was freely used in enlarging the quantity of spirits produced in the legitimate way. The above quantity no doubt seems large for the population, then under thirty-two millions; it must be remembered, however, that the use of spirits, like the wealth of the people, is more equally distributed than with us.

The manner of drinking, too, by the people, differs considerably from our own. When a man, or a number of men, go into a public-house for refreshment, instead of calling for a measure, or measures of liquor, each person has the vessel containing the liquor required set before him, and each helps himself according to his taste or discretion. Taking the general habits of the people into consideration, I have no hesitation in saying that their system of drinking is more rational than much of our own. Instead of sitting in tap-rooms and bar-parlours, as is the case in many of the English towns, the Americans take their drinks at the counter and are off.

It is pretty well known that when two or more men sit down to drink in company their feelings are liable to get warmed and their generosity excited. Under such circumstances they frequently injure each other by a false spirit of kindness. I have much pleasure in saying that during the time I was in America I seldom had occasion to see females drinking at bars,—in fact, the practice is almost unknown in the United States,—and when I have seen a dissipated woman she was from the old country.

The American ladies are somewhat reserved with strangers,

and being as full of a spirit of independence as their would-be lords and masters, they have a high sense of their own consequence; but they are scrupulously clean both in their persons and domestic arrangements. It is a common thing for matrons among the working-classes in England to call their husbands by the title of "old masters." Were a married woman to do this within earshot in America, she would be held up to derision, and the idea of either husband or wife acknowledging one or the other to be "Boss," would be quite out of the question. So far, however, as the fact of master-ship is concerned, this sort of thing is more in abeyance than a practical truth on either side. There are petty tyrants on both sides of the neuter gender who carry the whip with a high hand; but the women when ill-treated have both a pliant law and sympathising judges in their favour, when they feel disposed to apply either for protection or redress.

When the ladies were much more in a minority than they are now, gallantry among the men was carried to the extreme in the United States; and by this means the women, as a general rule learned to form a false estimate of their own importance. Petticoats were then at a tolerably high discount, and now, when they are at, if not below par, they still demand those little attentions as a right, which they had from the men as mere acts of courtesy. The authoritative conduct of the ladies was being rebelled against when I was in the country; as long as the women had the politeness to acknowledge the courtesies and kindly attentions of the men, the duties on both sides were honourably discharged. But it had become quite common for a woman to accept a seat vacated for her by a man in a public conveyance, or a place of amusement, to spread her inflated dress and take no more notice of the person than if she had rendered him a favour by relieving him of the encumbrance of his seat. I have frequently witnessed the rude and vulgar conduct of females in this respect, but I have reason to think they were not Americans.

Taking it as a rule, the operatives in the United States are paid at a higher rate than the same class receive with us in Great Britain, and as to both food and clothing they are much ahead of us. Their citizenship puts them on a level with the middle classes in England,—they enjoy all their political advantages, and, like them, they are made to feel that they have an interest in the government of the country. If the machinery of the trade of the country is working smoothly, and the men are ordinarily industrious and prudent in the management of their domestic affairs, there can be no mistake as to the social comforts at their command.

I look upon the constitution of the United States to be the most perfect of its kind, both for the amount of political liberty it ensures, and the equal distribution of power among the people. If the motive power was as good as the machinery, there would really be nothing to find fault with in this great modern Republic. But I may mention that both the constitution and the laws are frequently nullified by designing demagogues, who, for the time being, make tools of the people. The ballot, which was intended as a safeguard against malpractices, and to ensure purity at elections, is often turned into a mere farce by unprincipled and reckless wire-pullers, or place-hunters. But by far the worst feature connected with the legislative affairs in the United States is the gross, shameless, and bare-faced system of bribery which is practised by the lobby operators in Congress. These men are employed by public companies, whose schemes are in opposition to the public interest; or they are in the pay of private parties, who seek to obtain monopolies of a one-sided character. Their duties are, therefore, to corrupt the Congress men who prefer self-interest to the public weal.

My opinion is, that it is next to impossible for political honesty to exist in a country in which there is a general scramble for office and its emoluments with every presidential election. And it is equally impossible that the laws can be fairly and honestly administered by judges who are

notoriously corrupt, which is by no means an exceptional matter in the States.*

The people are accustomed to these matters; they have become familiar with them by usage, and they form a part of their social system; and whatever strangers may say or think about them, they are convinced in their own minds that both the constitution and the manner in which their laws are administered, is far in advance of those of any other country. Whatever fault there may be in the management of the national machinery, the government of the States, or in conducting the civic arrangements of the towns, as seen from a foreigner's standpoint, one thing is certain: the Americans

* SCENE IN AN AMERICAN COURT OF JUSTICE.—On Tuesday, Counsellor A. J. Hyatt, of White Plains, was summoned before Justice Long to show why he should not vacate a room over a millinery store used by him as an office. Mr. Hyatt asked for a subpoena for a witness, and requested an adjournment. The Court.—What do you want an adjournment for? Mr. Hyatt.—To arrange my defence. The Court.—What is it? Mr. Hyatt.—I have a good defence. The Court.—Jack Hyatt, you can't tell the truth—you are lying. Mr. Hyatt.—No, I ain't lying either; I have a good defence. The Court.—You are a — liar. You know you have no defence. The case must go on. Mr. Hyatt (to the Court).—You are a — scoundrel. The Court.—I am, eh? Well, now I'll show you that I am scoundrel enough to lick you. His honour descended from the bench, and throttling the lawyer, jammed him into a corner, and then shoved him into the street. Mr. Hyatt.—It's all very nice for you to be so brave in your office, but just come out here and I'll take some of it out of you. I'll make you cry quits. The Court.—I'll take that banter. Out went the Court forthwith, followed by the chief of police and a number of small boys. Mr. Hyatt (as the Court was about to seize him).—Go away from here. Don't you hit me. I'm a lawyer, not a fighter. The Court.—I thought you wanted to fight. Mr. Hyatt.—Well, if you want to fight just hit me, that's all. Then I'll lick you, sure. The Court made a motion towards Mr. Hyatt's head, and Mr. Hyatt darted down Railway Avenue at an alarming speed. An hour later he was seen opposite the Justice's office, but across the street, with a law book under one arm, and a bundle of manuscripts under the other, saying that he had prepared an order of arrest, returnable in the Supreme Court, against the Justice on a charge of assault and battery. The Justice insists that the dignity of his court must be maintained.—*New York Sun*.

are not only pleased with things as they are, but they are proud of them to extravagance. Those emigrants who go out to the New World with stereotyped notions of men and things, cannot fail to have their Old World prejudices ruffled by Yankee assumption of superiority; but though these people may be ill at ease in their new homes for some time, many of them, after having passed through the process of naturalisation, become more Americans than the most rabid Yankees of the New England States. I have often found settlers of a few years' standing the most fiery patriots in the country, and that there might be no mistake in their natural conversion, there was nothing too bad for them to say against the country of their birth. It is evident, therefore, that there is a wonderful fascination in a country that can bind strangers to its interest after undergoing a short probation.

From my own experience of the general condition of artisans in America, I certainly should not advise well-conducted tradesmen to emigrate to the United States; for when the habits of the people and the depreciated value of the money are taken into consideration, I think the balance would be in the favour of this class remaining at home. "Come easy, go easy," seems to be the maxim by which nearly all classes of working-men in the country regulate their conduct.

Young men who wish to enlarge their experience in their respective branches of business would do well to visit the country; there is much to be learned in all the industrial departments, and a journey now to the United States is little if at all more expensive than one from Edinburgh to London in my time. But though I do not recommend skilled workmen to go to America, there is a very large class of people who would certainly better their condition by emigrating—I allude to the out-door workers, who overstock the market at home, and thereby not only keep down the price of labour, but render employment uncomfortably uncertain.

I think there can be no doubt that the general condition

of the people has been considerably improved during the last forty years. There have been two causes at work to produce this result; the first of these may be found in the extraordinary character which emigration has assumed since 1847. During this period Ireland has furnished somewhere between two and three millions of her hardy sons and daughters to swell the industrial ranks in America. It is a fact worthy of notice, that until very lately the poverty of Ireland pressed like a huge incubus upon the condition of the industrial classes in Great Britain. The constant influx of Irish labourers during the first four decades of the present century not only caused a reduction in the value of labour, but it was the means of impoverishing the great body of the people by advancing the scale of the poor rates. In the natural order of things nothing else could have been looked for. The governments of England, by a stupidly selfish policy, aided in keeping Ireland in a condition of helpless poverty, and the English people have paid, are paying, and will yet have to pay, the penalty due to such a policy! The second cause for the improved condition of the people arises from the steady increase in the national wealth since the repeal of the corn laws.

The unskilled working-men who emigrate to America do not only improve their own circumstances, so far as the creature comforts are concerned, but, as a general rule, they raise themselves in the social scale, and thereby become a new people, with feelings of self-respect, to which they had been strangers in the old country. Poverty in Great Britain, where the feudal traditions still cling to society, through all its upper grades is yet looked upon as a vile badge of dishonour. And a necessary consequence arising out of this state of things is, that one part of the people look down upon the other, and treat them as if they belonged to an inferior caste.

This species of our conventionalism is one of the reasons why the Americans have been enabled to use up so much of

the raw material of our insular humanity, and it is satisfactory to know that when it goes there it has the right fibre in it; it is soon dressed into a presentable shape, and is appreciated at something like its proper value. The fact is, when a well-conditioned working-man becomes a citizen of the United States, if he thinks proper he may place himself in a position to walk with his head erect, and feel that manly dignity which an honest sense of independence alone can confer; and he will find, too, that his character, as a member of the community, is not made to depend upon the contingency of the amount of rent he may pay for the house he occupies. On the other hand, he is trusted within the pale of the men who look after the interest of their country, and, as a general rule, he is a better man for the confidence the state reposes in him. I do not hold out these political privileges as inducements for working-men to emigrate to America; my object is rather to show them how their social and domestic comforts may be increased by not only being better paid for their labour, but by being treated with the consideration due to them as useful members of society.

It may be stated that the labouring man who goes out to the West must not expect to make money without hard work. There is no such thing as shirking labour either in the workshops or in the fields. A man must make up his mind either to work or play, otherwise he will soon find his level. No working-man should go to the United States after having passed the prime of life; youth is the proper season for adaptability to the new conditions of the country; the climate requires a change in the systems of all Europeans before they are thoroughly fit to compete with the natives in the labour market. Labouring men who go out to the States should, if possible, avoid remaining in any of the towns on the eastern seaboard, and if they cannot proceed beyond the Alleghany mountains, they should at least go as far into the interior of the country as they can manage. In the country districts house rent is moderate, and good-sized plots of land

can be had for what would be considered nominal rents at home. Fuel, too, is much cheaper than in the towns; in many parts of the country wood can be had for the labour of getting it. And to people with families of young children it is not a small matter in domestic economy to have them schooled, so that they may be enabled to play their parts with credit on the world's stage, and be it remembered that education throughout the whole of the United States is free of charge to all classes of the people. The instruction given in nearly all the American schools is generally of a secular character, the religious training being left to the parents of the children and the clergymen of the different denominations.

Under ordinary circumstances there is no such thing as having "to beg for leave to toil" in the United States, nor do working-men require to carry certificates of character about with them when in search of employment. Rags and squalid misery are seldom seen except in the towns. There is no mistake in this, however, that though a considerable number of the American people are daily acquiring wealth, poverty in all the large towns is one of the growing evils of the country. There are plenty of old country people in such cities as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, who cannot give up the pleasure of begging and the luxury of rags. I really believe that there are some of these wild nomads who enjoy this sort of existence, and would not exchange it if they had the power for a comfortable competence. I refer to these sort of people as being from the old country advisedly, inasmuch as I believe it would be as rare a thing to find a Yankee beggar as a dead ass in the United States. The Americans may not be over fastidious either in their commercial transactions or the ordinary duties of social life, but from what I have seen while in the country I am certain they are by far too independent to beg.

America possesses all the necessary conditions for a great labour market. The country is immense in its proportions; its natural resources are unlimited, and her people are full of

both energy and a spirit of enterprise. The land is yet—except in the neighbourhood of large towns—of comparatively little value, and will no doubt continue so for generations to come.

Some of the American gentlemen who have lately been discussing the social condition of the industrial classes in the United Kingdom (among these H. W. Beecher has been in the van) have attributed most of the evils under which they labour to the land being mostly in the possession of old aristocratic families.

These gentlemen either forget, or they do not know, that Britain is a FREE COUNTRY, and that if all the land now in the hands of the nobility was to be disposed of to-morrow, it would not make a jot of difference to the landless people, inasmuch as it would be immediately purchased by a new class of aristocrats from the ranks of successful merchants and manufacturers. It must be remembered that land with us is a more profitable investment than it is in America; and in a country where the interest of the people generally is so well balanced, there is no question about the security of landed investment.

The ambition to possess land seems common to all civilized people; and it is not strange that it should be so, for a family estate gives a man a social status; it is a means of perpetuating his name; it gives him an interest in the stability and the prosperity of his country; and, if he has a family, it is calculated, under proper management, to hold them together. The scarcity of land in Great Britain, as well as its security, is a strong incentive for moneyed men to become proprietors. Taking our hills, plains, lakes, and morasses, we can only muster somewhere about one hundred and twelve thousand square miles in the United Kingdom; and if the whole was divided equally among the people it would not keep their souls and bodies intact. The men of wealth in America have not the same inducement to invest their money in land that our people have. They can do better by specu-

lating in trade, and the land is therefore left to industrious men with small means. But if the land was as limited in its extent in the United States as it is in the United Kingdom, it would soon be subject to the control of a Yankee aristocracy, whose lordly rule would very likely be no better, if so good, as that of our own.

It is said—and I believe truly—that “General Freeman” possesses more land in America than is held by two-thirds of the British nobility; and though this is the case nobody finds fault with him, and the reason is simply because land is plentiful in the United States. It is worthy of remark how consistently inconsistent some men are in expressing their opinions about the affairs of other people, and this land question furnishes a good illustration of the matter in question. I do not know any country in which there are so many monopolies (many of which are opposed to the public good) as in the United States, and Mr. Beecher is himself an example both of the illiberality and exclusiveness with which he charges the British landowners. His own church is said to be one of the most aristocratic in the country, and a seat cannot be had in the Brooklyn Temple of this high priest of erratic thought, unless at a most extravagant price.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN February 1863, I was located in one of the prettiest cities on the eastern seaboard of America. There are plenty of its inhabitants who assisted to nurse it as a town when it was in its infancy, but young as it is, it has become one of the most important seats of manufacturing industry in the States. In its manufacturing character, Newark, in New Jersey, is not like any of the English producing towns, in which some leading branch forms the staple industry. When we speak of Manchester the idea of cotton is sure to intrude upon our thoughts; we know that Leeds and its neighbourhood is sheepishly woollen to the backbone; Bradford is all stuff; and Sheffield is the home of Vulcan; Birmingham deals in compound metals, and Coventry keeps "*Time*" and decorates the heads of the fair. I might name a number of towns in which some leading branch of industry gives the place a special character. Newark, however, has on its *rôle* almost every leading branch of business done either in England or the United States. It may be mentioned, too, to the credit of the merchants and manufacturers, that almost every man of substance in the city has risen from the ranks. Before the war broke out the Newark manufacturers did a large and profitable business with the Southern States, and consequently sustained a serious loss by the disruption. This loss, however, was partly compensated for by the Government orders obtained by the leading houses,—indeed, I dispute very much whether the people were ever in a more prosperous condition than during the war. If America should continue to progress in anything like the same way she has

done during the last twenty-five years, Newark will become a very great city before the Bell of Time has tolled the solemn dirge of the nineteenth century. The State of New Jersey, though small, is of considerable consequence from a manufacturing point of view; the City of New Jersey, Trenton the Capital, Orange, and Elizabethtown, are all places of commercial and manufacturing industry.

There are a large number of felt-hat makers in Newark and the neighbourhood, that is, taking the different grades between the head and the tail of the profession. Among the small fry there are a good many who take out work from both merchants and large manufacturers, who either do a certain process in the business, or get the goods up ready for the market.

I had the good fortune to obtain employment in a shop belonging to a gentleman of this class. My first week passed over pretty well, and my labour was rewarded with nine dollars. Had my family been with me, instead of being in New York, this sum would, at that time—before the war had sent the price of food up—done very well. In these shops there is no certainty of continued employment, and if I had wished to remove my family I had not the means. The second week's earnings was an improvement of two dollars over the first, and I felt comfortably elated. The third week, however, dispelled my pleasant reverie, for instead of eleven dollars my wages only amounted to four, which was just one dollar more than paid my week's board. The manner in which business is conducted in these out-door shops is, when there is plenty of work on hand, to give the men as much as they can do. I may mention that the uniform rule in the trade is to pay for the work by the piece. This system gives the fast men a chance of making good wages, but it is of little advantage to the plodders. Such shops as these suit certain classes of men; such, for instance, as those who possess little shanties and plots of ground of their own, and have grown-up families, the members of which

remain with them and pay their board, and elderly men who have saved money, and who don't care whether they work or let it alone. By the end of the fifth week I was fairly starved out; the work collapsed, and nearly all the fires were out. Had it not been for the spasmodic character of the work in this shop I should have liked very much to have remained in it. The master (or boss, as employers are called in America) was both a gentlemanly and kindly-disposed man, and had a happy method of making himself agreeable to his men. After leaving I got employment in the largest hat factory in the town, but the class of work was generally of an inferior description, and the making shop, though large, was exceedingly ill ventilated,—this, with the plank kettles being heated with steam, made it the most disagreeable winter workshop I had ever been in. In this place I could make, upon an average, about nine dollars a week. That, however, was not sufficient to pay my own board and support my family in New York; it was necessary that they should be removed, so that one house should cover us, and that we should sit at one table. I may remark that though the distance from New York to Newark is only about eleven miles, if the removal of my family had depended upon my resources, they must have remained for some indefinite time where they were.

Although my position was as good, under all the circumstances, as I could have expected, and had it not been for the responsibility of my family I might, in a little time, have made myself comparatively comfortable,—my family demanded my first care, and before all things it was necessary that we should be under one roof. While I was speculating with anxious thoughts as to how I could manage to remove the family and furniture from New York, I happily met with an old friend whom I had not seen for many years, and who upon that occasion became my good angel by presenting me with a sum sufficient to relieve me of my troubles. It will be seen, hereafter, that this man exercised

no small influence over both my own destiny and of that part of my family who were with me in America.

I have remarked that my new shop in Newark was a very disagreeable one, in consequence of its being exceedingly ill ventilated ; this was so much the case that I have worked for several days in succession, and could not see the faces of the men who were working shoulder mates with me. Another feature of this workshop was still more disagreeable ; when any of the men required to move from one part of the premises to another, they were almost certain either to run against each other, or tumble over blocks or pails which were lying about in all directions. Many curious little incidents were continually taking place in this region of steam. If the darkness was Cimmerian, the noise was no less Babylonian. Through the whole day the place was filled with singing, shouting, cursing, swearing, fighting, laughing, and romping.

The proprietor of this establishment was a shrewd, hard-fisted American ; he had amassed a large fortune ; was a leading member in his church ; his manner was as smooth and urbane as any sinner oiled with the unction of Christianity could be, but somehow or other nobody had a good word to say of him. He gratified his feelings of charity in always having a goodly number of Irish boys as apprentices, to whom, when they could do their work, he paid, upon an average, two dollars a week. For this and other reasons the shop was frequently being honoured with the ban of the trade, and the fair trade workmen only found it convenient to work there when dull business shut other shops against them. From this it may be readily imagined that the society in the establishment was not over select.

Many of the young Irishmen, after learning trades, and being initiated into Yankee notions of personal independence, became imbued with very different ideas of both men and things to those of their simple-minded fathers and mothers, with their stock of Old World notions. The young men of this class are characterised by a rollicking devil-may-care spirit of

independence, and a thorough disregard of parental authority. During the time I was in New York, a young fellow who worked at the same kettle with myself went home one evening under the inspiring influence of "Apple Jack" and strong anti-Irish feelings, and in order to prove his patriotism to the land of the Stars and Stripes gave his poor old father a good "bating" for having had the misfortune to be a native of the sod! I have often enough met with reckless young fellows at home, but, generally speaking, their conduct was restrained in some measure, either by their own sense of propriety, or the influence of public opinion. But things are managed in a different way in the United States, and the reason of this is, that numbers of people, particularly young men, the sons of old country parents, mistake licentiousness for rational liberty. The fact is, every man in America, irrespective of his social standing, and being a member of the sovereign people, holds himself at liberty to form his own character without consulting either the taste or the requirements of anybody else. I knew a young fellow while in Newark who bore the euphonious name of Kane. He was one of the most rollicking, rhapsodizing creatures I ever met. He had figured in at least a dozen professions, but the last time I saw him was in the honourable character of a Bounty-Jumper detective. When sober, which was only when he had not the means of getting drunk, he was either hypochondriacally dull, or overflowing with animal spirits. If there should happen to be a calm among his shopmates, he would place himself in a conspicuous situation, and sing a stanza or two of one of his laughter-exciting songs, or he would assume a tragical attitude, and recite some ridiculous burlesque with all the gravity of a judge, after which he would resume his work as if nothing had been the matter. Upon these frolicking occasions he would open his comic jaws and send forth a stream of unmeaning sound; and when all eyes and ears were attention, in military phraseology, he was himself again, or perhaps he would go into the centre of the shop and place himself in the

attitude of a stage-struck hero, and as soon as he saw the men had suspended their work, he would quietly go back to his own without speaking a word or changing a muscle of his seemingly stolid face. Upon one occasion Kane went home considerably the worse for drink; he was then boarding with his father and mother, and the old people were well accustomed to their son's love of fire-water; his being drunk was therefore nothing new to them, but at the time in question he gave the old man a *striking* demonstration of his filial affection, and in a way that was anything but complimentary. After having made some observations upon the state of his own feelings, and expatiating upon the rights and privileges of the free-born citizens of America, he told his father that if he had been at home in the old country he would have been digging praties for a *tinpenny bit* a day; but "father agra," he continued, "were ye ever sun struck?" The old man replied in the negative. "Well then," said his hopeful son, knocking him down flat on the floor, "you can say that no longer!" after which he walked out with a drunken companion who had been a witness of the edifying domestic scene.

There was a strange medley of men in my new shop; three in my own department were Americans, one was from Maryland, one from Connecticut, and the other from the State of Massachusetts,—no three men could have been more dissimilar in their leading features. The first was as ignorant as a savage and as ferocious as a hungry wolf, yet the creature was both sober and industrious. The second was a model Protestant; his peculiarity was in riding an anti-popish hobby, but in trotting it out his sole object was to let his fellow-workmen see how superior his religion was to theirs, and how much they had to learn before they could arrive at his height of Christian perfection. The third was the mere framework of a man; he was so attenuated that one could scarcely imagine how he managed to hold on by the earth. But as a north-country Englishman would say he was "a fell wee fellow." Little as he was he could

get through more work than many a stronger man. He was a staunch southern sympathiser, and no man could have been more hearty in the cause of his friends. He was a good violin player and an excellent singer, and when he felt inclined for a lark he had only to send forth the shrill notes of his musical voice, with "Dixie's land" for the burden of his song, to set the whole northern patriotism of the establishment in a flame.

The rest of my shopmates, who were made up of at least a dozen nationalities, were quiet, peaceable nonentities, with the exception of one man, who stood out in significant relief. This man was a giant of five feet two inches when honestly measured. He was a native of the north of Ireland, and a member of that super-loyal and patriotic body of Irishmen who do not belong to the *old stock*. In all my experience I never met with a class of men who can hate with such a godly zeal as your true Orangemen. With them the bitterness of death is scarcely sufficient to allay their holy rancour. Keep the pope and popery out of the way of Orangemen, and many of them are really among the most amiable and best-conditioned members in society. It is, however, a serious misfortune with these people that to whatever part of the world they migrate they carry with them the seeds of sectarian strife. It may be said that Ribbonism is as bad as Orangism, but in my opinion there is a wide difference; the Orangemen are aggressive, and the other seldom act except in their own defence. Religious zeal is no doubt commendable when it is regulated by common prudence, but I have no sympathy with that spirit of dogmatism which damns all opinions but its own. My little shopmate was one of those creatures who was so loyally true to his own creed that he could not allow an opportunity to pass without insulting a Catholic fellow-workman, and the more he could wound the feelings of his antagonist the greater his triumph.

If I had been true to the blood that is in me, I should

have had a warm sympathy with that man, or any other who ever wore the glorious symbol of Ireland's discontent in his buttonhole on the day sacred to the "pious and immortal memory." My father was a Cameronian, and so were all his kin. His forefathers had fled from persecution in the "land of the mountain and flood," it was therefore only reasonable that they should cherish the orange lily, the emblem of intolerance and hate, "the wearers of the green." I have merely mentioned this man because he is a regular type of a large number of his countrymen both in the United States and at home, who are never happy unless they are giving proof that they have mistaken sectarian bigotry for the religion of the gospel.

The following will furnish a pretty good example of the pernicious influence of alcohol. While I was working in New York I became acquainted with a young man, a native of Ireland, but who had been in the United States from boyhood. He was a smart, active young fellow, always clean, steady, and gentlemanly in his manner. When I came to know him I was agreeably impressed by his conduct, and soon learned to feel a warm, friendly interest in him. I knew he was married, but had no further knowledge of himself than what appeared in his conduct. As chance would have it we became shopmates in Newark, and seeing that I had conceived a friendly regard for him, I was glad that accident had thus thrown us together a second time. I had learned that he had been in the American navy, and when I saw him first he had not been returned more than six months. He had saved money while at sea, and had made his capital no less while he remained in New York. We had worked together better than two months in Newark, when one day going to dinner I met a very respectable-looking woman with a baby in her arms and a neatly-dressed little girl by her side (we were strangers to each other); she inquired if I had seen Mr. Quin. I replied that I had seen him going out of the factory about two hours before that

time. After answering her inquiry an uncomfortable expression passed over her face, as if it were a compound of pain, sorrow, and anger. She returned the way she came, and I never saw her again.

The second day after this Tom reeled into the shop very much the worse for drink, and as soon as he could make his way to me he came, and drunk as he was he felt ashamed of himself. I talked to him in a quiet, kindly way about the folly of his altered conduct; he tried to treat the matter lightly, but I stopped his jesting by turning away from him. I was truly sorry for him; I saw he had not been at home, and that in all probability his wife had ceased to look after him. He had plenty of money, and I was told that he had either lost fifty dollars the previous night, or that he had been robbed of that amount, which was the most likely. Before leaving the shop, he was very anxious that I should go and have some drink with him, and when he found I would not go he chided me with being ashamed to be seen with him. Poor fellow! he did not see himself as I saw him. After that I saw no more of him for five weeks. I had witnessed many moral wrecks, but I think poor Quin's fallen condition was the most pitiable I ever beheld. The once spruce, clean, sober, active man, with a keen eye and sharp wit, was transformed into a miserable creature, half idiot and whole savage, swathed in filthy garments, and unendurable for their stench. Since the time I had last seen him he had lived beyond the pale of human sympathy, and the roof of a habitable home had not sheltered him, except when he had to herd with the brutalized inmates of the police office. I may mention in passing that Newark police establishment was then a model place of confinement for its filth and gross immorality. Male and female, whether of respectable character, or people who had ceased to value public opinion, drunk or sober, were all indiscriminately huddled into one large den. Many of the scenes which were acted in the long room of this office while I was in Newark were such as to lie beyond

the province of sober description. Some of Quin's old acquaintances, either out of kindness, or a desire to get clear of his importunity, enabled him, after his own money was done, to keep up the hell-fire which was roasting his stomach and destroying his reason. His wife with her two children had left town, and taken refuge with a relation in Brooklyn, leaving him to his fate. It is impossible to conceive the excruciating torments this man must have endured while he was passing through the degrading ordeal of unmaning himself.

It is true that the mind would become blunted as his system became enervated, but when the fever passed away reflection, like a cancer, must have made his life one of shame and misery long after the event of his debasement. He had three months of this sort of a life, and if his constitution had not been very good he never could have weathered so long. The last time I saw him he requested me to lend him half a dollar to purchase food, with which I willingly complied. In a short time he was comparatively well again, and the last account I heard of him was that he had re-entered the United States Navy. Quin was a man of a peculiar turn of mind; he would keep steady by total abstinence for months if not years, and when the fit came on he would deliberately make up his mind to spend the money he had laboured hard to earn. He was not like the majority of men who fall by degrees into dissipated habits; his method was to make a headlong plunge, regardless as to whether he should sink or swim.

In describing poor Quin's spasmodic intemperance, the circumstance recalls to my memory the sad and miserable career of another of my acquaintances. In 1828 I became acquainted with a young man in my own trade, who was then just entering upon the stage of life upon his own account. He possessed talents of no mean order, was both an actor and a singer, and, added to these accomplishments, he was a highly effective public speaker. I had looked forward to

his future career as one which would be far above that of a journeyman hatter. Poor fellow! the shining talents which he possessed, combined with a kindly disposition and warm, convivial habits, were a curse instead of a blessing to him. For a few years he was the idol of a number of boon companions in Edinburgh, and during the Reform agitation of 1832 he was made use of as a second Aaron in the hands of the Whig gentlemen in that place, and figured at all the large public meetings with an eloquence both powerful and convincing. Habits of intemperance rapidly grew upon him, and in a short time he took his place among the outcasts of society. It could scarcely be credited that a man who had fallen into such a degraded condition could have crept through a life of pains and penalties during a period of forty years—yet, so far as I have been able to learn, he still remains the victim of a small mind and a vitiated stomach.

Much has been both said and written of the horrors of war, but bad as war is, it has no chance to compete with the Hydra-headed monster of intemperance. During the time I had been in America I had carefully observed the habits of the people. In my own trade I found a large number of the men to be Germans, and when I compared the drinking habits of these people with my own countrymen I had little cause for satisfaction. I had worked with French, Germans, and Italians, and rarely ever saw any of them the worse for drink.

There is this, however, to be said, by the way of a set-off for my own countrymen. It is a rare matter to find any of these foreigners troubled with either the vice, or the virtue, of generosity, or open-hearted warmth of feeling. It is different with Mr. Bull; when he has the opportunity he will both swill and eat, but though he loves good cheer he is always ready to share either his drink or his food with a friend or stranger in need. An Irishman, if he has five minutes' friendly acquaintance with you will not only share his *cruskin* with you, but will invite you to his table, and if

need be, force you to enjoy his hospitality. Scotchmen are certainly less demonstrative than either the English or the Irish, but they are perhaps more enduringly warm when their kindly feelings are enlisted. If Sawny meets wi' a man he esteems a freen, he will not desert him for a small matter. It may therefore be said that much of our drinking habits is owing to that misdirected kindness which is, to a certain degree, a characteristic of the British people.

After having been four months in Newark I lost my employment through a trades' strike, the cause of which was that business was improving in the other establishments in the town, and as a proof of the equitable way in which the society managed its concerns, the men in the shop were ordered out in a body without a word of notice, or any compensation for leaving.

In my mind the very name of a Trades' Union sounded strangely in America, for if there is any country in the world in which men are supposed to enjoy the free scope of social liberty it should be in the United States. Owing to labour in nearly all branches of industry heretofore having been well paid for, there had not been inducements for tradesmen to form protection societies. This comfortable state of things has ceased to exist, and the conditions of labour have become much the same as they are at home.

I may observe that during the short time I had been in the country I had witnessed more trouble between the men and their employers in the course of half a year than I had experienced in as many years at home. There is this to be said, by way of an explanation, for much of the disagreement between the men and their employers in America. The character of the work in the hat trade is continually changing, and as a consequence the price of labour rises and falls with the character of the material used. From this cause, combined with the fluctuating state of the wholesale market, the men and their employers are continually watching each other—the one to keep the prices up, and the other to pull them

down. Before the disruption between the North and South, the accidental breaks in men's labour were not of so much consequence as they have come to be. The people in the United States only knew the nature of taxes from garrulous old country grumblers, and as the price of the necessaries of life was low, they had little difficulty in making ends meet. The war not only gave the people a taste of taxation, but it flooded the country with a paper money which at one time was only worth one-fourth of its nominal value.

The people in Great Britain had just cause of complaint when the landed proprietors imposed the corn laws, thereby prohibiting men from purchasing their food in the cheapest market, and it was a national blessing when these laws were removed.

The Morrill Tariff, which is now in operation in democratic America, is calculated to prove that one-sided laws can be passed by men who are not aristocrats, and that selfishness is as dominant on the one side of the Atlantic as it is on the other. The people call this tariff a protection to home industry, which was the plea for the corn laws by those who passed them; but both the justice and the policy of this measure may be gathered from the relative numerical strength of the people who are engaged in trade and the consumers. The population of the United States is somewhere about thirty-three millions, and there may be about one-tenth of this number, certainly not more, who are engaged in manufactures. It will thus be seen that the protection patriots are robbing the other nine-tenths of their fellow-countrymen annually to the amount of at least double the import duty. If ever the union should be severed, the cause will be in the grasping character of the trading classes in the Eastern States. In the meantime the people in both the Southern and Western States are obliged to pay from 50 to 150 per cent. for the goods they are getting from the Yankees more than they could buy them for in European markets. This injustice may be tolerated until the wounds inflicted by

the war are healed; but the time is not far distant when either commercial tariffs or the United States will cease to exist. A quarrel with the west would be a very different thing in its consequences to the northern people than that which they have had with the south.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER leaving my employment by the arbitrary fiat of an irresponsible body of men, I was in no fit condition to hold a holiday of idleness. During the time I was in this shop I seldom earned more than from eight to nine dollars a week, and had often idle time, in consequence of some of the machinery getting out of order. All the money, therefore, I could earn was barely sufficient to keep us in food and pay house rent. Though the value of the paper currency had become depreciated to an alarming extent, the value of labour in the hat business remained much the same as it had been before the war.

The grievous loss we had sustained in our clothing by the heartless thieves on board ship we now felt to be an irreparable one; and to make our case worse than it otherwise would have been, both my wife and daughters since our first entrance upon the scene of American social life had their feelings preyed upon by home sickness. Added to this we were completely isolated from all society. Indeed, the only time we were not alone was when we had a visit from my kind and truly generous friend, the gentleman who enabled me to remove my family from New York. At that stage of our sojourn his advice and sympathy was often of much service to us by soothing the feelings of my family. I saw much in American society worthy of commendation; but I felt myself too stiff from age, and had been too long wedded to the social institutions of my own country, to allow me ever to become Americanized in any sense of the word. With my friend the case was very different; he had

been many years in the country, and mingled in all its social grades, and may be said to have become naturalised. Though my friend had allowed all thoughts of the social habits of his own country to fade from his memory, he was by no means blind to the shortcomings of the Americans. He knew they were inflated almost to bursting with pride of country, that their personal vanity was overweening, and that much of their friendship, instead of being a warm, honest feeling, was a mere conventional civility. He knew, too, that every political or religious breeze that swept over the country stirred up the feelings of the masses, and that the men who ruled were as excitable as the people themselves. But while he knew these things to be true of the people as a whole, he had found friends whose fidelity had been tested by the most satisfactory proofs. He had learned also to forgive the people for their wild and extravagant patriotism, from his knowledge of the fact that the country has no equal; and he was also satisfied they had some cause for their vanity, from the importance they had been able to assume among the old nations of the world. If I had gone to the United States in my youth, it is very probable that I should have become identified with her nationality, interested in her social institutions, have adopted the habits of her people, and in the end lost all recollections of the land of my birth. I am not sorry that the fates have decreed it otherwise. During the time I was in the country I have felt my blood warm, and a feeling of anger rise within me, when I have heard old country people, who had stripped themselves of their nationality, besliming the country of their birth with vulgar calumny. Unmanly as this sort of thing may seem, it is quite common among certain classes of settlers in America. I have no fault to find with a man for cutting himself adrift from the land of his birth and transferring his allegiance to another country, but I think it is certainly a very poor way to recommend himself to the people of his adopted country by defaming the one he has deserted.

In the course of a few days after the turn out I obtained employment in another establishment in town. During the time I had been in work in the country I had got my stiff muscles trained to their duties, but I can honestly assure the reader it was done at the expense of no small suffering. In this shop I had to pass the ordeal of a new probation by learning to do a class of work that I had not only not seen, but never heard of, before. My employers (there were seven in the firm) were Frenchmen, and their business almost entirely consisted in the manufacture of brush hats. These hats are felt, with a nap raised by carding, and ripened by the tedious and laborious process of brushing over a plank kettle constantly on the boil. In my time this business was not known in the United Kingdom, and in America is almost entirely confined to the management of French and German workmen. The members of this firm were men of superior intelligence, and of sober and industrious habits. They had commenced by taking in work from a house in New York, whose trade was solely confined to the California market, and this work they had done among themselves from the making to the finishing. In the course of little more than twelve months they had more work than they could manage; and thus finding their business increase on their hands, they commenced to employ journeymen, and ultimately to enlarge their premises. During the time I was in the establishment there were seldom less than fifty men whose earnings would average somewhere about fifteen dollars a week. I had observed in this, as I had done in the other shops I had worked in in America, the same great disparity among the men in the manner of getting through their work. While some of the snail-paced gentlemen quietly jogged along to the tune of eight or nine dollars a week, there were others who constantly worked upon the high-pressure system, and earned from twenty to thirty. These latter gentlemen are termed fire-eaters in the trade; but I should say that the medium men, as a rule, earn

more money in consequence of their regular application to work.

I may observe that the people at home have been a good deal misled by statements concerning wages in the United States, because the earnings of fast men—and that, too, under favourable circumstances—have been reported as ordinary rates in their respective branches of industry. In those branches of business in which the workmen are paid by the piece, the men in general,—but the fast men in particular,—during times of brisk trade, have better opportunities of making large wages than they have at home. This arises from the circumstance I have already noticed, which is this: that as long as the work on hand in a shop lasts, every man has as much as he can do.

When I went to this shop the warm season was just setting in, and as the building was low in the roof the steam from the plank kettles hung round the men like mist on the brow of a mountain. During the five months I was in this establishment I never went home a single night in which my trowsers were not as wet by perspiration as if they had been plunged in a river. The reader may readily imagine that this factory was not a place to grow fat in, when I say I have worked for several days in succession with the thermometer at 95° in the shade. I endeavoured to counteract the depressing influence of the heat by working with my body in a nude state (my trowsers being my only covering), and frequently bathing my head and chest in cold water, but though the lavation was pleasant at the time, I do not think it was of any real service. I never knew the really delightful luxury of a cooling beverage until I drank Lager beer from the ice while being dissolved by the united influence of an American summer and the blistering steam of a brush hat manufactory. This drink is the nectar of the Germans, while sauerkraut and sausages constitute their ambrosia. Lager beer, to my taste, is a very insipid drink in summer unless cooled by ice. Being somewhat in the character of table beer, a man may swill himself to the

size of a hogshead without at all affecting his nerves. There are three earthly things which may be said to constitute the happiness of a Teuton; these are his "*Fräu, his Lager Bier, and his Taback.*" It will give some little idea of the quantity of Lager beer consumed in this shop, when it is known that from four to five dollars constituted the weekly scores of many of the men.

When trade is in a flourishing condition, a hat shop in America is not unlike an inn; men come and go as it seems to suit their taste or convenience. This is occasionally so much the case that a man may know his shopmates to-day, while on the morrow he may find himself among strangers. My new shopmates presented an amusing variety in nationalities—such, indeed, as I had never before witnessed. There were numbers of Teutons from the regions north of the Rhine; a Highlander from the wilds of Braemar; a pair of dirty Jews from the land of "John Sobieski"; three round heads from the country of "Tim Bobbin" (Lancashire); several *boys* from the regions between Clare and Connaught; two cockneys; a Bristolian; and a native of Canny Carl (Carlisle). Then there was a small regiment of Frenchmen, with truncated petticoats and the suavity of peers in office; a number of Italians who wished the pope either dead or damned; one Hun from the land of KOSSUTH; a native of Mona,* where the keys burlesque a Parliament; and added to these there were all sorts of cross-bred Yankees, from Dublin Jackeens to Pawnee Indians.

I was often amused while in this shop in hearing the musical gentlemen singing the songs of their native countries in their different languages. Some of my shopmates were quiet and retiring; others were choleric, snarling, and irascible; others were full of mirth, fun, and frolic. There was one tawny Frenchman who was as full of innocent antics as a tipsy monkey, and as pleasantly amusing as a clown in a country fair. I found several of my Gallic shopmates men of

* Isle of Man.

intelligence ; two, if not three, could read an English newspaper, and translate the language as they proceeded. While I had been in the country I had frequent occasion to observe with how much ease many of the Germans acquired a knowledge of foreign languages. The French would seem to be a favourite language on the Continent, inasmuch as almost every man—whether German or Italian—I conversed with, was *au fait* at that form of speech. I could not help remarking, however, that few of these Lingual gentlemen appeared to possess any greater amount of intelligence than those whose speech was confined to their mother tongue.

I have often noticed, and not without a lively interest, that some of the descendants of the early settlers, if at all musical, may be known by the old country songs and airs with which they make work light, which in most cases have been learned from their mothers. Many a time my love of country has been agreeably excited while I listened to the old ballads which were familiar to me in my early youth. I do not know anything that can warm the heart, and recall the feelings, affections, and associations of life's spring, like those good old songs which link us to the past. Speaking from my own feelings and experience, I think a man cannot realize the true state of his home affection until absence has made his heart "grow fonder," and new scenes recall to his memory the "days o' langsyne."

Both my bodily strength and the firmness of my mind were severely tested during my first summer in America. I shortly became so weakened by perspiration and over exertion, that I was frequently obliged to suspend work and hold on by my plank to keep myself from fainting. The seething hot days, with a stagnant atmosphere, in which there was not even the breath of an infant zephyr, and the warm, listless, close nights, made life almost a burden. When I crawled home after the labour of the day there was no place of rest indoors or out of doors ; and neither sitting, lying, nor reclining afforded ease. This you will say was anything but

a comfortable condition to be in. The heat was certainly bad for a man like me to bear, who had not been naturalised; and who had the consolation to know that he never would be. Bad as these matters were, I had other enemies to deal with. As soon as the evenings set in the still air became permeated with myriads of little vampires in the character of mosquitoes. These almost imperceptible creatures seized upon every available part of my poor emaciated body, my arms, like Disraeli's, during one of his philippics, swinging round in every direction. I think if dear old Uncle Toby had been in my situation, he would scarcely have dealt so leniently with the mosquitoes as he did with the fly that quartered upon his "jolly red nose."

There is a wonderful fecundity about insect life in America during the warm season. Fireflies scintillate among the foliage of the trees, and glisten in the grass; grasshoppers swarm the earth after nightfall, and join chorus in the monotonous song of "chirp"; the kitty-dids make the air musical with vocalising their own names among the branches of the trees; and if a person should reside in the neighbourhood of a marshy plot of ground, in addition to the company I have named, he would be honoured for no inconsiderable part of the nights during summer with bull-frog serenades! Perhaps the reader wonders how people can enjoy life under such uncomfortable circumstances. You no doubt remember the adage of the eels getting accustomed to skinning? The Americans and the settlers who have become naturalised, are too thin to perspire, and I have no doubt their leanness protects them against the attacks of the mosquitoes. To strangers these insects are not only troublesome when they bite, but the sound of their tiny wings is quite sufficient to keep a man awake when he should be sleeping. It is true that people in comfortable circumstances can protect themselves against the annoyance of these detestable little creatures by the use of mosquito nets; these luxuries, however, were beyond my reach.

What between the grinding character of my work and the debilitating state of the atmosphere, I was rarely ever free from suffering. Bodily infirmities, like other human misfortunes, seldom come singly. During a period of at least three months I fairly loathed my food, whilst the sleep I had a struggle to obtain, was robbed of its health and strength-restoring character by spasmodic twitchings of the nerves; and as if I had not sufficient work in the daytime, the hat-making continued to be carried on in my brain during the periods of my intervals of slumber. July passed with its blistering heat (I may mention that during this month, in 1863, upwards of two hundred people suffered from sun-stroke in New York alone), and then came August with its hot, suffocating breath and sickly aspect. The brooks were lifted out of their beds by evaporation, the grass withered, and the birds in their leafy shades appeared to flutter about in painful indolence.

When the season was cool the days fled by without my having a thought of the march of time, but this comparatively happy season fled before the glowing warmth of summer, and the old man with his scythe was continually at my elbow as long as it lasted. Nearly all the Americans in the Eastern States, who can command the means, book themselves to some of the watering-places on the coast, or in the interior of the country, where they can enjoy the health-giving breezes from the ocean or the upland districts of the country.

While at my work I was occasionally enabled to forget my little troubles, in consequence of the excitement produced by those constantly recurring episodes and incidents in which mirth, folly, and not unfrequently angry feelings are mingled among large bodies of men, when they are inclined to be playful. Sometimes the butt of the shop would be stirred up for the special amusement of the mischief makers; but which would be enjoyed less or more even by the Solons! and I may remark there are very few shops in which there is a number of men, without at least one weak-minded member.

Some of these people can bear any amount of chaffing, or even practical joking, if it is not serious, without being put out of the way; but it is rather a dangerous matter to go a shade too far with some of them.

There was a youth in this shop who was a sort of a half knave, half gaby, who occasionally furnished sport for the lovers of fun. Upon one occasion a young fellow who considered himself, in Yankee phraseology, to be "pretty considerable smart," tried this youth's patience in a way that was by no means acceptable. The chaffing, though rude, had as much effect upon his temper as a shower of small shot would have on the hide of a rhinoceros. This passiveness did not suit the smart man, so in order to turn the laugh against the fool he rudely tweaked his nose. If he had had sense enough to have studied his own comfort he would have kept a respectable distance both from the nose and its owner, for in less than ten minutes his own nose was not only disfigured, but his face had lost its identity of form, and his body was as well pounded as if it had been brayed in a mortar. When the fool had squared accounts with his would-be jocular shopmate he quietly went back to his work, saying to himself, "He'll maybe let my nose alone now."

There was one little German fellow in this shop who was the very life and soul of the establishment; he was full of all sorts of innocent *divilment*, and would stand any amount of larking from his shopmates. But there was one man whose most inoffensive jokes he would not have at any price.

It happened one day while this man was a little under the influence of drink, he bawled out at the top of his voice, "Ladies an' shentlemens, stops de ball." Behind, where he stood at his work, there was a large tank full of water in which the men washed their hats; he had scarcely finished the sentence before he was plunged head and heels in this vessel. As may be imagined the shop was in a roar; those who did not see the first act in the drama had quite enough

to amuse them in seeing their shopmate extricated from his hydropathic lair, and the little German dancing about in the utmost glee, shouting out, "Mine Got, cum an zee de wale."

Like a good many more of my shopmates, I did not understand the joke implied by "stopping the ball." The following, however, will explain the matter, The German was at one time in a comfortable way of business upon his own account in the State of New Jersey. The Germans have a great love for balls, routs, and social parties. During such occasions they display their finery, and are profuse in their hospitality. This little fellow was determined not to be behind the rest of his countrymen in keeping up a good old custom. He had been married a little over twelve months when the merry sound of music was made to re-echo through his wooden shanty, but the ball had only been a short time in operation when he missed his darling Frau from the room, and, like a loving husband, he went in search of her. After hunting through both the house and garden without success he at last found her in the coach shed, and oh! horror of horrors, in the company of a gentleman! Without waiting to realize more than his mystified sight had conveyed to his brain, he ran into the ball-room, and at the top of his voice he commanded the "Ladies an shentlemens to stops de ball," giving, as his reason, "That dare ish von shentlemans in de goach-house mit mine Frau!" The ball was accordingly stopped, but in the course of a short time the outraged feelings of the man and husband were happily assuaged by a satisfactory explanation. He therefore returned to the bewildered guests in the ball-room, and with much glee said, "Ladies an shentlemens, let de ball go on; it was only Carlo dat was mit mine Frau." "Carlo" was a well-conducted dog of the Newfoundland breed, and the good lady, while cooling herself in the open shed, had been patting the animal while fondling about her. In the imperfect light the husband's warm love was fired into

blazing hot jealousy, and he therefore conceived Carlo to be an animal of a different species.

I was not unfrequently amused when the Civil War was being discussed by the Union-at-any-price men and the southern sympathizers. These battles "raged loud and long" among all classes; but though every angry passion was excited, and hot words, like cannon-balls from a furnace, were hurled at each other, all such battles ended, so far as I was a witness, in mere sound and fury. These exhibitions were of daily occurrence among all bodies of working-men, and of course chequered by the tone and character of those taking part in them. The rival vocalists were wont to sing each other down. "John Brown lies buried in his grave" was sure to be floored by "The old Rail-Splitter," or the "Land of cotton, woolly heads, and sandy bottom." These plank-kettle storms, though accompanied occasionally by much bitterness and any amount of profanity, were, on the whole, harmless; their too frequent repetition, however, made them tiresome, unless enlivened by new men or fresh circumstances.

It is a somewhat curious fact, that though the "Fenian centres" were being formed the whole time I was in America, I seldom ever heard the nature or objects of the society discussed. When the subject has been mooted, I have heard some of the more intelligent Irishmen denounce the whole scheme as thoroughly impracticable. The Radicals who were instrumental in producing the war, made tools of the Fenians to further their own selfish and ambitious ends. In order to weaken the Government of Andrew Johnson and his party, they not only sympathized with the Fenians, but they contributed to the funds of the society. However much this class of men dislike the English, there is no mistake that in their hearts they truly hate the Irish. They hate them for their demonstrative character, but above all they hate them for their religion! If the Irishmen in the United States could see a hole through a ladder, they could not fail to know that the Radicals, while thus coquetting with them, are doing all they

can to take the pride out of them, by their endeavour to stock the labour market with the members of the Sambo family. However much the Radicals dislike the Irish, the Irish surpass the Americans themselves in the degree of their dislike towards the members of the coloured race. It may be asked why they indulge in an ill feeling to a class of people who, like themselves, have suffered from persecution? The simple reason why they hate Sambo is because he is willing to sell his labour at a lower rate in the market than the Irish are disposed to do. If this had not been the real secret of antipathy, the bodies of the blacks during the *emeute* in New York in 1863, would not have been seen dangling from lamp-posts after having been hunted to death like so many wild beasts.

I feel thoroughly satisfied that the Irish in the United States are labouring under a false impression when they flatter themselves that the Americans sympathize with them for their national wrongs. If it were not that England rivals the United States in the great commercial markets of the world, she would be upon as kindly terms with her as she is now with the Autocrat of all the Russias. The slavery of the Russian serfs, and the burning wrongs of the down-trodden Poles, were not remembered when the Russian fleet visited New York in 1864, to mar the delightful harmony of feeling and sentiment that lent a charm to the more than brotherly feeling which existed between the democratic citizens and the officers of the greatest despotic monarch in the world.

After a severe struggle with my own bodily weakness and the paralyzing heat of the season, I managed to drag my weary, and all but exhausted being, into the pleasant month of October. During the past five months I had laboured without intermission, and had suffered more than I can describe in words. By this time the hat trade had become dull, and numbers of men were let loose from their moorings, and I was one among the rest. While I was in the French shop I seldom earned less than twelve dollars, and not un-

frequently reached as high as eighteen and twenty. The reader may reasonably conceive that I should have saved a little money out of my earnings, and so I did, but it will be remembered how my family, after the robbery aboard ship, were left almost destitute of clothing. When we arrived in Newark we were not only in a miserable condition for clothing, but the few articles of furniture we had were a mere put-off. In the course of the summer I had spent a hundred dollars in such necessary articles of furniture as we stood most in need of. Clothing for the girls was a serious matter. Only think of having to pay from forty to fifty cents a yard for poor thin calico! My earnings looked large, and I had some small reason to feel proud of being able to realize so much under the circumstances of my condition—but, reader, the money was not what it seemed. The fact is, when taken to the market it almost appeared to collapse in one's hands. Of course it was pleasant to handle the *fimsies*, but I was never blessed with such fugitive money either before or since. When my wife would bring home her stock of provisions for the incoming week on a Saturday, she was sure to declare that she never saw money go such a short way in her life,—in fact, that was a stereotyped complaint, and was served up upon all occasions when Greenbacks had to be invested in any marketable commodity. And on these occasions we never failed to have a comparison drawn between the old and the new country, and the reader may rest satisfied that it was anything but flattering to the latter.

When a woman is brought into contact with people or things she dislikes, either from experience or prejudice, she is not likely to act the hypocrite in expressing her opinion about either the one or the other. My wife had seldom much to say in reference to anything which may or may not be of interest to her, but she did not require to trouble herself by putting her thoughts into words for me to understand her views upon either men or things in America. She was told by sympathizing friends that when she was better

acquainted with the country, like the majority of immigrants, she would find herself at home. Instead of returning answers to these comforting assurances, a melancholy negative would pass over her face, and thereby save her the disagreeable trouble of discussing the question. When I had occasion to write home to any of the members of my own family,—it was always in terms of hopefulness as to our future prospects,—I was certain to be challenged for not telling the true sentiments of my mind.

I have already mentioned that shortly after my landing in the country, I became firmly impressed with the idea that we should return home, and that, too, before long; but how such a seeming impossibility could be effected I had not the remotest conception. This was my little secret, and the longer I was in the country I became the more fully convinced that the thought would turn out no idle dream; but notwithstanding my faith in my own impressions, lest I should raise false hopes, I still considered it the best policy to keep my mind to myself.

If the hat business in the United States had been of a steady reliable character, I could have pursued my work with less injury to myself than I had done, and thereby have preserved my strength. During the winter I went the round of at least half-a-dozen shops; but sometimes when I held a situation it was like holding one to which there was neither duty nor emolument attached. There are few things more disagreeable to a man of sober habits than that of hanging about a workshop, yet men are often obliged to do this in order to get a share of any windfall that might come in the way. In the course of the winter I had recovered a good deal of my bodily strength, but I looked forward with feverish anxiety to the coming summer, and hoped that I might be able to weather it with less suffering than I had endured in the previous one.

Although I had frequently been out of employment for short periods from slackness of work, I am thankful to say

that my family were never short of a single meal; I may also state that, on the whole, I was much more successful in getting employment than many younger men who were better known than I was. I daresay my gin-horse regularity in this matter was in my favour.

So far as eating and drinking are concerned, the Americans are a long way ahead of the British; the fact is, the generality of the working people in the United States, so far as both the quantity and the quality of their food is in question, live more sumptuously than most middle-class people in England. Everybody who is not a vegetarian, or incapacitated by a weak stomach, eats animal food three times a day. And I may remark that nobody who has any pretension to be anybody will eat bread a day old; the loaf is therefore fresh, soft, and spongy from the oven every morning. In the winter season the loaf and fancy bread is supplemented, in the generality of houses, with buckwheat cakes; these are eaten with butter and molasses, or sausage meat. Added to these there are beefsteaks, chops, and pork, roast or boiled. The dinner table is not only supplied with a variety of vegetables, but every boarding-house table is furnished with pickles, sauces, and fruits, either fresh or preserved. It may be noted, too, that the everlasting Yankee pie is never absent from the table—morning, noon, or night.

It is not a little amusing to observe how soon some strangers make themselves acquainted with the American boarding-house bills of fare. I knew a young fellow, as raw as an unplucked cabbage, from the wilds of Galway,—and having been very little longer in the country than would enable him to learn the time of day,—who, while dining in the second boarding-house he had been in, missing the stereotyped dish of apple pie, bawled out to the landlady in his rich brogue, “Have yees no poye, mam?” I asked him if he had ever seen a pie at home. “In troth, I did not,” he replied; “but whin a body is paying for his boord sure he may as well have his due as not.” The simple, untutored

stomachs of Irishmen from the rural districts, when newly come over, are often in a sad fix with the Yankee boarding-house bill of fare. Their palates are delighted, and their bewildered minds revel in epicurean feasts, but diarrhœa, sickness, and general debility very frequently throw them on the broad of their backs in the middle of their luxurious mode of living. Strangers who land in the autumn are very liable to injure themselves by making too free with the ripe fruit, but those immigrants who linger about New York for a few days do not require to eat fruit to disorder their stomachs, inasmuch as the boarding-house fare will do that for them. During the latter part of the summer, New York when I was in it, was as filthy a city as a lover of dirt could desire. The sanitary condition of the place may be improved since I left; if so, it will be all the better for the class of people whose noses are not mere facial ornaments. Greenwich Street, which runs parallel with the Hudson River, is a bustling thoroughfare, and constantly alive with traffic passing to and from the shipping, and is, in every sense of the term, a model street for rank filth. Keeping away from the principal streets, such as Broadway, the Fifth Avenue, and the up-town fashionable streets, all others are as odoriferous as the dying breath of vegetable and animal matter, from a superabundance of garbage, can make them. The refuse from the dwelling houses is deposited in boxes and barrels along the side-walks; and the mixtures in these are turned and tossed about, first by the cinder pokers, the cinder and rag gatherers,—and then the dogs and grunTERS have a turn to see what they can pick up.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, New York, as a city, has few equals. The modern part of the town is laid out upon a very excellent plan. A series of twelve avenues, several of which run the whole length of the island, are crossed by the streets at right angles. In the upper part of the city the streets all lead from one side of the island to the other, and these are generally over two miles in length. It is a common

arrangement in all the American towns to have the streets lined on both sides with such trees as afford the best shade in warm weather.

Broadway, which most people have heard so much about, is a very fine thoroughfare; it is both spacious and of considerable length, and is a principal place of business as well as of fashionable resort. Many of the hotels and warehouses, or stores as they are called, are very splendid buildings. A good many of these erections, as well as some of the public buildings, are faced with white marble. The markets, looking at them as public institutions, are poor, miserable places. Washington market, which is the principal one in the city, is made up of a congeries of low wooden sheds as rude in their construction as the want of both design and finish could make them. The roof is not only low, but the avenues and cross passages are so narrow, that a visit to it on a Saturday night is as uncomfortable as getting into a shilling gallery in a theatre in London on Boxing Night. But though this place is mean, miserable, and uncomfortable as a market for a great city, it is not much, if at all, inferior to some of the market places in London. Fulton market, in South Street, is a second edition of the other, only much smaller. It is at this market where nearly all the southern fruit vessels dispose of their cargoes. The quantity of fruit consumed in New York during the season is almost fabulous. I may mention that during the peach season there are two large trains to New York daily from the upper part of the State of New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, laden with this fruit alone.

I have no wish to bore my readers with a detailed description of New York, but I cannot allow the occasion to pass without a brief notice of its Bay and the Central Park. The Bay of New York presents one of the most magnificent living pictures I ever beheld. Its curving shores are full of beautiful landscapes, in almost every possible variety,—towns, hamlets, villas, parks, lawns, gardens, woods, uplands, meads, rivulets, and little bays, with both natural and artificial har-

bours. The great bay itself is studded with a number of pretty little islands, like so many emeralds set in a silver lake. Numbers of vessels may be seen riding at anchor; others are passing to and from the harbour, and whole fleets of small craft, with their white cotton sails, and handsome yacht-like forms, are continually scudding about in all directions, as if they were things of life. Then, again, as far as the eye can reach, the Leviathan ferry boats are seen plying about, like floating castles, with huge oscillating beams, while tiny pleasure boats, in all sorts of rigs, flit hither and thither, like minnows among the Tritons with which they are surrounded. The most interesting craft on the estuary to a stranger are the pigmy high-pressure steam tugs, which are to be seen, puffing like so many baby whales, from the outside of Sandyhook to Albany, a distance of somewhere about one hundred and fifty miles. It is really amusing to see one of these toy-like steamers with her gunwale all but flush with the water, puffing along with a huge sailing vessel in her wake. The "narrows" between Long and Staten Islands form, as it were, the gates to the bay of New York. Between this and the city the estuary rapidly expands, and forms a really splendid sheet of water. At New York the estuary is split into two halves, like the prongs of a fork, and the Island of Manhattan, on which the city stands, lies between them. The arm to the West is the stately Hudson river, the scenery on whose banks is of the most varied character,—embracing land in the highest state of culture, to that of Nature in her most wild and rugged forms. On the other side the East river flows between the cities of New York and Brooklyn. New York and Brooklyn are said to contain about a million of inhabitants, and these are of the most diversified character it is possible to imagine.

Rome, when in the zenith of her glory, opened her gates to many strange nationalities; but the world in the reign of Augustus was not so large as in the time of Andrew Johnson. New York has therefore the advantage of having a wider field from whence to receive her greater diversity of human

beings. When the Island of Manhattan was made choice of for a city, it could not have been foreseen that, in the space of a few years, it would become too small for the number of people who should be drawn to it from all the corners of the world. That time has nearly arrived, and I think the period is not far distant when Brooklyn will become a formidable rival to the empire city.

If New York could be cleared of the ruffianism which has grown with her growth, and been fostered both by sinister politicians and scheming civic functionaries, her moral status would be improved by the event. One of the worst blots in the character of New York is that which is continually exemplified in the maladministration of the law. Nearly the whole of her judges are undignified in their manners and corrupt in their principles, and the magistrates are unscrupulous partizans; in fact, the whole municipal system is rotten to the core.

The Central Park is situated in the middle of the Island of Manhattan, and occupies the highest central ridge, and a considerable portion of the eastern slopes of the island. The ground is exceedingly well adapted by nature for a place of pleasurable resort; but before it was laid out it was a barren wilderness, full of huge, abrupt rocks, and rugged inequalities. Nature had done little for this part of the island by which it could have been made useful to supply the wants of either man or beast, but its wild and savage character conferred upon it features which really made it valuable for a pleasure ground, and these features have been turned to the best advantage by the artist who laid out the park. The whole space occupies rather over eight hundred acres, and is encircled and intersected with spacious carriage drives, which may be said to be beautiful because of their smoothness of surface, the gracefulness and variety of their curves, and their handsome borders. The footpaths are made to run round mounds, rocks, ponds, lakes, and pretty parterres, through little shady dells, and underneath numerous viaducts;

their borders are fringed with flowers, and shaded with a variety of arborescent plants. The large lake, with its miniature mountain scenery, and rugged rocks with their sylvan accessories, forms a series of delightful pictures; this is the more so when the water is made to ripple with the action of a fleet of butterfly-painted gondolas, as they are made to move about at the will of their conductors. The Mall, which is situated near the centre of the park, is a charming thoroughfare, and as a fashionable promenade it is the principal place of attraction. In the neighbourhood of the Mall there is a very handsome summer-house, with verandahs; it is supported on a series of very neat slender iron pillars, and in the summer season these are living with Virginia and other creeping plants. This part of the park is therefore not only a place of interest to look at, but it affords several cool retreats from the scorching rays of the noonday sun. Seated on an artificial mound above the Mall there is a fancy building used as a place of refreshment; and there are a number of alcoves and grottoes in which the weary can find rest and shelter from Sol's burning glances, and where youthful lovers can offer the incense of flattery to each other's vanity. Several of the viaducts which span the ravines are very excellent works of art. The one, however, at the west end of the Mall, contains not only the greatest amount of decoration, but is the most elaborate in design. The parapets of this viaduct, with their carved turrets and graceful mouldings, are in the finest style of art, and show specimens of much of the native flora of North America. As a place to feast the eyes upon, and admire what can be effected by a happy combination of nature and art, the Central Park has no equal that I am aware of.

In the spring of 1864, I was flattered with the pleasing idea that I was on the eve of getting clear of the hat-making drudgery; at least for a time sufficient to enable me to recruit my health. My friend sent for me to go to New York, where there was likely to be an opening for me in the city office of the Christian Commission, but on going to the office in the

Bible house, I found that the gentleman who offered the situation through Mr. Mingins was not aware at the time that the managing directors had passed a resolution to reduce the working staff of the office. Instead, therefore, of obtaining a comfortable permanent situation, I had only one week's employment, for which I had twenty dollars. That sum, however, was a very poor compensation for the loss of the best shop in Newark. My friend was a good deal annoyed at the unexpected turn matters had taken, though of course he had done his part with the best possible intention. This disappointment gave me very little trouble upon my own account, but I felt sorry for my family, who were quite elated at the thought that I was not only going to get clear of my hard work, but that the move would improve their social status. The latter consideration was one in which the girls were likely to rejoice, for the simple reason that, during the time they had been in the country, neither of them had associated with a single companion, male or female. It may be supposed that this was the result of pride, and so it was; but in my mind it was commendable, inasmuch as they had never met with the class of people they could make companions of and retain their self-respect. I do not wish to imply that the working people in America are not as well conducted as the same class at home; on the contrary, I am inclined to think that they have a decided advantage in this respect, but a stranger requires to be some time in the country before he can have an *entrée* into anything like good society; nor do I think the people are to blame, when it is remembered how many of the morally degraded from other countries find homes among them. I may remark that there is even more snobbishness among the various grades of females in America than there is among the same class in England. The girl who serves behind a counter looks down upon a domestic servant; the milliner turns up her genteel nose at the plodding dressmaker; and the dressmaker flatters herself she is a long way above the factory girl.

It may appear somewhat inconsistent in a people who claim

to despise those social distinctions which divide society into grades in the Old World, to practice that which they so loudly condemn. It is, in the nature of things, a sort of natural selection, by which people adapt themselves to the conditions of the class among whom their fortunes may be cast, whether they live in a democratic or monarchical society.

It may seem curious, yet it is quite in keeping with those developments of human nature which people of observation may see every day, that we are sure to find the most frigid gentility among the class of fortune-hunters who have lately emerged from the cellar to the basement story of society. There are a good many of this sort of people in the United States; inasmuch as the circumstances of the country enable the crafty, as well as the plodding, industrious men to acquire wealth and assume high social status.

The American people are exceedingly sensitive about the opinion of foreigners; and though they have little delicacy as to the manner in which they express themselves about Old World institutions, a very small amount of criticism, either of themselves or their form of government, never fails to beget in them an uncomfortable degree of excitement. I was acquainted with an Italian gentleman, who had realized a competence in the gold-fields of California; and as several of his relations were in business in Newark, he came there to reside among them. He was a considerable wag in his way, and until he became known, was disliked with a lively interest by the class of people who had come in contact with him. Upon one occasion he was giving the Yankees an unmerciful lashing, when several of the persons present asked why the divel he had come among them? He answered with the most provoking composure, that he had committed a very great robbery in his own country, and being obliged to take wing, "I reflected," he observed, "which of the Old World *contries* I should go to; then I thought about America, and I said that is the *contry* for an honest man to succeed in, so I comes here!" Of course

this speech turned the whole matter into ridicule. But the cream of the joke lay in the fact of this having taken place in the bar of a cigar divan, kept by a gentleman of title, and who, according to his own account, only carried on the business for his amusement. This gentleman passed himself off for a lord; but some of the speculative members of society had an idea that he had left home without turning the key in the door of his mansion.*

In Great Britain, the idea of "summer is coming" brings with it a happy train of thoughts: nature clothed in her gayest attire; the song of birds; the fragrance of Flora's virgin breath permeating the air, and the soft, balmy breezes in the twilight's quiet hours. Then it is that our hopes become elastic, after the depressing influence of winter; and with rejoicing nature we are made to feel those delightful sensations which make up a great portion of the poetry which warms our insular nature. When a boy, I have looked forward to returning spring with all the longings of my young heart; and after having arrived at manhood, the rosy time of the year had ever a charm for me.

Oh! how different were my feelings at the approach of a second summer in the United States! Before me there were from three to four months of toil in a broiling atmosphere; during that time my mind, as well as my poor, emaciated body, would suffer from a depressing languor, that would banish every sense of human happiness. Many a time during the roasting season, when my shopmates were making their labour light with songs and merry jokes, my mind was either wandering away in the regions of the past, or speculating with gloomy forebodings as to the future. A hatter's shop, in which there are from sixty to eighty men working within earshot of each other, is seldom dull; and there are very few places in which the little infirmities of men's tempers are

* If a stranger wishes to make himself at home in American society, he must lose no opportunity in praising the country, the people, and their institutions.

more readily brought to the surface. In a large shop there are sure to be a few jokers who make it a part of their daily business to draw the snarlers out. They repeat what nobody ever said, and recall arguments which never took place; they touch up the personal pride of rival debaters, and seldom fail to set men by the ears, who are not sensible that they make sport for others and fools of themselves. There was one little fellow I knew in Newark who could raise a storm among his shopmates at pleasure, and everybody who knew him was perfectly aware he had no harm in him, and nobody ever saw his temper ruffled. Jamie Lynch, so far as scholastic education is in question, did not know the difference between the letter B and a winged bee, but he was full of mother wit, and the smartest man in the trade had little chance with him at a repartee. There was an opposite pole to Jamie's humanity in the same shop in the person of a countryman of his own. This man was a sort of a moral paradox; he possessed an amazing stock of good intentions, and the smallest possible amount of self-control over his wild and lawless passions. When he was free from excitement he was not only an agreeable but an obliging shopmate; but the moment his false pride was touched he would swell into a flame of passion, and, while in this state, he did not care what injury he might inflict upon the persons of those he quarrelled with.

I had not been long in Newark when I met an old acquaintance from Scotland, who, like myself, had seen a good many ups and downs during the voyage of life. I had known Sandy McEwen as far back as 1832, and he was then carrying on business in the trade with a younger brother. The brothers McEwen had done a very considerable business in the hat trade for a few years, but they made a simple and a fatal mistake in extending their business beyond the sustaining power of their capital, and the result was a collapse. After having passed through many severe storms, and a few terms of fair weather, Sandy found himself, with

his wife and family, in Toronto in Canada West. He had then with him the wreck of at least half-a-dozen failures. That was in 1854; he was a pale, hearty man, with the constitutional hardiness of a heather-bred Highlander. If he had then exercised a little wise discretion, he would have succeeded, but, poor fellow! he had one failing,—from his youth he had been on friendly terms wi' a fou' gill stoup, and as whisky was both cheap and plentiful in Toronto, the old friendship was renewed in the new country. It is seldom that a man can work hard at drinking, and do justice to any other avocation at the same time. Sandy did not seem to care for after consequences, so he let the hat trade he had partially established go by the board. Everybody who knew Sandy esteemed him for being a quiet, harmless, good-natured, well-meaning man; that is to say, everybody beyond his own domestic establishment. When he had passed the residue of his property in Canada through his stomach, he removed to the United States, and ultimately found his way to Newark. When I met him, he had a hard fight to live. He had then, however, ceased to be a regular tipler, and was in the habit of applying a *greasy pin*,* which he kept in until his moral courage broke down. This unreliable regulator got loose upon one occasion, and one of the consequences resulting from it was that of a broken arm, and another of his being unable to follow his employment for six months.

During the commercial crisis in America in 1857, both himself and family passed through an ordeal of great suffering. Sandy's *Hieland* pride must have been sadly subdued while endeavouring to batter out a living by hawking about the workshops in Newark fruit pies and cakes, that were made by his good-natured and industrious wife. McEwen liked America, but he liked his ain country better. Like many other old countrymen I had met with, whether he liked the place or not, he was obliged to remain.

* A weak, and therefore slippery, resolution.

During the summer of 1864 the hat trade was in a rather unsettled state; large Government orders were being sent to Newark, Philadelphia, Danbury, and Orange; but as the idle men from the other districts flocked to these places, in the phraseology of the trade, the work was soon gobbled up.

During the season I was never out of employment, or rather out of a shop for more than a few days at a time, but going home with four or five dollars on a Saturday was rather a poor affair, either of these sums being little better than as many shillings at home. It is true we could live, but there was nothing left either for clothing or the wear and tear of the house; and at that time it was no easy matter to keep a family of six persons in sailing trim.

My chief difficulty was my failing strength. For weeks I had risen in the mornings unrefreshed; I had not only the debilitating heat to struggle with, but my over-taxed system was too much relaxed to receive the natural advantages which sleep is intended to confer. I found that I must either stick to my business while I could stand, or let my family become a wreck; so I struggled on.

A working-man out of employment in America, has a much better chance of overcoming the difficulties arising from the want of work than he can do in the United Kingdom. With us, the landlord is empowered by the law to seize, and sell by auction, every article of furniture a poor defaulting tenant is possessed of, until his claim is paid in full, including the law expenses. The laws regulating the relation between landlord and tenant in nearly all the States are very different from what they are in England. If a working-man falls into arrears of rent, his landlord cannot touch any of his furniture, unless he can prove the tenant to be worth two hundred dollars; nor can he eject him except at one period of the year, and then he is held responsible for the safety of every article of furniture he may cause to be moved.

The poor working-man who loses his household furniture,

loses his all, for that which has been disposed of by his heartless landlord may have cost himself and his family years of self-denial to scrape together; and more than this, the law, on the plea of justice, allows him to be punished for his misfortunes. I have known several families who have been ruined for life by the loss of their furniture; and when it is known how little a working-man, as a general thing, can save from his earnings, even with the most pinching frugality, there will be nothing strange that it should be so.

However much a tenant owes in America (I mean in the States where the law I have noticed exists), he cannot be prevented from removing his furniture, as long as the things are not being removed out of the State. If, however, the landlord finds a defaulting tenant removing his furniture into a neighbouring State, he can then seize upon the property, and pay himself, if the goods will produce the amount.

As far as I had the means of learning, it seems that house proprietors are fully as safe in the States, where this law is in force, as they are with us. It is a fact worthy of notice, that in Great Britain property is protected with much greater care and solicitude on the part of the law than the personal safety of the people. It is not long since a poor child of tender age in one of the midland counties suffered a fortnight's incarceration in a common gaol for having, it was said, appropriated a penny belonging to a schoolmate! I have known the case of a brutal fellow having beat his wife nearly to death get off with the same amount of punishment! I have no doubt the clerical magistrate who tried the poor little girl was a pure-minded Christian, and being deficient in the organ of acquisitiveness, his mind was filled with a godly horror at the enormity of the crime.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the latter end of 1864, I lost a much esteemed friend, in the death of a shopmate, who, I may say, was the only man, with the exception of my old friend McEwen, I had made a companion of while I had been in the country. John Clifford was a native of Dublin; happily for himself he had the good fortune to be born with a well-balanced mind, and that nobody should mistake the man, his good temper was legibly written in every line of his face. Whether the weather was foul or fair, the sunshine of cheerfulness was rarely absent. If a civil war should rage in the shop and the combatants like to burst with anger, Clifford might be seen working at his plank as serene as a judge on his bench; and however out of temper the men might be among themselves, he was always treated with respect; and it is not saying little for the character of the man that even the roughs in the shop never attempted to take unbecoming liberty with him. John's intelligence was by no means of a high order, but the charm of his amiability was irresistible; under all circumstances he seemed the same, and no person could find the cause of a quarrel in his face. There was one thing connected with his manner which I have often noted and admired, but whether the circumstance arose from the exercise of his judgment or from mere passiveness I cannot say: he seemed to know during the discussion of any question among his shopmates precisely when to speak and when to remain silent. This is a lesson in self-government I have never been able to learn, although I have made frequent attempts.

The young man I mentioned under the name of Lynch was the very antipodes of Clifford in this. His mind was like a colander; everything that was either put in, or got into it by accident, immediately passed out again, and that, too, irrespective of the consequences to himself or anybody else.

My friend McEwen, too, had a small weakness which is by no means common to his countrymen. He was in the habit of thinking aloud; and while doing so was not over select in the choice of suitable subjects for the company he was in. It is true he never had the most distant idea of giving offence by anything he might say, and let what would come or go, he was never out of humour. Sandy was crammed full of book learning, and he was a freethinker in more ways than one, his open candour, like that of all outspoken men's, was marred by the want of prudence.

A number of elderly men belonging to the trade died while I was in Newark, who were natives, but the oldest was not sixty; indeed I had rarely met an American, a journeyman-hatter, who could be called old from age. The matter is very different with the old country men in the business. There were six men in the first shop I worked in in Newark whose united ages, along with my own, amounted to four hundred and eighty-eight years; and it was remarked at the time their ages were stated, and I believe if it could have been tested, that there was not another shop in the United States that could produce the same amount of years in the same number of men. The inference I draw from this circumstance is twofold: in the first place the native-born workmen seldom attain to an advanced age; and the second is, that the old country people, who emigrate early in life, find the climate as conducive to longevity as their own. I have already remarked, that though being constantly exposed to the extremes of heat and cold, I was never in the least affected with a cold, which certainly would not have been the case had I been in either England or Scotland. No air can be purer, or more free from humidity, than that which

prevails, yet the changes which take place in the state of the atmosphere are both rapid in action and extreme in character. In the month of December I have seen and felt the weather have all the soft blandness of an English midsummer, and on the following day the mercury went down ten degrees below zero! There is a marked difference to be seen in the dull, leaden atmosphere which so frequently hangs over all our large towns in Great Britain, and that which envelopes the American cities, bathing their buildings in pure air. The virgin whiteness of the American marble-faced public buildings is never sullied by those dense masses of carbonaceous matter which our bituminous coal in being consumed is for ever vomiting forth. I am wrong, however, when I embrace all the towns in America; those manufacturing cities beyond the Alleghany range of mountains are equally dingy with some of our own. Cincinnati, for instance, will almost rival Sheffield in soot; and Chicago is not much, if at all, behind her. The whole of the eastern States are supplied with anthracite coal, which has had the bitumen burned out of it during the birth of the above mountains.

In the autumn of 1864, the journeymen hatters of Newark got up a picnic, in aid of the funds of the Burial Society. These convivial gatherings are very common among all classes of the people; and as they are often held in places at a considerable distance, they are very expensive to the gentlemen engaged in them. This meeting was conducted in a very orderly and becoming manner, and reflected much credit upon all concerned; for although there were over two thousand people out for a day of free enjoyment, I did not see half a dozen men the worse for drink. The first person I met on the ground was a little German shopmate, both his hands and arms full of bottles and measures. When he saw me he came laughing, saying "Mine Got, I've loss mine Frau, an' all de little kinder, but I have de Lager bier;" and away he went with the corners of his mouth and eyes pleasantly puckered up. In the centre of a plot of ground forming an

amphitheatre, shaded by a circle of large trees, there was a covered stage for the musicians, and a large platform in the front on which at least two hundred couples, men and women, were whirling each other about in the greatest possible glee. The scene was worth both the money and the trouble it cost me, and being the first Yankee picnic I had ever been at, it afforded me a means of comparing it with similar gatherings at home. But when I say similar gatherings, I merely allude to the name, inasmuch as there is scarcely any town in Great Britain where such a heterogeneous pleasure party could be organized. Passing on towards the refreshment department, I observed a party of Germans, with whom I was acquainted, hailing some shopmates with, "Hans, you cum an' drinks mit me?" to which good-natured Hans replied, "Yah, Carl, I drinks mit you." A little further on a swaggering young Irishman, seemingly looking for some of his friends in the fair, was saluted by some of his countrymen with the stereotyped phrase of "How go, Pat?" which was answered in Yankee fashion of "Bully boys, how are yees?" Everybody seemed pleased with everybody else, and the men and their bosses frequently exchanged friendly drinks; nor could a stranger see any distinction. As a general rule, the Germans, the French, and the Italians formed themselves into little groups. The German females are very partial to flaming colours; and as they are very fond of their children, it is not a little amusing to see how they metamorphose their little hopefuls by stuffing them into all sorts of the most ridiculous dresses.

These social gatherings are uniformly conducted with becoming propriety; the principal danger attending them arises from occasions when loafers mingle in them, either for *divilment* or for plunder. During the summer a very respectable party had engaged a steam-boat to take them to Staten Island; but the boat had not proceeded far on her voyage when the whole of the picnic people were put in a state of both confusion and danger. A number of ruffians had got on

board, and as there were two coloured men belonging to the vessel, that was quite sufficient to justify a row. The poor darkies were hunted round the vessel several times ; and at last they were actually hunted into the sea ; and if it had not been for a man with a small boat who fortunately happened to be near, they would have been drowned. In less than half-an-hour a number of people were severely injured, some with knives, others with pistols, and not a few were robbed of their money and other valuables. In consequence of the scoundrels being armed, the pleasure-seekers had no chance to cope with them ; nor had they the power to detain them when they arrived at their destination.

On my way to the hatters' picnic, I witnessed the most exciting chase I ever beheld. On the part of the hunters it was simply a matter of real enjoyment ; but on the part of the hunted it was a run for dear life. A number of young ruffians were passing along the road in the same direction with myself, somewhere about a mile from the town, when they happened to sight a young man of colour ; upon which they immediately set up a howl, and went off like a pack in full cry after him. The darkie, instead of keeping the road, where he knew he could be intercepted, took to the open fields, which stretched in an upland incline for fully a mile. He had the advantage of being about fifty yards in advance of his pursuers, and he had that which in all probability saved his life, swiftness of limb ; and his running was such that several people who witnessed the chase observed that they never saw such running before. The young rascals kept up the race until the whole of them gave up one after another ; and the last sight they had of the darkie was when he passed the summit of the hill. Until the poor fellow was safe I could scarcely breathe freely, and a load was taken off my mind when I saw him pass over the hill. Although these young fellows had no cause of quarrel with the black man, excepting that he was black, I really think if they had got hold of him his life would not have been worth ten minutes' purchase ; and though there

were plenty of people passing to and fro on the road, I think it is very questionable whether any of them would have interfered to have saved the poor fellow.

A good many of the unmatured sprigs of humanity in America are dangerous customers to meddle with, for when it suits either their taste or interest, they are anything but particular as to who they ill-use ; in fact they have no regard for either age, sex, or condition. I knew a case in Brooklyn where a number of young cubs murdered an old gentleman for having humanely endeavoured to save a respectable married woman from being robbed and abused.

In such towns as New York and Philadelphia, many of the picnics are organised upon a grand scale. These sort of social meetings are frequently made to combine a considerable variety of amusements, and they take the lead of all the other summer classes of outdoor enjoyments. In the winter season, balls are quite common among all classes of the people ; and when the earth is dressed in winter's white mantle, everybody who can afford the expense have their nerves braced and their minds elated by joining in sleighing parties. Sleighing seems to me to be both an exciting and a healthy species of amusement, and I have noticed that the horses, with their jingling bells and light trappings, appear to enjoy the amusement with fully as much zest as the persons who drive them. Many of the machines are got up with much taste and at considerable expense. But I should think the sleigh dresses worn by the ladies and gentlemen must be a rather serious financial affair, inasmuch as they are chiefly made up of costly furs.

The American people have a wonderful taste for gregarious meetings, they are fond to childishness of pageants of all sorts, and upon the occasions of public rejoicings both the towns and country are covered with the myriads of flags bearing the stars and stripes. They flaunt from private dwellings, from churches of all denominations, from public flag poles, which are placed in all the districts of both town

and country; they flutter in the breeze on all places of amusement, on prisons and other public buildings, and the public thoroughfares are festooned with flags, banners, and banners in all directions. And upon these gala occasions the members of all sorts of societies and orders of men parade the streets in their respective decorations, with music and more stars and stripes! Tens of thousands of yards of painted calico herald in the mornings of anniversaries of Washington and the Declaration of Independence, in any one of the large towns; and the patriotism of the people is kept alive by flaming oratory.

I may here mention that the gentleman to whose kindness and generosity both myself and family had been so much indebted was a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church. During the war he had seen much service, in consequence of having been one of the agents employed by the Christian Commission to minister to both the religious and temporal wants of the men at the seat of war. He was also employed in collecting money through the States, in order to supply funds to enable the society to mitigate the horrors of war by its benevolent operations; and in this capacity he had been very successful. During my friend's visits, which were as frequent as the nature of his duties would permit of, he saw that my health was failing fast from the laborious nature of my employment, and that if I continued at the business much longer, my family would be left without its head, he therefore suggested that I should look out for some business of a suitable character by which I could make a living, and that he would advance the cash necessary for the purpose. But as both my wife and daughters thoroughly detested the country, such a speculation would have been certain to have turned out a failure; I therefore declined his generous offer. At that time my life, had I remained in the country, would not have been worth six months' purchase; and to make the circumstances of my condition still more uncomfortable, my wife's mind had become alarmingly enfeebled, and seemed

on the eve of becoming a blank. Mr. Mingins truly commiserated our sad condition, and seeing that only one thing could save us from total wreck, and that was a speedy return to our native country, he placed us under an everlasting obligation to him by not only paying our passage to London, but in giving me a draft for ten pounds so that I might have something to fall back upon when we arrived there.

Time and circumstances combined have produced many changes in my career of life. A short time before I left London I could not have dreamed of going to the United States. It was different with me when I was there; as I have already remarked, the impression upon my mind that I would return was to me next to a certainty; yet a fortnight before leaving Newark I had no more idea of being able to do so than I had of being able to do any impossible act.

I do not know how the balance between the good and evil of my fortune may stand at the end of my life's journey. So far as I have gone, I have reason to believe that the good has a decided advantage. I think it may be questioned whether those so-called misfortunes, which arise from the accidents of men's position, can in truth be called evils. It is true they may cause pain, annoyance, or suffering; but, after all, they are only the little storms consequent upon the changing atmosphere of our existence, and no doubt, like the common meteorological storms, have their use in the economy of Providence. I know that there are numbers of men who pass through life without giving Providence any seeming trouble. These are the people who get into the well-oiled grooves of society, in which there is little or no friction either to put their mental gear out of order or impede their progress. In making these remarks I do not wish the reader to understand that I conceive myself one of the wrong groove men—on the contrary, I feel pretty certain that in whatever condition of life I had been placed I would in some measure have been, as I am, the football of an imperfectly balanced mind. Some men are continually importuning Providence to help them

out of the difficulties which they themselves have made. I can freely say that I have never sought the aid of Providence in any of my temporal matters, for the simple reason that I have always been convinced I have really had more of her favours than I deserved ; and I say this in all candour.

As the time of my departure drew nigh, I had many thoughts both about my own country and the land I was about leaving. I was on the great continent of America, and in that part of it where one of the most interesting social problems of this or any other age of the world's history was in the course of being solved : I mean self-government by the people. I could not help being agreeably impressed with the fact that a nation so young in years, and made up of a mass of such heterogeneous materials, should have arrived at a condition of such unrivalled greatness.

After having witnessed the working of their political machinery, and reflecting upon both the people and their institutions, the question frequently pressed itself upon my mind,—Will this magnificent fabric stand the test of time, and weather the difficulties which lawless ambition and reckless love of power may bring to bear upon it? I confess that after some little experience in the country I was considerably disappointed in having witnessed many of the Old-World's political vices clinging to the people. To me they were not what they professed to be ; I was disgusted to learn that in a system based on manhood suffrage, money was freely used for corrupt purposes, much in the same manner as it was done at home. I learned, too, that the ballot-box was not a safeguard against party intrigue or political dishonesty. These anomalies were things I certainly did not expect to find in a country where the people had the management of their affairs in their own hands. I had overlooked two circumstances—in the first place, a democracy springing out of an oligarchical society, was sure to retain some of the old vices in their new social arrangements ; and in the second place, that men in whatever condition of society they may exist are only partially honest !

When the question forced itself upon me, Is the American form of government better adapted to the general good of the people than that of our own? I found an answer in the following facts, viz., the wealth of the country, which is the produce of well-applied industry, is more equally divided among the inhabitants; and that though the ballot-box may occasionally be abused, the people have the right to exercise the functions of citizens, and are therefore free to select the men who are to conduct the government of their country. Then I conceive that the baneful influence of caste is not likely to stunt the growth of that dignity in the people which arises from feelings of self-respect, in anything like the same manner it does in the old feudal world. In America, base, crouching servility does not require to uncover the *caput* or bend the knee, because men are allowed to earn their bread by aiding other people to live and enjoy life! The condition of society in America heretofore was necessarily calculated to beget self-reliance in the people, as well as notions of honest independence, by which means individuals were taught to rely upon their own resources; hence that freedom from pauperism which, up to my time, distinguished the country.

I may note that the almost total absence of pawnbrokers' establishments in the American towns was well calculated to prove not only the socially comfortable condition of the people, but it also proved their freedom from the demoralising influence of these places of business; more especially among the female members of society.

There were, at the time of my writing, either two or three of these places of business in Newark, with its ninety thousand inhabitants, but I have reason to believe that there are numbers of towns in the States where they are unknown. Newark, with her large industrial population, up to 1862 was only blessed with one three ball establishment, in which loans were granted upon the security of personal property, and that place was situated in such an

obscure, out-of-the-way position that a stranger would have had much difficulty in finding it out. And even when it was found the proprietors, a pair of conscientious old world sexagenarians, were exceedingly particular to whom they lent money, lest, in their simplicity, they should get hold of stolen property.

I have already remarked that there are beggars in the country, but compared to the number of professional people we have in the United Kingdom, they are as a drop in the bucket. Some of the Americans who do a little in the casual line are about the most independent set of people one can meet with. The class of beggars who are the most contemptible, indolent drones in the country are the *whining, canting*, dirty beings who squat by the waysides and prop themselves up against dead walls in the neighbourhood of chapels on Sundays and holidays. The American dust-hole explorers and professional bone gatherers are socially far removed above these miserable charity excitors!

I have elsewhere alluded to the circumstance of the American women being free from the unseemly and degrading practice of bar drinking. I have certainly no very high opinion of the present generation of American ladies, but whatever faults or follies may be laid to their charge they are at least free from this shameful practice. Of late years open bar drinking by females in Great Britain has become one of the most disgusting blots upon our national character, and if the practice continues to increase upon anything like the same ratio during the next forty years as it has done in the last, it will necessarily lead to a general demoralization. It is a melancholy fact that female intemperance is one of the most serious growing sins of the present age, and as yet there has been no plan hit upon to arrest its progress.

To the time of the breaking out of the late civil war, the constitution of the United States may be said to have worked as well as its founders could have anticipated; that its

management tended to the development of the resources of the country and the social advancement of the people, and that it secured an amount of social and political freedom unknown to the inhabitants of any other country. The war itself was a terrible calamity; it left a large part of the country in a condition of bleak desolation, and tens of thousands of people who survived it were left with their hearts steeped in misery. The storm of death, which only wasted its fury after raging over a period of nearly four years, was well calculated to make the people in the North reflect upon the greatness of the sacrifice they felt themselves called upon to make in order to preserve the Union. I may here remark that it is a prominent part of the creed of the American Unionist that a people have a right to choose their own government, but they did not think this liberty was applicable to those of their own who felt themselves aggrieved.

Slavery was a curse to America before the war; and I am much mistaken if the black man will not continue to be a curse to the country when the war will have ceased to be remembered. Hundreds of thousands of released slaves, whose ideas of self-government are little better than those of children, have been let loose upon society; and as a necessary consequence of personal liberty, the coloured men are spreading themselves over the country, and locating in all the States in which they are admissible; so that they are therefore competing with the white men in the labour market, in all the industrial branches of business of which they have any knowledge. If at any time a collision between the two races should take place, the result may easily be foreseen. I am sadly mistaken if the blacks will not be able shortly to take reprisals upon the American people, in a way that neither of them could have foreseen before the war. Before I left the country in 1865, *miscegenation* was the cry among the exultant radicals, who only a short time before the war denied the poor darkies who were among them those social rights which were afforded to the meanest whites. I have lately learned

from reliable sources that the work of cross breeding is going on as satisfactorily as the lovers of the black race could wish. That large numbers of ebony gentlemen are binding themselves to white ladies who have a taste for husbands in *nature's mourning*, and between them they are producing a mongrel breed, who, when they grow up, will more than probably have all the vices of the black type with few of the virtues of the white. Some people may question the taste of the females who *hob-nob* hymeneally with gentlemen of colour. The words of a gude auld Scotch sang seems applicable in this case: for—

“ Women wad marry Auld Nick,
If he'll aye keep them brow.”

The extraordinary progress which the people in the United States have made in the arts of civilisation, can nowhere be seen to better advantage than in the great transit system she possesses by land and water. Indeed, the various modern social appliances are highly characteristic of the energy, industry, and enterprise of the people. First among these are her wonderful steam-boat system. Her river, lake, and sea-going vessels are in many instances floating hotels, in which all the comforts and conveniences, as well as the luxuries, of civilised life, in its most artificial state, are at the command of all who can afford to pay for them. One of the peculiar features of travelling in the United States is the almost entire absence of all those social distinctions which everywhere form class barriers among people in the feudalised Old World; the men of cash and the men of bone and muscle enjoy the same common privileges, occupy the same saloon, and pace the same deck, as it may suit their taste or convenience.

At one time I thought the steamers on the Clyde a commodious and well-fitted class of vessels; but when compared with the American river steamers they are mere cockboats; and those in use on the Thames are little better than children's toys. To form anything like a correct estimate, either of the

magnitude of the American steam passenger ships, the comforts they afford, or their strange and heterogeneous human cargoes, a man must travel in them, and mingle in their motley crowds of varied nationalities. The people at home have witnessed many wonderful improvements in the arts as applied to the uses of social life ; but they would no doubt stare if they saw a river steamer with accommodation for a thousand passengers ; and not only carry them with ease, but berth and feed them without bustle or inconvenience. Upon one occasion while in New York, I had the pleasure of being taken over a steam-ship of this description. She was four hundred and seventeen feet over all, yet when she had her full cargo on board she only displaced four feet and a half of water ; a magnificent gallery ran alongside her main saloon, with six hundred berths ranged on each side ; she was three stories above the water line, and each story had a verandah running round it by which the passengers could enjoy the beautiful, and in some places magnificently grand, scenery of the majestic Hudson. When the *St. John* was under weigh between New York and Albany, there was really scarcely any thing wanting aboard that could be had in a large city. Her cooking department was by far the most complete thing of the kind I had ever witnessed, and she possessed one new feature which added materially to the comfort of the passengers, viz., she had her own gas manufactured on board ! The man who wishes to observe the social habits and different phases of the American people, with the least possible amount of trouble to himself, and at the same time have the means of enjoying nature in some of her most savage as well as cultivated aspects, would find ample means for studying the one and enjoying the other on board of one of these floating leviathans.

The ferry boats which ply on the Hudson, the East River, and the Estuary are like so many floating castles. These conveyances are all splendidly fitted up in their internal arrangements, and capable of accommodating large numbers

of passengers. They are also provided with space amidships, between the passenger saloons, for the transit of cattle, horses, and carriages.

The river and coasting sailing vessels are well calculated to arrest the attention of strangers, in consequence of their neat, trim build, excellent sailing qualities, and handsome rig. The Americans, in fitting out their sailing craft, while utility in their construction is carefully attended to, are equally careful that all the arrangements shall be in keeping with good taste. Whatever the habits of the Irish and German settlers may be, either in their domestic or business arrangements, it is a rare thing to see an American going about his work in a slovenly manner. And the same may be said of the females who belong to the industrial classes; they are tasteful in their dress, orderly in their housework, and both scrupulously clean and industrious in their habits.

The railway carriages in the United States, so far as both comfort and convenience are concerned, were then at least a hundred years in advance of those in Great Britain. Instead of the working classes being packed into rude tap-room looking departments with guard-room seats, or stowed away like so many cattle in dirty, gloomy boxes in third class carriages, as was the case with us, all classes of the community are able to travel at the same rate, and enjoy the same comfort and convenience. The cars forming a train are open from end to end, through which a signal cord communicates with the driver when necessary, and during the journey one or other of the conductors travel backward and forward through the length of the train to see that nothing goes wrong with the people under their care. Each car is seated in saloon fashion, with an open passage down the centre; there are from thirty-two to thirty-eight seats in a car, and these are arranged along each side; * these seats are tastefully as well as comfortably cushioned, both back and sides; the backs are reversible, so that the faces of the passengers may turn in the

* Each seat holds two persons.

direction of their journey, or, if parties of four prefer it, they can sit face to face. In the winter season every car is heated with a stove, if not two, and these can be fed by the passengers to suit their convenience. Smoking cars are an American railway-travelling institution, and therefore form a part of every train; added to this there are lavatories and the means for obtaining water to drink. The passengers are not transformed into jail-birds, as they are with us; for if a man does not like his company or his position, he can move about with perfect freedom from one car to another until he is able to suit himself. There is no distinction of either persons or class in these conveyances. The President and the Yankee notion pedlar pay the same fare and enjoy the same accommodation. Men of high social standing have the same attention paid them which is given to the meanest traveller, and no more. Every man, however humble his calling, knows and feels that he is a citizen of the States and one of the sovereign people; he will therefore admit of no distinction by which the possession of wealth would set one man above another.

From the manner in which the passengers in the American cars are seated, there is no danger to be apprehended from personal violence or those disgraceful assaults which are frequently being made by ruffians upon females in close carriages in England. The cars which pass over long journeys are fitted up with sleeping couches and other conveniences which travellers with us would only expect to find in a hotel. The fore and aft platforms which form a part of each car afford travellers who are in search of pleasure the means of enjoying the scenery through which the trains pass.

I have reason to believe that the American railways up to this date extend their iron arms over a distance of at least fifty thousand miles. Now that peace has been restored, and the social machinery of the country allowed fair play, the great railway system must ultimately be the means of opening up many of those vast resources in the interior of the country which otherwise would remain unknown or beyond

the reach of men. In the early part of 1865, the great Pacific route enabled people to travel a distance of twelve hundred miles direct, without changing cars. This is the distance from New York to St. Louis, and the journey was performed in forty hours.

It is said that this route to the Mississippi is destined to become the great eastern link to the Pacific railway, which when finished will be the greatest stretch of iron rails in the world.* The following may be useful to some of my readers, as giving an idea of the various stages and their distances from New York to St. Louis, and the different lines which are dovetailed into each other. The New York and Erie Railway extends to Salamanca, 415 miles. The Atlantic and Great Western Railway proper, from Salamanca to Dayton, 385 miles; Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton railroads, to Cincinnati, 60 miles; and the Ohio and Mississippi railroads to St. Louis, 340 miles.

It may be asked why it is that our railway directors afford such miserable accommodation to the people, compared to that furnished by the American companies? The American railway proprietors are certainly neither less selfish or more honest in the management of their lines; what, then, is the cause of the difference? I believe that the working classes who make up the third class, and by far the best paying part of the passenger traffic, have themselves a good deal to blame for the character of the accommodation afforded them. A very considerable portion of our working-men have yet to learn how to conduct themselves with anything like propriety. Any man who has travelled by rail through any of the manufacturing districts of Great Britain must have had frequent occasion to feel disgusted with the rude, vulgar, and often senseless mouthing of some of his fellow passengers. The fact is, there is a very great want of delicacy both of thought and feeling among these people; and though they intend no harm, their ignorance is none the less offensive. From my

* This line has been in operation some time.

experience of railway travelling in America, I have this to say, the people are not only well dressed with *clean faces*, but they conduct themselves as if they knew the meaning of self-respect.

There is one feature connected with the American railways which would not be allowed in Great Britain; I allude to their being carried along the busy thoroughfares of towns and cities, and across both roads and streets on the same level, which arrangement is the cause of much destruction both of life and property. It may be noted, too, that all the railway bridges and viaducts are formed of wood, and some of these are of great length. For instance, a bridge was being erected over the estuary formed by the Passaic and Hackensack Rivers in New Jersey, which was four miles in length, with a drawbridge in the centre to allow the passage of the shipping. Trains passing along these erections require all the care and vigilance of their drivers; they are often the scenes of sad disasters from the carelessness of the men in charge of them. In 1864, the man in charge of the drawbridge over the Hackensack left the centre or movable space open just before a Newark evening train was due; and instead of passing safely over the bridge with her living freight, the whole was engulfed in the deep, sluggish waters of the Hackensack: how many were drowned I don't now remember, but empty seats were left in many homes after the event.

The almost universal application of wood to all building purposes in America is among the first things that will take the attention of a stranger when he lands in the country: the wharves are made of wood, nearly all the houses in the country, and a good many of those in all the towns, are of wood; and when the churches themselves are not formed of wood, their towers or steeples are of that material. Railway accidents from the above causes are very destructive to life; but the press is not so vigilant in these matters as it is with us, so the public are kept in blissful ignorance.

Town travelling in the United States is both cheap and of easy access by the universal use of cars; these are run on

street railways and are drawn by horses. Walking in the towns is one of those exercises the people seem to have little relish for ; and they therefore indulge in it as seldom as they can help. The people in the large towns in America who go out on pleasure have no idea of creating discomforts for themselves by padding the pave ; and those who have business to do abroad have no time to waste in the useless exercise of their flexor and extensor muscles.

The ordinary vehicles in use, when compared with our own, whether as applicable to the business of farm labour, common carrying, or pleasure, are, in my opinion, a very superior class of appliances. With us there is a lumbering solidity both in ourselves and almost everything we construct. With very few exceptions all the vehicles in use, both in town and country in the United States, have four wheels. Like the people themselves they combine lightness with strength ; and unlike our own carts, waggons, and coaches, they do not require a useless waste of physical power. It would seem that the utmost perfection has been attained in the construction of the American light waggon. In the making of these vehicles, as in every other branch of skilled industry, the principle of the division of labour is carried out to its fullest extent. In the city of Newark, there are a large number of waggon factories, some of which employ a great many hands ; but manual labour only plays a second part when compared to the work done by machinery. There is one large place of business in that city which receives a considerable part of the motive power it requires from a canal, in consequence of an inclined plane which passes it. The boats passing to and fro on this canal, instead of ascending and descending, are taken up and down this incline by machinery worked by a water-wheel, and therefore saving the expense necessary for the construction and keeping in repair of at least three locks. I was wont to speculate in my own mind as to the nature of the business carried on in such large premises ; and ultimately I learned that it was a hub manufactory. Hub, however, was Greek to

me, but I was unmystified by learning that hub simply means the nave or centre-block of a wheel! I certainly think Mr. Bull, by taking a lesson from Brother Jonathan in coach and waggon building, might learn to save a few chips and a small amount of horse power, not to speak of the improvement in the style of taste the change would produce.

I have endeavoured to pass in review such matters connected with the manners, habits, and social life of the industrial classes in the United States as came within the range of my own experience, and might here leave the reader to draw his own conclusions as to life in America; but I think it is only fair that I should give my own impressions in reference to what I have seen and heard in the country. If the industrial classes could live by "bread alone," America would be a Paradise. There the people have food in abundance; they are not only well fed, but they are also well clothed and well housed; and they consider themselves free from being overshadowed by the conventional wings of caste! Labour, as a general rule, is both plentiful and well-paid, keeping away from the over-crowded labour markets of the eastern States.

It may be asked, what more do men require to make them happy than the certainty of well remunerated labour and an equality of social and political privileges? These are, no doubt, valuable; but there are other things which men require, who have minds as well as bodies. Social intercourse, in order to be agreeable, should be oiled with human sympathy; and men's conduct should be characterized by a kindly consideration for each other's feelings and sentiments. This is not the case in the United States. Take it as a general rule, the people have little or no respect for each other's feelings or opinions. The soil is not congenial to friendship; it is, therefore, not likely to be productive of those kindly sympathies which are calculated to take the biting edge from misfortune. Whether men toil with their hands or their heads in America, it is done as if they were racing against time. They make money fast, and spend it, frequently, without any

consideration for its value, as fast as they earn it. With the exception of that quality which reduces all men to one dead level, and the use of the franchise conferred by citizenship, I see very little either in the social or political condition of the American people that we do not possess in a higher degree at home. The State in both countries guarantees the religious liberty of the people, and the members of sects in America are no more backward in insulting the feelings of those who they think have taken the wrong road to heaven than the self-righteous are with ourselves. As for social liberty, I firmly believe we enjoy it in a much higher degree; we have greater toleration in expressing our opinions; and that which is of no little importance in a free country, life is esteemed of greater value. Our laws, too, are better and decidedly more honestly administered; and if the working-men find it necessary to unite upon any question in which they are generally interested, they can command the attention of the legislature, which is more than can be done in America. Our industrial community are not so well employed, nor are they, as a rule, so well paid, neither are they so well fed, clothed, and lodged, as their cousins; and we have the misfortune to have two very grievous sore-spots upon our social system which the Americans are only as yet partially troubled with; I mean pauperism and drunkenness! These things, however, I should say arise more from our pent-up situation than from any exceptional vice in ourselves; and though numbers of our working-men are rude, blustering fellows, their want of manners arises from want of proper education, and perhaps from a wild love of personal freedom. Our whole country is a *Kindergarten* when compared with the United States; but small as it is, and take it with all its faults and defects, there is no country in the world in which the social virtues are cultivated to greater advantage; nor is there any country where the Goddess of Liberty watches with so much maternal care over the rights of the people. Our aristocracy are a reproach

to us in the estimation of the American people; but whatever faults may be charged against this class, it is to them that we owe Magna Charta, that Bill of Rights, which acknowledges every man's house to be his castle, and every man charged with a crime innocent until he has been found guilty by a searching process of inquiry.

Men do not require titles to make them patricians; wealth will always confer power upon its possessors; and the Americans themselves have an aristocracy growing up in their plebeian ranks, who will be—nay are—as exclusive in character as the most exclusive inhabitants of Belgravia. There are few people given so much to hero worship as the Americans; they are seldom without an idol, but their love is as fickle as it is warm, and, therefore, easily changed from one object to another. There is no getting over the fact that the possession of wealth, whether in a democratic State or any other, enables men to lord over those who are without it. Lycurgus tried to keep his countrymen abreast of each other by the use of iron money, and though he succeeded for a time, the magic of gold ultimately enabled one class of men to go ahead of another. That "wealth is power" is just as true an apophthegm as any in our language; and there is no class of men so ignorant or so unselfish who are impervious to its influence.

I have said that the people in America are imbued with a high sense of personal independence. This state of mind is valuable, inasmuch as it begets a spirit of self-reliance; but there are two evils which spring from an improper estimate, or rather a want of knowing the meaning of the term. In the first place, young people before they are out of leading-strings cast off the salutary restraints of home, and are off into the world upon their own account. These youths of both sexes find homes in the boarding-houses, and from the moment they leave their parental homes they are their own masters. The boarding-house system has done much to break up the homes of the people, and sever those

ties which bind family relations to one another by early domestic associations. In the second place, there is not a scoundrel or a ruffian in the country but piques himself upon his independence and manly dignity with the best conducted citizen of the Union. I may mention, too, that there is no other country in the world that would stand anything like the same amount of blundering legislative mismanagement as the United States has done of late years.

I have thus endeavoured to give my readers, as far as my experience and my own notion of things would allow me, an impartial view of the social condition of the industrial classes in America. It will be seen that there is much in the social institutions of the people to be proud of, and for strangers to admire; and as to the country itself, it is unrivalled in Nature's choicest gifts. With all these I would not voluntarily cast my lot in the United States. The people live too fast; their labour is a life and death race; and in the constant strain of their energies they bring the selfish part of their nature too much into relief.

It will very readily be asked why I would advise people to go to a country I would not choose to reside in myself? If I were a young man and obliged to labour like the agricultural workers in the west of England, I would find the change America would afford me a place to sigh and to struggle for. In this country a man with from nine to twelve shillings a week, with the money at its present value, must, if he has a mind at all, feel himself as much socially degraded as if he were a serf. The sooner, therefore, such a man leaves the country for the United States the better it will be both for himself and those he leaves behind.

In concluding this chapter, I may mention the somewhat curious fact, that fully two-thirds of the emigrants who return home before having been naturalised, go back as soon as they are enabled to do so. They seem, like the Jews under Moses, to sigh for the flesh-pots they left behind.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER having been cribbed on board ship during a period of four weeks while in port, it was a pleasant relief to all of us when the vessel put to sea. Before sailing my kind friend did all that lay in his power to make our passage as comfortable as possible, by aiding us in laying in sea stores; and when we parted, it was with painful mutual regrets. Good fellow! he must have made no small sacrifice in rendering us the assistance he did. Had we been left to our own resources, we must have remained in America, without a hope of ever being able to return to our "ain dear land." A little incident occurred before the vessel cleared out of the estuary, which afforded amusement to the passengers who witnessed it, and a good deal of painful reflection to one of the parties interested. When the passengers were examined by the ship's officers, it was found that one among the number was so fatuous that he was as helpless as a child; so it was found necessary to get him out of the ship. When the steam-tug which brought the ship down to Sandyhook was about casting off her hawser, she was ordered alongside, and while the idiot was being put on board, to be taken back to New York, a young man, who seemed to have been quite at home since he had been in the vessel, transported himself from the ship to the tug with the agility of a monkey, just as the vessels were parting; and as a farewell salute he spread out the fingers of his right hand and applied the end of his thumb to the tip of his nose to a gentleman who gazed at him in speechless bewilderment. The man on the deck of the ship was father to the youth in the steam-tug. The old

gentleman was coming home to London after having been fourteen years in the United States; he had a business in Brooklyn, which he had left in charge of his wife and other members of his family. He had a double object in coming to London; the first was to look out for a place of business, and the second was to remove his son, who was a fast youth, from the influence of bad company. The young man got back to his old haunts and his loafing companions, but his poor father never got his spirits up again during the voyage.

The passage home was a very unromantic affair, and the weather was so comfortably moderate that a blanketful of wind every now and again was highly acceptable. On the afternoon of the fifth day at sea, one of the sailors, a young raw-boned highlandman from the Isle of Mull, had three sovereigns extracted from his sea-chest, while on duty, by one of his shipmates, being all the money the poor fellow had. While the excitement caused by this theft was producing any amount of gossip among the passengers, one of the crew came to me and requested as a particular favour that I would take charge of his money until the vessel should arrive in port. I felt no way inclined to take the responsibility of being cashier for an entire stranger, and told him he should give his money to the captain, who would no doubt accept the trust. He had a reason, however, for not doing this which appeared satisfactory, so I took his money—about ten pounds in American gold—gave him a voucher, and returned it to him at Gravesend without as much as thanks. I mention this little circumstance, not for any interest in itself, but to state a fact which is certainly little known beyond the profession. It seems from what I learned, both during the passage out and home, that a large number of the sailors who man the passenger ships (sailing) are the greatest robbers, ruffians, and dissipated scoundrels unhung; that while between ports they make a business of not only thieving from the well-disposed sailors, but that they never lose an opportunity of pilfering from the pas-

sengers; and when on shore they never ship until they are cleaned out of both money and clothing.

We had been eighteen days out from New York when we sighted the Scilly Islands. These rugged, rocky mounds in the mouth of the Channel recalled to memory some of my early struggles. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since the vessel I was then aboard of had to put into the bay formed by the islands through stress of weather. I remembered as if it had been only a few days ago when myself and companions were ignominiously expelled from the garrison yard of St. Mary's by a mob of enraged natives, who were ready to give us the benefit of lynch law, which we narrowly escaped.

Many a storm has lashed the lands in fury since the dismal night I struggled, between life and death, aboard the brig *Fame of Scarborough* off that iron-bound coast; but though I have had a good deal of weather experience since then, I never again saw the elements of sea, air, and electricity in such a violent passion. When we came in view of the coast of Cornwall, some of the passengers, who had been long years absent from the home of their fathers, became pleasantly excited, and were no doubt ready to exclaim in the language of the great wizard of the north, "This is my own, my native land." All my fellow-passengers seemed delighted at nearing home. Several of them had seen much of human life under many phases, and all of them had little histories of their own. Some had realised sufficient to keep them comfortable; and others had wherewith to begin the world anew in their own country, without having hit the mark in America. From my own and the appearance of my family, I daresay it was a foregone conclusion in the minds of our fellow-passengers that we were comfortably provided for. They little knew that I was leaving a land in which I had ceased to be useful, either to myself or anybody else; that I was going to another with a broken-down system, in all but a penniless condition, and in which

my prospects of making a living were founded upon the most dreamy speculations.

Change is the order of creation. I had passed up that Channel when I was alone in the world, and was only bound to it by the hopes inspired by youth. I was then a unit subsisting on the outside of the living mass of humanity; with no creature to care for but one who did not know there was such a being in existence. The morning of youth, with its dreams and misapplied experience, had long passed away and I had lived to the time when my future may be said to be in the past.

There were several of my fellow-passengers who, if they had been told before landing that they would shortly return to the United States, would have scouted the idea with much warmth; yet it is a fact that the majority did return; and some of them by the same vessel that brought them home, or more properly from home! A good many artisans and other classes of tradespeople who have been comparatively comfortable in their own homes, when they go out to America neither find the country nor its inhabitants suitable to their taste. Everything seems opposed to their preconceived notions, and as it often happens, those among them who have the means, 'bout ship before they give themselves an opportunity of knowing either the people or the country. Whatever notions such emigrants may form of the American people, there are two things which cannot fail to interest them: the first is the thoroughly independent position which the working-men hold when compared with that which they occupy at home; and the second is the opportunities they have to earn a higher rate of wages. There is yet another consideration, which is not likely to be forgotten by those emigrants who return home after a short residence, and that is the American daily bill of fare.

It is a very different matter with the unskilled labourers who go out to the United States: their social condition becomes completely changed, and instead of being looked upon and

treated as beings of an inferior order, they find their value as independent and useful members of society fully recognised, and the fault will be their own if they do not rank themselves as members of the sovereign people. These people find a fair field for their industry; and when they become wedded to the country by the process of naturalisation, they not only possess a voice in the election of the legislature, but they may aspire to the honour of becoming members of that body themselves. There is therefore little fear of any of this class returning to the degrading serfdom of their own country.

I landed with my wife and family after a comfortable passage of twenty-one days, no bad work for a large vessel deeply laden. My next business was to overhaul my plans. This did not cost me much time; and having weighed them in the sober scales of probability I soon found them perfectly useless for all practical purposes. Were I to expose the character of some of my speculations, I would be well laughed at, not with the laughter of amusement, but with that of derision. But everybody knows the old adage of "drowning men catching at straws;" at all events, the whole of my aërial castles tumbled into their original nothingness, and I was left to begin the formation of a new set of plans.

London is a huge wilderness for a man to find himself in without the available means of making a living at his command. It is a great mass of struggling humanity, in which all the members are more or less taken up with their own affairs. But though in the struggle for life in its numerous phases in this great mass of human beings, selfishness is the great motive power to action, there is perhaps no city in the world in which is to be found so much real human sympathy; nor is there any place where kind and generous feeling demonstrates its existence in such a variety of ways. There are thousands of people in London whose benevolence is ever active, and whose generosity is continually soothing human misery in some of its protean forms. It must be borne in mind, however, that where vice, headstrong passion

imprudence, and blind chance are daily and hourly changing both the moral and social condition of great numbers of people, there must be many whose misery and sufferings are hidden away in the dark corners of the great city, and are therefore beyond the reach alike of public charity and private benevolence.

I entered with my family into this seething mass of humanity, and added six units to swell the numerical bulk of the already over three millions! I had the draft on Smith, Payne and Co., for the ten pounds I got from my generous friend to begin the world anew with, and this must furnish a house and afford us subsistence, until something suitable in the shape of employment should turn up. Physically I was as weak as a child, and therefore unfit for anything in the character of manual labour; nor were my prospects improved by the helpless condition of my wife, who was labouring under both a bodily and mental affliction. The first thing to be done was to find a house with a rent suitable for our circumstances, which was certainly no easy task. After spending a whole day, I got a poor miserable place, with one room and two closets, for the moderate rent of nine shillings and sixpence a week! If I had taken my family into lodgings my little bank would have collapsed in a few days like an empty balloon; but with apartments even at the above rent, we could manage to struggle on for as many weeks.

The want of fitting house accommodation for people with limited and precarious incomes presents a very serious difficulty to the industrial classes in London. Even the class of people who are termed respectable from their social standing, but of small incomes, are frequently unable to obtain houses in neighbourhoods in keeping with their condition. The lower a man goes down on the scale of rent, the further he is likely to fly off from civilised society. The fact is, low rent, squalor, poverty, intemperance, crime, and low sanitary conditions, are almost sure to be inseparable in all our large towns. If a man with a wife and a family should have the misfortune to gravi-

tate from the industrial ranks to the under stratum of society, the chances would be ten to one against his ever recovering his lost position. I have known many prudent and well-conducted people who have lost caste through misfortune, and tumbled to the bottom of the social scale; and notwithstanding their best efforts, could never recover their former status. In my own continual round of vicissitudes, I can scarcely explain how I managed to keep from sinking out of a sphere of social respectability to one of degradation; but it is enough for me that I have done so, and I am grateful for having had the power of holding a position in which my family had no reason to be ashamed.

We spent the first night in our new habitation without a single article of furniture except our beds, bedding, and the boxes, and the few culinary utensils we used upon our voyage home.

We imagined ourselves comparatively happy that we were once more in the land we had so frequently sighed for; but our gladness was tinged with melancholy as we looked to our future prospects. The fact is, we were not clearly satisfied that we had acted the most prudent part in leaving America, in which we could have been placed in some little business of our own. While in the United States, both myself and family had borne many hardships, but none of us ever wanted a meal of victuals, and in now looking before us we could not say how long we should be able to keep the lean-jawed monster from paying us a visit.

During the time we were in America, I do not think any of us ever saw half-a-dozen professional beggars, and it was a rare thing to see a ragged person, except in the character of some poor emigrant from the Green Isle. When absent from our own country, we only thought of the bright side of life we left behind us; and I daresay we were somewhat too apt to see the weak points in the character of American society. We found that we could not move out in London without being confronted with beings sunk in the very abyss

of human degradation, and seeing bundles of filthy rags moved about by creatures steeped in irredeemable misery; and we could not go a quarter of a mile in any direction without seeing numbers of both men and women hurrying to destruction through the gilded portals of gin palaces.

Notwithstanding our high state of civilisation and our boasted character for religion and morality, I should say there is scarcely any other country in which the vice of drunkenness and its brood of debasing concomitants exists to anything like the same extent it does with us. When foreigners have the means of comparing our great wealth with our squalid misery, our gilded halls and lordly mansions with our filthy, seething stews overcrowded with human beings, who live from hand to mouth, they must come to the conclusion that we are not what we pretend to be.

Although I had long been familiar with the condition of the struggling poor of London, I had never been so thoroughly impressed with the magnitude of the sin of intemperance which prevailed among them until after my return from the United States. It is only by comparison that we can properly appreciate the relative value of either men or things. The people at home are familiar with the hideous monster of intemperance, and it therefore gives them little or no trouble; but strangers, and men who have had experience in other lands, must be unfavourably impressed, if not disgusted, with this feature of our social system when they are brought face to face with it. I can look back by the aid of memory through a long vista of years, to the time when I resided in Church Lane in St. Giles', and was familiar with the back slums in St. Catherine's and their half-savage denizens. The same class of beings exist in London now as did then, and our more advanced state of civilisation as a nation does not at all improve the contrast between the head and tail of our social system.

When we had got a few trifling articles of furniture, and in some measure got settled down in our cribbed-up home,

instead of being able to look after some occupation by which to make a living, I was unfortunately bound hand and foot to the house in consequence of the melancholy condition of my poor wife's health. During the last twelve months of my residence in America I occupied my mind occasionally in the evenings, and at such times as I had nothing to do at my own business, in writing my experience of men and things. These lucubrations afforded me a subdued sort of pleasure when I was suffering both in mind and body. I had then no other aim in writing than that of mental relaxation. When I learned, however, that we were going home, I endeavoured to form the disjointed matter into the shape of a volume, and it was well I did so, as the MS. ultimately was the means of serving us in our need.

After having been about a fortnight in town, I made up my mind to call upon some one or other of the publishing firms to see whether I could dispose of my book. If I had not met with a purchaser I certainly should not have felt disappointed, inasmuch as my expectations of turning it to account were small indeed; in fact, it would have been presumptuous in me to have thought otherwise. During the previous three years the English literary market had been crowded by writers upon America, her people, her institutions, and on her civil war; it was therefore not very likely that a book with the humble title of "Three years among the working classes in the United States during the War" would readily find a purchaser.

Believing that the Messrs. Routledge did a large business in publishing light literature, and that they only published their own works, I called upon them. I learned, however, that in consequence of a new arrangement in the firm being on the eve of taking place, they could not enter upon any new business contracts, but I was kindly furnished with the names of three houses in the trade to whom I was recommended to apply. When I left Broadway, I made direct for Cornhill, and in doing so I passed through dense counter streams of living beings; but I was all but unconscious of

their presence. My all-engrossing thought was, Will any of the parties to whom I have been recommended buy the book? Passing along the Poultry in this state of mind, I was brought to my senses by being saluted by an old friend, not, however, as is sometimes the case, with a new face. The last time I had seen him he was evidently sliding down the incline that leads to social ruin. "Richard," however, was "himself again." A love for conviviality, excitement, and fire-water made him lose caste for a season; but the recovery of feelings of self-respect, and a diploma from the patrons of the pump, enabled him to regain his lost position. I had scarcely parted from this old friend when I lost all feeling of self on witnessing a poor old woman being all but crushed to death between two omnibuses passing in opposite directions. The space in the front of the Mansion House is a dangerous place for foot passengers who have not a good use of both their eyes and understandings, during the business part of the day. That is the heart of the great metropolis through which much of her life-blood flows. The old woman was taken to the nearest hospital, and I passed on my way to Cornhill; but before I had passed the Royal Exchange I felt myself confronted with another old acquaintance, and this meeting was truly a melancholy one.

Before me I beheld the wreck of a man who had been a valuable, as well as a highly esteemed, member of society, when we first knew each other. I had gravitated a few steps on the social ladder since we two had last met, but he had tumbled headlong from a considerable elevation, and had gone down, down to the bleak region of the houseless wanderers. The man I had just parted with had changed his habits in time to save himself from both moral and social shipwreck; but this poor fellow had passed the Rubicon; his worldly fate was sealed; and I knew he could never rise again inasmuch as he had become one of the socially doomed both by habit and feeling. Knowing his

kind and generous disposition when he was being carried along by the tide of his better fortune, I was sorry to sadness at parting from him, and the more so as I had little except my sympathy to bestow upon him. As I passed on I felt thankful that in all my misfortunes and difficulties I had never lost a sense of either the respect due to myself or the duty I owed to my family.

There have been a few changes in the silent progress of human events since the time Mary McNamee, along with her young family, stood at the bar of the Mansion House to solicit a pass to take her and her little ones down to the north of England. The General Post Office had long been removed from Lombard Street; the Old Exchange had been substituted by a new one; and the whole district round the heart of the city had been metamorphosed; modern buildings had displaced whole streets of quaint old wooden frame houses, with their projecting gables, overhanging stories, and bow windows. Railways, cabs, river steamers, and omnibuses were social appliances scarcely, if at all, dreamed of; and the flickering oil *crusie*, in the absence of the moon, did illuminating duty for the old watchmen and the citizens who went abroad after nightfall. There were only three bridges on the river, and that was the golden age for watermen, link boys, and sedan chairmen.

In a back room, one pair up, in the premises of a well-known publishing firm in Cornhill, I found myself closeted with an elderly gentleman for the space of better than half an hour. It would be no way interesting either to the reader or anybody else what passed between us during the interview; suffice it to say when I again found myself in the street I was minus the MS., and my memory was charged with the duty of reminding me that I was to call again in the course of eight days. On moving homeward my tread was more elastic, and my mind in a decidedly more cheerful mood than when I left home.

When I was about repassing the Mansion House, I observed

that the Lord Mayor was still sitting in judgment upon the rights and wrongs of his municipal subjects. It is very seldom that I have ever had any curiosity to visit courts of justice. I seemed, however, upon that occasion to have moved upstairs into the court house without anything in the shape of a motive.

After quietly scanning the august person of his civic lordship, and glancing over the two or three score faces which were looking into his own, my eyes rested upon the face of the prisoner in the dock. Every lineament of that face, and every smile that could light it up, were familiar to my memory, and yet only seeing the face and head I could not recall to whom they belonged. The suspense I was in, while thinking over the matter, only lasted a few minutes. I learned that the prisoner was a professional man. The knowledge of that fact carried my mind back over a distance of twenty-eight years, when we two were brothers in all but relationship. He was then in the heyday of life, in the possession of both money and friends; was full to overflowing with animal spirits, warm-hearted and generous to a fault. The last time I was in his company was upon the occasion of his acting as chairman at a social meeting, when one of his duties was to present a gentleman well-known to us both with a valuable gold watch and appendages. Like myself, no doubt, he had "wandered mony a weary fit" since then; I knew not what his fortunes had been during these long years, but his being in such a disreputable position, whether guilty or innocent, made me feel for him as much as if he had been my own brother.

It was certainly a curious coincidence to have seen three old acquaintances under such peculiar circumstances in so short a time in mighty London. My old friend must have changed greatly since we had parted; his disgraceful situation did not appear to give him any trouble; shame, the companion of conscientiousness, must have been rubbed out of him by his having strayed into the crooked paths of the world. I

heard him remanded for a further hearing of the charge, and soon after he was doing the penitential labour of a House of Correction, in the company of men who had been hardened to vice and crime, and who were familiar with both the work and the bill of fare in his quarters, where he must spend a term of eighteen months.

While wending my way home, a whole train of thoughts passed rapidly through my mind: H——'s father, mother, sister and brothers, and his once lovely wife—the whole of whom I knew intimately—all floated upon my memory; the manner in which he was looked up to, the bright career which seemed to lie before him; and added to these was the reflection of the warm attachment we had for each other. In my waking dream I sincerely hoped that all his kindred had been sundered from him by death, lest the blight of his disgrace should fall upon them. It is a sorry thing for a man to be his own enemy; yet so it is with nine out of every ten men who lose caste in society; and the majority of these may trace their fall to habits of intemperance.

Since the visit to Cornhill, my mind was almost continually dwelling upon the probability of the MS. being accepted. It was certainly not without good reason that I should feel anxious, for the last of the ten pounds was all but gone; and if relief did not come, and that, too, shortly, destitution, like a hungry wolf, would stare us in the face. On the morning of the eighth day, while myself and family were enjoying a humble breakfast, we were all unusually excited by the post-man's knock. I had an offer of TWENTY POUNDS for my MS. in a polite note from the gentleman I had seen, with an expression of regret that circumstances would not enable them to offer a larger sum. Here, then, was something like a providential deliverance, and I only wanted one thing to make the occasion one of happy thankfulness; which was, that my wife should have been able to have rejoiced with me in our good fortune; but the mind that would have sympathised with my own was a blank. It is a blessed thing to have a

heart that can feel for us in sorrow and rejoice with us in our hours of gladness; with such a friend our sorrows become lessened and our happiness enlarged.

I gladly accepted the offer made in the note; and as I did not wish to draw the whole of the money just then, I had five pounds on account, which sum enabled us to change our miserable residence, and to look forward with a more lively hope. I had the good fortune to find a suitable house, or rather apartments, in a respectable neighbourhood. The rent, too, was very moderate for a central situation in London, with the amount of accommodation it afforded, being only ten shillings and sixpence a week. I daresay the reader will be at a loss to know what I could want with a house at such a rent, seeing that I had no income? If I had been in the country I would have looked out for the lowest rented hovel I could have found; but though it may seem a paradox, it is nevertheless a simple truth, that the larger the house a well-conditioned poor man can get hold of in London, the less his house room is likely to cost him. The fact is, there are very few people in either the city or its wide-spreading suburbs, who are not well circumstanced that do not either take lodgers or let a portion of their premises, if they rent houses upon their own account. When we got into our new residence, I drew a second five pound note, and with a portion of it purchased as much second-hand furniture as enabled us to fit up two bed-rooms by which we could take a couple of lodgers. In the course of a short time we were sitting rent free; and as one of my daughters was getting a small weekly income, a trifling salary for myself would have made our condition comparatively comfortable.

During the time the railways have been transforming a great part of London by sweeping away square miles of house property, tens of thousands of the industrial poor have been unshipped from their moorings; and as a consequence much suffering and inconvenience has resulted to them. In order to secure homes for the people thus cast adrift upon the

world of London, a number of model dwellings have been erected in as convenient localities as could be obtained. Each of these buildings is formed to hold a good-sized colony of people ; and they are so arranged as to afford the greatest amount of accommodation with the smallest self-supporting rental. The whole of these model dwellings have been erected upon the plan of the Scotch flats, in which a number of independent dwellings are situated on the same floor. Each dwelling consists of a certain number of rooms, with kitchen, scullery, water-closet, and dust-hole ; and so far as the space admits, they are on the whole well suited for small families.

“The Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes” have built a number of their dwellings in several of the outlying suburbs of the city. These houses are generally composed of four apartments, with miniature gardens attached, the weekly rental being from five to six shillings. To people who work within walking distance, and have anything like a fixed employment, these cottages are both reasonable and comfortable dwellings ; but they certainly offer no advantage to the men who would have to pay a second rent in railway fares.

The weekly rent of the general run of model dwellings in London is from five to eight shillings ; added to this a family will burn, with well-timed economy, one hundred-weight of coals, which cost one and threepence, and oil and soap will reduce the weekly salary by another shilling at least. Taking the higher scale of rent, a working man would thus have to pay 10s 3*d.* out of his weekly wages ; and the remainder, whatever that might be, would have to furnish himself, his wife and family, with food, clothing, the wear and tear of his house, and the schooling of his children.

When it is considered that there are tens of thousands of unskilled labourers in London, who are working, when in employment, for various sums under twenty shillings a week, it will readily be seen that to live they must be continually engaged in a hard struggle. These poor people belong to

the great unwashed family; and I think it will be pretty evident that a man must be a thrifty fellow who can manage to keep a wife and family in "theek and rape," and his own face clean, in London with such slender means.

Married women with families, whose husbands have small wages, have few greater difficulties to contend with in their domestic arrangements in London, than those which they experience in washing and getting up their under-clothing. The contracted fire-places in their little box kitchens will not allow space to boil a good-sized pot of water; their washings are therefore done in driblets, and they are obliged to dry all their things on house lines, which soon gives their bleached clothing the *jaundice*. I have often heard people in comfortable circumstances make anything but complimentary remarks upon the dirty appearance of men, women, and children who were obliged to burrow in dingy, contracted hovels; but I hold it almost next to impossible for human beings, who live huddled together in miserable dens, to obey those sanitary regulations which are of such easy observance to people who possess the necessary appliances. A great effort has been made of late years in all our large towns to prevent overcrowding in the dwellings of the poor; but as long as house rents continue at their present rates, so long will the poor be obliged to live in close companionship.

I had been in London about five months when my wife's health became so far improved as to enable me to break through the restraints of my long confinement. I sought for employment, but sought in vain. The next chapter will show my future plan of operations.

CHAPTER XX.

HAVING been disappointed in all my endeavours to obtain employment in London, I felt at a loss what to do. The necessities of my family were daily becoming more urgent, in fact, my situation was becoming a very hopeless one, and if I wanted to get out of it, it was necessary that no time should be lost in making an effort to do so. I therefore made up my mind to leave town ; this I would have done long before, if I could have relied upon my wife's sanity. I have already remarked that my own trade had undergone a complete transformation since the time I had been practically engaged in it in my own country, and that it had long ceased to be the same business either in materials or in manipulation ; everywhere the silk hat had superseded the old stuff or felt hat. During the last few years, indeed, a certain class of felt hats had been introduced ; but as the manufacture of these was carried on in the country districts, at a considerable distance from London, I should be obliged to go to some one or other of these places before I could have a chance of employment. I was aware that a Mr. Wilson was carrying on this business in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and that he was using the American system of machine-made hats. This being the sort of work I had been accustomed to while in the United States, I made up my mind to go there. I had another reason for preferring this place to others nearer London ; my eldest daughter, who had been a widow for some time, resided only a short distance from Newcastle, so that if my health should fail I had a home to go to. I do not think I ever left home with my feelings

so sadly subdued as I did on leaving for the great coal emporium of the north of England. Even if I should obtain employment at my own business, I was by no means certain that I should be able to continue at it; and the uncomfortable condition of my family, combined with my own weakness, acted and reacted upon my mind with a painfully depressing influence. If, like some men, I could have divested myself of that sympathy and sense of duty which bound me to my family,—and centred all my cares in self, I would have had small trouble on my own account.

On my way down to Irongate Wharf to get the Newcastle steamer, I accidentally met a medical gentleman, a native of Malta, with whom I had become acquainted when I was in the tavern business in Glasgow. When I knew him he was a student in the college of that city, and I notice the meeting in consequence of some information he gave me about a mutual acquaintance.

The young gentleman here referred to was a native of North Wales; he was a fine, manly-looking young fellow as could be seen in a long day's journey, and added to a fine form he possessed a kind, amiable, and generous disposition. I became acquainted with him during his first term at the college. He was then remarkably diligent in his studies, and attended the lectures of the different professors with the greatest regularity; in fact, he was a most exemplary student, and when the season was over he went home to work rather than to enjoy the relaxation his means afforded him. An elder brother and himself had been left orphans while young, but they were well provided for; the elder had a good-sized farm of his own, and as the younger one was destined for the medical profession, a sum of money was laid by, sufficient not only to defray the expenses of his education, but to support him until he could command a practice. I was very much attached to this young man, and was pleased to see the progress he made in his studies. At that time another young man, the son of a popular circuit barrister, was working for his B.A. He was a

clever young fellow, but as wild as an American Indian; he had been rusticated for three years from Cambridge, which was equal to expulsion, and his education was being finished off in a style befitting a man of the world in Glasgow. My friend became acquainted with this youth, and in the course of a very short time was fully initiated into all the follies and not a few of the vices of his preceptor. I never witnessed such a rapid change in the character and conduct of anybody in so short a time; instead of attending to his studies as he was wont to do, he spent his time in disreputable houses, and made companions of the most worthless characters about town. A friend of his wrote to his brother, hinting that it would be as well if he could make it convenient to come to Glasgow for a few weeks. That gentleman lost no time in attending to the suggestion contained in the letter, and having learned that I had a kind regard for his brother, he called upon me immediately on his arrival.

This gentleman had been reared in a sequestered district of North Wales, and, before his Glasgow journey, had never been beyond the confines of his own county. He knew little or nothing of town life, and was both simple and frugal in his habits, and though he was a man of good education, he was as green as a country maiden in the ways of the world. When in company he would sit for hours quietly smoking his pipe, without saying a word. He loved his brother with his own and a father's love; in fact, he watched over him with all the tenderness and solicitude of a lover rather than a brother. When he had been a week or two in Glasgow, he made up his mind to enter himself as a medical student that he might be in a position to watch over his beloved brother. By doing this he did away with the impression of being a spy over his conduct; it was therefore taken for granted by his friends and acquaintances that he had become inspired with a love for the profession.

If this simple-minded, honest, good-hearted fellow had remained in his quiet Welsh retreat, minded his farm, smoked

his pipe at his leisure, and enjoyed his field sports, he would in all probability have passed through life honoured and respected by all who knew him. His mission to Glasgow was a holy one; his young brother's honour, reputation, and future happiness were as dear to him as his own, and I feel confident there was no sacrifice within his power he would not have made to serve him. The young man improved considerably after his brother's arrival; he took his diploma in due course, and after going home, he married the daughter of an old practitioner, and with her married her father's business. The elder brother, with a truly fatherly regard for the young man, changed all his old habits, avocations, and associations in life that he might be in a situation to watch over him and endeavour to keep him in the way he should go. But this loving act of duty cost him a price that no return of gratitude or affection could ever repay. Poor fellow! he foundered upon the very rock from which he came to save his brother. Before he left Glasgow he became the victim of the most unrestrained intemperance, and he left the college without his diploma. Shortly after he returned home, he had so involved himself in pecuniary difficulties that he was obliged to dispose of his patrimonial estate; he soon swallowed all he had left from the wreck; and the last time I heard of him he was going about the country in the character of a miserable mendicant swathed in a bundle of rags, a wreck of all he had been, and an outcast from society.

For some time after being in Glasgow, this gentleman was what may be called a sober drinker. Before having left home he rarely indulged in any beverage stronger than ale; but the love for whiskey had grown rapidly upon him; and, indeed, he had not been many months in town before the brother he came to take care of had in his turn become his good Mentor.

This little narrative is well calculated to impress upon our minds the lesson conveyed in the gospel of "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall!" Poor fellow!

his case was a melancholy one; he richly deserved a better fate; but I trust it is yet in store for him in that region where sorrow cometh not.

During the time I was in the service of Mr. Hill, I had frequent occasion to travel by steam-boats between London and Leith; and I do not remember a single passage either up or down in which there were not a number of sailors as passengers. I have mingled with men of nearly all trades and professions in my time, but I think for downright recklessness in spending money to their own disadvantage, sailors hold the first place. Those sailors who are going north, or coming up to London, would as a general rule be considerably in pocket by taking the railway instead of the steam-boats. I have known several instances in which sailors on this coast have thrown away more money than the amount of their passage fare in a single night. On my way down to Newcastle I had twelve sailors as fellow-passengers; and, with the exception of four, who were sober men, the others not only misapplied a great deal of hard-worked-for money, injured themselves, and abused each other by quarrelling, but they converted the fore-cabin into a little hell. If it could be avoided, I would not advise any well-disposed man to travel in a second cabin in any of the coasting steamers between London and the north. When the sailor passengers become the worse for drink, in nearly all cases all sense of propriety is discarded, and these cribbed-up dens are turned into places for drunken revels, obscene language, and ruffianly conduct. Of course there are plenty of decent people who travel by these conveyances; but it must be remembered that two or three drunken men in a place where the passengers are often packed as close together as herrings in a barrel, are quite sufficient to make the cabins anything but comfortable to well-disposed people.

When I arrived in Newcastle, I had the good fortune to get employment in a new place of business, known as the St. Andrew's Felt Hat Company; and as the process of the

work I was employed in was of a light character, I was able to manage it without any inconvenience. The fact is, while I continued to work in this place my health not only improved, but my mind ceased from much of the restless action with which it had been long troubled. There is nothing equal to healthy employment for keeping the thoughts free from unprofitable musings; for my own part, I would much rather battle with old Father Time in working harness than encounter him in the trappings of magnificent indolence. From my own experience of the world, I have no hesitation in saying that a steady man, with anything like regular employment, is not only one of the most useful members of society, but that he enjoys life with more serenity and peace of mind than those of any other class, lay or clerical. When a working-man has learned to confine his wants within the limits of his means (whether married or single), he will have obtained the great secret both of social and domestic comfort, if not happiness. This great end, however, can never be attained unless a man has learned to subject himself to self-government. So far as I am concerned, I only say the truth when I affirm that I have never enjoyed so much even tranquillity and peace of mind as when I was comfortably employed at my own business; and I believe this is the case with the majority of steady working-men.

If I could at all have seen my way clearly when in Newcastle as to the permanency of my employment, I would have made an effort to have sent for my wife and family. The firm I was working for had purchased a bankrupt stock, and carried on the business in the old premises; but the machinery was nearly worn out, and the building unsuitable, so that the work was being carried on under anything but favourable conditions. Before I had gone to Newcastle, the company had been on terms for suitable premises with a gentleman in Cocker mouth, but somehow or other the parties could not agree as to terms.

The department of the work I was engaged in was easy,

so far as manual labour was in question; but to the workman it was anything but profitable. Though I worked with all possible diligence during eleven hours a day, I could not earn more than twenty-two shillings a week. When I remitted ten shillings to my family, paid five shillings for my bed-room, and one shilling contribution to the trade, it will be seen that I had not much left to grow fat upon. After having been sixteen weeks in this place, I found that matters were approaching a crisis, and that, what with the nature of the work and the constant breaking down of the machinery, I would soon be starved out; I therefore felt to leave was the only alternative prudence dictated.

I had long been on familiar terms with Newcastle. I knew it in its good old stand-still days; and many of its living pictures, as seen in its mediæval architecture, hang upon my memory with all their freshness of colour and distinctness of form, as if I had made their acquaintance only a few days ago instead of nearly sixty years. I had often climbed the long stairs from the "Close" to the castle-yard in boyish glee, and remember the fish-market on the open space on the Sandhill, and the lovely nymphs who watched over their stalls redolent of the aroma of rum and "Caller haddies." What a highly interesting place the Sandhill is to a lover of the quaint architecture of from three hundred to half a thousand years ago. I remember the venerable old walls with their strong towers and little sentry turrets, and the time when I was wont to play about the Westgate; nobody then thought of removing that good old landmark, and there are now few men living who can point to the place where it stood. Many a time I have gazed up to the more than beautiful lantern tower of Saint Nicholas' Church, and wondered at the flying buttresses, as a boy will wonder when he sees a thing above his comprehension. I had often rambled through the "Castle Garth," with its rag fair, where there was a blending of ancient and modern times both in the place and the people.

I have many pleasant recollections of the "Big Market," one of the streets which "Grainger," in his rage for transforming, in mercy spared. The time was when all my youthful feelings expanded in real joyous excitement when, with whip in hand and *wee heed* erect, I drove "John Richardson's" two single-horse cars. For me that was a more elevated condition of juvenile happiness than "swinging upon a gate;" my ambition was flattered with the responsibility of even a temporary charge of a pair of horses, and I felt an unspeakable pride in the *crack o' the whip*. The old hostelry, with its spurred and well-clipped game-cocks for a sign, and its rude circular archway, still remains in apparent defiance of the law of progress; but the country carriers who had their quarters there in the early part of the present century have long, long ago hung up their whips in company with the *holystones* (which guarded their nags from the spells of witches and fairies) *behind their stable doors*.

Who would not remember Newcastle, as I have seen it, when both the town and its inhabitants were characterised by peculiarities of their own? The Elizabethan form of the houses and the crooked, narrow streets, with their wonderful steep inclines, told of the age when the pack-horse was one of the institutions of our forefathers. During the present century the march of civilization has produced many surprising changes in all our seats of industry, but there are few towns in the kingdom that have gone through such a sweeping change as Newcastle. The late Mr. Grainger waved his magic wand over a town decrepid with age and a people wedded to the traditions of the past; both became changed: we now behold a magnificent city (or a town that should be one*) and a people imbued with a new life.

I had occasion to pass through Newcastle in the memorable year of 1848, and having a little time to spare, I took a stroll through the new market, and was much interested both with the beauty of the design and the spaciousness of the building.

* Since this was written Newcastle has become a city.

I thought then that Mr. Grainger had erected a market to anticipate the wants of the people a hundred years hence ; the place was then comparatively empty ; in fact, there was not a sufficient number of occupants to disturb the echoes in the long avenues.

When I next saw the market, in 1866, I could scarcely believe such a change could have been effected in so short a time. There was not an empty stall or a vacant space ; this place of traffic is not only full to repletion, but the large open space called the Green Market, in Clayton Street, was also crammed full of dealers.

So far as the general trading aspect of Newcastle is concerned, the people appear to be infected with all that restless energy and enterprise which is characteristic of the age. Every available means is seized upon for giving publicity to their business ; the daily papers invite their readers to bargain feasts ; and the blank walls continually appeal, in silent but unmistakable language, both to the feelings and the pockets of the lieges. There are seven newspapers published in Newcastle, three of which are dailies ; the *Chronicle*, however, is a long way ahead of the others in circulation. In 1866 the daily issue of this paper averaged fifteen thousand, being at the rate of ninety thousand a week, which is decidedly more than all the newspapers which were printed and published weekly in the four northern counties of England sixty years ago.

The following little historical notice will show with what wonderful rapidity the newspaper press became a new and great recognised power in the nation after it was freed from the trammels of an unjust taxation. The stamp duty of fourpence upon each paper was a villainous embargo upon knowledge, and the tax of one shilling and sixpence upon every advertisement, whether long or short, prevented tradesmen and others from giving publicity to their wares through the medium of the press. And added to these unjust imposts, the book printers and newspaper publishers could not use a

single pound of paper until the Government officials managed to squeeze fourpence out of it. These taxes were not only opposed to the progress of business and the development of the commerce of the nation, but they acted as so many barriers in the way of the spread of human knowledge.

In 1826 there were two hundred and twenty-one registered newspapers in England, fifty-six of which were published in London. These included the *Hue and Cry*, *Cobbett's Register*, *English Gentleman*, *Sphynx*, *Princes' Price Current*, and the *Palladium*. There were then thirty-six legitimate sheets published in Scotland, and fifty-six in Ireland; twelve were published in Edinburgh, and nineteen in Dublin,—five of the latter being dailies, the only papers of a diurnal character then out of London. Manchester and Liverpool had thirteen between them, and none of the other large towns in England exceeded three. Newcastle in those days had the landed interest and the Anti-popery interest represented in the *Courant*. The great polemical warrior of the north, Dr. Philpotts, was then Rector of the chapel of Weardale, from whence he fought his way to a stall in Durham, and ultimately into the See of Exeter.

From the above it will be seen that so recently as forty-one years ago the total number of newspapers published in the United Kingdom only amounted to three hundred and thirteen, and that the only daily papers then published were confined to London and Dublin.

Let us see how the case stands now. In England there are nine hundred and sixty-five newspapers, fifty-five of which are dailies. In Scotland there are one hundred and thirty-eight, fourteen of which are published daily; and the Irish people have the benefit of one hundred and twenty-eight, thirteen of which are dailies. There are forty-nine newspapers in Wales, and fourteen in the Channel Islands; one daily in Wales, and one ditto in the Islands.

We have here an increase of nine hundred and eighty newspapers, but large as this increase is, it gives a very imperfect

idea of the amazing increase and distribution of information which has resulted from the repeal of the stamp and paper duty. The sizes of the newspapers have not only been enlarged four times their original dimensions, but the circulation in many instances has increased a hundredfold. I believe I am not far wrong in saying that there is one daily now in London with an annual circulation equal to one-half of the papers published in England less than sixty years ago. When I was a youth, the newspaper press, as a general thing, was either in the arms of Government nurses, or under the patronizing care of Tory or Whig landed proprietors, and perhaps not three out of ten of these paid as commercial undertakings.

I may observe that the increase in the circulation of newspapers, great as it is, would have been of little service to their proprietors in a commercial point of view, had it not been for the surprising development which has taken place in the advertising department. If Mr. Cowen of Newcastle, even with his great circulation, had to depend upon the profits arising from the sale of his paper at a penny a copy, the *Chronicle* would not allow him to keep up much of a social position; but as the matter stands, the advertising columns of that paper are unquestionably valuable *diggings*. Between fifty and sixty years ago it would have been a difficult task to have persuaded even a far-seeing intelligent man that the leading newspapers in our day would enable their proprietors to keep special correspondents, like so many ambassadors, in all the principal countries of the world, at salaries, in some instances, equal to the incomes of German princes.

But though the newspapers have increased our means of obtaining information in nearly all the departments of human knowledge, there are other fountains of wisdom which regularly issue from the great ocean of human thought, and may be said to be ever in motion, night and day. There are now upwards of five hundred reviews, magazines, and other periodicals issued from the press either monthly, bi-monthly, or weekly, which are filled with disquisitions upon all things known

and unknown, between time and eternity. Many of these organs represent public bodies; some are commercial, others scientific; some promulgate religious dogmas, and others dogmatize against all dogmas. Like the newspapers, these are all, more or less, advertising mediums, and the whole of the Directories which are now being published, both for town and country, are made to depend upon their advertising pages as paying speculations.

In the early part of the present century advertising was only understood by the more knowing members of the trading community; but things are wonderfully changed. Both the newspapers and the periodicals are supplemented in their advertising by the blank walls and a variety of other means of a modern character. The old papers in London, which still retain something like their high prices, are gradually sinking, and ere long must either come down to the penny standard or give up the ghost. The time is fresh in my remembrance when the *Dispatch* and *Bell's Life* were to be found in the taprooms and bar parlours in the majority of the public-houses both in town and country throughout the kingdom, but of late the penny local sheets have superseded even these favourite journals. From what I have here stated it will be seen that in the course of a few years the newspaper press of the country, from being a dwarf both in mind and body, has swelled into gigantic proportions, and instead of hebdomadal schoolboy essays, and news not unfrequently mouldy with age, we have slashing editorials embracing every subject which the eventful history of the times turns up, and in many instances anticipating the birth of coming events. The fact is, our news is now made to inform brother Jonathan what we are doing and thinking nearly five hours in advance of time!

Before the abrogation of the stamp duty it was boldly asserted by the *statu quo* gentlemen in the House of Commons that by relieving the press of the tax which they considered as a necessary moral ballast, the newspapers would become vehicles of licentiousness, and thereby corrupt the morals of

the people, and hasten the downfall of the nation; but the end of the world is not yet, and I think the morality of the age will lose nothing by being compared with that in which George IV. was king.* A good many of our legislators, with their old-fashioned, honest, stand-still notions, have tried hard to stay the tide of social progress, but like "Canute," they have had to move out of the way, and allow the tide to pass on. It must have been sadly disappointing to the gentlemen of Conservative predilections, who have lived to see the manner in which social progress has bounded onward, like a wild horse let loose from curb and rein, when human enterprise was left to its freedom.

We have seen how rapidly the newspaper press expanded into gigantic proportions when the dead weight of tax was removed, but the reform in our postal system furnishes us with an illustration of the evils resulting from unwise fiscal burdens, as opposed to a sound liberal policy, even stronger than that of the newspaper press. For several years past a man, if he chooses, can travel a journey over a certain line of road in one-fifth of the time, and for the same amount of money, as a letter was charged before the introduction of the new system. From 1839 to 1865 the increase of business in

* During the several years before the odious stamp duty was removed from the newspapers, numbers of men were constantly being prosecuted by the Government officials for issuing, and for selling, unstamped periodicals; but notwithstanding the vigilance and severity exercised by the authorities, hundreds of thousands of unstamped papers found their way into the hands of the people weekly. In the large towns there were certain places where the people dropped their pence into narrow apertures, and papers to the amount made their appearance immediately, as if by magic. I knew an instance in which a young man was sent down from London to push this business in Glasgow, and it is a fact that his machinery was so perfect that he kept the officers of the law dancing about his premises for months, if not for years. He continued to elude all the snares which were laid for him, and he is now a man of independent means, with a place of business considerably less than a thousand miles from Greenside, in Auld Reekie. Many men in the business, however, were both fined and incarcerated, and not a few reduced to ruin.

the post office department was beyond all precedent. In 1839 the number of letters that passed through the post in the United Kingdom was seventy-five millions, and in 1865 this had swelled to the astounding number of seven hundred and twenty millions!

Somewhere about fifty-six years ago I spent at least fifteen hours in company with myself on the outside of the then Westgate Bar. I was then a travelling companion to my worthy but doughty stepfather; we were in the act of leaving the town in the morning on our way to Hexham, but the old soldier having forgotten some little article he should have purchased the preceding day, returned, and left me with strict injunctions not to leave the place until he came back. I had been rather roughly treated by him a little while before this, when in his cups, and on the previous day he had presented me with a very acceptable peace-offering in the shape of two pamphlets; the one contained "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," and the other was a history of "Sinbad the Sailor." I was more than delighted with my literary treasures, and I lost no time in devouring their contents; in fact, the donor had scarcely made his exit before I was off with Sinbad upon his first voyage. Books so full of startling incidents and strange adventure could not fail to be interesting to my boyish mind, and for a long time I was as happy as Tam O'Shanter when seated in the company of his freen "Souter Johnny." For hours time flew by unheeded, and I read on, nor thought of my stepfather or his return. It was not until pretty far on in the afternoon that my attention was withdrawn from the engrossing subject of my book by the urgent demands of my stomach. I was then like "Sister Ann," anxiously on the look out for a deliverance; I did not dare to leave the place, and many a wistful gaze I gave in the direction of the town, and every now and again saw the "coming man," but upon nearer approach I found it was somebody else.

I sometimes thought he might have passed me; I imagined he might have met with a misfortune. I knew he did not

patronise the pump, and that in all probability he had got drunk, quarrelled with somebody, and got locked up; these and numerous other surmises passed through my mind, but they afforded me little relief. It was so much in my favour that the weather was fine; being in the month of June the air was warm and balmy. Full of fears and dreamy forebodings the day passed away on anything but "angels' wings"; the gloaming set in, and the people on the road had ceased to pass to and from the town, and the objects in the distance, to my distorted vision, began to wear a spectral aspect. I had learned many lessons in the then living traditions of witchcraft and demonology during my vagrant career, but this species of lore did not add to my comfort upon the occasion; for as the shadows deepened my fears increased. The hour and the man came at last, about twelve o'clock, when all my fears departed as I beheld the gaunt form and the "bottle swagger" of my good mentor. In Yankee phraseology he was "tight," but, according to fact, he was as loose as a skeleton on wires. To any person but myself he would no doubt have been an object of amusement. On his back he had his knapsack, and a large square hawking basket hung upon his right arm, supported in part by a leather strap, which passed over his left shoulder; and from the outer handle of the basket a number of fancy garters in flaming colours, mingled with gentlemen's braces, hung pendent, or floated in the breeze as he swayed to and fro. The length of the road gave him little trouble, but though the way was spacious enough for the traffic which then passed over it, it was scarcely sufficiently wide for his oscillating movements. I was glad to see him, but though his presence banished my supernatural fears, I had other dangers to apprehend, for when his senses reeled in harmony with his body, I had the chance of either being petted or flogged as the spirit for the time might move him. Upon that occasion I was smartly punished for having done his bidding in waiting for his return, and I had the

credit of his getting drunk by my not having gone in search of him. When his ill-humour had subsided we took the road together, he being full to the bung, while I was nearly as empty as a piper's bag. The first place we arrived at was a small wayside public-house about two miles out of town, but the inmates had long been snugly moored in Blanket Bay. He tried hard to obtain admittance, but could not succeed; at last we found lodgings in one of the stables attached to the house, and put up the remainder of the night in a good hay bed.

There is much to arrest the attention of an inquiring stranger in Newcastle. A considerable part of the old walls is still standing as a landmark between two distant ages in the nation's history. There are also some six or seven of the old battlemented towers in a good state of preservation, one of which is close to the central railway station, and for some time past has been used as a beer-shop. Grey Street is one of the finest thoroughfares in the kingdom; at its junction with Blacket Street it is graced with a stately Corinthian column, which is crowned with a colossal statue of the late Earl Grey, and immediately below its southern termination, Dean Street is spanned by one of the most magnificent circular arches in the world. The central station stands on the same platform with the high level bridge, and is both a neat and commodious building. Though the bridge is an extraordinary masterpiece of engineering skill, in the estimation of the stranger its principal attraction will be found in the series of living pictures which may be seen from either its upper or lower platforms. In looking down from either of these elevations, a great part of the lower division of the town, with its yet remaining quaint old wooden-framed houses, stands more than a hundred feet beneath. The old bridge (which is now being pulled down to make way for a new one) lies immediately below the high level, and looks more like a child's toy than a great roadway, when compared with its big brother. The river above and below the bridge

is seen rolling its flood between its elevated banks, both sides of which are crowned with numerous large industrial works. Its broad bosom, too, is constantly covered with keels, river steamers, and sailing vessels. To the south, over Gateside, the summit of the windmill hill is seen crowned with a number of old Dutch corn-grinders; to the west, on the north bank of the river, the shot tower, which must be associated with the boyish memories of the Newcastle men, during the present century, stands like a tall giant overlooking a great part of the town; while down the river the colossal stack of the "Flying Goose" chemical works rears its sooty head some five hundred feet in height.

In moist, cloudy weather, the unconsumed carbon from the coals used in the numerous public works on both sides of the river may be seen rolling in fantastic circles, or sweeping away in dark masses, with every fitful breeze that passes over the valley of the Tyne. During the dark nights in winter the country for many miles round Newcastle wears a strange and weirdlike aspect; whichever way a stranger turns his eyes, the scene is lit up with numerous fires, like so many volcanoes in action. Some of these fires are far away on the horizon; others are near at hand, giving their flame colour to all the objects in their neighbourhood. The traveller by night, in passing through this country, in turning a corner, or having passed over the ridge of a hill, may suddenly find himself confronted with the lurid glare of some forty or fifty coke ovens in full blast.

The labour of human beings is incessant over all this district—both above and below the soil—night and day. Far down in the dark caverns of the earth whole colonies of men, with horses and steam-engines, are ever toiling to aid in keeping our social machinery in motion. There are dangers in the regions of Neptune, and storms on the land, but many of these are innocent compared to those the colliers have not unfrequently to battle with in the great coal-fields of the north.

Though the Newcastle people have much cause to be proud of their beautiful renovated part of the town, it would be well that some of the old slums, both in Newcastle and Gateshead, were swept away. The region round Stockbridge and the seething purlieus and filthy dens along the line on the north side of the quay, stretching away down through Pandon on the Newcastle side of the river, are so many sore spots, both in their moral and physical aspect, which the authorities would do well to get rid of. I remember when the "through-going closes," the Wynds and Vennal in Glasgow, were said to be without rivals in filth and brutalized humanity; bad though these places were, I think Pipewell-gate in Gateshead, with its stews and narrow slums, is superior in all that is degrading to a civilized people. If these districts have any use in the economy of nature or the social arrangement of the town, it can only be to generate disease and crime.

CHAPTER XXI.

BEFORE leaving my situation in Newcastle I had an offer of an engagement by the proprietor of the *Hexham Courant* to supply a few weekly articles for that paper, descriptive of local scenery and the progress of events during my own recollection. I was pleasantly engaged in this business during better than four months, and in that time I was enabled to revisit many of the places in the valley of the Tyne dear to me from early associations. When I was in Bellingham I made up my mind to avail myself of Mr. Dagg's kind invitation to spend a few days with him in his moorland home.

It is pleasant after long years of absence to revisit the scenes of our youth, and live again, as it were, in the past. The farm of the Gowanburn is nearly sixteen miles above Bellingham, and in travelling between these two places I passed several spots which were more or less associated with my early history. The face of this wild region was much the same as it was sixty years before,—indeed, it is even more wild and desolate in its general features than it was then. For several years past the sheep has been king in this northern breeding district; instead, therefore, of the moorland farmers growing their own corn and flax, as they were in the habit of doing, all the cultivated land of sixty years ago has been laid down in grass, with the exception of what is barely sufficient for growing a few potatoes for domestic use, and a small quantity of turnips to keep the cows in milk through the winter.

Of late years there has been a complete change in the

whole domestic economy of the people: the spinning of flax and wool, which formerly constituted the principal part of the winter indoor industry of females, is no more; the wheel, like the distaff in this part of the world, has become a thing of history. The corn mills, too, with which the valley was well supplied, like "Ben Bolt's," have gone to decay.

Sixty years ago the farmers depended a good deal upon the produce of their dairies for making up their rents; their butter was nearly all salted, and made up in firkins; and much of the skim milk was made into cheese for home use. All these things are changed; the shepherds, instead of wearing *hame* made *sarks*, breeks and *mauds* made "o' tarry 'oo," are now clothed in the produce of Lancashire steam looms, and their outer garments are fabricated of Yorkshire broadcloth, and made by gentlemen outfitters. In the food department tea and coffee have superseded crowdy and porridge, and wheaten bread has taken the place of gude substantial bannocks made of barley and peas-meal mixed. The domestic utensils have assumed a style, both in form and material, in keeping with the altered taste of the people.

When I was a boy there was scarcely a farmhouse in this part of the country in which the plate rack, or kitchen shelf, was not ornamented with pewter plates, generally of three sizes. Antique carved oak presses, or bureaus, were also common articles of furniture. These things were often much prized by their owners, and great trouble was taken to keep them clean. As a general rule the carving was very rude, and the figures of a ridiculously grotesque character; here and there, however, some of them were finished with much taste, both in design and execution.* All this class of furniture had been imported from Holland, and I presume the market for them was opened up after William of Orange became king. From what I could see, both the pewter plates and the carved furniture had disappeared from the district;

* So far as I could observe there was not a vestige of these, to me, memorials of auld lang syne, to be seen in the district.

the pewter plates were very troublesome things to keep clean, and nothing in a house could furnish a better proof of the housewife character of the lady who presided over it.

Though Keelder Castle was in the keeping of a stranger, I could not subdue my strong feeling of curiosity to see the interior. This was one of my resting-places in the early part of my journey of life; when all around was cheerless, dark, and dreary, it was to me a green oasis, in which I found rest for my weary limbs, and comfort for my jaded mind. I felt a quiet pleasure in revisiting both the hall and the grounds, so familiar long ago. Mr. Lucas, the game-keeper, when he was made acquainted with my desire to renew my acquaintance with the place, kindly told me to use my freedom and go where I liked, either in the house or out of it. As I sauntered through the servants' hall a whole troop of memories passed through my mind; the bay-window was there as of old, and the great oak table still remained, but its time of service had long passed. I missed the merry voices and pleasant faces of Mr. Dagg's family; I missed, too, the hounds that had the run of the hall, the little Skye terriers, the wiry-haired otter dogs, and the sagacious shepherds' collies. The *treadmill*, which in the olden time ornamented the corner on the right-hand side of the fireplace, must have disappeared many years ago. Many a time I have watched that, to me, strange machine, as a pair of dogs took their spell at the wheel. Like many other of the old appliances for domestic purposes, roasting joints by the aid of dogs and treadmills is a thing of the past. Many a wild legend I have listened to with open ears in the ingle of that hall. At that time the tales of fays, fairies, witches, and brownies constituted the verbal literature of the people.

On leaving Keelder Castle, I was much struck with the great change which time and circumstances had produced since my having been there forty-five years before. The very interesting indigenous forest, which covered a considerable part of the valley, and the slope of the hill on the south-

west side of the Tyne, had all but disappeared. When rambling through this natural wood, it was amusing to see how nature, in her fantastic moods, had twisted and gnarled the trunks and limbs of some of the trees—many of them being twisted into all sorts of unimaginable shapes. Another feature of the trees in this forest was that of each species having its own parasitical mosses or lichens clinging to it. Many of these mosses are very pretty, and some of them very elaborate in design. Beneath the gnarled branches of these denizens of a primeval forest, ferns in several family groups, and a large brood of Flora's humble tribe, come and go with the changing seasons. In a few years hence not a vestige of the old Arcadian scenery, which long lent a charm to this wild region, will remain. To me it seems like the vandalism of removing some dear old ruin sacred to a thousand pleasant memories. With the exception of the mournful notes of the solitary curlew, not a sound was to be heard in these moorland glens; but occasionally a stranger might see a shepherd away on the fell, sending silent telegrams to his watchful dog while tending his flock. In the winter season all was drear and desolate, and even the sequestered habitations gave little sign of life other than the smoke which occasionally issued from their chimneys. In many cases the rude and isolated biggins on both sides of the Border were the homes of a people who knew how to enjoy life in not a few of its most pleasant forms. Every valley, hill, and dell in these wild regions was, in some way or other, associated in the minds of the inhabitants with thoughts and feelings ever dear to memory. Every family, too, had its traditions which connected it with the past, when the tenure of life was less secure than it is now. There is not a hill, brook, or glen among the moors of Peel Fell that is not wedded to some stirring historical event, by which they live in the traditions of the people. In the seventeenth century, when civil and religious liberty were struggling with ignorance, superstition, and blind intolerance, many of the

Covenanters, while being hunted like wild beasts by mercenary bloodhounds, found a safe retreat in the isolated homes of this district.

I believe His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, in my young days, was a good landlord and an amiable man; I know he was both kind and generous in his transactions with his tenants, but he had some peculiar notions about the management of his Keelder property. There were few places in England more secluded by nature from public observation than the castle and its surrounding scenery. His Grace's ambition was to shut this property up from the prying curiosity of the outer world by making it inaccessible to all but the natives and a few pedlars and vagrants. The great inconvenience caused by the want of roads and bridges was often a serious matter to the people who required to go abroad upon business. It seemed that His Grace, intent on preserving his game completely, overlooked both the comfort and convenience of his tenants in this district. When I left the country there was neither a bridge nor a road—unless a half-beaten horse track may be called one—in the neighbourhood of the castle. I was, therefore, somewhat surprised to find both the Tyne and the Keelder bridged with both excellent roads and footpaths, and a long railway viaduct spanning the valley about a mile below the meeting of the waters.

I had about two miles to travel after leaving the railway station at the Plashetts, before arriving at the Gowanburn, the residence of Mr. John Dagg, and while traversing that distance I could not refrain from speculating as to the change age might have made in his personal appearance. When I had seen him last he was in the first stage of manhood, and though we were about the same age, I was a trifling sprig of humanity when compared to him. As I approached the Gowanburn, within a short distance I passed a young man and one who was his senior by many years. Time had transformed the elder; fifty years before this he

was in the prime of manhood, and was one of the real Dandy Dinmont class of Border farmers. I remembered when the cup of his happiness was full to the brim—when he had led the blooming Peggy Dagg to the hymeneal altar. That was the young lady I had bearded with the wisp of hay, when I was a boy lending my assistance in the hayfield.

Although I found Mr. Dagg a hale, hearty, fresh man of his years, yet somehow I felt disappointed, and I could not really say why, for time and the fates had dealt kindly with him, and if the image of what he had been had kept away from my memory, I suppose all would have been right. I received an honest, open-hearted welcome, both from Mr. Dagg and his amiable wife. Our first evening was spent in the pleasure of reviewing circumstances and events, which had been mellowed by the softening influence of from fifty to sixty years. It is highly interesting to remark how visions of the long past are liable to be conjured up by the association of ideas produced in friendly gossip, and how quickly time flies when the mind is pleasantly engaged. Mr. Dagg from a boy had been much addicted to those athletic games in which the Border youths take so much delight—such as football, jumping, throwing the stone or sledge hammer, running, and wrestling. I believe he excelled in nearly all these gymnastic sports, and he was also an enthusiastic sportsman; whether the game was racing, shooting, coursing, otter-hunting, or following the hounds, he was equally at home. If the warrior having escaped the death-dealing dangers of the battlefield returns home laden with years and honours, though rich in friends and health, you may depend the happiest moments of his life will be those in which he is fighting his battles o'er again. It would seem to be a law of compensation in nature that old men who have no future to spur their ambition or flatter their hopes should find a quiet pleasure in recalling the scenes and events of their past lives. In most old men there is a sort of pleasing egotism in their manner of relating their personal adventures,

particularly those in which love or personal prowess hold a prominent part. When a boy I have sat for hours in some farmer's chimney corner, during the long, dark, and stormy nights of winter, and listened to a patriarchal host relating his feats of daring—or how, amid scores of competitors, he carried off the prize in some hard-contested game of manly strength or agility. Many of the old men of that age thought they had outlived the time of sturdy manhood. It has ever been so; as men grow old the breed of humanity in their eyes degenerates. The idea seems to please them, and the young can easily afford them the luxury of such an innocent foible.

Mr. Dagg was not one of those elderly gentlemen who had outlived the masculine age; but I have seldom met a man who had a more happy manner of trotting out his hobbies for the amusement of his friends. While he related his sporting experience I could not help feeling inspired with a considerable degree of his own enthusiasm, yet this sort of thing was new to me, who was never blessed with a sporting idea in my life. Horse-racing, shooting, fishing, hunting, or cock-fighting, never had any charms for me. I may mention, however, for the edification of my young readers, that when a boy I went to see a main of cocks fought in the village of Woodburn. I had travelled six miles to see the sport, and in order that I should cut a comfortable figure I had a shilling in silver; George the Third was then king, and shillings were new. It was a debated question with myself as to how I should dispose of the money. The stomach put in urgent claims, but cupidity stepped in and suggested a method of doubling the shilling, and the idea of making twenty-four pence out of twelve was too much of a good thing to be resisted. I made a venture with my shilling, but it was not without a good deal of doubt as to the propriety of the act. The person I made the bet with was a big, raw-boned farmer, whose love of money was by far the most active feeling in his rude, uncultivated nature

I thought the time would never arrive when that mighty stake, round which my fortune for the day was centred, would be decided. At last the game was over; one of the cocks was lying shivering in the agonies of death, and my venture was safe! I went in search of my man perfectly inflated with the pride inspired by my good luck, and in the space of a few minutes I had ventured my money over and over again in my excited imagination, until I was master of pounds instead of pence. It is often proved, in the course of human events, that it is not safe policy to count chickens before they are hatched; and upon this occasion I found the truth of the adage of "a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush." When I asked the farmer for the shilling I had won, I was answered by an application from the toe of his right-foot shoe. Some of the people who were witness to the bet endeavoured to shame him out of the shilling he owed me, but his selfishness made him proof against any such feeling as shame. I daresay that man's unmanly kick was about one of the most useful lessons of my life, and though he was a half savage, I have reason to remember him with feelings of gratitude.

While I remained at the Gowanburn I enjoyed the pleasant society of Mr. Dagg in a high degree. His frank, open disposition, and the honest freedom of his manner, combined with his generous hospitality, made me feel perfectly at ease. In my intercourse with strangers I am very liable to be either attracted or repelled according as their manner or expression of face affects me. It was somewhat curious that before I introduced myself Mrs. Dagg knew who I was, and I had not been ten minutes in her company before we were linked together in a confiding bond of friendship. There is really no merit in natural goodness, yet we are drawn to people of this class by an irresistible influence, and we are often ready to give them our love and confidence unsolicited, while, on the other hand, we turn from the unamiable with disagreeable feelings, as if they had been their own fabricators. Well, I

suppose both cases are natural,—even here there is a compensation in like enjoying the society of like! There is a good deal of truth in the statement about “not liking Doctor Fell,” and not knowing why; but there is just as much truth in the common occurrence of people liking each other, and not knowing why.

There was nothing wanting in my visit to the Gowanburn to make it all my heart desired. Dormant memories of other days had been awakened by visiting scenes dear to me in my youth. I had been the honoured guest of Mr. Dagg; one of the dreams of my life had been realized; I had been received upon terms of friendship and equality by a man who knew me in early life. I have received many kindly attentions from men who were socially far removed above me, but they were not aware of my lineage; I therefore esteemed Mr. Dagg’s friendly recognition as an honour to be justly proud of.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN a man begins to trace the causes which produce certain effects that operate upon his fortune for good or evil, he will often be surprised either at the space which divides them, or the seeming inadequacy of the one to produce the other. It is more than likely that England owes her greatness as a nation to the presence of mind of her Norman conqueror, in his having taken possession of the land by the accident of a fall, and thereby turning what men of ordinary minds would have considered a bad omen into a means of success. The men of the United Kingdom owe the cultivation of the beard to the Crimean War; the Battle of Bull's Run in America had its cause in the first slave imported into that country; and Andrew Johnson's Presidency was no doubt a sequence of the penal enactments against the Puritans in the time of Elizabeth and Charles.

The following are sequences of a different character.

One evening, in the summer of 1823, I was requested by an old lady who was a warm friend of mine, to assist a young woman to mangle a basket of clothes. One of the indirect consequences of that mangling business was, that that young woman left me a widower in 1837, with five young children to mourn her loss as a wife and a mother. While I was struggling with both myself and the difficulties of my position in the United States, I received a newspaper from my eldest daughter in Hexham, the said paper having been printed and published in that town. To say that I was surprised would not express my feelings upon the occasion, inasmuch as I could have imagined any impossible event occurring, rather than the birth

of a newspaper in such a place. I knew that social progress had effected many wonderful revolutions in the machinery of society, but to me this journalistic speculation, in such a stagnant town as Hexham, was, in my time, next to a wild dream.

I was, however, much pleased with the manner in which the paper was got up, admired the judicious use of the shears, and accepted the journal as a sign of the improved intellectual taste of the people. In acknowledging my daughter's letter I had said something complimentary about both the editor and the paper. If at that time an angel had whispered in my ear that in less than three years from that date I should be writing a series of articles for that journal on the spot, I think I would have been as sceptical as Sarah was behind the canvas of the tent, when she heard the strangers telling her husband that she would bear a son in her old age. The cause here under notice led to a chain of other causes, none of which could have been foreseen either by myself or any one for me.

Causes and their effects are continually cropping up in the affairs of men, and that, too, not unfrequently in the most unlooked-for manner. My own life has been singularly fruitful in little circumstances with *tails*. I have frequently been sceptical of the thing men call *free-will*, when reflecting upon the various conditions of the members of society in civilised life. Every condition seems to be ruled by its own peculiar circumstances, and in many instances fixes men in a series of grooves from which there is no moving unless in exceptional cases. Circumstances not only operate upon our social condition, but they give a direction to our thoughts, a tone to our feelings; and they exercise, too, a controlling power over our very spiritual nature. Those circumstances which surround a man with all the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, may enable him, if possessing ordinary force of mental character, to live without reproach; and be esteemed as a respectable member of society. But change the conditions under which he has been accustomed to live, and, though you have the same

man, you are almost sure to have him in a new character, and that, too, the very opposite of the one he was wont to wear.

I left Hexham when my engagement with the *Courant* was finished, pleased with my sojourn, and much improved in health. During the time I was in the town I was made as comfortable as the love and duty of my daughter's kind attention could make me. Added to this I had received the kindly attention of several people who only knew me by repute. Forty years had so thinned the ranks of my old friends that there were not half-a-dozen left, and these were all close upon the end of their journey.

Seventeen hundred years ago there were three roads from the north, now there are only two, and these are all but out of use except for local purposes. In the early part of the present century Mr. McAdam's system was being slowly adopted, and the highways assuming a character of respectability in keeping with the taste and requirements of the age. It may be noted as a peculiar circumstance in the order of events, that when our great highway system had been brought to something like perfection it became all but useless.

When the Manchester and Liverpool Railway was opened in 1830, stage coach travelling had been brought to such a high state of perfection, that the distance between these towns, thirty-six miles, was regularly traversed in little more than three hours; and the same rate of speed was kept up on many of the other highways. I can remember the time, however, when the difference between travelling by coach and walking was more a thing of the pocket than time! Between sixty and seventy years ago coaching was not only expensive as a means of transit, but it was slow and uncertain. Competition, however, soon produced a change, both in the fares and rate of speed; in fact, I do not know any commercial business in which the increasing wants of the public were so well attended to. Speculation in coaching at one time, on some of the more busy thoroughfares, was

wild and reckless; and as a consequence numbers of coach proprietors were figuring in the Bankruptcy Court.

In the summer of 1819, I was at Ripon in Yorkshire, and while there one coaching firm advertised to take as many passengers as their vehicle would accommodate to Leeds free of charge; but an opposition firm not to be done offered to take the travelling public at the same rate, with the additional advantage of treating their fares to a substantial dinner at the end of their journey of eighteen miles. Of course that sort of thing could not continue long; the weak in cash were certain to go to the wall, but the travelling public were the gainers. A very large amount of money must have been lost in the attempt to establish the "Red Rover" lines of coaches throughout England at the time when the great railway system was being inaugurated. In 1833 I was told by Mr. Lofthouse, of the Turf Hotel in Newcastle,—a gentleman who horsed the "Red Rover" between that town and Edinburgh,—that he had lost forty horses in six weeks.

The stage coaches and all their train of pleasant and healthy exciting associations have passed away, and are now only remembered by men like myself, who are about following them into the domain of history. I have a warm and a lingering respect for the good old coaching system. It was full of lusty, robust life, and was well calculated to bring men's character into relief; in fact, there was an individuality about everything connected with a coach, from the stable loungers to the guards. Who that has travelled in a neat, tidy coach, with a good turn-out in the traces, has not felt his feelings expand with a glow of genial warmth as the animals, in the pride of their equine hearts, dashed off on their journey, or with heads erect and expanded nostrils, bounded along the stony streets to the sound of the guard's cheerful horn! I do not know of any sight so delightfully exciting as that of seeing a stage coach dashing into a town, drawn by four spanking horses, the bland face of the guard

while keeping a good look out ahead, and the driver with his turn-out well in hand. I have witnessed human happiness under many different forms, but I must confess I never saw so much dignity, self-complaisance, honest pride, and manly conceit in men holding high positions, as I have seen displayed by the driver of a well-equipped stage coach.

There was always something pleasantly exciting to a person travelling by coach; such, for instance, as the continual changing character of the scenery, the incidents by the way, the badinage of the lazy corner gentlemen in the villages, and the slang and rude pleasantry of the stable loungers and dissipated idlers about the inns and posting-houses at which the coach halted. There were often amusing scenes among hungry travellers upon dining occasions at those inns where it was supposed that the guard and the driver had an interest in making the feeding time as short as possible. There was an idea of sociality connected with stage-coach travelling, and it was flattering to a man's pride to know that whether he was an out or an inside passenger, he was always looked upon as somebody; inasmuch as both the guard and the driver had a decided interest in him as long as he remained in their charge.

Change is an attribute of time, whether it be progressive or retrogressive. The change from the living, breathing motive power of animals to that of vapour, is one of the curiosities of the age; but great and surprising as this change has been, with its wonderful results, I prefer the old stage-coach system. There is no feeling of sympathy between a locomotive and its driver, the guards, or the passengers; nobody has any interest in the engine unless it be for personal safety; so far as the driver is concerned he is a myth, and the passengers only know the guard of the train as a living reality by his wearing the company's uniform. I do not think that any human being ever saw a passenger speaking to the driver of a locomotive; and when a well-conditioned fare has to acknowledge the past, present, or future services of a guard, he

is obliged to do it *sub rosa*, and then the man in livery receives the gratuity in much the same way as an independent voter receives a bribe from a conscientious Parliamentary candidate. With few exceptions, the moment a man enters a railway carriage, until he passes out at the end of his journey, he loses his individuality. The people in a railway waiting-room are so many automata, who look at each other and into empty space. With the exception of a Scotch funeral party before removing the body from the house of mourning, I know no place so unsocial, in a general way, as a railway train. In many instances I have observed that fellow travellers were afraid to look each other in the face, lest they should give an opportunity of making some remarks. It is true the ice of reserve is occasionally thawed by the vulgar play of words by some fool for the nonce, or the passengers are made to feel an interest in the antics of a fellow-traveller with decided anti-pump proclivities. Passengers go to a train and leave it like people going to and from a fair, with this difference, that they seldom wear fair-going faces. It is a common thing for people in a railway carriage to sit together for hours, stare in each other's faces when they can do it on the sly, and part without exchanging a word.

However monotonous it may be to an inquiring stranger to be cooped up in one of our close railway carriages, a look out will not tend to improve his condition. If there should be any scenery along the line worthy of special attention, a dead wall, a tunnel, a ridiculously annoying embankment, or some other opaque substance is sure to obstruct the view; but even should nothing intervene, he is borne past any object that may attract his notice with disagreeable haste.

The miserable compartments in some of our railway carriages,—I mean those allotted for the plebeians to travel in, with their guard-house seats, and the chance of being locked up in the company of a madman or a brutalized drunken ruffian,—are among the pleasing features and social advantages of our modern mode of transit. Being locked in a

railway carriage may certainly be the means of preventing a man who may be so inclined from breaking his neck by stepping out of the carriage while in motion, but it affords the passengers no security from being roasted in the event of the train taking fire, crushed to death by a tumble over an embankment, or drowned by the train running into a river. A British railway is an excellent place for a man to brood over the dark and malignant traits of humanity—to nurse cold, selfish thoughts; and it is the best place in the world to see John Bull to the greatest disadvantage.

With these reflections I am off in one of the screw liners which ply between London and Newcastle. I have no love for this conveyance, and it is only necessity compels me to adopt it. A stormy night after leaving the bar, shipped as much water as would wash the decks of the British navy, mercantile included. Boiler fires nearly extinguished; ship rolled about like a tub, and decks in confusion with numerous articles of cargo dancing a storm jig. A little hell existed below—the majority of the male passengers drunk, and bandying profane language. During the night (we sailed in the evening), the articles composing the deck cargo have been wrested from their dangerous storm dance; but they still wear a demoralised appearance. With the exception of myself there is only one man on deck; he is a strange, restless being. I had observed him from the time he came a-board; like a hyæna in a cage, he was continually in action; he spoke to nobody, but he must have had a good deal to say to himself, as his lips were constantly in motion. As he moved about in the miserably small space allotted to the fore-cabin passengers, every now and again the heavy spray which swept over the bow of the vessel drenched him from head to heels. Like a water dog he gave himself a shake after each ducking, and continued his rounds. Upon one occasion the ship gave a lurch to the windward, by which he was pitched headforemost among a number of empty barrels, boxes, and crates; at the same time the vessel shipped

a heavy sea; he was therefore both washed and mangled before he regained his upright position. I was very sorry for the poor fellow, but he was anything but sorry for himself, and he scorned my aid when I offered to rescue him from his uncomfortable position among the barrels, etc., although I got well wet in the attempt.

Morn begins to dawn, sailing vessels are seen scudding along under close-reefed topsails, or steadying themselves by stay sails; the outward-bound steamers are labouring heavily, and have the prospect of a dirty passage. Another passenger pops up from below, he wears a social aspect. I saluted him with a meteorological observation, as being most in keeping with the then condition of things, and he answered in a bluff, off-handed, but friendly manner. Glad to get any decent man to speak to, I find my new companion a North Sea pilot, who was returning home to Gravesend after having taken a foreign vessel to the Tyne. I inquired how he liked the sea. "Very well to look at. Never knew anybody who liked it otherwise." Then why continue in the profession? "For the same reason that obliges nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand to remain at sea, though they are heartily sick of it, and that is because they would be almost useless in any other employment." My questions were both silly and impertinent, but I wanted to keep the man from going down below.

This gentleman had no very high opinion of the company to whom the steam boat belonged. "Their vessels are managed with so much care in reference to *profit*, that they don't seem to care whether their passengers sink or swim," he said. "Some time ago, I was in Newcastle, and had put my traps a-board the steamer, which was advertised to sail that evening; and when I was going to get a glass of ale I met a brother pilot, who inquired which way I was going home. When I told him, he said he would not go in that vessel, in the way she was loaded above and below, if he had the ship and cargo for doing so. I was not sure about

the steamer myself from the way she was loaded, so I went and had my things sent to the railway station, and on the second morning after my return home I learned that the steamer and all she contained had gone to the bottom. My friend was right:—he said if it should come on to blow she would never weather it; neither she did, for she went down before she got half the distance.”

There are many reminiscences hanging on the hooks of my memory connected with a few of the towns on this coast. When I was a little fellow my stepfather, while in Whitby, frequently took me down to the bold, rocky shore on the south side of the harbour, where he was in the habit of exhuming fossils, which, when he had obtained and cleaned, he sold to the country people as curiosities. These were ammonites, with which the Silurian formation in that district abounds; but at that time it was taken for granted by nearly all classes of people that these fossil shells were decapitated snakes, which had been transformed into stone by the Abbess St. Hilda.

This chapter lands me back in London, after having been absent nine months. I was still somewhat weak in the limbs, but greatly improved in my general health. London is a mighty big town, and to those people who can afford to *dine* it is none too large, but to a man without money or friends its bigness is anything but a recommendation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN I published the first part of my Autobiography, I had no idea that such a plain and simple tale would have been taken otherwise than the narrative of a real life. I found, however, that many people were sceptical of its truth. The publisher was interrogated upon the matter both by letter and otherwise ; and one gentleman, having learned my name and address, wrote me to satisfy himself that the book was not a fiction.

There would appear to be a sort of kaleidoscopic arrangement arise out of some of our actions which we have no means of foreseeing ; and it is only when a change in our circumstances takes place that we are enabled to discover the mystery. In the course of this chapter I shall have occasion to show how much the future of men's lives is operated upon by their past conduct.

During the time I was in the north of England my family were exceedingly anxious for my return home. They had an idea if I was in London chance might throw something in my way, whereby I might be enabled to make a living ; but of course their feelings had more to do with the desire than their judgment. I have seldom been absent from my family, even for a short time, but I have been strongly impressed with the feeling that there is no place like home, even though it be a humble one. I did not, therefore, need pressing to return to the big city, but I certainly had my doubts as to what I should make of myself when there, and these doubts were not removed until my case had all but become hopeless. But a change in my condition was on the eve of being

effected, and that, too, in a manner as unlooked for as it was welcome; and the following was the way it was brought about.

During three months after my return home I had called upon a number of gentlemen to whom I had introductions to see if I could dispose of my services, but all ended in *nil*. It was not strange that it should be so. I was not fitted for the work of a labourer, neither was I qualified to fill the situation of a clerk in a merchant's office, and I was too far advanced in years to be ornamental in any capacity. I was evidently drifting towards that condition in society in which all my hopes as an independent member would be blighted. One day, having wandered about until I was both sick at heart and wearied in body, I called upon Mr. Tweedie, the publisher, in the Strand. I had been upon friendly terms with this gentleman for several years; he received me in his usual bland and kindly manner, and remarked, as he had not my address, that it was well I had called. He gave me to understand that a gentleman had been to his shop for the purpose of learning whether the Autobiography was a fiction or a tale of real life; and when he was satisfied upon this point he had several times returned and purchased copies of the book. It happened that he had looked in upon Mr. Tweedie a few days before, and while again adverting to the Autobiography, Mr. Tweedie told him that I was in town, and was then out of a situation, when he left his card with the request that Mr. Tweedie should desire me to call upon him. It was pleasant for a man in my circumstances to know that any one had an interest in me, but I imagined that it was a mere matter of curiosity on the part of the unknown gentleman to learn and see what sort of a being the beggar boy could be drilled into, after having rubbed shoulders with respectable society.

It was not a matter of any consequence to me whether the public looked upon the history of my life as a fact or a fiction; some of my friends knew, and I knew too well, that

it was "ower true." In reflecting upon the invitation, I thought it was just possible that the gentleman might have been inspired with a sympathy for a man whose fortunes had been so varied, and who, having encountered numerous difficulties, still managed to keep his face sufficiently clean to be presentable in decent society.

I was not long in learning that my new friend was one in the best sense of the term, and that the interest he evinced for me was dictated by a kindly feeling, and an honest desire to render me a service. Upon my first visit he furnished me with letters of introduction to several gentlemen, but unfortunately none of them proved successful; but though such was the case, he cheered me with the hope that something would turn up ere long. It has been a comfortable thing for me that I have never been wanting in a good supply of that feeling which has a lively faith in the future; and I am thankful to say that Madam Hope has seldom disappointed me. There are numbers of people who are always ready to attribute their escape from dangers or worldly difficulties to the interposition of Providence. It may be that they are worthy of the laws of Nature being set aside on their behalf, but I have no such presumption as to imagine that miracles were being wrought to interfere with my either sinking or swimming.

My friend kept me *en rapport* with him by my paying him frequent visits. About a month after my introduction he gave me an invitation (which was pressed a second time before accepted) to spend a few days with him at his country residence, between thirty and forty miles from London. During the time I was his guest I was treated with that unceremonial kindness and freedom which is calculated to remove the idea of social distinction or difference in caste. In fact, if I had been a relation of their own, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Baker could have treated me with more kindness and respect.

This gentleman did all that lay in his power to obtain a

situation for me, but all his efforts failed; yet, though he failed to serve me in this way, he was not long in giving me proof of his determination to serve me in some other. While talking over my affairs, he suggested the idea of my going into some little way of business. I observed, that as I was then circumstanced the thought of such a step was out of the question, inasmuch as I had no means of my own, nor did I think it would be advisable to do so even if a friend should advance me the funds for that purpose. Until I should call again in a few days, he said I had better think over the matter, and make some calculation as to the probable amount of money necessary to begin with in any line of business I should think most suitable, and let him know. I could not think of beginning business with the money of a stranger, and though he urged me several times to name such a sum as I might require, I was obliged to decline his generous offer, which I did with the most grateful acknowledgments.

During my time I have met many instances of warm friendship after the ordeal of experience from strangers, but this gentleman's generosity, under the peculiar circumstances by which we became known to each other, was an exception to all my previous experience. The idea, or rather the fact, of having a voluntary offer of a loan of money, and being pressed to accept it, was the sort of conduct one is not likely often to meet with in men's intercourse with each other; indeed, such disinterested kindness is a matter of rare occurrence among relations.

There are some men who seem to have been born to be persecuted by their fellow-men, without any just cause on their part; they are continually receiving slights, insults, or injuries, or somebody stands in the way of their happiness or worldly advancement. This is not only the case with individuals, but I have known whole families whose lives have been beset with difficulties, and seemed to plunge out of one misfortune into another, and that, too, without having any

power over the events which embittered their lives. This condition of human existence may be accounted for in some measure by the peculiar organization of this class of people; their fears are always in advance of their reason, and instead of endeavouring to ward off distant misfortunes they fly to meet them more than half-way. Although my life has been subject to as many vicissitudes as that of most men's, I have never had cause to find fault with a human being for either standing in the way of my success, or of doing me a serious injury. Instead, therefore, of being a member of the Ishmael family, I have always been meeting with friends in unlooked-for places. The following little circumstance will furnish another proof of my good fortune, and that, too, from a quarter which I could not have dreamed of. One day, when I was absent from home, a gentleman called and wished to see me; but finding I was not at home he left a letter addressed to me. This letter stated that the writer had "learned that I had made application to a gentleman for employment, who had not only not answered my letters" (I had written three), "but had retained a testimonial of character which I had wished him to return"; and it went on to say "if I knew the person as well as he did I should not feel surprised at his conduct." This letter, after some kindly remarks about myself, concluded by requesting me to send a copy of my Autobiography, and should I publish any other work to favour him with a copy, and enclosing a sovereign for the book I was required to forward. That gentleman was an entire stranger to me, but by-and-by it will be seen that he did not continue a stranger, although I did not see him for somewhere about three years after the event in question.

After having been acquainted with Mr. Baker between two and three months, one of those fortuitous events took place which were pregnant with after consequences, and which for some time entirely changed the character of my social position. One day I had a note requesting that I

should call on the following morning at No. 4, Old Palace Yard, S.W., and having obeyed the friendly mandate, Mr. Baker said as I had nothing else in view he thought I would not object to take charge of the Salmon Fisheries Office in the absence of his clerk, who was about holding holiday term. I accepted of the temporary employment with much pleasure. "Half a loaf is better than no bread," and it is only men who are occasionally obliged to fast who can form anything like a correct idea of *how* much better the half loaf is than none.

The young man, instead of spending his time in pleasure-hunting, as he had intended, found a more profitable method of employing himself, and nothing at that time could have answered my purpose better. He obtained another situation with an advance of ten shillings a week, by which means I had an advance from a condition of enforced idleness to one of profitable employment. The fact is, Madam Fortune, in one of her capricious fits of good humour, kicked me out of a situation of hopeless poverty to one of ease, comfort, and respectability.

Before having obtained this situation my mind was not unfrequently troubled with uncomfortable forebodings as to the short future which lay before me. A man in his sixty-seventh year, and without anything to fall back upon, when he becomes unable to earn his living by his industry, is in anything but a desirable position. I am not a man troubled with childish fears, and have heretofore met the trials and difficulties which beset my path with becoming fortitude. Lately, however, the workhouse system, with all its parochial machinery, its slavery, and its inmates, who have lost all sense of self-respect, and fallen into a state of abject serfdom, had occasionally risen before my imagination. I have pictured to myself a rude, bullying master, who, dressed in the garb of his brief authority, flattered his vanity by a heartless system of domineering over the poor creatures committed to his care; and I have thought that to be in the power and under the continual surveillance of such a man, would be to

be a slave with the mind of a man who knew what freedom was. And I have thought, too, of being obliged to associate with stolid ignorant and sordidly selfish men, who, if ever they possessed a spark of manly independence, must have had it battered out of them either in the house or in their hard struggles in the outside world. I knew that there were numbers of intelligent, respectable, and well-conducted men who were obliged to take refuge in these harbours through stress of poverty's foul weather, but this reflection did not qualify my aversion to the system. There is one saving clause connected with this matter; the law of necessity, however disagreeable, is generally qualified by the power of adaptation, which is possessed in a greater or less degree by all classes of human beings. If, therefore, men could either forget what they have been when entering a workhouse, or accept their altered fortune as a decree of the will of God, their condition would be greatly qualified.

I may state that I do not believe that *every* master of a workhouse is a heartless tyrant—indeed, I am aware that such is not the case; it is, therefore, comfortable to reflect that the possession of parochial authority does not always destroy the kindly impulses of men who have the charge of paupers. When I was in Hexham I saw an old friend who, from a series of reverses in his fortune, was obliged to take refuge in the workhouse in that place. I found him not only comfortable, but comparatively happy—the meaning of which is, he was thoroughly satisfied with the treatment he received. Mr. English, the master, was one of those men who did not think that when people became inmates of a workhouse they left behind them all feelings of self-respect; on the contrary, he treated every person under his charge with the consideration due to fellow beings. I have often thought since I became acquainted with this gentleman's system of management, that if ever I should be obliged to take refuge in such an asylum I should like to become a member of his family.

The Poor Law in its operation is not only often demoralising, but the assessment for its support is founded on injustice. Instead of the rates being levied according to the circumstances of the inhabitants in the districts into which the country is divided, the poorer the parish the higher the assessment is sure to be. During times of great commercial depression those districts that are populated by the industrial classes are continually liable to severe social derangements, and when the working-men are thrown out of employment in these localities, many of the small dealers who depend upon them for a living are frequently reduced to the same level with themselves. It is certainly unfair to the occupiers of house property, in a parish filled with struggling poor, to be obliged to pay perhaps five times the amount of that levied in the parish immediately joining, in which the inhabitants possess means of ten times greater value. Yet this is an anomaly which is quite common in our blundered Poor Law system.

I have been asked, or rather it has been suggested by a gentleman who has evinced a very kind and friendly regard for me, that I should say something about my family. I am happy to say that no man could be blest with a more dutiful and affectionate family than I have; none of them ever caused me a moment's pain by misconduct, which is a pleasing thing for a father to have to say. Three, out of seven living, are scattered widely apart. Two of my daughters, with their husbands, are residing in Chicago, Illinois, in the United States, and my second and only surviving son was long in Mooltan, in India, but is now a pensioner in Chelsea Hospital. Poor fellow! His life was involved in a peculiar fatality. His sight is of that strange character that he can pick up a pin, and will run up against an elephant if in his way! In looking at his eyes his sight seems perfectly good, yet he never saw a star in his life, and when he is walking he is continually liable to meet with accidents. After the failure of my Dublin engagement my condition

and future prospects were anything but cheering. For some two years before this event, this son held the situation of a clerk in a London office, but a short time before my return to town the business underwent a transfer, by which he lost his situation. Seeing that I was not in a condition to render him any service, and being of an independent turn, he made up his mind to enlist into Her Majesty's service. He joined the Royal Artillery, and was sent out to India in less than a month. He was out in the east about four years before I had a letter from him. By writing to the War Office, however, I learned that he was living. At last I wrote to his commanding officer to learn if possible the cause of his silence; and the following answer was returned to my letter:—

(*Copy.*)

“JULLUNDUR, PUNJAB,

“17th July, 1861.

“SIR,—A letter which you wrote as long ago as early in April last has found its way to me only three days ago. I have persuaded your son to write to you, but as I did not see his letter I daresay you will be glad to get an additional account of him, and I am glad to say I can give a good one. He is a very well-behaved, quiet, and attentive man; has never had anything against his name since he has been in the service, and I quite believe his commanding officer would have promoted him but for his excessive short sight, which unfits him for the duties of a non-commissioned officer. Indeed, his sight is so bad, that if you or any one else could find him employment he would be doing right to take his discharge, which for the same reason he could easily get. In fact, he is liable to be discharged, willing or unwilling, but it would be very hard to turn him adrift without employment, and I think I may safely say no one would do it, though I think it right to point out his liability.

“He assures me his reason for not writing was owing to his feeling his difference of position, and I can well believe it to have been so, for he spoke about his relations very feelingly, and I suspect he feels he has made a mistake in having enlisted.

“He has promised to keep up a correspondence with you in future.

“I am, sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“CHARLES E. NAIRNE.

“*Lieut. Temporary Commanding 4 Com., 5 Batt. Bengal Artillery.*”

This letter impressed me highly in favour of Lieutenant Nairne. I wished I was in a position to be his friend, I would have put myself a good deal about to serve him. He was evidently a man of kindly feelings and a good heart.

The following will give some idea of my son's sad condition in the army, and the reason he assigned for his long silence:—

“MOOLTAN, 12th May, 1866.

“MY DEAR FATHER,— * * * And now I shall endeavour to give you a slight sketch of my present position and future prospects. You are most probably aware that I enlisted on the 4th January, 1858, to serve in the Honorable East India Company's Artillery for a term of twelve years, and in 1859, when the British and East Indian forces were about to be amalgamated, the Company's troops stood out for what they conceived to be their rights, and the consequences were that the Government thought it advisable to give them the option of a free discharge or otherwise remain in the country to serve Her Majesty. I was not at that time so much disgusted with this country as I have since become, besides which, your movements were just about that time very uncertain, therefore I decided upon remaining where I was, for which I was afterwards granted a boon of two years' service, so that you will at once see that my first period will expire on the 4th January, 1868, when if I decide for discharge I shall be discharged without any benefit whatever, besides losing the whole of my former service, whereas if I re-engage for a further term of nine years, so as to complete twenty-one, I shall then, by the rules of the service, be entitled to a pension of a shilling a day for life, which is certainly not much—but it is, at all events, a surety. When first I entered the army I did not think that the misfortune under which I labour would be any impediment to my advancement, but I very soon found that

this was an error. Shortly after joining the battery which I am now in I was offered promotion by my then commanding officer, but was unfortunately compelled to refuse it in consequence of being unfit to perform the duties of a non-commissioned officer through the badness of my eyesight. I was asked my reasons for such a refusal; I gave them, and was then advised to go and consult the doctor, which I did, and was in hospital under medical treatment for about six weeks, when it was found that the doctor could do nothing for me, and I was very glad to get out again, for I can assure you that a military hospital is not one of the most pleasant places in the world. I have since consulted other and experienced doctors with the same results, and I have been forced to the melancholy conclusion that it is quite incurable. In 1860 there was a writer required in the office. The situation was offered to me. I accepted it, and since then I have held it; the remuneration is small, but I am exempted from all regimental duties. Now, although I know that I am useful in the sphere in which I am placed, the fact is constantly presented to my mind that I can never attain to any rank in the service, so that all the time which I spend in the army is actually thrown away.

“On the 12th March last our battery was inspected by Major General Rainier, who commands the division in which we now are, and as I have to attend all general inspections I was on parade, and one of the movements which we had to perform was to unharness the horses from the guns and piquet them on the ground where we were then drilling, for the purpose of seeing how smart this manœuvre could be executed by us; and whilst I was putting a heel-rope on one of the horses the vicious brute lashed out with both heels and struck me in the face, by which I was nearly rendered insensible. I was at once carried to hospital, where it was found that my upper lip was split, a number of teeth knocked down my throat, and otherwise injured about the face. I was laid up in hospital for nineteen days, and then I was allowed to come out only upon condition that I was to do nothing but attend in the office; but I am now glad to say that I am quite well again, and am not at all incapacitated from performing my ordinary duties.

“While in hospital the doctor told me that he would get a Board of Officers formed for the purpose of certifying that I was injured on duty, and in the event of my being invalided it would be of great service in obtaining a pension. I have not told any of the

other members of the family about this accident, because I know that my dear mother and sisters would be sorry to hear that I had been so severely injured, and I would most willingly spare them any pain which they might experience on my account. I had also considerable doubts in my mind as to whether I should inform you of it for the same reason, but as I am now upon my confession, and I wish you to know exactly how I stand, it was necessary that you should be informed of this, so that you may be enabled to give me your valuable advice as to how I am to proceed upon the expiration of my first term of service; but as there is an interval of more than eighteen months before that time arrives we have plenty of time for deliberation, and there is no saying what may turn up in the course of time.

“Believe me, my dear father, to be

“Your ever affectionate son,

“JAMES BURN, Junr.”

“MOOLTAN, 8th August, 1868.

“MY DEAR FATHER,—The *Hexham Chronicle*, with head-note in your handwriting, has again recalled me to a sense of the duty which I owe you. . . . Since entering the service I have been at some pains to make myself as useful as possible, and the result was that when my first term of service expired, instead of wishing to get rid of me I was most strongly advised to re-engage for a further term, and this I did the more readily because I knew that were I to go home and take my discharge, I should thereby voluntarily relinquish all claims upon Government for past services rendered, and I could never hope to re-enter the service. This consideration, together with a belief that the fact of my being unemployed (at least for a time), might be the means of crippling your own efforts for the maintenance of your family, have induced me to remain in the service, and I hope that the step which I have taken will meet with your approval. And now for my present position. I am still employed in the orderly room, and am in charge of the Savings Bank Accounts of the battery, and have been so for the last five or six years. I can boast of what very few soldiers can—viz., I have never been brought to the notice of any officer for misconduct or want of attention, and I never did one hour's extra drill since joining the service. I am in the enjoyment of all the benefits which good conduct and steadiness can bestow, and I think that I may safely

affirm that I possess the confidence of the officers and the respect of the non-commissioned officers and men.

“ I read your two articles in the *Hexham Courant* with great pleasure. Your sketch of Westminster is a most graphic one, and deserves to be recorded in some more lasting form than the columns of a provincial newspaper, and if the whole of the other articles are upon a par with the two which I have seen, I think they might make a very entertaining volume. I am glad to observe that you still pursue your literary labours, as it serves to show that you still possess that clearness of perception and energy of mind for which you were always remarkable, and if I only possessed one-half your talent, and could borrow your pen for a time, I would astonish you by an enumeration of the wonders which are to be seen in every direction in this country.

“ I remain, my dear father,

“ Your ever affectionate and loving son,

“ JAMES BURN, Junr.”

The men who know life in a barrack room are the only persons who can fully appreciate the difficulties of my son's position while in the army. The giddy, the thoughtless, and the unkind members of society, as a general rule, are but too liable to mock, jeer, and insult those among them who labour under either a mental or physical infirmity.

It is certainly strange to see a young man whose eyes seem perfectly good running up against everybody and everything which may lie in his way, which, poor fellow, is his misfortune. People who do not know his imperfection of sight are liable to attribute his manner of going about to a species of carelessness or stupidity, and those who do know him can scarcely avoid laughing at his blunders. If he was a person of a passive or stolid temperament, neither the amusement his infirmity affords his companions, nor the heartless jeers he is obliged to put up with, would give him any trouble; but his susceptibility is such as to have caused him to hide his infirmity from the members of his own family for years. When I learned through his stepmother (to whom he is most affectionately attached) that when he was seventeen

years of age he had never seen a star, I was not only surprised, but filled with remorse for the harsh manner in which I had frequently treated him for his supposed stupidity. I may here remark that stupidity is itself an infirmity, and should be regarded as such ; it would have been well for me if I had had sense to have known this sooner, but it was a part of my education. There are none so liable to deride the weak as the ignorant poor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO years quietly and comfortably glided away after I entered upon the duties of my new situation, and during that time my mind was perfectly free from all anxiety about the future. My situation embraced the duties of both a clerk and a messenger in the Salmon Fisheries Office, a sort of temporary department of the Home Office, consisting of two inspectors, a secretary, and myself, each of the four having a separate apartment. When I was introduced to the office in 1866, one of the inspectors, a Mr. Frederick Eden, was absent on leave in consequence of ill health; the other was a Mr. Ffennell, an elderly gentleman, who had long been connected with the Fisheries Department both in Ireland and in England. One of the principal duties consequent upon my situation was to copy Mr. Ffennell's letters and official reports, and it was in the performance of this duty that I found my first difficulty. Of course the routine of the office had to be learned, but a short time would suffice for that. When a young man, Mr. Ffennell may have been a plain writer, but if so he had altered. His characters were so confused and undefinable, that it was next to impossible for any person unacquainted with his hand to make head or tail of the subject. The young man who held the situation before me was a law stationer, and had therefore been accustomed to all sorts of cramped hands, and having had time to become familiar both with Mr. Ffennell's style of writing and the technicalities of the business, he could manage without giving the old gentleman much trouble.

It was a very different matter with me. I had never been

good at deciphering other men's writing, and the first letter I got to operate upon was as plain to my bewildered mind as if it had been Greek or Sanscrit. I was not long in concluding, that if that was the sort of work I had to perform, my sojourn in the Salmon Fisheries Office would be of short duration. When my benefactor, the secretary, was in the office, I could manage, by his aid, to make out the meaning of Mr. Ffennell's hieroglyphics, but when he was absent I was sure to be brought to a dead lock.

During the first week of my probation, Mr. Ffennell was so much put out of the way with what he must have considered my stupidity, that he wrote to Mr. Baker to say he could not get on with me at all, and urgently requesting that my predecessor should be brought back. I was not afraid that the young man could, if requested, be induced to return, he had bettered his condition too much for that; but though such was the case, so far as Mr. Ffennell's influence was concerned, it did not make my position one whit the more secure. Mr. Baker got him pacified, and in the course of a month or so, when I began to learn the unformed forms of his letters, and trace the meaning of his broken-backed words, and acquire a knowledge of the subjects, things went on smoothly enough. Mr. Ffennell had an idea that his writing was legible enough for any one to read, yet when it was out of his hand a short time he occasionally had some difficulty in himself reading what he had written. I have sometimes been amused when seeking my assistance to make out a word, or the name of the writer of a business letter, he would say, "Is it not strange, Mr. B——, that men will not write so that they can be understood, without giving one so much trouble?"

Shortly after we had learned to understand each other and get upon friendly terms, he was summoned away from the scene of his earthly labours at a very short notice. In the death of this gentleman the public lost a good servant, and though our first acquaintance was anything but propitious to myself, I had cause to regret the loss of a friend. Mr. Eden, from

continued ill health, had previously felt himself obliged to resign, and his place as Inspector of Salmon Fisheries was filled by Mr. Frank Buckland, the naturalist, and shortly after this gentleman's appointment, Mr. Ffennell's death occurred, March 1867, and thereby made room for the appointment of another inspector. The Right Hon. H. S. Walpole was then Home Secretary: there were several candidates for the office; amongst the rest was his son and private secretary, Spencer Walpole, then clerk in the War Office, third class, upon whom the vacant situation was conferred.

I found myself very differently situated with these gentlemen to what I had been at first with Mr. Ffennell; I had no trouble with their letters or official documents, and I found them both kind and courteous in their manner, and upon all occasions was treated with consideration.

Mr. Frank Buckland's father was the celebrated Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminster; he had, therefore, the prestige of his father's name to command a position in society. His own talents, however, were sufficient to secure him this; he was much sought after, and obliged to keep a large correspondence, apart from his duties as Inspector of Salmon Fisheries. He was a member of several learned societies, and the editor of the *Land and Water* newspaper; his hands were therefore continually full, but I have seldom met a man who had a more voracious stomach for work; in nautical phraseology, he was always as "busy as the devil in a gale of wind." He found his way into his study the first thing in the morning, worked like a nigger until noon, after which he left home, attended scientific meetings or other engagements, until about two p.m., when he went to the office, and when there frequently found employment till six or seven o'clock. With the most of men this would wind up the business of the day; it was not so, however, with him. If in the summer season, he tumbled himself into a cab, with a cigar in his mouth, and was off to the Piscatorial Museum at South Kensington. This museum is the first institution of the kind ever formed;

it embraces breeding ponds for *Salmo Solar*, from whence large quantities of smelts are annually sent to different parts of the world, and in it there are a great variety of models of different species of fish, and instruments both ancient and modern, used by both saints and savages for killing fish in rivers and in the deep sea.

This was one of Mr. Buckland's favourite hobbies. Being a married man, and having no children, he required a number of safety valves by which to let off some of his superabundant affection, and this one he found both useful and innocent. If he arrived at home before bedtime, he was almost sure to land in his modelling shop, in which place he might frequently be found up to the eyes in plaster-of-Paris while in the act of taking a cast of some queer fish.

His studio was quite a unique place; it was a small front room leading out of a large one. In this little apartment he was surrounded with a great variety of objects, all of which are more or less in keeping with the taste of a man who finds pleasure in worshipping at the altar of Nature. A pair of fancy monkeys during my visits acted, when let loose, as lords of misrule; and the first thing to strike a stranger after witnessing the extravagant gambols of these undeveloped human beings, and withdrawing his eyes from the presiding genius, would be the universal disorder which characterized the whole scene.

The large room, when first entered by a stranger, seemed to be a place devoted to the very useful purpose of holding lumber; but after a little further inspection, the claws of some monster crab might be seen in company with the *os frontis* of some antediluvian animal, whose species had found a resting-place in a bed of mud through the non-historic ages of the world's existence. Or the visitor might see the grinning skulls of men and monkeys ranged along shelves, in company with stuffed reptiles, models of out-waterish fish, and strange-looking things in bottles preserved in fire-water. This room, like the inner sanctum, was sacred to dust made

honourable by age; and when the monkeys were let loose (which was frequently the case) the general confusion which prevailed was only altered by a new arrangement of the previous disarrangement.

Although Mr. Buckland stood upon an elevated social platform, he was both plain and unassuming in his manner, frank, open, and kindly in disposition, and when in company full of fun and anecdote. I have no doubt but he was possessed of his share of personal pride, but if so, it was certainly not seen to the credit of his tailor; as a general rule, his clothes had been made to fit both himself and somebody else at the same time. He was temperate in his habits, but whether he engaged in business or pleasure he was sure to be creating employment for the cigar manufacturers.

When Spencer Walpole was appointed to fill the situation vacated by Mr. Ffennell's death, much criticism manifested itself in the newspaper press. The appointment was characterised as a piece of official jobbery; the young man was said to have been lifted into the situation over the heads of a number of gentlemen of experience; and his own fitness for the berth was simply that of being the son of his father.

Mr. Walpole had only been a very short time in the office, when it was evident that if he was ignorant of the duties of the Salmon Fisheries as an inspector, he did not intend to remain so long. He therefore set himself to work with a will in order to post himself thoroughly in the business, and before many months he made himself master of the routine of his own department.

The Salmon Fisheries Office, two stairs up in No 4, Old Palace Yard, Westminster, during my time was sufficiently retired for any recluse who may have been sickened, or disgusted, with men in the busy haunts of the world. In the dull seasons of the year I was frequently for days in succession without seeing a human being; and if it had not been for my morning and evening walks through the bustling city to and

from the office, I might as well have occupied a cot on the Lammermoor or Blackstone Edge.

In August 1867, when the inspectors were about taking their holiday term, Mr. Walpole had occasion to visit some river in one of the northern counties. Just as he was going to leave I said, in a joking manner, if I continued to be left to the enjoyment of my own society so much as I had been of late, I would ask for an advance of salary as a sort of compensation for the solitary confinement I was subjected to. He laughed, and asked when I was going to take my holidays? I said in reply, if I had liberty to absent myself from the office, I could not go from home. He understood the reason why I could not leave town, without asking, and he said, "You shall have your holiday when I return; Mr. Buckland and myself will make that matter all right." He was as good as his word. I had my holiday term, and I mention this circumstance to show that I stood well in the estimation of both the inspectors.

My steps were directed to the North, but some short time before leaving home I had sent a copy of a small book I had written upon the social condition of the working classes, etc., to Mr. Charlton, of Hesleyside, in Northumberland, as an acknowledgment of the many acts of kindness I had received from his father when I was a boy. The Charltons of Hesleyside, in the upper ward of Tynedale, are a very old Catholic family, and as landlords and friends to the poor they have ever been highly esteemed by all classes of the people in the district. The father of the present proprietor was noted for his kindness, generosity, and ever active benevolence. Mr. Charlton wrote a friendly letter, offering to call upon me, which he did at the office in about a month (July 1868), when we spent nearly two hours in talking over old matters connected with the district of North Tyne. Before he left I had promised to pay him a visit the first time I should be in the North. That friendly call was much more flattering to my honest pride of heart than if the Queen of England had favoured me with a

visit ; it was to me an acknowledgment of the respect due to the successful efforts I had made in overcoming difficulties which at one time appeared insurmountable, and that, too, by a man who had ample means of knowing many of my early struggles.

It was not long after this meeting that I had the pleasure of spending a day with Mr. Charlton at Hesleyside, and it is not saying too much when I affirm that that visit is in my mind one of the pleasantest recollections of my whole life. Both Mr. and Mrs. Charlton and family treated me with the most marked kindness ; and at their table I was used as if I had been an old familiar friend,—in fact, I could not have been more at home if I had been in the company of friends of long standing of my own social grade. After dinner, Mr. Charlton proposed we should visit Hareshaw Lynn, and for this purpose we were driven down to Bellingham in his own carriage, where we left the vehicle and proceeded up the glen on foot. The Lynn is arrived at by a winding footpath, through a densely wooded ravine, with Hareshaw burn running through it, now rolling and foaming over a series of natural cascades, and anon boiling and gurgling among huge boulders, with which its rocky bed is thickly strewn.

The glen, the cascades, and the fall at the Lynn, form together a series of the most wildly picturesque and romantic scenery to be found in the kingdom. Until of late years this highly interesting ravine was inaccessible to the public, inasmuch as it was next to impossible for any person to thread its dark and dangerous mazes ; I have reason to know that it was chiefly owing to the liberality and public spirit of Mr. Charlton that a footpath and a series of rustic wooden bridges have been formed.

When this wild and rugged glen becomes better known, I have no doubt it will be the means of attracting numbers of strangers to the quiet little village of Bellingham. The glen abounds in a number of species of rare plants, and the fern family is both large and varied. The sandstone rock, which

forms the walls of the glen, is in many places rent and dislocated into all sorts of possible shapes, and here and there huge masses intercept the course of the burn, or rest in seemingly dangerous positions on its banks. When a boy I had often visited the Lynn, and climbed its rocky steeps in search of hawks' nests; but I had never seen the three falls, which are some distance lower down, and which were then in the inaccessible part of the glen.

When I parted with Mr. Charlton,—whose kindness and generosity I can never forget,—a stream of recollections passed through my awakened memory. I thought of the time when I was a human chip, tossed about on a cross sea, and ready to catch at any helping hand held out; of my wayward stepfather, and of his strange, drunken escapades, and the many boyish enjoyments I had participated in with youths whose journeys in life had long ago been ended. I remembered numbers of young men with whom I had been familiar, whose fathers were in comfortable circumstances. Some of them attained to honourable positions; some journeyed in the beaten track of their fathers; and not a few suffered moral shipwreck through habits of dissipation. My early battle in life, and the position I had attained to, had given Mr. Charlton a kindly interest in me, and it was not unnatural that my vanity should have been pleasantly flattered by the marked attention he paid me. During my visits to Bellingham I had also received many marks of kindly attention from the Rev. P. Powell, the incumbent of the church, in consequence of the reports he had heard of me by people still living who knew me when a boy, and it is with much pleasure that I revert to his friendship here.

“Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.” It has several times been my lot to be placed in situations in which the most wide-awake attention to this injunction would not have saved me from tumbling. When I returned to my duties at the Salmon Fisheries I considered my position as safe as Arthur's Seat; in fact, it was seemingly so

secure that I had no reason to trouble myself in thinking at all about the matter. Little social convulsions, however, occasionally turn up in quite as unexpected a way as earthquakes, and men's social positions are turned upside down sometimes before they are aware of the change.

The Salmon Fishery Acts were passed to enable the Secretary of State to divide the kingdom into districts, under Boards of Conservators; and for this purpose inspectors were authorised to be appointed for three years (which power has since been kept on foot by Expiring Laws Continuance Acts). Mr. Eden had been absent during a long illness, and for the last six months of Mr. Ffennell's life his health had been failing, so that the secretary had almost sole charge of the office. About a month before Mr. Ffennell's death, however, the last district formed under the Act had been settled, and the order, drawn up by Mr. Baker, approved and gazetted. If the two inspectors were to be continued,—not to create districts, but to visit conservators, and to make an annual report,—the secretary, a barrister, who had shared most of the work, naturally considered that he might reasonably receive promotion, after long service both in this and the Burial's Department, rather than that a junior clerk in the War Office, of little more than half his age, should be placed over him. Mr. Walpole, moreover, did not scruple to make the most of his position, and things did not work so harmoniously as they had done in the days that were gone.

Unpleasantness occurred, in the midst of which a missive was sent from the Home Office requesting to know the time and manner of my appointment; this note was answered by Mr. Baker in the following minute.

“The employment by the inspectors of a clerk messenger, at a salary of 30s. a week, was sanctioned by the Treasury on the rearrangement of the office about March 1865. A vacancy occurring in August 1866, Mr. James Burn, author of the ‘Autobiography of a Beggar Boy,’ and several other popular works, was employed by the then inspectors to fill

that post, which up to this time he has done with all the credit that was to be expected from a person of such eminent respectability, as his published works prove him to be."

Mr. Baker, however, having left the office, I was dismissed by Mr. Hardy, and thus was made another and a serious change for the time being in my circumstances.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN I left the Salmon Fisheries Office, it was with as much regret as Telemachus felt on being obliged, by his good Mentor, to leave the delightfully enchanting island of Calypso ; but it was not my habit to faint under difficulties, so I bore my great loss with that philosophical condition of mind which is thankful under misfortune that it is no worse. Some people, I daresay, would have thought that their condition could scarcely have been worse than being as I was, left with a family of six, including myself, with thirty shillings, being my last week's wages, to begin the world anew with. Men who have to depend upon precarious situations, such as it has been my fate to fill for many years, must always have a hard struggle to live. I have not only had a constant round of difficulties arising out of this unsettled condition of things, but all my endeavours have had to be used to sustain the social position of my family. It is no small consolation to me, that notwithstanding all my vicissitudes, we have managed to support what the world deems a respectability of social grade ; and under all the circumstances of our ever-changing positions, we have kept up appearances at a very small cost. If we were reduced to our last penny our neighbours knew nothing of our necessities, and when the sun of fortune smiled upon us our personal appearance was not changed. When I was out of employment it was seldom of long duration, and we always managed in some way or other to make up our leeway before another misfortune overtook us. By this means I have sustained a reputation for being a man much better off than

I know myself to be. The only feature in my character and conduct I can take credit for is that of steady habits arising out of sobriety. It need not be advanced as anything new in social science, though it is worthy of being repeated, that a sober man with small abilities will generally be preferred to a man of talent of dissipated habits. This is the more certain if the situation be one of a confidential character. I have long been impressed with the idea that if employers generally would make up their minds to employ only men of temperate habits, they would render an incalculable service both to the moral and social condition of the working-classes.

After leaving the Salmon Fisheries Office, I met with several gentlemen who used their best endeavours to procure me employment, but the load of years I carried about with me, though they sat lightly upon me, was a barrier to their success. Among these new friends I may mention Mr. Hodgson Pratt, a gentleman who has long been actively engaged in an endeavour to establish working-men's clubs, both in London and the Provinces, in order to wean them from spending their time and the proceeds of their industry in public-houses. A few weeks before Christmas 1868, I obtained temporary employment, through the influence of my friend Mr. Baker, at what was to me a new branch of industry. I have been obliged to try my hand at a good many things, but trimming *porcelain lamps* was a species of employment I could scarcely have looked forward to at any time during my strange career.

This business only lasted a month, but in the meantime it stopped a leak; and added to this, I had four guineas for two magazine articles, and after the turn of the year I had five shillings a week for twenty weeks for writing a letter to a provincial newspaper. During six months I was frequently reduced to the zero of an empty pocket, and I was often driven to the tail of my small wits. Mr. Baker called upon me one day when the barometer of my feelings indicated "set in stormy," and he suggested that I should apply to the

committee of the "Royal Literary Fund" for a grant from that institution. I looked upon this advice, though well intended, to be almost a mockery, as I considered that I had not the most distant claim upon the fund, which I knew had been got up for the purpose of relieving *only literary people of ability* who might be in reduced circumstances. He heard my objections, but he said it could do me no harm to make the trial; and if I was unsuccessful, I would only lose my labour in making the application. I followed his advice, and procured the necessary testimonials of character, and vouchers of the books I submitted being my own production, my name not having been attached to any of them. I handed these in to the secretary, under the firm conviction that I was giving both him and myself useless trouble; indeed, I had an idea that my application would be considered as a gross piece of presumption. I left Adelphi Terrace with the impression that I had done a very foolish act.

By this time it had occurred to me that Mr. Manby might be able to procure me a situation in the South Kensington Museum. I wrote him to that effect; he not only promptly replied, but he introduced the subject to Mr. Cole, the manager, with whom he was personally acquainted, by letter. It happened that the only situations in the institution independent of the civil service rules were those in which mechanics and artists are employed, and entering the service in the regular way at my age was out of the question. On the morning of the day I was requested to call at the office of the Royal Literary Fund, I had occasion to see Mr. Manby at his place of business, and while there he kindly pressed the acceptance of a sovereign upon me.

From there I went direct to Adelphi Terrace, with my mind made up as to the result of my application. The secretary kindly requested me to be seated, after which he said, "Mr. B——, the committee have considered your application, and they have awarded you thirty pounds, and they have suggested that it would be as well to pay you the money by

monthly instalments of five pounds." I do not know that I ever felt so delightfully astonished at any event in the whole course of my existence. The idea of my books being accepted as literary productions had no flattering effect upon my pride, for I felt convinced that the award of the committee was owing more to the character of my testimonials, than to any literary merit my books possessed.

This unexpected turn in the tide of my affairs placed my family out of the reach of want for six months at least, and it gave me an opportunity of waiting the result of the next revolution in the wheel of fortune.

The Royal Literary Fund is one of those valuable benevolent institutions in London whose quiet operations are little heard of by the public; but the money awarded monthly by the committee to the successful claimants is calculated to soothe the sorrows and gladden the hearts of a class of people who are the last to parade their circumstances to the world. The money awarded by the managers of the institution is only known to themselves and the recipients; by this means men of independent minds, who are in reduced circumstances, can lodge their claims without fear of exposure.

At this point in my history I have to acknowledge a further debt of gratitude I owe to W. H. Charlton, Esq., of Hesley-side. Some time after having lost my situation in the Salmon Fisheries Office, he got up and had a memorial signed by sixty resident gentlemen in the county, and presented to Mr. Gladstone by Mr. Beaumont, M.P., praying that I might have a small pension from Her Majesty's bounty. The answer to this memorial was, that the arrangements for the year 1869 had been completed, but that it should have due consideration in the following year, which of course was a gentlemanly way of saying nay. I was not disappointed; an obscure person, like myself, whose only claim was the favourable opinion of his too lenient friends, was not likely to succeed in obtaining a pension when there were no doubt scores of men of literary talent knocking at the door of the State.

I cannot find words sufficient to express the great and lasting obligation I labour under both to Mr. Charlton, and his brother Francis, in Morpeth. Before the memorial was ready for signing Mr. Charlton and his family were leaving for Italy, but by consent the duty of obtaining signatures devolved upon Mr. Francis, and if I had been his brother, instead of a man he only knew by repute, he could not have evinced greater zeal in his endeavour to serve me.

I may here say, that if the prayer of the memorial had been granted, I could not retain a more lively sense of the great and disinterested kindness of these gentlemen in my regard. All the letters I had from Mr. Francis Charlton, while the memorial was pending (and they were not a few), were written in a spirit of kindness, and with a hearty good-will to serve me.

If Mr. W. H. Charlton would give me a receipt in full of all dues and demands for this method of attempting to pay off the debt I owe him as heretofore acknowledged, I would still remain his debtor for even a more substantial proof of his kindness and generosity than any I have yet noticed. But seeing that I have no means of paying him except in words, which are mere sound, I can at least have the consolation of making my well-disposed readers partners with me in the debt and in appreciation of his character.

During the six months following my having received the thirty pounds, I made several efforts to obtain employment, but without success; and as my funds were growing small by degrees, and anything but beautifully less, I was beginning to get anxious as to my future prospects. Mr. Baker had mentioned my name to Mr. Tom Taylor, a gentleman holding a situation in a department of the Home Office, and well known in literary circles as a successful dramatic writer, wishing him to use his influence to procure me some employment. Shortly after this I had a note from Mr. Taylor requesting me to call upon him at his office, No. 8, Richmond Terrace. He received me kindly, and promised to do what he could

in an endeavour to obtain me some suitable employment. Before leaving, I mentioned that I had two articles which I had written in the hope of getting them inserted in some one or other of the London magazines, and knowing that he was well acquainted with gentlemen connected with the press, I inquired if he could assist me in disposing of them? He kindly promised to do what he could in the matter. In the course of a few days I had a note from him containing an offer to give me four pounds on account for the articles which I had forwarded to him, and that he would pay me the balance when he should dispose of them. My reply was, that I should gladly accede to his terms, but there was this difficulty in the way: if he should be unsuccessful in getting a market for the papers, I should be his debtor for the money, and have the misfortune of not being in a condition to repay him. This objection he got over by saying that in the event of his not being able to dispose of the MSS., he would find me copying to cover the debt. I got the four pounds, after which it soon became evident that he had made the disposing of the papers a delicate pretext for making me a present of the money. The act was one of great generosity on the part of a man to whom I was an entire stranger; and though I was exceedingly grateful, I was sorry that I had not the means afforded me of repaying him by some useful service.

When I reflect upon the all but penniless condition in which I was placed on leaving the Salmon Fisheries Office, I am often astonished, as well I may be, at the number of gentlemen who, unsolicited on my part, befriended me; and I have now to relate one of those peculiar fortunate events which may turn up to change not only a man's present social condition, but to alter his whole future prospects in life. Just before drawing the last instalment of the money from the Royal Literary Fund, I wrote a note to Mr. Manby to see if he could aid me in procuring a situation in the Crystal Palace, to which I received a kind and prompt reply

saying he thought he could. This was highly cheering, and for the time being set the restless machinery of my mind at ease. A few days after receiving this note I had another from Mr. Manby, asking me to call on him on the morning of the Monday following. When I saw him he said his secretary, Mr. Carter, was absent on his holidays, and that his clerk, Mr. Cram, would shortly leave for a like purpose, and he wanted me to attend to the office during the absence of one or the other. I was very thankful to Mr. Manby both for the employment and the confidence which he had in me before he could have entrusted me in his office. I supposed my services would not be required for a longer period than a fortnight, or three weeks at the farthest, but whether it should be for the one term or the other, it would be of considerable consequence to me under my then almost hopeless condition.

The reader will remember that I obtained my situation in the office of the Salmon Fisheries by the very unlooked-for circumstance of the clerk having had the chance of improving his social position by obtaining a situation in the office of the "Special Commissioners of Fisheries for England," when he was supposed to have gone a-ruralising.

A fortnight passed away—nay, a month glided past, and both the gentlemen returned to their duties in the office, and I still remained without notice to quit. If I really had been of any particular use in the establishment I might have hoped to be retained; but the fact is, my services were next to *nil*. Three months passed away, and during that time I was continually under the apprehension of receiving marching orders. The earth had journeyed round the sun, and I was still to be found, six days out of the seven, in No. 24, Great George Street, Westminster. Here, then, is a curious coincidence; my situation was owing to exactly the same accidental circumstance that enabled me to be continued in the Salmon Fisheries.

The reader will no doubt be anxious to learn who, and

what the man is, who could thus act with such kindness and generosity to a stranger. I will endeavour to answer both parts of the question as well as I know how.

Mr. Manby is a gentleman in the best acceptation of the term. He is a civil engineer, in which profession he stands deservedly high, and is honorary secretary to the Institution of Civil Engineers. He is an F.R.S., and holds the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps, and has been honoured with the following orders of distinction,—viz., the Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour of France, the Order of Knighthood of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, of Italy, the Order of Knighthood of the Danebrog of Denmark, and the Star of Knight Commander of Sweden.

These are honorary distinctions for a man to feel proud of, inasmuch as they are so many badges of merit; but Mr. Manby has something else to be proud of which will reflect greater honour upon his memory than all or any of these can convey. Burns has said truly,

“ The king can mak’ a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an’ a’ that,
But an honest man’s aboon his might,
Gude faith he canna fa that.”

Mr. Manby’s goodness of heart, his active benevolence, and great generosity of character, may not be honoured by worldly marks of distinction, and the noblest actions of his life may pass unrecognized by princes and scientific bodies of men, but they will live in the grateful memories of the people his bounties have made glad, and they will be registered in a place where all mere worldly honours will cease to be remembered.

It is a difficult matter to steer clear of the imputation of flattery when attempting to praise a man who has rendered one an important service, even when giving expression to the honest and grateful feelings of the heart. I think, however, that it is as much a man’s duty to acknowledge the obligations

he owes to his benefactors, as it is that he should make reparation for any wrong he may have done a fellow-creature. My maxim in these matters is, "Honour to whom honour is due"; what therefore I have said about the gentlemen whose names I have chronicled, I wish to give as a humble tribute of respect and gratitude which I owe them.

"Luck's all," or "luck's everything," are very common expressions among certain classes of people when speaking of the good or bad fortune of their neighbours. It is a question of some consideration whether there are men who are fated to have all their efforts in life turned to their disadvantage, and doomed never to succeed in anything they undertake; while there are others who, in the very face of conditions opposed to success, succeed. When we see a man succeeding in business whose only qualification is a mere steady selfishness of purpose, and at the same time are familiar with men who possess both steadiness of character and good business habits fail in almost everything they undertake, our philosophy is at fault as to the cause why the one should succeed and the other not. In my own experience I have known men who, although never succeeding in business, in consequence of dissipated or other improvident habits, were never out of luck; if they were knocked down by adverse circumstances their heads were saved by falling, cat fashion, on their feet. A relation of my own belonged to this family of lucky fellows; he seldom went half a mile from home without finding something; and if he made a venture in a raffle or a lottery, he was almost certain to be a winner. On the other hand, I have known other men who, though they had ventured large sums, never won a sixpence in their luckless lives. Among this class a shopmate of mine in the United States had speculated a dollar a week for a period of ten years in one of the many lottery establishments which disgrace New York, for which he never received a cent in return; and if he is still living I have no doubt he continues to deposit his dollar in the faith of "the good time coming."

It was a maxim of old that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." It may surely then be asked, Is the thing men call luck the result of a series of concurrent circumstances, which become united by means of those abstractions denominated cause and effect; or is it a fatherless nonentity growing out of itself, for the special benefit of the Browns and the Smiths? There is one thing pretty certain in the history of eventualities, and that is, like begets like, both in morals and in the ordinary circumstances of every-day life. There are, however, many events in the lives of some men which cannot be accounted for by the ordinary rules of logic. I have known whole families who plunged out of one series of misfortunes into another without any seeming fault of their own. There are no doubt psychological features both in families and individuals, which largely regulate both their fortunes and destinies, and that, too, in all probability, without any controlling power of their own. Man is a mystery to himself; it is therefore not strange that many of the events which rule his fortune, or form his character, should also be mysteries.

It may be interesting to the reader if I refer back to the original cause of my having got the situation in the Salmon Fisheries Office. In 1856, a lady, while looking over the books on a stall at a railway station, got hold of a small volume, the title of which took her fancy, and having bought it she went off on her journey. Again in 1866, a gentleman, after having read an article descriptive of some matters of a local character in the *Hexham Courant* newspaper, told the proprietor he would like to shake hands with the author, and on being told who he was requested to be introduced. The above young lady was a sister of Mr. Baker's, the secretary to the Salmon Fisheries, and the book she purchased was the first published part of the "Beggar Boy," hence that gentleman's interest in the author, and his warm friendship since first they met.

The gentleman to whom I was introduced by Mr. Cathe-

rale of the *Hexham Courant* was Mr. Thomas Sopwith, then mining agent to Mr. Beaumont, who, while using his efforts to procure me a situation in London, introduced my name to Mr. Manby.

Here, then, are two instances of what the most of people would call good luck; both, however, owe their origin to the causes above named, which in due time produced their legitimate effects.

On the 3rd of March, 1870, I suffered one of the most serious bereavements among the many which have occurred in my family, in the death of my eldest son. He died after a short and painful illness of disease of the kidneys, and left me to mourn his sad loss. He was an ever kind and dutiful son, and such was his inoffensive nature that he never lost a friend or made an enemy by any misconduct of his own, which is certainly more than his father can say. It was through him that I was enabled to occupy respectable apartments while I resided in London. After his death I was obliged to remove to a distant suburb, in which place I had to pay at the least five shillings a week more for a cottage than I could afford.

After I had been in the office of Lieutenant-Colonel Manby for a period of over fourteen months, he required to make some new arrangements in order to introduce a young man, a relation, I believe, of Mrs. Manby; I had, therefore, to leave. During the time I was in the situation,—with the exception of the first three weeks,—I was really neither useful nor ornamental; but though this was the case, I believe he would still have retained me, only it would have been anything but businesslike to have had more than one person in his office for whom he had no employment. When I left he acted with that generosity and kindness which I had ever found to be a characteristic of the man; he not only made me a present of five sovereigns, but he gave me a recommendation to the manager of the Crystal Palace. There was no opening in that institution, but the manager

had my name entered on the list of candidates; yet there may have been scores of names there before mine waiting their turn.

I was eight months out of a situation, in consequence of the supply being greater than the demand. It is often a difficult matter for a young man to obtain a situation, and it may readily be imagined how much more so it would be for a man who had passed his seventieth birthday. Mr. Manby's flattering recommendation obtained me the situation I afterwards filled; and this situation would not have been in existence had it not been created for me by an old and highly-esteemed friend of his, who held a situation of much responsibility in the same establishment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I N beginning the last chapter of my life it is with a feeling of intense sorrow. My restless memory is too green with the recent loss of my dear son, whose love and duty were always at my service. I am not a man to repine at the *debt of life* being paid, even by a much-loved member of my own family; I am too sensible that the change from one state of existence to another is the most certain of all uncertainties, and that were it not for our obligations and duties to the living, a few years, sooner or later, is of small consequence in the sum total of our existence. As long, however, as men have affections, a severance, by death, from those we love, must always be a painful event.

This chapter was commenced with a feeling of sadness, but when I wrote the account of the death of my beloved son, I did not dream that a still greater loss awaited me in the near future.

For over a period of twenty years I had to contend with a domestic affliction which was rarely absent, and my mental sufferings were frequently so great that I was often like to lose my reason. At last, in 1874, the sunshine of domestic happiness again illumined my humble home with its cheerful rays, and from that date up till December 1879 my happiness was complete; and though my position was comparatively a humble one, I had no want, and the duties of my situation being of a very simple character, I had next to no care.

In December 1879 my wife was stricken with paralysis on the right side, and from that sad moment she was not only

helpless, but I never heard the sound of her dear voice again. During five months she suffered a martyrdom of unmitigated agony. My wife was sixteen years younger than myself, and as she appeared to have fairly recovered both her health of body and mind, I had felt satisfied that she would outlive me.

I have no words to express the magnitude of my loss. At the moment of her affliction I knew the great sorrow that awaited me, and that I should be left to end my chequered life without the companionship of the one being of all others dear to me.

It is fortunate for me that I am blessed with an elasticity of spirits, which enables me shortly to recover from mental depression; this condition of mind has often enabled me to escape much suffering. The fact is, it has been to me a sort of mental compensation balance.

I am now like a man who has accomplished a long and arduous journey, and who, while seated on a rising ground, feels a melancholy pleasure in surveying the dangers and difficulties through which he has passed. Like Lot's wife, I cannot help casting one long, lingering look behind; but not, like her, with regret at having to move on. The past has been big with hope and many of life's sweetest enjoyments, and it has also been fraught with dear-bought lessons of experience; the present is gone with the word that describes it, and my future is beyond life's bourne. The reader who has had the patience to follow through my fortunes, will have seen that I have done many foolish and imprudent acts; I have this to say, by way of a confession, that I never did anything that was morally wrong but I repented of the act. A little incident occurred to me in the year 1809 while in Skipton-on-Craven, which I have never ceased to remember. I was playing with other boys on the banks of the canal, and was swearing like a trooper, thinking that by so doing it made me look big. A man who was passing, on hearing the profane language I was making use of, came to me, and in a kindly manner told me what a great sin I was committing, and

for some time he took the trouble to point out to me the evil consequences which were certain to result from such wicked conduct. I never lost sight of that lesson, and from that day to this I have been free from the sin of profane language, and never hear it in others without pain.

In this place a *resumé* of a few of the salient points in my history may enable the reader to estimate those events in my life, which are worthy of being remembered, for the lessons they are calculated to teach.

During the first fifteen years of my life I was dragged through nearly all those scenes which were then common to the nomadic existence of a vagrant; but though this state was surrounded with many hardships, privations, and sufferings, yet even that condition of life was not without its pleasures and sunny spots. The storms of the day and their dangers ceased to be remembered by the forgetfulness of the morrow. The morning of life is the legitimate time for hunting butterflies on the wing, and if our joys are few, our sorrows are short-lived.

The time I spent under my father's roof was one of almost continual suffering. Physical hardships were nothing new to me, but I had never been treated with anything like the same freezing coldness and neglect. Had I remained in Ireland I might have been made into a knight of the shuttle (that, however, is questionable, as I was so small of my age, —and indeed continued so until I was over twenty years old)—but with the feelings I then possessed I never could have liked Ireland. After having levanted from the Green Isle, my endeavour to settle down to the business of a country life was an indication of a desire to follow the pursuits of honest industry.

During the time I was peddling with my mother, I had made many friends, but though large sums of money passed through my hand, I had no love for the business.

When left to my own resources, my one great struggle in early life was to find something like my proper position in

society; and that which I aspired to was to be a respectable working-man. I think, under the circumstances of my condition, I am entitled to some little credit for one act of wise determination, and that was in having served my apprenticeship to the hat trade. I look upon this event as having been the grand turning-point of my life; to me it was the half-way resting-place between the vagrant career of my youth, and the improved social condition of my manhood. I have reason, too, to reflect with pleasure upon my position as a journeyman; and I entirely escaped the leading vice of the profession in that age, which was gross intemperance.

My political career was one of youthful ambition, pride, folly, and misdirected energy. As a commercial man I wanted the ballast of judgment; as a tavern-keeper I was above the business, and as a necessary consequence it got above me.

The extraordinary revolution which was effected in the hat manufacturing business, in the period between 1840 and 1850, when the silk completely superseded the old stuff hats, left me without the trade I had struggled so long and ardently to obtain. When, therefore, I left Glasgow, in March 1850, I was thrown upon the world without any other means to support my family than that which chance might direct. The reader will have seen how hard I had to struggle through a series of precarious employments, some of which I was totally unsuited for.

My journey to America was an unlooked-for failure, but though my sufferings while in that country were greater than I can describe, I do not regret having taken it. While in the United States my experience of both men and things, under new conditions, was greatly enlarged; and although I saw much to admire, both in the people and the country, I returned home impressed with the feeling that England, with all her faults, both social and political, was a preferable land to live in, to that of even the big Republic.

During my wedded life I have had eighteen births and

thirteen deaths to provide for. In the course of events, these were things of absorbing interest for the time being, and they have all been surrounded with feelings both of joy and sorrow. I have always been blessed with the enjoyment of domestic love and sincerity; my family and fireside have, therefore, been ever my first and last consideration. The soothing pleasures and quiet enjoyments of home have always exercised a pleasing influence over my mind; and when the toils and vexations of the world have pressed upon me, with their cankering and corroding anxieties, the approving look of my hoping and confiding wife would chase the melancholy gloom from my heart. The innocent prattle and joyous gambols of my children have always been a source of real pleasure to me, and when they were young I frequently delighted to unbend myself by becoming one of themselves. In my sad moments I have sometimes felt my ire kindling at their boisterous mirth, but have checked the rising spleen when I reflected that youth is the season when the laughing batteries of children should be charged with the electricity of pure hilarity. The wise man hath said, "There is a time for all things," and it is surely time enough to encounter the cares of the world when reason has been assisted to her throne by the experience of years.

There are few men in such a humble social position who have been blessed with so many sincere friends in the ranks above them as I have, and it is all the more remarkable that they have all been unsought.

My situation in the service of the Great Eastern Railway was obtained for me in April 1871 by a letter of recommendation from Mr. Manby, but had Mr. Swarbrick, the general manager, known that the man he was accepting as a servant for the company was above seventy years of age, I think the recommendation would have been of little use, however much Mr. Swarbrick may have wished to have obliged my much-esteemed patron. I remained in the service a few months over ten years, and until I was after eighty-one years old,

when my health gave way, but my mind is unimpaired by age. I may remark that this was the longest term passed by me in one situation during the whole of my long life, the second, in point of duration, having been my apprenticeship.

My position first at Ipswich and afterwards in Brandon as inspector of stores, was made pleasant both by the kindness of warm and generous friends, and the uniform respect with which I have been treated by all classes of the inhabitants ; and having been made a member of the Gentlemen's Club, I was enabled to enjoy the society of the first men of the place in a way which I could not have otherwise done. After I became superannuated, I received a second grant from the Royal Literary Fund ; made arrangements for the publication of these pages ; and went to end my days with my daughters at Hammersmith.

It is the fate of most men who live to an advanced age to outlive many of the friends both of their youth and mature age ; this has been my case. Within a few years several of my old friends and benefactors have paid the debt of nature. Some of them were little known beyond their own circles, but among them others have left enduring memorials of their names.

I can call to mind nearly all the great men of this country who have left their names blazoned on the pages of history during the last sixty years. Among them there were few who commanded such an amount of public interest as Thomas Carlyle and Lord Beaconsfield. For many years Carlyle was looked up to as a literary idol, whose sayings had all the force of profound wisdom and the foreknowledge of a trusted oracle. It may seem strange, yet it is so, this son of an Ecclefechan Cameronian mason, had little if any sympathy for the sons of toil ; but to let the world know how virtuous he was, he used the battering ram of his distorted phraseology against the small vices of the age.

But his heroes, who plundered nations and slaughtered human beings wholesale, were held up to the admiration of

his readers. When Disraeli passed the Act for the enfranchisement of the working-men, Carlyle characterised the event as "shooting Niagara." But when recording that his Puritanical hero slaughtered the inhabitants of Waterford in cold blood,—much in the same way Napoleon did the twelve hundred Turkish prisoners at Jaffa,—he had no word of reproach for the bloodthirsty act.

This modern Diogenes knew only two human beings who were worthy of his sympathy, and these were his father and his wife. The one was what the father of so great a man should be, and the other had all the virtues which an amiable and loving wife should possess. If this patient and longsuffering woman could read her husband's eulogy of her character, she would learn that Carlyle was a very affectionate and loving husband, when she was beyond the influence of his newborn affections. I do not know the name of any other public man who stood upon such an elevated platform of egotism; it was this, his idea of his I AM greatness, that caused him to let loose the vials of his envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness upon many of his old literary friends. When writing his Memoirs, he seems to have taken a quiet delight in grossly maligning the characters of the people he was pleased to notice; but he little thought, while so engaged, that he was doing for his own reputation that which no other human being could do.

It is right that the ashes of the dead should not be disturbed, but Carlyle has himself left the tools to lift and sift them, otherwise I would have been the last man to have used one ungenerous word against his memory.

Benjamin Disraeli was one of that class of men that the circumstances of the times bring into the front, and he possessed all the qualifications to succeed in the walk of life he made choice of. His career has been marked by a towering ambition, determination of purpose, great and varied talents, indomitable industry, and an almost reckless audacity. These traits in his character, with a pleasing

suavity of manner, a winning gallantry, and a steadfast faithfulness to his friends, made him the idol of his party. A few years hence, and his character both as a statesman and an author will be placed in its proper position among the great men of the age in which he figured so largely.

Since the peace of 1815, Great Britain has been passing through a series of revolutions, commercial, social, moral, and religious. Trade gradually expanded until it attained to greatness without an example either in this or any other country. The price of labour advanced, and the whole structure of society underwent a change, and with change, the manners of the people became smoothed by the civilising influence of the times. The various contending religious sects have lost much of the narrow-minded bigotry and intolerance which characterised their conduct to each other in the early part of the century. It is pleasant to know that we have got clear of the gross superstition which frequently led to acts of both folly and heartless cruelty, and that witches are known no more since society ceased to create them.

One of the most extraordinary effects of our new social system is the amazing aggregation of human beings in all our principal centres of industry. It is anything but pleasant to reflect upon the serious consequences which may result from this caging, as it were, of huge masses of the people into cramped-up spaces. If a sudden, or even a slow collapse in the trade and commerce of the nation should take place, the pent-up populations of the large towns would shortly be reduced in numbers by a process fearful to contemplate.

During the last forty years the trading prosperity of the country enabled numbers of men who accumulated large fortunes in business to possess landed property (which is the ambition of nearly all men). These favourites of fortune were the means of raising the price of land by purchasing large estates at prices far above the producing value of the soil.

Like any other article of barter in the market for which there may be a great demand, the price of land has been raised so much that it has ceased to be a profitable investment, and as there have been five seriously unproductive seasons, the farming interest in the United Kingdom is in a state of depression from which it will never recover.

In the early part of the century the land supported the people except in cases of bad seasons, but it has long ceased to do so, and at present, and indeed for a number of years past, considerably more than one-third of the entire population of Great Britain has been fed upon food of foreign produce, but principally from the United States of America. The fact is, of late years we have nearly put the whole world under contribution to us. By consuming the surplus produce of the Americans we have added greatly to their wealth, and in return they have all but shut their ports against our manufactured goods.

Owing to the increase in the value of labour during the last forty years, the great body of the people have been able to consume food of such a character as they never fed upon before, and are clothed in raiments of a character to which their forefathers were strangers. As long as our trade at home and abroad continues in a healthy condition, we will be able to keep up our supplies from foreign countries, but when we can no longer do so, our national greatness will be as a dream of the past.

During the last fifty years nearly all our public institutions have become liberalised; and among these the House of Commons has become the most popular legislative assembly in the world, with the exception of those of France and the United States. The manner in which the business of the House has been conducted of late years has certainly not added to the dignity of the Institution. Between fifty and sixty years ago nearly all matters of importance were expounded and discussed by the leading men of the House. There was no blocking of business, or preventing of discus-

sion, or killing measures by members speaking against time. Things are now managed in a very different way. Whether the business before the House be important, or of a trivial character, all the speakers must register their opinions in long orations, and the newspaper press flatters their vanity by reporting their sayings. From this state of things the British House of Commons, which was looked upon as the most dignified and best-conducted institution in the world, has been made to assume the character of a parochial board, in which every member knows more, and is quite as good, if not better, than any other member.

The reader has now before him something like an honest history of my life, in which he will find much to blame, but in this respect his censure will not be more severe than my own; and on the whole he will find no little matter for useful reflection. The struggles of such a life as mine has been are calculated to prove how energy and determination of character may enable a man to overcome great difficulties with small means. It is true I had frequent opportunities of doing much better than I have done, but, in looking at the other side of the picture, it will be seen that if I had gone with the strong tide of circumstances in my early life, I should have remained a vagrant, if not something worse. And it is not a small matter in the history of a life like mine, which is full of quickly-recurring ups and downs, that I never lost caste. Some of my historical notices, though not new, may be found interesting, and what I have said, in reflecting upon men and things, is such as has been dictated by experience and my own turns of thought.

In my time I have witnessed many reverses in the fortunes of men with whom I have been acquainted. Upon more occasions than I had any desire to see, I have been enabled to relieve the necessities of men whose social positions were once such as I would, in early life, have been glad of the crumbs that fell from their tables. On the other hand, I have seen scores of men run up the social scale, some by sheer

plodding, some by the force of genius, and others by less honourable methods.

I have silently worshipped girls, the daughters of men in humble circumstances, at a far-off distance, and yearned for the opportunity of being socially equal to them. The ground that I have traversed as a wee barefooted laddie, I have travelled over in the character of a respectable member of society. It is worthy of note, that from my boyhood upward I have always been taken for something better than I am,—I mean, that I have been looked upon as a person who had been brought up in respectable circumstances.

With these reflections my connection with my patient readers will end, and should any of them have learned a useful lesson from my shortcomings, want of caution, or judgment, I will be well repaid for the trouble of relating the tale of my life.

THOUGHTS ON THE VARIOUS MEANS OF INSTRUCTION.

THE world is a great school for human education, and the different grades of society we mingle with are our monitors. The methods of instruction may be clearly divided into three classes : the first and most impressive is that which we receive from those we associate with. Our lessons in this department are of a practical character, and embrace the every-day acts of our lives, whether they relate to business or pleasure. The second class of instruction is that which we receive from clergymen and other public instructors, and its object is to impress upon us the beauty and advantage of a correct rule of life. The last source of information is that which is derived from books, which may be said to embrace the whole round of human knowledge.

My principal object in the following remarks is to show how my own mind and feelings have been acted upon by these different systems of education. During my youthful probation in the school of the busy world, I had ample means of obtaining a rich fund of valuable information, if I had had the power of arranging its various details, and selecting the wheat from the tares ; this, however, was above my capacity ; my mind, therefore, only received such impressions as it was most susceptible of embracing. The practical lessons men receive in their intercourse with each other, embrace all the various phases of human character, arising from the workings of their passions in their different degrees, modes, and conditions. I may observe, however, that society itself is divided

and subdivided into a variety of classes, totally distinct in their character, habits, and conditions from each other. Each of these divisions has its own system of worldly education. The shepherd, who tends his fleecy flocks far from the busy haunts of the bartering world, requires little learning to enable him to perform his simple round of duty, and his ambition seldom leads his mind beyond the locality where it may be said he vegetates. Transplant this seemingly dull member of the human family into the bustle of the trading world, and he will soon shake off the rust which the inaction of his former mode of life coated him with. Some men have their education forced upon them by the circumstances of their position in life; others charge their minds with stores of knowledge from the various fields of their observation, and make use of it, either for their own or the advantage of others, as circumstances may demand.

During the last seventy years, the field of human knowledge has been opened up in a surprising degree. The development of scientific information, and its application to the improvement of the arts, and the every-day concerns of life, have been the means of changing the whole machinery of social life. From these circumstances, it will be seen that men of inquiring minds have many opportunities of obtaining knowledge, if they will only take the trouble to look for it. Our intercourse with society will necessarily force us to be observers of both men and things. Rubbing against the world is well calculated to sharpen our wits, but in this matter we should be careful lest we allow the kindly feelings of our nature to be blunted. For my part, I have no sympathy with the cold calculating philosophy of the worldly wise, that impresses upon its votaries the heartless adage, of taking every man for a rogue until we have the means of proving him honest! If all men were to act upon this unchristian maxim, the generous impulses of men's nature would be closed up by an eternal barrier of ice. I freely admit that proper caution is highly necessary in our dealings

with the world, but I truly detest the mean grovelling principle of such unwarranted suspicion, as is implied in the above doctrine. In my own experience, I have ever found that there is both a noble and generous principle in man, that denies all fellow-feeling with such a mere worldly policy. It is true, that men in their every-day dealings with each other, frequently trespass upon each other's rights and privileges; but it must be borne in mind, that this deviation from the rule of right is often forced upon them from necessity rather than choice. Let it not be supposed that I am an apologist for wrong-doing; my object is rather to prove that our natural impulses, if left free from the influence of pressing circumstances, would lead us in an opposite direction. I think every man who has been brought up under the influence of anything like proper training, must be continually under the control of a regulating monitor; of course much will depend on the susceptibility of this silent prompter. It is true, that certain classes of men are liable to be placed under circumstances which are calculated to blunt their conscientious scruples; but the man who is in this condition demands our pity rather than our hatred.

Every man has a knowledge of his own circumstances and condition in life; but he can only form a very inadequate idea of the influences which regulate the conduct of others. I have frequently been impelled to the performance of actions from the sheer pressure of circumstances, against which my better nature revolted; and such I believe to have been the case with many others who have had to do battle with the world. It must be remembered, that the perfection of our nature is a thing only to be hoped for after we have shuffled off this mortal coil; and when men have time and the will to look into themselves, they will have little room for fault-finding in their neighbours. It is a fact taught by every-day experience, that every state and condition of life has its difficulties, and that wherever humanity exists, it must bear the burden of its infirmities in some degree or other.

I have called attention to this subject, that the young may see the danger of the debasing feelings of envy and unmanly repining; and that while observing the ever-active machinery of the social system, they may not fail to act well their own part. Frugality and improvidence may be said to be two of the principal landmarks which lie in the path of working-men; the one should be a continual guide by which we should steer our conduct, and the other should be looked upon as a beacon to apprise us of the rocks and shoals of intemperance, which every way surround us on the journey of life.

Forethought seems to be, in a great measure, a characteristic of man; this faculty enables him to look forward to the contingencies which may await him on the morrow. The man who forgets that he owes both himself and society the exercise of such a forethought, is, indeed, a very unworthy member of the community. I would, therefore, advise all to use every necessary caution within the limit of their means to provide against future wants. It is a fact in moral science, that every good is liable to abuse by perversion. I know of no feeling so truly grovelling and sordid as that which possesses the *save-all* member of society. The moment a man commences a career of hoarding money merely for its own sake, he snaps asunder the bond of sympathy which connects him with his kind. Money is merely a simple pledge, which men receive in exchange either for their labour or some representation of it. Labour is, therefore, the only true wealth in the world. Money was made to be used as a convenient article of barter; and we use it instead of exchanging the produce of our labour, which would often be both inconvenient and troublesome. The man who saves money for the love of it, is frequently an enemy to himself, by denying himself those necessaries which it was intended to furnish him with. There are other two evils which arise out of this saving propensity; in the first place, he destroys the bartering efficiency of the cash for the time being, and thereby prevents the good its circulation would otherwise

produce in society; but the most serious evil is the deadening influence it would exercise over his own character, in steeling his heart against all the kindlier feelings of his nature. A little reflection will convince any one, that the proper line of prudence lies between these two extremes. It is a fact, that the standard of men's respectability in all civilized countries, is measured by the amount of wealth they possess. This estimate of character must have its origin in something like a just appreciation of right, inasmuch as it exists by universal consent. The knowledge of this fact furnishes an excellent motive to prudent and industrious habits. This state of public feeling has also its dark side, inasmuch as riches frequently gild vice in the false glitter of seeming virtue. The *prestige* of wealth has a still more dangerous consequence to a large portion of the community than can arise from its immediate corrupting influence. This is to be found in a feeling of exclusiveness which it produces in the minds of its votaries. Strange as it may appear to us, as members of a free country, there exists a very general feeling against men who presume to push themselves upwards upon the scale of society; the opinion both expressed and felt upon this subject is, that they are acting against a recognised rule. The doctrine is, therefore, that if a man should be born a blacksmith, he should remain so. I am aware that there are hundreds of men, who, although they feel in their hearts the injustice of such a doctrine, are, by the force of public opinion, prevented from avowing the true sentiments of their minds. Whatever men may feel upon this subject, there is one thing certain, that well-directed energy, backed by habits of industry and common prudence, will always make way for itself in spite of the cold conventionalisms of the world, or the aristocratic notions of those whom chance has kicked into comfortable berths!

It may be supposed that I have made these observations in a snarling temper; but no, I am arguing this question from the experience of others; for in so far as I am con-

cerned, if any man ever stood between himself and the light of the sun, I am he! It will therefore be seen, that in my own case I have nothing to complain of. Perhaps it would be better for society at large, if more respect were paid to character than to the extrinsic trappings of mere wealth; if such were the case, the fortuitous power of riches would stand a chance of being reduced to a more rational standard. From my experience of the social system, I think it is very questionable whether a more equal distribution of property would be beneficial to the community. Riches furnish an immunity from physical labour; if, therefore, wealth was more equally divided, it is very likely that industry would be crippled in proportion, and as a consequence, society would be a loser; this contingency, however, is amply provided against by the very nature of man's inequality. The knowledge of men's mental and physical disparity, as well as their difference in habits of frugality, must have first dictated the law of primogeniture, in order to preserve family property by hereditary succession. I think, upon the whole, it matters very little whether the riches be held by one class or another, inasmuch as there will always be a select few who will possess great wealth. This unequal state of things has existed in all civilised countries within the range of history; and I am convinced that the same order of things will continue to the end! In a well-regulated condition of society, both men and money are sure to find their level; and I am convinced, that the needy man who would lend himself as a willing agent to pull down the fabric of the social system, would, in his turn, become a violent conservator, as soon as he had his share of the spoil! In our experience of all the states and conditions of society, there is one thing which cannot help forcing itself upon our observation, which is simply this—that honesty of character and kindness of disposition form the best passport to the esteem and consideration of those we associate with in our daily transactions. It is a happy consideration, that men of

all sorts of temperaments and constitutions are able to find kindred souls and congenial spirits, in which they discover an echo of their own feelings. I think it may be admitted, that nearly all our friendships have their origin in this wise provision of nature. It has been said that friendship is the solder of society, and in my opinion, it is a glorious cement. That condition of existence which is best calculated to bring the generous feelings of our nature into action, is by far the most happy and rational. Men's good actions are the flowers which spring up in the garden of humanity, and make the paths of life delicious with their sweet odours. These flowers spring in every condition of soil, from the lowest to the highest. The friendship of the peasant is as warm and devoted as that of the peer; and the love of the beggar may be as pure and holy as that which charms the soul of royalty. It is a glorious attribute of the divine law, that the measure of our joys is not regulated by our positions in life. Herein lies the whole poetry that surrounds the human family, and lends a charm to the feelings of the humblest as well as the greatest.

Our second source of education is through the medium of public teachers; these may be divided into three classes, the first of which are the schoolmasters, whose duty it is to prepare the rising generation for the active career of life; the second are the clergy, to whom is entrusted the highest order of human instruction. The duties of these men are of a two-fold character; the first is to teach their flocks the science of revealed religion, in which the rules of faith of the various sects are unfolded. In this department of education reason is made subservient to belief! The second division of clerical teaching appertains to moral training; in this department reason is appealed to as the regulating principle of human action. The next source of education is derived from public lecturers. The teaching of this class of men is generally confined to an exposition of the laws of nature, as exemplified in the development of the arts and sciences. In all civilized nations, whether ancient or modern,

the clergy have possessed nearly the sole power of directing the public mind. In many instances, this body has been above the civil power; under such circumstances they possessed the sole directing power over men's consciences; of late years they have been brought within the pale of the civil law. It is a fact worthy of notice that the generally accepted code of morality among the civilised family of men admits of no dispute. The various classes and denominations of men may have as many standards of faith as they please, but it is a happy consideration that we can only have one standard of morality. Our different weights and measures may vary in their proportions; this we care little for, as long as each denomination is true in itself. I have frequently observed that men are more liable to forget the duty they owe each other when their notions upon religious subjects are in opposition. It is certainly somewhat strange and anomalous, that when we imagine we have formed correct opinions in regard to abstract ideas or principles, we should take such trouble to force these opinions upon others whose impressions are different from our own, but whose convictions are equally strong! The law of nature, which prompts men to propagate their opinions and distribute their ideas, is one of those grand conceptions of the Divine will, whereby men are enabled to enlarge each other's views, and contribute to each other's happiness, without any diminution of their own. The manner in which men abuse this heavenly attribute is worthy of notice. When a man is deeply impressed with any principle, or abstract notion of rule of conduct, so that it becomes to him a settled conviction, the very possession of the idea gives him the right to propagate it; but it must be borne in mind, that the moment he interferes with the liberty of his fellow-men, by using coercion in forcing his opinions upon them, he violates the first principle of that liberty which God has decreed to all men. When men use violence in enforcing their religious opinions, they act in opposition to the Divine

will ; and the only consideration they require to direct them in the matter, is to reflect as to how they would wish to be treated by others ! Were it not for the violation of this principle, the teaching of so many conflicting dogmas by the numerous sects, which each sets up as its own standard of perfection, would be comparatively harmless. The fact is, the principle of religious liberty is only beginning to be understood. Even now toleration is looked upon as a charitable licence allowed by one class of the community to another ! Not many years since the legislature was engaged in repealing some hundred and twenty old musty penal enactments. Some of these monuments of the wisdom of our forefathers were in active use only a few years previously, and were used for the laudable purpose of preventing the human mind from expanding more rapidly than the time could afford. The country owed the sweeping away of those legislative deformities in a great measure to Lord Brougham, whose comprehensive and liberal mind suggested so many valuable improvements in our legal code during the last forty years of his life.

I think, on the whole, that the great diversity of opinions taught by the different religious denominations in this country, has its value in keeping alive the mental faculties, and acting as a useful spur to honest ambition. As long as men act with charity towards each other, the diversity of their thoughts and opinions constitutes one of the greatest beauties of the social system. In looking at religious associations in a mere worldly point of view, we cannot fail to see their utility. There is an evident wisdom in the frequent meetings of large bodies of the people for the purpose of public instruction ; but when we know these gatherings are set apart for the worship of the eternal God, our minds become inspired with a veneration corresponding to such a holy duty. The congregating of men in public places for the service of God, is well calculated to withdraw their minds from the every-day concerns of life, and humble them in their own estimation.

The last member of my proposition refers to the quiet teaching of books. From my own experience, I would say, that well-selected books not only furnish us with useful instruction, but they also convey to our minds a source of silent pleasure not to be found elsewhere. I well remember when the glowing histories of Greece and Rome opened up to my mind their wondrous treasures, with what avidity I devoured their contents! In my mind, a book is the living depository of the author's feelings and sentiments upon the subject of which he treats; and whether he writes for pay or pleasure, he must leave honest traces of his thoughts upon its pages, whether he will or not. The abstraction from the busy world necessary for reading, is well calculated to enable us to digest the mental food, and thereby assimilate its *chyle* with our previous stock of knowledge. If the subject-matter of a book is not directed to vicious purposes, the author is sure to convey, through the medium of his own style, some valuable information or pleasing matter to his readers.

Peculiarity of style is a striking characteristic among authors, and cannot fail to impress us with their varied modes of arranging and classifying their ideas. It is in this strange condition of the human mind, when acted upon by different temperaments, that men's idiosyncrasies are made patent to the world. I cannot here do better than give an illustration of this peculiarity or mannerism among authors. If Mr. Carlyle was requested to describe any commonplace occurrence, he would be sure to clothe the subject with the peculiar tints of his own mind. The inverted construction of his sentences would stand out in bold relief, wherein his mind would be labelled in legible characters. While reading his effusions, one is forcibly reminded of travelling upon a rugged road, or of being tossed on a *cross* sea. The lofty and dignified diction of Sir A. Alison contrasts strangely with the terse Saxon of the late William Cobbett. In the latter, we have the plain solid architecture of the ancient Gothic, and in the other, we have all the beauty and elegance of the florid style,

with its graceful mouldings, fancy ornaments, flying buttresses, and handsome pinnacles. Each has its beauties. Alison's is well calculated to convey to our minds the majesty and world-wide importance of his subject, while that of the other is singularly adapted for a slashing onslaught on public abuses. The contrast between Burns and Campbell is equally striking with the above. In Burns, we have the plain Doric, with its simple and homely ornamentation, while in Campbell, we have the Corinthian in all its grandeur and magnificence. Notwithstanding the beauty and elegance of Campbell's style, his poetry wants the magic of that homely feeling which all men claim as a part of themselves. The kindred feelings of humanity are bound together by one simple cord, and this may be looked upon as the electric wire through which the sympathies of our souls are communicated. The man who can successfully cause this cord to vibrate in unison with our thoughts and affections must be inspired with the genius of poetry—and such a man was the ploughman bard. I think it will be admitted, that there could scarcely be a greater difference between two men, than that which characterized the minds of Pope and Byron. Both their styles and modes of thinking were of a different caste; yet it is a curious coincidence, that their satires would almost appear to be emanations of the same mind. The bold slashing vigour of some men's writing contrasts strangely with the quiet flow of gentle feeling which characterizes that of others: the one puts us in mind of the mountain torrent as it rushes through the vale or breaks in foam over the cataract; while the other reminds us of a smooth running river, on whose surface the moonbeams play amid the gentle ripple of its waters. There is both grandeur and beauty in the style of Byron peculiarly his own; but, poor fellow! he unfortunately looked down upon the world from a false point of view. Although we are carried away by the magic of his manner, we rise from the perusal of his works with the two-fold feeling of pity and wonder. We pity him for his small estimate of human nature, and his

want of faith in the higher characteristics of man ; and we are impelled by a sense of justice to acknowledge the surprising majesty of his perverted genius. It has been said that the writings of Voltaire, Paine, and others of the same school, were calculated to unsettle men's minds in reference to the leading principles of religion and morality ; but I am fully convinced, that the works of these men never exercised such a demoralising influence over the minds of their readers, as did the works of Byron. He scoffed at the whole family of man from the vantage ground of his great intellect, and treated the highest aspirations of their minds with giant levity.

In speaking of poets, we should bear in mind, that, in an intellectual point of view, they are an exception to the rest of men : the construction of their minds and all their modes of thinking are peculiarly their own, and their happiest home is in the glorious regions of fancy. The temperament of a poet is encased in a framework of keen susceptibilities. There is a spiritualisation in his constitution that is unknown to ordinary mortals ; his imagination clothes the humblest objects of his thought in beauty, and he lends a charm to common things which cannot be discovered by vulgar eyes. Love to him is a pure ethereal flame, that warms his soul with the fire of heaven. I have ever observed that the genius of poetry loves to dwell where sanity has ceased to wield her sceptre with sovereign sway. Cowper worshipped the muses when reason was tottering on her throne. The mind of Swift often wandered in the mazes of madness. Oliver Goldsmith's life was spent in the fairyland of imagination, where he endeavoured to exist beyond the cold realities of the world. Tannahill, one of the sweetest lyrical poets of Scotland, passed through the valley of life beneath a dark cloud of melancholy. The transient existence of Burns was surrounded with deep shades of mental gloom, and Lord Byron was a victim to the curse of hypochondriacism.

It will be seen, that in criticising the works of poets, we should make allowance for their state of mind. I believe

that the man who devotes the whole energies of his mind to any single pursuit, either in connection with the arts or sciences, is sure to become an enthusiast. It will follow, that the concentration of his faculties to one object will necessarily weaken those powers of his mind that are over-taxed. The nervous system cannot be overwrought with impunity. It is a curious fact, and one which I have often had occasion to notice, that the class of men employed as clowns in places of public amusement, are invariably the victims of hypochondriacism; and I believe such to be the case with nearly all men who are obliged to tax any particular faculty of the mind beyond the point of endurance. The law of nature, that governs the human system, is always true to itself. We cannot enjoy any great amount of excitement, without suffering a corresponding depression. The madness of poets may thus, in some measure, be accounted for. I am firmly convinced, that no man can be a poet, in the true sense of the term, whose heart and soul is not fairly engaged in it. His imagination must feel the electric influence of creative power, and his fancy must be for ever on the wing. His appreciation of the beauties of nature must be far above that of the common herd; and above all, he must feel within himself those passions that for ever agitate humanity in its tenderest parts. If the poet suffers the depressing consequences of an over-strained mind, he also enjoys the ravishing delights of revelling in his own beautiful creations, and he possesses the balmy pleasure of knowing that he has contributed to the happiness of others. From the time that Homer bowed his knee before the lovely *Vine*, through the succeeding generations of men, poets have been in the van of civilization. Their soft numbers have exalted women, and smoothed the rough asperities of man's rude nature. The glorious firmament of heaven has supplied them with innumerable images, and earth and ocean have furnished them with never-ending subjects. The joys and sorrows of humanity, in the ever-changing panorama of life, have been their constant theme.

They have played with our feelings like an Indian juggler with his balls, and they have amused us with our follies until we have become our own sport. When they loved, it has been our own, and their patriotism has been our love of fatherland. The "Cotter's Saturday Night," described by Burns, was no ideal picture of a humble but happy home; and we love it the more because of its truthfulness. The meretricious trappings of the sons and daughters of fortune are not the true symbols of poetry; its regions are in the warm affections of humanity, in the homes where peace and contentment love to dwell, whether in the busy town or the peaceful vale. Prattling innocence and venerable age, the *ripening* heart in love's sweet thrall, and the happy union of kindred souls, have ever been welcome food for poetic minds. All men must feel a poetic influence steal over their senses in occasional moments of inspiration; there is a sublimity in a man dividing his crust of bread with a hungry neighbour—in the act he obeys God through his own generous nature; our feelings of admiration may therefore be excited by acts which appear trivial in themselves, but when seen correctly, are matters of deep importance.

It has frequently been asked, What is poetry? My opinion is, that it is merely a truthful picture of nature, wherein the objects are arranged, and garnished according to the fancy of the artist. I cannot illustrate this better than by a quotation from Burns, wherein he says,

"Gie me a canty hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie."

It will be observed that this is a very homely way of expressing the poet's sense of enjoyment; but its poetic excellence lies in its truth. The desire here expressed is that which all men feel under the influence of love. The following little homely, but beautiful images, are from Tannahill:—

"Saft the craw-flower's early bell,
Deck Gleniffer's dewy dell,

Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My ain, my artless dearie, O!

“ Tow’ring o’er the Newton Woods,
Laverocks *fan* the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs wi’ downy buts,
Fringe the banks fou’ brèerie, O!”

In these stanzas we have a beautiful combination of the most homely images; but they are true to nature, and the object of the poet’s devotion finds a place in our own affections.

Perhaps the best criterion of measured verse is the power it exercises over our feelings; and this is the simple secret that makes the humblest members of society as good judges of true poetry as the most learned *savans*. I believe there is no better method of finding the social character of a people than through their lyrical poetry. I may mention the fact, that in this department of literature, England is far behind both Scotland and Ireland. The lyrics of both these divisions of the kingdom are full of animation, and they bring before the mind’s eye all the leading characteristics of the people. The homely but expressive vernacular of the Scotch is well suited as a vehicle for their poetic effusions. The Irish lyric poetry is full of broad rollicking humour, and plaintive feeling, while that of England is dull, lifeless, and insipid.

There is one thing strikes me forcibly,—that if we want to find good lyrical poetry, it will not be among the higher orders of civilization. In this case there are certain conditions of life unfavourable to the outpourings of human passion; and I believe the middle state of a nation’s existence to be the one best calculated for such a purpose. The age of superstition is peculiarly one of poetry, when men’s minds are kept alive by supernatural agencies.

Few men have possessed the power of lending a charm to instruction in the happy manner exercised by Sir Walter Scott. His style was quiet, natural, easy, and playful. The

fanciful graces of his truly great mind were scattered like beautiful flowers through the whole of his works. His numerous descriptions were living pictures of nature's scenery; and the personages of his dramas were real human beings, acting, feeling, and conversing in accordance with the times and circumstances that surrounded them. He had the honour of making a new discovery in the boundless field of literature, by making fiction subservient to history, and no man ever cultivated maiden soil to better advantage.

Books, to me, have ever been welcome companions. Through their pages I have often held converse with the mighty dead. In some, my own thoughts and feelings have been reflected as if in a mirror. In others, I have made new discoveries in the regions of thought, and revelled amidst new-born delights. Often have I been carried along the stream of history into the dim vista of time, when men lived in the dreamland of human infancy, and have watched the opening and expanding of the mind of man, until it became like "gods, knowing good and evil." While I was in Otley, my love of reading forced upon me the necessity of learning to write. This I found no easy task; however, I mastered it sufficiently for my purpose, and the possession of this little acquirement has often been of no small value to me.

In scanning these different sources of instruction, we may observe that each possesses a relative value. The hard, practical lessons of the world are necessary to enable us to perform our respective parts upon its busy stage. Religion is calculated to smooth our paths to heaven, and, if taught in a spirit of love, so much the better. And books give us the experience of thoughtful men, who lay their knowledge before us like so many free-will offerings, and enrich us by the possession of that which taketh nothing from the donor.

In bringing before you the various methods of obtaining instruction, my object is to show you how my own mind and actions have been affected by the unfinished processes through which I have passed. I think I have proved that my experi-

ence of the world and its teachings have not been of a very limited character. I am obliged to confess that my education in this department has been a complete failure. Although my teachers have been as various as my different positions, and much of their instruction forced upon me by the necessities of my condition, yet have I always been a dull dog. The materials and advantages of social standing are things that have always passed rapidly through my hands, and, I believe, no amount of worldly training could ever have made me otherwise than a temporary custodian of such things. My worldly wisdom has always been confined to acting upon the impulses of my nature, more than any sordid desire to seize hold of the advantages which lay before me. A generous and liberal view of the character and motives of such members of society as business or pleasure brought me in contact with, have, at all times, influenced my conduct in a greater or lesser degree.

I have ever found that mere worldly education, when acted upon as a rule of life in business matters, is calculated to produce two results; the one is the saving of money, and the other is the loss of the more generous susceptibilities of our nature. Upon an impartial examination of my own character, I found that I was unfitted for the sharp encounters of commercial warfare. I neither possessed the confidence nor the cunning necessary for such an enterprise, and I have been personally acquainted with scores of men similarly constituted. It has been well remarked, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The great secret of worldly prosperity is to be found in a *oneness* of thought, or a concentration of the mind to a given purpose. Depend upon it, it is not your clever men who are the best calculated to steer themselves down the stream of worldly prosperity, even though they may be placed in it by fortuitous circumstances; much less are they able to take advantage of the spring tides that lead to fortune. I have found that there are only two classes of men who can appro-

appropriate the fruits of their industry and hold them in reserve. The first of these are your plodding men, who have made up their minds to be trustees to society, and who, in the pursuit of their callings, neither turn to the right nor to the left out of their way to suit the circumstances or convenience of anybody else. The second class are the men of decided talent, whose genius fits them to play a variety of parts on the stage of life.

In the second department of social instruction, I have received much valuable and pleasing information both from pulpit oratory and public lectures. But I must confess that my most important information has been obtained from books; there is a quiet, pleasing enjoyment in lighting up our own knowledge at the torch of another man's genius which we can feel much better than express. Books are the telegraphs by which men's thoughts, feelings, and sentiments are transmitted from one generation of the human family to another. The electric sympathy of mind continually runs through the conductors of the mighty press, and we receive the currents of thought as we are more or less prepared for their reception. The light of knowledge bursts upon some men like the rays of the sun just emerged from behind a dark cloud; while to others it gradually opens up its unfolding beauties like the dawning light of a spring morning. Books are undying monuments of the genius and intellectual greatness of those who have passed over the journey of life, or of others who may yet be wayfarers with ourselves. If the Spirit of the Almighty speaks to us through the boundless works of His creation, intellectual natures are the interpreters of His language, and they explain to us the use of all things in the economy of the universe. Books are the repositories of these wonderful translations; by their aid our thoughts expand into the dignity of lofty feeling, which enables us to form a more exalted idea of the sublimity and goodness of the Eternal Fabricator of all things. The choice of books should be made much in the same way a man selects his

friends ; that is, they should only be valued for the innocent pleasure or good counsel they may afford us. The best aid to religion, I hold, is to be found in the New Testament. Historical books may be fairly placed at the top of all other sources of human knowledge ; in this class we have the true character of man in all the phases and conditions of his existence. After history, I would recommend works upon the arts and sciences ; these give us an insight into the workings of the human mind, whether directed to the invention of articles for the uses of every-day life, the noble conceptions of the painter, or the divine inspirations of the sculptor ; the profound researches of the mathematician or the philosopher, who takes a wider range in the great field of the universe in arranging and classifying the works of creation, and thereby exposing to our admiring senses the beauty and harmony which pervades all nature, whether in the distribution of plants and minerals, or the order and arrangement of the heavenly bodies. The next useful class of books, after these, may be said to be such as treat of the common humanities. In this walk of literature we have an inexhaustible store, which, if well selected, are calculated to afford a continual source of both pleasure and instruction. It should always be borne in mind that those books that teach us the beauty of kindness and forbearance in our intercourse with each other are at all times to be preferred. I hold that there is little good to be learned from those men who seat themselves above the common order of humanity for the purpose of finding fault with all who do not come up to the standard of their own assumed excellence. There is a snarling arrogance in the character of such men that is peculiar to themselves. I have no doubt but they have their use in the economy of the world ; but one thing is certain,—however much we may admire them for their talents and force of genius, we never can love them for that amiable virtue which, while it reprovcs, commands our affection. The satirist who works with a saw will never correct the

follies or vices of men in the same degree with him who wields a razor! There are other two classes of books which I think are perhaps more useful on their shelves than for any other purpose to which they can be turned. The first of these are the works of maudlin sentimentalists; these books are full of language without meaning, and pretty flowers without fragrance! Among them are the measured effusions of men who do not possess sufficient specific gravity to keep them on the earth; their works are, therefore, too *starry* for common mortals! The second class comprises the works of authors who manufacture plots and incidents to suit distorted minds; the persons of their little dramas are made up of exaggerated shreds of humanity, who think and act under a lunar influence, and therefore continually outrage all our common notions of congruity!

From the above observations, you must not suppose that I am opposed to all works of fiction; on the contrary, I am of the opinion that some of the best books in the English language are to be found in this class; I need only instance Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* and Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. There is a charm about these books which will always possess a fascinating influence over the minds of their readers. The secret of this charm exists solely in their being in keeping with our knowledge of right and wrong. Men of lively imagination, and possessing a full command over the language in which they write, may please with peculiar combinations of thought; but it is a fact worthy of notice that only those who are true to nature are able to find an echo in the hearts of all men. It is thus that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

SUPPLEMENT.

SOCIAL IMPROVEMENTS DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE information contained in the following pages is formed of a conglomerate of subjects without order or classification. The reason why this methodless method has been adopted, is simply that the matter was written in the way memory was pleased to yield it up.

Some of the dates are correct, and others are only approximately so ; but they are all sufficient to mark the periods in which the events and things had their birth, or passed into history.

It may not be without interest to the reader if I should pass in review a few of the social changes and discoveries which have been effected in my time. I have lived in four reigns, under forty-eight administrations, twenty-one Parliaments, and during the time of nineteen United States Presidents, beginning with Thomas Jefferson, and ending with Chester Arthur.

THINGS OF THE PAST.

Many of the social appliances which have been called into existence by the exigencies of the times, after having ceased to be useful, pass into oblivion, or become things of history. The requirements of men in a rude state are few in number and simple in character ; but as civilization progresses they grow both in number and quality.

It will be seen from the following pages that the process of change in nearly all that appertains to our social condition has been so great during the last eighty years that it has made us, as a people, in our manners, habits, and modes of thought, almost a distinct race from our forefathers.

Tea and sugar in those days was seldom used by the people in the country districts. Tea was eight shillings a pound, and common brown sugar ninepence. If, therefore, the people had had a taste for tea, it was financially beyond their reach. It may be remarked that the art of cooking among the labouring poor was of a very simple character, but it may be added that in the classes immediately above them, roast meat, pies, puddings, tarts, or custards, were things that in many families were not known even by name.

The animal food used by the farmers and the better class of cotters was, with rare exceptions, salted; the oxen and pigs killed at Martinmas were salted, and when cured hung from the rafters of the houses, and cooked either by boiling or frying.

On both sides of the Border the flesh of sheep found dead on the moors (these were generally such as were smothered in snowdrifts or otherwise killed by accident) was used as food both by the farmers and their herds, and was known by the name of *braxy*. Having the blood in it, the meat had a carrion-like appearance, but in those days there was little squeamishness on the part of the people either as to the character of their food, or the manner of its being prepared.

The onward course of social progress during the century has enabled the great body of the people to obtain not only an improved standard of food and superior domestic arrangements, but their dwellings, instead of being little, if at all better, than Indian wigwams, are now such as to allow the common decencies of life to be observed.

It is worthy of notice, that though the use of oatmeal porridge has all but been discontinued by a great number

of the working people, this health-giving and bone and muscle-forming food is now, and has been for some years, a common dish upon the breakfast tables of large numbers of people of high social position.

Many of the simple, and often rudely-formed domestic appliances of the common people have long become things of the past. Horn spoons, wooden trenchers, pewter dishes, and large and small wooden bowls are no more; and the winnowing sheets of the farmers, with nearly all their rudely-formed agricultural implements, exist now only in the limbo of forgetfulness, or in the memory of such men as may have outlived the associations of seventy years ago.

It is a melancholy reflection for old people to know that nearly all the domestic arrangements of their youth have passed away, that they are surrounded by new appliances, and men with new modes of thought, tastes, and desires in nearly all the concerns of every-day life.

In our young days we were wont to ford the burns and rivers by the aid of a pair of stilts, and in the winter our iron-shod clogs enabled us to slide with ease and well-braced nerves on the ice, and in the summer evenings to break the shins of our antagonists when playing at football. Then in the haymaking season we often enjoyed a ride on the sledges, and assisted with hand-barrows in laying out the newly-cut peat; and in our boyish glee we have frequently enjoyed a ride on one of a drove of pack-horses then employed in carrying coals, and we have often, too, enjoyed watching one of the Duke of Northumberland's dogs doing the treadmill business while turning a huge roast jack in the great kitchen in Keelder Castle.

The stilts have gone, the clogs are going, the sledges have gone to America, and the pack-horse only lives in the memory of old men.

Time is like a monster Juggernaut; it is continually crushing the life out of old manners, habits, customs, and occupations, but though he destroys, he is bountiful in pro-

ducing and leaving us records of the past, so that we can compare what we have been with what we are. In my own case I can look back through the telescope of memory and again look upon the breeless Highland drovers as they were wont to journey with their cattle from the Braes of Lochaber in the far north to Norwich in East Anglia, when their speech to the southern loons was an unknown tongue, and their strange costume a thing to be wondered at. These men were a hardy race, and singularly well adapted to their employment, and they were as proudly independent as if they had been the sons of kings.

It is only comparatively a few years since that the pillory and the stocks, with all their savage accessories, were allowed to fall into disuse. It is somewhat singular that the stocks formed, as it were, an ornament to the church gates or the centre of the green of almost every village in England; both, which were a disgrace to our religion and civilization, have happily gone to decay.

It is not a little interesting to take a glance back to the time when England possessed a criminal code of laws which demanded the sacrifice of life for even trifling offences against property, and in many instances the bodies of the people who had been legally murdered were hung in chains on gibbets for the edification of the public. We remember having seen the bodies of a number of men dangling from gibbets on the marches below Greenwich in the early part of the century; we looked at them with a feeling of wonder, but they left an impression upon our then young mind which time has not effaced,—that shame and sin has been effaced from our criminal code, and the brutally demoralising practice of public executions has happily shared the same fate. The loss of these exhibitions is a gain to us in two ways; it saves us from both the national disgrace and immorality consequent upon them.

It is sad to think of the mutation which time, in his silent operation, brings about. In our daydreams of the past we

sometimes think of the little domestic spinning wheel, the reel, the hand-cards, the country weavers, the bleaching on the green, and the thrift and useful industry which formed a part in the every-day life of the maids and matrons in every well-regulated house in the country districts.

We sometimes wonder if Her Majesty uses her spinning wheel to enable her to brood with fond recollections upon the halcyon days of her nuptial life. The operation of spinning requires very little thought; the mind, therefore, is free to dwell upon the recollections of the past, or muse in fancy upon what fortune may have in store for us in the future.

It is not our business to inquire whether in point of economy there has been any loss to society by the disuse of the spinning wheel, but this we do know: many of the females in the country districts have learned practices that are less calculated to make them thrifty wives for men in their own sphere of life, nor are they so well fitted to direct the industrial duties of their daughters.

The dear old spinning wheel has found a home in Kensington Museum, and like the distaff, it is now a thing of curiosity; and, so far as we can see, the knitting needles will speedily follow, inasmuch as stocking knitting has all but ceased to be one of our female domestic accomplishments.

In our time the women were not only spinners and knitters, but they often found both a pleasant and useful employment in making men's shirts. That, too, as a domestic employment, is a thing of the past, and now when men require these under garments, instead of having them made at home, they must go to the retail dealers for them.

It is pleasant to know that though we have sustained a loss in the decay and in the death of these old domestic female employments, we have been amply compensated for their loss in the improved taste of the women for personal decoration, gentility of manners, and a love of light literature!

There is often a kaleidoscopic character in the revolutions

of time which frequently changes both our industries and fashions. Before the advent of the reaping machine all our corn was cut with the hook, and during each harvest thousands of the hardy sons of the Emerald Isle found employment both in Scotland and England; and it is worthy of remark, that every shilling Paddy took home with him had its value changed into thirteen pence; that, however, was before 1824, when the English and Irish money was assimilated.

Upon that memorable occasion the Irish people lost their dear old thirteen, and the English people lost their one-pound notes, but for this loss they were kindly compensated with a gold piece in the character of a sovereign.

The gaudy watch ribbon, the fob chain and bunch of seals, the parti-coloured garters, the knee and shoe buckles, the swallow-tailed coats, with their gilt buttons and huge collars, the Hessian boots, tight pantaloons, breast ruffles, and high, stiff shirt collars, were the habiliments in which the dandies of seventy years ago strutted their hour on the stage of life, and all these have long ago been gathered to the greedy grave of worn-out fashions. In those days the Prince of Wales and his friend, Beau Brummel, were the idols which the votaries of fashion worshipped.

When the ladies of the Georgian age were cased in tight-fitting dresses with three breadths in their skirts, and their artificial waists on a level with their arm-pits, they were as much the magnets of men's attraction as now, when they are draped in very different fashion and a decidedly more expensive way.

Doles at funerals in the early part of the century were still in use in the north of England. Upon the occasion of a funeral in a respectable family, the poor people who called at the house of mourning, whether residents or strangers, received gratuities in keeping with the rank and generosity of the donors. This, too, like many of the old customs left from the Catholic times, has long ago passed away.

The modern archæologist who may travel in the north of

England in search of antiquities, may yet see near the village church gate the old stile which formed the starting-place for riding wedding-parties on their way home. Many of the races on the way home by wedding parties who had a considerable distance to go were often characterised by reckless daring, which was too often inspired by mountain dew.

Among the many practices which have succumbed to the growing civilisation of the times, the manner of treating incorrigible scolds by lynching may be looked upon as a relic of a half-civilised age; the instruments used for such were varied in different parts of the country. In Northumberland "riding the stang" was a mode of punishment, and certainly anything but a comfortable one for the offending party. An exhibition of this kind was the cause of much boisterous mirth to the people who witnessed it.

The process was a very simple one. A long pole or scantling was procured, and the unruly-tongued lady was caught and placed with her legs astride; she was then carried by four bearers, and on each side she was held in position by a man who was anything but a "mute." In this condition she was carried round the village amidst the jeers, groans, laughter, and loud shouting of both old and young. When an evil-disposed woman was subjected to this process, whether it mended her manners or not, she would not be likely to forget the indignity she had been made to suffer.

In the early part of the century the superstitious notions of the people were struggling hard to hold their place against the growing intelligence of the age; the fact is, many of these yet hold their sway over the feelings of people in some of the rural districts. The belief in witches in our time was as firmly fixed in the minds of large numbers of the people in the north as in the inspiration of the Books of Moses. When any of the people were afflicted with diseases they did not understand, the cause was immediately set down to the devil through the agency of the witches. In those days it was a serious thing for an old woman with a crooked temper

and an ill-shaped body to have been suspected of dealing with the arch fiend; should she fall into the hands of her ignorant neighbours she had little mercy shown her. Many years ago we witnessed a sad scene, in which a poor decrepit old woman was subjected to a hydropathic process which nearly caused her death, and the people engaged in it imagined they were doing a Christian duty. But the practice of people killing each other for the love of God is a very old one.

The farmers who had ill-treated or given offence to any of the supposed witches, were often made to feel for their folly by having their cattle infected with what seemed to them unnatural diseases, their churnings made worthless, or serious mishaps to one or other of the members of their families. We knew the case of a puny infant who was said to be suffering from the malediction of a witch, for which all sorts of charms and consultations with wise men and women were tried in vain. One of the charms was that of sticking a sheep's heart full of pins and roasting it before a slow fire.

The writer passed several years of his boyhood in the hill country on both sides of the wild Border land, in which all the traditions of the people were filled with the strange doings of supernatural beings. In the wild moors of this district every glen, hill, homestead, and dale, had its name wedded to some unaccountable event. It was said that it was no uncommon thing for a house to be either under the kindly protection of a good genius or the ban of an evil one. At that time nobody in the country districts ever thought of denying the existence of these beings; the fact is, a man would then have had two reasons for not attempting to state his unbelief in them. In the first place, he would have been derided for his want of faith; and in the second, the creatures might have punished him for his wilful scepticism.

In those days charms, like the household gods of the

Romans, were in every house, in every stable and byre. A stone, with a natural hole in it, was suspended from the wall, a horse shoe was hung behind the stable door, or a piece of rowan tree was kept to keep the animals free from the evil influence of witches or other evil-disposed beings.

Before men's minds were sufficiently developed to comprehend the various phenomena of nature, they necessarily took it for granted that they were caused by two spirits, the one good and the other evil; and in the course of time numbers of an inferior class of beings would be conjured up in the minds of the wise man. Moses simplified the ancient pagan worship by substituting one invisible being for the heathen gods, and kept the minds of the people true to their new creed by a gorgeous ceremonial, sacrificial offerings, and numerous holidays. The Christian Church in a short time found it expedient in competing with the Pagans and Jews to fill their temples with saints in stone, wood, and on canvas, and a new ceremonial as gorgeous and mind-exciting as that which belonged to the religion of the Jews. The Jews were commanded not to suffer a witch to live, and the Christians, in order to keep the faith of the people in witches alive, every now and again roasted a few of the unfortunate creatures, who were branded, as a prelude, to everlasting burning!

Of late years the men of science have performed greater wonders than ever were said to have been done by either fairies, witches, or warlocks; these gentlemen, by unlocking the secrets of nature, have given men a power over the materials of the earth they never possessed before, and they have made the most dangerous elements of nature subservient to man's use.

Though we have lost, to a considerable extent, the attention of good or evil supernatural beings to our worldly affairs, it is comfortable to know that whatever may happen to the members of society, whether good or bad, it will be the result of a natural cause.

Duelling was a relic of the age of chivalry, when great men settled their small quarrels at the point of the sword.

There was something both savage and ridiculous in the idea of a man being invited by an accomplished fire-eating ruffian to allow himself to be made a target of to satisfy the wounded pride, falsely styled honour, of his opponent for a real or an imaginary offence.

In the early part of the century Ireland stood high on the roll of this sort of chivalric fame. As accomplished duellists, such men as Kane, F. Barrington, Bryan Maguire, and Rowan Cashel, were an honour to their country in this line. The Irish M.P.'s, when Parliament was held in College Green, were frequently in the habit of satisfying their nice sense of honour by morning meetings in the Fifteen Acres, and the members of the Bar were famed for their practice as duellists. Upon one occasion Barrington having been displeased with a Maryborough jury, was advised to challenge the whole array. "That was the very thing I was thinking," said Barrington, and straightway he called out the twelve, but lest the right man should escape he tweaked the high sheriff by the nose!

Bryan Maguire (who does not "Remember the glories of Bryan the brave?") was paraded one morning, to his infinite amazement, upon Marlborough Green, by a stripling of sixteen, named Rowan Cashel. His opponent, a firm, fierce little fellow, was already waiting on the spot, and touching his hat lightly, he went to work at once, like a French falconer, without a quiver in his eye, or a shake in his hand. Bryan stood his fire admiringly, and the more so when he felt his whiskers slightly brushed by the passing missile. "Ho!" said he, "you'll do, my pigeon; I prophesy the name of Cashel will stand high on the roll of fame when I am gone. Why should I endeavour to cut short a career which opens with such brilliant auspices? Your hand, young sir! now come, let me give you a lesson in our common art." The champion's second, a little midshipman of the Royal Navy, placed a

fivepenny piece on the flat end of a ramrod, and holding it out at arm's length, Bryan, without seeming to take aim, sent the diminutive coin spinning through the air. His prognostication proved him a discriminating judge of character, for Rowan Cashel became one of the first fire-eaters of the age.

In those days the ladies in Ireland showed a decided preference for the gallants who had either pinked or perforated the men with whom they had been engaged, and thereby gave encouragement to the practice; in this they acted upon the same principle as the young American Indian squaws. With them, the men who can present them with the greatest number of scalps are those they are most likely to favour with their smiles,—thereby showing that among the uncivilised tribes of the far West “none but the brave deserve the fair.”

We have lost another class of men who, in their profession, like the duellists, cared little either for the restraints of morality or the obligations imposed by law; we allude to the knights of the road. The professional conduct of these men was not more reprehensible than that of the Ferdinand Keane and Maguire class. Many of these men were highly popular among the poor people, as it was not uncommon for them to assist such as were in straits with pecuniary aid.

We remember, many years ago, having heard of a sailor on his way from Portsmouth to London having the muzzle of a pistol presented to his breast while passing over Blackheath, with a demand for his money or his brains. “Fire away, you lubber!” said Jack; “a man may as well be in London without brains as without money.” The highwayman put his bull-dog in his pocket, saying, “You are right, my cove, and in case you are hard up here’s a couple of quid” (two guineas), “with which you can splice the main brace.”

In the early part of the century, when men travelled, either upon business or pleasure, they were obliged to carry with them what money they required; they were, therefore, fair

game for the highwaymen ; but when the modern system of banking began to be understood and obtain the confidence of the public, the business of this class of gentlemen was gone.

The toll-gates formerly were a heavy tax upon the class of people who were continually using the road. We remember upon one occasion that Wombwell's menagerie, while passing from Glasgow to Greenock, was charged for passing through the second gate on the way five pounds !

We can imagine what a heavy tax the tolls must have been to such large carriers as Hargraves and Pickersgill, with their six and eight horses in their lumbering waggons, when they traversed all the great trunk roads in the kingdom, and it must have been equally severe upon the stage-coach proprietors. It is said, since the new order of things came into operation, the roads have not been kept in anything like such good condition as they were under the old system.

It is now little short of forty years since the community sustained three losses, and we leave our readers to judge whether they should be placed to the debit or credit of the social ledger. We allude to the abolition of the newspaper tax, the advertisement and paper duties. A few years before these duties were removed all the paper used either by the press, or otherwise, was made by the hand ; and the sheets used for newspapers were not more than a fourth of the size of many of our dailies. And we have no hesitation in saying that a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* contains in each morning's issue as much matter as half the papers in the kingdom did seventy years ago.

In 1815, the *Times* was an insignificant sheet without leaders or Parliamentary reports, and scarcely as many advertisements as will now be seen upon the cover of some of our monthly periodicals.

Up to the above date the duty upon every newspaper published was fourpence ; and one shilling and sixpence was charged for every advertisement, whether it contained one

line or filled a page, and if our memory serves us, we believe the duty on paper was fourpence a pound. And at that time the restrictions on the newspaper press were exceedingly galling to the proprietors, who were bound under heavy pecuniary obligations to keep within the pale of the law. The removal of the taxes and restrictions was the means of newspapers starting into being over the whole country in a very short time, and the abrogation of the duty on paper and the application of steam to printing, in a few years flooded the country from Caithness to Penzance with cheap literature both in the form of periodicals and books.

These things have exercised a great influence over both the minds and tastes of the great body of the people. In the olden time the majority of men read for instruction, but as a rule, both men and women now simply read for amusement; in fact, novel reading has become a species of mania with large numbers of the community. Our opinion is, whatever it may be worth, that a great portion of the cheap literature of the age has a tendency not only to produce indolent habits, but to demoralise many of the female readers. This class of literature is characterised by artificiality of construction, a want of healthy, moral tone, and unnatural conditions of human thought and action.

It is pitiful to see young women and girls wasting their time and debauching their minds reading worthless fiction, instead of attending to their domestic duties; and the misfortune is, that this habit ranges from the hut of the peasant to the drawing-rooms of the nobility. The man who gets a young woman for a wife whose sense of right and wrong has been distorted and mind enervated by the indiscriminate reading of modern fiction, will more than likely find that he has made a great and irremediable mistake.

We have noticed a few of the losses society has sustained during the century, and we think it will readily be admitted that some of them may be considered as real advantages rather than otherwise.

The social condition of the labouring classes has been signally improved. As a rule, their food consists of luxuries which their forefathers seldom saw, much less tasted; and the clothing of servant girls is now superior to that formerly worn by the wives and daughters of the farmers and respectable tradesmen. It is questionable whether they have been morally improved to the same extent. Seventy years ago the people who could read and write were comparatively few. At that time it was a difficult matter for the poor people in England to obtain instruction for their children, but in the present age there is a danger of the rising generation being educated above their position. The feeling is that education fits both men and women for situations above that of common drudgery, and therefore the aspiration in the minds of both sexes is to obtain genteel employment. This is especially the case with the girls of the period. They are prompted to this choice by two motives; these are love of dress, and love of that freedom which many of the situations of town life allow.

Young men who have mastered such an education as our modern board schools afford, will consider themselves competent to fill situations of a higher grade than that of hedging and ditching; but a desire for genteel employment on the part of the young men and girls, by overstocking the market, will result in disappointment. The fact is, this, to a considerable extent, is already the case both in Great Britain and the United States. If any one should doubt that this is so, let him advertise either for a clerk or a young woman—lady we mean—to fill some genteel situation, and we imagine the number of applicants will soon disabuse his mind.

In the early part of the present century there was a strong anti-Scotch feeling in the minds of nearly all classes of the English people; this was, however, more especially so among the working-men. It was not strange that this was so when it is remembered that one of the great teachers of the last

century—the narrow-minded Dr. Johnson—hated Scotchmen simply for having been born on the north side of the Tweed, and he held them up to contempt for their Spartan mode of feeding. But the real cause of the English people's hatred of the Scotch had a deeper root in their minds than that produced by the character of their food, inasmuch as the daily fare of the working-classes in the rural districts was little, if at all, better than that of the Lowland Scotch.

The working-men of England had a decided dislike to the Scotchmen who came over the Border to compete with them in the labour market, and for this feeling they had a cause which told against themselves. The parochial system of education in Scotland, which had been in force over a hundred years, gave the young men a knowledge of the three R's, and saturated their minds with the principles of the Calvinistic Religion. At that time Scotland was a poor country, and no little of its poverty was owing to the manner in which the Bull family had restricted the trade and commerce of the country by selfish and unjust Acts of Parliament.

When Scotchmen came over the Border to push their fortune, their good business education, steady habits, and frugal mode of living, seldom failed to procure them situations of trust. The English working-men, instead of attributing the success of the Scotchmen to the right cause, looked upon them as time-serving sneaks, and not unfrequently treated them as such.

Early in this century the songs of Burns were beginning to be popular on both sides of the border, and in 1815 Sir Walter Scott had written the "Lady of the Lake," the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and other poems. These productions from the pleasing character of their subjects, and the ballad simplicity of their versification, were read by all classes of the people in both countries, and they were in each case so many literary heralds of peace between the two peoples. From 1815 to 1828, the "Wizard of the North" had sent thirty-one prose works through the press, each containing

a delightfully told tale, in which the manners, habits, and modes of thought of people who had long ago played their parts were brought to life as if by magic.

Burns had become the accepted tribune of the sons and daughters of toil, and his songs were tuned in sympathy with all the kindly and warm feelings which make life enjoyable.

England had her great men of whom she was justly proud, but she could not boast of a bard like Burns, who, in the course of a short life, made no small part of mankind his debtor for the pleasure and instruction he conferred; nor had she a writer of fiction, in which history was dressed in the fascinating garments of romance, equal to Sir Walter Scott.

These two men, by the force of their genius, made their rugged country, with its wild, heather-clad fells, deep glens, lonely lochs, and snow-capped mountains, a land to be admired by the people of every other country.

Since 1842, Her Majesty's preference for Scotland and Scotch people, with her long periodical visits, has been the means of drawing swarms of Englishmen, and their cash, to the country; the Scotch have been flattered by her preference, and all classes of the people are rapidly becoming anglicised.

What a strange whirligig thing public opinion is! To-day men are under the influence of certain modes of thought, habits, and manners, and to-morrow the Aladdin's lamp of circumstance will make them things of the past.

Seventy years ago Englishmen would as soon have thought of going to the wilds of Connaught, or to the pampas of South America, as to Scotland for pleasure.

Of late years the "Land of the Mountain and Flood" has been fairly besieged by English pleasure-hunters, and the consequence is, there is not a nook or corner of the country, from "John-o'-Groat's" to the Mull of Galloway, in which prying Englishmen are not poking their genteel noses. One class of visitors flogs the streams; some stalk the moors

in quest of game; some are pleased with the "magic of streamlet and rill"; others simply look about them while spending their money and their holiday terms because it is the fashion to do so. They admire everything they see, from Quaigh's to Hieland Mulls, and from Cairns to Cairngorms. While both the country and the people are continually being interviewed, the owners of wild moors are realising rents which a few years ago would have represented the value of the land, and the hotel keepers are acquiring fame and fortune by catering for tourists who annually swarm over the country like bees.

Of late years the constant rubbing of shoulders with strangers from all parts of the world, and the modern educating power of the printing press, have had the effect of liberalising the minds of Scotchmen in a way that could not have been foreseen a few years ago. Free criticism, too, has let loose a large amount of thought from the trammels of the old mental close borough system, which so largely prevailed before the advent of the nineteenth century.

THINGS OF THE PRESENT.

In a country like Great Britain, where wealth enables men to reward the successful discoverers of new secrets in science or new inventions in the arts, it will not seem strange that during the century our social appliances, both in number and diversity of character, should have been beyond all precedent in the history of the country; nor will it be a matter of surprise, with our rapidly-growing wealth of late years, that society should have drifted into its present artificial condition. As a consequence of this state of things, a large portion of the wealth of the people is constantly being spent in mere matters of luxury, and what is accepted as refinement in taste has, to a large extent, become the prevailing fashion of the age.

In passing in review a few of the many new appliances which

have been called into existence of late years, it will be seen that every new discovery or invention of the age has speedily been followed by others, and our greedy appetites, instead of being satiated, hunger for more.

From what has been before stated, the reader will have seen what an amazing difference there was between the social condition of the people in the beginning of the century and that which exists now. When the writer was in London in 1810, the city was lighted with miserable oil lamps, and a large part of the city was supplied with water from the Thames by the action of a water-wheel at the north-west end of Old London Bridge; and it may be mentioned, too, that for several years subsequent to this date all the out-going vessels had their water from the river.

The application of gas to illuminating purposes was effected between 1812 and 1830. A very small part of London was lighted with gas in 1816, but its general adoption did not take place for many years after. Looking back at the age of oil and the feeble glimmering of tallow dips, one is led to wonder how a discovery of an improved method of street lighting had not been made centuries before. To have anything like a proper appreciation of gas as an illuminator in town thoroughfares as at present in use, the living generation must begin by imagining the condition these places were in when they were supplied with lamps whose illuminating power was only equal to as many halfpenny tallow candles. The gas companies not only supplied both the public and private institutions with light superior to anything then in use, but the business, by its reacting power upon the labour market, was the means of calling several other branches of industry into existence. The electric light now, however, threatens to supersede gas itself.

It may seem strange to the class of people who are familiar with the splendid works by which such towns as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow are supplied with water, to learn that less than seventy years ago the

inhabitants of most of the towns in Scotland and England, who had not access to private or public wells, had to purchase what water they required from the public water carriers at so much a pailful. The waterman's visits were made known by the sound of bells hung under the horse's neck, or by a large hand-bell. The carrying of water where there were large families, or where much was required either for household or business purposes, was often a very serious affair, both for the trouble and the expense it involved. In the early part of the century the public wells in many of the towns were often associated in the minds of the people who frequented them with little love-making dramas, flirtations, and innocent gossip, in which the small scandal of the district formed the principal part. It often occurred that these wells, like those which were used by Abraham and Lot's servants, were the scenes of strife and ill-feeling among the women for their regular turns,—indeed, I have known many caps and characters torn to pieces at some of these places. The public wells of sixty years ago, like the people who used them, have long ago been covered up; and in the present age, instead of public wells and private pumps, we have public water companies, who not only enable us to cook our food and wash our clothing, but promote the sanitary condition of our dwellings.

During the last forty years immense sums of money have been spent in furnishing the large towns in all parts of the United Kingdom with the necessary supplies of water. Glasgow has her water from Loch Katrine, which is brought through tunnels and over valleys by splendid viaducts; this, I believe, is the most costly undertaking of the kind in the country. In 1852, Manchester had her water from Woodhead, and a few years later Liverpool had her water from a place in Lancashire about thirty miles distant; and to show how these two latter towns have grown in population within thirty years, they are both endeavouring to obtain fresh supplies of water from other sources. Manchester wants her

supply from a Westmoreland Lake, and Liverpool from the upper part of the Dee in Wales. It may be said that the people of this country have been taught to regard water as an essential to health and cleanliness as well as for food, in a way they had not treated that element before.

The manufacture of cotton fabrics is one of the most important branches of our national industry. Looking at the amazing productive power used in this business, it is worthy of notice, that in this trade the use of the old domestic wheel was only superseded in 1771 by the spinning-jenny of Richard Arkwright, and steam was not applied to the manufacture of thread until 1775, when Samuel Compton invented the mule jenny. By this latter invention, rapidity of production and superior fineness in the thread were obtained. It was not, however, until 1830 that the productive power of this business had the impetus given to it by which it attained to anything like its present huge character.

The invention of the self-acting spinning machine, and the application of steam to the modern power loom, were the means of displacing the spinners, and also of giving the deathblow to one of the oldest branches of domestic industry in the world. During the process of change from the handloom weaving to the establishment of the power looms, many of the men in the trade may be said to have been virtually starved out of existence.

In 1820, a new branch of industry was inaugurated by Mr. Hancock, who in that year took out a patent for making waterproof cloth. The material used for this purpose was a solution of indiarubber. Before this period this singular substance was of exceedingly small commercial value, its use to that time having been confined to the erasure of pencil marks.

In 1823, Mr. Charles Mackintosh, of Glasgow, and Mr. Thomas Hancock, commenced to manufacture waterproof cloth, and the speculation was a decided success. The business was not long confined to the single process of making

cloth. In the course of a few years Mr. Hancock took out fourteen patents for as many different processes, and manufactured hundreds of articles for use and ornament; and that which was a soft, elastic body, has been converted into substances as hard as ivory and as sonorous as brass.

A few years after this gum had been utilised, another material, which is also a gum, known by the name of gutta-percha, was brought into use. This gum, for some years after its introduction, was treated as a thing of little value. Like india-rubber it is impervious to water, and from its plastic character is capable of being made to assume almost any shape.

The articles now made from these gums range from railway buffers and lifeboats to mill belts and air beds; from pontoon bridges to tobacco pouches; from military equipments to children's toys; and from surgical appliances to personal ornaments. The fact is, the catalogue now before us contains such a large number of articles, and of such an amazing variety, that their enumeration would fill a number of pages. Had indiarubber not been discovered, and a solvent for it after its introduction, it is questionable if a substance could have been found with which to insulate the marine telegraph wire.

Among the many new materials which have been utilised and dove-tailed into our domestic system during the last forty years, the fibre of the cocoa nut holds no mean place. This material has been manufactured into a great variety of forms, all of which are of consequence to us in one or other of our multifarious requirements.

In the manufacture of paper other materials than rags have been made to play a part in our domestic economy, which even the most far-seeing could not have anticipated.

Previous to 1824, all the paper in use was made by hand, and as this process was both slow and expensive, every

kind of paper was then more than three times the price it is now. When the duty was taken off newspapers and the printing freed from the restrictions which a narrow-minded policy had imposed upon it, the demand for paper increased beyond all precedent, and in the course of a few years the country was virtually flooded with cheap literature.

The application of machinery to paper-making about that time was the means of opening up an entirely new branch in the business, and one that has been made to assume a considerable commercial importance. This invention was just in time for the great changes which shortly followed in the wonderful developments in both the newspaper and the book-printing trades, and it may also be added that the new postal arrangement increased the demand for paper in a very considerable degree. When paper was made by hand, the sheets could only be made of certain sizes, in such frames as the men could handle, but the magic power of machinery enabled the manufacturers to spin webs long enough to belt the earth with, if they could have drums sufficiently large for the purpose.

In this new order of things we have the birth of our modern furniture paper, which adds so largely to the artistic decoration of the homes of both the rich and the poor; the fact is, the use of wall paper and floor carpets by the better-paid classes of working-men, is one of the unmistakable proofs both of the altered taste and social condition of the people during the century.

From the system of the old method of block printing by hand, the furniture paper for some years was too expensive for the humbler classes, but the new method of printing by copper rollers worked by steam considerably reduced the price of both paper and calicoes. The change these metal rollers has produced in the price of printed cottons has been so great that calicoes can now be had for the price paid the workman for printing by the old wood-block method.

The use of machinery, and the application of steam power

for printing both paper and calico, has made great changes in both these branches of business. The old system of hand printing by the use of the most approved presses, was both a slow and laborious process; it required a strong, healthy man to pull four hundred impressions off a folio forme in a day, whereas the modern printing machine can turn out thousands of impressions in the hour with both sides printed. I believe the machines of either the *Times* or the *Telegraph* can throw off sixty thousand copies for each morning's delivery.

During the age of time, so far as men's experience is concerned, perhaps there never was a period equal to the nineteenth century in which utilitarian notions so largely prevailed. Of late years the science of chemistry and the money-making propensity of men has enabled them to convert materials hitherto perfectly useless to a profitable account.

Previous to 1836 woollen rags were of such small value that they were not worth collecting, but about this time a tide in the affairs of these hitherto useless castaways set in, and the event produced a surprising revolution in the woollen cloth trade all over the world.

An idea had crept into the brain of some Yorkshire genius, and a divel and shoddy was the result. The cloth produced by the new method was made interesting to the public both by the low price at which it could be sold, and also from the fact that the rags from which it was manufactured were made to do duty as long as their fibres had a spark of life in them, and by that means assume new forms after each process of transmutation.

The seat of this business is in a suburb of Dewsbury, known by the name of Batlycar, about seven miles from Leeds.

But though shoddy is pretty familiar to most people, the public have no idea that old silk hats by the magic of an easy process can be converted into new ones.

The old hats which are collected by the old clothes gatherers, when sold to the hatters are stripped,—that is, the silk covers are taken off their frames; these are washed

and dressed, after which they are ready to be used when required. The old frames or bodies are blocked, stiffened, varnished, and dried; the hat then undergoes exactly the same process of finishing it did when first made. After it has been finished, it is sent to the trimmer, where it is bound and lined, and the next process is that of being shaped and papered, and it is then ready for the market. It may be mentioned that this latter process is by far the best paying branch in the business to the workman. Some years ago the writer knew a shaper at Christy & Co.'s, in London, who could easily earn five pounds a week.

Many of the transformed silk hats are virtually like the Jews' "old vatches, better as new," which means that a good hat of this description is much better value than a new one at the maker's would be for the same money. The reason why this is so, is that, as a rule, the cast-off hats of gentlemen are, so far as the covers are in question, nothing the worse for wear. These hats cost from 18s. to 21s., and are covered with the best silk plush, so that after having been transformed, they are really as good as when they came from the warehouse of the manufacturers, and can be purchased for half the original price.

A good many of the smaller class of retail hatters make a leading article of these metamorphosed head covers. A man commencing business as an operative in this line can do so with a small capital, and if he obtains a good situation, and can afford to prefer the *pump to the beer-tap*, he would have a good chance of making a comfortable living.

The discovery of transforming old hats into new was made only a few years after the shoddy business was wedded to the woollen trade in Yorkshire. Whether the men who projected these new branches of industry may be termed public benefactors or not, they have the credit of utilising, and making valuable, materials which, before their time, were worthless; and they have enabled men in humble circumstances to put on the appearance of caput gentility for a small amount of

money. This consideration is of importance in an age when all class distinctions in costume have ceased to exist. Indeed, this is so much the fashion of the time, that a clerk with 30s. a week, so far as personal make-up is concerned, is, to all appearance, as well togged as my lord duke with his thirty thousand annually. Seventy years ago the clerk wore a glue-stiffened hat at about 6s., and the other was covered with a beaver chapeau at 30s. Whatever their relative positions may have been in the good old days when George III. was king, and when Beau Brummel led the *ton*, the modern clerk is now the greater swell. If my lord wears his gold chronometer repeater, his appendages are out of sight, but the gentleman clerk has the front of his vest festooned with the links of a gold chain, and sundry pendent ornaments on one or other of his fingers are made to court attention by being hooped in gold, or else *Brummagem*.

The discovery of oil in the shale beds overlying the coal in this country about 1850, and the subsequent finding of oil in the United States, was the means of creating a new branch of business in the manufacture of lamps, and thereby both enlarging the field of British industry, and contributing to the comfort of the people by providing a light little, if at all inferior, to gas, and at a small expense. Although gas is perhaps the most economical light we can use either for private or public purposes, its manufacture prevents its general use, especially in the country districts; the kerosene lamp is, therefore, an excellent substitute. Many of the modern lamps in use for burning oils—mineral, vegetable, or animal—are not only cheap, but beautiful in design and execution, by which means they are both useful and ornamental.

The battle between the venerable tallow dips and gas continued many years without any improvement in their shape, make, or condition; they were simply dips from eights to thirty-sixes. In the early part of the present century two French chemists had the curiosity to pry into the nature and properties of adipose matter. The names of these *savans* were

M. Chevreul and Guy-Lussac, and they found the constituent properties of fat were very dissimilar in character. They found tallow to be composed of two solid bodies, one liquid and one of a syrupy nature; the first solid they named stearic acid, the second margaric acid, the liquid oleic acid, and the syrup glycerine. This latter material possesses some very extraordinary properties. It is not only not inflammable, but it will not evaporate at any temperature in which the human body can exist. In order to get clear of this substance numerous experiments were made, at the expense of much time and labour, and when the feat was accomplished the candle-makers treated it as a worthless refuse. The "lamp" and "ring" of chemistry have wrought many surprising wonders, and among the rest, that of converting a thing that was a nuisance into an article of commerce more valuable than gold. The discovery of the value of glycerine is attributed to Scheiler, a German chemist, and it may be mentioned that it is to this gentleman we owe the discovery of chlorine, a material the use of which has reduced the bleaching of linen and cotton from months to hours, and has been the means of also changing the appearance of much of the landscape scenery in the north of Ireland, where the green sloping banks of the rivers and burns were wont to be clothed in webs of fine linen, and ornamented with tenter stretching frames.

The tallow chandlers, whose knowledge of chemistry in their business was confined to evaporating the water and separating the fibrous materials from the fatty matter, had no idea that such a thing as glycerine existed, and even if they had they would not have had any notion of its unflammable character, or that it was calculated to injure the illuminating power of their rudely-formed candles.

The application of science to this old branch of industry has been the means of raising it from being amongst the lowest in the scale of art manufacture to one of high standing, and the candle-makers' shops, instead of being, as formerly, dirty, stinking, and offensive places, have been converted into

laboratories, where useful labour and scientific researches are successfully prosecuted.

In the year 1840, the firm of Price and Co. commenced their new system of composite candle-making, and from the wonderful change they have produced in the trade by the superior character of candles, a complete revolution has been effected. These candles can be handled with freedom without soiling the fingers, and they have the advantage of giving a steady light, and do not require snuffing.

The steel pen is another of the social appliances which has left its mark on the nineteenth century. In the early part of the century the people of Great Britain may be said to have entered upon the iron age, and that being the case it was both proper and necessary that its history should be recorded with pens of that metal. It is generally supposed that the metal pen is an invention of the present century; this, however, is not the case, as the following will prove. When Pope wrote the epilogues of his satires, Lady Frances Shirley presented him with a handsome standish and a gold pen.

The invention of the steel pen took place between 1830 and 1840, but who the inventor was is seemingly a mystery. It has been said that a Mr. William Gadbury, a mathematical instrument maker, constructed a rude pen out of a watch spring, and therefore gave the first idea of the beautiful little instrument now in common use. We believe, however, that Mr. Perry, of London, made the first modern steel pens,—that would be in 1828,—but they were so imperfect that they were of no practical use. In the following year Mr. Mason, of Birmingham, improved these pens so much, that instead of their being merely things of curiosity, they became useful instruments, and by that means acquired a marketable value. This gentleman, after having improved Perry's pen, continued to make all the pens sold by him. We can well remember when these pens were attached to fancy cards, and were sold for one shilling a dozen. But to show the wonderful progress there has been made in the manufacture of steel pens since the time alluded

to above, excellent pens can now be had for a shilling a gross, and those of a much superior quality to the early card pens can be bought for sixpence the gross. I believe that the perfection to which the steel pen has attained is owing, in a great degree, to the ingenuity of Mr. Gillott, of Birmingham; this gentleman's name and that of his son will be identified with this new branch of British industry as long as the metal pen shall be used for conveying men's thoughts to each other. This invention has sent the old business of quill collecting and all its vagrant associations into the region of history.

Since the discovery of galvanism, the electric force has been applied to a great variety of purposes, from the cure-all mystic circle to that of the electro-plating process with gold, silver, and copper. This new application of the electric power, also mainly introduced by Mr. Mason and Mr. Elkington of Birmingham, has thoroughly upset the old system of silver-plating, and has been the means of causing a complete revolution in the silversmith's trade and several other branches of manufacture. The electro-plated goods now manufactured in Sheffield and Birmingham, as far as beauty of taste and design in ornamentation are in question, are superior to the articles formerly made of the pure metals; and as they are sold at a comparatively low price, they are within the reach of people who would wish, but cannot afford, to buy silver goods. And it may be observed that the electro-plated goods not only look as well as those made of silver, but they are nearly as lasting; and as the one is so like the other, it is only inquisitive people who would be so rude as to consider them other than what they seem.

Electro-plating has produced a great change in the character of many of the utensils which form the dinner and breakfast sets of well-to-do people, as well as many other articles which are in daily use. This system enables people in comparatively humble circumstances to enjoy the use of articles only inferior to silver in their intrinsic value, but which look as well both artistically and in purity of colour.

Little more than thirty-five years ago the class of metal goods plated by hand were only attainable by the more opulent members of society, but at the present time a very handsome tea-set can be purchased for the price formerly paid for the workmanship.

The reader will probably be of opinion that pins and needles are things which have been in common use far back in history. With this we quite agree, and have no doubt that Abraham's wife's mantle may have been fastened with an iron pin, and that Cleopatra's royal robes, and the silken sails of her barge, were made with the aid of a steel Damascus-made needle. But it matters not to the writer whether these things were so or not; he has something to say about these little tools, which will be new to most people who read what is here written.

It is not forty years ago since the eyes of needles were first made by drilling instead of being punched, and it is only thirty years ago when the wonderful discovery of making a pin and its head of one piece was made. In the olden times it was said that it required nine men to make a pin; how many it requires now deponent saith not. Another old saying was, that to find a pin a day was a groat in the year,—that was, a halfpenny purchased twenty-six.

It is somewhat singular, that though all the steel wire used in the manufacture of needles is made in Sheffield, the people in that home of Vulcan can use needles, but they have not had time to learn how to make them. Sixty years ago the Whitechapel needles were in good repute, but I believe it is many years since needles were made in that region of seething humanity. An inferior class of needles are made in Birmingham, but the great emporium of the trade is in Redditch and the neighbouring towns in Worcestershire.

Umbrellas and parasols are almost as common as the clothing we wear; and yet if we take a walk back in memory over the short period of seventy years, we should have some difficulty in finding a rude representative of either the one or

the other. Indeed, I am not certain if the parasol had then been introduced from Paris. That was the age of the Sedan chair, and I think it is very questionable if Beau Brummel was ever seen in the company of a green gingham, nor do I think that the chaste and amiable Lady Jersey was ever seen under the shade of a parasol.

Perhaps one of the most amusing sights in modern London is to see the swarms of people who are continually moving to and fro caught in a shower of rain. Thousands of umbrellas go up as if by the word of command, and as they move along, the journey of "Birnam Wood to Dunsinane" was nothing to the moving forests which pass and repass along the streets like fairy processions in a pantomime.

The Paul Pry umbrella can now only be found in the possession of old fossils of humanity in sequestered districts of the country; like the spinning-wheel and the hand-cards, these ancient specimens of umbrella art should be bought up and sent to the South Kensington Museum.

It is pretty generally admitted that the nineteenth century, for its wonderful social appliances, is a matchless age, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, it is the best-matched age within the range of history.

In the early ages of the world the members of the human family more than likely lived upon the uncooked fruits of the earth, and the use of fire was unknown to them. It is not known when Prometheus brought fire down from Heaven, and we can only guess whether it was by electricity or the rubbing of two pieces of dry wood together. Long ages must have passed in the non-historic period of the world's age before the flint and steel became an article of domestic use; and society must have been far advanced in a knowledge of the arts and sciences before the magnifying lens was used for concentrating the solar rays, and by that means producing fire.

Without speculating further upon how fire was first produced by men, it may be mentioned, that within the time of

the writer, to obtain a light with which to kindle a fire was often a very difficult matter in isolated homesteads—the flint and steel may have been mislaid, or the tinder too damp to ignite. The people who enjoy the use of the lucifer match, if they think at all about the matter, will conclude that there have always been Bryant and Mays to enlighten the world; it is, however, not more than forty years since the old brimstone dips did the duty of the lucifer of the present age in every house in the kingdom.

The writer remembers when Church Lane in St. Giles was fragrant with the aroma of brimstone and the odour of scanbags. In those days the itinerating matchmaker, like Autolycus, picked up his timber in the character of unconsidered trifles. Every common lodging-house from Penzance to John o' Groats was then a match manufacturing establishment; and the makers, weather permitting, went their daily rounds with their bundles of *bawbee spunks*. The most artistic dips were made in London; these were cut from single pieces, and spread out into the shape of fans.

It is a curious fact that not more than forty years ago the appliance for obtaining a light and the method of making candles were both equally in a rude and primitive condition. Since then, science, with its magic power, has produced a change in the character of both the match and the candle.

Among the early attempts made in producing light by chemical compounds was that of "the instantaneous lighting box." This box contained a small bottle charged with sulphuric acid and fibrous asbestos, and the contact of the acid with a tipped match produced the light. The sale of these boxes was of a very limited character, owing to the price of the box being 21s. The origin of the lucifer may be dated from the introduction of phosphorus, and it is said that the discovery of making the early dipping compound was made by a chemist in Stockton-upon-Tees.

The brimstone match was early wedded to my memory with its companions, flint, steel, and tinder-box. The time

is not long gone by when poor people, in country districts, who were without these appliances, and could not keep their fires burning, were sure to suffer serious inconvenience.

I remember to have been in sequestered villages, both in Scotland and the north of England, where the poor people had frequently to go upon hunting expeditions in the mornings among their neighbours, before they could raise a blaze on their hearthstones. The value of the lucifer match as a domestic appliance can only be properly appreciated by people who have outlived the brimstone dips.

The business of match-making now, instead of being confined to the humble fraternity of vagrants as in days past—one of whose morning stock-in-trade would represent an hour's labour, and a capital not exceeding the sum of one penny—is now conducted by men who, in not a few instances, possess machinery and other plant in their business equal in value to good-sized landed estates, and who purchase their timber in ship loads, lithograph their own labels, and do their own printing. There is one firm in London said to employ five thousand pair of hands; and they possess a splitting machine which, when in operation, turns out thirty-one thousand two hundred and twenty splints a minute. The mind can scarcely grasp the amazing number of lighters with which these gentlemen are continually flooding the world.

The modern match, in so far as its commercial value is in question, seems a very trifling thing; but apart from its domestic use, it is an article of great consequence, in so far as the insurance offices are interested. To them the match is a thing to be dreaded, inasmuch as it is said that at least two hundred of the fires which occur in London annually are caused by the careless use of these little innocent-looking things.

It has been seen that society—I mean civilized society—is matched as society was never matched before, and the

writer will now be able to show that it is equally well watched.

The chronometrical instruments have been introduced, not because they are of modern origin, but it is intended to show the reader that there are several things which are new both in their make and the manner of their being worn.

In the early part of the century, as a general rule, watches were only worn by men in respectable social positions; here and there a sober, thrifty working-man might be met with who had either a chain or a ribbon to which was attached a bunch of seals, keys, and often other ornaments suspended from his fob.

In those days watches were either warming-pans in form, or as round as well-shaped turnips, and the price was high when compared to the market value of modern watches. It is true that low-priced watches could be had in any quantity in the character of Liverpool, Coventry, and London runners, a class of timepieces made not to go! Society had not then either the taste or the means to enable them to indulge in personal decoration, and, as a consequence, gold watches were only worn by men in high social positions, and it was not uncommon for the appendages attached to one of these to be nearly of as much value as the watch itself. These were made up of strong gold chains, large bunches of seals of elaborate workmanship, with valuable stones on which armorial bearings, monograms, and other devices were engraved.

In my young days a ribbon of a decided colour, with a bunch of lacquered seals, keys, and rings, were sufficient to make the hearts of young farm servants swell with honest pride, and the flaming appendages exercised no small influence over the minds of the rustic nymphs of the age. The purchase of a watch was then an event in the life of a young man in humble circumstances; it advised him of the flight of time, was a proof of his respectability, and it caused him to stand well with the maids who were looking for their other

halves! All the old watches had horizontal movements, and if my memory serves me, the patent lever was not introduced till about the second decade of the present century. Between 1830 and 1840, the long guard chain was made to supersede the old fob chain, and somewhere about ten years later the Albert chain displaced the guard, and the watch was removed from its venerable position in the breeches pocket to a pocket in the breast of the waistcoat.

Of late years the British manufacturer has had to compete both with the Swiss and American makers. In the latter country nearly all the watches are made by machinery, and, as a consequence, a large saving is effected both in time and labour. This condition of things thereby enables the American manufacturers to produce their goods with greater dispatch, and to under-sell the Old World makers in their own markets. The price of pocket timekeepers has been so much reduced, that almost everybody above the grade of paupers is watched!

In the olden time, say seventy years ago, the possession of a gold watch furnished a very reliable proof that the owner was either pretty comfortably circumstanced in the social grade, or a knight of appropriation; that, however, is no longer the case. At the present time it is quite common to find clerks, shopmen, and females, and even mechanics, both watched and ringed in gold. When in the United States a few years ago, I met with numbers of journeymen who sported both gold watches and rings.

Of late years there has been a growing fashion in these matters. Personal decoration is a science which is attended to by people from costermongers to leaders of the *ton*. The fact is, the man who assumes to be a respectable member of society must regulate his personal appearance by the acknowledged code, or live beyond the pale of fashion. A great many watches are made to do double duty when their owners can afford to retain them. They answer the purpose of keeping time and personal decoration, and

when this is not the case, by the aid of the uncles to the public, they are often made useful under the pressure of pecuniary circumstances.

In the early part of the present century it was the pride of every well-to-do married man to be possessed of a clock. At that time all the cases were pillar-shaped, and the price ranged from two pounds to eight guineas. The cases were invariably made of fancy wood, but mostly of mahogany, and many of them had their panels ornamented by being inlaid with different sorts of wood, but in whatever form they were made, the clock was looked upon as an indispensable article of furniture.

Between forty and fifty years ago large importations of clocks of a low price, of German make, enabled people of humble means to possess timepieces; they were made to hang on the wall, and from this they were known as "wag at the wall."

The old respectable-looking timepieces, like the pewter platters and quaint carved black oak bureaus and presses, which were common in the houses of the lower middle class people in the early part of the century, have been unshipped many years ago by the altered taste and fashion of the times.

Clocks, like watches, can now be purchased from two shillings and sixpence to a thousand guineas; and as to pattern, there seems to be no end to the variety of designs in their production.

In 1836 the American manufacturers flooded this country with a low-priced class of timepieces in square mahogany cases formed to rest upon mantel-pieces, or wall brackets; but in 1858 the Swedes superseded the New England clock-makers in Great Britain, by producing timepieces of excellent value, with cases of an artistic character and in great variety of form.

It will be seen from the following account that a time-keeper has been constructed in the United States upon which both much labour and ingenuity has been spent.

There is a remarkable clock now on exhibition in Detroit, Michigan (the work of Mr. Felix Meier, a mechanic), which is said to eclipse the famous clock at Strasburg in complexity and interest. It stands eighteen feet in height, and is enclosed in a black walnut frame, elaborately carved and ornamented. The crowning figure is that of "Liberty," on a canopy, over the head of Washington, who is seated on a marble dome. The canopy is supported by columns on either side. On niches below, at the four corners of the clock, are four human figures, representing "Infancy," "Youth," "Manhood," and "Age"; each has a bell in one hand and a hammer in the other. The niches are supported by angels with flaring torches, and over the centre is the figure of Father Time. At the quarter hour, the figure of the infant strikes its tiny bell; at the half hour, the figure of the youth strikes his bell of louder tone; at the third quarter, the man strikes his bell; and at the full hour, the greybeard. Then the figure of Time steps out and tolls the hour, as two small figures throw open doors in the columns on either side of Washington, and a procession of the Presidents of the United States follows. As the procession moves, Washington rises and salutes each figure as it passes, and it in turn salutes him. They move through the door on the other side, and it is then closed behind them. The procession moves to the accompaniment of varied music played by the clock itself. The mechanism also gives the correct movement of the planets round the sun, comprising Mercury, which makes the revolution once in 88 days; Venus, in 224 days; Mars, in 686 days; Vesta, in 1,327 days; Juno, in 1,593 days; Ceres, in 1,681 days; Jupiter, in 4,332 days; Saturn, in 29 years; Uranus, in 84 years. As these movements are altogether too slow to be popularly enjoyed, the inventor has added a device by which he can hasten the machinery to show its working to the public. There are dials which show the hour, minute, and second in Detroit, Washington, New York, San Francisco, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St.

Petersburg, Constantinople, Cairo, Peking, and Melbourne. The clock also shows the day of the week and month in Detroit, the month and season of the year, the changes of the moon, etc. It is said that Mr. Meier has worked on this clock nearly ten years, and for the last four years has devoted his whole time to it.

It would be a difficult undertaking to recapitulate all the marvellous discoveries which the chemists have made during the last seventy years. For a long time after gas was being made, the coal left a large amount of refuse which, to get clear of, was attended with both trouble and expense. Among these coke and tar were the most troublesome; coke was the first to be utilised, but the tar remained a nuisance until the chemists waved their magic wands over it. Coal is now made to yield up carbon, gas, tar, naphtha, asphalt, creosote, coke, and a number of new and valuable products. The principles of economy have been carried into nearly all the manufacturing places of business in the country by the chemists having converted what was formerly refuse into valuable articles of commerce. The change effected in some instances is so great, that that which was formerly refuse is now of much greater value than the article that yields it up.

Between forty and fifty years ago calico printing was in a very different condition to that in which it is now; the pattern was then cut out in a block of wood, and the hollow spaces which formed a part of the design were filled up with fine felt, made on purpose for the business, and these were made to receive and deposit the colouring matter which formed the pattern. If the design were complicated, and required more colours than one, each colour had a separate block, and the cloth had to be printed as often as there were colours in the design.

The application of the modern copper roller has entirely superseded the block method of printing. When a roller has had the design engraved upon it, a web of cloth twenty-eight yards long can be printed in a few minutes, and by

this method there can be no break in the design from the unsteadiness of the operator, as was occasionally the case in the block printing.

The goods that formerly were known as London prints were held in high estimation by the ladies, both for the beauty of their designs and the brilliancy of their unfugitive colours. But though this class of calicoes had the name of London attached to them, they were made in Manchester, and, I believe, by the celebrated firm of Hoyle and Co. The retail price of the best prints ranged from 1*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per yard; at the latter price they were cheaper to the wearer than the best goods of the kind sold at from 6*d.* to 9*d.* a yard at the present time. In the first two decades of the century, a lady's dress, if made of calico or gingham, only required six yards, and at that time such a dress would be made to last by any ordinarily careful woman at least three times as long as one will do now.

Calico printing, for at least forty-three years, has been done by machinery. The cloth is made to pass rapidly over the face of an engraved copper roller, and these are supplied with the different kinds of colouring matter by self-feeding machines; and, as may readily be imagined, both much time and expense for labour are saved. The increase in production by the application of the new method of printing by the aid of machinery is greater than I have means to express, but the improvements in this branch of the cotton trade were necessary in order to keep time with other processes in the same business.

In the recollection of the writer the process of bleaching cotton and linen was very different to what it is now. It will scarcely be credited that up to the last decade in the eighteenth century the manufacturers of cotton cloths were obliged to send them to Holland to be bleached. In 1774, chlorine was discovered by the German chemist before mentioned, shortly after which its wonderful properties as a cleansing and deodorising agent were found out, and intro-

duced to the commercial world. But, like nearly all new discoveries, great difficulties were opposed to its general use. It is now about eighty-four years since Mr. Charles Tennant, of the Saint Rollix chemical works at Glasgow, with the assistance of his friend Mr. Watt, discovered a method to bring into practical operation a material formed of a combination of chlorine and lime, which is now the well-known bleaching powder of commerce.

As might have been anticipated, this discovery almost immediately effected a complete revolution in the whole of the bleaching system, and, as a consequence, led to a signal reduction in the price of both calico and linen.

In the present age it can only be known to few people that the process of bleaching was formerly a tedious, as well as an expensive, one, when compared to what it is now. In a general way, the old method of bleaching required from six to twelve months, or as long as it would take to tan a hide for the soles of our under-standings. The use of chlorine in bleaching has reduced the months to hours in the time required for the change.

We remember, in the autumn of 1815, passing through a considerable part of the north of Ireland, in which the features of the landscapes in many places were characterised by a scene-colouring quite new to our then youthful experience. In almost every valley the meadows and the green sloping banks by the rivers and brooks were enamelled with webs of linen in different stages of the bleaching process. These bleaching fields, with their green swards, innumerable webs of linen, tenter frames, nude-limbed and rosy-faced nymphs, and boys in breeches loose at the knees and bare necks, some watering the webs, some carrying them hither and thither, and others fixing or unfixing them to the tenter frames, are scenes now that only live in the dreamy recollections of the people who have passed on to a new state of social existence in Ireland. The time noticed here was the age of the spinning-wheel, when the nimble fingers of

the maids and matrons in the Green Isle spun the yarn that formed the countless webs of linen which annually passed through the great linen halls of Belfast and Dublin. The spinning-jenny sent the domestic wheel to keep company with the distaff in the pages of history, and chlorine has done away with one of the most pleasant occupations in the country.

The writer can recall many pleasing recollections of scenes by running brooks, watering cans, webs of linen spread out on the grass, bare feet, lovely blooming faces, and hearts warm and young without guile. The blooming faces, fair forms, and guileless hearts are yet to be found in plenty, but the bare feet have long ago ceased to trip in fairy lightness as their owners plied their domestic duties as they were wont to do in the days o' lang syne.

Neither hats nor hatters are new; the latter had the honour of having the title of gentlemen conferred upon them by Queen Elizabeth, and the other have passed through many transformations in shape and material since then. Up to about 1820, all the hats worn in Great Britain were made either of sheep's wool or the fur of such animals as the rabbit, the hare, and the beaver. At the above date a silk hat was introduced from France. This head dress, though it was excellent both in form and quality, made little way in public favour for many years, but after 1846 it became master of the situation. After this date the old stuff hat and the thousand-and-one associations which were connected with it became matters of history. The roll-in stuff hat was the first in quality, but it was a clumsy thing compared to the light elastic hats of the present time. All the hats were then stiffened with glue; they were, therefore, liable to lose their shape in wet weather, and when in this condition could only be restored on a block by the application of a hot iron. Up to 1820 many experiments were tried to produce some substance to make the hat both waterproof and elastic as well. This desirable end was attained by Mr.

Ashley, who was a foreman in the employment of Mr. Ferguson, of Carlisle. The materials used in the process of waterproofing were shellac dissolved in spirits of wine, with borax to clean the bodies when dry after being proofed. Some years after this discovery other solvents of a much less expensive character were found. The waterproofing produced a complete revolution in the trade; the hats were not only made much lighter, but by undergoing the new process of rolling off they received a glossy brightness, which could not be communicated to the bare stuff hats.

The change in fashion through which the hats have passed during the present century, have been more in the shape and breadth of the brim than that of the crown. In the early part of the century the shape of the hat in the trade phraseology was called the square crown; the brim was from two inches to two inches and a half, and the side crown seven inches in depth.

In a short time this shape was varied. The yeoman crown and bell-shaped side crown were introduced; the crown was made from two to three inches wider than at the head, and these shapes have been varied one way or the other up to the present time. The brim has frequently been made to change its shape by the taste of some leader of the *ton* for the time being. Thus D'Orsay gave a name to a hat with his curl in the brim, and the Bicknell shape at one time prevailed. This was an open boat shape, and the other was a broad, flat curl. In 1834, the brim, in many instances, was reduced in breadth to little more than an inch, and this was made to look even less by being tightly curled up close to the side crown. Different classes of men had shapes of their own. The members of the Friends' Society wore low-crowned hats with broad brims; then the guards and drivers of mail and stage coaches had their hats made square-crowned with flat brims; these were also in the fashion with all the class of men who were connected with stables, and as they give their wearers a fast look, they were called in the slang of the time wide-

awakes, a name which has been applied to a very different class of hats since then. The clerical hat was a formal-looking head-dress; the crown was square, about six inches deep, and a brim from two-and-a-half to three inches broad, with an open curl.

In 1843 a complete revolution was quietly effected in the stuff hat manufacturing trade in this country by the silk hat having entirely superseded the old felt ones. This state of things was the means of sending numbers of the old seven years' journeymen hatters to the workhouse, and obliging the young ones to look out for other means of employment.

In 1851 the Americans became enamoured of Kossouth's soft felt Hungarian-made hat, and since that time the bare felt hat has covered all the male heads in the United States, from the spirit-bar loafers of New York to the President, either in its soft or waterproofed state.

It may be mentioned that the Messrs. Christy of London, during many years after the stuff hats ceased to be worn by the public, kept a few of their men to make them for the old-fashioned Conservative gentlemen, who, like faithful lovers, clung to them to the last; among these were Lords Derby, John Russell, and Palmerston.

The modern silk hat retains the shape of the old stuff one, and in our mind the public has been benefited by the change. The silk retains the colour decidedly better than the stuff, and a hat now at 12s. looks much better than an old beaver at 25s.

Up to the time of the new post-office reform, letter-writing in the United Kingdom was of a very limited character. There were two reasons why this was so. In the first place a large percentage of the people could not write, and those who could write were deterred from doing so in consequence of the high charges of the post office. The change produced by the new arrangement was of such magnitude that the most far-seeing wise-acre of the period could not have anticipated it.

At that time when a letter was written it was folded into

form, and one end was inserted between the folds of the other; it was then fastened either with a wafer, which was the general way, or sealed with wax.

Envelopes had not then been dreamed of, and adhesive gums had not been applied to such commonplace things as sealing letters, whether they were for lovers or debtors. Writing paper was cut into two forms; that for general use was quarto, and such as was for professional or business letters was in foolscap, and every sheet of writing paper in those days had a special water mark, with the date of the year in which it was made.

The cheap postage system was a remarkable reproductive event in its consequences. It swelled the exchequer of the establishment; it caused a surprising development in the paper-making business; it enlarged the book-printing trade; flooded the world with low-priced literature; added, in an amazing degree, to the expansion and power of the newspaper press; and lastly, it was the means of calling into existence a host of unprofessional correspondents who continually air their opinions upon every mundane or other subject between the poles in the periodical press.

The fact is, the new post-office arrangements were so fraught with big consequences, that the resources of the times could scarcely keep up with their demands.

In a short time the envelope, with its adhesive folding-down edge, superseded the old system of the superscription being written on the back of the letter sheet. The envelope had one drawback, which was exceedingly provoking to post-masters and their wives in villages and small towns, who had a lively interest in the affairs of the people who were in the habit of sending and receiving letters through their offices; they could not obtain any information by an even well-directed peep under the skin of the new cover.

During the last twenty-five years the envelope business has become a large and active industry, and as a matter of course employs a great number of people, both directly and indi-

BUTTONS—BADGES OF SOCIAL DISTINCTION.

rectly. But the manual labour employed in the business, though considerable, is trifling when compared to the work done by machinery. During 1840 and 1841, it is questionable if there were more than 50,000,000 envelopes used, but as a proof of the manner in which the trade has been made to keep pace with the requirements of the times, a billion added to the fifty million would now be short of one year's consumption! In the early age of the envelope trade eightpence and a shilling a hundred were regular charges, and these were made in each case of an inferior class of paper. The price charged now for ordinary letter sizes ranges from three to eight shillings per thousand. The latter is close fitting. It is not a little interesting to strangers to see with what amazing rapidity the different forms of paper are cut and folded into the various sizes required by the machines used in the business.

In the manufacture of envelopes there is a considerable amount of waste in the cutting of the paper; the excise, however, allows a drawback for every pound weight according to the amount of duty.

Whether these very useful social appliances are doomed to be superseded by some other new invention in their turn, they have met one of the requirements of the age in a very satisfactory manner.

Buttons would seem to the mind of any man of ordinary capacity to be a poor subject on which to found a homily, yet a considerable number of ideas might be entwined round this little holdfast or ornament with which to illustrate a sound moral discourse or historically recall to mind the button age, when men's garments glittered in gilded medallions both before and behind. We would learn, too, that buttons are not only things of utility, but that they are badges of social and professional distinction. It is true that a very large number of the members of the human family are as independent of buttons as savages are of tooth-brushes, but it is a curious fact that the people who hold the highest place in the social

scale are so much under the influence of buttons, that in the event of these little things getting loose from their moorings, the most serious consequences might be the result.

I remember the time when double gilt buttons were things to be dreamed about, and when possessed to fill the mind with self-contented pride. That was when my boyish form was tightly squeezed into a suit of blue, richly ornamented with two rows of bell buttons from waist to shoulder, while others were on duty in keeping the little pants in decent relationship with the jacket. Time wore on, and I was brought into fellowship with men who were not ashamed to treat buttons as things of the greatest importance in social economy. The fact is, the blocks which are used in the running rigging of a ship are scarcely of more importance to its proper management than buttons are to the rigging of civilised men.

Seventy years ago buttons were in high repute, from the king down to the members of the lowest social stratum. Men who could not then afford to wear them, could turn them to a profitable account in three ways; they could pass the large copper buttons with their shanks filed off for halfpence; make them into finger rings, a practice then quite common with itinerant tinkers; or dispose of them for old metal.

There are no doubt people who are so ignorant as to the fitness of things, that they look upon buttons as too insignificant for serious consideration; but those who understand their real value look upon them as so many cogs in the machinery of social life, and see that without them some important matters connected with our every-day duties would be brought to a stand.

In the time of Tom Moore we were a buttoned nation; we have, however, long ago passed the metallic holdfast age, and entered upon a less conspicuous fashion.

It may be noted as an historical fact that, with Chartism, swallow-tailed coats and metal buttons passed away in 1848, as things which had served their turn. It is true that the members of the army and navy, gentlemen's servants, and

certain public functionaries, are still buttoned as they were in the beginning of the century, but the great body of the male portion of humanity now treads the boards in sober black holdfasts.

In my time the ladies were as well laced as they are now, but in their innocence and ignorance of artistic embellishment, they had not learned the decorative value of buttons. That, however, is no longer the case, and the consequence is that we have an endless variety of fancy buttons made from almost every material ranging between coral and elephants' tusks. Buttons in imitation of ivory are made in great quantities from the kernels of nuts from trees grown in central America. The shells of the pearl oysters are made to do duty in a great variety of forms in the button line, and many of the fancy buttons from these marine productions are really very pretty artistic things, and it is a matter of surprise to the uninitiated how they can be made for the money they are sold at. The button trade in Birmingham employs a large amount of capital and labour, and no little ingenuity in the business is necessary to enable the makers to keep pace with the French and German manufacturers. The old system of hand manipulation in the button trade has been completely changed by the application of machinery, and they are now turned out in many instances by the gross instead of by the dozen, and from what has been said, it will be seen that the old metal buttons have been superseded by others made from a great variety of materials unknown to the old makers.

It is somewhat singular how certain branches of industry get settled in localities, and in the course of time either pass out of existence, or take wing and settle in places more suitable to their further development. Up to about 1840, the business of steel pin or pinion making was solely in the hands of three families; and what is worthy of notice, the trade was perpetuated in these families by hereditary descent from father to son during many generations, no stranger ever having been initiated into the mysteries of the trade.

These families were respectively situated in Warrington, Oldham, and Macclesfield. While the trade was in the hands of these close borough gentlemen, they must have made a good thing of it, providing they patronized the pump more than the taproom.

While in Liverpool upon one occasion, I had a conversation with the head of the Warrington house, and from what I then learnt, it appeared that the principal mystery in the trade was in the manufacturing of the tools, and as that was confined to his own and the other two families, they were masters of the situation.

This Lancashire mechanic, like many others of his class, was comfortably satisfied that his business was not likely to be brought under the magic power of machinery. But whether he lived to see it or not, it was only a few years subsequent to the above occasion when the business, by the fiat of modern progress, left its old homes, and settled in Sheffield, in which place pinions, instead of being made by the slow process of manual labour, are now turned out with such amazing rapidity by steam-power, that, if necessary, the Messrs. Cocker Brothers could have pinioned the whole world in a short time. While in the works of these gentlemen in 1853, I was shown the process of the pinion manufacture. The steel rods were drawn through grooved matrices, suitable to the sizes required, and after having passed through the mill, the wire was cut into lengths and finished off by hand. These gentlemen were then famed for their watch motion wire. This article is calculated to furnish a pretty good idea of the truly wonderful tenacity of steel when having been converted under proper conditions. Some of this wire is so exceedingly fine drawn, that it required a better sight than the writer's to see it without glasses. While in conversation with these gentlemen, I was told that from twelve pounds of their best steel wire they could produce 13,270,040 inches.

The nineteenth century will stand out in bold relief in history both for the number and variety of its mechanical inventions.

At the present time there is really no class of business, however simple or complicated, in which machinery is not made to play a prominent part; and since steam power has been applied to machinery, it has been the means of increasing production in every department of our domestic industry. And though it may seem paradoxical, it is nevertheless a fact, that machinery never became powerful in superseding manual labour until it was used in making its own tools!

It may also be noted as a curious fact, that though machinery has displaced a vast amount of manual labour in every branch of industry in which it has been employed, it has called into existence new sources of industry which have required a greater amount of manual labour than it superseded.

The application of machinery to the manufacture of textile fabrics has been the means of increasing production in a most signal manner; this, indeed, has been so great that the British manufacturers could supply clothing material for a great part of the world.

During the last fifty years the application of machinery to agricultural purposes has formed a new era in the history of that branch of industry. Seventy years ago, when the writer was a boy, the agricultural implements used were both few in number and rude in form. The fanner for cleaning the corn from the chaff was only being slowly introduced, and the flail, with all its time-honoured associations, was in all but general use. The toothed reaping hook and the razor-faced sickle were agricultural tools with a genealogy centuries older than that of the flail, and nobody then had ever dreamed that they would be superseded. The flail had sent the ox about his business, but it was not at all likely that the venerable hook should be dethroned from the harvest field! The ploughs and harrows, like everything else about a farmhouse, were of a primitive character; superstition was then slowly dying, and the men who were wedded to old things and old practices remained faithful to their old-fashioned objects of affection. The fact is, the farmers, as a

rule, had a steady belief in being right if they did as their fathers had done before them.

But after the return of peace in 1815, the trade and the commerce of the country slowly but gradually began to expand, and in the course of a few years several new branches of industry were introduced, and as the demands of our manufacturing productions increased, all the near cuts which either cunning or ingenuity could suggest were called into action to aid in reducing the expense of production. One of the consequences of this state of things was that of letting loose much of the dormant constructive faculty of the nation, and hence one set of new ideas became the father of others.

Fifty years ago, Smith of Deanstoun, and other members of the Highland and Agricultural Society, were using their endeavours to aid in bringing about an improved system of farming in Scotland. In 1829, the Rev. Mr. Bell of Carmylie, in Forfarshire, invented the first reaping machine, and for this he received the premium of the Highland Agricultural Society, and it is said that this machine continues to be the best of its kind. Shortly after Bell's machine made its appearance, two others were invented in the United States, the one by Hussey and the other by McCormick; both, however, were modifications of Bell's.

If some Rip Van Winkle had left his plough to hibernate seventy years ago, and again returned to the duties of active life, it would be a difficult matter to convince him that he was at home in his own country; neither the people nor the things he left when he retired are the same, their clothing is different, and neither their manners nor modes of speech are those of his countrymen. And as to modern agricultural implements, the most of them are things of which he could not even comprehend the use. In fact, they would not appear to have any relation to the branch of industry which either himself or his forefathers were connected with. In his time the old wooden swing plough and clumsy harrows did duty as they had done for long centuries before; his corn

was sown broadcast by hand ; reaped with a Sheffield-made hook ; thrashed with home-made flail ; and cleaned from chaff on a winnowing sheet by the action of the wind ; and in all probability carried to the mill or market in sacks on a horse's back. Neither he nor his fathers knew anything about artificial manures ; their straw was used for bedding their cattle and thatching their houses and out-buildings, and as they had neither mangel nor beetroot they did not require machines to cut them or pulp their turnips. His dame, with her stay-at-home notions, who had charge of the dairy, kept her milk in large wooden bowls which required both scalding and scouring every time they were used ; and her milk was more than likely made into butter by a churn with a hand-staff.

It may be mentioned that between seventy and eighty years ago, thrashing-machines were being introduced ; but both from the prejudice of the old farmers who disliked new-fangled things, and the determined opposition of the old flail men, they were long in having been brought into general use, even among the class who could afford to pay the price for one. It is a matter of history, that in 1811 the agricultural labourers, who felt themselves aggrieved by these mechanical contrivances, made a raid upon the machines by preconcerted action through a considerable part of the north of England ; and it was much more serious in its consequences than the Knight of La Mancha's upon the windmill. In spite of the Luddites, however, the thrashing machine holds its place.

The following articles may be said to have formed the rolling stock of an ordinary farmer in the first decade of the century :—Common swing ploughs and harrows for working the soil, turnip drills, scythes for cutting the grass, hooks for reaping the corn, hand-rakes, hay and stable forks, spades, hand-hoes, carts, and on moorland farms sledges for bringing home the hay, peat from the fields, and moss. Then, added to these, were the dairy utensils ; these were simply

made up of pails, milk bowls, strainers, churn, and cheese press; of course the number of each of the above articles would depend upon the size of the farm.

The following catalogue would certainly make our newly-awakened friend open his eyes, and learn with astonishment that such a surprising number of implements should now be required, when those enumerated above were all that were wanted when he went to roost.

The catalogue I have before me contains a list of the agricultural implements exhibited at the Royal Agricultural Show, held in Carlisle in July 1880. In this there are not less than forty different specimens of ploughs, every one of which has some speciality to recommend it. There are ploughs with one wheel, with two wheels, and with three wheels, single furrow ploughs, double and treble furrow ploughs; and added to these there are a great number of grubbers and scarifiers, steerage hoes, liver hoes, chisel-toothed harrows, zigzag and wheel harrows, steel grass harrows and chain harrows, and both horse and hand sewing drills in endless variety.

Our friend from the land of Nod would as soon think of a cat on crutches as a plough with wheels, and a harrow on wheels would be equally strange.

Shades of all the *bhoys* who ever crossed the herring pond with brogues, hooks, and blackthorn skull-crackers! what a change has come over the condition of life in Great Britain since the Forfarshire Presbyterian minister for a time shelved the confession of faith, took to mechanical invention, and produced the first reaping-machine! Bell, without thinking of the consequences of his conduct, spoiled poor Paddy's annual holiday trips to the island of the Bulls.

The thrashing machine has been the means of economising both time and labour to a large extent, but after the corn was cut, another want in the process of housing the grain was required, and this has been supplied by the portable steam engine, the travelling thrashing machine, winnowing machine, and straw elevator. By the aid of these valuable appliances

the corn can be thrashed, cleaned from the chaff, and the straw stacked in the field, which thereby saves the time and labour of removing the grain to the home-yard. Neither chaff nor straw were used for food for cattle until the means of utilising them by machinery was applied.

Then, added to these, there are chaff-cutters, oil-cake breakers, root-pulpers, turnip-cutters, and mills for crushing beans, peas, and malt. Then there is the new steaming apparatus for steaming and boiling all kinds of roots, hay, corn, and chaff.

Messrs. Clay and Shuttleworth's portable steam engine chaff-cutter seems to be a highly valuable machine for any establishment in which a large number of horses are kept. This firm largely make traction engines, grinding mills, flour-dressing machines, and circular saw benches. When the writer was a wee laddie, seventy-four years ago, he was wont to spend no small part of his time rollicking among the logs of wood at the saw-pits on the sands, for which he was frequently rewarded by lively applications of the birch.

The steam saw mill, since the third decade of the present century, has become a valuable institution, and though it displaced a large number of hard-working and hard-drinking men, it has been a national benefit.

The modern farmer has not only the means of having his grain garnered by the aid of steam machinery, but he can have his grass cut by a steam mower, the swaths spread broadcast by a sort of a hay-making devil, and gathered by a horse rake, and if he possesses a traction engine he can have his land ploughed by steam.

During the last fifteen years the traction engine has become dovetailed into no small portion of the rural industry of the country.

I may mention, that in 1837 a company of speculating gentlemen placed a steam passenger carriage on the road to ply between Glasglow and Paisley. The road was every way suitable for such a vehicle; it was as level as a bowling green,

and in excellent condition. If this carriage had been successful it would have run several stage coaches off the road, but in doing this the highway commissioners would have suffered a serious loss, from the fact that the legislature in framing the highway toll act had not anticipated the advent of a steam engine to travel by road. The commissioners could not therefore demand toll for the steam carriage, but they did the next best thing with a view to the public good. The distance between the two towns is seven miles, and they had this thickly covered with new metal, and the result was that the engine broke down upon the first trial, and the company collapsed!

Thanks to the lawless acts of the Welsh Rebeccaïtes, the old toll system, like a cobweb, has been brushed away from the highway act, and the proprietors of traction engines have now neither tolls to pay nor anything to fear from new-metalled roads. It is, however, a very nice arrangement in our social system that though men may be able to steer clear of taxes under certain conditions, they can be nicely trapped for the same thing under slightly altered circumstances. For instance, the proprietor of a traction engine is required to pay for a license, and also can be cited before the magistrates in petty sessions for extraordinary damage done to a road; and the beauty of the act is this,—whatever amount of damage these gentlemen may award, the case is binding, and there is no appeal.

The mechanical inventions, as applied to agricultural purposes, occupy a much larger space than noticed above, but these are sufficient to show that the farmers, like nearly all the other classes of men occupied in industrial pursuits in which both cheapness of labour and speed in production are required, have been carried onward by the tide of social progress.

The mechanical appliances which have been invented in the present century represent an amazing amount of brain labour and constructive ingenuity. What two wonderful mechanical instruments we have in Nasmyth's gigantic

hammer and the metal-planing machine! The one can crush the head of an elephant into mummy, or simply press a metal kiss on the wing of a butterfly, and the other can transform a solid block of iron into thin ribbons.

Little more than forty years ago there was not an agricultural manufacturing establishment in the United Kingdom other than the country cartwrights and blacksmiths; but as a proof of the surprising development of this new branch of industry at the present time, large and flourishing establishments are seated almost in every county. Mr. Croskill, of Beverley, having made Mr. Bell's reaping machine, must have been among the first of the class. The firm is now Croskill and Sons. Having been over their works some time ago, I observed that a leading branch of their business was in making carts and waggons; their catalogue contains thirteen different sorts of these vehicles. They make reapers, including Bell's patent haymakers, patent self-acting horse rakes, patent improved double rollers, bone-crushing machines, ploughs of light wrought iron, and patent zigzag harrows.

It is somewhat singular that at the present time there are more mechanical appliances in use in farming than are to be found in almost any other branch of industry. Yet, if we come to examine the reproductive power of machinery worked by steam, it will be found much greater than can be comprehended at a glance. This power is now applied to cutting, thrashing, winnowing, and grinding corn, to ploughing and plough making, to working engines for the extinction of fire, to cranes for lifting weights, to dredging rivers, to pumping water, to excavating tunnels, rock, and earth work, to spinning and weaving cotton and other fabrics, to making paper, bread; cooking, washing, dyeing, heating, making ice, propelling ships at sea, and locomotives on land. In the above we only see the immediate effects of steam power, but we would require to look far beyond these if we wish to see how machinery acts and reacts upon the social condition of the people, by its surprising reproductive

character. These things combined have been the means of not only increasing the national wealth in an unprecedented degree, but also of liberalising the minds of the people.

The writer has an idea that whoever wakes up at the end of the next seventy years will find that the age of mechanical invention will have been a thing of the past!

In the year 1830, the writer was an earwitness to a discussion which took place among three of his shopmates as to the application of machinery to various branches of industry, and they concluded with much self-satisfaction that hats could never be made by any other process than by the hands of the artisan; some of them, however—and the writer is one of them—have lived to see more unlikely things than felt hats made by machinery.

The needle is no doubt one of the oldest domestic implements upon record, but the world must have passed through a goodly number of revolutions before the ladies were able to understand the use of either the needle or thimble. Far back in the history of humanity there would neither be *Clarkes* nor *Coates* in the thread manufacturing business, nor a Redditch with its needle makers, but as the people who required to protect themselves from cold would cover themselves with the skins of animals, they would not feel the want of these things.

During the whole period of history, as far back as we know, the needle has been made to play no small part in ministering both to human pride and comfort.

In long ages before the light of history was made to preserve men's actions from obscurity, the needle no doubt finished into form the textile fabrics which the Penelopes of the loom had prepared, and by these means men were made presentable to the ladies, fashioned into castes, professions, and clans. It mattered not whether this little implement was made on the banks of the Nile or the Euphrates, at Damascus or elsewhere, the world would have continued a poor miserable place without it.

Small and insignificant as the needle appears to be, it has played a more important part in the affairs of men than the sword; it is emblematic of industry, and holds an honourable place in domestic economy, and without it the deity who dictates the length of ladies' skirts and the cut of men's coats, would be like a frozen-out navvy—"have no work to do."

The needle is a wonderful civiliser; it contributes to human comfort, and it aids in human decoration, and by these means it creates in us feelings of self-respect and independence of character. The fact is, without the needle the human family must have played its uncivilised part on the stage of life rigged out in the foliage of the forest.

The reader may wish to know what this needless introduction has to do with the modern sewing machine. The answer is, that one of these little mechanical contrivances in using the needle is equal to twenty pairs of hands, and that it will do its work with greater niceness of uniformity than the human hand can do.

The needle in its connection with the sewing machine is a great social revolutioniser.

It is now many years since Hood sang the "Song of the Shirt," and when seam-workers in London were stitching their way to premature graves by the painful process of starvation.

In 1851 or 1852, a Mr. Judkins brought a little sewing machine from the United States of America, which, after having outlived prejudice, and overcome the opposition of vested rights, produced a complete revolution not only in the shirt trade, but in the whole round of the ready-made clothing business.

The following is a description of the sewing machine by the Lord Chief Justice in the case of *Judkins v. Thomas*, 1863:—

"You will be so good as to keep before your mind's eye that a stitch is made by a down stroke of a vertical needle partly rising, so as to create a loop by that part rising. Step the second, then, is for a shuttle to pass through the loop

that is so left by the thread. Step the third, is for the needle to complete its rising, drawing up the thread that has been left by the shuttle, and so making a lock stitch; and then for the shuttle to return to the other end of the shuttle-race, for the performance of the same process over again. As far as the needle and shuttle are concerned, those are two essential steps towards the stitch; but as the stitch is to be in a course of progression along the line of the fabric that is to be stitched, a very essential part of the machine is the presser and propeller—that part of the machine that holds the fabric while the needle goes through downwards, and is partly drawn up, and the shuttle passes through, and then the needle is entirely drawn up from the fabric. There is, in co-operation with the needle and the shuttle, a presser that will hold down the cloth during the time that the stitch is formed; a propeller that will move the cloth on the exact distance required for the next stitch, and in the exact direction that the workman would wish that stitch to be made. Now, that is the process analysed out to be done. For commercial purposes it must be made with considerable rapidity; and you find that the machine will make with ease and certainty one thousand of those stitches in one minute; and it comes, therefore, to be a process of about sixteen of them in the course of one second. Think of the needle going down and then partially up, and then a slight pause; then the shuttle going through and the needle entirely to rise, and the shuttle to return back, and the presser and propeller to lift the cloth off in just the length of one stitch, and that is to be done in the sixteenth part of one second, and done at the rate of one thousand a minute.”

The manner in which the productive power of some manufacturing establishments is increased by the use of these little machines, can hardly be credited, except by people who are familiar both with the old and new systems of working. There is one firm in the shirt trade in Glasgow, with which I

am acquainted, which can make, if necessary, shirts for an army of men in the course of a few days. These people had six hundred sewing machines in their manufactory in Londonderry some years ago, the whole of which were worked by steam power. The sewing machine, like the old spinning wheel, is now a domestic appliance, which forms a part of the furniture of every house where the people's means will enable them to keep one.

And it may be mentioned that in its new connection it has unseated large numbers of men from their *shopboards*, where it was supposed no machinery could have disturbed their cross-legged situations.

I remember the agitations which were produced by the Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the Corn Law question—how they sent their waves of mental excitement over the land. But these stirring events were mere storms in so many teacups to that which the first imported sewing machine produced among the journeymen tailors in Manchester, when the employers in that place attempted to avail themselves of its use. Meetings were held by the men, at which both their employers and the machines were denounced in language befitting the exasperated state of the minds of those whose interest was at stake. The men, with the heroic spirit of their race, turned out against the new method of using the needle; but notwithstanding this demonstration of public spirit, the little insensate things held their ground, and since then (1853) they have produced a complete revolution in the tailoring business.

The sewing machine is now, and has been during the last twenty years, dovetailed into our social system, and is looked upon as a thing that always has been and will be. The music of its quick motion is heard in the rooms of the working-men, in the parlours of the middle classes, in the halls of the patricians, in the palace of the monarch, in the workshops of the tailors, dressmakers, shoemakers, and by hundreds in the long rooms of the shirt-makers.

The writer was very well acquainted with Mr. Judkin, who introduced the sewing machine into Manchester from Massachusetts; he had a hard, uphill work until the public became acquainted with its real value as an economiser of labour. It was the herald to a new and important industry both in America and Great Britain, and now, like the household gods of the Greeks and Romans, it has a place of honour in every well-conducted domestic establishment.

Five years before the London people enjoyed the illuminating influence of gas, the operations of Watt and Bell in perfecting the steam-engine for propelling vessels had produced a new era in naval architecture. The first steamboat for any practical use was the *Comet*, by Henry Bell of Helensburgh, which was built to ply between Glasgow and Greenock.

In 1818, David Napier, of Glasgow, built the first sea-going ship propelled by steam. She was made to ply between Greenock and Belfast, and though this vessel was only ninety tons burthen, she was too large for the navigation of the Clyde. As a proof of how this river has been transformed since the above period by the Corporation of Glasgow, a vessel of eight thousand tons has lately been launched from one of the steamship-building yards on the river a few miles below the city.

The use of iron in the construction of steam and sailing ships has produced a complete revolution in the ship-building trade, and we believe there is no instance on record where the introduction of a new industry has been the cause of such a great and rapid expansion of commerce as has been produced by this new source of our national wealth.

In 1830, a gentleman of the name of Nelson built a small steamboat with iron on the banks of the canal between Port Dundas and Maryhill, about three miles from Glasgow, and, when finished, had her conveyed down to the river by a machine made for the purpose. This little pioneer caused much speculation, and many of the wiseacres of the day

were not slow in consigning her to Mr. Jones's locker. The writer frequently saw this little craft when she was being created, but what became of her he never knew.

But both the safety and economy of iron steamships were thoroughly set at rest by the ship-building firm of Todd and McGregor in Glasgow, in 1839. In this year these gentlemen launched the *Royal Sovereign* from their shipyard at the Broomielaw, and in her time she was the finest vessel that had ever breasted the waves in the Irish Channel, and in the course of six months they gave her a companion in the *Royal George*.

Although several iron steamships had been built by this firm to ply between Glasgow and Liverpool, a passage across the Atlantic was thought—by the class of people who were most ready to discuss the matter—to be out of the range of possibility, and it may be mentioned that a gentleman of high scientific attainments offered to swallow the boiler of the first steamer that should make the passage!

In 1840, however, Messrs. Todd and Co. proved the practicability of deep sea-going iron steamers, by having built the *Princess Royal* for a Glasgow company to trade between that port and New York. The revolution in the ship-building trade caused by these men has been so great that sea-going vessels of wood are now an exception in the ship-building business.

In 1850, the above firm built a deep sea-going iron steamship, and baptized her by the name of the *Western Metropolis*, and sent her to the New World. This magnificent ship finally settled the question of the practicability of deep sea-going iron steamships, and since that time the Leviathans made of this metal have unfurled their sails and sounded their whistles in every sea where old Neptune wields his trident.

Is it really true that there is nothing new under the sun,—that our modern railway system is a resuscitation of a defunct one, and that the locomotive is a revived conception which

may have done the Rip Van Winkle over a period of twenty thousand years?

Solomon was impressed with the idea that discoveries in the arts and sciences were merely old things which had again made their appearance under suitable conditions. If this be so, our great philosophers and men of science may be simply working with the same sets of ideas which inspired the minds of men and prompted them to action long epochs before the age of history—I mean the history we know. The glamour of time is a strange thing. Some of us know that our railway system has only been in existence since 1828, yet there are millions of people to whom it is as if it had always been, and that George Stephenson may have lived a thousand years before the high level bridge was erected. The men, however, who can recall the sleepy condition of society in the ante-iron age, the railway system, with its surprising revolutionizing tendencies, is at least to them something new.

In 1815 “Puffing Billy,” the father of the locomotive engine, was doing the work of twenty horses on the Wylam and Warwickshire tramways. In 1830 the great railway system, with its wondrous power and rapidity of transport, may be said to have been inaugurated by the genius of George Stephenson on the Manchester and Liverpool line, which was opened in that year.

It is impossible to calculate the influence this new method of transit exercised, and will exercise, over the whole human family. The locomotive, with its surprising speed, has bridged over both time and space, and by it the inhabitants of the most distant countries are being brought into both neighbourly and business proximity.

There are two features connected with railways which have acted and reacted upon society in a wonderful manner. In the first place, they are the means, wherever they exist, of creating wealth both directly and indirectly; and in the second place, they have let loose the members of society

from their old moorings, and, as a consequence, people are hunting each other all over the world.

Then again, they have altered the old conditions in which we stood in relation both to time and space, by enabling men to do in a few hours that which in the pre-iron age would have taken days. As an instance: in the early part of the last century, a stage-coach was thirteen days in travelling between Edinburgh and London, a distance of only four hundred miles; that journey is now done in nine hours!

Then as to space—New York is now three days' journey nearer to London than Edinburgh little more than a hundred years ago.

The following article was copied from the *Daily Telegraph* in 1880, on the anniversary of the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway in 1830:—

“It is no light task to find words adequate to describe the consequences which have resulted from the successful trial trip of the Rocket locomotive engine in the September of 1830. Like all other inventions which have led to mighty improvements, the birth of the railway system was a slow and elaborate process. It will be remembered that George Stephenson was born in the midst of the Northumbrian coal-fields, and that his earliest labours were expended upon the management of the Trevethick engines employed to pump up water from the collieries. His fertile and suggestive mind soon grasped the idea that steam might be employed for far higher purposes than those to which down to 1815 it had been confined. Other inventors had long been on the track of the same conception, the object of which was to devise improved methods for transporting coal from its parent pits to shipping places whence it might be carried to the metropolis and all over the world. At first the only idea hit upon was to lay down iron tramways, and to drag railway waggons along them by horse power. Many expedients were resorted to in order to secure a more effective method of mechanical traction, and one of the earliest was to hoist sails upon the waggons and to drive them along the tramway as sailing ships are propelled through the water. Wind, however, was far too uncertain a force to be relied on for ordinary traffic, and the appli-

cation of steam power to carriage traction soon became a vision which haunted speculative and ingenious minds. James Watt and Dr. Robinson had a glimmering of its possibility, but could not bring it to perfection, and the credit of first building a locomotive steam-engine is due to the French engineer, Cugnot, who endeavoured in this manner to drag cannon into the field. The new vehicle, however, could not travel faster than two miles an hour, and was altogether unable to go up hill or over rough roads. But the conception had taken root in the brains of inventors, and the whole world was at work to give it shape and form. Oliver Evans, a citizen of Maryland, in the United States, tried his hand at it in vain, and William Symington, in conjunction with his compatriot William Murdock, the friend and assistant of James Watt, did his best to mature it upon the roads of Scotland. Sir Humphrey Davy witnessed the performances in Cornwall of a steam carriage constructed by his friend, Richard Trevethick, and, with the intuition of genius, exclaimed, 'I hope soon to hear that the roads of England are the haunts of Captain Trevethick's dragons.' But it was reserved for Northumberland to solve the difficulties of the problem; and, although George Stephenson was assisted in his incubations by W. James and other workers, he was among the first to perceive that the locomotive engine could never act with efficiency unless aided by a level iron way, along which the carriages drawn by it must necessarily run. In 1817 a railway was projected by Mr. Edward Pease between Darlington and Stockton-on-Tees, but it was not until 1821 that two strangers knocked at the door of his house in Darlington. One of them introduced himself as Nicholas Wood, the coal-viewer at Killingworth, and with him he brought George Stephenson, then in his fortieth year, who was an enginewright at the same place. The Act of Parliament authorising the construction of the Darlington and Stockton Railway had just passed, and George Stephenson modestly offered his services to Mr. Pease. The enginewright from Killingworth boldly avowed his opinion that the locomotive engine which he was employing at home was equal to fifty horses in its tractive capacity, and the result of the interview was that George Stephenson was appointed engineer of the new railway at Mr. Pease's recommendation, at a salary of three hundred pounds per annum. The Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened for traffic upon September 27th, 1825, and upon that occasion George

Stephenson gave utterance to a memorable prophecy. 'The time is not far distant,' said he, 'when mail-coaches will go by railway, and when it will be cheaper for a working man to travel by railway than to walk on foot.'

"The Darlington and Stockton Railway was worked by a fixed steam-engine, which drew the loaded waggons up the incline from the west and lowered them on the east side. At the foot of the incline a movable engine was ready to be attached to the train, with George Stephenson for its driver. First came six waggons laden with coals and flour, and then twenty-one vehicles, fitted up with seats for passengers, and lastly, six other waggons full of coal, making in all a train of thirty-three carriages and trucks. 'The signal being given,' says a contemporary chronicler, 'the engine set off with this immense train, and such was its velocity that the maximum speed attained was twelve miles an hour.' From that moment George Stephenson clearly perceived that Mr. Pease had enabled him to bring the dream of his life to maturity, and it is pleasant to record that he never forgot the friend who had taken him by the hand in his early days. Shortly before Mr. Pease's death in 1858, at the age of ninety-two, he received from his then wealthy and celebrated *protégé* the gift of a handsome gold watch, bearing the words 'Esteem and gratitude: from George Stephenson to Edward Pease.' Five years were yet to pass after the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway before George Stephenson had the opportunity of demonstrating upon the Liverpool and Manchester Railway that he had perfected his great invention. The age was ripe for the introduction of the iron road with its steam-horse for tractor, and it is amusing now to think how hard the prejudices of the opulent classes died in presence of an invention which was destined enormously to increase their wealth and to promote their comfort. It was predicted that horses would be superseded, and perish from lack of use; that the smoke of the locomotives would make the country unendurable; that the leveling tendencies of the day would be encouraged by the extinction of gradations in rank; that stacks would be burnt up by the sparks flying from the engine chimneys. Dr. Arnold, the headmaster of Rugby School, had, however, a clearer perception of the great march in civilization effected by the opening of the London and Birmingham line. 'I rejoice to see it,' he exclaimed, as, standing upon one of the new bridges over the line, he watched the train

speeding beneath him, 'and to think that feudality is gone for ever.' But the prodigious increase of national wealth, the growth of great cities, the facilities for supplying the commissariat of great populations, the easy intercommunication established between 'all people that on earth do dwell,' are among the multitudinous blessings to mankind of which George Stephenson is the undoubted author; and even now the railway system is far from having reached the limits which within the next fifty years it is certain to attain. Statues have been erected in his honour at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at the terminus of the London and North-Western Railway in London, in St. George's Hall in Liverpool, and at Chesterfield, where he died. Scattered over the face of the globe there are also many other tributes to his memory, but the approaching centenary of his birth (in the June of 1881), will afford to his grateful compatriots an opportunity for expressing their conviction that few greater or more meritorious Englishmen ever saw the light than the inventor of the locomotive steam-engine."

The railway system has given birth to a large number of new social arrangements, and among these modern town travelling is one of the most extraordinary events of the period. Up to 1830, town travelling by any other means than pedestrianism was a thing of rare occurrence. And the vehicles then were both primitive in make and limited in number. Sixty years ago there were only four towns in the United Kingdom in which hackney coaches could be obtained, and then only by applying at the livery stables; these were London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Liverpool.

Little more than forty years ago, there were neither omnibuses, cabs, railways, nor tramway cars; and less than sixty years ago there was not a single steamboat either for passengers or goods in the country, except a small steamer on the Clyde. The first inroad made upon the good old walking age was by the stage coaches in the early part of the century; but after 1830 the railways may be said, with the omnibuses and cabs, to have made walking among even half-genteel people as unfashionable as to eat with knives instead of forks.

Some people, calculating upon the future by their experience of the recent past, have an idea the next generation will travel through the world at a speed to which our own is that of a snail; but it may be a question in that age, by the more thoughtful portion of the community, whether the people then are happier than when the world remained more at home!

The modern omnibus was only introduced into London about 1830, the Hansom cabs followed many years after, also the four-wheel cab, which superseded the old-fashioned two-wheelers.

At the present time there are at least 12,000 cabs in London, 1,000 in Liverpool, the same number in Glasgow, 900 in Manchester, 500 in Bristol, 600 in Birmingham, 400 in Leeds, 600 in Edinburgh, and the whole of the other towns having railway stations are supplied with both cabs and other vehicles in keeping with their requirements. Then, added to these means of conveyance, all the large towns in the kingdom are supplied both with omnibuses and American cars; and in London the underground railway and steam-boats on the river carry at the least 2,000,000 of people weekly. If we take into account the people in London who travel by cabs, omnibuses, and cars, the total number of human beings who pay for transit will not be short of three millions and a half weekly.*

The railway system has given birth to another circumstance than that of having changed the manner of town travelling, and one, too, which was certainly not anticipated before the locomotive took to the rail; indeed, instead of this being so, the very reverse was the case. Before the Liverpool and Manchester line was opened, it was confidently affirmed, by numbers of men of high social standing, that the railway would run the breed of horses out of existence; that, however,

* 1880. The tram cars have now been in use in this country about ten years, and the various companies in England and Wales, up to the present time, have 233 miles in operation; the number of passengers conveyed by them last year was 150,000,000, and their fares amounted to £1,159,835.

was scarcely so good as the literary waterman's prediction, who on the advent of coaches declared that these vehicles would to a certainty run men off their understandings. But after the coaches had become a part of the social machinery of the city, men still retained the use of their limbs, and the waterman's prophecy was a false alarm. So it was with the predictions of the sages in question, for inasmuch as the railways have been in operation half a century, instead of the breed of horses having been destroyed, they are more numerous by half, and though this is the case, their money value is at the least three times more than it was before the railways came into use.

Society has cast off a good deal of its rusticity in London since 1620, when town conveyance—otherwise than by Sedan chairs—was confined to twenty-five primitively-formed hackney coaches; this number, however, in 1635 was increased to fifty. But it pleased the King, in the plenitude of his royal wisdom, that no hackney coach should be used for any purpose but that of carrying people into and out of the town (city) at least three miles, and not from one part of the town to another, because they obstructed the streets, and rendered them dangerous to His Majesty, his beloved Consort, and the nobility. Cromwell, in a spirit of liberal condescension, increased the number of hackney coaches to one hundred.

The modern vehicles for conveyance by road form an unmistakable indication of the ever-restless activity of the British people. All the recent appliances of this class have been made for the use of town travelling, and their number has grown with the wonderful increase of the town populations. The omnibus, cabs (Hansom and others), the minibus and tram cars now in common use, are looked upon by the people of the present generation as if their births could be traced back to the time of William I., and yet the writer was a married man with a family when the omnibus was introduced to London in 1829. A few years subsequently several cabs were brought out in the metropolis, but in a

short time these were superseded by a superior class ; among these are the light, convenient two-wheelers, the Hansom, and the four-wheel cabs. The tram cars, although they were only brought into operation in London so recently as 1869, are now in common use in all the large towns in the Kingdom. We owe the introduction of this useful method of town travelling to Brother Jonathan, from whom we have more good things than can be here described.

Somewhere about 1843 the public had the benefit of a new carriage, or perhaps it would be more in keeping with the fact to say that the baby perambulator was simply a modification of the Bath chair.

These little appliances for the use of the infant community, in the course of a few years were made actually to swarm, until they attained the character of a street nuisance. They are wheeled about by young, loving mammas, by little girls, young maidens, fond fathers, sprightly aunts, and self-sufficient old grandmothers in the busy thoroughfares of the towns, the narrow lanes, on the pavements, in the street roadways ; they are continually causing mishaps to people of all ages, sex, and condition. They cross our paths when we can only escape a tumble by colliding with both the baby and the machine, and often, before people know where they are, a baby is in such uncomfortable proximity as to be in danger of either running between the legs of the pedestrians in the front, or peeling the skin off from them behind. The kind and very considerate public endure all this that the dear little darlings may have their pretty little faces blistered by the action of the sun's rays in the summer, and that their limbs may undergo the process of refrigeration when they are being trundled about in the cold days in winter.

These machines have one recommendation as a set-off against the above ; they enable the young ladies in charge to have both time and opportunity to flirt with gay Lotharios in red coats, with young men about town, and with worn-out lady-killers.

The fashion of the perambulator for some time was confined to the use of what may be called the genteel classes of society, but of late years the babies of all sorts of people are made to pass a considerable portion of their time in these diminutive carriages both in town and country.

About the year 1825 some genius, with a mechanical head, invented a vehicle then known by the name of the velocipede, or "dandy horse." This was a three-wheeled skeleton carriage. It had the centre of gravity between the driving wheels; these were propelled by the feet acting upon a pair of treadles, and the small wheel in the front was that by which the rider steered his course. That little thing of ephemeral wonder shortly passed out of both sight and mind, and was followed by other small objects of wonder, until the railway, with its locomotives, swallowed all other things of wonder.

Between 1845 and 1850 the present bicycle made its appearance, and in its turn created public attention as a big toy for full-grown men. The wheels of the dandy horse were hooped with iron, but those of the bicycle are tired with india-rubber, which gives them both an elasticity and a smoothness of action.

The centre of gravity is under the seat, and the machine is propelled by the feet acting upon a pair of treadles, and these are attached to the axle shaft; it is steered by a handle in the front of the rider. There was no trouble in managing the dandy horse; all that was required was the free use of the feet and keeping a look-out ahead. With the bicycle it is very different. A person learning to manage one of them must keep it in motion, and when fairly under control, if he possess ordinary muscular power, he would be able to leave sixty miles behind him in six hours, and that, too, without much labour.

Of late years the bicycle has become almost as common as the perambulator. Young men ride them for amusement; merchants and tradesmen use them for taking them to and from their places of business; country post deliverers wheel themselves round their beats; school-boys, satchel on back,

trundle themselves to and from school ; and young men in the country districts, instead of saddling their horses, mount their handsome bicycles.

During the last fifty years there has been a growing spirit of competition in almost every branch of business, and from this circumstance men's wits have been sharpened, and the public have had the benefit of their experience in a great variety of ways. And it may be noted that the tastes of the people have been growing in keeping with their improved means of satisfying them. The Spartans of old were obliged to feed upon black broth, such as the Athenians were wont to turn up their genteel noses at, but the laws of Lycurgus were made for a fighting people ; these laws were opposed to social progress, and they were also opposed to personal liberty. That state of things existed more than two thousand years ago, and yet it is not more than seventy years since the great body of the British people passed out of the black-bread age.

The writer has a lively recollection of when barley, rye, and pease-meal formed the common household bread, not only of the working classes, but of a large number of the farmers. The food of the Spartans was regulated by law, but the food of the British people was regulated by the law of necessity, and should our "commerce die," that law would most decidedly operate in the same way again.

The progress of free institutions, and the advanced value of labour, have been the means of the people of nearly all classes drifting into a luxurious mode of living quite unknown to their forefathers.

The enormous variety of prepared food in packets, bottles, pots, and tin canisters will show how much the taste of the people is altered and their means of gratifying it improved. The new methods of catering for the omnivorous maw of the public will also show how men in business can make profits on the outside of honesty.

The following articles enumerated will give a pretty good idea of how much our artificial requirements have gone ahead

of our natural wants. It may be mentioned that the list here given is from the printed catalogue of one of the London co-operative stores. In the first place we have twenty-four preparations of chocolate, sixteen of cocoa, thirty-one sorts of fruits, twenty-three kinds of pickles, and one hundred and twenty-four sorts of fancy biscuits. That we may not suffer from thirst, there are nineteen kinds of aerated waters and fifty-six sorts of natural mineral waters to correct the effects of having overtaxed the stomach. After these we have thirty-one different kinds of sweets for the lovers of the goody, there are next thirty-seven sorts of sauces, the different kinds of which would puzzle any London alderman, and these are followed by thirty-four different classes of soup. There are several sorts of extract of beef, and ten kinds of essences. These are followed by corn-flour, tapioca, and three sorts of condensed milk. We have then bloaters, and bloater paste in cans, coffee extract, curried lobsters, curried paste, curried rabbits, curried powder, salmon, and sardines, anchovy paste, game of various kinds, potted shrimps, ptarmigan, turkey, and tongue.

These are followed by Suffolk patties (Why not Norfolk dumplings?) and Australian gravy. (Is this in any way related to the kangaroo?) We have next custard powder, essence of beef, beef tea, and condensed eggs in tins. And to conclude, there are twenty-four varieties of fruit syrups.

Many of the made-up articles in tins and packages are not what they are labelled, and almost in every case in which the materials admit of a partnership with articles of an inferior grade, the public are certain to have the benefit of the mixture. For the mustard business, the consumers have at least about a third part in weight of farina. To people who do not wish to have their eyes uncomfortably excited, this mixture is much better than the pure thing! As a general rule, pickles, instead of being preserved with vinegar at one shilling and eightpence a gallon, are improved to the taste of the public by the use of pyroligneous acid, which can be had for about sevenpence a gallon. Coffee can be made suitable to the convenience of

the dealers and the taste of the public, by having both its bulk and weight enlarged with the addition of chicory, burnt biscuits, roasted beans, or rye! And teas are made fairly remunerative by the use of contributions from the British woods and hedgerows.

The tricks of trade are not new, and those mentioned are merely to show how admirably adapted the modern system of selling prepared food in cans, bottles, and packets is calculated to further the interests of the manufacturers and dealers at the expense of the unsuspecting public. If the working classes will have luxuries, perhaps it matters little as to the nature of their compounds, as long as they are made to please the taste and are in the fashion!

In the early part of the nineteenth century this country was quite capable of producing all the animal food required for home consumption.

There were then two reasons why this was so. In the first place, England and Wales only contained at most ten millions of inhabitants, and in the second, a large number of the people were too rich in poverty to be able to purchase such a luxury except upon very special occasions. It is not wide of the mark to say that one-third of the people rarely tasted animal food, and that the second third seldom had it more than two or three times a week. In the ante-rail age, the price of food differed materially even in places which were only a few miles' distance from each other. The inland transit of property was then both a slow and an expensive matter. Goods of a perishable nature had often to be sold at great sacrifice; this was often the case with fishermen and market gardeners.

In those days there were numbers of middlemen who went their rounds periodically in the country districts for the purpose of purchasing the produce of the farmers. In the isolated districts there were really no ruling market prices, and as a consequence the people were obliged either to take the values offered for their goods, or be at the trouble and

expense of taking their produce to the nearest market, and run the chance of being no better served.

There was another cause for the disparity of prices in farm produce. There were scarcely two districts in England in which the weights and measures were alike; the consequence was, that when men in business removed from one part of the country to another, they were liable to find themselves among a people with different manners and customs, and not unfrequently speaking a language in a great measure foreign to them.

In those days the importation of anything in the shape of food into England was from Ireland. From that wonderfully prolific country our town populations had eggs, poultry, and butter. If the eggs were sound and the fowl fresh, they were honest products of nature, but though Ireland produced some of the best butter in the world, it was often made to assume a very different character in the hands of the *simple-minded* dealers, who had learned the *rapack* process of mixing.

The English people were also supplied with considerable quantities of live stock both from Ireland and Scotland, but it was not until the fourth decade of the present century that we had any cattle from abroad, and the few we had were from Germany.

During the last thirty years the growing prosperity of the country, and the increase in the population, were not only the means of increasing the consumption of food, but they produced a decidedly higher standard of living, particularly among the artisan classes in the towns.

Had it not been for the application of steam for propelling sea-going ships, we never could have had either live stock or animal food unsalted from the great producing regions of America and Australia; and it may be safely affirmed that all the merchant ships in Great Britain seventy years ago would not now suffice to bring one-half of the grain and other provisions now necessary for the requirements of the people. The fact is, steamships and locomotives have not only

bridged over time and space, but they have been the means of equalising the products of labour in nearly all the civilised countries of the world.

Somewhere about 1860, a quantity of beef and mutton was being sent in weekly parcels from Inverness to London, which at that time was a thing to create considerable surprise. Simple as that thing now appears, it was an event which only a few years before could not have been thought of by the veriest dreamer!

In the winter of 1850 a dead turkey was brought from New York and served up as part of a Christmas dinner in Liverpool; that, too, was looked upon as a thing to be wondered at. But at the present time the world-revolutionising Americans are not only supplying us with mountains of fresh meat, but they are also supplying us with thousands of tons of animal food ready cooked!

It is certainly not a little interesting to the people in this country to know that there are several firms, both in Chicago and Cincinnati, continually employed in cooking animal food for them; and though these towns are upwards of three thousand miles away, they are now within a less distance, so far as space is related to time, than Edinburgh was to London less than a hundred years ago.

In comparing the present state of society with the past, it certainly seems surprising that both living animals and carcasses should be brought all the way from the New World, but that that feat should be dwarfed by the same thing being done by the inhabitants of a still *newer world* on the other side of the globe, is yet more surprising. It may be truly said that we live in an age when the faculty of wonder is likely shortly to be no longer of any use.

Historically speaking, it would be an interesting matter to be able to compare the quantity of animal food which was consumed in Scotland in a given time seventy years ago, with that which the people are now able to purchase in a similar period.

In the early part of the century, cooking in the land o' cakes was in a very primitive condition. At that time the daily routine of cooking among the great body of the people was confined to the following dishes:—Making oatmeal porridge, sowans, boiling potatoes with their skins either on or off, and mashed with milk and salt; boiling meat and making broth with vegetables, frying, making oatmeal bannocks, and griddle cakes of barley and pease; making black puddings with blood, oatmeal, lard, pepper, and salt, and white ones without the blood.

To the above may be added boiled sheep's heads with the wool singed off with a red-hot iron. Kale was always made with a head: this was composed of leeks, greens, or cabbage, turnips, carrots, barley, and salted to taste. Pease brose, too, was a common dish in the north of Scotland: this was a very handy dish. A quantity of pease meal was put into an earthenware basin or wooden bowl with the quantity of salt desirable, and boiling water poured on it sufficient to reduce the mass to the consistence suitable to the taste of the operator. It may be noted, that if there was a difference between the Scotch and Irish bills of fare, it was in this. The Irish used a much greater quantity of potatoes—in fact, large numbers of the people very rarely tasted any other sort of food.

Since the writer was in Ireland sixty-eight years ago, the social condition of the people has been a good deal improved. And there can be little doubt in the minds of men who are at all familiar with the history of the country since 1848, that had it not been for the wild revolutionary conduct of Yankee political stump orators and unreasoning patriots who have kept the mind of the people in a state of uneasy excitement, the condition of the country would now be in a much more prosperous condition than it is or is likely to be unless the race of demagogues becomes extinct.

Scotland, on the other hand, has kept pace with England in the race of both social and commercial progress. During

the last fifty years the enterprise and industry of her people have contributed to place her with England in the front rank of civilised communities. It is questionable if history can furnish an instance of a poor nation having ever been so much benefited by its connection with a rich one. It may be mentioned, too, like England, her prosperity has been the cause of un-*Spartanising* the character of much of her food.

For some years past the Scotch have had a very fair share of the good things imported from foreign countries, and it is much to be hoped that the Irish ere long will be made partners in the national prosperity.

The following statement (live stock omitted) gives a pretty good idea of the immense quantity of various kinds of food over and above the produce of our own country, we were able and willing to consume in 1879 as against a few years previously.

Comparing 1865 and 1879 this country consumed in the latter year seven times as many hundredweights of imported bacon and hams, more than three times as much beef, nearly three times as much cocoa, twice as much butter and cheese, and nearly three times as much corn. These facts point to a rapidly improving condition of the labouring classes. The exact figures of these increases were:—Bacon and hams, from 713,346 cwt. to 4,917,631; beef, from 244,431 cwt. to 812,237; butter, from 1,083,717 cwt. to 2,045,399; cheese, from 853,277 cwt. to 1,789,721; cocoa, from 7,464,982 lb. to 26,155,788; and corn of all kinds from 49,492,111 cwt. to 136,743,743. Eggs, for which we are mainly dependent upon France, owing to the neglect by British farmers of the small industries, were sent in 1865 to the number of 364,000,000, and the ready sale here induced the producers to increase the poultry farms sufficiently to send us more than double the number last year—namely, 766,000,000. Of fish, the culture of which is not at all developed as it might be, we imported under half a million cwt. in 1865, and 1,160,140 in 1878. Twice as many oranges and lemons were consumed that year

as fifteen years before—namely, 3,433,059 bushels, as compared with 1,566,745. Potatoes advanced from 806,753 cwt. to 9,357,179. In coffee the increase was from 1,232,120 cwt. to 1,609,386; while of tea there were 63,000,000 more pounds imported last year than in 1865, the total import being 184,076,472 lb., of the value of £11,262,593, or about half a million sterling more than the total cost of the British navy in 1879.

Between fifty and sixty years ago social progress, with its levelling power, began to modernise the street architecture in nearly all our large towns, and one after another of the narrow streets, dark and filthy lanes, were being transformed into a condition in keeping with modern ideas of comfort and utility. This new sweeping system of clearing away the domestic architecture of our unsophisticated forefathers, was looked upon as a species of vandalism by the class of men who treated all reforms in the social system as ruthless innovation, but the work then begun is still going on.

The people in this country—even up to the beginning of this century—must have had a decided distaste both for light and free ventilation in their dwellings; their windows were small, necessarily, from the window tax, and the lozenge-shaped panes, with their lead lattice frames, only allowed the light to find its way into their rooms in straggling rays. In building their houses they appear to have been afraid of the fellowship of fresh air, and that they should be within a comfortable gossiping distance with their neighbours over the way, their narrow streets enabled them to shake hands from the opposite sides when so inclined.

If the land in the olden time had been as expensive as it is now, there would have been some justification for the streets and lanes in the towns being so closely packed together; but the value of land was then only a fraction of what it will bring in the market now. As a general rule, the rooms in the dwelling-houses in the towns were low between floors, and being badly lighted, the want of sufficient fresh air made

them both uncomfortable and unhealthy. It was, however, different with the farmers in the country districts: their houses had open rafters, which enabled them to have both plenty of air and drying room for their bacon and hung beef. But up to the nineteenth century the windows, even in the best class of houses, were made apparently more for ornament than utility. In sunshine they subdued the light with their numerous bars, and in the absence of the sun in broad day, they sent the rooms and all that was in them into deep mourning. There are few things in our street architecture in which there has been such a great change effected as there has been in the windows of the retail dealers, both in the towns and country. The old big-bellied bow window was frequently an impudent intruder on the narrow side path, and it was certainly ill calculated to show the goods of the trader to advantage.

The following little incidents will give a pretty good idea of the obstructive character of the old shop bow windows. In 1820, a waggon drawn by four horses was being unloaded in a narrow street in Bradford, Yorkshire; by some accident the leading horses got frightened, and set off at full gallop. The only three bow windows in the street were totally wrecked, and what was of more serious consequence, a man was killed while attending to his business as a market gardener. In the same year, while the writer was passing along one of the principal streets in Gainsborough, with a bundle on his right shoulder, he met a high-loaded waggon in the narrow thoroughfare, and just while passing it gave a lurch inward, and sent both him and his bundle right through a bow window into a grocer's shop. After he had picked himself up from among the wreck of broken glass, bacon, soap, and tallow candles, he found, to his gratification, that he was nothing the worse for his unintentional intrusion, and he left the shopkeeper and the bewildered waggoner to settle the matter as best they could.

The great improvement which has been effected in

street architecture during the last sixty years, can only be appreciated by people who were familiar with the oil street lamps and the bow window age. One of the finest business streets now in the kingdom, up to the year 1828, was a narrow dingy lane, having old gouty framed houses with overhanging stories and quaint devices, lattice-framed windows, and lozenge-shaped panes. In that year a clean sweep was made of the whole of this Elizabethan rookery. The one end of that street rested on Smithydoor Market, and the other was in close proximity to the Royal Infirmary, in Manchester.

A few years ago Deansgate, with its pack-horse roadway and bow windows, was served in the same way by the restless genii of progress.

In 1831, the death knell of bow windows was rung. The first window in the modern style I remember to have seen was in the front of a carver and gilder's shop, in Fleet Street, London; this window was formed of a single sheet of glass, and as that was before the duty was removed from glass, which was then three shillings a foot, the pane must have been a very expensive one. But it was not until the duty was removed that the shop windows were made to assume anything like their present pleasant architectural form. Many of the windows in the large retail places of business are not only well suited to show off the goods to advantage, but they are pleasing to the eye from the tasteful manner in which they are not unfrequently ornamented.

The modern shop windows are well adapted for advertising purposes, as the goods displayed in them invite pedestrians in the most insinuating manner to buy them; and from this cause large quantities of articles are constantly being purchased for which the buyers have no earthly use.

It is somewhat singular, that though the American retail dealers understand all the known tricks of trade practised in this country,—and not a few we do not know,—and are quite at home in the *Hookim* science of advertising, their business

streets are far short of the picturesque appearance of our own either by day or night.

In not a few of our large retail places of business the whole fronts are transparent with huge plates of glass, and in many instances the architectural arrangements and decorations are artistically in good taste, and therefore calculated to produce a pleasing effect in the minds of the sightseers.

Our modern shop windows are well calculated to impress upon the minds of strangers both the active character of our business habits and the amazing amount of wealth we possess. It may be observed, too, that a large portion of the goods seen in our shop windows are simply articles of luxury.

There are few things related in the pages of the "Arabian Nights," that contrast with the sober events of every-day life, more than the changes which the magic of the last seventy years has produced in the social economy of the British people, and where the stream of change may stop time alone will tell.

In the early part of the century both the trading and manufacturing industry of the nation was scattered over the country in the towns and villages, and it was then common for the people connected with agricultural and pastoral pursuits to make their own yarn for linen and woollen clothes. But as the nation grew in wealth a change gradually crept over the tastes and industrial habits of the people. Seventy years ago, it was only in one of the principal towns a gentleman could be supplied with an outfit of linen and ready-made clothes; and it may be mentioned that at that time it would have been *infra dig.* for any persons having pretence to respectability to have worn a cotton shirt—in fact, the levelling system had not placed the great unwashed, by the aid of merchant tailors and shoddy broadcloth, in the same fashionable category with the members of the upper ranks.

As the trade and commerce of the country expanded, the small manufacturing places of business gradually died a natural death, and a higher rate of wages in the towns

attracted the working classes to the then growing centres of industry. Town life was calculated to sharpen the wits of the country rustics, and it also possessed the charm of inspiring them with notions of gentility. This condition of things rapidly led to a system of centralization, and, as a consequence, the leading towns, especially in Great Britain, have become enormous hives of human beings.

Three things have resulted from this state of things. The value of property in many instances has been sent up beyond all former experience; house rent in the towns has become abnormally high; and lastly, swarms of human beings are congregated in all the large towns—the camp followers of the army of civilization who live by chance, and whose condition in numerous instances is owing to the fluctuations of trade.

The early part of the nineteenth century may be characterised as the stay-at-home age. The country people were then in the habit of purchasing such articles as they required at the places of business nearest to them, from pedlars, and at the fairs and hirings which were held all over the country towns from Caithness to Penzance. The advent of the locomotive produced an entire change in many of the old conditions of society, and in a short time vast numbers of people seemed to have been let loose from their domestic moorings.

When the retail trade was in the hands of the small dealers, much of the goods in daily use by the people was produced by the country manufacturers. There was then a considerable looseness in the way of doing business; the wholesale houses gave long credit and charged large profits, and the retail dealers, instead of having a stated price for their goods, left a large margin between the price asked and that which they would take, when obliged to do so by their higgling customers. This disreputable system gave a wide latitude for dishonesty on the part of the dealers, and this was more especially the case when the customers had no knowledge of the real value

of the goods offered for sale. The writer has known an instance in which three pounds was asked for a lady's shawl, and twenty-five shillings accepted!

It may be noted that this method was not confined to puffing houses in the retail trade. The system had been dovetailed into every branch of business in which the prices of the goods could not be fixed by custom from time immemorial, and as a matter of course few people saw any harm in it.

About 1835 some of the more respectable class of dealers began to be ashamed of the higgling practice. In Scotland this system had become so shameless, that the effecting of the sale of an article was often characterised by lying dishonesty on the part of the dealers, and impudent effrontery on that of the customers.

About the above date the firm of James and William Campbell, who were then doing the largest retail business in Scotland in the drapery line, in Candlerigs Street, Glasgow, introduced the fixed-price-and-no-abatement rule in their establishment; and as the system worked satisfactorily, it was shortly followed by other large houses in the trade, and in the course of a few years it became general.

It may be mentioned as an historical fact, that the no-abatement system in Ireland was inaugurated by the firm of Hervey and Co., drapers on Wellington Quay in Dublin, as far back in the century as 1828. At that time a man could not purchase a pair of brogues in Thomas Street without enjoying the pleasure of half-an-hour's higgling. The success of the above firm soon invited the enterprise of other firms in the same line in Dublin and the other large towns in Ireland.

From the idea generally formed of the unbusiness habits of the Irish by the people on this side of St. George's Channel, it may appear strange that so far back as 1837 there were in Dublin seven of the largest outfitting drapery establishments in the United Kingdom. A few years ago the writer had the pleasure of being shown through the following establishments:—Messrs. Tood and Burns; Cannack and White;

McBurney Hollis ; Pim, Brothers, and Co. ; McSweeney and Delaney ; Scott and Bell ; and Brown, Thomas, and Co. Some of these houses employed as many as seven hundred people on their premises.

In the course of a few years these monster establishments produced a very important change in the commercial character of Dublin. The majority of the small dealers looked upon them as so many dangerous monopolies. In discussing the matter, they argued that while the members of their own class were being ruined by their operations, the public were not benefited by them. The public, however, were the best judges in the matter. In 1858, the small dealers in Dublin held public meetings, at which the evils of the monster houses were freely discussed, public sympathy warmly appealed to, and both the social and commercial disadvantages consequent upon such monopolies were exposed from the speaker's point of view. It is curious how history, in the order of events, repeats itself : many of the retail dealers both in London and some of the large towns in the country, have lately held public meetings to protest against the injurious operations of the modern co-operative stores. The dealers say that in consequence of their being handicapped by high rents, heavy taxes, and other expenses from which the stores are free, they have little chance in the race of competition.

If the co-operative stores could be made instrumental in doing away with the credit system in the retail trade, they would do society a very important service.

The large retail houses not only give the public the benefit of a lower standard of prices, but from the great variety of their stock of goods they frequently save their customers, who require such goods as small dealers cannot supply, much waste of time.

Seventy years ago the higgling system, which was common in all classes of business in which a diversity of price could be charged, was highly disreputable in a moral point of view ; but it is questionable whether the retail dealers are more

honest now than they were then. "They are merchants," was a term of reproach among the Jews more than two thousand years ago. The people who are made into merchants are a part of the general community, and if they are more dishonest than the non-traders, it is simply because they are subject to greater temptations. It is a virtue in the barbarian to despoil either friend or foe of his property, but in Yankee phraseology, it is smartness to circumvent in business whenever a chance offers.

The growing requirements of society, arising out of the improved social condition of nearly all classes, has been the means of calling into existence systems which a few years earlier in our history would have alike been useless to the originators and the public.

It has already been shown that the railways had only been a short time in operation when they gave birth to what is now our marvellous system of town travelling. In this new business alone there is, no doubt, more than five times the amount of capital invested that was employed in the old coaching trade in the kingdom, when it had attained to its greatest importance in 1835.

The steamboat system, which may be said to have been inaugurated on the Clyde in 1812, has grown into such mighty importance in its carrying power, that it has not only largely increased the means of industry in almost every part of the world, but reduced the distance between countries, heretofore far apart, to within easy fellowship with each other. From their birth, railways offered many opportunities to enterprising men, which enabled not a few to realize large fortunes. Among this class, Smith, the bookseller and advertising agent, may be mentioned as having been the father of a new method of serving the public, and amassing more than a princely fortune for himself. The idea of the railway book-stalls was a good one; it had three recommendations. It was the means of supplying a public want, increasing the revenue of the railway companies, and materially extending the book trade.

This gentleman, having framed the blank spaces on the walls of the railway stations, gave a new direction to advertising, which was turned both to his own advantage and that of the companies who owned them.

It has been said that before the mail bags were carried by rail, all the mail coaches—twenty-six in number—which left St. Martin's every evening, could not have carried half the newspapers, books, magazines, and weekly periodicals now carried to the railway stations by Smith's vans daily.

From the following, it will be seen that Smith was not the only man who turned the railway system of the country to his own and the public advantage. The firm of Spiers and Pond, by their well-arranged plan of refreshment bars at nearly all the principal railway stations, have met the requirements of the public by a constant supply of creature comforts in elegantly decorated saloons, and served by pretty, neatly-dressed young ladies.

Mr. Cook, the great modern excursion originator, is another instance of a man who was able to take advantage of the growing necessities of the times, and turn them to his own advantage and the benefit of the public.

A little before the end of the third decade in the nineteenth century, the grand old coaching system, with all its exciting guard and horn associations, had passed into the domain of history, and a new order of things consequent upon the social progress of the nation had sprung up. Large masses of the people began to leave many of their old domestic habits behind them, and instead of rustivating in their homes as their fathers were wont to do, they swarmed off in large numbers, every now and again, in excursion trains, steam-boat cheap trips, or wandered abroad to rub shoulders with strangers in other lands.

Mr. Cook commenced his cheap excursion system by boat and rail about 1850. For some time his business was confined to short local journeys; but as he gathered capital and experience, he gradually extended the field of operations.

He had accomplished much when he took sightseers and pleasure parties more than a day's journey; by-and-by his tours embraced all the principal places of note both by sea and land in Europe, and for some years he has been whisking sightseers, scientific men, and blue-stocking ladies round the globe. Where he may yet land his migratory charges it would be difficult to imagine.

These caterers for the requirements of the public caught the flood tide that leads to fortune, but in each case they must have possessed first-rate administrative talents, and it is not too much to say that the institutions they originated and managed with such success are so many landmarks in the history of modern civilisation.

It is in the nature of animals to live upon each other, and certainly man is no exception to this general rule in creation, for if they do not eat each other, they live by appropriating each other's goods and chattels. In the early stages of civilisation the members of the human family plundered one another by force of arms, but in a more advanced condition they do the same thing in a more genteel way. The modern trade protection societies are so many sentinels to guard the commercial camps from being plundered by the Mohawks of civilisation. But while these societies endeavour to protect the wholesale traders, the great body of the consumers are continually being victimised in a thousand different ways by both the trading and professional classes.

These institutions exist in all the large towns of the kingdom; they are supported by yearly subscriptions by the members, but there are several which are the property of individuals who, like Hal o' the Wynd, do their fighting upon their own account.

The commercial agency business is also another trade-protecting concern. These institutions conduct a system of espionage, and profess to supply their subscribing members with information as to social status and character. They also issue weekly circulars containing registered lists of

bankrupts, bills of sale, etc. There is one house in this line in Gresham Street, in London, that has branch offices in all the large towns in the United Kingdom. The name of this institution is Stubbs', but the gentleman to whom this name belonged died in 1862.

In 1838 a weekly list of Scotch registered protested bills, applications for sequestrations, trust deeds, etc., was published in Edinburgh, and supplied to subscribers only; the subscription was 21s. annually. This document was known in Scotland by the name of the *Black List*, and was scanned with eager curiosity both by the subscribers and their non-subscribing friends.

The object of this publication was to apprise the members of the insolvent condition of the men who could not honour their acceptances. The gentleman who supplied the Scotch lists was a Mr. William Hill; he had been a man of many fortunes. In early life he was a schoolmaster, but being a man of active mental habits, he left the business of expanding young minds at an early date, and took to preaching and lecturing upon political subjects. In 1837, when Fergus O'Connor commenced to publish the *Northern Star* in Leeds, the paper was brought out for two objects: the first was to supply funds for Mr. O'Connor's exchequer, and the second to advocate the Charter. Mr. Hill became the editor of this paper, and in a short time, under his editorial management, the *Northern Star* had the largest circulation of any broad-sheet out of London; but O'Connor shortly ruined it by his impracticable land scheme, and other unreasonable crotchets. Mr. Hill, on leaving the waning *Star*, removed to Edinburgh, and succeeded with his Scotch lists in a most satisfactory manner, and in 1853 he added the English lists of weekly mercantile defalcations to his Scotch publication, and opened offices in London, Dublin, and several large towns with an inquiry department for the use of his subscribers. The new *Mercantile Gazette* was charged two guineas a year, and when the debt-collecting was added the charge was three guineas.

A gentleman of the name of Perry, in Walbrook, London, was the first to supply a list of trading defaulters to subscribers; but these lists were of no real value, in consequence of having only been supplied once a month. Mr. Hill was, therefore, the father of the present system of mercantile agencies, by supplying a weekly list of the registered defaulters in the United Kingdom, and a general debt-collecting department, and added to these he exposed the operations of the Long Firm and other mercantile swindlers.

In 1860 Mr. Hill sold his business to a young man of the name of Stubbs, whose father was a commission agent in Prince's Street, Manchester. He made this institution the largest and best-conducted thing of the kind in the country.

I have an idea that these different classes of trade protection institutions are calculated to do their subscribers more harm than good,—inasmuch as they are often calculated to make men in business less cautious in giving credit than they otherwise would be if left to their own judgment,—by exposing the defalcations of honest men, who may have been unfortunate through no fault of their own, and they are calculated to ensure their commercial ruin by placing them beyond the pale of credit.

It is no uncommon thing for men in business to be unable, through unforeseen circumstances, to honour their bills when due, and yet be perfectly solvent; but an exposure in the black list would in all likelihood be a serious matter.

The inquiry department is often abused in local trade societies by their managers, and the fortunes of tradesmen played with in a reckless manner. It is an easy thing to injure a man's business character, and I have reason to believe that there are plenty of men suffer in this way because they will not become members of local cliques.

It may be that the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and the Romans understood how to protect their interest in business matters by combination either in the character of trades unions or co-operative stores. If such,

however, was the case, they have kept the information to themselves.

The Israelites, in the early stages of their history, looked upon trading with much the same sort of feeling as the small landowners in Ireland did a few years ago. The name of a merchant was considered as a reproach. But when the Jews became aliens, and obliged to live by trade, no class of people ever had their wits so keenly sharpened by trafficking.

During the present century the English people have had quite a mania for combinations, and their speculations have embraced everything that could be bartered either for cash or in kind. Until of late years the producers and merchants have had all the business of the country in their own hands, and they only cared for the consumers as a means to further their own interest. The growing competition in all branches of business tended to reduce prices, and thereby lessen their profits. The manufacturers and dealers managed to overcome this difficulty; the one in producing an inferior class of goods, and the other in adulterating the food of the people. Of late years it has been a very difficult matter to purchase articles in daily use which have not undergone a chemical process to the advantage of the dealers.

During the century many attempts have been made by the people to obtain articles of food at reasonable prices and in a pure state, and otherwise to better their social condition. About the year 1820 Robert Owen thought he had hit upon a plan by which he could improve both the moral and social condition of the working classes. This was to be effected by forming associations whose members should produce everything necessary for their daily use, and they were to live in common. As no private fortunes were to be made out of their industry, their labour was simply a healthy recreation. The plan was put into practical operation in an establishment built and fitted up in a place on the banks of the Clyde about twenty miles above Glasgow, called New Lanark. When this institution was opened, it was anticipated by the people who

were to form the new society that they were about entering a Paradise, and that on doing so they would leave the cares and sorrows of life behind. It was soon found, however, that the dead-level system, which reduced all the members to an equality, was certain to be fatal to its success. The men of energy had no inducements to action suitable to their talents, and the industrious members found they had to work both for themselves and the drones. Discontent and insubordination shortly caused the institution to become a total failure. The members of this establishment had no bond of union necessary to hold them together; they were people of various religious creeds, and of no creeds. The very nature of such a heterogeneous society was fatal to anything in the character of a harmonious agreement.

Since the failure of Robert Owen's plans, several associations have been formed, in which the members live in common upon something like the Spartan system, only instead of having slaves to work for them, they produce nearly everything they require by their own industry. The Shaking Quakers of Lebanon, in the State of New York, are an example. This body of people live in common and wear a uniform costume. They are a quiet, inoffensive, and industrious race, good citizens, and said to be the best market gardeners in the Union. They manufacture a large number of articles for domestic use, which they dispose of to the general public.

The secret of this society's success lies in the bond of brotherhood which their religious creed has produced; and in them we have an example of what unity of mind and purpose can accomplish. The society has stood the test of over fifty years, and though its members "neither marry nor are given in marriage," it continues in a sound, healthy condition.

No society of men can exist as such, unless their union is cemented by the members having a common interest in the objects of their association. Sameness of religious sentiment

is no doubt that which is calculated to produce the most lasting bond of brotherhood.

The modern co-operative stores institution has been formed upon the principle of common advantages to be derived from the joint use of the members' capital being employed so as to give them both good articles in daily requirement and a share in the profits, which otherwise would go to the dealers.

In 1833, a young man, a hand-loom weaver, made an effort to form a co-operative society in Camlachie, a suburb of Glasgow. He failed, because there were difficulties in his way which could not be overcome. The village was made up of hand-loom weavers, and the small dealers who depended upon them. At that time numbers of the hand-loom weavers were struggling to live upon from four to five shillings a week. Their daily food was comprised of porridge and buttermilk, and potatoes and salt herrings. From this circumstance, if all the weavers in the place—about two thousand—had been able to have become members, the profits of the goods disposed of would not have paid the rent charges of the premises necessary to carry on the business in.

That was the first attempt to establish a co-operative store of which the writer is aware; but what the poor Camlachie weavers failed to do, was accomplished by the cotton and woollen workers in Rochdale somewhere about ten years subsequently.

The success of the Rochdale men led the way for all the societies which have since sprung into existence, and numbers of working men, by their means, are saving money to keep them in their old age; and not a few are enabled to lift the young members of their families in a few years a step or two on the scale of society above their own.

The amount of money now annually turned over by these institutions is no doubt more than the whole of the capital employed in business in Scotland two hundred years ago!

If these societies should continue to grow in the future as they have been doing of late, they will be the means of pro-

ducing a great moral revolution by giving a deathblow to one of the most serious evils connected with the retail trade—the credit system.

This system is not only injurious to the working men by causing them to have to pay more for the goods they are obliged to purchase than they would in paying ready money, but it encourages thriftlessness and dishonesty among married women. In Scotland, where nearly all the small dealers, both in the towns and country, deal in whiskey and other intoxicating liquors, the practice of booking spirits in their accounts as groceries is by no means uncommon. It also enables thoughtless married women to run their husbands into debt for articles they do not require. This sort of conduct is very common, and it is the means of causing not a few matrimonial broils. A good deal of the business of the County Courts is furnished by thoughtless and dissipated married women who, if they can get what they want, never think of the after consequences. Open shops are continually being the ruin of numbers of respectable industrious men and their families, and they are not unfrequently the cause of married women becoming irredeemable drunkards—one of the worst fates that can overtake a human being.

There are few things connected with our social progress that can furnish a more ready proof of the wonderful extension of the commerce of the country that has been effected during the present century, than the number of docks for berthing sea-going vessels which have been formed in all the leading ports of Great Britain, and it is all the more surprising that such vast appliances should have been produced in a single lifetime.

In 1820, the only vessels that could be navigated up the Clyde to Glasgow were the small wherries employed as lighters, and in the herring fishing. At that time the river, in ordinary dry seasons, was fordable for boys between the bridges. The quay-wall at that time, where the boats were moored, was the Broomilaw, and it was there the herrings

were taxed by the magistrates, and from that circumstance herrings were familiarly known among the working classes as "Glasgow magistrates."

At the above date the only ship-building done on the Clyde was at Greenock and Port Glasgow; and it was at the latter place where the vessels had their freights of goods from Glasgow, and where their cargoes were unloaded. The change since then, in connection with this river, has been such, that no man sixty years ago could have expected to witness, or even to dream of seeing.

There are now not only quay walls on both sides of the river extending miles in length, but docks sufficiently commodious to hold a large fleet of vessels, and the Clyde, from being a shallow, clear, running stream, can now bear upon its muddy breast the largest ships afloat. I do not think it is too much to say that, leaving London out of the question, there is more maritime business done on the Clyde at the present time, than there was in more than half of the seaports seventy years ago.

In 1820, there was a small basin harbour at Greenock, for the use of the small craft trading to the western Highlands, the north of Ireland, and along the coast to the Troon, Ayr, and Stranraer.

The shipping accommodation at Aberdeen, Forfar, Arbroath, Dundee, and Leith was very limited, but it was quite sufficient for the business transacted at these places.

Then, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, there was a short quay wall, where the few vessels that visited the port were moored. The most of the business done on the river was by keels. These flat-bottomed vessels were used in carrying coals and other articles of commerce to vessels moored in and about Shields; with the exception of the coal trade there was comparatively little foreign business done on the river. But shortly after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, Newcastle got into the stream of commercial progress; and now, in 1881, instead of being an insignificant port, the river has

not only been improved by dredging, but docks have been formed, miles in length; and large steamers are constantly plying to and from all parts of the world. The little once sequestered, but far-famed Jarrow,—the home of the Venerable Bede,—is now, and has been for years, a place of much importance for the ship building carried on there. And it may be mentioned that the banks of the Tyne, like those of the Clyde, are covered for miles with large, busy seats of manufacturing industry.

Sunderland, which is only eleven miles from Newcastle, in the time of the writer, was little more than a port for vessels engaged in the coal trade, but after Mr. Hudson, the "Railway King," became a member for the town, it caught the flood tide of commercial prosperity. This gentleman, for a time, was the spoiled child of Madam Fortune; he was instrumental in raising Sunderland from being a place of little note to a thriving commercial port. Her people owed him a debt of gratitude for the commodious docks he had erected for the town; and it is to their honour, that when he was hurled from his throne, and had become the sport of adverse fortune, and deserted by the people who had offered the incense of adulation before him in his prosperity, they purchased an annuity of four hundred pounds for him; but his sad reverse of fortune had prostrated him, both in mind and body, so that he only lived a short time to enjoy it.

In my recollection the only seaports between Sunderland and Hull were Hartlepool, Whitby, and Bridlington Quay, and these were places of little note. Whitby almost entirely depended upon the white fishing, but it is many years since that branch of industry deserted the highly interesting old town sacred to the memory of St. Hilda. Within the last fifty years the progress of events has called other three thriving ports into existence; these are Seaham, Stockton-on-Tees, and Middlesborough. The latter is wholly a nineteenth century town, and owes its existence to the discovery of iron ore in the Cleveland hills.

When the writer was in Hull in 1821, the principal business done in the shipping line was in the whale fishing. Many years ago this business took wing from Hull, and found a more suitable situation in Peterhead. At the above date two docks were sufficient to accommodate all the shipping doing business in Hull. But the abrogation of the Corn Laws, and the alteration in the Navigation Laws, have given Hull a new commercial existence, and the consequence has been that, with the exception of the coal trade, she has more sea-carrying power than all the other ports between Caithness and the Thames had seventy years ago; and, as a matter of course, her shipping accommodation has kept pace with her rapid commercial development. Her two docks of sixty years since would not now supply room for the fleet of ocean steamers the property of one man. In addition to her present shipping accommodation, large docks have been made at Great Grimsby, a place which, at the above period, was a little stagnant village, lying on the outside of the stream of social progress.

The railway system, with its magic influence, has done much in changing both the character of Hull and Grimsby and their inhabitants, and it may be noted that the new town of New Holland, on the Lincolnshire side of the Humber, is purely a railway creation.

Great Yarmouth, too, has grown both in its shipping and the general trade of the town. Up to 1850 the principal business of this old seaport was in the herring fishing, but since that time it has become a watering-place of considerable consequence.

On the opposite coast, Maryport, Workington, and Whitehaven have ever been, in the time of the writer, supported by the coal trade; and they are much the same now as they were sixty years ago. But the exigencies of the times have been the means of calling into existence two new ports; the one is Barrow-in-Furness, and the other Fleetwood, at the head of Morecambe Bay. Furness is an old town, with a new cha-

racter, and Fleetwood is in its infancy. Both have become important shipping ports, but Fleetwood has the advantage of being a modern watering-place, where the people from the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire improve their health, air their pride, and empty their purses. The railways having created a demand for iron, the rich miners in the vicinity of Furness shortly made it, like Middlesborough, into a thriving place in the iron manufacturing business and ship-building.

When the writer was at Liverpool in 1812, the shipping accommodation consisted of the following docks:—The George, King, Queen, Salthouse, and Bromley, with the addition of a tidal basin. The Prince Regent dock, which is much larger than any of the old ones, was not opened until 1817, and all below this latter dock was the open beach, upon which there was a number of bathing machines.

The docks now on the Liverpool side of the Mersey, extend somewhere about seven miles in length, and afford accommodation for a vast number both of sea-going and coasting vessels.

During the last sixty years Liverpool has not only extended far beyond her old landmarks, but she has been the cause of transforming the little village of Birkenhead, on the Cheshire side of the estuary, into a large and populous town, with a series of docks at Woodhead and Wallasey Pool which afford room for a much greater amount of shipping than all the docks both in Liverpool and London could contain in 1812.

The rapid development of the trade and commerce of the country since 1832 has made Liverpool the mistress maritime port of the world. The sails of her vessels are unfurled in every sea between the poles, and they are manned by men of all the shades of colour which climate and artificial means can produce.

Up to nearly the end of the last century Bristol was looked upon as the second port in the kingdom. She had then the West India trade, and she fattened upon slave-made

sugar and rum. But early in this century the Liverpool people relieved her of this business; and in 1834, the Government having manumitted the slaves, at the expense of twenty millions, our trading relations with the West Indies were completely changed.

During the last thirty-five years Bristol has again got into the stream of commerce. She has spanned the Avon at the cliff with a second-hand chain bridge, after long years of thinking about it; and notwithstanding the dangerous character of the river, her maritime business has been growing beyond her means of accommodation. And though the Corporation has both improved the navigable character of the muddy Avon, and erected new docks, she has at last commenced to do what she should have done forty-five years ago—formed a system of docks at the mouth of the river, below the village of Pill.

Cardiff, on the other side of the estuary of the Severn, from being a sleepy old town in the early part of the century, has lately become a place of great trading activity, and the rich mines of coal and iron in her vicinity have caused her to become a very important seaport. The large maritime business she now enjoys may be said, in a great measure, to be owing to the prudent foresight and liberality of the third Marquis of Bute, who is said to have spent nearly a million of money in the formation of new docks and tidal basins.

The people who are at all familiar with the extraordinary amount of shipping accommodation now in the port of London, could not for a moment believe, unless they had good proof for doing so, that in the beginning of the nineteenth century the whole of the business, both home and foreign, was either transacted on the river or at public or private wharves. Nor would they believe that the Thames was infested with a series of organised gangs of robbers, who preyed upon every possible description of goods required to be unloaded in the port. Yet this was so; and the system of robbery was so complete, and the organisation of the bands

so well united, that the city authorities had not sufficient power to put them down.

The writer can well remember when the docks and quays at Liverpool were also infested with gangs of heartless rogues and ruffians; and from their being enabled to follow their trade of thieving, the Corporation either had not the power to vindicate the law, or they were blind to a sense of their duty, and regardless of the cruel wrongs that were continually being inflicted upon innocent people.

In 1800 there was a single dock in London, and that was only used for berthing vessels employed in the whale fishing. This dock occupied a small part of the site now covered by the West India docks and basins. This dock was begun to be erected in 1800, and was opened in 1805.

In 1810, when the writer was first introduced to London, the space she occupied was comparatively small to the wide field she now covers, with the addition of two millions and a half to her population. Her dock accommodation then consisted of the London, East and West India, one at Deptford, her quay walls at Horselydown; the open quay in front of the Tower, and to these may be added the private and public wharves scattered along both sides of the river. The coal vessels, which then comprised a large fleet, instead of being berthed in docks like merchant ships, were moored in the pool, and their cargoes were discharged into barges.

Of late years, London has put the whole world under contribution in supplying her natural and artificial wants; and as her population increased, both her people and her shipping required more room. The town has kept travelling into the country, and like a huge monster has swallowed up all the adjacent towns and villages. Her shipping required additional harbours for her increasing sea-going vessels. The first step in this direction during the present century was the erection of a commodious set of docks on the site of old St. Katherine's. This amphibious region, in the time of the writer, contained a seething mass of human beings

who lived on the outside of civilisation, and where the vices of savages, with those of half-civilised races, were blended in their most repulsive forms.

Old St. Kit's was swept away with the broom of social progress, and a high wall, enclosing the docks, with their stately warehouses, are the only objects which now meet the vision of the stranger as he descends from Tower Hill.

A series of new docks* have recently been erected, seemingly large enough to contain more than double the number of sea-going vessels on the Port of London little more than seventy years ago, the whole extending over 560 acres, of which St. Katherine's alone own 186 acres. The tonnage of shipping entering the port, which in 1827 had been 990,000 tons, had increased in 1874 to 4,671,676 tons.

Then, in addition to the dock accommodation, all the coasting steamers, and many of those in the French, Belgian, Dutch, and Prussian trade discharged their cargoes either at private wharves, or into barges on the river.

But the river is not the only channel through which the London people are fed and clothed. The fruits of the earth, the spoils of the ocean and the air, and the various products of human labour, are constantly being supplied through railways, canals, and highways, which, like as many arteries, are branched out into most endless divisions. The reproductive character of the London business is of such vast magnitude, that it must affect the interest of people in most lands, as well as all the labour markets in the United Kingdom. And I think it would be no exaggeration to say that it requires as much money to supply the wants of the present metropolitan population as was spent in feeding and clothing the whole of the people, both in Scotland and Ireland, eighty years ago!

It may be mentioned that all the seaports on the south coast of England, from Dover to Penzance, have felt the growing influence of our wonderful industrial activity, and

* Of which the Victoria, and the Royal Albert docks, both belonging to the St. Katherine's Dock Company, are the principal.

the surprising expansion of both the trade and commerce which has prevailed of late years. Whatever the new section of the people known as "Fair Traders" may say, the nation owes its present greatness, both in her trading and carrying capacity, to the abrogation of the Corn Laws in 1846, and the Navigation Laws in 1849. The repeal of these two laws opened up the flood gates of our commercial prosperity, and placed us, so far as commercial freedom is in question, in the van of all other trading nations.

The nineteenth century may be characterised as a decidedly utilitarian epoch in the history of human progress. All the wants and requirements of men, whether in business or professions, are cared for, and, if possible, turned to a profitable account.

The Commercial Directory is only a thing of modern date; the writer has an idea that the Manchester Directory was among the first in the field, and that its birth would be somewhere about 1822. The first County Directory was published by Mr. Piggott of Manchester in 1826, the information having been obtained in the previous year. This Directory embraced the seven northern counties of England; these were Yorkshire, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cheshire. Mr. Piggott was succeeded by Mr. Slater, who continued to publish both the Manchester and Counties' Directories, and it is to this gentleman that the Directories owe their present highly useful classification.

The first work of this kind for Glasgow, if my memory serves me right, was published in 1834, and was brought out by the post-office authorities, the information having been collected by the men engaged on the delivery staff.

I believe the first London Directory was brought out by a Mr. Brown somewhere about 1824, and that rude and imperfectly-got-up work was the infant of the present monster catalogue of names of men, places, and things. It is said that Mr. Brown, the first compiler of the London Directory,

had some official connection with the post office, and when the work fell into the hands of Mr. Kelly, the present proprietor, the title was continued, but neither of these gentlemen had any authority for using it.

As London expanded from year to year, the Directory increased in size, and it is now a marvel of industrial arrangement and correctness of classification. If this book had to be compiled and brought out in its present form for the first time, it could not be sold for less than six pounds, and then the sale would require to be a large one. When the information is about to be obtained, a map of London is cut up into a large number of pieces, and one of these is given to each canvasser. The men employed in this department require to be very correct in obtaining the information; but not the least important of their duties is that in which both their own personal interest and their employer is deeply involved. This is in obtaining advertisements. Directories are like modern newspapers, neither the one nor the other could exist without the support of their advertising columns.

At the present time there is not a county in England, nor a town of any note, that is not honoured with one of these tell-tales bound in cloth. About thirty-five years ago Mr. Slater, with a liberality greater than that of Captain Grose, printed the name of every man of social standing in Scotland, and since that time he has been doing the same for the boys over the water.

For several years there was a considerable rivalry between Mr. Slater and Mr. Kelly. The latter gentleman has fairly run his rival out of the counties, and may fairly be termed the Directory king of Great Britain.

The London Directory is arranged under twelve heads; these are Streets, Commercial, Trades, Court, Law, Banks, Parliamentary, Postal, Clericals, Conveyances, Assurance, and Advertisements.

The size of the volume is, I believe, super royal octavo; it contains 2,500 pages, and added to these are 392 pages of

advertisements. These are worth, at least, £8 a page, which would give £3,136.

It may be mentioned that this extraordinary book could not be brought out at its present price, even with the aid of advertisements, were it not that the great bulk of the matter is kept standing in type from year to year, and the new matter is made up of vacancies by deaths, removals, and additions.

These topographical guides are not only useful to business men, but they are absolutely necessary to the ease, comfort, and profit of that large industrial class of people who live by their wits. The once notorious Joseph Ady, who died a few years ago in the Isle of Man, must have been greatly indebted to the compilers of country Directories. During many years before the new postal arrangements, this gentleman's letters were continually informing people in all parts of Great Britain, that by sending on return the sum of 21s., they would "hear of something to their advantage." As these missives wore quite a professional character, they were well calculated to deceive, and their 'cute author continued to fatten upon the credulity of his dupes for many long years.

Both the Town and County Directories enable the industrious "long firms" to fleece the unsuspecting members of society who are engaged in business, and as they are pleasantly condescending, they are not at all particular as to the class of goods the people deal in whom they honour with their orders. The gentlemen who do the begging letter business find both the Commercial and Clergy Directories highly useful in carrying out their operations.

The difference between the fifty lumbering hackney coaches of two hundred and forty-five years ago, and the thousands of handsome vehicles which ply for hire at the present time in London, is not greater than that which distinguished the postal arrangements in 1839 and those which exist now. When the old system was in being, letters over short distances were in many instances charged more than a man can now have him-

self conveyed for. As an instance. The letters passing between Glasgow and Greenock were charged sevenpence; the distance is twenty-two miles. Now, and for many years past, the fare, either by rail or steamboat, third class and steerage, is sixpence.

The rates of postage were so high that poor people were often prevented from corresponding with each other even when the occasions for doing so were extremely urgent. One of the consequences of this state of things was that of having sharpened the wits of the poor people, by which they either evaded the payment of the letters sent them, or they received them through a variety of other channels. Letters were often presented to poor people who only required to look at the address to obtain all they wanted to know; these were returned to the dead letter office to be immolated, the fate of all unclaimed letters.

In the country districts the common carriers did nearly the whole of the postal business over short distances, and the guards of the stage coaches were trusted with a large amount of business; of course this was done *sub rosa*. The charge for letters was not only high, but exceedingly unequal for the various distances they were carried, and, added to this, the post was both slow and uncertain.

As a further proof of the vast difference between the postal charges on letters before the postal reform and now, in 1830 the writer, while in Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, had occasion to send a five-pound note to Glasgow. The note was enclosed in a half-quarto sheet of paper, and for this, less than a quarter of an ounce, he was charged two shillings and tenpence. Then again, in 1833, while in Glasgow, he had a small package, considerably under an ounce, for which he was charged nine shillings. The distance this package was carried was four hundred and four miles, and the charge now would simply be one halfpenny!

The writer recently posted a letter and a newspaper for Chicago; the postage of the letter was threepence, and the

newspaper one penny, and for this sum these documents would be carried over a distance of between three and four thousand miles, and if the person to whom they were addressed should not be found, the letter would safely find its way back to the sender.

Under the old system the post office was frequently made a convenience of by not a few of the members of Parliament, by the manner in which they made use of their franks. Instead of this privilege being confined to forwarding letters to their friends and constituents, they sent all sorts of things which could either be stuffed into the coach, boots, or receptacles for luggage, or placed on the top of the vehicles.*

Notwithstanding the high rate of charges under the old rule, the department was a continual drag upon the exchequer, and its arrangements were managed in a most clumsy way; in fact, it was a disgrace to the business character of the country, and yet the change was reluctantly made, after the necessity for it was thundered into the ears of the house for several years.

In the year 1839, the last of the old system, the number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom was 76,000,000. In the fifth year after the reform the number of letters had increased to 640,000,000, and when we come down the sliding scale of time to 1879, the letters, independent of newspapers, cards, books, and parcels, almost staggers belief; it was 1,057,733,300! This gives an average of thirty-three letters to every man, woman, and bairn in the United Kingdom. The mind is bewildered in thinking of this vast number of missives,—and we are led to reflect upon what a sorry condition the twenty-six mails which left St. Martin's Le Grand every evening would have been in with even the newspaper bags of the present day,—which are sent out of London daily to be distributed all over the world by the ever-active genii called into existence by the magic of Sir Rowland Hill.

* In 1839, 7,000,000 of letters were franked by members of Parliament.

The annual report of the Postmaster-General, 1879, has been published, and gives us, as usual, many interesting facts and figures in connection with that ever-growing and, taken on the whole, admirably-managed institution, the Post Office. During the year 1,137,997,500 letters were dealt with—a number which shows an increase of 2·8 per cent. on the previous year. The number of postcards was 114,458,400, or an increase of 2·7 per cent. Book-packets and circulars have increased by 8·6 per cent., but newspapers remain as nearly as possible at the figures given in 1878. No less than 1,417 letters containing coin and articles of value were observed which had been posted without registration. Exclusive of postage stamps found loose to the number of 72,000, as many as 27,224 articles of various kinds escaped from their covers, and were sent to the Returned Letter Office, this number being about half as large again as in the previous year; 21,621 letters were posted without any address, among which were 1,141 containing cash and bank-notes to the amount of £433, and cheques, bills, etc., for £4,251; 25,000 letters were stopped on account of the objectionable nature of their contents, such as frogs, lizards, insects, etc., and in one instance a marline-spike. Following the excellent practice pursued at London and Liverpool, the Provincial Returned Letter Offices send undelivered magazines and periodicals to local hospitals. The business of the department is steadily increasing. Sixty-one new offices were opened during the year for telegraph business, and the profit made by the department reached £2,800,000. Notwithstanding the dullness of trade, and the bad harvest in 1879, the excess of deposits over withdrawals continue, and the balance due to investors shows an increase of upwards of £1,500,000. It is noticeable that of this large sum £91,853 falls to the share of Ireland, and of this amount the counties chiefly affected by the distress contributed £25,418.

The following figures could never have entered into the mind of the veriest dreamer only a few years ago.

1880.	
Letters	1,176,423,600.
Postcards	122,884,100.
Books, parcels, etc.	248,881,600.
Newspapers	133,796,100.

The number of people employed 47,000 ; 2,000 of these are women.

During the Christmas week 1881 nearly 12,500,000 letters and packets were dealt with in the central office, which included $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons of registered letters, against $11\frac{1}{2}$ millions and 4 tons of registered letters in the previous year. The number of valentines despatched from the central office increased to 1,634,000, whilst in 1880 the number was 534,000. The total estimated number of letters, postcards, book packets, newspapers, etc., received in the United Kingdom from abroad during 1881-2 is roughly calculated at 69 millions ; while the number despatched from these shores is reckoned at about 87 millions. The report continues : Europe sends us some 37 millions, America 22 millions, India 3 millions, China half a million, Australia and New Zealand $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions, and Africa $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions ; on the other hand, the United Kingdom despatches about 44 millions to Europe, 22 millions to America, $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions to India, $1\frac{3}{4}$ millions to China, 6 millions to Australia, and about 6 millions to Africa. The number of telegraph messages was 31,345,861, being an increase of 1,933,879 over the previous year. Deducting from this number about 6,000,000 for Government and Press messages, it appears that the average number of private messages is about three for each four persons in the United Kingdom, and it further appears that the proportion of telegrams to letters is as one to 44. Respecting postal orders it seems that within the 12 months no less than 4,462,920 were issued, amounting to £2,006,917. The gross revenue for the year was over £9,028,374, and the net revenue £3,100,475.

It is not saying too much to affirm that our post-office

system is one of the most perfect social arrangements in existence. Its management is so correct, that it is a matter of rare occurrence for a letter or parcel to go astray except through the dishonesty or neglect of the servants of the institution; but as the men in the employment of the post office, like those on the outside of St. Martin's, are not perfect, little slips from either of the above causes will now and then remind us of human fallibility. It is now proposed to undertake the delivery of parcels not exceeding seven pounds in weight.

The money-order department is of incalculable value to large numbers of the working classes; it enables the members of families living at a distance to send small sums to relieve the wants of friends at home or abroad, and it is also of signal service both to traders and professional men, who require either to receive or transmit small sums of money, and this system has recently been extended by the issue of postal notes.

The post-office savings bank is also a highly valuable institution, inasmuch as it enables the labouring classes, by prudent forethought, to deposit such small sums as they can spare from their earnings from time to time, and by this means anticipate the necessities which may overtake them in after life, or enable them to move a step higher in the social scale.

The writer remembers the time when banking business was only known by merchants and men possessing large capital. To the working classes it was a complete mystery, and the great body of the farmers in the United Kingdom were so ignorant of its advantages that they kept their money lying dead in their own houses, and when they went abroad upon business, they were fair game for the knights of the road.

There is yet another department connected with the transmission of intelligence, which may be said to be the crowning effort of scientific inquiry during the nineteenth century. In the telegraph we have the untiring aid of thousands of *Ariels*

who are constantly employed in carrying the thoughts of men to all parts of the world, with a speed which the winged messengers of Jove could not overtake.

Among all the discoveries which have been made in the field of science during this or any other age in the history of the world, that of the application of electricity to telegraphic purposes is by far the most wonderful. It is said that Jove had the command of the thunder; but I suspect that neither he, nor all the gods of Olympus, could make the lightning a messenger of their wills.

In the month of June 1870, a small body of scientific men, with the Prince of Wales and a few friends, met in a room in London, where for some time they carried on a friendly correspondence with Lord Mayo in India in the East, and President Grant in the United States in the West. They also exchanged friendly greetings with several continental Sovereigns, the Sultan and his representative, the Viceroy of Egypt, and the Governor of California. Surely nothing within the range of human experience can be, as Dominie Sampson would say, so "prodigious," as that men sitting in apartments at the opposite ends of the earth should thus be able, as it were, to converse with each other. Some people may say that the telegraphic philosophers are setting themselves up as rivals to the Deity; but if they are rivals in doing good, surely their conduct will not be accounted a sin. It is quite likely that those great discoveries in the arts and sciences during the century which have sent the civilised world so far in advance of what it was a few years ago, have been ordained in the decrees of Providence for the purpose of improving the different races of men by a better acquaintance with each other. The following is an account of the meeting alluded to above, and will no doubt be interesting to the general reader:—

"The completion of telegraphic intercourse between England and India was celebrated June 23rd, 1870, at the house of Mr. Pender, in Arlington Street, the Prince of Wales honouring

the soirèe with his presence. The Prince of Wales proceeded at once to despatch his telegrams to India, America, Lisbon, Gibraltar, and other places. The message from his Royal Highness to the Viceroy of India had been preceded by one from Lady Mayo somewhat earlier in the evening. The Prince said: 'I congratulate Your Excellency upon the completion of submarine communication between England and her Indian Empire. This is of the greatest importance to the mother country and her dependencies, and is therefore of Imperial interest.' To the Khedive, the Prince addressed thanks for the facilities which had been afforded in a manner 'true to the traditions' of His Highness's rule. A telegram was also sent to the King of Portugal, thanking him too for ready facilities, and expressing a hope that the two countries, brought nearer in point of time, might be drawn together in a lasting friendship. To the President of the United States, His Royal Highness telegraphed as follows: 'I feel sure you will rejoice with me on the completion this evening of submarine and telegraphic communication between Great Britain as well as between America and India.' For the first time, and through the station which was temporarily opened at Mr. Pender's house, the President of the United States and the Viceroy of India were that night enabled to exchange messages of congratulation. The reply from Lord Mayo to the Prince of Wales was returned when His Royal Highness was at supper in the private tent; and a hearty laugh was caused by the date of the Viceroy's telegram, which was from Simla '5.4 a.m.'—that is to say, at a time when all the world likes to be in bed. The great fact satisfactorily ascertained, by repeated experiments, was that communication with India can now be made in less than five minutes."

What an incredible thing it would have been thought even so recently as fifty years ago for a man living in New York to receive a message from a friend in London two hours before the date at which it was despatched! And yet this is now a matter of daily occurrence. When Benjamin Franklin was experimenting with electricity in the middle of the last century, in the most dreamy flights of his imagination he could not have foreseen the numerous ways in which it has been made subservient to men's wants and desires.

It is not a little interesting to remark how the improved social condition of a people increases their wants and enlarges their desires. Sixty years ago there was no such thing as a pictorial valentine; these missives of sentimental lingo were all written, and the lover who wished to convey the idea of the inflamed condition of his feelings, either lined or painted the form of a heart, pierced with one of Cupid's darts, under his written epistle.

The early printed valentines were illustrated with rude woodcuts, and were coloured by the hand in a slap-dash manner, and had it not been for the subsequent application of lithography to the business, it is questionable whether the valentines would not still be produced by the old method.

About 1814, an enterprising printer in Belfast introduced a series of tales printed on folio sheets of cheap paper, and embellished with flaming woodcut illustrations. If my memory is not at fault, these were sold to the trade at one shilling per dozen, and large numbers of them were disposed of by the basket hawkers in the country districts, both in Scotland and the northern counties of England. The writer can remember the time when "Death an ye Fair Ladye," Abraham about to slay his son, and others of the set were to be seen pasted up in the houses of the country people, and were esteemed by them as works of art.

Somewhere about 1830 or 1835, a series of low-priced valentines were printed from the stone in Belfast, very likely by the same person who had printed and published the illustrated tales. These were also coloured by hand, and were sold in large quantities to the wholesale houses, principally in Scotland and England.

In the course of a few years a great improvement was effected in the manufacture of these things, but it may be mentioned that it was long after the above date when the method of printing with more colours than one was discovered, and it was not until then that valentines were made to assume the artistic character they now possess.

In 1850, a firm in Leeds, who had their manufacturing establishment in Otley, in the pleasant valley of the Wharfe, were then doing a large business in valentines from eighteen shillings a gross up to seventy-two. It is, however, only within the last fifteen years that the high-class valentines have really become works of art. In this department the French have led the way. Many of the French valentines are not only pleasantly interesting from their pictures being works of art, but the beauty and variety their forms are made to assume are really surprising for the ingenuity displayed in their construction.

The difference between the halfpenny valentine of fifty years ago, and the first-class ones of the present time, is quite in keeping with the altered taste and means of the people of the two periods in our history.

The valentines have given birth to another trade, which during the last ten years has become a very important branch of industry. I allude to the trade in fancy cards. The quantity of these now sold is really fabulous, and these, with the valentines, contribute to the business of the post office more than double of the whole amount of the department forty years ago.

The pictorial devices of the fancy cards are simply those which have been used for valentines, and being left on the stones they can be printed when required.

About ten years ago the fancy cards were brought into this country, and they were accepted by the public as pretty little friendly presents for Christmas and the New Year, but the French people were more than thirty years in advance of us in the production of these things. A large amount of business had been done in France in the manufacture of coloured enamelled lithographic pictures; these were generally used for labelling cases containing goods of various descriptions. Coloured lithographs of quarto size of French make are used in large quantities in the United States for ornamenting the inside of the lids of ladies' travelling trunks.

When the wife of a New York merchant takes a summer trip to Saratoga or the Falls, she will be sure to take from three to half-a-dozen large trunks with her, each of which will have a special pictorial decoration in the inside of the lid ; and it may be remarked that these, with their lids open, constitute the principal ornaments in her room.

It has been the practice of late years for merchants to put articles of food and condiments into tin and various other sorts of cases, and in order to draw the attention of the public, they are all embellished with coloured cards of an attractive character, and it may be mentioned that the articles in these packages, as a rule, are either adulterated or of an inferior character. Both the pictures and the cases are paid for by the simple-minded and confiding public.

Nearly all the changes which have been effected in the taste and habits of the people of late years have been produced by their improved social condition. In the early part of the century a piano could only be found in the house of a person of high social standing ; indeed, this instrument was so little known, that great numbers of the working classes never saw one.

The writer knew the occasion of an instrument having been purchased by a large sheep farmer for his daughter, who had had a boarding-school education, and it was the first that had come into the valley of the upper ward of north Tyne, with the exception of those in the halls of the landed gentlemen. In those days the men who had musical tastes could have their violins, German flutes, or clarionets, but the females had only their own sweet voices, and the sensation nerves of their lovers to play upon.

To prove, however, the great change that has been effected by the altered circumstances of the times, pianos are now more common than warming pans were sixty years ago, yet these utensils, with their bright copper faces, were seen in the kitchens of nearly all respectable householders.

In the United States of America it is not an uncommon

thing to find a cottage piano in the shanty of an Irish labourer, purchased for the use of his Americanised daughter. Since the manufacturers and sellers of musical instruments have commenced to let their pianos out by the month, and allow the borrowers to purchase them in this way, they are in the houses of nearly all classes of people, both in town and country.

During the last forty years there have been several new instruments. Among these, with which the writer is unprofessionally acquainted, are the concertina, accordian, and the harmonium; this last is generally used for sacred music. The writer has as great a respect for the music of this instrument as he has for that of the Highland bagpipe when he is half-a-mile distant from the player.

A considerable change has been effected in military bands. Instead of fife, flute, octave, clarinet, bugle, horns, bassoon, cymbals, and triangles, we have now the modern brass bands.

There was one musical instrument which was familiar to the writer seventy years ago, and it had one advantage in point of price over any other; it could be bought for a penny. Not having seen any of these for several years, there is just a possibility that they are now only to be found in the fossil state. People with the modern ideas, as to the fitness of things necessary to make life enjoyable, must no doubt be at a loss to conceive how their primitive forefathers could receive pleasure in listening to the sound of a Jew's harp, however well the performer could play upon it. But if these people could go back in memory as far as the writer can, they would be able to learn with what simple things men can minister to their own happiness and that of others.

Since the time of Galen, in the second century, the world has been blessed with almost any number of *pathies* in medical treatment.

In the early time of the writer, the sanguinary pathy of bleeding was one of the Dr. Sangrado cures for many of the ailments to which flesh is heir. For some years past, however,

the medical man in all inflammatory cases sends the surgeon and his blood-letting tools about his business. During the last thirty-five years, the people of this country, when they were ill, or thought themselves so, have had the benefit of being treated with infinitesimal doses of medicine, and getting cured by the mental operation of faith in things neither felt nor seen. A friend of the writer's, a medical man of the Alopatic School in Glasgow, was asked by one of his patients to explain what homœopathic treatment consisted of, and he replied by saying that "if an ounce of salts were thrown into the river Clyde above one of the bridges, and a tumblerfull of water taken from the under side, an excellent dose of cure-all medicine would be obtained."

I have no doubt but there are people cured who are treated homœopathically, but it is their faith which cures them, and not the medicine.

Water has played an active part in healing human infirmity since the time the Jews had faith in the pool of Bethesda. There are many wells both in England and Scotland which possess valuable curative properties for certain diseases, but there are also wells which are said to have cured by Divine influence, and there is no doubt that the water of these wells, like the homœopathic doses, cures by faith rather than by any inherent healing power of its own. One thing is certain, however: water is one of the best tonics in nature's pharmacopœia, and, as a general rule, it would fare all the better with men if they drank more natural and less artificial water.

If the writer's memory is not at fault, the water cure was introduced to this country by a German, who was a disciple of the man who first used the wet sheet. This gentleman commenced his water-cure practice in the little village of Ilkley. The writer has been acquainted with this Yorkshire village upwards of sixty years, and he possesses many pleasing recollections both of the country and of the people, their warm hospitality and the peculiar patois of their language.

The village of Ilkley is pleasantly situated in the valley of the Wharfe, between the ridges of two hills, both of which look down from their uncivilised elevations on the cultured vale below. This village has been celebrated for many generations for the curative character of its mineral springs, but it was not until the German water-cure man exercised the magic influence of his wet sheets, that the peace and quiet of its seclusion was invaded by the infirm, and by hordes of pleasure seekers from the great centres of industry in the neighbouring districts. So recently as 1829, two old-fashioned hostelries, with their quaint gables and mullioned windows, and two farmhouses and a few thatched cottages, nestled on both sides of the sloping green, wearing an aspect of the most homely simplicity. Added to these, was the old Gothic church, hoary with age, and the parsonage, which, in its unassuming dignity, was quite in keeping with everything in the little colony, and the whole combined, made a pretty little living picture with the Wharfe in the background. The altered circumstances of the times have made a wonderful change in this once little stagnant village. Benrhydden, which I believe to have been the first hydropathic institution in the kingdom, is pleasantly situated on the brow of the hill, in its own well-laid-out grounds above the modern town. From this elevated position it commands a view of the valley; of Burley and Otley on the east; and Longframlington on the west.

Of late years many poor men have had new leases of their lives from having undergone the process of the hydropathic cure, and numbers of both men and women, from the middle and upper ranks of society, have had the machinery of their dyspeptic stomachs set in order at Benrhydden, where all their wants were attended to for £3 12s. a week.

During the last thirty years hydropathic establishments, like chimney stacks in the cotton districts in Lancashire, have been springing up all over the country, as if by magic. The man, whether physically or mentally afflicted, who

wishes to fly from both his ills and the everlasting din and worry of town life, should go to the hydropathic asylum on the wilds of Shap Fell, where his sense of hearing in the gloaming may be saluted by the melancholy song of the curlew, or the plaintive notes of the green-crested lapwing.

Then, again, the class of patients who love scenery either in its most pleasing forms or in its rugged and shameless nakedness,—the sound of the ever-murmuring sea,—should go to the Isle of Bute, in the many-armed estuary of the Clyde. Or if the patient should be imbued with archæological predilections, he may go to the new hydropathic establishment at Hexham, where, by the aid of living monuments, he can send his mind back to the time when the Ancient Britons had their double-walled circular encampment on the summit of the Eagle Mount, overlooking the valley of the Tyne; or he can dwell upon the zeal and determination of the Romans in having built the wall and its numerous towers that covered the isthmus of land between the North Sea on the east and Solway Frith on the west. He can there ruminare upon the progress of history in the period of the Roman occupation, the rude Saxon age, and the savage forays of Border life; and lastly, on the advent of the iron age, as exemplified in the Newcastle and Carlisle railway, which passes along the charming valley of the Tyne.

There is a mound in Worcestershire which Nature, in one of her capricious moods, has thrown up in the valley of the Severn to overlook one of the most fertile plains in England. This place is known by the name of Great Malvern, and has long been the haunt of both health and pleasure-seekers. The water of St. Anne's Well is said to be an excellent and a safe remedy for nervous diseases. There is a hydropathic institution of good repute in this place, which was among the first opened for in-door patients in the country. The town of Malvern is within easy distance of Bristol, Bath, and Cheltenham; and if any of the patients should wish to

improve their lingual knowledge, the mound is only a short distance from Wales.

There are numbers of other hydropathic establishments in England and Scotland, all of which have special claims to support, either from their internal arrangements or their surrounding scenery; but those which have been noticed will suffice to show that this new *pathy* now forms an active part of our great social machinery.

Though geology is the youngest of all the sciences, there is none other that has made such a profound impression upon the minds of thoughtful men; and the reason why this is so, is because it has given us an entirely new and truthful version of the earth's creation and history. This science teaches us that land and water, in many instances, must have frequently changed places, is doing so, and will continue to do so as long as the earth holds together.

It teaches us, too, that animal life has risen by slow degrees from the most simple condition of existence up through a long series of gradations to man. And it also shows us that in a certain period of the earth's existence a great part of it was covered with an amazing growth of vegetable matter, and that in the lapse of untold ages the sea had covered it up to a great depth with various deposits; that the place had again become land, and the buried vegetable matter had, by the force of pressure and chemical action, been made to assume quite a new character. And finally, that the material thus stored away through a period of hundreds of millions of years, is the coal with which we cook our food, warm our houses, and which aids us in carrying out decrees of providence by supplying each other's wants and extending the blessings of civilisation.

We are told that the operations by which the changes of the earth are produced are, to us, seemingly slow, and that the agents used for effecting them seem anything but adequate for the purpose of producing such mighty results. Water, heat, ice, and carbonic acid gas, are the four prin-

cipal agents employed in disintegrating the earth ; and it is by their means that continents and islands are formed, and again transformed into seas. By the action of ice huge mountains are worn away, and it is by the slow and silent action of carbonic acid gas that great formations of mountain limestone are dissolved, held in solution by water, and by running streams carried to the sea, where, by the fiat of Infinite Wisdom, it is made to form a principal part in many wonderful arrangements in the economy of the world.

Geology has given men new ideas of the power and wisdom of God by the knowledge of His having endowed the earth with a code of immutable laws for its own government, and that these laws are continually in operation not only in this world but throughout the whole of His boundless empire. Neither the earth nor the atmosphere is ever at rest ; the earth is continually being worn away by attrition, the adamantine rocks are being transformed into sand, and in the course of millions of years hence will again be changed into rocks ; the atmosphere is continually hunting after an equilibrium, now fertilising the soil by copious shower baths, and anon sending thirsty breezes sweeping over hills and dales to drink up the moisture.

The geologists have taught us that lime and silica are not only the means of reuniting the disintegrated parts of the earth into solid bodies, but that they are active agents in forming many valuable minerals by the manner in which they become united. The fact is, many of the precious stones are formed of combinations of one or both of these materials.

This infant science, like nearly all the most valuable discoveries which have been made, and which certain classes of self-sufficient men either could not or would not understand, has from time to time subjected its discoverers to any amount of holy hatred. A few years ago, the gentlemen who were engaged in bringing to light the testimony of the rocks, by having laid bare the stone tables on which the history of the earth was engraved, were subjected to unlimited

abuse by a class of men whose religious zeal was much greater than their sense of manly conduct.

The world has been frequently convulsed by men who could not allow God to have acted in any other way than that formed by their narrow preconceived notions.

In the middle of the sixteenth century the Christian religion was made to shake upon its foundation by the discovery that the earth, instead of being a plain resting upon *nothing* and without external barriers, was simply a globe travelling in its orbit in gin-horse fashion. And a short time ago, a number of the "*unco guid*" members of society were all but sent crazy by the idea having been suggested that this little world of ours was only one among millions of others, which, like itself, were travelling in vagrant fashion night and day for ever in their respective orbits. By large numbers of people it is counted unlawful for men to use their intelligence in prying into the mysteries of creation; and in their minds nothing could exceed the arrogance of the modern wise men in their having recently produced the rocks as witnesses against the chronology of Moses. Men who are members of religious bodies should be careful in exercising their judgments concerning matters of faith which have been accepted by the authorities of their church, for the moment they question the truth of such things, they are liable to be branded with the stigma of infidelity.

While this is being written a gentleman of high scholastic attainments, a member of the Free Kirk of Scotland, is in danger of being excommunicated—which means the being handed over to infamy in this world, and to the devil in the next—for having affirmed that much of the matter in the Bible, instead of having been produced by the aid of Divine inspiration, is simply made up of tradition.

Instead of Professor Smith's statement having been disproved by the logic of fair argument, he has been cited to appear before the sanhedrim of the Kirk to be tried for blasphemous heresy against the Word of God.

Whenever, by the anti-stone testimony, men have taken the field to defend the chronology of Moses, they have simply made themselves ridiculous, and I have an idea that the Free Kirk people had better have left Professor Smith and his criticism of Bible history alone.

The invention of stereotyping took place in 1810, but it did not come into anything like general use until several years after. This process is a very simple one. The types are set up and put into a forme in the usual way, after which a mould is taken of the forme in plaster-of-Paris or pulped paper, and from this mould a cast is taken, and the process is continued until all the plates required are secured. By using these plates a printer, instead of being obliged to keep his types standing while a book is passing through perhaps several editions, can print an almost unlimited number of copies, and the consequences are that a man with only a comparatively small fount of types can publish a book of almost any size; and those works which are sold in large quantities can be furnished to the public at very little more than the value of the paper on which they are printed. If Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron could look up from their tombs and see copies of their books sold at fourpence halfpenny a volume, they would no doubt feel pleasantly surprised.

During the present century the improvement in the construction of the microscope, with its surprising magnifying power, has been the means of making us acquainted with new creations in animal life in a thousand different forms, and many of these have been discovered in such unlooked-for situations, and living under such strange conditions, that it has almost become a question with some men whether there is really anything in the character of inanimate matter in the earth, sea, water, or the air we breathe.

The telescope, too, has made the philosophers of the age not only familiar with the impalpable matters which inherit the atmosphere, but by its use they are able to prove that the moon, instead of being made of green cheese, possesses, like

our own nice little world, materials in abundance both for its Birmingham and Sheffield manufactures; and that the stars are not night lamps to light stray comets, but huge balls of earthy matter tumbling about upon their centres, much in the same way all ordinary worlds do! The microscope makes us acquainted with the fact that our own lives are the centres of myriads of others, and the telescope shows us the metallurgic character of both the sun and the moon.

Somewhere about the year 1816 we had the importation of a new system of printing from stone from Germany, where it had been invented in 1772. By this process any number of copies can be taken. This new appliance made very little progress during several years. For a considerable time after its introduction its use was confined to printing invoices, bill heads, artists' plans, and tradesmen's labels.

During the last forty years chromo-lithography has been made to assume the character of a fine art, and is now classed among the higher branches of British industry.

If I remember rightly, it was between 1838 and 1840 that an ingenious Frenchman discovered the method of fixing the shadow of a human being to the wall. That wonderful discovery, like many others, was very imperfect in its infancy for the purposes for which it is now in use; but during the last twenty years it has gone through a series of improvements, and in the hands of men who know the business it is really a fine art.

In the course of a few years photography became so popular that it rapidly spread itself not only over the United Kingdom, but over the civilized world.*

* It would appear that three gentlemen made the discovery of taking sun pictures almost simultaneously,—two of these were Frenchmen, and the third English,—and that the announcement of the discovery was made in both countries in 1839. It is said that the discovery of this addition to our artistic knowledge was the result of many years of experiment, in the first place, by Mr. Fox Talbot in England, and by M. Niepce and M. Daguerre in France.

When Daguerre was experimenting with his camera in producing sun pictures, he could have had no idea that he was giving birth to a new species of art which would in a few years find pleasant and profitable employment for large numbers of people in all parts of the civilised world. The Daguerreotype, with its sickly shades and life caricatures, was not long in giving birth to photography, a system by which sun pictures became the faithful images of the persons or things they represented. Like lithography, this branch of business has become wedded to the daily life of the country. The fact is, it has attained to the dignity of a fine art, and is so generally in use that there is scarcely a person above the social position of a beggar who has not been duplicated by the aid of the camera.

If the ancients knew how to utilise the mysterious force of electricity, history is silent upon the subject. When Dr. Franklin was experimenting with it during the last century, he could not have foreseen the many surprising purposes to which it has been applied in this.

The philosophers of the nineteenth century, by their cunning methods of interrogating nature, have been rewarded with many wonderful discoveries, some of which are so much above the comprehension of uneducated minds, that they are more like miracles than things taken from the storehouse of nature. Had some of these men lived a few centuries ago, they would have run a winning chance of being consigned to death by fire here and hereafter. Things are changed now, and it is pleasant to know how beneficently kind mother earth is in giving up her treasures to men who pay court to her in a proper manner.

“In the testimony of the rocks” we have a revelation of the true history of creation; and in discoveries lately made by scientific men, we have further revelations of God’s wonderful creative power, and proof, if that were wanting, that man’s intellect was given to him for the purpose of making the bounties of nature subservient to his wants and desires.

The electricians of the present age have made some really surprising discoveries. What can be more like the use of a supernatural agency, than that men can hold oral converse with each other, though they may be many miles apart? The application of electricity to the submarine telegraph was a thing to astonish the world; the winged messengers of the gods were simply snails to the invisible spirits of St. Martin's le Grand. What a wonderful contrast there is between the operations of this indefinable force when rifting huge oak trees, making wreck of strong buildings, and destroying human life, to that of bearing love messages, friendly greetings, lighting streets and public buildings, curing diseases, and making the deaf to hear!

This fairy messenger has all but overcome the combined obstructive powers of time and space. It is only a short time ago that it took from six to nine months to receive a reply to a letter to India; we can now communicate with our friends in Bombay in a shorter period than a letter under the old system could have been sent from the General Post Office to Westminster.

It is not my intention to enumerate the various purposes to which electricity has been applied; I have merely noticed the subject to show how the scientific men of the age, by their talent and industry, have made themselves familiar with a power which only a few years ago was a thing of terror to be avoided, and that they have arrived at a fresh starting-point in the history of scientific discovery.

It may be, that in the far-off pre-historic period the intellect of man may have mastered all we know both in art and science, and that in those far-distant ages commerce, with its curiously dove-tailed interests, enabled the inhabitants of distant lands to enjoy the fruits of each other's labours, and that a long night of darkness covered the past in the opacity of oblivion.

It may be thought, too, that the history of the nineteenth century, in which is chronicled our high state of civilization,

commercial greatness, extraordinary mental activity, and enjoyment of social, political, and religious liberty, cannot suffer the same fate, inasmuch as the printing-press will make the people in the most distant times familiar with our history. But when we remember that the trifling period of four thousand years has drawn a veil of impenetrable darkness over the history of the most civilised people of antiquity, we may form some little idea what a few thousand years may do for us, when perhaps not a printed page of our literature may remain, and when even our language may have passed away.

When the history of the nineteenth century comes to be written, it will be specially noted for its social organizations, and it will be seen that society, by a species of natural selection, had divided and subdivided itself into almost an endless number of sections, and that these bodies represented the opinions, idiosyncrasies, and worldly interests of their members.

Men are distinguished from all other animals by two of their social arrangements. The first of these is the practice of cooking their food, and the second is in forming bonds of brotherhood, by religious or other societies, in which the members agree in opinion. It would seem to be in the nature of things that there should be a greater diversity among men upon religious matters than upon all the other in which they are interested. In this department of our social system there are upwards of two hundred distinct organisations, every one of which has a special claim to be superior to the other. But though the members of these combinations are exclusive in their religious character, they are, with few exceptions, quite in harmony with the ruck while following their daily avocations.

The following sects have been produced by the upheaving of thought in the present century. Seventy years ago Joanna Southcote had sent a wave of the Divine faith that was in her over the minds of a considerable portion of society, and the faithful among her followers hailed her the mother of a

second Saviour of the world. She died before having given birth to the promised Redeemer, and her new creed has long been a thing of the past.

In 1812 a gentleman in the Midland district was so fortunate as to find a safer way to heaven than that laid down by John Wesley. Primitive Methodism was the result of his inspiration. The founder is dead long ago, but the society lives, and is likely to live.

In 1830 the Rev. Mr. Irving was holding communion with the disembodied saints in unknown tongues, and not a few of his disciples had been inspired to proclaim the new faith by the same means.

The Latter-Day Saints were called into existence in the United States; their founder, Joe Smith, picked up his new divine revelation in the wilds of North America. The creed of the Mormons is a happy blending of faith, passion, and credulity. Mormonism has obtained a powerful influence over the minds of the less educated people in England and Germany; and both from the number of its members, and its peculiar form of government, it is not only the most numerous, but the most powerful religious body of modern times. The Mormon Exodus, in Scotch phraseology, was the most extraordinary *fitting* since Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt.

Among the other new sects of less note there are the Shaking Quakers, the Plymouth Brethren, the Family of Love, the Peculiar People, Glory Band Glassites, New Jerusalem Church, Revival Band, Revivalists, Spiritual Church, Spiritualists, and Salvation Army.

Many of the religious bodies have their opinions and social arrangements made patent to the public by organs of their own in the character of magazines, newspapers, and other periodicals; and by this means their respective lamps are kept burning both for their own edification and the benefit of the people beyond "the pale."

The nineteenth century has given birth to a great number

of new social arrangements, and amongst these clubs hold no mean place. There are ninety of these associations in London, and each of them is distinguished from the other by a special title, which is made to indicate either the character of their members, or the object of their combination.

Many of the club-houses are magnificent erections, gorgeous in their decorations, and all the most fastidious in taste can wish for in their domestic appliances.

Clubs offer many advantages to their members. Gentlemen from the country, members belonging to the Army and Navy, and gentlemen who have made ill-assorted matrimonial alliances, find in them comfortable homes and good society; and the class of gentlemen whose means will not allow them to keep first-class artists of the Soyer profession can have their food cooked in keeping with the most refined taste. The members of bachelors' clubs can amuse each other by recapitulating their youthful escapades and unsuccessful amours, and enjoy the society of men of kindred feelings.

Eighty years ago there was not a club-house either in London or in the provinces, but from the altered condition of society, these institutions exist in every town in the United Kingdom of any social consequence. In the early age of clubs their members were composed of men who were not engaged in the vulgar pursuits of business, but during the last fifty years vast numbers of men engaged in manufactures and commerce have attained to a condition of wealth, education, and refinement in taste, which in many instances has enabled them to take the whip hand of the old landed proprietors. From the accumulation of wealth by this class of men, many of their homes are palaces in all that appertains to elegance, comfort, and modern refinement, and their clubs are equal in all respects to those of the nobility.

In the kaleidoscopic arrangements of human events the most unlikely things are now and again turning up. A few years ago no man, with the fear of Mrs. Grundy before him,

would have had the hardihood to predict that working men would have the means of enjoying each other's society in clubs of their own, modelled upon the same plan as those of the gentlemen; this, however, has not only been done, but by another of our new social arrangements several working men have been returned as members of Parliament.

The working men's clubs are certainly a new phase in our social system, and if carried out to their legitimate end, they are calculated to do more real service in promoting the cause of temperance than an army of wild enthusiasts.

These societies were inaugurated in London by Mr. Hodgson Pratt and several other gentlemen who took a lively interest in the well-being of the working men.

There are now in London 150 working men's clubs, 640 in the provinces, 30 in Scotland, and 20 in Wales, and these are composed of 150,000 members.

The aim of this society is that of raising the intellectual, moral, and social condition of the great mass of the people—the artizans and labourers of this country. And in making rules for the conduct of the members, the originators felt that they had no right to dictate to full-grown men what they should eat or drink; the members are, therefore, left to their own freedom as to whether they should abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks, or act upon the more rational principle of using, but not abusing. It is supposed that these institutions will have the effect of inspiring their members with feelings of manly pride and self-respect, by which they will be enabled to steer clear of the vulgar and debasing vice of drunkenness.

During the early part of the present century numerous attempts were made to establish friendly societies in order to enable the members to provide against the many contingencies which might prevent them from following their employment. But the working men at that time, being without anything in the shape of data to guide them in regulating their payments to keep pace with the demands of

their disabled members, the clubs which were formed seldom lived beyond a few years, and the consequence was that the men who paid the largest amount of money into them for their support were those who never received any benefit. These societies were not only established upon false principles, but much of the contributions of the members was spent upon annual guzzles.

In 1812, a number of young men who were in the habit of attending a small public-house in the borough of Southwark, originated a convivial society under the ridiculous name of the Oddfellows. This society had a secret and mysterious character conferred upon it by the use of signs, grips, and passwords, and added to these, the lodge was decorated with numbers of unmeaning emblems. The seat of honour was a species of throne, which was occupied by the "Noble Grand"; the "Vice Grand" was seated at the opposite side of the room, and both these officers were clothed in garments of a highly imposing character. A secretary and an outside and an inside guardian made up the *rôle* of office bearers. No person was allowed to enter the lodge without the permission of the outside guardian, and from the manner in which this gentleman was robed and armed, he seemed a dangerous customer to come in unpleasant contact with. From the signs and passwords of this convivial club, it is pretty certain some of its originators must have been Freemasons.

It is strange that an institution of such a frivolous character as this should have given birth to the most important friendly society in the world. There must have been something fascinating about this society, notwithstanding its merely convivial character and unmeaning name, inasmuch as within a few years lodges were opened in a large number of towns. From 1814 to 1820, a number of lodges had been opened both in Manchester and the neighbouring towns, and it was about the latter date that the society was made to assume the character of a friendly institution.

It must have been about 1818 that a Grand Lodge was

instituted, with a G.M., V.G., and C.S. This lodge and the officers became the governing power, and Manchester from that time until now has been the seat of authority, and the society from this circumstance received the title of the Manchester Unity.

It is not intended to give a history of the society, but the following will show a few of the difficulties which it had to contend with in its progress, after Manchester had become the seat of power. The London Oddfellows had an idea that the seat of Government should have been established in the place where the society had its birth, and that it should have been the London Unity. Several places claimed the right to have the unity attached to them: among these were Sheffield, Nottingham, and Leeds. But the Manchester men, having transformed the old convivial society into a highly valuable provident institution, certainly had the best claim to hold the seat of government.

For some time the society was ruled by the three officers of the order and a small board of directors of their selection. But this arrangement was found anything but satisfactory to the country lodges, and for a time there was much unpleasant feeling displayed throughout the whole unity. The members living beyond the Manchester district were annoyed at the Manchester men, from the fact that many of them had turned their situations as officers to a profitable account.

In 1822 the Grand Annual Movable Committee was instituted. This body was formed of past officers from the various districts. The functions of the committee are legislative, and by this means the power of government, instead of being vested in the three officers of the order and an irresponsible committee, was distributed over the whole society.

It may be mentioned, however, that the board of directors, as it is now constituted, was not elected from the districts until 1844. In this year the G. A. M. C. was held in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the members of the board were elected from the delegates present.

The Annual Movable Committee of late years has become a very important body, and as its place of meeting is changed every year, much interest is often used by the inhabitants of towns to be honoured with the sitting of an Oddfellows' Parliament. Since 1839 this committee has held its meetings in the principal towns between Penzance and Inverness.

It may be mentioned that from forty to forty-eight years ago the members of Government were somewhat suspicious of this society in consequence of its secret character, judging from what they knew of the history of secret societies on the Continent, some of which had been turned to political purposes of a revolutionary nature; they were afraid that Oddfellowship might also be turned into a political society. Had they known the principles upon which the society was founded they would have had no cause for apprehension, for whatever a member may be, either in his political or religious creed out of the Lodge, he cannot air his opinions in the society's meetings.

As a proof of the valuable character of the order as a provident institution, for several years past it has been disbursing upwards of half a million of money annually in supporting its sick members and burying the dead.

The popularity which Oddfellowship attained to after having become a benefit society, was the means of calling into existence a number of other institutions of a similar character under different names. The first of these which is numerically next the Oddfellows is the Foresters; then there are at least three other branches of Oddfellows, the Ancient Order of the Druids, Good Templars, Shepherds, and Free Gardeners. These are all secret societies, and the only difference between them and the Oddfellows is that of their names and the titles of their office bearers.

These societies are composed of at least two millions of working men. Their weekly payments provide for their necessities when in ill health, keep alive a spirit of manly independence, save the poor rates, and by taking a part in the

management of the affairs of their lodges, teaches them business habits. The business of their A. M. C. is conducted in the most orderly manner, and the debating power of the leading members is equal to that found in any other body of men in the country.

The changes which have gradually been taking place in the social condition of the great bulk of the people in this country have been the cause of a number of new branches of business springing into existence in which large numbers of females are employed. And the improved social condition of the industrial classes has enabled them to indulge in luxuries both in food and dress to which they were formerly strangers. The following new branches of business will give the reader an idea of how our power as producers has added to our means as consumers, and by that means changed both our tastes and desires.

Among the modern branches of female employment crochet work has become common both as a domestic and a manufacturing industry; for some years past this has been especially so in Ireland.

It would seem that there is a peculiar adaptability in the Irish females for those sorts of employment that require fine treatment and delicate manipulation. From this cause they excel both in lace and crochet. Large numbers of females in the rural districts in the south and west of Ireland, occupy their leisure hours in lace and crochet work, and when a quantity is finished, they dispose of it as best they may. Some girls who produce good patterns and new styles make very fair wages. The greatest portion of the work done in Ireland is produced in schools and other public institutions. There is also a considerable quantity made in the nunneries that are scattered over the southern divisions of the country.

Some of the ladies who have schools employ large numbers of girls when in the country. A few years since there was a Lady Clones who at one time had 6,000 girls in her employment.

Somewhere about 1830, a new branch of industry was introduced into the north of Ireland in the character of muslin embroidery work. This business was introduced a few years after the demise of the linen yarn spinning on the small wheel, and was known as the sewed muslin trade. It was carried to the north of Ireland by the firm of Charles McDonald and Brothers, of Glasgow. This branch of industry had for many years been exclusively confined to Ayrshire. For many years Mr. Brown of Glasgow employed through his agents as many as 25,000 females in the district lying between Kilmarnock and Port Patrick in the west of Scotland. The McDonald Brothers, in 1857, had in their employ upwards of 30,000 women and girls in four of the northern counties of Ireland. The money earned at this business was a sort of compensation for the loss the females sustained in their yarn spinning.

Shortly after the introduction of the American sewing machine, a new manufacturing industry was established in the north of Ireland by another Glasgow firm. This business was that of shirt-making by machinery. In 1857, the firm in question had 600 sewing machines in operation driven by steam power. This business was carried on in Londonderry, and I believe there are several other manufactories in the same line now in operation in the old maiden city.

Among the new branches of industry in which females have found employment, the following may be mentioned:—The biscuit trade, cornflour, starch, mustard, baking flour, confectionery, preserves of all kinds, coffee, cocoa, cigars, envelopes, valentines and fancy cards. The biscuit trade, in its present character, is of modern date, the confectionery business is the same, and both owe their present importance to the application of steam. Valentines and fancy cards are both juvenile branches of business; the oldest of the two did not exist in 1820.

Of late years numbers of young women have been employed in mercantile houses as assistants and clerks; large numbers

are engaged as operators in the telegraph department of the post office, and a good many find profitable employment in the establishments of the first-class photographers.

All these industries are light and clean, and the girls prefer them to that of domestic service, from the fact that when the business of the day is over, they can use their personal liberty in keeping with their inclinations. They also enable the young women to support themselves in a condition of genteel independence. But this kind of life has one serious drawback to their future happiness—the want of domestic training makes them unfitted for the duties of wives and mothers.

The field of female labour and usefulness has been much enlarged of late years in the higher branches of industry; they are now also competitors with the men in even the learned professions. Many have made their mark in literature, others have distinguished themselves as painters, and not a few are successfully practising in the medical profession.

Of late years young women have carried off the mathematical honours in some of our old seats of learning which heretofore were only aspired to by the men. The fact is, there is now no charmed circle in any profession or branch of science but is invaded by women. We have female stump-operators, public lecturers, spiritualist mediums, and preachers of all sorts of creeds, which form the standards of human faith.

The great mental activity of the age is continually producing some new arrangements in the condition of the people, and the consequence is that society is every now and again having a fresh starting-point in the race of life. The present age has been specially characterised by large numbers of females having attained to honourable positions in the higher ranks of scholastic learning; in fact, not a few of them have successfully competed with men both in the field of literature and art.

But however much women's influence may have been felt beyond their own circles in their new career, until lately they

have never manifested any desire to embroil themselves in the conflicts of party political strife.

Some few years ago, however, a number of ladies made the discovery that women were not created for the purpose of merely getting married, cooking, looking after fugitive buttons, and caudling their husbands. These large-minded ladies say, if the women of this country have not acquired knowledge and experience equal to that of the men, it is simply for the want of proper training, and that this want is owing either to the selfishness of the men, or their ignorance of women's capacity to acquire all that which gives them their boasted superiority.

There is no doubt but the women possess a large amount of mental energy, and it is admitted that they are better judges of character and have a quicker power of perception than the men.

If educated as the men are, the women consider themselves qualified to compete with them in several branches of employment heretofore closed against them.

If the ladies whose ambition leads them to run in the industrial race with men, would make up their virgin minds to a life of celibacy, the whole range of professions, from medicine to that which leads to the woollack, would be open to them.

The ladies who are now organised for the purpose of obtaining the franchise, would do well to consider how far the possession of that favour would harmonise with the domestic happiness of their sisters, who are running in matrimonial traces. There are few families but have now and then domestic squalls to ruffle the serenity of their lives; but should the women be saddled with the new duties which the franchise would impose upon them, the squalls might, in many instances, become violent storms that would endanger, if not wreck, their matrimonial barks.

There are few things connected with the operations of society that are so much calculated to embitter the feelings of people holding opposite views as that of party politics, and where

the opposing parties have the misfortune to be man and wife, the domestic peace of that house would be very liable to seek a home elsewhere.

If the females had the franchise, there are a large number of domesticated wives, who have always plenty to do in the management of their household affairs, without meddling with things in which they have no direct personal interest; and there are also a goodly number of married ladies, who, if they could not conscientiously vote with, certainly would not vote so as to neutralize, their husbands.

Many of the ladies who are agitating for the franchise consider themselves not only capable of using it with due discretion, but some among them aspire to a seat in Parliament.

The manner in which the lady visitors to the house that Barry built are treated, by being put into a large cage, where they see through the bars, but cannot be seen, is a proof that their presence would have the effect of unfitting some of the members, especially the young senators, for doing their legislative duties. This being the case, it would be difficult to imagine the consequences which might result from letting loose a number of political Amazons among the British conscript fathers.

Of late years both the style and manner of much of the speechification have been a good deal like that which one might expect to witness in a parochial board, in which every member knows more than any other, and is as good, if not better, than any other member.

From the circumstance of nearly all the modern members being orators, many of whom must make speeches whether they know anything of the matter under discussion or not, they are like so many dead weights upon the business machinery of the house.

If, however, a number of Carlyle's "silent saints in petticoats" could be returned to Parliament, they might be the means of subduing the nightly torrent of meaningless oratory

which now floods the atmosphere of the House, and fills innumerable columns of both the daily and weekly press.

Whether the ladies who aspire to political power obtain the object of their ambition or not, it is the opinion of nearly all the men who run in matrimonial harness, that they are never seen to so much advantage as when they are quietly attending to their domestic duties. And whatever the strong-minded ladies may say about the matter, married women, as a rule, have no love for political strife, or any desire to mingle in affairs calculated to excite party feelings.

It is not said in history whether the Babylonians and the Ninevites had such places of amusement as singing saloons and music halls; it is quite likely, however, that at one time or another these people possessed the same kind of social arrangements in existence among ourselves, and that with us circumstances have combined to reproduce them. All things seem to come when there is a need of them, and they live until superseded by some other resuscitated fashion from the tomb of the past. One thing is certain: music halls are now as necessary to the people of the age as churches are, and if tested by the way in which they are frequented, they are the more popular of the two.

Up to about 1836, the people in the towns had only the choice of three places in which they could hear vocal and instrumental music of a secular character; these were the concert rooms, the theatres, and the free-and-easies, which were held occasionally in public-houses. These latter places of amusement were very likely the cause of suggesting the singing saloons; the musical concerts were only occasional performances. The free-and-easies were not unfrequently degraded into Bacchanalian routs, and the theatres were too expensive for the under-paid class of the working people.

Many of the early singing saloons had little to recommend them, either in the character of the buildings, or in their musical bills of fare. Not a few of them depended upon the

sale of drink to pay the expenses, and in these cases the liquors were mere trash.

Between 1840 and 1850, the name of saloon gave place to a superior class of buildings, under the title of Music Halls.

If I mistake not, the Alhambra, in Leicester Square, was among the first of this class in London. The audience hall in this building was most magnificently fitted up, and its decorations were such as to invite attention. The music halls now, both in London and in the large provincial towns in the United Kingdom, are got up in a style of palatial grandeur, in a way to remind us of the gorgeous palaces in the "Arabian Nights."

As a general rule, the music in these modern places of entertainment is very good, but that is more than can be said of much of the singing that is passed off for comic. Much of this is made up of extravagant caricature in dress, wild grimace in action, and vulgar asides to the gods, and it may be noted that the majority of comic songs are made up of meaningless nonsense and jingling rhymes.

If these halls were conducted as they ought to be, they might be made to improve the taste of the people, but it is quite possible that the manager who should make the attempt might be rewarded in the same way the late Charles Kean was, in his endeavour to improve the taste of the playgoers, by the loss of £10,000.

There can be no doubt that these institutions have supplied a want in the social system; they are conducted with order, and if they do not improve the taste for music, they are free from the rudeness of manners of pleasure-seekers of an earlier date.

There is, however, another public beside the one who frequent music halls, and the members of this body furnish unmistakable proof that they possess a refined musical taste. The musical stars who figure upon the stages of our theatres and concert rooms, make richer harvests than in any other country, with the exception of the United States. But with

us the people who patronise the high-class musical performers furnish a better proof of refined musical taste than a similar number of people would do in America, and the reason why this is so arises from the fact that numbers of the monied men there are regardless of expense, and it is a matter of indifference to them where they go as long as they are in fashionable society.

While I am writing, the musical saloons have passed a probation of at least forty-two years, and they are about being confronted with musical temples, in which all sorts of artificial waters may be had, except those sacred to the rosy-faced god. If these institutions succeed, as no doubt they will, if conducted upon the system proposed by their originators, they will become formidable rivals to the drinking halls. These new places of both amusement and refreshment are being inaugurated by the same class of benevolent gentlemen who instituted the new coffee palaces in opposition to the gilded halls of Bacchus, and as these have succeeded in obtaining public favour, it is confidently anticipated that the new halls will meet with equal success.

In order to cultivate the growing taste of the age, the public must be supplied with good music, and the comic singing must be free from that vulgarity which is frequently tolerated on the boards of the drinking music halls.

In looking back over a period of sixty years, the writer does not remember a single general covered-in market out of London. It is true there were in some of the old towns covered shambles and butter markets, but all the others were open. London had the advantage of two covered markets, but both these were of a special character: Covent Garden was for the sale of vegetables, fruit, and flowers, and Leadenhall was confined to the sale of flesh and poultry. At the time under consideration, Farringdon, or the Fleet Market, which was a leading place of business, was held in the open street, but in consequence of the growing character of that thoroughfare, a good-sized covered-in market was erected on

the west side of the street under the name of the Farringdon, and a few years subsequently Hungerford Market was opened between the river and the Strand. Both these turned out dead failures, and at the present time their sites are unknown.

London, which ought to have set the provincial towns an example, by leading the way in social reforms and town improvements, was among the last to move. Up to 1856 Smithfield cattle market was a thorough disgrace to the city, and a standing reproach to civilization. Both the city and the tastes of the people have undergone an improvement since then.

In Great Britain, town markets, like the old chartered fairs, have long been intimately connected with the social and trading interests of the people, and they form so many chartered records of both the birth and progress of our civil liberty.

The fairs, which were held at stated periods in almost every town between Caithness and Penzance, were matters of great interest to the people. During the last forty years these institutions, with all their time-honoured associations and exciting features, have been gradually falling into disuse, and at the present time (1881) there is scarcely a single pleasure fair remaining in the kingdom. The fairs afforded the people a large amount of personal relaxation, and they furnished excellent examples of the manners of the times; and the markets, with their varied assortments of merchandise, showed the progress the nation was making in art manufacture, and indicated the prevailing taste of the people in dress and other social requirements.

The classes of goods exposed for sale in the public markets now—as to character, number, and variety—are very different to those which were in use between sixty and seventy years ago. In the olden time, a farmer, whether he was a man of substantial means or otherwise, could be supplied in a country market with almost everything he required for the wear-and-tear of his family. But it is now many years since the

altered fashions of the times caused the old respectable class of tradesmen to cease attending market.

During wet and stormy weather, the dealers attending uncovered markets were not only exposed to serious inconvenience, but they were also liable to sustain loss in time and purse. Many of the dealers attending these markets came from what was then looked upon as a considerable distance, and it often happened that when they got to the market they had to struggle for suitable positions for their stalls.

Though the uncovered markets were generally felt and acknowledged to be a serious inconvenience to the public, there was no effort to remedy the evil even in the large towns until between the third and fourth decade of the century. During this period covered markets were erected in Glasgow, Aberdeen, Sheffield, Birkenhead, etc; and during the next decade, Mr. Grainger, of Newcastle, not only transformed a large part of the old town as if by magic, but he erected in the very centre of business the most commodious, and by far the best arranged covered market in the kingdom. After this, in the course of a few years, new covered markets suitable to the wants of the people were erected in Birmingham, Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bristol, and other places of less note.

It was not, however, until half of the century had become a thing of history, that "oud" SHUDEHILL, in Manchester, and the CROFT, in Leeds, were transformed from large unsightly open spaces into splendid light and airy commercial iron temples, with numerous business arcades, intersecting each other at right angles, and in which are exposed for sale the produce both of the land and the inhabitants of almost every nation between the Poles.

The writer remembers when the market business in Newcastle was done in the old Bigg market, and the salubrious region of the Sandhill—when the dealers and country people transacted their business in the Briggate of Leeds, and when Smithydoor, in Manchester, was a bustling place of

hebdomadal traffic. He was familiar, too, with the High Street in Edinburgh, when the "Lucken Booths" had not all passed away, and with the noise and bustle in the Iron-gate of Glasgow, when gentlemen in cocked hats and city livery, of the Bailie Nicol Jarvie class, were people of great municipal authority, especially on fair and market days.

At the present time nearly all the towns of any note have commodious and well-arranged covered markets, and it will be a mere matter of time for the open markets in the smaller towns to suffer the same fate that overtook the old chartered fairs.

It is not a little interesting to take a seventy years' retrospective view of men and things, and to learn that people managed not only to live, but that they enjoyed life, without the use of museums, reading-rooms, free libraries, and town halls; and what is still more strange, there was not one man in ten thousand of the population who could have had a daily newspaper with which to enlarge his mind and aid his digestion.

Town halls, like gentlemen's clubs, are institutions of the nineteenth century, and in both cases they have contributed, in no small degree, to the architectural embellishment of the towns in which they are situated. At the present time there are few towns of commercial importance out of London that are not ornamented with buildings of this character. During the fifth and sixth decades some of the most magnificent town halls have been erected, and it will not be wrong to say that St. George's Hall, in Liverpool, stands at the head of all the others for chasteness of design, grandeur of outline, and stateliness of form. The writer was in Leeds in 1858, when Her Majesty opened the new town hall in that bustling seat of commerce; that is a goodly building both in design and size. In a short time, Bradford, who had long ago broken down her old town landmarks, followed suit with a hall not inferior to that of Woollenopolis; and Manchester has one larger still.

The large well-arranged covered markets and numerous

town halls, which have had their birth within the last forty years, are well calculated to show the rapid growth of our leading towns, and the speedy accumulation of the national wealth. In fact, these buildings are each so many historical records of our wonderful trading prosperity.

During the writer's time he has had numerous opportunities of noting many of the social changes which, in the kaleidoscopic order of events, have turned up. He has an idea, however, that the man who passes through the same number of years in the future, having equal opportunities for observation, will not see anything like the same number of changes in the social condition of the people, the development of trade, or the growth of towns, that he has done. He does not mean to imply that there will be no further social and commercial progress, but that if there should be, it will not be at the high-pressure speed of the last forty years.

One of the peculiar features of the age is that of an ever-active spirit of inquiry, and the feeling that prompts this mental condition is kept alive by swarms of literary men and women. Then, again, men's minds are kept in a state of excitement by rubbing shoulders with each other both at home and abroad. In the early part of the century men were wont to vegetate at home, and this was a rule with nearly all classes, but of late years it is the exception. In 1875, 507,533,180 people of all creeds, colour, and social condition wandered about the United Kingdom, as if flying off from their homes were the principal aim of their lives. During late years education has become one of the leading features of the age, and the members of the under stratum are being pulled up into the universal brotherhood of genteel intelligence. All the educational institutions in the country have been made patent to the members of the clean-faced family, and to not a few of the dirty.

It is said that the ladies who kept fish stalls in the market place of Athens (not modern Athens) were excellent critics of language, as well as of manners and styles of dress. The

Athenians were no doubt a highly-educated set of people, but if the people in this country proceed on in the same system of mental improvement in the way they have been doing of late years, they will shortly become a nation of philosophers ; and if they would be guided by Mr. Ruskin they would, ere long, rise to the same sublimity of artistic taste and elegance of expression to which he has attained.

But unfortunately, if they could attain to that high standard of artistic taste and refinement of speech enforced by Mr. Ruskin, there would really be nothing left for anybody, however sharp-witted or exalted in morals, to criticise. Solomon advises us "not to be too wise," and "not to be too good," and this is an advice pretty certain to be followed by the bulk of men, although it may pain Mr. Ruskin that it should be so. It ought, however, to afford some little satisfaction to this gentleman and his followers to know that the taste of the people in things of art has been greatly improved of late years, and that a good deal of the rust of vulgarity has been rubbed off their manners. Mr. Ruskin makes a serious mistake, and that is in measuring other people's tastes and mental capacities by his own ! In this he reminds me of Carlyle, who, while he was preaching silence as a great social virtue, was himself pouring a flood of words over the land through the medium of the book press. In this matter the Chelsea philosopher must have lost sight of what St. James says about talkativeness : "He that sinneth not in words, the same is an honest man."

It has already been noted that the mechanics' institutes, which were introduced into several of the large towns during the early part of the century, were failures. The same, however, cannot be said of the free libraries, clubs, reading rooms, and free courses of lectures of the present period.

The first free library, if I remember rightly, was opened in Notmill in Manchester in 1851, and that splendid institution was a decided success. It opened the door to the vestibule of the hall of knowledge which before had been closed against

the great unwashed in Cottonopolis. Since that time, if the people will not learn to be wiser and morally better, it will certainly not be for the want of institutions of this kind, inasmuch as they are now to be found in all the large towns in the United Kingdom.

The national system of education, which has been in operation during the last ten years, will shortly produce fruit in the improved intelligence of the people. But to my mind there is one danger to be apprehended from this new system: there is just the probability of the people being educated above their condition; in that event, instead of "much learning making them mad," it may have a tendency to raise their notions of self-importance above the drudgery of manual labour.

Less than eighty years ago, the meaning of the word zoology was not known to one person in a thousand of the population of Great Britain. Since then, however, the works of Buffon, Goldsmith, and Cuvier have been instrumental in giving the people a taste for natural history. Baron Cuvier was among the first, if not the first, who brought a knowledge of comparative anatomy to the illustration of many of the secrets of nature, which were either unknown or imperfectly understood by learned men.

Collections of wild animals have been kept both by states and private individuals far back in the history of the world, but they were kept in the first case for the amusement of the people at the expense of the state, and in the second case, the proprietors of wild animals may have kept them either for the purpose of studying their habits, or for the amusement of their friends and visitors.

Most of the Roman Emperors kept large collections of wild beasts, and they were not unfrequently used to give *éclat* to triumphal processions, and, in not a few instances, to be the executioners of criminals.

In the early part of the century there was a small collection of animals kept in the Tower of London. How old George III. got hold of them the writer knoweth not, but

this he does know: that in the year of grace, 1811, he was introduced in a formal manner to the animals then lodging in the Tower by two of His Majesty's showmen, and in his mind these beings were of much greater interest than the lions and tigers.

Some few years after both the animals and their keepers were removed—very likely by an act of Habeas Corpus—from their royal dens in the Tower to Exeter Change, and they had scarcely become familiar with their new lodgings, when they were sent to ruralise in the then new Surrey Gardens, which had been prepared for their reception by Mr. Cross, their new owner. As a commercial speculation, these gardens turned out a decided failure, and they have only been introduced to show how the animals in Exeter Change were disposed of.

The first public zoological garden opened in this country was the present splendid and highly valuable institution in Regent's Park, London.

The London Zoological Society was formed in the year 1826, under the auspices of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart., Sir Stamford Raffles, and a number of other eminent individuals, for the advancement of zoology and animal physiology, and for the introduction, exhibition, and acclimatization of subjects of the animal kingdom. The Gardens in Regent's Park were opened in 1828 to the public; they contained a large number of species of mammals, birds, and reptiles. Twenty-one years subsequent to the above date, there were added collections of fishes and of the lower aquatic animals, both marine and fresh water, which have not only furnished amusement to large numbers of people, but have given rise to many interesting discoveries in their habits and economy. These gardens now contain perhaps the largest and most diversified collection of animals ever brought together, and as an educational place of amusement these gardens are unrivalled. All the zones in the world are represented by some of the creatures they produce; the gardens have, therefore, quite a

cosmopolitan character, and the consequence is that natives from all the climes between the Poles may meet with familiar forms and faces.

The uneducated man who visits the institution will have his wonder excited, and his mind will be bewildered in speculating upon the use which some of the creatures were intended for in the economy of the world. The educated man, on the other hand, will see and admire the wisdom and creative power of God both in the forms and habits of the various classes of animals, and the peculiar manner in which they have been fitted to perform their different missions in all the regions of the world.

The gardens have other attractions for visitors beside the animals: they are artistically laid out, the landscape is made beautiful by the judicious arrangement of wood and water, arborescent plants please the eye in every direction with their green foliage, and the tortuous walks are ornamented with flowers, many of which make the air fragrant with their pleasing perfumes.

Before zoological gardens were thought of, either for educational or commercially speculative purposes, George Wombwell, during many years, had been instrumental in giving the public a taste for natural history, by exhibiting large collections of animals all over the United Kingdom in his travelling menageries. This gentleman, instead of following the injunction in "*Ne Sutor*" by sticking to his last, left his wax and awls, and struck out a new business in which he may be said to have had no rival. He began his new career in the character of a showman with a huge boa constrictor, in which he had invested £40, and having been successful in the adventure, he was enabled in a short time to purchase other animals. So early in the century as 1818, he was the proprietor of the largest travelling collection of wild animals in the world, and for many years his menagerie was the principal attraction for pleasure-seekers in all the fairs, feasts, and other places of popular resort in the kingdom.

The superbly-painted caravans and gorgeous pictures that were used to decorate the front of his exhibition, were in themselves pleasant treats, especially for young people. They were calculated to excite curiosity in both the minds of the old and the young, and those who could afford a shilling seldom missed seeing the animals. It may be mentioned that the band of musicians was an attraction of no small order; the uniforms in which the men were dressed could not fail to attract attention. At one time they were rigged out in the uniform of the Tower Beef-eaters, which was covered with gold and tinsel, and at another their costume was made up of tiger and leopard skins, trimmed with expensive lace.

For many years Wombwell's travelling expenses must have been very great. The writer remembers upon one occasion of the menagerie going from Glasgow to Greenock that the toll at Inchin Bridge was five pounds!

It may be mentioned that then the charge for tollage was considerably more in Scotland than in England, and though this was the case, the Scotch had the metal both for making and repairing the roads at a much less cost than it could be procured in England. Wombwell's grand show had this decided advantage: it was looked upon as being free from the demoralising influence of the mountebanks and other travelling exhibitions, so that people with strait-laced religious notions could let their young flock have a little fun with the quadrumana, and amuse themselves by making remarks upon the proboscis of the elephant, or the horn of the rhinoceros. From this circumstance the great perambulating show of the age was looked upon as being morally at the head of all others. This menagerie, after having performed its mission, passed away; but the civilising influence of the age has given society a higher order of institutions in the modern Zoological Gardens.

Seventy years ago, with the exception of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, there was really no ornamental park in the

Kingdom. It is true that Glasgow had her green, which was used more by the females for washing their clothes and bleaching them, than as a place of recreation by the citizens. Edinburgh had her King's Park, which until late years was in a state of nature; Newcastle had her town moor, whose only beauty consisted in its freedom from anything in the character of ornamentation. Several of the smaller towns had commons, which were free for both the people and their cattle to disport themselves upon; but an Act of Parliament sequestered these no-men's lands, so both the people and their cattle were robbed by a fiat of the legislature. But since this Act of spoliation was passed, people's parks have been added to all the towns of any note in the Kingdom, and in most cases these places of amusement and recreation have been the gifts of successful merchants and manufacturers. If my memory is not at fault, I think Liverpool led the way in having formed the first artistically laid-out public park out of London; it may, however, be a question whether Liverpool or Manchester had the priority in this matter. Two of the most interesting parks in the United Kingdom, both for their size and the freedom they offer the public, are the King's Park at Edinburgh, and the Phoenix Park at Dublin; with the exception of the carriage drives and the footpaths, both these pleasure grounds may be said to be in a state of nature. The Edinburgh park has been ornamented by nature with two grand elevations—Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craig—each of which commands a wide and charmingly varied range of view of the city, the estuary of the Frith of Forth, the south shores of Fife, the Pentland hills to the north-west, and the Lammermoors to the south.

The Phoenix Park has charms of quite a different character. The three miles which lie between the entrance gate and Knockmaroon, present a beautiful undulating piece of ground interspersed with fairy dells, little wildernesses, and pretty green hollows. And, added to these attractions, the park contains a large number of the most fantastically shaped

hawthorn trees, whose flowers, in early May, fill the air with their delightful aroma.

When men roved in wild freedom on the hills and plains of their native land, they did not require to study those natural laws which affect men's health and happiness in their associated condition, when pent up in the narrow spaces of large towns. I do not think there was ever a time in the range of history in which human beings aggregated themselves together so rapidly as they have done both in this country and America during the last sixty years. Yet though this is the case, the people are more free from epidemic diseases than at any previous period in the age of the nation. It will scarcely be credited in the present age of refinement, and the perfect state of our sanitary arrangements, that the city of Edinburgh was only brought into the fold of modern cleanliness and self-respect by the old town having been sewered within the last forty years, and it is questionable if it would have been done then, but for the visits of the cholera in 1832 and 1849. I remember when the poor districts and back slums of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Hull, and Leeds, were so many pestilential regions in which fever and other malarious diseases were generated.

Between forty and fifty years ago, when there were no sanitary boards, and typhus fever had become naturalised, scarcely any action was taken by the municipal authorities until the writings of "the father of sanitary reform," Dr. Southwood Smith, brought them to a sense of their duty. The sanitary arrangements which have since been carried out in all the large towns have involved an almost fabulous expense. The great subterranean passages in London alone are many scores of miles in length; but though the towns have been freed from their filth, it has been the means of contaminating nearly all the rivers in the kingdom, and by that means greatly injured the fresh-water fisheries.

Many attempts have been made to utilise even a part of the great mass of valuable manure which pollutes our rivers and

estuaries, but nearly all have been failures. Some idea may be formed of the loss the nation sustains in the waste of the manure which is daily being carried out to the sea, when it is known that the people of London daily consume at least six million pounds' weight in food; then there is added to this the refuse from one hundred thousand horses, and the disintegrated matters from many hundred miles of streets, which form a network of high and byways through every part of the mighty metropolis.

Had it not been for the sanitary regulations forced upon the people during the century, the population of the United Kingdom would have been very likely millions less than it is now. I can well remember the time when large numbers of people were constantly being carried off by fever and the most loathsome of all diseases, the small pox; but both of these scourges are now held in check by the simple magic of cleanliness.

The cemetery, or isolated place of interment, is as old as history can carry the mind back into the hazy regions of the past; but the institution is only a thing of a few years' standing with us. About thirty years ago, when sanitary improvement began to command the attention of the authorities, it was found necessary, both for the health and convenience of the people, especially in the large towns, that burying in overcrowded churchyards, many of which were jammed among the ill-ventilated habitations of the living, should cease.

The disgusting exhibitions of human relics—not a few of which were in a state of decay—were not only offensive to every feeling of propriety, but they were a disgrace to our civilisation.

Amid the bustle of town life the people were not unfrequently treated with strange incongruities. The writer has seen jovial bands of wedding parties about presenting themselves before the hymeneal altar, sightseers strolling about a churchyard, and at the same time a gravedigger

close by, turning up the remains of the dead. That one class of people may have cause to be sad, is certainly no reason why others should not be merry; but it is not well that grief and light-hearted joyfulness should be made to confront each other.

The modern cemetery is a proof that, as a nation, we have progressed in decency of manners and refinement in taste. Many of the cities of the dead connected with the large towns, instead of being walled in with dwelling houses, and covered with unsightly mounds and rude tombstones, now combine with their intramural character the pleasant scenery of an artistically well-laid-out pleasure ground, and the resting-places of the dead are made pleasantly interesting by monumental works of art and floral offerings.

The necropolis of Glasgow, one of the earliest modern cities of the dead in the country, is well worth a visit of any person who has an interest in these institutions from the highly picturesque features of the ground. The hill on which the cemetery is situated is composed of two geological formations; that on the east side is trap rock, that on the west, which is much the larger half, red sandstone. The declivities on this side of the hill are zigzagged, with prettily-laid-out walks, lined with arborescent plants, flowers, and monuments in all sorts of shapes, sizes, and materials. The base of the hill on this side is washed by the Mollindnar burn, and immediately in the rising ground beyond is seen the grand old cathedral, which, to the credit of the citizens, was preserved from destruction by the profane hands of Cromwell's fire-and-faggot saints,

The Dean cemetery, at Edinburgh, is also a place of no small attraction. It is pleasantly interesting, both from the artistic beauty of some of the monuments, and the charming view which the situation commands. Everything in this cemetery is kept in good taste. Beneath its southern banks is the thickly-wooded and romantic deep glen through which the water of Leith tumbles down over a series of natural cascades.

Several of the cemeteries in the neighbourhood of London form so many pleasant well-laid-out parks for the recreation of the people ; but though all the London cities of the dead are more or less interesting, either from the character of their situations or their monumental decorations, Highgate cemetery is, in the mind of the writer, by far the most attractive—not only because the grounds have special charms of their own, but that it commands a series of the most magnificent views both for the variety of the scenery and the amazing extent of town, hill, and dale, palatial buildings, rolling landscapes, distant villages, with their churches embowered among trees, and vessels continually passing up and down the river, which is not to be witnessed elsewhere.

The village of Highgate, with its once far-famed hostelry, the “Horns,” and the way in which strangers were sworn upon the cornuted sign, are things of the past ; but the city of the dead, which crowns the hill and looks down upon mighty London, with its swarm of 4,000,000 human beings, is only a thing of modern date.

After the visitation of the cholera in 1849, several reforms were effected in the arrangements for burying the dead, and certainly not before they were required. Up to that date, the remains of the middle-class people, as a rule, were carried on the shoulders of men ; to these were added pall-bearers and mutes, the whole of whom were supplied with silk scarves, hat bands of the same material, and black gloves. In the towns the remains of the working people were carried either on spokes or hand-barrows by relays of men. In cases where the parties could afford it, the male mourners were supplied with black cloaks ; these were let out on hire by men who made a trade of it. The funeral arrangements were different in almost every county, and sometimes in the same county ; in one place the mourners were all men, in others both male and female. It was the fashion in some places that when the remains of a young woman had to be buried, all the mourners who attended the funeral were dressed in white, and they

marched in procession, two or three abreast, as might have been arranged, the elder in the front, and the younger in the rear. On these occasions the coffins were draped with white silk covers instead of black palls.

No little of the money spent in burying the dead, both by the middle and working classes, was either due to feelings of false pride, or in compliance with that of the tyrant of the public opinion of the place. Many of the funerals of the poor were turned into unseemly farces by over indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors—indeed, some of them are not free from the practice yet.

When a death occurred in the family of a poor man, he was frequently put to much trouble and inconvenience by having to call upon so many different people in order to complete the funeral arrangements. The modern undertaker, however, has changed all this. When engaged, he carries out the whole of the arrangements, and manages the business in a quiet, decent, respectable manner, at a much less cost than under the old system.

The old heathen practice of waking the dead has long ago passed into the domain of history in England, but it is still in all its ugly, uncivilised force as a part of the social system of the people in Ireland, and in parts of Scotland.

The wake, with all its accessories of wild and unrestrained grief, shameless flirtation, practical joking, and rollicking fun, is still a time-honoured institution in the United States of America. Among certain classes, not to wake the corpse of a friend or relation would be treated as an insult to the memory of the dead, and a disgrace to the relations who would suffer the omission of such a sacred obligation.

The modern funeral arrangements in the towns of the United States are carried out with a great ostentatious display of expensive decoration, some of which is quite new in character. On the death of a female, when the body is laid out, it is clothed in the most costly garments of the deceased, and decorated with her most valuable trinkets. The coffin in

which her body is deposited is elaborately and tastefully fitted up, and perfumed with the choicest fragrance. And instead of having a lid like those in use with us, it is covered with a plate-glass panel, so that the features of the dead may be seen.

This fashion of decorating the dead is stamped with the approbation of the sovereign people in America; and whatever may be said about the practice as a matter of taste, it is of utility in a commercial point of view. The undertakers keep ahead of the fashion as much as they can in bringing out new inventions in the funeral decorative art.

There are few dry goods stores in New York in which the windows command the attention of strangers so much as those in which the coffins of the undertakers are exhibited. These cases are made of all kinds of the most expensive woods; they are highly polished, and mounted in the first style of the fashion. The insides are lined with white satin, and trimmed with expensive lace; and added to this, some of them are festooned with French artificial flowers, which are so life-like that it would require bees to know that they were not real.

The Irish practice of attending funerals unbidden is fully carried out in America. The funeral of a person who has at all been favourably known in the town or district in which he resided, is sure to be attended by a large number of mourners. These sorts of funeral cavalcades are often of great length, and as the conveyances are of all sorts of shapes and sizes, they give the idea of the people going to a country fair. It may also be mentioned that the face and coffin trappings of the deceased are never covered up until laid in the ground, inasmuch as the back, front, and sides of the hearses are panelled in the same manner as the coffins, with plate glass.

A good deal of taste is displayed in the American cemeteries, both in the way in which the grounds are laid out, and decorated with plants and flowers. And it may be mentioned, too, that the people have a very pleasant method of showing

how fondly they cherish the memory of the dead by frequently placing floral offerings on their graves, or loving devices on their tombs.

In this country, during the period of thirty years we have covered up in the soil somewhere about 32,000,000 of dead bodies at an amazing expense; would it not be more profitable to the living, if the water and gases in these were sent into space by the action of fire, and that the friends and relations, instead of decorating the tombs of the dead, could retain their ashes in loving memorial ornamental urns?

The cemeteries of London alone receive at least 60,000 inhabitants annually. All the land occupied by this large inert army could be saved to aid in feeding the living.

It is, however, a difficult matter to change a practice that has been hallowed by time and wedded to the feelings of the people by superstitious notions. If the dead are to rise again, it matters not whether their bodies become disintegrated in the earth, or by the action of fire.

Getting clear of worn-out humanity is often a serious matter, both for the trouble and expense it entails, but this is especially so to poor people. The funeral of an adult cannot be effected in London, or indeed any of the large towns, under about £4; then there is the ridiculous fashion of being obliged to comply with the tyrannical thing, called public opinion by going into mourning. When there is a death in a large family of persons in humble circumstances, the expense of mourning often hangs like a millstone round their necks in the shape of a debt, which may require months of toil to clear off. And to add to the folly of the practice, these outward signs of grief are often made to minister to the personal vanity of the wearers.

The year 1829 was one of England's historical years, from the fact that the people had the benefit of three Acts of Parliament, which since that time have exercised no small influence over both the character and condition of a large portion of society. One of these conferred political rights upon the

Roman Catholics; another was the Beerhouse Act, the object of which was to give the working classes good beer at a cheaper rate than was supplied by the regular licensed houses. This well-intentioned Act, instead of producing the results anticipated by its framers, was the means of opening up the business to numbers of hungry and unscrupulous men, and also of depreciating the quality of the beverage it was intended to have improved. The fact is, this Act was a great mistake, and the sooner it is rescinded the better it will be for both the morals and the pockets of a large number of Her Majesty's subjects. The third Act referred to gave the death-blow to the dear old Charlies both in London and the large provincial towns. These guardians of the peace were in the habit of calling the hours of the night, telling the state of the weather, and endeavouring, as best they could, to protect themselves from ruffians and frolicsome young bloods, who frequently amused themselves by changing tradesmen's sign-boards, and overturning anything in their way, from watchmen's boxes to unprotected nymphs.

In the early ages, when society was in a disjointed condition, and when every family or individual fought the battle of life without any regard to either the interest or feelings of other people, the strong had the lion's share. In those days, the man who could rob and kill to the greatest advantage held the highest place in his own community.

In the process of time, when men began to settle down to the industrial pursuits, it was found necessary by the thrifty and peaceable members to make common cause with each other in order to protect both their lives and property against the predatory habits of the indolent and savagely-disposed members, who either could not or would not give up the free, roving habits of their forefathers.

In the course of time, when men began to accumulate wealth and become fixed to the soil, they formed laws and established tribunals in order to protect their property and punish the wrongdoers. For long ages the laws were ex-

ceedingly imperfect, and their administration was often more a matter of chance than an impartial adjudication. It is only by slow degrees and dear-bought experience that we have arrived at our present condition, and I think it may be fairly said that at the present time there is not any country in the world in which life and property are more secure, and where social, political, and religious liberty can be enjoyed, with a greater amount of freedom than in Great Britain.

Much of the security we now possess, both in our persons and property, is owing in a great degree to the efficiency of our laws, their impartial administration, and the vigilance of our police force. The fact is, if it were not for the guardianship of this body of men, numbers of the well-conducted members of society in the large towns would be constantly liable to be maltreated and robbed by the rogues and ruffians who constantly live by plunder.

It is humiliating to have to confess, notwithstanding the many legal safeguards we possess, that were it not for the protection the police force affords us, society in the towns would shortly be in much the same lawless condition it was in during the Middle Ages.

It may here be mentioned that the London police force is made up of a greater number of men than was employed in this capacity in the whole of Great Britain seventy years ago.

A report on the police force of London has lately been issued by Colonel Henderson for the year ending 1880, and in this there is matter of much interest both for the ordinary reader and the moralist. In the first place the document opens with a statement of the extraordinary expansion of the city during the year ending on the 31st December, 1880. In this short period of time 25,000 new houses had been erected within the metropolitan precincts, and to show the addition to the already huge overgrown city, the length of the streets, squares, and lanes have been computed and found to be within a few yards of seventy miles. If these were made into a street in line, the London people might travel between its walls to a

mile beyond Ipswich in East Anglia, or it would extend four miles beyond Dover.

At the commencement of 1881 the number of the London police force was 10,943, and these men in the performance of their duties required to keep watch and ward over the lives of 4,000,000 of human beings, and property to the amount of hundreds of millions; in fact, the accumulated wealth of London is fabulous, and exists in nearly all sorts of forms and conditions, and in many of its states it is fair game for the class of men who manage to live by plunder.

In looking at the criminal phenomena recorded in Colonel Henderson's report, it is stated that the number of robberies facilitated by careless negligence on the part of householders, in leaving their doors and windows open at night, had decreased from 3,628 in 1879, to 2,789 in 1880. It is certainly strange that such a large number of people in London, where thieves are continually prowling about like so many hungry wolves, should, in the short space of twelve months, have left their premises open, and thereby tempted the robbers and given extra labour to the members of the police force.

And yet more strange and incomprehensible is the fact that during the same period 684 houses were left absolutely uninhabited, and with their contents uncared for were entered by thieves and plundered.

Then, to show the class of people the police have frequently to contend with, in 1880 two thousand five hundred and seventy-one ruffians were arrested for brutal and serious assaults on the members of the force, and several of the injuries sustained resulted in a permanent incapacity for further service.

People who enjoy the peace and quietude of country life have little idea, when they are told the old tale that the "streets of London are paved with gold," that many hundreds of men, women, and children have their lives crushed out of them in these noisy, bustling, and overcrowded thoroughfares in the course of a decade. In 1880 the sacrifice of life in

the streets was 137; some of these were identified and claimed, and the remainder left blanks in families unknown.

If it were not for the constant and kindly attention of the members of the police force, the death-rate in the streets would be much higher than it is. Many of the people who lose their lives in the streets are sacrificed by reckless driving, and other evils consequent upon the exuberant traffic in the overcrowded thoroughfares. During the year under notice, 900 persons were proceeded against by the police for furious driving, and out of these 805 were convicted.

A writer in the newspapers, commenting upon Colonel Henderson's report, says: "Perhaps the most remarkable features of the annual report may be found in two or three terse sentences that deal with the gloomier mysteries of our enormous metropolis, which keep certain of its dread secrets to itself with a grim tenacity that defies all the intelligence, energy, and perseverance of the police to penetrate them. In 1879, we are told, forty-seven of the corpses picked up in the streets and waterways of London could not be identified, and were buried in nameless graves. They were photographed, advertised, and inspected by many persons in search of missing relations and friends, but all to no purpose. Who could these unfortunates have been—creatures so utterly forlorn and outcast, that of London's four millions, not a single human being could be found to speak to their identity. We shall never know the stories of these mysterious dead. Perhaps it is as well for our peace of mind that an eternal seal should be set upon the terrible narratives of their struggles and agonies."

The drama of life in all the vicissitudes of joy, sadness, love, hatred, revenge, patience, and longsuffering, is continually being enacted on the mighty boards of London; but the parts of it which are brought before the curtain by the police are generally of anything but a pleasing character. Some of the features of this drama are of a very singular nature; for instance, could any person in their senses, when

thinking of London, ever conceive that in one year an army of children under ten years of age, composed of 10,000 boys and girls, and 3,038 adults, had gone a-missing in the course of twelve months? That was the number of fugitives from their friends and homes in 1880. Out of these, 15 of the juveniles, and 114 of the adults, seem to have wandered into space, and were heard of no more. This statement in the report represents more silent anguish and agonising uncertainty of mind than it is possible to conceive.

A stranger strolling about the streets of London, among all the various objects that would claim his attention, a dog would certainly not be one of them, and if he should think of dogs at all, he might pass from Whitechapel to the west end of Oxford Street and not meet one. We have the surprising intelligence, however, from the report under consideration, that there are a good many dogs in London both of "high and low degree," and these will no doubt embrace all the breeds ranging between the English mastiff, who guards his master's premises, and the pampered pug who shares with my lord his wife's affection.

From the number of these animals who left their friends and homes without leave in 1880, and who, after having lost their bearings in the mazes of the big city, were picked up by the police while on duty, these argus-eyed gentlemen must have collared at least 900 canine waifs each in the course of twelve months, the total number having been 30,000. The members of this canine army were either claimed by their sorrowing owners, or sent to the Dogs' Home. The reader may smile, but it is a fact that the humane influence of the age has been the means of providing comfortable homes for stray dogs and cats, and if rats were in the habit of wandering from their paternal abodes, they also, no doubt, would have homes prepared for them.

In the report of the Commissioner of the police, I observe that stray members of the equine family had the same kind of attention paid them when found wandering, as that which

the dogs receive ; but it seems somewhat singular that, though London is well supplied with all sorts of donkeys, no man ever saw one of these animals in the stray list. And there is one curious fact connected with the history of these grave-looking, patient, long-enduring creatures, that though cuddies may be seen both in and round London, in countless numbers, no man ever had the pleasure or the melancholy satisfaction of having witnessed a dead one. Though the asses escape the kind attention of Colonel Henderson's livery servants, the case is somewhat different with some of their gin-loving owners, who, if not lost from their homes, are not unfrequently absent from their senses, and by that means come under the careful protection of the police.

Looking at the bright side of London, with its grandeur and magnificence, and noting the refinement in taste and dignified deportment of the people, one would regard it as the home of happiness. But the big city, like all other great seats of industry, has a dark side that contrasts strangely with the other.

There are very few London people, who inhabit the widely-extended region on the west of the Mansion House, who can have the most distant idea that the huge metropolis contains a seething mass of humanity whose units number at least 250,000, and that the majority of these live beyond the pale of civilized society. Some of these people have become morally and socially degraded by the misfortune of having lost caste, but the great majority of them owe their miserable condition to the operation of circumstances over which they had no control ; they were born in poverty, and reared in poverty, vice, and crime, and society appears to have no power to lift them to either a higher moral or social grade. It is with the uncivilised rogues and ruffians who spring from this class the police have continually to contend both in London and elsewhere, and from whom they receive the most brutal treatment while in the execution of their duty.

The modern police force, which may be termed a civilian army, is of more consequence to the peace and comfort of

society than most people are aware of. They keep watch over our property, and protect our persons from being ill-treated by evil-disposed men; and this duty is often performed at the peril of their own lives. It is well known that there are thousands of men in the under stratum of society who desire no better amusement than that of maltreating the members of the force, and when they can inflict a serious injury, it is a matter to boast of with them.

If it were not for the police—notwithstanding our boasted civilisation—society in the large towns would shortly drift into a condition of anarchy, in which neither life nor property would be safe.

One of the revolutionising tendencies of the age is to reduce all the members of society to one dead level, and if this class of men could take action to put their theory of government in practice, they would soon be joined by an army of roughs, rogues, and rascals, who would delight in battering down the fabric of civilisation.

Up to 1815 many of the then leading towns may be said to have been in nearly a standstill condition. During the previous twenty-five years the war with France and the United States of America had drained the country of a large portion of its male population, so that the raw material of humanity was being used up as fast as it was produced. There had, no, doubt, been a small increase in such towns as Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Bristol; but in these the increase during the previous two decades had been comparatively small. At the above date Dublin was next to London, both in size and population,—the latter being somewhere about 300,000,—and Edinburgh next. From 1815 to 1830, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow had each increased their live stock by several thousands, and they were within 2,000 of each other; that is, the highest was only that number in advance of the lowest; and from that date it may be said that they had commenced a life-and-death race. In 1831 the population of these three

towns when united only amounted to 604,000, but the census of 1881 has given them more than three times the above number.

In 1800 the population of London is said to have been somewhere about 1,500,000; this number was increased in 1851 by 997,849, making her total number at that date 2,297,849. From 1800 to 1831 she had embraced in her strangulating arms more than a score of villages, and invaded many miles of the surrounding country.

Both Elizabeth and James tried to check the growth of population in London, but these two royal wisecracks were seemingly innocent of a knowledge of the laws of social repulsion and attraction, and London, like a big, easy-minded boy, kept growing. At the present time, 1882, there are nearly twice the number of people in London there were in Scotland in 1800. In 1846 the Kingdom of Bavaria contained 4,504,874 people; they then occupied 29,637 square miles. With us, it is pleasant to know how charmingly we can economise space, inasmuch as we can squeeze a larger population into a single town.

This great civic rapacious monster keeps the country now beyond its border in a constant state of feverish anxiety, lest it may be swallowed up and lose its rural independence. Several of the following towns have quadrupled their populations during the last sixty years:—

Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Hull, Huddersfield, Newcastle, Dewsbury, Oldham, Burnley, Rochdale, Staleybridge, Preston, Ashton, Bury, Sunderland; and others, among which may be mentioned Norwich, Ipswich, Leicester, Nottingham, Northampton, Paisley, Dundee, Leith, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Hawick, Galashiels, and Langholm. While these towns have been pushing their old landmarks into the country, numbers of villages have been swelling into town importance, and among these Middlesborough and Birkenhead may be mentioned as examples.

There are two materials which have been chiefly instrumental in increasing the population in the manufacturing

towns and districts ; these are coal and iron. The railways, too, have also contributed largely to the increase of nearly all the towns they have honoured by their iron connection, but while they have thus favoured one class of towns, they have drawn the business life completely out of others, and left them to die of a lingering consumption.

When the railways were being made, and had their Bills before Parliament, several of the towns successfully opposed the clauses in which it was intended that stations should be erected at these places ; the lines had therefore to be carried past them, at a distance to the great inconvenience of the public, but in almost every case the railway companies had their revenge by the towns having come to their stations.

The manufacturing towns have certainly had the lion's share in the increase of their inhabitants, but there are a considerable number of what may be called non-trading towns which have been called into existence by the improved circumstances of the general community. These are the seaside watering places which are scattered along the coast of England and Scotland. These towns have a special character of their own, and, with few exceptions, they have all had their birth during the last sixty years. During the fashionable seasons, if the weather and the state of the trade of the country be propitious, these towns swarm with life that is none of their own.

The lodging-house keepers in these places live upon the visitors, and when the migratory townspeople leave them at the end of the summer, the people have to live upon each other during the ensuing six months. It is said, that in fifteen cases out of every twenty, the money spent at the watering places by the visitors is at the expense of many necessary requirements at their homes ; but so long as the huge social tyrant, Fashion, rules men's actions, and they have the means of being led, they will remain his willing slaves.

It is much to be feared that the great aggregations of human beings in our large towns may result in serious consequences to the nation at large ; a single year of stagnation in the trade and commerce of the country, would play havoc with their

inhabitants. This is no idle surmise; we cannot always expect to be carried along by the flood tide of commercial prosperity. This being so, we may be certain that the ebb tide will set in according to a fixed law of nature. The decline of our greatness may be rapid, or it may be slow, but in whichever way it may be, the land will again be in the ascendant, and the number of the inhabitants will be adjusted to the altered conditions of the times.

The change which was effected in men's social habits and modes of thought in England between the reigns of William III. and George IV. was not so great as that which took place from the latter reign up to now, 1882. Since 1822 freedom—I mean rational freedom—has made a great forward march. At the present time no man is liable to be molested for thinking aloud, unless his expressions are injurious to private character, public morals, or the peace of society; which was certainly not the case seventy years ago. The nineteenth century will be noted in history for three great political events, and two bearing a religious character. The first three embrace the Reform Bill of 1832, the passing of the Act which repealed the Corn Laws in 1846, and the second Reform Bill of 1867; and those affecting religion, the Act which removed the disabilities from the Catholics in 1829, and the disendowment and the dissolution of the marriage tie between the Irish Church and the State in 1871. Each of these, in their turn, affected the minds and interests of large numbers of the people; but whatever influence they may have exercised for the general good of the nation, steam will have the credit of being the cause of our present commercial greatness. And steam is only an effect; it is to coal we owe our prosperity as a trading nation, and it will be owing to the want of coal that we shall be obliged again to fall back upon the land for support.

The nineteenth century, thus far, has been characterized by great activity of thought. Instead of taking things for granted, as their fathers did, the more intelligent members of society have submitted everything, which did not bear unmistakable

proofs of its trustworthiness, to the test of examination. One of the signs of the times in this direction is that of a number of learned men belonging to various religious denominations, having been appointed to purge the Scriptures of the numerous errors which are admitted to exist in them. In 1604 fifty-two scholars were appointed to revise the Scriptures, and if I mistake not only forty-four acted; the labours of this body of men lasted until 1610, and according to the statements of biblical scholars in the present age, these gentlemen turned out the work off their hands disfigured with at least three thousand errors, as proofs either of wilful misinterpretation or a want of a knowledge of the language in the original copies. This circumstance, coupled with that of severing the golden chain which bound the Irish Church to the State, is well calculated to prove the progressive character of the age. I can well remember the time when it would have been a dangerous thing for any man of social standing to have discussed the question of dissolving the union between the Church and the State; and to have questioned the entire truth of the authorized version of the Scriptures would have made him liable to have been branded as an infidel. During the reign of George III. there was an unlimited amount of liberty of thought, but liberty of speech was indeed a limited liability.

It is, and I suppose always has been accepted as a fact that the earth receives its heat direct from the sun. I have, however, during the last twenty-seven years,* been impressed with the notion that this world possesses in the atmosphere a never-failing storehouse of heat; and that the rays from the sun, instead of bringing heat from that luminary, produce a chemical change in the middle and lower strata of the air by which the latent heat in the atmosphere is let loose.

We know that fire is easily generated by friction, and it is quite as rational to conceive that the rays of light from the sun should produce heat by coming in contact with the gases of the air, as that fire should be produced by applying friction to a lucifer match.

* Written 18th September, 1882.

If this is the right action of the solar rays, we can the more readily conceive that all the habitable globes in the immensity of space, whether near to or distant from the sun, have atmospheres suitable for the production and sustenance of both vegetable and animal life.

If the sun's rays were charged with heat on their mission to the earth, their first action would be to strip the more elevated mountains of their crystal coverings; but instead of this being the case, they never exercise their genial influence until within about four miles of the earth, where the air is sufficiently dense for their incendiary purpose.

The prevailing idea is that the heat from the sun's rays is *collected* and *retained* by the atmosphere when sufficiently dense. May not this theory of chemical action be more correct? If the atmosphere is a storehouse for heat chemically generated by combination with the sun's rays, it is also a storehouse for an inexhaustible supply of water, and these two elements are absolutely necessary for the existence of all things that grow out of the earth, and are also the means of preserving its solidity by binding its parts together.

It is known that there is a region far above the clouds of a highly rarefied air, and a temperature a long way below the freezing point, which may be called the Arctic region of the atmosphere. Whether the lower air is hot or cold, the upper stratum never loses its frigidity; but it is only natural to infer, that if the sun's rays were charged with heat on their way to the earth, they could not pass through this without imparting some of their genial influence. I think it possible that this globe, with all its ponderosity, is simply a compound of solidified gases, and that our great poet must have been impressed with the same idea when he exclaimed:

“ The great globe itself,—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And—like the baseless fabric of a vision—
Leave not a rack behind.”

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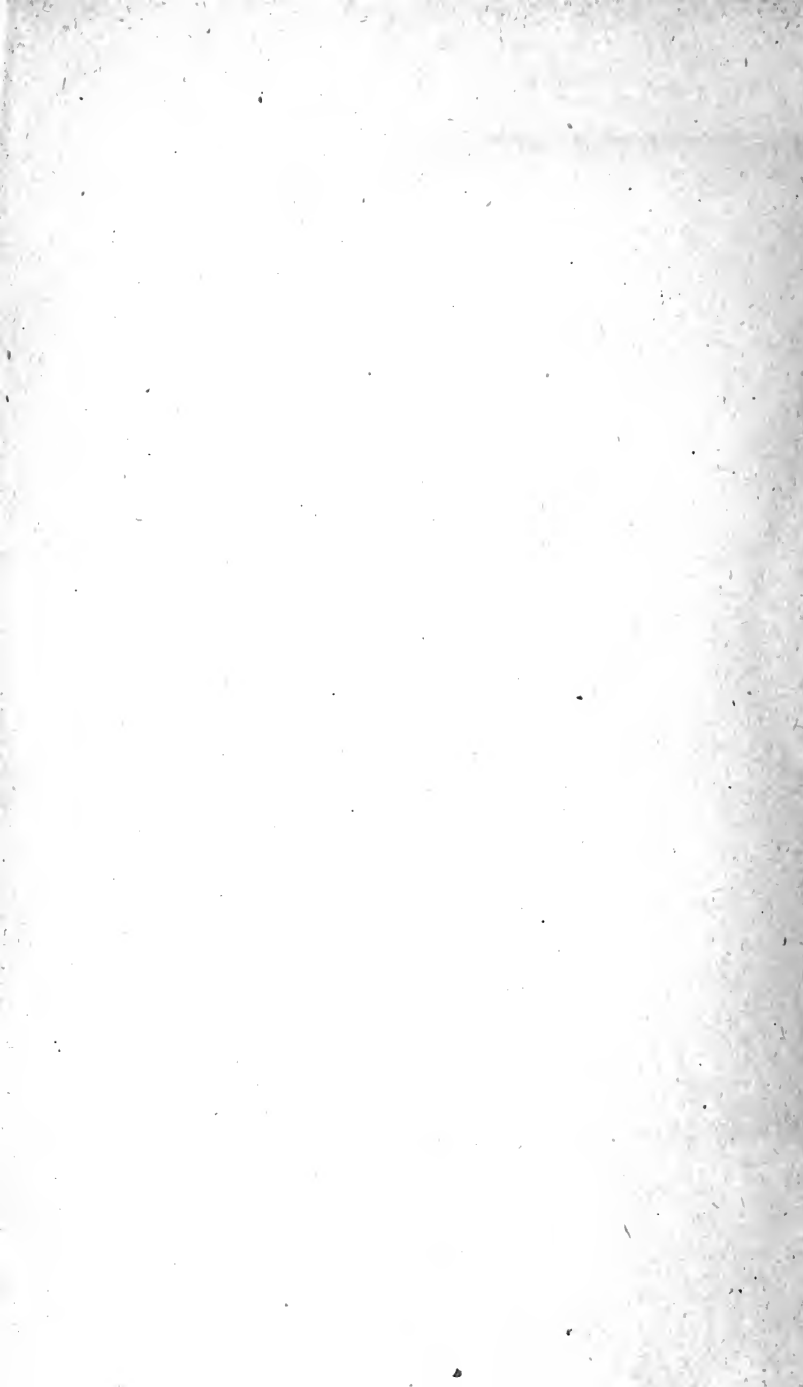
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